

# The Silvertown Journal

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**J. E. HOSMER, Editor.**



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This paper stands for freedom of thought, freedom of the press, freedom of speech, equality of opportunity and the religion of righteousness. It is radically opposed to every form of superstition and tyranny, or licensing or permitting any form of evil.

## CREED AND GREED

Now, money kings with golden scepters rule,  
And laugh at clownish slave, their willing dupe and fool;  
The priests, protected by our puerile fears,  
Control their armies, now, as other years.

Is there a time when free, we'll walk the earth,  
When joyous labor, truth, and love will give us birth?  
O, wake to know, that if the prize we'd win,  
We must destroy the fundamental sin.

The greed of kings, of every grade and stripe,  
The creed of priests, with greed, eternally unite;  
And if we workers common sense employ,  
Both Creed and Greed forever we'll destroy.

## THE LIGHT OF TRUTH

How we do love people who hold no ill will, after a most earnest contest on subjects of religion, politics and any old thing. These are they who really and truly want to learn the truth and who want to give you the reasons for the faith that is in them, and that for your benefit, not for your enslavement. These are they who will yield and gladly yield when they are proven in the wrong. They are truly the "salt of the earth" and when such fill the world, Truth will soon reign supreme and the rule of universal harmony will make a heaven wherever man is found.

The bigoted, domineering, "greater than thou," unchangeable and most holy element in society is its stumbling block and ruin. Wherever it has gained a footing there has followed corruption and slavery, ignorance and superstition, misery, want and death. War is one of its weapons, war is hell, and unless we want hell in America the element that promotes it must not be given the reigns of government, and wherever it has already secured power there must true patriotism awake into action. There are many individuals who are of this one-man-rule nature but unless such is put in power and backed by a strong organization he can do but little mischief outside of his own family or his home city, but an organization which rests on this most diabolical doctrine and which has for centuries, like a big gang of thieves, been gaining wealth and power is a menace to the whole world. And such an organization is the Roman hierarchy. There is only one thing that can overthrow this slave making power — the light of Truth.

## MANY CRAZY PEOPLE

Written in Jail

"The crazies are not all in the 'bug-house.' Thousands upon thousands of people are mentally unbalanced, from various causes, and still are able for a time to do fairly well at making a living and laying up a little money for a rainy day. Probably the most prolific cause of partial insanity is the use of stimulants and narcotics. No one, for example, can be said to be well balanced who habitually uses tobacco. He who uses it is certainly in an unnatural, abnormal condition mentally, and is at least insane on that subject, as we can easily prove. Let the old tobacco user go home and see his wife smoking a big black pipe. At first he would think it a joke, but if she continued doing so, walking down the street sucking away at her pipe or a cigarette, her husband and friends would certainly think her a 'little off.' And she would be, and so is the man, who sucks a pipe, a cigarette, a cigar or who chews, chews away at the poison which dulls his intellect and weakens his physical powers. The profit sys-

tem is at fault for keeping up this filthy and injurious habit which has been outlawed by science long ago; and a real civilization can not come to our dear old earth until we get over the insanity of sucking, guzzling, chewing and snuffing the poisons which rob our state of the necessary super man and an untainted offspring."

Note — The above was written in jail, and it was written because the editor's mind was forcibly brought to the subject by a severe attack of second-hand tobacco poisoning. Every other inmate of the jail smoked cigarettes, most of them to excess and the management refused to give the heretic a closed cell, although there was no good reason for refusing. The smoke at times was very nauseating, and, if the above is too radical, the users of the weed must remember that according to our own statements, one can not do his best when under the deadly influence of nicotine.

## EXPLOITATION LEADS TO SLAVERY AND TO WAR

Written in Jail

A parent who would detect the cripple or the fool of the family in every mischievous act and severely punish him, and who never notices the greater wrongs committed by the smarter children, would be considered a very unwise and unjust parent. And yet our system of government is little less than a system of punishment for the weak, defenseless ones of society who are continually led into doing the little wrongs of which they are capable, and a system of rewards for the smart and well protected criminals in their struggle for wealth and office.

If all the defenseless class was turned out of our penal institutions today, every jail and penitentiary would be empty, and, if then, the real smart, capable criminals were put in, every cell and corridor in the United States would be filled to overflowing. Our system of government is founded on the wrong principle to begin with and it has been trimmed down until it is nothing but a systematic punishment for the under dog, a systematic reward for the exploiting class and a gradual but rapid elimination of the middle class. Europe has gone over the same ground. It has reached a climax. We will soon reach the same, unless we are wise enough to profit by their example. The exploiting class who have been educated to selfishly appropriate the wealth of the workers and to believe that it is theirs by right will not give up the game without a struggle. They can and do some of them will, if permitted to do so, precipitate a duplicate of the European Hell here in America, and see millions of the best of earth's noblemen slaughter each other, rather than yield to the golden rule principle of equality of opportunity. Workers unite before it is too late.

