

Railroad Time Table

Arrival and Departure of Passenger Trains

Woodburn-Springfield Branch
WEST SCIO

North 7:50 a.m.
South 5:31 p.m.

Corvallis & Eastern
MUNKERS

To Albany 12:25 p.m.
From Albany 9:22 a.m.
Motor to Mill City 19:05 a.m.
" from " 4:21 p.m.

§ Daily except Sunday

Auto bus leaves Scio postoffice
7:10 a.m. & 5:00 p.m. for West Scio
8:15 a.m. & 1:30 p.m. for Munkers

Federated Church

SCIO, OREGON

Sunday School 10 a.m.
Preaching 11 a.m.
Christian Endeavor 6:30 to 7:30 p.m.
Song Service 7:30 to 8:00 p.m.
Prayer Meeting, Thursday 7:30 p.m.
Brother Meikeljohn, Leader.
H. B. Her, Pastor

SHOD WITH SILENCE.

Big Bull Moose Can Traverse a Thick Forest Without a Sound.

Although taller than an ordinary horse, weighing more than half a ton and adorned with wide spreading antlers, the bull moose stalks with ghostly silence through thickset forests, where man can scarcely move without being betrayed by the loud crackling of dry twigs. In summer it loves low lying, swampy forests interspersed with shallow lakes and sluggish streams. In such places it often wades up to its neck in a lake to feed on succulent water plants and when reaching to the bottom becomes entirely submerged. These visits to the water are sometimes by day, but usually at night, especially during the season when the calves are young and the horns of the bulls are but partly grown.

Late in the fall, with full grown antlers, the bulls wander through the forest looking for their mates, at times uttering farreaching calls of defiance to all rivals and occasionally clashing their horns against the saplings in exuberance of masterful vigor. Other bulls at times accept the challenge and hasten to meet the rival for a battle royal. At this season the call of the cow moose quickly attracts the bulls. Hunters take advantage of this and by imitating the call through a birch bark trumpet bring the most aggressive bulls to their doom.—National Geographic Magazine.

IS GOVERNMENT SO PATERNALISTIC AND INQUISITORIAL THAT FREEDOM IS A MOCKERY?

By W. F. WILEY, Editor Cincinnati Enquirer

Columbus, O.—(Special) — At the last annual meeting of the Associated Ohio Dailies, W. F. Wiley, editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer, delivered an address that has become a classic in editorial circles.

Mr. Wiley startled his audience of editors when he proved to them that the vaunted freedom of the press is no more. Here are excerpts from Mr. Wiley's address, which is considered one of the most fearless public utterances of the day:

More swiftly and as surely as the glacier grinds its resistless way down mountain slopes, sweeping before it all life and growth and development, so there is sweeping down on the press of America the relentless, cold, merciless un-American avalanche of governmental censorship.

It is inconceivable to my mind that Russification of the American press will be permitted to go on unchecked and unchecked. And yet the end of the effort to throttle us is not in sight. To the local efforts of Alabama, West Virginia and other states to prevent the sale or circulation of newspapers containing advertisements of a certain character is added now the proposal of the congress of the United States to prevent the carrying by mail anywhere of newspapers containing such advertising matter. That proposal has already been endorsed by the senate, and if reports may be believed, it will receive also the approval of the house of representatives.

There is pending, too, in the senate a resolution, declaring that United States district courts shall have no power to declare an act of congress unconstitutional.

I am not here to make a defense of the liquor traffic, nor to plead for those newspapers and other periodicals that carry the advertising of this business. Personally, I have no interest in the business direct or indirect, nor have I ever defended it. Speaking to you tonight as man to man, I may add, even that I am personally opposed to some phases of it for many reasons, but I am more strongly opposed to the insidious effort, of which this proposed legislation is the opening wedge, to repeal or to emasculate Article I of the amendments to the Constitution of the United States, which provides that there shall be no abridgement of the freedom of the press.

It is an age old fight, my friends, this insistent effort to prevent the exercise of honest criticism of man and measures. It has its beginning in the dim, dark days when tyrannical rule, when kings could do no wrong and when he who temerarily raised his voice in complaint or criticism of those occupying the seats of the mighty paid for such indiscretion with his life.

Gentlemen of the Associated Ohio Dailies, the battle is on. There is even now not alone a governmental censorship of the press, but the first slimy tentacles of an inquisition have been thrust menacingly and with sinister purpose toward complete official domination and control of editorial utterance.

Let us read a letter received by the editor of an Ohio newspaper with which most of you are familiar:

Sir:—There has been submitted to this office a copy of an editorial entitled "Why Not Regulate Everything?" purporting to have been published in Jan. 4, 1917, issue of your publication, with the suggestion that it was published for a valuable consideration and should, therefore, have been marked as an advertisement, in accordance with the provisions of the act of Aug. 14, 1912, a copy of which is enclosed. This office would be pleased to have a statement from you in regard to the matter.

