

MATERIALIST COLUMN

By Olin J. Ross.

As to the men of straw which he says I hit at, they are his own men, not mine. To keep him from evasion, I quoted what I was hitting at. He might as well say that he did not say that he did.

He spends the larger part of nearly three columns in one form or another in challenging the Materialists to produce an eye, a tip of a hair or transform a horse into a cow, etc. We'll, man by using artificial means has changed the seeded into seedless apple and orange, the long horned cattle into short horned, the wild horse into the pacer, trotter and heavy roadster. Many of the changes in animal organisms and natures have come about in only a few years. How long it would take to make an eye, a tip of hair, or change a horse into a cow, no man knows, but we do know that changes have taken place in the eye, the hair and the shape of animals in the last fifty years. This being true, it would certainly be absurd to say that greater changes did not take place in the course of millions of years.

When he triumphantly asks me to make an eye, a tip of a hair or change the form of an animal, he might as well triumphantly ask me to make a lump of coal, a strata of rock with its fossils, or produce a diamond. He might as well say, since coal is made out of wood, and there is plenty of wood, if you cannot make coal it proves that coal was made on the spot at one and the same time by special creation, just as these animals were made. My answer as to why I cannot make a lump of coal or a strata of rock, is much after the answer I would make as to not being able to make an eye, tip of a hair, or a horse or cow. It took nature, with a shifting environment, millions of years to make a lump of coal, and it undoubtedly took her millions of years to produce an eye, a hair, an animal form.

It either took an immense interval of time, with many shifting environments for nature to make a bone, a hair, an eye, a cow, a horse, a man or it was all done on the spot and in a few days as the Bible says, and as Mr. Phelps says, too. As to man, there are many evidences that we came from the lower order of animals, a shifting environment making it necessary to develop some particular faculty, or power in order to preserve life, until at last his mental status and physical form were changed. The human body shows, as I recall the number, some two hundred rudimentary organs, muscles, etc., — that is, organs and muscles that were necessary in some remote manner of life, but which by a change of environment became useless, and therefore shrivelled up. The body was originally covered with longer hair than now. That he walked on four feet, is shown in part by the fact that babies do not walk on two feet until trained to do so, and by the further fact that when on four feet, that is on hands and feet, every hair of the body points downward, the purpose of nature, or rather the necessities of nature, being to form a watershed for the rain. I remember getting a book out of the library, when a boy, where there were some stories told, said to be fact, where children who had been raised by wild animals, ran on four feet, instead of on two. But, whether these stories were true or not, it is a fact that the natural mode of locomotion for human beings is on all fours, as shown by creeping babies. It is very doubtful whether the child ever would walk on two feet to this day were they not so taught by parents, or by observation.

On the other hand, what is the evidence of special creations by a supposed Supreme Intelligence called God, except what we get out of old, mouldy legends, which were written by a class of men who did not know how a cloud was made, a rainbow appeared or a dewdrop was formed. To put up what these men wrote in the remote past as against the discoveries of modern science is to believe the astrologist as against the superintendent of the Lick Observatory and yet the church, as it were, teaches people to take the word of the astrologist as against that of the astronomer.

Mr. Phelps claims that Washington and Lincoln were good, believing Christians. Well, Ward H. Lamson in his life of Lincoln tells about Lincoln, while he lived at Salem, Ill., writing an infidel book, along the lines of the Age of Reason by Paine, and that one of his friends, fearing the effect on his rising popularity, secured the manuscript and threw it into the stove. Nicholay and Hay, his biographers, tell about him being an unbeliever in the inspiration of the Bible, the divinity of Christ and other dogmas. John E. Remsburg, in his book, "Six Historic Americans," Paine, Franklin, Jefferson, Washington Grant and Lincoln, shows that they were all unbelievers, almost equally with Paine. As to Lincoln he cites over a hundred witnesses, including members of his cabinet, his own wife, his Executor David Davis, his Biographers, aforesaid and other eminent men of that day. Like

Paine he did believe in some sort of God, but not in the chief dogmas of the Christian religion. I have not space to go into the proofs of the status of each of these men, nor of some other phases of Mr. Phelps's reply. Columbus, Ohio, December 3rd.

