

SILVERTON TIME TABLE

NORTH BOUND:
 Leave for Portland - 7:25 A.M.
 Leave for Portland - 9:15 A.M.
 Leave for Portland - 1:45 P.M.
 Leave for Portland - 5:05 P.M.

SOUTH BOUND:
 Leave for Salem - 8:35 A.M.
 Leave for Lebanon - 11:08 A.M.
 Leave for Salem - 2:00 P.M.
 Leave for Springfield - 4:20 P.M.

ARRIVALS:
 From Portland - 8:35 A.M.
 From Springfield - 9:15 A.M.
 From Portland - 11:08 A.M.
 From Salem - 11:59 A.M.
 From Lebanon - 1:45 P.M.
 From Portland - 4:20 P.M.
 From Salem - 5:05 P.M.
 From Woodburn - 6:25 P.M.

LOCAL NEWS

John Ross was a Salem visitor Monday.

Councilman Charles Hick was a Salem visitor Monday.

Mrs. T. W. Davenport arrived from California last Friday.

F. Mewhirter came from Portland Sunday and went to Salem Monday.

Holly Chick Feed and Lilly's Growing Food for Sale at Behrend's Poultry Market

The Hadley brothers and Mr. McLaughlin were released last Saturday on bonds.

Mrs. Grace Riches visited her parents here Sunday, returning to Turner Monday morning.

Slab wood for sale at 50 cts. per load. Phone your orders to Green 162, John Killian. 30-35

Mrs. H. Schmidbauer went to Salem Sunday, her son, Willie, following on the Monday morning train.

50 acre with 12 acres good orchard at \$75 per acre. A bargain! See J. E. Hosmer.

The John Wolfard & Co.'s new grocery store will soon be a thing of beauty and a great improvement to Water street.

A number of nice new books have arrived at the library. All lovers of good books are invited to take an interest in the work.

Holly Chick Feed and Lilly's Growing Food for Sale at Behrend's Poultry Market

What! Do you think I will send you The Silvertown Journal a year for one dollar and make you a present of a fine house and lot? See J. E. Hosmer about this at once.

Ross E. Miller, who now lives in Chehalis and who is traveling for the Empire Creamery Separator Co., was here the first of the week visiting friends and relatives. Ross who used, to be the big bouncer in our printing office, brought his wife and baby along with him this trip. Verily things do move these days.

Notice that we have started in "all home print" again. This is much better, if we can get advertising enough so as to be able to fill the space with the type setting force we now have. Every reader is most earnestly solicited to help us make this a force in building up our city and surrounding country. The two things we need most are subscriptions and advertising. Say a good word and mention our paper when you trade with our advertisers.

Silvertown Has

- No saloons.
- Five churches.
- Paved streets.
- Electric lights.
- Two saw mills.
- Two solid banks.
- Two newspapers.
- A large gristmill.
- A large opera house.
- A good sewer system.
- Many beautiful homes.
- Moving picture theatre.
- A gravity water system.
- An excellent high school.
- A score or more of lodges.
- 10 daily trains every 11 hours.
- A fine creamery and ice plant.
- A surrounding country that challenges the world, and many enterprising citizens who are thoroughly awake to what Silvertown needs.

What About It?

The following quotations clipped from "The Menace" show a very bad condition on one side or another. If these are true quotations and if they express the general sentiment of the Catholic church, then it is time that every true American wakes up, or blood will again run in another silly religious war.

Read the quotations and think: **WHAT ROME THINKS ABOUT PUBLIC SCHOOLS.**

"Education, outside of the Catholic church, is a damnable heresy."—Pope Pius IX.

"The public school system is a disgrace to the civilization of the nineteenth century."—Bishop Hughes.

"I frankly confess that the Catholics stand before the country as the enemies of the public schools."—Mgr. Satoll.

"The public schools have produced nothing but a Godless generation of thieves and blackguards."—Priest Chaucer.

"Swearing, cursing and profane expressions are distinctive marks of public school children."—Second Provincial Council of Oregon.

"The public schools are nurseries of vice; they are Godless, and unless suppressed will prove the damnation of this country."—Father Walker.

