

# Silverton Journal

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J. E. HOSMER, Editor.

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## The Big Rush.

Last week in a little Wisconsin Chippewa Valley community there were five cases of destruction by lightning. Most of the cases were animals killed in the field, one being a horse worth \$250.00, and one case was that of a house being partly wrecked and a little baby violently thrown onto its head and almost killed. Every summer, throughout the whole Eastern, Northcentral and Southern states one takes the big chance of destruction by lightning. Here, in the Willamette Valley, there is but very little danger of anything of the kind ever happening. Beautiful summers come and spring-like winters go, and there are no storms to worry about or to destroy. Why can't the great, struggling mass of population east of the Rockies get it into their heads that it is for their advantage as well as ours for them to join us in building up this Home Valley of the Pacific? Perhaps it is because they are too busy dodging the lightning and shoveling snow to spend time in looking us up. But we are here anyway, a few more keep coming, and by and by, when the Silverton Commercial Club gets its moving picture machine on the road, there will be a rush Westward that will astonish the natives. Hurry! Hurry!

## A Call For Recruits.

The intelligent wrong doers are such because they first did wrong ignorantly, and the conditions were such that they continued, and then they concluded that everybody was against them, that they were naturally bad, that wrong doing after all was not wrong, that there was no use trying to be good, for it was too late for them, etc. But there is not an intelligent, live wrong doer in the world who can't overcome every one of these false reasons and become active in the good work of making a better world for ourselves and for our posterity. All have done wrong. There is not a person in the world who has not made mistakes. One of the worst mistakes is continuing in doing wrong until it becomes a bad habit. But even this bad habit can be broken, and it is a fact that all good people are not only anxious to help reform those who have "gone wrong," but, having made mistakes themselves, and understanding human nature, they freely forgive.

No sane person is naturally bad. We are all inclined to be good, for all wrong emotions are painful—that is why they are wrong—they injure us, and every intelligent man and woman who has had the advantages of our modern society with its good books and papers and orators and teachers knows the bad, and the fact that in many cases the bad faces a fight of conscience to the point of surrender showed that it was bad. There is always hope as long as there is life. Many of our greatest workers for good have come from the lowest ranks of wrong doers, and no matter what our sins have been, it is a matter of common sense for all to join together now in this great twentieth century world movement toward higher and better things. We don't have to be perfect to enlist. Fall in! Do it now!

## Down Breaks.

Every time you do, or refrain from doing, anything wrong, just for the sake of business, you help push the whole world deeper into hell. Principles should guide men and women and not selfish business or love for money. You are in the world and if the world goes, you go. "It's a goin' all right. D'y'e get me?"

Statistics show that we are going wrong at a very rapid rate. How can we stop? Down breaks! But how?

Help the Silverton Journal to survive the boycott so it can continue to tell the truth. Help other forces at work to enforce the laws of this state. Read. Get wise as to what are the real breaks on our downward course, the upholders of good government and right living, and throw your whole weight where it is needed. Down breaks!

## Smile or Take a Chance.

Did it ever dawn upon that great mind of yours, dear reader, what an awful bunch of cowards we all are? Hold on, we didn't mean to say that—it may hurt our business, but then it's said and we can't take it back. Yes cowards. We scarcely say anything for fear it will hurt our business. And it does hurt business to tell the truth—just think of it, great, beautiful, saving truth. Crucify this most glorious principle or be crucified yourself.

If one tells the truth about the increase of crime, the whole bunch of criminals are on his back. Speak of purity of character and every prostitute, male and female, are his bitter enemies. Try to point out where the law is being disobeyed and every lawbreaker wants to break your head. Tell of political corruption, and every politician and office seeker in the land will show you up as the vilest thing that ever squacked. Point to the fact that the children of Go(o)d are all divided up into war-like camps, parlying over silly, supernatural things, or the best methods to take their initiatory bath, and you are relegated to the bottomless pit and kept going lively in search of the bottom.

Well, it's no wonder we're cowards. If you want to succeed and really get on in the world you'd better be careful—just smile and proceed to pick the other "feller's" pocket. Of course there are exceptions, and if you wish to take a chance, even on a small scale with that great brain of yours, at being a brave man or woman, after the type of our immortal Lincoln, why just tell the truth and stay with it, otherwise it's better to stand in with the gang and boycott any "darned" fool thing that comes in the way. Smile! Take a chance?

