

OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE EDITORIAL PAGE

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DANGERS IN NUMBERS

TEN NATIONS boast a higher standard of education than America. The United States, once in fourth place and believed on the ascendant, has slipped to eleventh in the scale of international literacy.

The figures in an exhaustive survey of the 1920 census, made by Garland Powell for the American Legion, reveal that Germany at that time had the highest literacy average in the world. Next in rank come Denmark, Switzerland, Holland, Finland, Norway, Sweden, Scotland, England, Wales and France.

The condition is no indictment against the native born, for the figures show that the preponderance of the illiterate comes in the immigrant classes. It means then, that America's touted melting pot is failing to function and that the assimilation of the foreigner is not being accomplished.

The trouble lies in the fact that the Americanization of the foreign-born is not a fortnight's task. It is one which requires considerable time, effort, and the good will of the citizenry.

America should like to be the haven of the entire world. It would be highly desirable, if a practical system could be formulated, to throw open the gates of the nation to all countries and races, and bid them welcome.

Our aim should be to better living conditions, so that there will be less chance of contamination and increased opportunities for education and employment.

It isn't the initial cost, it's the up-keep. First the phrase was applied to automobiles. Then it was applied to wives. And now a traveling salesman figures that a hat costs \$40-\$44 for the initial purchase and \$30 during the course of a year in tips to get it in and out of the hotel racks.

EDUCATION AND DIVORCE

THE EPISCOPALIAN session, in Pendleton early in the week, vigorously attacked the present divorce evil. But there is something of a new light in their expression that the trouble is mainly one of marriage rather than divorce.

Clerical outcry during the past years has been directed mainly at divorce itself. Separation of married couples has been assailed without the realization of one salient human fact, that where people disagree upon the fundamentals of personal relationships, the best laws in the world cannot restore harmony.

The Episcopalian strike the key to the remedy in their resolve to educate the youth of the nation in the sanctity and the permanency of the home. Marriage under the existing laws is far too simple a process and the motives which foster it in many cases are not those resulting from the careful consideration of the problems involved and the real issues which must later be faced.

Uniform marriage and divorce laws are greatly to be desired. The control of the problem is one of national rather than state import and should soon be recognized as such. Yet the situation will never change until the viewpoint of the succeeding generations is altered. Conditions today look worse to some degree because under the present system they become more patent than a decade ago.

Consideration of divorce must be from the basis that a union which lacks harmony is of little value to society if perpetuated. Divorce then is desirable. Only increased reverence for the marriage bond will bring the needed change.

THE SPOONERS' SEAT

EARLY LAST SUMMER the city council ordered the "spooner's seat" removed from the Seventh street stairs. The seat came right at the middle curve and would have formed an ideal location for the pastime after which it is named had not an electric light been placed in

front of it. The city fathers were anxious to remove the seat because the occupants regularly put the light out of commission.

But the light hasn't been placed in repair. At least it is not operating now. Probably the council intended primarily to stop the spouting. This may or may not be a worthy motive, but it is doubtful if their purpose has been accomplished.

Probably the council intended to illuminate the stairway. If so, their purpose has not been accomplished—yet.

PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY

THAT WOULD be your opinion of the human family and its future if all of us accepted the theory which leading criminologists are now propounding that there is practically no personal responsibility for thoughts, acts, ideas? If we were, as these criminologists say, simply creatures of heredity and environment, following natural predispositions and acquired habits, the law of degeneracy could be the only law of living, and we should decay in morals and in material substance.

A leading criminologist said the other day that men are only what they are born and what they are made in the formative years. Hereditarily defined what they are, and environment influences heredity. Men have nothing to say as to their heredity, nor as to their environment in the years of growth, and consequently they have no part in making themselves what they are.

