

JOURNAL EDITORIAL PAGE

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AGE

(Emery Pottle in April Craftsman.)

- To watch the returning Spring and wonder secretly
If, missing those who greatly love such days,
The Spring could ever be so gay and green
As when they walked the blue-budded ways.
- To sigh o'er Winter's, strangely bleak and cold,
And see, in smouldering fires that char too soon,
No more what may be, shall be, but what was,—
As one recalls the cadence of a tune.
- To smile upon and bless young sweetheart vows,
Remembering this face and that long passed,
To fancy love today a colder thing
Than this great love you cherish to the last.
- To keep the friends grown faithfully old as young,
Reluctant, when new hands knock at your door,
To open; and if opening, withhold
The heart of which you once gave all and more.
- To dream in solitude with pipes and books
Born old and sweet and good; to ask for songs
They do not sing; to find your happiness
A homely grace that in your soul belongs.
- To seek again some calm forgiving god
You smiled at lightly in your other youth;
Content to leave the mysteries of life
To mysteries of death—and wait the truth.

Harold Begbie.

In England there is a young novelist who believes that the twentieth century will bring about an epoch-making reconciliation between religion and science. His work is devoted to this end, and though its human interest is vivid and dramatic enough to earn the praise of American and English critics, its value to the movement of a common understanding between religion and science has been recognized by some of the foremost theologians and scientists. He is a novelist with a future, because his works are the mature, acquainted with some of the greatest scientists in England, a student of Professor William James of Harvard, and a traveller who has met many of the most able men of science, socialists and theologians in France and Germany, he marches abreast of the times and combines with this knowledge of modern thought a sense of gentle humor and a profound sympathy with human life, and an ardent enthusiasm for the spiritual destiny of humanity, which gives to his work a note of vivid and actual value.

This novelist is Harold Begbie, who lives an Arcadian existence in a Suffolk village by the North Sea, grows roses, walks every day for long miles across heath and moor and finds all his happiness in the cares and joys of domesticity.

Mr. Begbie's new novel, "The Vigil," was published in March by Dodd, Mead & Co. "The Vigil" is a theological novel, and such a good one that a distinguished critic who read the story before publication says: "I am inclined to call it the very best of its kind in the language. It shows a far deeper and truer insight into the theological controversy of the time than, for example, Robert Elsmere." Mr. Begbie is too good a novelist to permit the interest of his story to be strangled in theological discussions and details, and the development of the young English clergyman's character and faith, along with the upbuilding of his parish, furnishes material for an intense and powerful story. But above all, "The Vigil" is a masterly presentation of true and stable Christianity. It is a book which ought to be circulated among eager and persistent seekers after truth.

Will Lillibridge.

The author of "Ben Blair" and "Where the Trail Divides" has a new novel of the west published by Dodd, Mead & Co. The title of the novel is "The Dissolving Circle." Mr. Lillibridge's early life was that of many other prairie boys—bred and raised in an atmosphere of 10 hours' work of the 24, he matured early.

He says of himself: "At 12 I was a useful citizen. At 15 I was to all practical purposes a man; did a man's work, whatever the need. In this capacity I was alternately farmer, rancher, cattleman. I know Dakota in its various developmental stages very well. It was part of the life, inevitable. Meanwhile the family scattered. Something prompted me to explore a university, and I went to Iowa; vibrated for six years between the collegiate, dental and medical departments. For some reason the dental proved the most virulent, and I graduated in 1898. Shortly afterward—a man must live—I drifted back, and took root in Sioux Falls. Fortune smiled feebly, and roots sank deeper. Later, when the one girl came into the play, she smiled recklessly, and I married. It is inevitable, if one has the elements of whiteness, that with years a practice will grow. My experience follows the rule. Occasionally my waiting room resembles those one reads about in novels. I am rooted here yet.

"Work? My writing is done entirely at night. The waiting room—the plum trees—requires vigorous shaking in the daytime. After dinner I have a den—telephone proof, piano proof, friend proof. What transpires therein no one knows, because no one has ever seen. "Recreation? I have a mania, by no means always gratified, to be out of doors. Once each summer the lady and I go somewhere for three weeks and forget it absolutely. In this way we've been able to travel a bit. We—again the lady and I—steal an hour when we can and drive a red gasoline runabout, keeping within the speed laws when necessary. Once each fall, when the first frost shrivels the corn stalk and when, if you chance to be out of doors, after dark, you hear, away up overhead, invisible, the accelerating, throbbing, diminishing purr of wings that drives the sportsman

mad, I revert absolutely. For a week—no matter, the town knows me no more. Then I come back, the other man temporarily subdued; once more at the service of the public's defective molars."

Rev. R. Hugh Benson.

