

Silverton Journal

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Lost Opportunities.

Things move slowly in our struggle toward the light because of the millions of lost opportunities. Newspapers especially all over the world, are afraid to express any ideas of right and wrong. This is owing mostly to the fear of losing patronage. But if the Silverton Journal loses out in the struggle it will not be because of an opportunity lost to do good as best we know how, nor because of cowardice. And this is everybody's business. For years and years newspapers have fought for the privilege to express their honest thought, but those who have done the most have suffered the most, and the field is strewn with dead papers, dead editors, blasted hopes and financial failures. Still the struggle goes on. The great majority of newspapers today are not real newspapers, but news suppressors. They neglect and keep back the vital news, news that people ought to know, and only publish that which will not hurt the paper financially. "It's a rotten deal," and we all suffer because of it. The writer's hope is to publish a real free press, and when we can afford to have one more worker we will increase our all home print paper to eight pages, and add educational and health departments. Is this worth anything to Silverton? Will the good people of Silverton use or neglect the opportunity to have what most cities of this size lack—a free, progressive journal?

Good Roads.

When, the people, get sense enough to prohibit all the evils that are taking up most of our time and energy, either in participating in them or fighting against them, we will have time to devote to something worth while. It's a shame that this generation has to waste so much of its time on the evil practices which everybody knows weakens us as individuals and as a people. Why can't we "quit our meanness" and work for the common good?

The good roads problem ought to be settled and when it is it will make this the most wonderful country and the most wonderful age of all history. But good roads give evil doers much greater advantages, and so in our work of progress we can't in the nature of things have the good things until we become good ourselves. A teacher goes into a school. If the pupils have been properly taught at home and know enough to be good the teacher can give them many liberties that they could not have if they took advantage of them to the disadvantage of the teacher and the school. And a crazy foolish set of hoodlums don't know what they are missing when they compel their teacher to adopt strict rules and spend a large share of the valuable time in detecting and punishing evil doers.

The whole United States should be checked with roads made of a concrete base with an asphalt top.

What a wonderful change this would make and what a happy time our good people could enjoy. We can do this and do it easily. It will be done. But when?

When? Why, when we are fit to enjoy it and don't destroy, by our bad thoughts and actions, every thing good as fast as it is attempted. Nature, in building a higher civilization, is a self-adjusting machine and it is impossible to have the good things before we are fit to have them.

Cement can be produced by the government, even now, at about sixty-five cents a barrel and when we stop chasing crazy, brain sapping, bats of self indulgence, and side step the octopus reach for individual wealth, we may soon learn enough to put the thousands and tens of thousands of idle men to work building good, everlasting highways. Whew! What a country this would be. The whole United States would be as busy as Silverton is now building its beautiful streets and side walks.

The Small and Great.

Selfishness is small and all that is gained through its practice only belittles, cramps, stultifies and damns. The man or woman who thinks of himself and what he considers belonging to him is not of much use in the world and can never reach a state of real happiness. Selfish happiness is an absurdity. There is a counterfeit or substitute, commonly called excitement, and also a short-lived self gratification, but the emotion known as selfishness is a painful one and everything with which it mixes becomes little and mean, and finally leads to a chronic pessimism that is a veritable hell, filled with innumerable evils.

But the selfish need our sympathy, and as Elbert Hubbard says, "No person is great who does not possess sympathy." "Your heart must go out to all men, the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the learned, the unlearned, the good, the bad, the wise and the foolish; it is necessary to be one with them all, else you can never comprehend them. The saviors of the world have been men with wonderful sympathy. But wisdom must go with sympathy, else the emotions will become maudlin, and pity may be wasted on a poodle instead of a child; on a field mouse instead of a human soul."

Then this is to be great, to have sympathy for all mankind, to be unselfish, to gain knowledge, to seek wisdom, to let our light shine—all, that others may be made happier and better, that the world may at last be saved from ignorance and its multitude of impish progeny.

Victories of Peace.

As great as have been the seeming victories of war, greater have been the defeats of even the victorious ones. The rulers, who always become conservatives have many times precipitated a war rather than to yield to a people's victory of peace. This is why the world has been so slow in its advancement. War has been the knockout blow to civilization, and we are thousands of years behind what we would have been if the masses had known their power and had refused to fight for their masters.