## REPLY TO THE SNAKE MAN

Guy Fitch Phelps

I will spend a few minutes on Van Trump this morning. Van is mad. He has froth on his lip. He wants to hurt somebody. There is a glassy look on his eye. He breathes through the curled side of his mouth. The spleen and hatred he feels for Christ he heaps on me because I believe in Christ. He knows now that he played the fool in making the Lincoln challenge. He knew before he made it that he would sneak out, if his bluff was called. He hoped that he could run the bluff and get off with it, and then knowing that he had deliberately misrepresented Lincoln, stultified his mind and character by acting like he was right. I have bothered with Van, not because he is worth it, not because he is a true man, but because he is infidelity churned; he is the very butter of infidelity. Read his reeking slush and get his snarl, and remember that he deals with Christ in the same way. If a man will lie about Lincoln, he will lie about Christ; if he will deliberately misstate facts regarding Lincoln, he will do the same about Jesus. Van is an elder, a frocked deacon, in the church of the curled lip. He bows to the god of dirt, and his mouth is a running sore of blasphemy. Blighted and befouled in mind and heart, he spews his degrading filth across a suffering community. Filled with hatred and the gangrene of malicious bitterness he slimes the nimbused head of the World's Redeemer with his calumnies. Because he hates Christ he hates me. Made by his God to spread his soul wings in the upper air of spiritual things, he has deliberately chosen to wallow with beasts in the stinking gutters of infidelity. In his reeking heart all truth becomes a lie and every lie the truth. Perverted from normal health to soul leprosy he loves his disease and seeks to degrade childhood, womanhood, manhood to his own moral lazaretto. Born

in a land of schools and right standards he becomes a heathen by choice. In a neighborhood of life he elects to be carion smelling to heaven, a feast for other buzzards and vultures. True to the perversion which he has chosen he reaches out dripping hands and seeks to tear down the hope of the world to rend the jewel of faith from the lofty crown of redeemed humanity, that they may fall to his own veratrin depths of degradation. Not satisfied with the progress of his work he hurries to be a blight. Slanders pour from his lips; he looks with jaundiced eyes on all who have hope in their death. His fingers are in the running wounds of Christ, and he has mingled his spittle with the rest. The clang of his hammer is heard among the others. He has combed the thicket for thorns for the fair brow of the Redeemer. His head wags with the rest and his throat brays an added "Aha! Aha!" Passing all other characters, the Neros and Herods and blood-letters of all time he comes to the Christ to vomit the green gall of his sunken and unnatural soul. Into the blackened wounds he gouges his fingers, and in his hatred of truth he hisses "Bastard." He exists to take the crutches from wounded humanity and leave them in the mud. He goulbs about the graves of our dead cutting, "I am the resurrection and the life" from their tombstones, but puts no message of hope in its place. Sodden and unnatural and diseased himself he seeks to smirch and impregnate all other characters with his horrible soul syphilis. He has fellowshipped with the harlot of infidelity till his every thought is sop-eyed, and his blood runs pollution, and his mind has gone into dryrot. His condition is made clear by the things he hates and the things he loves. He hates Christ above all beings. Talk of other characters and he is calm, mention any black outline on the sky of the past and he keeps cool, but speak of Christ, and the green kindles in his eyes and the froth appears on his curled lip. Mention Jesus and his chest rumbles with enmity and his teeth click. But say a word against the infidel free love institution at Silvertown and Van is out with his sword. Has he ever condemned the free love of that school? Has he ever been man enough to admit it? He tells us he taught there, also his wife; did they have part in that feature of said defunct institution? Let him speak. In four short years the thing went into such moral decay. Infidelity is rotten, and it rots all it touches. Certainly, free love showed up. Why? Because infidelity, godlessness, has a downward trend and must swamp all who have anything to do with it in the willows of debauchery. Yet Van grows white hot for those who stood back of this institution. He tells us they died calm as an autumn day. He waxes eloquent over their beastly departures. He would make us believe that the things necessary to such a going out are infidelity and free love. Thank heaven, Mr. Hosmer had self-respect enough to get out of the stinking thing. And this Van Trump, whose father killed snakes, and whose grandfathers were tadpoles and wolves and polecats and headheggs and rats and baboons, and of which Van says he is very strong on "heredity" — and no one will dispute him — comes forth to defend the doings of that school and of infidelity generally. This man is the ap-stitute of the church of free love. In his hand he carries its new testament, the lectures of "Bob," and with it the old testament of Paine, The Age of Reason. Paine who once preached for the Methodists. Is Van ready to face the record of the infidel college at Silvertown? Is he ready to investigate the mess at Forest Grove? What has he to say of the free love of the school at Silvertown, which drove out the man and his wife who founded the school? Has Mr. Van Trump written anything against free love? Have you seen it? Hardly, for he was a professor (?) in an institution which could not run four years without slumping down into that very rottenness. Did you get it? The infidels, who rejected God and the Bible and Christ and all religion started a school at Silvertown with all these carefully shut out. They spent most of their time snarling about preachers and Christ, they curled their lips and sneered; they showed the whites of their eyes and hissed, and in less than four years the whole dirty bunch were tagging around after other men's wives, and advocating a free carnival of lust. They taught that men and women should go into the lane with the bulls and the cows. They were not content with the women they had taken as wives, they wanted other men's wives, they wanted to debauch the daughters of mothers', and doubtless they did, for it got so utterly foul, so stinkingly rotten that Hosmer took his wife and got out and took a bath. I don't know what Van did, he hasn't told us. One thing sure, he has not said one word against it that I have seen. And these are the flannel-mouthed hawks who carp about the Virgin Mary and David. And this