REPLY BY ELIZA MOWRY BLIVEN

Guy Phelps demands that we Materialists evolve an eye, hair, brain cell, etc., and transform a horse into a cow. We cannot do either, because it took thousands or millions of years of the strivings of some live creature and its descendants for food, protection or pleasure, to develop a special organ or set of organs; then the use of the same foods and habits through many generations established the species. The weaker with defective organs perished, while the stronger survived and multiplied. Yet some great catastrophe could destroy many species in a year or a day.

But if each species and every organ were created by his God, by instantaneous miracle, and Guy Fitch Phelps is a chosen son of God to teach the people, since his God in the Bible promise to answer the believers' prayers then Rev. Phelps can by faith and prayers receive power to create by miracle any quantity of new species: Eyes, hair, toes, also new organs, and he can change a horse into a cow. Thus he will convince all of us infidels that there is a God and he created everything and answers prayers. I demand that Guy Fitch Phelps furnish us with just that kind of proof, that there is a God, and all species were created instead of evolved.

FROM THOUGHT'S DICTIONARY

MIND

Strength of mind is exercise, not rest. — Pope.

As the soil, how rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind without cultivation can never produce good fruit. — Seneca.

Mind unemployed is mind unemployed. — Bovee.

The mind is its own place, and in itself can make a heaven of hell or a hell of heaven. — Milton.

Sublime is the dominion of the mind over the body, that for a time can make flesh and nerve impregnable, and string the sinews like steel, so that the weak become so mighty. — Mrs. Stowe.

KINDNESS

So good services; sweet remembrances will grow from them. — Mmede Stael.

To cultivate kindness is a valuable part of the business of life. — Johnson.

I had rather never receive kindness, than never bestow one. — Not to return a benefit is the greater sin, but not to confer it, is the earlier. — Seneca.

A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain, while witty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping from a broken string. — G. D. Prentice.

Ask thyself, daily, to how many ill-minded persons thou hast shown a kind disposition. — Marcus Antonius.

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together. — Goethe.

PATIENCE

How poor are they who have not patience! What wound did ever heal but by degrees. — Shakespeare.

Patience is not passive: on the contrary it is active; it is concentrated strength. — Bulwer.

Patience is the art of hoping. — Vauvenargues.

He that can have patience, can have what he will. — Franklin.

Patience is so like fortitude that she seems either her sister or her daughter. — Aristotle.

A patient, humble temper gathers blessings that are marred by the peevish and overlooked by the aspiring. — E. H. Chapin.

Patience is power; with time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes silk. — Chinese Proverb.

JOY

He who can conceal his joys is greater than he who can hide his griefs. — Lavater.

A man would have no pleasure in discovering all the beauties of the universe, even in heaven itself unless he had a partner to whom he might communicate his joys. — Cicero.

Joys are our wings; sorrows our sails. — Richter.

True joy is only hope put out of fear. — Broke.

The very society of joy redoubles it; so that, while it lights upon my friend it rebounds upon myself, and the brighter his candle burns, the more easily will it light mine. — South.

SECRECY

How can we expect another to keep our secret if we cannot keep it ourselves. — Rochefoucauld.

He deserves small trust who is not privy councillor to himself. — Ford.

SOCIALIST COLUMN

Edited by J. E. Blazer

"CHRISTMAS EVE"

Once again comes that much celebrated day — of good cheer? Once again, this day is looked upon "by millions" as mere hypocrisy, that means nothing to the hungry, homeless hosts, who wander aimlessly through a world filled with greed on one side, ignorance and indifference on the other.

Was there ever a time when this day meant less for the many than it does at the present time? What can Christmas mean to the man out of employment, who has a family to support, little ones at home crying for a mere crust of bread, grocery bills long past due, house rent months behind and possibly a sick wife whom one day he promised to provide — until death did part them. I say again, what can be the thoughts of this man as he passes the windows, the gay theaters and those large buildings called Churches of God (wherein on this eve much is said of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God, who's doors are closed so far as this man and his family are concerned) and finally reaching his place of poverty and misery, he calls home, he is confronted by those little ones crying for something to eat and wear?

