

Silverton Journal

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J. E. HOSMER, Editor.

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ADVERTISING RATES.
Made known upon application

When you see a red pencil mark around this
space you may know that your time has expired
and that we are asking you to send or hand us a
dollar.

A Big Job For The New Woman.

New woman, we hail you—
Great, beautiful doll,
Come help save the nation,
Or 'twill not be at all.
The best way to work it,
The only sure plan,
Is to start on the problem
How to make a new man.
The job is a tough one;
He's full of conceit,
He's selfish and reckless,
Yet he thinks he's complete.
But give him a hand-out
To fill up his belly,
Then rub his old blockhead
Till his brains are like jelly.
Then soak his cold pedals
To get circulation;
Then cut out a riblet
Just to start workation.
Now get some good brain sop
That's free from tobacco,
And boil out the white lies,
And likewise the rye canker.
A head like a tack
With a skull not too thick,
Now pour in the brain stuff
Let it stand till quite thick.
This man's sure a new one,
And apt to do well,
If proven too perfect
You could send him to — Mt. Angel.

Stung.

The following short but sick-
ening epistle was undoubtedly in
answer to our radical temperance
article of last week. It is from
Mt. Angel, the letter head has
"Wines, Liquors and Cigars"
largely displayed thereon and it
is signed by one of the proprie-
tors:

"Please cancel paper and don't
send any more. I am sending
papers back."

How much better it would
have been for this good Angel
saloon man to have written an
article in favor of the open sa-
loon and pointing out our errors.
The editor of the Silverton Jour-
nal does not believe in the habit-
ual use of tea and coffee, but
that is no reason why every one
who uses them, and all the gro-
cery stores, should get mad and
say "I won't play." Let the
press be free. Use it to express
your opinion and give everybody
else the same privilege. If not
why not?

Later: The paper was re-
turned. Mr. Linscott's article
marked O. K. and the editor's
answer crossed out very em-
phatically.

We are very sorry to lose this
Mt. Angel subscriber but the
whole affair including this arti-
cle may help the good temper-
ance people of Silverton to launch
a campaign in Mt. Angel that
will put that little city in the dry
column also. We learn that
there are a few people there who
are opposed to the saloon busi-
ness; and who can tell what
these articles and our little loss
of a subscriber may lead up to?
We believe even the Saloon
keeper himself can be made to
see that the business is a bad
one and to join the ranks of the
drys.

Let every temperance man and
woman in Silverton write two
good but reasonable letters this
week, one to E. A. Linscott, Sil-
verton, Ore. and the other to
Alex Scharback, Mt. Angel, Ore.
Let the letters be kind but earn-
est and honest expressions of
your ideas why the saloons
should be done away with.

Please don't forget it, and if
you desire to do so send us a
copy of your letter—and we will
publish it in the Silverton Jour-
nal.

Our Weakness a Tower of Strength.

The very weaknesses of some
things are their greatest strength.
The weed in the garden which
is weak just where the root and
top joins, survives very often
while those that are strong at
this point are easily pulled up,
root and all. This holds good
with our economic system and
with many things in it. All good
people want to get rid of the
evils of drunkenness, but most
efforts, for years, have been
directed toward just pulling off
the top of the weed and leaving
the roots to sprout and grow a
new top. This was called regu-
lation. More modern methods
are directed toward rooting out
the whole business, root and
branch, and it makes such a
nice, clean garden it really pays
to take the little extra pains
necessary at first to do this.
Silverton is not only up to date,
but, in this respect, is in advance
of her time. But, according to
last Sunday's Oregonian, here
comes a man they call Millionaire
Benson, (a relative of the Ben-
sons living near this city) who
proposes to go into a life fight
with his brains and his money to
make a clean up of the whiskey
business throughout the whole
United States. He has put in
\$50,000 as a preliminary whack
at this monster evil, and his
attorney's efforts will be directed
toward "lining up help and
securing data, looking forward
toward a national law prohibiting
the manufacture and sale of this
liquid hell fire.

