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THE JOURNAL STANDS FOR PROGRESS, DEVELOPMENT, GOOD GOVERNMENT, AND NO DEGRADED LABOR.

"CROWDED OUT."

The day was done. With weary hand and brain
 I watched the twilight's shadows deeper grow,
 And with a troubled spirit thought of all
 The tasks I ought to do: So weak, so slow
 Had been the hands to do the mind's behest—
 The work undone lay heavy on my breast!

Then, like a flash of light, there came this thought—
 This saying, that sometime, somewhere,
 I must have read when life was new and sweet—
 Ere yet the world had brought a tinge of care—
 These were the words that eased my spirit's doubt—
 "In the best-ordered life, some things are crowded out."

Some things are crowded out of every life—
 Strive as we will, some things are left undone;
 Or if the worst or best we choose, some tasks,
 Untouched, unfinished, or but just begun!
 When the night falls, we turn, reluctantly,
 And trust them, vaguely, to another day!

So much to do—so many pressing tasks!
 So full the heart, the head, the hands,
 We choose not wisely; as the moments go,
 We stumble on, and thus the record stands;
 Our lives are shadowed—other hearts made sad
 Because we had not time to make them glad!

"Some day," we say, with eyes tear-washed and dim—
 "There will be time for all we wish to do;
 No setting sun shall shorten the bright hours—
 We shall work on, with courage ever new;
 No more vain longings—all shall come about
 Just as we would—with nothing crowded out!"

THE PASSING OF THE ACTORS.

The death of Richard Mansfield at the age of 50 years calls to mind most forcefully the fact that the great actors of America, who have figured so conspicuously upon the stage within the last 40 years, are fast disappearing.

Fifty years ago Edwin Forrest was counted perhaps one of the greatest actors of the time—either in America or abroad.

The fact that great rivalry existed between him and the elder Booth, and especially the English actor MacCreedy, emphasizes the assertion—for the latter two held the palm in England for years.

Charlotte Cushman was contemporaneous with Forrest, and admittedly the greatest actress of the last century.

Scarcely more than a decade ago Davenport was upon the Boards as a leading Shakespearean actor—while 25 years ago Edwin Booth was in the very zenith of his power.

Contemporaneous with Booth—Lawrence Barrett and John McCollough stood prominently before the American people, dividing honors.

All this time Joe Jefferson, and the famous Wallack of New York City—perhaps one of the greatest stock actors of the country, were making fame for themselves.

It is a striking fact that scarcely two of the names enumerated herein were rivals for honors in their profession.

Edwin Booth stuck closely to Shakespearean delineation and accomplished such results, that all the rest admitted his leadership.

His Hamlet and Iago were never equaled.

McCollough made his fame in such plays as *Virginia*—a part that Edwin Booth could never act.

Indeed, McCollough was the natural successor of Edwin Forrest, whose greatest part was Spartacus in *"The Gladiator."*

Lawrence Barrett preferred modern plays, although he made his greatest hit as Cassius in the play of *"Julius Caesar."*

JOE JEFFERSON, ONE OF THE LOVELIEST CHARACTERS WHO EVER GRACED THE STAGE, NEVER HAD AMBITION TO PERFORM ANY PART THAT MADE BOOTH, BARRETT, MCCOLLOUGH AND FORREST FAMOUS.

So when Richard Mansfield came before the American people, ambitious to be the leader of the stage—and accomplishing greater results financially than any of the men named—he chose a new field—creating new characters—none of which, with one or two exceptions, had ever interested his famous predecessors—and it is conspicuously true that Mansfield failed in almost every effort in Shakespearean parts.

The wires told us last week, and for weeks before, that Mansfield was dying of softening of the brain.

Such a thing did not seem possible of a man whose life had been so exemplary—and it was with feeling of profound satisfaction that we learned that his family physician gave out the statement that Mansfield simply died from overwork.

In the most energetic manner he had driven himself for 25 years like a steam engine, with no thought of results—only at last to completely break down his nervous system, and die from complete exhaustion.