"They who send their children to the public schools cannot expect the mercy of God. They ought not to expect the sacraments of the church in their dying moments."—Father Walker.

"The time is not far away when the Roman Catholics at the order of the pope, will refuse to pay their school tax, and will send bullets to the breasts of the government agents rather than pay. It will come as a click of the trigger, and it will be obeyed as if coming from God Almighty Himself."—Priest Chapel.

But if these are mis-quotations or isolated ones made to misrepresent the true character of the church and of its many good people, then the editor of The Menace should be dealt with and through the courts the truth made manifest.

The Silvertown Journal is open for a fair justification by both sides.

Tells Story of Adam and Eve.

Miss Jane Stearns, science teacher at the Washington high school at Portland, is busy explaining what she meant by telling her pupils that the Biblical story of Adam and Eve is a myth, handed down in Jewish tradition until it found a place in the Book of Genesis. Miss Stearns, who tries to teach physiography so that it means more than the cramming of book lore, allowed her class to discuss various theories of the origin of man recently touching on Darwinism and other theories.

When one Miss declared she would still cling to the tale of the dust and the rib, the teacher explained that this story at best was symbolical, in the light of scientific discoveries. The pupils went home and told their parents Miss Stearns was injecting higher criticism into her class room and the parents made a loud protest.

To See This City Grow.

If you want to see this town grow, remember that you are a part of it and its growth depends as much upon you as on your neighbors. Don't get the idea that the future prosperity of this town rests with a few, for it is the business of the many. Above all, don't criticize those who are trying to upbuild the community and do nothing yourself. They at least have the proper spirit, and, just as long as you deny them your support, just that much harder their work will be. Be a booster for the town and lend your co-operation to those who had the nerve to start first. It is never too early to start, and it is never too late to begin.—Ex.

Subscribe for The Journal.

SAVED BY A GHOST.

Curious Story of a Specter and the Lonely Yorkshire Moors.

It is not often that we hear of a ghost saving a man's life. There is, however, an instance, and it seems to be tolerably well authenticated, and materialists will hardly know how to account for it. Here is the story. It is of the Yorkshire dales and of a good many years ago.

A clergyman whose duty lay in that wild country, where a strong race of men and women lived principally on bacon and oatcake, used to ride or walk to visit the people. He had been raising a subscription in a time of scarcity and had to be out late at night. One evening on his outward journey he suddenly became aware of a figure moving beside him, and in the gloaming he recognized his brother, who had died some time before. He was too awestruck for words, and after keeping by his side for some distance over the lonely moor the figure disappeared. He noted the time and the vision, but nothing occurred to throw any light upon it.

However, some years after he had taken the duty at a jail in another part of the country one of the prisoners lying under sentence desired to make a confession. After telling him of a lot of crimes he said: "I wor very near once taking your life, Sir. It was in that bad year, and I heard as how you went carrying money about in those lonesome dales. I hid behind the big bowlders of the brown moor. I saw you coming up and waited till you should be near enough, but that night you were not alone."

This is a startling tale and the stronger because the vision or whatever it was seen by two people. The anecdote occurs in an article twenty years ago in Macmillan's Magazine by Lady Verney.

The Bibliomaniac's Error.

There is a famous story of a man, Don Vincente of Aragon, that is told by all writers upon the art of book hunting. This Don Vincente is called by Andrew Lang "the great pattern of biblioclept." To get the book he coveted he killed its possessor and set fire to his house so as to cover up his crime. But the man was at last suspected and the famous book found in his possession to confirm the suspicion. The case against him was argued on the ground that there was but one copy in the world of the book found in his possession, and its previous owner was known to all. Don Vincente had a clever lawyer, who proved that another copy did exist in the Louvre, and since there were two, he argued, there might also be more, and so Don Vincente might have come honestly by his. At this Don Vincente gave a great cry and said to the alcaide: "Ah, Senor Alcaide, my error was clumsy indeed! My copy was not unique."—Frederick A. King in Bookman.

The Word "Humbug."