But it is not wholly of this evil
we wish to speak, but more par-
ticularly of the weakness of our
system itself, and how it will
finally prove a tower of strength.
Weeds that break off at the root
and little weeds that grow in the
rows are evils, yet in breaking off
the big ones and pulling out the
little ones we loosen up the soil,
and a good gardener well knows
that when a weed gets a good
large thrifty top it easily pulls
out root and all, and if the re-
mains are carried clear off the
garden, good comes from all this
work rather than otherwise. So
it is in our economic and social
system. We work to weed out
the evils; some break off and we
get weary working in the rows
of tender youth with the weeds of
white slavery, the traffic in ci-
garettes, the saloon evil, and the
innumerable other foul things
which are choking out our ten-
der plants and ruining the garden
of humanity. But, we can be
encouraged, for, even if a par-
ticularly bad weed seems to get
the start of us and grows and
grows until it seems almost to
cover the whole garden, yet it
will reach the point some time
when it can be pulled up, root
and all.

The mother weed, called com-
petition, has grown into the trust
and is here with its strong top
and its strong fibrous roots, but
wait until the gardener, the
sovereign power in America,
takes hold of it in earnest, and
he is about ready to do so, and
you'll soon see the whole garden
as clean as a pin, and then, with
the gentle showers of nature's
bounties, how we, the human
plants, will grow—all having an
equal opportunity, freed from
the choking, blighting, belittling
weeds of greed, superstition,
acquired appetite, lust and self-
ishness. Let us be optimistic,
for thus out of our very weak-
nesses are we building a tower
of mighty strength and beauty—a
garden of fresh and fair and
happy youth, of free and noble
and intelligent men and women,
of a wise and respected and be-
loved maturity.

Reformed Methods.

Life is not matter nor is it an-
imated matter. It seems to be
rather the animation itself. It
is a highly complex action which
under right conditions of the
right kind of substances will con-
tinue until stopped by some in-
ternal or external interference.

Therefore our bodies, aside
from the reverence we have for
them through association, is
nothing more than any other
piece of furniture. To illustrate,
go to the lime barrel and take a
cup full of this material out of
which bones are formed, by
electrolysis get a jar of oxygen
from a tank of water, burn all
the water out of a small amount of
sugar and retain the pure carbon,
and mix all this together with a
small amount of the other sub-
stances of which the body is
composed and that is your grand-
father just as much as his em-
balm or cremated remains
would be, or it is yourself just as
much as your body is yourself.
In fact your body is not the same
material as it was ten years ago
or ten minutes ago. It is chang-
ing all the time. The action we
call life, that is you and it is tak-
ing in new material in the way
of air and food and water all the
time and as it changes it is again
thrown off to be taken up by
some other of these little whirl-
pools of matter we call life.

Now before we existed and
after we cease to exist as indi-
vidual the material of our bodies
is nothing to do with us. It is
no more us than a stick of wood,
but while we are alive the purity
of the substance in action, the
proper proportions and its sur-
roundings is of very great im-
portance. These make for
health, happiness and usefulness
or for disease, misery and a bur-
den to others.

Knowledge of these facts is
leading up to great changes in
the proportion of time devoted to
our bodies while we live and af-
ter our death.

Health here is now understood
to be of much more consequence
than the care of the body or the
ashes after death. The quickest
way to dispose of the body after
death with provisions for the
health of those who yet live
seems to be the best. Frances
E. Willard was cremated and
that on her own request. She
said,

"I have the purpose to help
forward progressive movements,
even in my last hours, and hence
hereby decree that the earthly
mantle which I shall drop ere long
when my real self passes onward
into the world unseen, shall be
swiftly enfolded in flames and
rendered powerless, harmful to
affect the health of the living.
Let no friend of mine say aught
to prevent the cremation of my
cast-off body. The fact that the
popular mind has not come to
this decision renders it all the
more my duty, who have seen
the light, to stand for it in death,
as I have sincerely meant in life to
stand by the great cause of poor,
oppressed humanity."