The theory seems to be plausible. There, for example, is a criminal whose parents were criminals. And there is a criminal whose environment was debasing. And there is a criminal whose heredity was decadent and whose environment was corrupting. Could they of their own initiative have changed the courses of their lives? Did they have anything to say or do in shaping their destinies? Can they be held to responsibility for crime born in them, or bred in them, or born and bred in them?

The theorists overlook the important principle of ethics that there are variations in responsibility. Each of us is responsible for the individual degree of strength or weakness. Some workmen are more efficient than others, and not so much is expected of some. But everybody has some responsibility.

Much stress is held for scientific means to regulate heredity as to improve the human race. But experience up to the present time shows that heredity is an uncertainty, as it is governed, not by two or three generations, but by thousands, and by laws which cannot be deciphered or controlled. The only apparent means of raising moral and physical standards by heredity is by general procreation.

Environment is really the important problem which concerns society. Our aim should be to better living conditions, so that there will be less chance of contamination and increased opportunities for education and employment.

But it is unreasonable and humiliating to say that we are made by heredity and environment, and they, not ourselves, are masters of destiny.

It isn't the initial cost, it's the up-keep. First the phrase was applied to automobiles. Then it was applied to wives. And now a traveling salesman figures that a hat costs \$40-\$44 for the initial purchase and \$30 during the course of a year in tips to get it in and out of the hotel racks.

The French scientist who says that the Chilean earthquake is the forerunner of a world wide shakeup missed out on two points. He doesn't remember the end of the world predicted two years ago and probably forgot about the recent world war.

Financial conferences of international scope fail for the most part because they have been based upon a desire to get something the other fellow hasn't got and furthermore won't give.

Two students of Salem High school were suspended for kissing. Which proves that it is not the thing itself which is a crime but whether one gets caught or not.

The Tennessee woman who has attained the age of 127 probably owes her longevity to the fact that she has no particular pet theories to advance as the reason for it.

Dr. Stephen Wise says that America is lax in her duty toward Europe. Doesn't he now about the Fordney tariff?

The mayor of Cincinnati has barred the presentation of the farce "The Rubicon." Evidently, the die is cast.

Henry Ford may, of course, be elected president; he wouldn't be the first man the flivver landed in trouble.—Columbia Record.

Borrowed Comment. What Editors of State and National Papers Have to Say.

New York is sending the head of the Longshoremen's union to Portland to conduct the waterfront strike. If Portland employers hired a professional strike breaker from New York a howl could be heard from here to Russia.—Corvallis Gazette-Times.

Simmered down, the difference between capital and labor is simply this: the fellow that has the money has the capital, and to get it away from him is where the labor comes in.—Amity Standard.

A lot of fellows are still writing to the newspapers telling how it happened on election day. If that thing keeps up much longer we won't have a great deal to be thankful for this year.—Eugene Guard.

It may be sometimes easy for a man to read the mind of another in a poker game, but it is a hard job, especially in these times, to read the minds of the people in a political campaign.—Woodburn Independent.

An Oregon City paper mill will spend two million dollars in improvements. Every newspaper publisher knows where the money comes from if nobody comes from it nobody else does.—Eugene Guard.

Washington advises say President Harding's views have not been changed by the election results and that he is just as "dry" as ever. A good many other persons can sympathize with him.—Eugene Guard.

There is to be a "national education week" in December. Quite appropriate to bring it in after the close of the football season.—Eugene Guard.

Thanksgiving will provide the usual ample feast, but a good many hungry politicians are more interested in the distribution of pie after January 1.—Eugene Guard.

Flint Michigan women have come out strong against petting parties. It's a safe bet that the Michigan organization is in no danger of being tempted.—Corvallis Gazette-Times.

David Lloyd George says: "I stand with the common people." Old stuff, Davy, that has been the war cry of Democratic candidates since Hector was a pup.—Oregonian.

"Missing Men Merely Went Duck Hunting," says an Astoria headline. Nothing unusual about that; the average fellow who goes duck hunting is a "missing" man.—Oregonian.

