

Silverton Journal

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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.

If.

If men cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for battlefields and glory;
If writ in human hearts a name
Seemed better than in song or story;
If men, instead of nursing pride,
Would learn to hate it and abhor it;
If more relied
On love to guide,
The world would be the better for it.
If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal;
If love's work had more willing hands
To link this world to the supernal;
If men stored up love's oil and wine
And on bruised human hearts would
pour it;
If yours and mine
Would once combine,
The world would be the better for it.
If more would act the part of life,
And fewer spoil it in rehearsal;
If bigotry would sheath its knife
"Till good became more universal;
If custom, gray with ages grown,
Had fewer blind men to adore it;
If talent shone
In truth alone,
The world would be the better for it.
If men were wise in little things,
Affecting less in all their dealings;
If hearts had fewer rusted strings
To isolate their kindly feelings;
If men, when wrong beats down the
right,
Would strike together and restore it,
If right made might
In every fight,
The world would be the better for it.
—Selected.

What Kind Do You Want?

Let it be known that The Silverton Journal stands for absolute truth. We have no intention to misrepresent anything or anybody. Our columns are open to all classes, and if we make mistakes we are willing to rectify them the minute we are convinced that we are in the wrong. If this kind of a paper is of no service to Silverton and to the world, why, kill us off or just let us die, and support the kind that caters to every evil for fear of losing a few dirty dollars.

It's Up to the People.

If the Catholic church is what members, who, after years in its service, say it is, it should be dissolved at once and the poor, deluded girls furnished good homes and the institution made a state school, with sunshine let into every nook and corner.

The priests will object, of course, and so would many of the deluded members. But facts are stubborn things, and now the question is up, why not have the investigation?

Help, people! Help, Governor West! Help, preachers! Help, O, ye silent newspapers! Help, help! help!

Secrecy and Deception.

There is nothing in the world more damnable than deception. It is the blackest kind of black wherever it is found. The mother who deceives her little baby is doing the child, herself and all mankind an awful wrong. The teacher who deceives his pupils, the wife who deceives her husband, the preacher or priest who deceives the people—all are wrong doers of the worst type, from whose evil sowing we are reaping the whirlwind of poverty, crime and lunacy.

People who try to awaken the world to the evil deeds of others may expect to be lied about, embarrassed, called all kinds of names by those entrenched behind high power, but the deceivers can never have the reward that comes to those who are not infidel to the highest and best there is in them, mentally, and who devoutly fight to free the world from the devils of secrecy and deception.

Who's a Liar?

It is amusing how the City Council was hoodwinked into giving Councilmen Bock and Cusiter a good coat of whitewash at our expense. It looks a little like spite work, and as Bock and Cusiter are said to have hired the brain work done by a brilliant young attorney here, a little of it might have been malicious. However, we wish to inform the public that the article we published August 15th, entitled "City Fathers Meet Again," is every word true. Read it again and investigate. Talk with the mayor about it. Mayor Bowser gave us the facts, we wrote the article, read it to the mayor and asked him if it was correct. He said that it was true. So if the Journal man is a liar, there's a pair of us, but only one got in the record. Mayor Bowser wouldn't sign the resolution, which he knew was put through by Bock and Cusiter with the aid of their young attorney, because he knew that we had told the truth and that it wasn't written maliciously nor for spite. The fact is, we would have written it just the same if it had been Cunningham, Opsund, Hicks or any one else who took the position Bock and Cusiter did.

We charged nobody with graft in the article mentioned. We only stated what was common talk on the streets, what the mayor said was true, and then asked, "Is it a fact?" and "What about the rest of the work?"

We would be much pleased to have heard that there is no graft at all, but, gentlemen, calling us a liar doesn't make the others a bit whiter. What did you do it for—just because Cusiter and Bock had a little spite work to pull off and without giving us a chance to defend ourselves, put the paper and pen in front of your nose? That report and resolution don't look very good. You'd better take it off the record.

The Whole Duty of Man.

As a lesson for our young people, it is a good thing to hold up noble characters and say and write much about their best traits and highest achievements. The hero himself, however, should not be allowed to detract from his virtues, for if he is, his bad traits and wrongdoings are apt to be copied as well as the good. Then if children are properly taught they will, as they grow older, be less inclined to worship the hero and more inclined to love the great principles of righteousness.

The world has almost passed the period of its childhood, and civilization is putting off its childish hero worship and coming to know more about the real thing—justice, equality, right and truth.

The days of "eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot" are happily over, although they still linger in some of the twentieth century types, and even two thousand years ago they not only began to teach "that ye love one another," but also to "love your enemies." Many people never outgrow their childhood, mentally speaking, and never reach beyond the hero worship period. Others lose that better-than-nothing sentiment, yet fail to grow into anything better. These are sometimes called pessimists, and from them are grown all sorts of failures. The middle ground of loving—really loving one another and even loving enemies is reached by many through the knowledge of human nature, its many weaknesses, and through the pity which that knowledge often brings, but not many yet reach that glorious and highest mental state which truly brings one to understand what is really "the whole duty of man." In the old days of concrete thinking, Solomon said, "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man." In those days God was thought to be of concrete substance, the baseness of fear not understood and obedience to superiors a cardinal virtue. Therefore, the saying was a great one for those days. But God is love, and fear, having no place or part in love and not commanding in its nature, we have the twentieth century conclusion of the whole matter—Love love and live up to its teachings, for this is the whole duty of the human family.

THE HOME DEPARTMENT

Courage, a Necessity to Right Living

The valiant never taste of death but once.—Shakespeare.

