West Side Enterprise

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The question of whether or not marriage is a failure has been put up to Judge Galloway by Polk county this week. The Judge has heard and granted the plea of J. W. Lemmon for a divorce from Lucinda Lemmon. He has, upon the application of Hester Brown, forever cut asunder the legal tie that bound her to H. M. Brown. A harder nut for the Judge to crack is to render a decree that will hold water in the case of a complaint by Belle Yeater and cross-complaint by William Yeater, each asking for a divorce from the other. These cases have been tried out in open court. One case brought most of the residents of Cooper Hollow neighborhood to the court house as witnesses. Mothers with their babes, little girls and small boys, young girls and men listened with rapt attention to the tales of domestic infelicity as related under oath from the witness stand. With the exception of the admission of children it was probably just as well to exclude none. It is probably just as well once in a while to draw the curtain and let the world take a look in on modern home life; let romance and dreamy sentiment be removed though it shatters dreams of fancied love by the uninitiated; let the public know that along with the "Model Home," there is a hell on earth; that while there may be "love in a cottage" there may be misery in hovel or mansion.

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Incompatibility of temperament, too late discovered, is responsible for a world of woe. The misery of mis-mated couples keeps aflow briny tears of anguish and breaks up homes where contentment and happiness were intended to reign. Every circuit court docket has its divorce complaints. They are growing with alarming rapidity, and bad as the details are, the cases that reach court do not reveal all misery suffered in the home life. There are inhumane wife beaters who never get the cat-o'-nine-tails of legal justice laid on their brutish backs and there are wives who care more for their poodle dogs than for their husband and yet fight shy of the divorce court. There are wives who will have their very heart strings torn asunder, and black the boots and smooth the pillow of their Lord while he is rounding out a record of brutality, booze-fighting, bestiality. There are women on the road to the insane asylum and there they will land and the world never know why, all because of a lack of consideration at the hands of a common, coarse-fibered, cruel husband. Man, hooked up to woman of superior will power and different tastes, sacrifices his individuality through life to a woman who has an irresolute fool for a husband over whom she tyrannizes and whom she tantalizes for mere past time. There are congenial unions and happy homes with contentment and attendant blessings, but now, it is the other side of the picture that is forcing itself before the public gaze.

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Never a paper nowadays but there is a tale of divorce, of misdeeds of some married man or woman. The tie-up has been a failure. The trouble is confined to no walk or station in life of however high or low degree. Jealously of woman or perfidity of man, debauchery of the husband or infidelity of the wife brings the same result in Broadway, New York, as in Silverton, Oregon. In the famous Major Taggart case of the U. S. army, the man is dubbed a coarse and cowardly hound pup of a debauchee. In a case at Dallas this week, the man is referred to as the "Pennyroyal bull of Cooper Hollow." Environments are the principal difference in the two cases. One was kitchen maid and key-hole evidence of pajama parties with champagne corks a popping, semi-public lap receptions, cellar matinees, tickling of knees under the table and departmental drunks generally. The other was hired girl and neighbor women testifying as to winks and hunches at country school-house entertainments, conduct at kissing-bee parties and consumation of trysts in the grove. In one case two bright boys saw their mother pilloried as a common woman by a father whose duty above all others was to protect them by protecting their mother. In the other, three innocent children hear neighbors under oath, attack the fidelity, "chastity and virtue" of their father, and the mother go through recitals, vulgar to the point of being nauseating, with the fluency of a deacon repeating the Lord's prayer.

The ancients believed that kissing a pretty girl was a sure cure for headache. After all there's nothing like the old fashioned remedies.—Independence Enterprise.

We are wondering how the handsome editor of the Enterprise knows all about these things?—Brownsville Times.

Even the experienced editor of the Times should not "wonder" too far into such secrets.

"This Republic is not and never shall be a government of a plutocrat. This government never shall be the government of a mob. It shall remain as it was founded in the beginning, a government of justice, through the form of law, a government wherein every man is guaranteed in his own rights and is forbidden to wrong his neighbors."—President Roosevelt.

Speaking of divorces, it is a good idea to know something about what one is doing when one gets married. A woman should take at least as much pains to find out whether her proposed husband is of the right moral stuff as that the cloak she buys is of the right material and in style.—Albany Democrat.

Up at Albany they are commenting on the instructions of Judge Burnett to a jury holding that a dead Chinese pheasant is not a Chinese pheasant under the law.

Think of transporting 400 convicts, thieves, thugs and cut-throats included, and 1400 insane persons from Salem to Portland, when the capital is removed.

President Roosevelt does not believe in government ownership of railroads but in regulation of frieght rates. The country is with him.

B. F. Jones has not been heard from for a month. But remember he is not squelched.