If you don't believe the farmers are getting their mud up, look at the solid Democratic delegation from Republican Linn county in house and senate.—Halsey Enterprise.

Weather forecast—A heavy cloud is reported moving from the east toward the state capitol building. The storm is expected to break the first of the year.—Wheeler Reporter.

A full cargo of Scotch whiskey was sunk in a gale off New York the other day. Some store in the metropolis ought to make a killing by putting on a diving suit sale.—Eugene Register.

When Chancellor Wirth suggested that Germany might go into bankruptcy, did he forget that a bankrupt is required to turn all of his assets over to the court?—Detroit Free Press.

Newberry and the cranberry, it appears, get what's coming to them at about the same season of the year.—Oregon Journal.

"Water is gold," says an editorial title. That is, except when it is milk or, with a little color added, moonshine.—Oregon Journal.

Bolshevism is said to be rampant in China, but the talk doesn't ring true. The Chinese don't wear whiskers.—Eugene Register.

The national defense act, judging from this distance, is the act of wagging the tongue and moving the jaw.—Oregon Journal.

Apparently the only real reason for linking the bonus and beer bills for the sake of alliteration.—Oregon Journal.

In this era of the automobile, about the only use left for legs is to push the foot against the accelerator.—Banks Herald.

The Office Cat. By Junius.

KELLY, THE FISHERMAN He riseth up early in the morning and disturbeth the whole household. Mighty are his preparations. He goeth forth full of hope. When the day is far spent, he returneth, smelling of Strong drink, and the truth is not in him.

Now the Callisthenic movements required In grooming the ice-pan Are centered about The ash pit door Of the Furnace.

I have just about reached the conclusion that I would be as much of a failure as a musical critic as a Ford tire on a Packard wheel.

A WISE BIRD Publisher—"In your story, I notice you make the owl hoot 'To Whom' instead of 'To Who'." Author—"Yes, this is a Boston owl."

Any man is well off who thinks he is, even if he hasn't a penny. Mental wealth is more lasting than dollar wealth.

RESULT OF EFFICIENT TRAINING The detail had just arrived near the front lines when the captain looked around and noticed a private, hairless and coalless.

"Where's the rest of your uniform?" he demanded. "Back where we came from."

"Leaf it back where we came from." "Listen!" bellowed the captain. "You're a fine soldier. What were you in civilian life?" "Plumber's assistant."

THE BIRD'S PREFERENCE I love to list the birdie's chirp. The setting hen's grim cluck. But for a change I like to hear The huckleberry huck.

Judge—Since Ratus is 32 and you, Dinah, are 35, it is clearly a case of Spring Marriage Autumn.

Dinah—Oh, no, your Honor, 'Pears to me it's no 'like the Day o' Rest marrin' Labor Day.

The optimist laughs to forget. The pessimist forgets to laugh.

ECONOMY OF PRODUCTION "So you're keeping beca, be zo?" asked Hiram Hoskins of his neighbor.

"Yep, and I've figured out how I can make again as much money out of 'em, too," replied Eph Brown.

"How's that?" "Why, I'm going to have 'em crossed with lightning bugs, so that they kin see to work at night."

Pessimist (Looking at new roadster)—How many will this car hold? Optimist, Salesman—Three, but six can get in if they're well acquainted.

BUSY AGAIN A busy guy is Henry Hurts—He's always picking up the girls. But don't think he's a sporting gink—He just works at the skating rink.

The man with the biggest mind can make it up the most quickly.

UNTHINKABLE African Game is Passing. Headline. "Could they possibly mean African golf?"

Miss Take: "Your husband has such a lofty, commanding way! Was he ever an officer in the army, a justice, or head soda clerk?" Mrs. Hap: "No, he used to be the stamp clerk in a drug store."

PREPARING A PLACE A certain O. C. minister who had been asked by his congregation to turn in his resignation selected as his text for his farewell sermon, the following: "Go to prepare a place for you, that when I am there ye may be also."