All admire courage. It is the fine quality that wins homage and appreciation. The word virtue among the Romans meant courage, and they used the word also in a moral sense. Courage is an inspiration—a builder of high character.

It is a delight to listen to tales of valor, to exploits of the brave on the field of battle. The recital of heroic achievements kindles enthusiasm and delight.

All histories of brave deeds awaken admiration, and, with some hasty, reckless boys, they have served to impress so deeply as to awaken a strong desire to go and do likewise.

And there are those who, after reading stories of life on the frontier, have actually started to go out and fight Indians. These Indian stories were simply written for effect, many of them, and the boys who were led away by them have been glad to get back under their father's roof.

It is better not to read the highly colored sensational literature that is written only to lure and excite.

Aside from these stories of hair-breadth escapes, there are many real deeds of valor that are worthy of emulation, should occasion demand.

The courage of Arnold Winkelreid, a Swiss patriot, is sublime, and will always hold attention whenever recited. Although he lived five hundred years ago, his story cannot be read today without a thrill. The great Austrian army was pitted against thirteen hundred Swiss soldiers who had attempted to break the enemy's lines, but had fallen back in almost dismay and despair. Winkelreid, perceiving the condition of things, with marvelous courage, grasped the Austrian pikes within reach, buried them in his body and bore them to the earth. "Make way for liberty!" he cried as he fell. The act inspired his comrades, who rushed into the space and fought till they defeated and overcame the Austrians, and made Switzerland free.

That was lofty heroism. It was physical courage.

There is another kind of courage that belongs to the moral nature.

It has been shown in many instances in the past, where persons have suffered death by most cruel tortures rather than to renounce their honest convictions.

Moral courage is a great virtue. What is moral courage?

It is to be so strongly entrenched in truth, righteousness, honor, as to be able to withstand any and every temptation.

It is to be able to stand up bravely and say, I have too much respect for myself to yield to that which I know is wrong, which will, though agreeable and sweet today, bring me sorrow tomorrow.

It is a fine quality to possess, a noble courage, when insulted, called a coward and other vile names, to keep cool and refrain from words of the same import.

Once, when the colored president of Hayti (Mr. Boyer) was staying at a hotel in New York City, he went one day to dinner, accompanied by some of the other boarders in the hotel. One of the guests, an ignorant, boorish fellow, thinking to show his importance, jumped up from the table and left the hall, exclaiming in a loud and angry tone, accompanied by an oath, "I'll not eat with a nigger!"

All the rest of the company indignantly protested against the wanton insult, upon which Mr. Boyer, calmly rising, said in a dignified and gentle manner: "Gentlemen, I thank you for your generous defense of my-

self, but please remember this, insults I write upon the sand, but benefits upon marble."

This was genuine philosophy, a high moral courage.

It is related of Thomas Jefferson that, upon one occasion, a man addressed him with great rudeness. One who stood near, observing that Mr. Jefferson made no reply, said, "Why, sir, how can you stand there so calmly and bear the insults of that man? Why do you permit him to speak so to you?" "Insult me!" said Jefferson, calmly. "Insult me! A gentleman won't and a blackguard can't!"

It requires a good deal of moral heroism to bear insults calmly, and especially in the presence of others. Sometimes it calls for more real bravery than to fight a battle or to lead armies on the battlefield.

The villain and the assassin are not brave men. Their courage, usually, is the result of stimulants, and their work is done stealthily and under cover of darkness.

Genuine courage is that combination of physical bravery and mental strength that is prepared for any ill that may arise, and is not afraid to do right in spite of any consequence that may follow.

There is a courage that comes into action in every day life, that is ready to meet any emergency and rise above it.

There is a story told of Robert Emmett in early life that proved his courage and resolution. He was fond of studying chemistry. One night at a late hour when all the family were in bed, he swallowed a quantity of corrosive sublimate in mistake for some cooling, acid powder. He immediately discovered his mistake and knew that death must shortly ensue unless he instantly swallowed the only antidote—chalk. Timid men would have torn at the bell, aroused the family and sent for a stomach pump. Emmett called no one, made no noise, but, going quietly down stairs, and unlocking the front door, he proceeded to the stable, scraped some chalk he knew to be there, and took sufficient doses of it to neutralize the poison.

We should seek to cultivate courage as one of the great helps to right living.

When the enticing and bewitching fascinations approach in all sorts of guises and disguises to charm and bewilder, it is grand and heroic to be able to see them as they are, and to hurl them from you with the strength of a moral giant. It is noble to be able to say, "I can withstand you all. Call me a coward if you will, but nothing shall turn me from the right."

Many are too diffident, although knowing well the right, to do it.

A company of three or four young men are together. All at once one of the number produces a bottle of wine and passes it around. Who is the real hero of the party? It is he who, in spite of ridicule and laughter, declines to touch a drop of the liquid. He is the bravest young gentleman, the one most worthy of honor.

There are many real heroes whose names are never known to fame, heroes because resisting the impulse or invitation to evil, they have stood like a rock amid the breakers of sin and temptation.

Moral courage enables us to bear without outward emotion all slights, pains, sneers and hurts.

To forbear to speak harsh words when most inclined, to cease from acting when most provoked, to be calm and patient when everything about us is turbulent, is indeed greatness.

The greatest courage is required to fight our passions, and the greatest victory is that obtained over them. We should strive for courage to be truthful, honorable and to pay our honest debts—courage to be silent when we have nothing to say—courage to wear old clothes when we can not afford new ones—courage to do any honest work and not be ashamed of it—courage to speak our mind when occasion requires, and to turn from the society of the unprincipled and depraved. Above all, we should strive for that courage that enables one to do right on all occasions and under all circumstances.

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