

Silverton Journal

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J. E. HOSMER, Editor.

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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.

The Holy (?) City.

Mt. Angel is a good name. Angels are supposed to be superior to human beings. The holy church with sisters devoting their whole life to the works of holiness, with priests who do not ever indulge their natural passions for the sake of their holy religion and with devotees whose money, time, talents and most faithful service are laid on this little city's altar, should, if its principles and professions are genuine, make Mt. Angel the home of pure delight and most Christianizing and civilizing results. But what is the real outcome of the Roman Catholic domination in our sister city? Is it more moral, more progressive, more sober or more happy than its nearest neighbor which the Hierarchy is pleased to call "Infidel Silverton?"

The wickedest and most reckless of our own town are the sympathizers and patrons of the Mt. Angel church and the Mt. Angel saloons, and while Silverton is a much larger place, it has no saloons at all. Most of the now very few who find lodging in our almost obsolete jail are those who get poisoned in the Angel city. Never in our recollection has any minister of Silverton gone wrong, but the story of the Mt. Angel priests and their clandestine love affairs would fill a large volume. Black robes do not make white hearts. A smattering knowledge of Latin and silly religious formalities do not make for holiness, and with all their advantages of money and power the influence of this so-called holy church has been a blight to its home city, and is now reaching out its slimy tentacles all over our state; and today Silverton has more to fear from its influences than any other evil within her gates.

Right here where we are supposed to love freedom of thought, freedom of the press, freedom of speech, this great, bloated leach of Rome has nearly every body buffaloe. The Christian preacher and the Infidel Hosmer seem to be the only guys in town who dare to shout from the house tops. The merchants as a rule, with a few other fanatics, are a lot of buncoed cowards and are selling out their savior (liberty) for a few pieces of silver. Say fellows, wake up! Get together and stand solid against this destructive power of Rome and we will wipe it off the face of the earth, and then the money that is squandered in the saloons and in the priest traps of Mt. Angel will go into legitimate business and such a general prosperity and happiness will sweep over our country that it will also pay you in dollars and cents. Which is better for the business men of this country, that the peoples' money be paid to the priests and the saloons or that it be used in building houses, for clothing and for food?

You who have nails and paint and lumber and clothing and meat and groceries to sell, speak up so we can hear you. Is the Silverton Journal right? Is it working for your interest? If so, say so with your patronage and we'll lambast the devils calling themselves Angels until they'll be glad to get married, build happy homes, stop their misleading and costly lies about purgatory and the healing qualities of old bones and help vote out the hell holes where our youth learn to sink their manhood and their money and to become dead beats and a burden on your backs.

An Old Trick.

One of the oldest tricks on record is the one the smart Alexes are still playing on their victims. We dupes, the common herd, are made to act as our own slave drivers. This is a matter of oaths, superstition, belief in divine rights, belief in the sacred rights to have and hold property, no matter how obtained and no matter as to the public or to the victims' welfare.

Dear reader, notice that the manipulators of our bodies, our souls (if common people have any) and our labor power is controlled by the same kind of dominating, conscientiousless hogs that ruled ancient Egypt, ancient Assyria, ancient Carthage, and ancient Greece and Rome. Kingcraft and priestcraft are just the same principle everywhere in all ages, although they may change their tactics slightly to fit changed conditions. The center of this carbuncle is now forming around the Roman Catholic church, which has always stood for the government of the few over the masses and for the manipulation of the products of our labor. This is the monster evil that has wrecked nations. It will wreck ours and all civilization unless we victims know enough to head it off through the use of the public platform, the public schools, the public spirited organizations and the public press. It's an old trick, this manipulation, this self appointing ruler business, this holy-agent-of-God nonsense, this rob-you-for-Christ's-sake idiocy, this most damnable "one-man-rule" fake. Who have sneakily canived and secretly fastened on our chains of industrial slavery while we have labored and been heavily laden? Who have taken little children and forced onto their plastic minds the fear of offending these agents of the Most High? Who have kept us in ignorance for centuries and kept us divided on idiotic questions of supernaturalism while they raked in the pennies from all classes to build strong forts to protect themselves from this very uprising? But monastic forts and secret hiding places will not save this monster from being overthrown. Our public schools have done their work too well. There are too many real patriots in the world, too many real men and women who understand the old trick that has been played on the poor children of earth and who will overthrow this concentrated evil power and establish a rule of righteousness, the brotherhood of man, the federation of nations, a government by the people and for the people—a co-operative commonwealth.

On With the Dance.

It is impossible to understand the treachery and the undermining influence of the Roman power until you're "up against it." The editor of this paper is ready for anything. It would not surprise us one bit if any one of those whom we count as our best friends, those in important positions in this rising battle of ours, turned traitor at the right time and helped to railroad us to ruin. Hundreds and thousands of men and women have been run out of business, ruined, thrown into dungeons, executed and murdered for their love of liberty and opposition to the dastardly devil of sinful secrecy and privileged power.

But we are "game," will never whine, let come what will come, and will count it a privilege, if need be, and if for its advancement, to suffer for our great cause. "On with the dance!"

Unmarried priests and nuns under the same roof—will a horse eat oats?

With the Woodburn priest committing Sodomy, where is Gomorrah? Mt. Angel? Up, get you out of Mt. Angel and flee into Silverton, for the Lord will destroy that city.

Choose Ye This Day.