Van Trump was a teacher in that school. How long I do not know. But he tells us that those who supported it "officially," died — such as have had enough decency and respect for the earth to get out of it — as calm as an autumn twilight. This gives you a full moon view of Van's conscience. Do you think you can trust such a man's views on any subject? Would you take such a bluffer seriously in any matter? Here is this Lincoln case. True to his nature, and in the deliberate foulness of hypocrisy he issued a challenge in which he offered me a hundred dollars to go before a Christian jury and prove that Lincoln ever acknowledged Christ as Savior — or JOINED ANY CHURCH. All know that Lincoln did not join a church. He tacked that rider on to save his bluff if it should be called. So when I called it, he tried to crawlfish on that very point. I did not mention it because I knew he would do it and I wanted to show him up. I wanted to show that all the time he KNEW that Lincoln was a Christian and that he had been befouling the great man's name with his infidel slobber. He began to talk about finding a jury that would tell the truth, and that HE was to choose the jury, etc. Then to further show him up I agreed to select a jury from those who are in no way connected with any church, and if I won the hundred dollars I agreed to devote twenty-five to The Silvertown Journal. Just as I knew he would, he tried to save his money by claiming that Lincoln never actually joined any church, but I reply that Lincoln believed in the church, and attended regularly, and was in the habit of going forward and shaking hands with his pastor and visiting ministers, and he supported the church, and declared that he intended to join one, and would have done so if he had lived. When the bullet entered his brain he had just uttered these words to his wife: "I desire to go to the land made sacred by the footsteps of the Savior." I will meet Van Trump, or any man he can send on the terms of his own challenge and will prove that Lincoln was a Christian. That he acknowledged Christ as his Savior, that he claimed to be converted; that he believed the bible to be the inspired word of God; that he read it constantly; that he was a man of constant prayer; that he invited all who came (Christians), when there was opportunity, to pray with him; that he was in the habit of praying alone in a voice which could be heard by the whole family; that he constantly attended church; that he supported the church; that he was converted in his belief by a minister; that he intended to join a church. That certainly covers the ground and Mr. Van Trump, if he were half honest would ask no more. He says he knows what Lincoln's religious life was. Then let him prove that I am wrong. He issued the challenge, not I. Let him make good his bluff, or stand forth branded as the fraud he is. The whole case proves that he was running a "raze" on the Community. Ah, Van, you are about the easiest I've met, even if you did mix with the free lovers of Silvertown. You are as easy to see through as a ladder. You represent your class, and what you say about Lincoln is like what you say about Christianity. Your hypocritical hot air about how the infidels at Silvertown died goes with the rest. When you come over on the Lincoln challenge we will consider your other dodge and bluff. You are like the fish which exudes a milk when overtaken in which it hides. Never mind about the old free lovers at Silvertown, I know some of them shuffled off, let us stick to the case in hand. Some of these days it will come just right and I will spring a little surprise on Van along that line. Bah! I have watched infidels for twenty years. I know them. It is no new thing for an infidel to go the shotgun road through the back door of creation. It may be Van will go that way himself, who knows? Fortunately the lives of these gentlemen of the dirt god are open, and we know them. Keep your clothes on Van, for we are in possession of your measure. You are a cheap bluff, and awfully cheap, too. You have been trying to bluff God and yourself. You are a hypocrite because you do not believe what you say. You are trying to believe it, that's all. This Lincoln case shows you up. Poor, dishonest, trifier, you are the fool of the bible, who says there is no God. Your works testify against you, the smell of free love is on your garments — some of it must have rubbed off during your stay in the Silvertown school. You would befoul the souls of my children if you had a chance. You would blight their minds if you could. You would turn them back from their heavenly flight toward the bosom of loving God and sink them in the stinking willows of free love infidelity. Your shadow is a moral pollution to its full length. The false things you have said of Lincoln you say of Christ and the Bible. You represent your class, for infidelity is hypocritical to the core. It hates the

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best One who ever lived. It dreads the truth, and rends the man who meets its statements. It goes blare-eyed through the world seeking whom it may devour, foul, false and dripping gangrene. On its leprous garments is spread the folly of ages, and its fruits are among the worms in a million grave yards. Ingersoll said in a lecture: "If life is unbearable, take it; you have as much right to take your life as to change the course of a river." A man heard that and killed himself that night. Cruel, corrupt, smelling of moral carion, this horrible perversion slouches through the world, ape-browed and mildewed with crypt ooze, followed by the snarling, curled-lipped gang, among which are the Van Trumps, and the rest of the cheap bluffers. Mr. Van Trump says he does not feel obli-