Respectfully,

A. M. DOCKERTY,
Third Asst. Postmaster General.

The editorial referred to follows:

Why Not Regulate Everything?

Opposition of the board of governors of the Cincinnati Advertisers' club to the Randall advertising bill pending in congress is timely and sensible. This measure, if enacted into law, is to withhold from the mails any publication or printed matter advertising intoxicating liquors for sale.

Enactment of this bill into law will establish a precedent which quickly and easily may lead to governmental censorship of all printed matter. If it becomes unlawful to publish advertising relating to the sale of intoxicating liquors, it will be but a step to prohibit the advertising of tobacco or underwear, of stockings, or of any other commodity in which a large portion of the public is interested. It would almost appear that a law so drastic in its operation would be in contravention of the constitutional guarantee to the press. Not because the bill in question relates to advertising of alcohol, but for the broader reason that it impinges upon personal rights, members of congress should study the measure seriously before committing themselves to its support.

You have before you indisputable evidence that an inquisitorial government is watching with lynx eyes every

utterance in opposition to enactments of laws to throttle the press. Congress, led by fanatics, or under the domination of paid scoundrels, is going to enact these laws, and it will go further. Having tasted the blood from one broken vein, it will cry for gore from the gushing arteries of newspaper life.

Who made that suggestion to the post office department? Does the government of the United States employ paid inspectors to scan editorial utterances of American newspapers, or has it tacit alliance with the minions of sects and organizations, powerfully financed and skillfully officered, whose mission in life is to legislate people into morality and goodness? It matters not, my friends, whence emanates this insidious movement. It is enough to know that it really exists, that it is not a chimera or a myth. Such a letter is an insult to the intelligence and the integrity of every publisher in America, and there is no redress for the studied affront.

Quoting from one who has made a long study of this insidious advance upon the freedom of the press, let these statements have place in your minds:

The fight for censorship of the columns of the newspapers will not stop with attacks on liquor advertisements, or, indeed, with attempts to control advertisements. Several states now prohibit the manufacture or sale of cigarettes, and it is inevitable that legislation against newspapers carrying cigarette advertisements in such states will be urged.

After the advertising department of every newspaper and magazine has been subjected to censorship, how can the news columns remain free? What of horse racing reports, stock market quotations, Sunday baseball information—indeed, why not suppression of Sunday papers and of Monday papers printed in whole or in part on the Sabbath?

But what of editorial liberty? If it be deemed that the use of liquor and of cigarettes is hurtful alike to the individual and to society, is it not an act of hostility to the state and to the church for an editor to praise an old wine, or to refer indignantly to the "makins" of a cigarette or to oppose in any way the cause of prohibition?

How long will it be, I wonder, before American people are jarred into realization that soon they must look for distasteful as to what they may eat or drink, as to what lines of business they may engage in, and as to how a newspaper may be edited, and what forms of advertising it may carry into the different states?

And, gentlemen of the Associated Ohio Dailies, we are to blame. We have created the Frankenstein that are now turning to rend us limb from limb. Drunk with power, riding a wave of fanaticism in a sea of paternalism, the creatures of our own making seek our destruction. The vaunted power of the press is no more. The locks of Sampson have been shorn by the Delilahs, mis-called statesmen, and the press grovels before officialdom grateful for a look, a kind word or a less importunate kick than usual.

Intolerance of Officialdom.

Two years ago, before this body, I painted a picture of the growth of governmental officiousness which was more prophetic than I knew. Your attention was directed at that time to the increasing insolence and intolerance of officialdom and the prediction was made that, unless checked and repressed with a stern hand, it would rise up to strike down its creators. It is in no spirit of arrogance or boastfulness that these facts are recalled, but in a spirit of sorrow and humiliation. Our sins of omission and commission are engulfing us. Instead of rising like valiant fighting men, true to conscience, to honor, to the spirit of freedom and progress of civilization, to strike down our shackles, we sit like hoary dotards wrapped in the sackcloth and ashes of lament and repine. How long, O Lord! How long shall this endure?

Where are the forward looking men of today? Certainly not in the halls of legislation. State legislatures from the Atlantic to the Pacific are feeble counterfeits merely of a doddering congress. Here in Ohio why can we not have constructive legislation on the subject of taxation? The answer is painfully simple: because we lack constructive statesmen in the general assembly. Too great a percentage of the membership can not lift its ears from the ground to take a good, square, honest look upon the necessities of sections and taxing divisions remote from the hallways to which they look for continued lease on official life.