The Poets' Corner. Songs and Sonnets From the Pens of Modern Writers.

SONG By Frederick Faust When the almond trees are sweet With blossoms pale as foam, We'll walk together to the church And walk together home;

Some evening when the almond bloom, The earliest of the year, Is falling slowly, spirit-soft, On you and me, my dear;

Some evening when the wind is hushed And both our hearts are still For wonder that so large a world Should hold so little ill. —"Village Street."

A WOOD PATH IN AUTUMN By Lena M. Hall I've waded ankle deep in moving gold. A golden mist has all enfolded me. I have heard rhythmic murmurs, sounding low, the full-toned diapason of the sea.

I've walked through living flame without fear; Plucked burning brands where vivid sunsac throze. O little birds, too early winging south, What wealth of wasted fabric for a song!—Contemporary Verse.

I MADE A LITTLE SONG By F. O. Call I made a little song to-day. And then I wandered down Broadway. And saw the strange mad people run And dance about me in the sun, Or dive into the Underground Like rabbits frightened by the sound Of their own scampering through the grass;

I watched a thousand people pass. But not a one did I hear say— I made a little song to-day.

I made a little song to-day. It sang beside me all the way Until I reached the lower town, Where crowds went surging up and down. Their eyes were hard and faces white, But some of them looked glad and bright, Because the Bulls—or was it Bears?— Had brought them gold for worthless shares;

But I was happier than they;— I made a little song to-day. —"Acanthus And Wild Grape."

SKETCHES By Don Marquis A CERTAIN CRITIC ENTERS He comes! the tables whisper, rustle, stir; Waiters grow anxious, favorites stretch and purr. He sits! the reverent room relaxes then— The Age of Little Kings has come again!

ADVICE TO A JEALOUS ACTRESS Less thunder, Sweet, more lightning in your storm! Malice, to slay, must still have poise and form. True artists, Sweet, in such affairs as this, Drug with a smile and poison with a kiss.

A CELEBRITY Why do you hear that mien of modesty?— You know we know you are not such as we!

TO ANOTHER LADY Men like the glitter of your jeweled wit— Even those who know where you have stolen it.—New York Tribune.

RICORDI By Laurence Binyon Of a tower, of a tower, white In the warm Italian night, Of a tower that shines and springs I dream, and of our delight:

Of doves, of a hundred wings Sweeping in sound that sings Past our faces, and wide Returning in tremulous rings:

Of a window on Arno side, Sun-warm when the rain has dried On the roofs, and far below The clear street-cries are cried:

Of a certain court we know And love's and sorrow's throes In marbles of mighty limb: And the beat of our hearts aglow:

Of water waltzing dim To a porphyry basin's rim; Of flowers on a windy wall Richly tossing, I dream.

And of white towns nestling small Upon Apennine, with a tall Tower in the sunset air, Sounding soft vesper-call:

And of golden morning bare On Lucca roofs, and fair Blue hills, and scent that shook From blossoming chestnuts, where Red ramparts overlook Hot meadow and leafy nook, And girls with laughing eyes Beat clothes in a glittering brook:

And of magic-bulld skies Upon still lagoons; and wise Padua's pillared street: In the calm of a day that dies. —Selected Poems.

The Book Corner. By C. E. G.

THE SOCIAL ATROCITY PERFECT BEHAVIOR: By Donald Ogden Stewart. George H. Doran Company, New York.

There are parodies and parodies. When Stewart took a fall of H. G. Wells with his parody of that famous Outline, he didn't register in Class A. Perhaps the reason was that he tried to be another George Ade and failed.