Childishness—loss of memory, and the many indications of a weakened mind, had never manifested themselves, according to Mansfield's physician—and it is undoubtedly true that if he had given himself reasonable vacation, and cultivated his muscles, while he relaxed his mind from the constant study and mental effort, Richard Mansfield might have continued to be one of America's greatest actors for 20 years to come.

But with his death the list of great names of American actors has been reduced to a shadow.

Goodwin, James—and one or two others—and one must stop to think who they are—are left to maintain the great reputation which Forrest—and McCollough—and Booth—and Barrett—and Jefferson and the rest created and maintained down to the close of their lives.

But when one thinks of the names which the Great Reaper has taken off the pages of human activity, he is forcefully reminded that almost every man who made himself famous in poetry and literature, during the middle portion of the last century, have all gone over the Great Divide.

Our historians—our writers of fiction—our poets have lived, made their reputations, left behind them enduring monuments that will live while the language survives—leaving scarcely none to even make the claim to renown.

The death of Mansfield closes the career of all the famous actors in America whose fame was attained and known throughout the country prior to a decade ago.

WHAT IS TRUE IN LITERATURE, AND OF THE STAGE, IS TRUE IN JOURNALISM.

THAT GREAT GALAXY OF EDITORIAL WRITERS AT WHOSE HEAD GREELEY STOOD SO LONG, BUT WHO HAD SUCH FAMOUS CO-WORKERS AS BENNETT, AND JONES, AND RAYMOND, AND BOWLES, AND STOREY, AND MCCOLLOUGH—AND MEDILL—INCLUDING THE ILLUSTRIOUS PRENTICE—HAVE ALL PASSED AWAY.

And this "gathering in" by the Great Reaper has been so complete that today the editorial writers of national repute can be counted on the fingers of the single hand. Indeed, were it not for the venerable Col. Henry Watterson of Kentucky, the chapter of great journalists of America would be closed indeed.

What is literature—and poetry—and journalism and the stage to do in the next 50 years?

Will it be possible for another class of men to grow up into the reputation, and ability, and learning of these great men who have already gone to their final reward?

Here is food for thought at least—and it's a subject well worthy the careful study of any man.

SEATTLE'S TANGLED TONGUERS

M. L. Ryan Who a Year Ago Run the Language Crematory On Twelfth Street One of the Leaders—He Will Pilot 20 Missionaries to Asia

A few years ago I had a cancer on my tongue as big as the end of your thumb and was, as the oculists thought, incurably blind in one eye, but God restored my sight in one night and took the cancer away, leaving absolutely no trace of it. These miracles were worked in answer to prayer, but that is not all. Shortly afterwards I suffered a compound fracture of my right leg above the knee and without the assistance of bandages or the services of earthly physicians, God enabled me to walk in three days. A doubting surgeon applied the X-ray and discovered to his astonishment that I was telling the truth. God left the marks in order to confound the infidel.—Rev. B. S. Boyles, pastor of the Church of the Apostolic Faith, otherwise known as the Holy Rollers.

The Church of the Apostolic Faith, which lays claim to the distinction of having for its members children of God on earth today, began a series of revival meetings at the old Bethany Presbyterian church this morning. The proceedings were enlivened by the arrival of Rev. M. L. Ryan, who is to pilot twenty Spokane missionaries across the Pacific on the Minnesota when she sails next month. Their mission will be to promulgate the doctrines of the new sect in the orient. Ryan concluded the service this morning and fully confirmed all that the local pastor laid of various infirmities to being healed of various infirmities by an appeal to prayer instead of to the physician.

Outlived Usefulness.

"All the churches have outlived their usefulness and should either get the power and join this new movement or retire and let us have the field," said Ryan. "There is too much money wasted on splendid edifices, within whose walls error is taught instead of the truth. The time has come when the faith of the apostles instead of the error of creeds must prevail, and soon you will find us raising the dead, casting out devils and doing all the things that the apostles and the Master did."

"We are sending missionaries to the orient in order to preach the true gospel instead of the gospel of errors and schisms and bigotry, as you will find in the church today."