A Dartmouth professor is sponsor for a story that aptly portrays the situation in which we find ourselves.

A householder was dismayed one night by the sudden extinguishment of the electric lights in his house. In a little while it became apparent that the darkness would probably continue through the night unless the break could be located and corrected. Unable at that hour to secure the services of an expert electrician the householder hit upon the happy scheme of detaching the batteries from his doorbells and connecting them with his electric feed wires. But no light resulted. Next

day the experts came to remedy the trouble, and seeing the hapless expedient of the owner, remarked:

"Don't you know that it takes 500 times more power to produce light than it takes to produce noise?"

There is the whole situation in a nutshell. We are troubled with low-voltage statesmen, the tiny dry cells of whose brains are just powerful enough to make unceasing racket, while great dynamic minds that might flood the world with legislative light and wisdom are disconnected from the machinery of government.

Two years later at this annual gathering, I ventured to scold and to advise. Again I crave your indulgence to expostulate, to plead with you to turn the batteries of wrath on all near-statesmen, whose hands are the hands of Esau, but whose voice is the voice of Jacob. Primarily the duty of securing good government, sane administration, just legislation, lies with us. We can no longer evade the issue, or shirk the responsibility if we would remain free and not bond.

SAVED HIS OWN FACE.

Why He Balked at Being a Witness on the Side of Truth.

Colonel E. M. House—"Silent" House, as he is often called—told at a dinner in Washington a significant parable:

"They who expect the men in authority to do a great deal for them—they who expect the impossible—should remember the grizzly bear story.

"A famous grizzly bear hunter gave a dinner, and one of the guests told of a bear hunt that he had once shared in with his host. It had been a remarkable hunt. The bear had been killed under almost incredible difficulties. Although his auditors looked skeptical, the narrator did not spare them any of those difficulties. He counted on the host, you see, for corroboration.

"Then, when he had finished his strange but perfectly true tale, he said:

"There, that's the story, and, gentlemen, our host will corroborate every word I say."

"No, George," he said, "I don't remember anything of the sort at all."

"Tableau!"

"Maddened by this tableau, the guest at the end of the dinner took his host aside and blurted:

"Why didn't you back me up in that bear story? You know every word of it was true."

"Yes," said the famous hunter—"yes, it was all true, but I saw that everybody round the table thought you were lying. If, then, I had supported you the only result would have been that they would have set me down for a liar too."—Washington Star.

Looming Mirages.

In what are called "looming mirages" distant objects show an apparent extravagant increase in height without alteration of breadth. Distant pinnacles of ice are thus magnified into immense towers or tall, jagged mountains, and a ship thus reflected from far out at sea may appear to be twelve or fifteen times as tall as it is long. Rocks and trees are also shown in abnormal shapes and positions, while houses, animal and human beings appear in like exaggerated shapes. Before the sandy plains of our southwestern states and territories were converted into verdant fields by the ingenuity and tireless energy of man mirages were very common in those regions, the Indians regarding the phenomenon as being the work of evil spirits.

A Russian National Dish.

One of the national dishes of Russia is known as the pashka. It is a sort of cake that stands one and a half feet high and is always put on a tall base. It is usually surmounted by a sugar cross and is placed in the center of the table when the Russians hold their great feast at Easter when the fast is broken. It takes about sixty eggs to make the pashka, but none but natives can succeed in producing the rare taste.

Comprehensive.

"I understand you have bought a set of Shakespeare's works."

"Yes," replied Mr. Dubwaite loftily, "a complete set."

"And a glossary, too, I presume?"

"Oh, yes, yes! In fact, everything Shakespeare wrote."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Higher Authority.

Willis—The Highfliers are going to give up their big house this year. Mrs. Willis—You must be mistaken. I was talking with Mrs. Highdrier only yesterday. Willis—Well, I was talking with the mortgagee only this morning.—Puck

Trouble on the Road.

First Centipede—What's the matter? Second Centipede—I need a traffic cop; my feet want to go different ways.—New York Sun.

Masculine Form.

"What is a hunch?"
"A hunch is the masculine equivalent of feminine intuition."—Boston Transcript.

The Thrice-a-Week Edition of The New York World

—In 1917—

Practically a Daily at the price of a Weekly. No other newspaper in the world gives so much at so low a price.

The value and need of a newspaper in the household was never greater than at the present time. The great war in Europe is now half-way into its third year, and whether peace be at hand or yet far off, it and the events to follow it are sure to be of absorbing interest for many a month to come. These are world-shaking affairs, in which the United States, willing or unwilling, is compelled to take part. No intelligent person can ignore such issues.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only \$1.00 per year, and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper THE THRICE-A-WEEK WORLD and THE SCIO TRIBUNE together for one year for only \$2.15.

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