But, whenever peace prevailed for any considerable length of time, education, organization, invention, agriculture, home building, and all great peace activities flourished, and today we have almost reached the greatest peace victory ever dreamed of—the victory over war itself. From this on it will be harder and harder to induce civilized people to fight. Working men are learning how silly it is to murder other working men they never even saw before, and who, like themselves, are innocent of any intended injury. And from this hour, any one who advocates war, excepting in case of actual invasion, should be considered a public enemy, an advocate of wholesale murder—a traitor. And then will come to pass the saying spoken by the prophet Isaiah, "they shall beat their swords into plow-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Or in modern phraseology, we will teach the strong, active youths, now wasting their lives in the army and navy, how to gain victories of peace. No more money will be wasted building great battleships. Instead of monster guns we will have still more wonderful machinery to shorten the hours and make easy the labor of the workers. Explosives, now wasted in killing and in silly target practice, will be used to help in securing material to construct better homes for all, to build great railroads, and auto roads, and public parks.

These days of salvation are at hand; there will be no idle rich nor sorrowing poor, for one of the great victories of peace is justice.

The Revolution.

Many people think of other times, and other great changes, and other great deeds, and other great heroes, but look upon their own day as of no historical importance.

It may seem to such, a far-fetched statement to say that right at this hour one of the greatest revolutions that the world has ever known is taking place in the United States of America, in all civilized countries, and, through them, throughout the whole world.

Many people in the isolated districts of Europe did not know when the Revolutionary War of 1776 was fought, and there may have been some Rip Van Winkles even in America who didn't wake up till the thing was over. And so today, just outside of the fighting districts there are those who are ignorant of what is really going on. But while we like to think of this great modern revolution as a bloodless one, much blood is being spilt. The field is very large, and we are so used to hearing of the doings of the armies under different names that we pay but little attention or think but little of their significance.

The cause of this revolution is the same as the cause of all other revolutions. It is the change in the ideas of the people. From the time of the landing of the pilgrims in 1760 there were very few people in America who thought of any other form of government than that of a monarchy. But then conditions changed, and the idea of self government, one without a king, began to be talked about a good deal. In 1765 the stamp act was passed, other oppressive measures were forced upon the people who had this new idea, and soon the whole country was aflame with it, and the result was the birth of a great nation whose government was founded on the new idea. From 1760 to the treaty of Paris in 1783, which closed the Revolutionary War, is, you will notice, twenty-three years. The new idea which our present revolution swings on was only talked about by a few twenty-three years ago, and that, too, with all our advantages of communication. Scarcely any books or papers or magazines or advocates of any kind could be found, but today books by the thousands are in our private and public libraries, advocating the new idea. All newspapers of any account are for it or against it, or at least they are publishing "letters of the people" for or against it. Some of our largest magazines are devoting much space to it, some even coming out boldly for the idea. Preachers are shouting for it or warning people against it. Political parties have arisen, political contests have been fought, and, strange to say, in several countries cruel, bloody war HAS BEEN PREVENTED by the refusal of the advocates of this new idea to fight. Now, it does not matter "a little bit" what you and I think about it as far as stopping it is concerned. The revolution is on in earnest, and when we state that the universities and colleges of all our great states are saturated with the new idea, that even the University of Oregon has got it bad, and that Silverton lads who have attended that institution can't believe any more in the old ideas taught for years and years as to the private ownership of public utilities, we are telling you the exact truth.

"Believe me," this revolution is the most complete, far-reaching and beneficent that the world has ever seen. It is now in full swing, and those depending on things always remaining the same have "got another guess coming." There will be lectures, pamphlets and organizations for and against; there will be "something doing all the time," but it can't be stopped. It is too late for that. Get ready for the flip flop!

CUT THE RED TAPE.

Sarah Bernhardt's Lesson to Belgium's Customs Officials.

In the bad old days not so very long ago travelers, when they reached the Belgian frontier, were compelled to leave their compartments in the middle of the night in order to be present at the customs examination of their luggage.

A train in which Mme. Sarah Bernhardt was traveling reached the frontier at midnight, and the customs officials made their customary raid into her compartment. Roughly awakened from her beauty sleep and not in the best of humor, Mme. Bernhardt refused to descend.