But the better method of the
disposal of our dead bodies, great
as it is, is not the only reformed
method now taking place. As
we get more knowledge it gives
us a basis for more wisdom, and
so the old pyramid days of Egyp-
tian darkness is passing away
and the most wonderful civiliza-
tion—the golden age, not of a
little nation, but of the whole
world is just over the next little
hill. We are brushing away the
cobwebs of prejudice, ignorance
and superstition very rapidly in
this the twentieth century and
soon we will be united and happy
—a real human family.

New York's First Express Wagon.

"It was in 1841," said the oldest in-
habitant, "that I was a witness to that
wonderful event, the appearance on
Broadway of the first express wagon.
It was a one horse affair with a very
white canvas cover, on which was
painted conspicuously in very black
letters the word 'Express.' The wagon
made its way up and down the thor-
oughfare, to the wonder of beholders,
who soon became curious to learn
what it meant. Men came out of their
stores and women leaned out of the
windows to look at this ridiculous af-
fair. People of that time were consid-
ered either shy or proud who objected
to carry home the purchases they
made. A tale went the rounds that a
woman customer of A. T. Stewart, the
dry goods merchant, had required him
to send home to her some insignificant
purchase she had made at his store
and that he had hired a dray to do it,
sending the bill to her. In this he was
considered entirely justified. Hitherto
delivery of goods was made by any
chance carrier who would go out of
his way to get what was required to
be brought home."—New York Sun.

A Matter of Fact.

Mr. Brown was in a bad temper,
and, as Mrs. Brown knew, there was
only one way of curing it—to rouse
him thoroughly for when miserable
himself he always accused other peo-
ple of being miserable. He did on this
occasion.

"June," he grumped at last, "you're
as dull as an old owl! Sulking, I sup-
pose, because I refused to buy you
that new hat."

"No," signed his wife; "I wasn't
thinking about it. As a matter of fact,
I've been turning out some old letters,
and oh, it's nothing of importance,
only a bit of the blues."

"What letters?"

"Love letters?"

"Some I wrote to you, I suppose?"

"No," said his wife calmly, "some I
received before I'd met you. It's of
no consequence none at all. How is
your cold?" Exchange.

Grattan's Study of Oratory.

Professor Howard Marsh has just
told the story of a lodger who com-
plained of the "lunatic" above him who
walked the floor all night talking to
himself. The "lunatic" was John
Bright preparing his speeches, and one
recalls how Grattan in like circum-
stances concerned his landlady. "It
was a sad thing," she used to lament,
"to hear her young lodger talking half
the night to somebody he called 'Mr.
Speaker,' when there was no speaker
present but himself." Grattan's studies
in the art of speaking, however, were
not confined to the bedroom. He often
walked in Windsor park addressing the
oaks in parliamentary strain. And
there is the story of the polite stran-
ger who found him haranguing an
empty gibbet. "However did you get
down?" he asked.—St. James' Gazette.

Primitive Breadmaking.

The Arabs adhere to those ancestral
principles of breadmaking which have
been sanctioned by the experience of
ages. The very first baker of bread
that ever lived must have done his
work exactly as the Arab does at this
day. He takes some meal and holds
it out in the hollow of his hands while
his comrade pours over it a few drops
of water. He then mashes up the
moistened flour into a paste, pulls the
lump of dough so made into small
pieces and thrusts them into the em-
bers. His way of baking exactly re-
sembles the craft or mystery of roast-
ing chestnuts as practiced by children.
There is the same prudence and cir-
cumpection in choosing a good berth
for the morsel, the same enterprise
and valor in pulling it out with the
fingers.—Kinglake's "Eothen."

The Days of Dogcart.

There are probably people still liv-
ing who remember when dogs drew
carts in England. These original dog-
carts, which were suppressed by law
in the middle of the last century, were
largely used by costermongers and the
humbler members of the fancy for
Sunday outings. The dogs employed
were large animals, of mongrel breed,
with a strain of the old English mas-
tiff. A twenty or thirty mile run in
and out was nothing to them, and they
kept up their strength on the journey
with a scanty allowance of bread soaked
in beer.—London Mail.

Instinct.

Without any previous training a child
will chew the end of the first lead pen-
cil it attempts to write with.—Atch-
ison Globe.

Tell a man that he is brave and you
help him to become so.—Carlyle.

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