"Perfect Behavior," is better. If you don't believe it, try a sample for yourself, Stewart writes: "Introduction will play an important part in social intercourse, and many errors are often perpetrated by those ignorant of savoir faire (correct form) when introducing a young lady to a stranger for example, it is not an fait (correct form) to simply say, 'Mr. Roe, I want you to shake hands with my friend Dorothy.' Under the rules of the beau monde (correct form) this would probably be done as follows: 'Dorothy (or Miss Doe), shake hands with Mr. Roe.' Always give the name of the lady first, unless you are introducing some one to the President of the United States, the Archbishop of Canterbury, a member of the nobility above a baron, or a customer. The person who is being 'introduced' then extends his (or her) right un-gloved hand and says, 'Shake.' You 'shake' saying at the same time 'It's warm (cool) for November (May),' to which the other replies, 'I'll say it is.'"

This brings up the interesting question of introducing two people to each other, neither of whose names you can remember. This is generally done by saying very quickly to one of the parties, "Of course you know Miss Unkunkunk." Say the last "unk" very quickly, so that it sounds like any name from Ab to Zic. You might even sneeze violently. Of course, in nine cases out of ten, one of the two people will at once say, "I didn't get the name," at which you laugh, "Ha! Ha! Ha!" in a carefree manner several times, saying at the same time, "Well, well—so you didn't get the name—you didn't get the name—well, well." If the man still persists in wishing to know who it is to whom he is being introduced, the best procedure consists in simply braiding him on the spot with a club or convenient slab of paving stone.

Where you have no mutual friend the introduction can generally be arranged as follows: Procure a few feet of manila rope or clothes-line, from any of the better-class hardware stores. Ascertain (from the Social Register, preferably) the location of the young lady's residence, and go there on some dark evening about nine o'clock. Fasten the rope across the sidewalk in front of the residence about six inches or a foot from the ground. Then, with the aid of a match and some kerosene, set fire to the young lady's house in several places and retire behind a convenient tree. After some time, if she is at home, she will probably be forced to run out of her house to avoid being burned to death. In her excitement she will fail to notice the rope, which, as I have already stated, will catch and will fall. This is your opportunity to obtain an introduction. Stepping up to her and touching her hat politely, you say, in a well-modulated voice, "I beg your pardon, Miss Doe, but I cannot help noticing that you are lying prone on the sidewalk."

If she is well-bred, she will not at first speak to you, as you are a perfect stranger. This silence, however, should be your cue to once more tip your hat and remark, "I realize, Miss Doe, that I have not had the honor of an introduction, but you will admit that you are lying prone on the sidewalk. Here is my card—and here is one for Mrs. Doe, your mother." At that you should hand her two plain engraved calling cards, each containing your name and address. If there are any other ladies in her family— aunts, grandmothers, etc.—it is correct to leave cards for them also. Be sure that the cards are clean, as generally sufficient for identification purposes without the addition of the thumb-print.

When she has accepted your cards, she will give you one of hers, after which it will be perfectly correct for you to assist her to rise from the sidewalk. Do not, however, press your attentions further upon her at this time, but after expressing the proper regrets over her misfortune it would be well to bow and retire.

A NEW HISTORY OF OREGON. "History of Oregon," by Charles Henry Carey, will be ready for delivery this autumn. The subscribers' edition will be delivered to advance subscribers about the October 1st. It consists of three large 8 volume issues by Pioneer Historical Publishing Company, Chicago, Illinois, of which the first volume is the history proper, and the second and third volumes contain biographies. It is understood that Mr. Carey has had nothing to do with the biographies, concerning which he has not been consulted. The price of this edition is \$40.00 at Chicago.

A separate one volume edition called the "Author's Edition," which will include the historical matter only, will be on sale about November 1, 1922, at the K. G. Hill Company book store at Portland, at \$7.50. This will be identical with the first volume of the Subscribers' Edition, and will contain numerous illustrations and maps, with appendix and index, over one thousand pages large 8 vo., cloth.

Twenty thousand dollars stolen from a Michigan postoffice. Somebody must just have bought stamps for his Christmas cards.—Oregon Journal.

The Woman's Column. By Florence Riddick-Boys.

