

OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE EDITORIAL PAGE

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GET AT THE CAUSE

THERE HAVE been forty-one fires in Oregon City this year. Out of this number seven are practically known to have been incendiary.

RE-GROUPED CABINET

THE PROPOSED plan for reorganization of the executive departments of the national government is ready for submission to Congress.

THE TIGER

CLEMENCEAU HAS nothing new to tell the United States, but that is no reason for discounting the things he says.

ROADS AND TAXES

FOR THE YEAR of 1922 Clackamas county's road fund amounted to more than half a million dollars.

FASCISTI PRINCIPLES

MOST AMERICANS realize that the new Italian government, headed by Mussolini, represents a middle-class revolution and the defeat of Socialism.

Borrowed Comment

What Editors of State and National Papers Have to Say.

Somebody recommends religion as a cure for insomnia.

The Poets' Corner

Songs and Sonnets From the Pens of Modern Writers.

The Office Cat

By Junius.

The Book Corner

By C. E. G.

From The Pulpit

Thanksgiving Sermon Delivered By Rev. H. G. Edgar.

Only the locusts cry in the black night.

A SUMMER NIGHT

By George D. Bond  
Only the locusts cry in the black night.

WHY I TEACH

By Louis Burton Woodward  
Because I would be young in soul and mind.

OLD MAN JOBLING

By Wilfrid Gibson  
Old man, old man, whither are you hobbling?

PORTALS OF THE DAWN

By Robert Haven Schauffler  
Earth yields to man no more delicious joy

Same with wives as with automobiles; it's not the original cost, but the upkeep.

CAN MAKE IT TALK CENTS

Bix—They say that money talks; when you make it?

DECEIVING

"Don't trust to appearances," said Uncle Eben.

EVERY DROP NEEDED

Spilled milk of human kindness is the only kind worth crying over.

OTHERWISE SHE'S ALL RIGHT

Simpson had been invited to the wedding of his friend Tom.

Gloof and Pessimism are a combination in restraint of trade.

The kiss of a pretty girl is always highly regarded among men.

People soap grew tired of cussing Hollywood.

"Dear" can you remember to bring some rat biscuits home this evening?

If we didn't have a fire occasionally how would we know whether the hydrants were out of order?

Our education factories recently resumed operations with a new supply of rah-rah materials.

Fisherman found \$10,000 on the banks of the Potomac.

That's the dollar George threw across, with interest.

Mrs. Smith: "I don't think that music teacher can ever make anything out of Katherine's voice."

There will come a time, as the novelist says, when President Harding will look back to that day when he pled the front pages of the Marion, Ohio, Star at press time.

"Sweet Adeline" never was a very etching song, but even at its height it was no more tiresome than "How Dry I Am."

And when all is said and done when we cast up at the end of life's glories, there is one never dimming—that's a friend.

A real optimist is the man who always reminds more to his gas company than his monthly bill calls for, so as to accumulate a reserve for a rainy day.

WE STICK TO THIS STORY

Jim's wife needed a tin can, so she commandeered the one Jim keeps his oil in.

A busy guy is Henry Huris—He's always picking up the girls.

TERRIBLE RIVALRY

Concordia, Kan., has a man whose proudest accomplishment is that of beating his business competitor to the postoffice every morning.

Germany's heaviest clouds appear to be sun colored.

Russia may be free, but is obviously not easy.

The question is whether the Turkish Government will terminate or exterminate.

We'll just say that subsidy out of funds that haven't got for the bonus.

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"Bless The Lord O My Soul"

Thanksgiving Day, which we have just celebrated, was born of acknowledgment and thanksgiving to God.

It would seem that there are several angles to the appeal that comes to us to preserve the essential religious aspect of the day.

And why should we not come together to render thanks and pay our vows?

Honesty and virtue are the chance to grow toward beauty given the stellar miles in this play of life.

HOMESPUN: Poems by Grace E. Hall, Dodd, Mead and Company, New York.

Grace E. Hall needs no introduction to the state of Oregon.

The charm of Mrs. Hall's poetry lies in the fact that she plays upon emotions which are not beyond the average reach.

There is, however, something of strength lacking in the lines she pens, probably because they show neither dominant philosophy nor mastery of style.

Perhaps one of the best in Home-spun is "Silent Places."

God, keep some silent places for us still.

Apart from those where man forever goes;

Some altars lit by sunset on the hill.

Or alcoves in the canyon wall, where glows

The crystal drop of moisture on the fern,

While ancient firs bend tenderly above,

For souls of men must sometimes deeply yearn

For silence such as this, to sense Thy love.

God, save them for us still, lest we forget—

These altars built eternities ago;

Thy handwork—oh, let it not be so!

The fret of all his petty self is seen

In masonry of towers and walls and piers.

But peace is in Thy murmuring forests green,

Thy peace, that shall abide throughout the years.

The clash and clang and roar of what he makes

Strikes to the nerves 'til man himself reels;

But all Thy woodland minstrelsy awakes

Our better thoughts, and worship true compels;

Oh! may the towers of tall pines on the crest

Re temple signals, pointing out the way,

And in Thy silent places let us rest

A little while, sometimes, yes, rest and pray.

If newcomers to our shores are to have before them the example of our people picking and choosing among the provisions of our Constitution and the stipulations of a Presidential Proclamation,

like shoppers mulling over remnants on a bargain counter how long will it take them to adopt the "American way"?

When other-wise respectable Americans are in the market for booze in violation of our constitution the untutored, foreigner, the names of bootleggers and moonshiners give abundant evidence, is only too ready to do the dirty work that will supply the market.

When according to time-honored custom our President recommends by proclamation that our citizens gather at their family altars and in their houses of worship to render thanks to God for the bounties they have enjoyed and to petition that these may be continued in the year before them, what spectacle is that which is presented

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