I ask you, dear reader, in the face of these facts of which you know to exist (it is needless to plead ignorance), what can Christmas mean to this man and his family? It makes no difference whether this man has ignored opportunities or no: "There is no just reason why he should suffer" in a nation and world filled to overflowing, of which large daily papers boast of continually and Fourth of July orators tell you, "You are living in the most prosperous nation on earth," such we know to be the truth; but I say right here that this wealth and prosperity is not enjoyed by those who have produced it, but by those who deal in the blood and bones of labor (be that in the mine, mill, farm or factory), who prolong their reign by working upon the prejudices of the producing class, buy the press, the pulpit and the pieces of learning to fasten this hold upon the backs of the toiling masses; yes, the salt of the earth.

The above picture which I have painted is not an isolated case, but there are hundreds of thousands in this our land of the rich and the home of the slave. And what is the outlook for those who are in such straits? Does it look at all promising? Can one begin at any time and climb to the top of the ladder? What is a man going to do who wants work and cannot find it? Now as a matter of fact don't you think that such conditions make for crime, robbery and ever growing disregard for law? Don't you think this is the heaven for a mighty revolution? Can it go on and on like this forever without coming to the breaking point? We are told by scientific men that insanity and crime are increasing four times faster than the population; that 83 1-3 per cent of the people do not own a home; that two million child slaves are employed in the W. S. A.; that on an average three million men are jobless for the last three winters; that those who do nothing have very little; that it is a crime for a workingman to use his own brains in the interests of his class, the workers; that if a man tells the truth he is sent to jail, when he becomes a professional liar he is given some office of public trust, and forthwith becomes a highly respectable citizen. Now then, much of this we

Three may keep a secret, if two of them are dead. — Franklin.

To keep your secret is wisdom; but to expect others to keep it is folly. — O. W. Holmes.

Where secrecy and mystery begins, vice or roguery is not far off. — Johnson.

SILENCE

The temple of our purest thoughts is silence. — Mrs. S. J. Hale.

Silence is the understanding of fools, and one of the virtues of the wise. — Boileau.

Speech is great, but silence is greater. — Carlyle.

This is such a serious world that we should never speak at all unless we have something to say. — Carlyle.

Fellows who have no tongues are often all eyes and ears. — Haliburton.

The unspoken word never does harm. — Kossuth.

Silence is the ecstatic bliss of souls, that by intelligence converse. — Otway.

SIMPLICITY

Nothing is more simple than greatness; indeed to be simple is to be great. — Emerson.

Simplicity is the natural result of profound thought. — Hazlitt.

When thought is too weak to be simply expressed it is a clear proof that it should be rejected. — Vauvenargues.

can testify to, all of it seems to be an awful reality, all one needs to do is scare the press. Then such are the effects of a cause; that cause lies in the private ownership of the means of life and the tyrannical management of same.

Before Christmas can mean much to the toiling masses, we must abolish the present system of Capitalism, which is competition in the means of life and substitute therefore "Co-operation," the brotherhood of man, the emancipation of a world of workers. You say how can this be brought about? I say by the organization of the workers of the world, and no other organization of men or women will ever bring emancipation; it must be by the workers' own efforts and not by any outside force. I agree with President Wilson when he said in part: I challenge the world to show me one instance in all history, where freedom or liberty was handed down from above.

of "peace on earth" — in a world of war and strife? "Good will to men," when as a matter of fact we practice only competition, which is "every man's hand against every other man's," or social and industrial strife? Do away with "private ownership in the means of life" and you will have made Christmas a reality and not a dream, you will have a world where sorrow and suffering is no more, war and strife is not known, poverty and crime a relic of the dark ages, when people were not civilized. A word of advice: If you would have Christmas a day of joy, don't be content with anything less. Ever search for the light of true working class solidarity, understand what that means for the workers and their families. It means: That masters and idlers will have to go; that never more will this earth be cursed by slavery, oppression, war and strife; that child slavery, an institution of the past which kills the life of the boy or girl, is needless even in an uncivilized state of society and shall no more be tolerated. Christmas may mean something to the masses (some day), but it will not be till the many learn organization for the interests of the many as against the few; you will first learn of Co-operation in organization for your emancipation, before Christmas will mean anything to you and yours. You can hasten that day or delay it, just as you will, but it lies in your power and in yours alone, "the secret of freedom."