The officials uncoupled the actress' carriage, dumped her luggage on the platform and went through it with conscientious vigor.

By this time the train was about ready to start.

"You are not going to leave without me!" cried the actress. "Be so kind as to couple my carriage at once."

"When we have completed our examination," replied the inspector and went on rummaging with redoubled zeal. But he did not know with whom he had to deal. The actress took up a portmanteau, placed it between the rails a few yards in front of the engine and calmly seated herself.

"And now," she said, "you can go on if you please."

The officials were helpless, and the Bernhardt car was attached to the train. This lesson in manners soon afterward produced a change in the Belgian customs.—London Telegraph.

RUSHED TO THE RESCUE.

Then They Made a Tactful, if Ignoble, Retreat to Safety.

An amusing story of the adventure that four men had with an irritable bull is told by a correspondent of the London Field. It contains a hint that may be useful to some reader who shall hereafter find himself in a similar disagreeable situation.

A farmer had a bull that he thought perfectly docile. One day he was quietly walking behind the field when without any warning the bull turned and came straight at him. He had a heavy club in his hands, and he struck the animal with all his might over the head and eyes several times, when the club broke. For the moment he did not know what to do and thought it was all over with him, when he remembered that some one had told him that a bull would not attack you if you lay down, so he threw himself flat on his face and shouted for help, and three of his men who were not far off came running to the rescue.

When they got within about twenty yards he told them to come on their hands and knees, and in this way they came up alongside of him. The question then was what to do. They came to the conclusion that the only thing left was for all of them to retreat backward on their hands and knees. This they did, and the bull, never more than a yard off, followed them up with his head slightly on one side. Meanwhile he snorted and bellowed, and his eyes, showing all the whites, looked, the farmer said, as if they would come out of his head. At last the men reached the river bank, slipped over the edge and so escaped.

Incidental Music.

One afternoon a couple from an adjoining town presented themselves to a Boston divine and asked to be married just as he was about to enter the pulpit to conduct an afternoon service. The minister replied that he regretted that he could not at that moment comply with their wish, but that immediately upon the conclusion of the service he would take pleasure in performing the ceremony. The lovers after demurring seated themselves in the rear of the church. When the minister had finished the service he made the following announcement: "The parties who are to be joined in matrimony will present themselves at the chancel immediately after the singing of Hymn 415, 'Mistaken Souls That Dream of Heaven'."—Exchange.

Spelling by Ear.

The young French stenographer, whose progress in English had not kept pace with her proficiency in shorthand, was puzzling over some notes she had taken of a recitation at a public entertainment.

As she transcribed them the recitation began like this:

La fanthi wuriat swidheu,
Oul panju oul pelone.

"That's easy," said the expert to whom she submitted the notes. "It is part of a poem that begins:

"Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you weep alone."

—Chicago Tribune.

The Very Worst.

Schoolmistress—Now, tell me the truth, Johnny Jones. You know what will happen if you tell a lie, don't you? Johnny Jones—Yes, ma'am; I'll go to a bad place. Schoolmistress—Yes, and that isn't the worst of it. You'll also be expelled from school.

A Failing Most Folks Have.

"Don't you think every one ought to look for the good in the world?" "Yes. But instead of looking for the good they seem to be looking for the good things."—Houston Post.

His View of It.

Bond—Don't you realize that marriage broadens a man? Benedict—Oh, yes. I suppose it can be put that way, but "fattens" is the word I've always used.—London Tit-Bits.

No man was ever so much deceived by another as by himself.—Greville.

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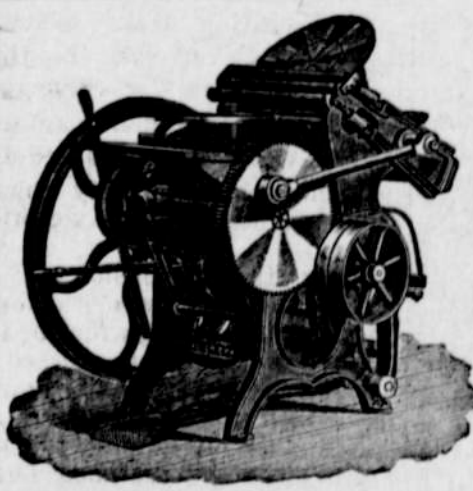
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