Mark Twain, in his "Extracts of Adam's Diary," says: "I find that principles have no real force except when one is well fed"; and it is a fact that under starvation conditions, what we hold to be our most sacred duties are tossed aside, and we do almost anything, right and wrong having but little to do with the question. In one short week from today the reader of these lines could be made to consider seriously the question of taking a fellow creature's life and of eating human flesh. But hunger is no stronger a passion in very many persons than sexual desires, and to place or allow to be placed in a convent or monastery, a miscellaneous lot of priests and nuns, forbidden by their church to marry, is not only as foolish but as dangerous to society as to set adrift a band of our citizens on the great ocean without any food, and expect them to land safely on the other shore without gratifying their appetites on one another.

And what is the result in the countries where this convent-nunnery-monastery business has been tried? Cover it up as they will, the result is exactly what we should expect. The priest of Woodburn, some of those that we know of at Mt. Angel, Priest Schmidt who cut up his self made wife into chunks and threw her into the river, and thousands of others that we know about and other thousands which in the nature of the case we couldn't know about, prove that our contention is true and that for the protection of our common country we should scuttle their boats and save them from themselves and for the purer and higher civilization that a properly and naturally satisfied people alone can build. This is a fight between the home life and its civilizing influence, against the nunneries and their secret, and hypocritical evil results, a fight against parochial schools with their narrow and stultifying effects against our free and character building public schools, a fight of a government by and for the people against the dominating monarchal rule of the pope. There can be no compromise. It is a fight to the finish, and the result is a ruined world of slavish fear and profligate rule or a higher and a still higher civilization of a free and happy people. Enlist now! Get to the front on the firing line! It is your fight as well as ours, and when you are gone, as the long ages roll away, you will live in the coward effect of Rome's victories of dominating rule or in the glorious freedom of a brighter, happier day. Choose Ye this day whom you will serve!

Who In Hell's the Devil?

He's the power that lurks in counting rooms and lives on ten per cent—he's the lord that lets you stay on earth by paying him the rent—he's the cuss that makes you sweat your brow while he rakes in the swag—he's the patriotic Plunderbund that "loves the dear old flag"—he's the boss that owns the rulers, the courts and the police—he's the gander people follow like a squawkin' squad of geese—he's the pest that builds crowded slums where white-plague germs are bred—he's the snake that makes the poisoned food that gathers in its dead—he's the liar in the pulpit that says it's God's command that "servants be obedient to the masters of the land"—he's the hunger-hound of poverty that fills the world with crime, the damned abomination that is working over-time—he's the beast that breathes the lurid fumes that drives men on to war, the swinish beast whose lust for loot swills more and more—THE DEVIL? He's the SYSTEM—and anyone can tell that the SYSTEM that has got us is only fit for hell!—Henry M. Tichenor. The Rip-Saw Poet.

They Call Me Infidel.

Because I hold: That what God speaks today in our land to US is more important than what he spoke three thousand years ago in Palestine or anywhere.

Because I hold: That He speaks everywhere, to every race, in every clime and blesses mothers of Great sons, then which He speaks—like he whom you call Christ—among the yellow, white and black as well as brown;

Because I hold: His chosen people are the human race and that He would not devise a cruel hell for some and likewise cruel bliss for others;

Because I hold: That God is real good and great and needs not—like the Christian God—forgiveness from my side to make him so;

Because I use, while many don't, that magnificent inheritance of mine, the intellect, to take me from the class of beasts into the class of men—a man—who is intent on calling "no man master!"

Because I want to help establish a heaven on this planet—right now, for ALL mankind and therefore think that man himself degrading—who kneels to pray—which I call; to blaspheme.

Because I cannot hate and wish to love and laugh;

Because I fight smugshams and puritan hypocrisy, in short; Because I dare to live!

FRED FREYR.

To Exchange.

I. 160 acres, all in cultivation, fenced and has fair buildings. In Washington. Will exchange for anything anywhere.

II. Four room house, paved streets and sidewalks, all in and paid for. Exchange—what have you?

III. Modern 6 room house and four lots in Portland to exchange for acreage near Silverton

IV. 183 acre farm, this county, to exchange for Silverton residence or small farm.

V. A beautiful home in Silverton to exchange for Dakota farm.

VI. Nice 6 rooms and about 3 acres in Silverton to exchange for—what have you?

VII. 167 acres, 80 acres in grain, 80 acres stubble, all good, level land, free and clear. This is a Washington wheat ranch. Will swap for anything south of Portland to Los Angeles. What have you?

VIII. 477 acres improved, first class farm in Nebraska to exchange for Willamette Valley land.

IX. 15 acres, all in bearing peaches, fine buildings. In California. Will exchange for Oregon farm, city, income property or vacant lots.

X. Store building, corner lot, 1 block from depot, good Willamette Valley town. Will exchange for anything. Ask about it.

XI. 12 lots in Rortsmouth addition to Portland, near car line. Will swap for anything.

XII. 10 acres, three miles from Medford, Oregon, to exchange. Make me an offer.

XIII. 160 acres in Minnesota, partly improved. Also 40 acres in Minnesota. Would like some cash.

XIV. 160 acres near Silverton. This is fine land, fine improvements. Would consider good, clear Portland or income property.

XV. Fine large house and about 2 acre, orchard, berries, garden, paved street and sidewalks all in. Will exchange for acreage near town.

XVI. Transfer business. A good money maker. Will exchange for dairy or stock ranch.

XVII. About 40 burrows. Will exchange one or more. These are on a farm which I sold near Sheridan. For these trades write, phone or come and see me.

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THE PROGRAM FOR NEXT SUNDAY:

1. Violin Solo.
2. Short Address: "Freedom of Speech."
3. Questions and Answers.
4. Essay.
5. Song by A North Dakotian.
6. Free General Discussion.