Read carefully the following poem clipped from "The National Rip-Saw."

O Merry, Merry Christmas, Some Day!
By Henry M. Tichenor, the Rip-Saw Poet.

There's going to be a Christmas, some day,
In honor of Jesus' birth,
When devils won't be running things their way,
With hell turned loose on earth!

There's going to be a Christmas, some day
When the masters are no more—
The devils shall not be here alone,
To curse mankind with war!

There's going to be a Christmas, some day,
When the Comrades all shall sing
A joyous loving roundelay,
Of a world without a king!

O do your very best, my brother,
Do all you can I pray,
For the love of one another,
To hasten this Christmas day!

O Merry, Merry Christmas, some day!
In honor of Jesus' birth,
When devils won't be running things their way,
With hell turned loose on earth!

The greatest truths are the simplest; and so are the greatest men. — Hare.

Simplicity, of all things, is the hardest to be copied. — Steele.

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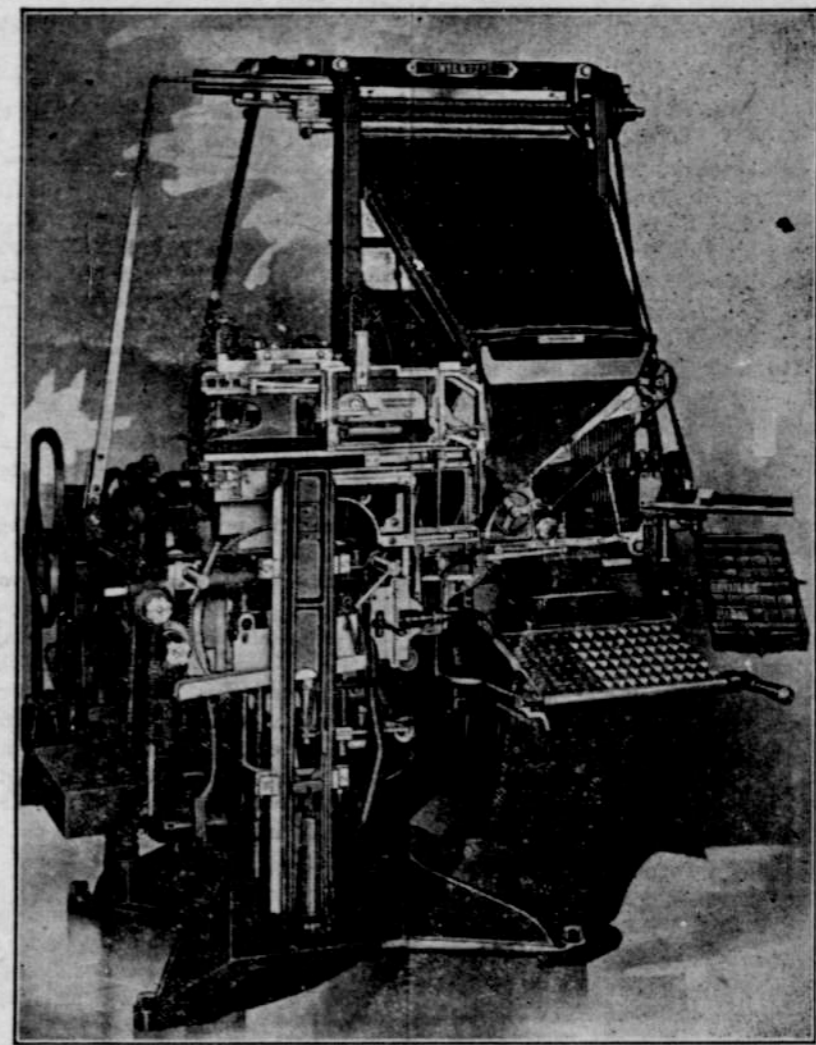
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