WOMEN NO LONGER SLAVES OF FASHION We have laughed at the Flapper and taken her lightly, but she laughs best who laughs last. Without caring a rap for our good opinion, she has gone supremely on her way, and now she has quite come into her own. Go down the street of a morning or an evening when business buildings are filling up or emptying and note that our Flapper has captured the mart. She is an independent miss to-day with her own pay-envelope and a mind of her own. In her own sweet, independent way, she has done what her mother never dared to do—she has defied the Fashions.

Women of society no longer set the styles, neither do my-lords, the fashion designers of France. Our little lady Flapper knows what she wants, and buys it too, and wears it, and looks so charming in it that all the rest of us meekly follow suit.

In vain do the papers and magazines inveigh against bobbed heads and short skirts. In vain do they proclaim that tight bodices and all skirts are coming in and that skirts are about to trail the ground. In vain do the manufacturers and shop keepers try to tempt femininity with rose petal gowns and hoop-skirt creations. In vain do the corsetiers plead with the mothers, "Do not let your daughter go to the dance unprotected by a corset. If you do not understand, ask your son."

Saucy little bobbed heads continue, and they have moved to the business world they have something in them. Tight bodices go glimmering into the discard and the loose comfortable one-piece dress suits our Flapper miss very well. Manufacturers may do their best to change the styles and create a demand for new clothes. Our little Flapper sponges and presses or patches her gown at night and appears with it at the office until it is worn out. Then she buys a new one and wears it every day. She does not care a whoop what the magazines say is style. She and her pals pick out what they like, and look gorgeous in it, regardless of the styles. They make the styles.

The result is that all our clothes must be comfortable and must wear well and stand the strain of every day. We must be able to do things in them and look well while we are at it. There will be fewer clothes hanging in closets to get out of style, and furthermore, clothes are no longer going so promptly out of style. It is the lament of the clothes furriers that we do not have to buy new clothes now to keep up with the styles.

Everything goes. We may have long sleeves, short sleeves, wide sleeves, light sleeves, or no sleeves at all. It is the same with blouses and skirts. They may be either close fitting or loose, wide or narrow. And most remarkable of all when the clothiers thought they had us, by deceiving long dresses, and we would all have to buy new gowns to have them the proper length, already the word is coming from Paris that skirts will not grow longer after all, but have already turned the other way and are coming back to shorter.

Hooray for the little Flapper—she has made our country "the land of the brave and the home of the free."

ARTIFICIAL SILK The various countries of Europe have made artificial silk for the last decade, but very little of it was made this side of the ocean until the war cut off our European supply.

During the war, artificial silk was in great demand and several factories were started in this country. The prospects are that artificial silk will prove a most valuable commodity and have a wonderful future. It is the poor man's silk.

It has long been used in novelty weaves and is valuable for its shine, but as it is being perfected, it will doubtless come to supplant somewhat natural silk for regular "silk" garments. As yet, it cannot compete with natural silk. The threads are too coarse, and too large, and it has neither strength nor elasticity enough, but weakens when wet. Some types do not dye evenly.

Gradually science is overcoming these defects and we may expect the time to soon come when we cannot tell the artificial from the natural silk except by the use of the microscope or by chemical means.

Artificial silk may now be distinguished from natural silk by its higher luster and by its harsher, stiffer feel.

BOBBED HAIR They have been saying for some time that bobbed hair was going out of style, and the fashions are full of directions about how to hide the fact that you have bobbed hair, and pokebonnets are offered by the milliners as a style favorable for the flappers who are letting their bobbed hair grow. But my little lady flapper is not a all disturbed. Her little bobbed head goes right on bobbing. It is cleanly and convenient and she likes it. Nuff said.

WOMAN-TORIALS Health workers by the thousand are abroad in the land, teaching health to the people. And still there are not enough. Preventive medicine, in which health workers will be largely teachers, is just beginning to be appreciated. Ten years from now there will be twice as many health workers and only half as many poor health. This is an appealing line of work and one which has a future.