## "Let 'Er Go."

Silverton, and a surrounding country of exceptional productivity, all cut up into little homes, with the aid of bicycles and motorcycles and automobiles, and new roads and streets being built everywhere, and new railroads headed this way, is one of the most wonderful places in the world, and it is having the most wonderful growth of any country under the sun. How many places there are that remain about the same for years and years, but this is changing for the better every day. But one of the very best things about it is that this fast blooming country has heretofore had a rather slow growth. This gives it a solid foundation, different than many places that spring up in the night. We also have better laws and better methods and means of enforcing our laws, so that our progress, which a few years ago would have been considered a break neck speed, is stable, although very rapid. As individuals we must learn to harmonize with the times, take advantage of the better methods, help to keep our ship of state balanced, throw off "every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us," and the blood-sucking parasites that have clung to our hull from the putrid waters we have passed through, "and let 'er go." Hurrah for Silverton!

## Friend Linscott on Socialism.

Silverton, Ore., July 18, 1913. Editor of Silverton Journal:

I understand the editor of the Journal is a Socialist, which he has a perfect right to be. If this is true we wish to commend the editor on his good judgment in not preaching radical socialism. Preaching radical socialism does not only create uneasiness in the working ranks and unrest, but it poisons the minds of honest working men towards honest employers. Any person with sound reason and judgment knows that such a change as radical socialism can not be brought about in a moment. While it is possible that many of the planks of the Socialist platform will prevail in the next generation, it is absolutely foolish to preach it in the radical form today. We must bear in mind that it is not every working man that is a profound thinker, and they are easily led astray and into misery and want by the slippery-tongued agitators who are invading the Pacific Northwest today. These agitators are a class of people who never produced a dollar's worth of wealth in their life, and with their slippery, oily tongues and cunning devices live from the proceeds of honest toil. There is not a man in this state that has more respect for the true cause of labor than the writer of this article, but I believe that the agitators that are invading this country are a menace to the cause and should be suppressed by the authorities of this state. These agitators do not only place the working man in a hard position, but it is very embarrassing to corporations and companies that are doing business under our present social system. We do not want to imagine that the monied class are receiving all of the happiness in the world. I believe the captains of industry that are working their brain to revolve our great commercial wheels are the most restless people in the world today.

We cannot give either class full sway. If we do we will fall. I believe if labor had full sway it would be just as tyrannical in its oppression as the greatest money trust in the world, while on the other hand, if combined capital is not rebuked, it would squeeze the life's blood from labor.

This great question between capital and labor is going to be adjusted, and it is going to take men of great wisdom and righteousness to accomplish it. When it is accomplished humanity will be linked together with strong links of brotherhood, and the light of God will illuminate the horizon of the whole commercial world.

EDWIN A. LINSCHOTT.

## DOOMED TO A LIVING DEATH.

French Convicts Leave Hope Behind When They Enter Cayenne.

Cayenne—red pepper to the world at large, hell to the few thousand of convicts transported to this isolated northeastern corner of equatorial South America. Here, it was rumored, existed one of the world's most antiquated and revolting penal systems, where thousands of men are exiled and doomed to a living death. Men from French Guiana had intimated conditions which vied with the cruelties of the old convict ships.

Groups of convicts lounged about or lay sick and incapacitated on the verandas. At night the barred iron door of each dormitory is locked, and outside paces a guard, revolver in hand. Sometimes under cover of darkness the inmates settle feuds. Occasionally to establish leaders rival gangs fight with cudgels, knives and even paving stones. Some disabled, others dead, the most indomitable are reconciled and form a tyrannical secret society.

Many a poor wretch dreads the night hours, and one suspected of informing may be set upon by an enraged pack. Occasionally murder is committed in profound silence, and daylight finds a dead or dying convict in the passageway or entrance. Questioning is useless, and few guards will risk life entering the barracks when smothered cries and cursings warn them of internal strife.

All the men I talked with were well disposed toward me, one in particular—a tall, well educated man with a pair of dark rimmed glasses and large eyes fearfully strained through inability to secure proper lenses.

"You must not lose hope," I told a group and almost swallowed my own words. "Hope!" burst out the rich, tremulous voice of the tall man. "It is always the same; there is no hope here." "No; no hope here?" was the echoed murmur of his comrades.—Charles Wellington Furlong in Harper's Magazine

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