The idea of the "humbug" is as old as the first fakir of India, for the earliest as well as the latest of these, though ostensibly "holy men," and at times most sincere, are often only too ready to deceive the credulous by the tricks which they practice. But the word itself is explained as being a corruption of the word "Hamburg." During the period when war prevailed on the European continent many false reports and bulletins were issued from the city of Hamburg, in Germany, so that finally when any one wished to suggest his disbelief in a statement, even if printed in the papers, he said, "Oh, that comes from Hamburg," or "That is a Hamburg," soon corrupted into "humbug" as the stamp of fakirism.—New York Mail.

The Shape of the Sky.

What is the apparent form of the vault of the sky? There is probably no one to whose eyes it seems a true hemisphere, with the zenith appearing as distant as the horizon. At sea or in a flat country the seeming greater distance of the horizon is best shown. Professor J. M. Pernter in a study of this subject reached the conclusion that the form of the vault in vertical section is that of the segment of a circle, the arc of which subtends at the center at an angle of the order of 40 degrees. If the reader will draw such a segment he may be surprised by the amount of flattening which is thus ascribed to the sky. From this optical illusion many curious effects arise, such as the seeming increased magnitude of the sun and moon when near the horizon and the apparently oval forms of halos and coronas seen at low altitudes.

The Bald Spot.

A child of two years, with bright eyes and a roguish mind, began suddenly to giggle in church one Sunday morning. Noticing the child watching the back of a nodding deacon's head, the mother inquired into the cause of such merriment. "Oh, mamma," laughed the child, "dat man's head is peeking out at me through a hole in his hair!"—National Monthly.

She Doesn't Have To.

"I know a woman who never has to ask her husband for money."
 "He must be a very good husband."
 "He isn't."
 "Then how is it she never has to ask him for money?"
 "Because the court makes him pay her alimony."—Baltimore American.

Scientific.

A scientific writer says that the only color that can be determined by the sense of touch is blue. True enough. A man always knows when he feels "blue."—New Orleans Picayune.

ABANDONED INFANTS.

The "Baby Post" Once Did a Rushing Business in England.

There once flourished in England a regular "baby post," the rates of postage being fixed on a strictly business basis, according to distances traversed.

The curious institution came into existence in connection with the founding hospital in Guildford street. When this charity was first established it was understood that its operations would be confined to London and its environs. But the people of the country towns and villages heard of it and showed a decided disposition to share in its advantages; hence the "baby post!"

All over the country there were men and women who entered vigorously into the business of carrying children to London and depositing them at the gates of the foundling hospital. The charge was 8 guineas from distant localities like York and Mounmouth, down to a guinea from places situated within thirty to fifty miles of the metropolis. The unfortunate infants were borne on horseback in panniers, two to each pannier, or in wagons lined with straw, for which the charge was somewhat less.

Naturally abuses grew up in connection with the traffic. But, even apart from them, the mortality among the "posted" babies was terrible. Thus, out of 14,934 received at the hospital in four years, only 4,400 lived to be "apprenticed out," being a mortality of more than 70 per cent.

Eventually parliament passed a measure abolishing the practice, and the "baby post" ceased.—London Answers.

When Buttons Were Unknown.

How did the world manage for centuries without buttons? In early ages they were unknown. The voluminous garments of oriental races are still attached to their wearers by means of straps, as were those of the Greeks and Romans. The Normans were responsible for the invention. The etymology of the word points to the derivation of the idea. Bout, an end or extremity, and bouter, to push, show that the button was originally a push piece, like the buttons of our modern electric bells. The Normans probably conceived the idea from the rough knots of their furniture, on which most likely they hung their garments. Once introduced, buttons came rapidly into common use.

Emptied the Hall.

Ben Butler was once chairman of a meeting at which Rufus Choate was booked for an address. Mr. Choate was about to begin his address when a man crawled up to Butler and whispered to him that the joists in the floor and the supporting beams were giving way because of the heavy pressure on the floor and they were likely to collapse any moment. Butler turned to the man and whispered to him, "Keep quiet." Then, turning to the audience, he said: "A man has brought me information that outside of this hall there are not less than 20,000 people clamoring for admission. I propose to adjourn this meeting to the common, where all can hear Mr. Choate. Now, just see how quickly we can empty this hall!" Meanwhile Choate was tugging at Butler's coat tails, saying: "Ben, don't! Stop, Ben. Why, I can't see to read on the common. My voice won't carry in the open air. I can't make them hear," and so on. After most of the audience had left Butler turned around to Choate and said: "Say, Choate, would you rather deliver this speech here in this hall or down below?"—Argonaut.