Here the preacher was interrupted by cries of "Hallelujah," "Amen" and "Glory be to God." Men clasped their hands and groaned aloud, several women rolled on the floor and "spoke with tongues," while the neighbors in the vicinity either locked their doors and retired to their rooms or took in the scene, or rather noise, from a distance as the humor might strike them.

Sure of the Power.

"I am sure," shouted the pastor above the din, "that somebody will get the power this morning. Hang onto God, brethren, and get the Holy Spirit to help you. That's right, cry aloud and speak the tongues."

If getting the power meant increase in the volume of noise, the pastor must have highly approved the demonstration that he had provoked. It was feared for a time that an ambulance would have to be called, but it was explained that God would take care of the body while the soul was striving after the light.

"With these hands," said Rev. B.

OWE YOURSELF

When we owe others you manage to pay it. Well, why not put yourself in your list of creditors each month and pay yourself as regularly as you pay others?

In this way you can soon accumulate a nice sum in the bank. Try opening a savings account and get some money ahead, and make it earn more.

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S. Boyles, "I have cured the sick in the name of the Master and with the same hands I have dished out whisky and played cards in my unregenerate days."

Meetings will be held regularly every afternoon until further notice.

ESTHER MITCHELL AGAIN

The Seattle Times says: Esther Mitchell, who shot and killed her brother, George Mitchell, at the King street passenger station in July, 1906, within a week after the man had been discharged by a jury in the superior court for killing Franz Edmond Creffield, the high priest of the Holy Rollers, will, in all probability, not go to the penitentiary ward for the criminally insane.

Following the killing of her brother the Mitchell woman was adjudged insane and sent to the state asylum at Steilacoom, where she is now.

There is no controversy between the state and the friends and counsel of the woman that she committed a criminal act, but it was long before the statute was enacted that provided for the keeping of the criminally insane at the penitentiary at Walla Walla.

The new law does not in plain words explain itself as to "criminally insane," but Prosecuting Attorney Kenneth Mackintosh and other lawyers, who have gone carefully into the statute, declare that it is only the convicted insane that can be removed to the penitentiary ward.

"I do not think under the statutes that I can put Esther Mitchell in the penitentiary," said the prosecuting attorney yesterday. "Under the present plans of the office she will remain at Steilacoom. We construe the law as applying only to those who have been acquitted of felonies by reason of insanity, as in the Chester Thompson case."

George Mitchell's excuse for killing Creffield was that the Holy Roller leader ruined Esther. Maude Creffield, widow of Creffield, was charged by the state with instigating the murder of George Mitchell. The Creffield woman committed suicide in the county jail last winter.

The old remedies are the best. Hickory Bark Cough Remedy has been in use for over one hundred years by the old Dutch Dunkards of Pennsylvania, and is still in use by all the old families of Western Pennsylvania. It is absolutely pure; made from the bark of the white or shell-bark hickory tree. The bark is shipped from the east, and manufactured in Salem, Ore. For sale by all dealers everywhere.

A Disappointed Boy.

"What is it, Willie?" asked the hostess, when the meal was over.
 "Where's the pie?" demanded the little guest. "Ma told me not to ask for two pieces as I ain't even saw one piece yet."—Philadelphia Press.

Can you afford to trifle with so serious a matter as to neglect a bad cold or cough, when for a trifling amount you can secure a bottle of "Hickory Bark Cough Remedy," that is guaranteed to cure or money refunded. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. For sale by all dealers everywhere.

Force of Habit.

Mr. Easy—Cheer up, Mr. Peck. If we must go down, let's go cheerfully like men.

Mr. Peck—But hang it all, Mr. Easy, if I don't go home my wife will never let me go fishing again, never.

—Harper's Weekly.

The old Pennsylvania Dutch Dunkard recommends "Hickory Bark Cough Remedy." Guaranteed to cure your cough, and guaranteed to be pure. Made from the bark of the shell bark or white hickory tree. For sale by dealers everywhere.

At the Sewing Bee.