Music and the Hair.

Though 11 per cent of all musicians are bald, it appears that this is the result of exposure to the wrong musical vibrations. M. Henri de Parville, the French physicist, is credited with the theory that the well known action of music on the nervous system affects the nutrition of the bodily tissues and thus has an influence on the hair, and it is claimed that observations support this view. The influence, however, is not always the same. All male pianists have a wealth of hair, and it is found that playing the piano and violin have a specially beneficial effect as do also, in less degree, the violin cello, the harp and the double bass. Players of the flute and clarinet get much less hair stimulation, their locks showing a very perceptible thinning by the age of fifty. The harm done is among players of brass instruments, and those who make much use of the cornet and the horn advance rapidly toward baldness, while players of the trombone lose at least 60 per cent of their hair in about five years.—Exchange.

The Old Man's Hint.

Mother (at 11:30 p. m.)—What's the matter, John? You look disturbed.
 Father—I thought I'd give that young man calling on our daughter a vigorous hint it was time to go, so I walked right into the parlor and deliberately turned out the gas.
 Mother—Oh, my! And did he get angry?
 Father—Angry? The young jackanapes said "Thank you!"—Boston Transcript.

Made Over.

"He is a self made man, isn't he?"
 "He was."
 "Then he is."
 "No, the woman he married didn't like the result he had accomplished, and she has made him over."—Houston Post.

An Eye For the Main Chance.

Sam—Will you keep our engagement secret for the present? Lulu—All right. But where's the present?—London Telegraph.

Apple Rust.

A French chemist has shown that the apple contains an oxidizing ferment which produces the brownish or reddish color of elder. The manner in which this substance produces oxidation can readily be observed by any one who cuts an apple open and leaves it exposed for a short time to the air. The cut surfaces gradually turn red as the oxygen of the air unites with the juice—in a word, the apple rusts. Rusting of an apple may also be brought about by simply bruising the fruit without breaking the skin. Everybody knows that apples that have fallen violently to the ground show red or rusty spots underneath the bruised rind. In this case the oxygen is derived from the air contained in the ducts or interstices among the tissues of the fruit, and it becomes active through the breaking of the cells that inclose the oxidizing ferment. If an apple is cooked before its skin is broken its tissues do not oxidize when exposed to the air. This is explained on the supposition that the oxidizing properties of the ferment are destroyed by heat.—Harper's.

A Recipe.

"Dear, will you please follow directions while I read the recipe?" said Mrs. Walbrook to her obedient husband. He took the pan while she read aloud:

First you mix a beaten batter. Then you take an earthen platter. But the batter is the platter. Without clamor, clatter or clatter; Stir it gently while you scatter Milk and sugar till the batter In the platter grows much fatter. Pour it in a dish that's flatter. Then the first and earthen platter—Tin will do; it doesn't matter. So the fatter batter's fatter—Then, Gently lifting up the latter Flatter platter, pour the batter With a percolating patter. In the former earthen platter Without clatter, clatter or splatter. Now, Once again in latter platter Scatter fatter flatter batter—"Catch your wife and throw it at her," were the last words of Marston, for the poor man was dead.—Baltimore Sun.

Music in the Home.

We are all more or less aware of the value, and indeed the necessity of furnishing books to all children and even of making it possible for them all to see good pictures. We are apt, however, to regard music as something that we need provide only for the exceptional child, the child who shows signs of being what we call "musical." This is due partly to the fact that music lessons are more expensive than books, and that a ticket to a concert costs about four times as much as a ticket to a museum. Our mistake is in fancying that costly music lessons and concerts are the only means of furnishing musical instruction of the best kind to children. Some of the finest music in the world is so simple that any mother who plays the piano at all can perform it for her children, and, moreover, teach them to play it themselves. Home Progress. Subscribe for The Journal.

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