Miss Polly—Just to think, Aunt Matilda, Jason Hardapple ain't been calling on Sue Waggs but two years and last night he actually proposed.

Aunt Matilda—Do tell! I declare this here speed mania has reached Bacon Ridge at last.—Chicago Daily News.

The Texas Wonder.

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The Dublin Castle Jewels.

An amazing explanation of the Dublin jewel mystery is put forward by a Dublin correspondent who signs himself "Lex." In last night's *Globe*. It is briefly—and this has been more than once hinted at during the past few days—that the insignia has not been stolen at all, but merely kept out of the way till after the royal visit in order that there might be no installation.

The correspondent implies that this solution of the mystery has been formulated by Sir A. Conan Doyle. His reasons are these: In the first place, the Bedford tower is the one building in the castle into which the most enterprising burglar would find it hopeless to effect an entrance unobserved.

His second argument is based on the nature of the article stolen. The Most Illustrious Order of the Knights of St. Patrick was expressly founded to consolidate a union between England and Ireland. In view of recent events the investiture of a knight would possess unusual significance, and the quieter matters appear in Dublin the smaller figure will the Sinn Fein party cut.

"Lex" recalls a recent conversation with a prominent member of the Irish revolutionary organization. The subject was how, in view of some of Lord Castletown's utterances, he had been selected for the vacant ribbon. The reply was:

"It matters little; there will be no installation, at least not in July."

Two questions, he adds, will suggest themselves to any one who has looked into the very peculiar circumstances of this latest sensation:

First—Assuming the safe to have been locked, why did the thief—if he was a thief—leave it open when his operations were complete?

Second—Why, out of 24 gold collars, were only five abstracted?

It is quite evident that the removal, if there was a removal, must have been effected in daylight, which meant that the operator dare not carry or conceal a parcel sufficiently bulky to attract attention. This suggests the explanation of question No. 1.

On the theory first stated the star and five collars merely would be removed as being amply sufficient to prevent the installation, owing to the impossibility of having duplicates manufactured within the time. It may be added that the author of this ingenious explanation is quite convinced that the star and collars will mysteriously reappear at an early date. Indeed, a rumor is current in certain circles in Dublin that the jewels have been found, but that the authorities in Dublin castle are in no hurry to disclose the fact and make certain officials ridiculous.—London Tribune.

Hatching Season Well Started.

Work at the hatcheries which tributary to the Columbia is steadily progressing and Master Warden Van Dusen is receiving instant letters from his superintendents in the field in regard to progress of the work. The Clackamas river station at Cazadero ahead of the season as far as taking eggs is concerned. A million have already been taken.

Superintendent Bill Smith writes that he is taking from 80,000 to 100,000 eggs a day and that many of them have begun to eye out. At rate he will soon complete his season and writes that he expects the taking of eggs to last two weeks longer. In fact, he has enough ready to ship to the Salmon station where the eggs will be hatched and turned out.

As an experiment station the located on the Clackamas is meeting with entire success and Mr. Dusen is much pleased over the results of the state at that place. Superintendent in charge notified fish warden that the net and gear which was recently sent, a mesh web mesh works to perfection and had it been received soon great many more fish would have been taken.

The eggs of the Clackamas station have reached such a point that they have become necessary. This consists in picking out the eggs and throwing them away that their presence will not cause other eggs in the baskets in troughs to die also.

From all reports that are coming in this early in the season of things points to a successful season among the hatcheries. At the Clackamas station the fish have already put in an appearance and it will be long before the spaw will be taken.—Astorian.

The Limit of Life.

The most eminent medical authorities are unanimous in the opinion that the generally accepted notion of human life is many years below the attainment possible by the advanced knowledge of the race is now possessed. The critical period, that determines the limit of life, seems to be between 50 and 60 years of age. The proper care of the body during this decade cannot be too strongly urged; carelessness then being liable to longevity. Nature's best help is 50 is Electric Bitters, the tonic medicine that will revitalize every organ of the body. Guaranteed by J. C. Perry, druggist, 55c.

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