The Rev. R. Hugh Benson, one of the three famous Benson brothers of England, has written a novel—an unusual novel—which is published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

"Lord of the World" is a tale of universal interest. The book is rather a careful study of "Anti-Christ" according to ecclesiastical tradition. He is to possess, it is said,

well dowered with splendid action pictures. The American League Guide for 1908 is in all respects a first class hand book of the national game and a decided credit to the American League and to the publishers, the Reach company. This is the seventh annual issue of the Reach Guide as the official hand book of the American League, and the 26 consecutive year of its publication as a book of record and reference for the entire baseball world.

Why American Mothers Fail.

American mothers fail,—not all of them, but enough to cause alarm. This is the proposition which Mrs.



HAROLD BEGBIE, author of "The Vigil," in black coat, sitting.
S. BEGGS, the artist, standing.
J. H. BRAIN, of "The Times" (London), in white coat.
Photograph taken in British Columbia.

extreme attractiveness, immense powers, and all the natural virtues. The thing it lacks is faith.

Reach's 1908 Guide.

Reach's official American league guide for 1908, published by the A. J. Reach company, of Philadelphia, and edited by Mr. Francis C. Richter, of "Sporting Life," is out, and is, as usual, first in the field thus making

Anna A. Rogers sets out to discuss in the March Atlantic. As in her trenchant divorce article, "Why American Marriages Fail," published in the same magazine last September, Mrs. Rogers deals with her topic with ungloved hands. American children are experiments tried more or less frantically by ignorant and unprepared mothers in one of her spirited assertions. Intense "love-



WILL LILLIBRIDGE.
Author of "The Dissolving Circle."

It the harbinger of the baseball season. It can be said without qualification that, excellent as all of the editions of the Reach Guide have been in recent years, the 1908 Reach Guide is the best hand book of the kind ever issued by this or any other publisher. The special distinction of the 1908 Guide is, next to the text, the superior quality of paper used and the number and beauty of the engravings furnished, the world's championship series being specially

madness" of the young mother for her infant, untrained nursemaids, indelicate vaudeville, nerve-racking music, plays and novels, are among the numerous causes which the writer cites to make her point. No doubt many mothers will disagree with Mrs. Rogers, but she backs up her theories with striking examples.

Everybody's for April.

Few magazines will brave a scientific presentation of so-called



REV. R. HUGH BENSON,
Author of "Lord of the World."

"spirit" phenomena, but Everybody's has made public this month a realistic account of Hamlin Garland's experiments in occultism, entitled "The Shadow World." It is sensational, authentic, and compelling, and heads a truly remarkable table of contents. John L. Mathews describes, in "The New Mississippi," the transition from ancient to modern in river traffic and shows clearly the great possibilities for the development of this "arm of the sea." "The Racing Game," by Clarence L. Cullen, places the very timely topic of the race track fairly and squarely before the public; and Charles Edward Russell's article "Governor Johnson—New Style Politician," is an intimate study of the aims, character, and achievements of Minnesota's chief executive. Samuel G. Blythe contributes another of his inimitable skits, "Paris and the Parisites."

The Craftsman for April.

The leading feature in The Craftsman for April is an editorial article on handiworks and small farming, setting forth the general outlines of a practicable working plan by which such a thing might be established on a national scale with a view to relieving the present industrial and social conditions which cause so much discontent and suffering and which contain such a real menace to society as it exists today. Another phase of the same subject is an essay on manual training as it is at present carried on in the public schools and its relation to the industrial efficiency in after life. This is the prize essay in a competition offered by The Craftsman for some authoritative utterance upon this subject, and was written by Arthur D. Dean, who is a practical worker along these lines.

There is also a brief biographical article upon the personality and the work of Ida Tarbell, whose history of the Standard Oil company started the present national movement toward the investigation and curbing of the trusts. A phase of American art not widely known out of its own territory is the work of the school of western sculptors which has clustered about Lorado Taft and which seems to be finding a new and vital expression of art in the doing of things which lie close at hand.

The April American Magazine.

The American Magazine creates a strong and proper feeling of interest and excitement. There isn't a dull line in it.

"Roosevelt" by "K" is new and refreshing. Surely the President does not know himself one half as well as "K" knows him. Who is "K"? And what will Roosevelt say?

"Mr. Dooley" on "The Temperance Wave" shows how whisky knocks the dot off your little I and makes a capital letter of you. Then "The Interpreter" takes up the follies of fanatical prohibitionists and proceeds to the most eloquent temperance talk written in years.

Lincoln Steffens tells exactly how Detective Burns caught the crooks in San Francisco. Burns is a creative genius who imagines the perfected thing and then goes to work and builds it. Often he has imagined who was guilty, and how the crime was committed, and then he has rounded up the proof necessary to satisfy the court.

What's in McClure's

The April McClure's is so full of a number of things that few readers will care to miss it.

The Carl Schurz memoirs are resumed in an article, "The South After the War," a graphic picture of the desolation and devastation of the south, and the anxieties of the federal government in that critical period.

Several of the most popular artists have contributed to the illustration. There is a cover by Hugo Ballin and pictures by Reuter Dahl, Alice Barber Stephens, Eric Pape and others.

The Bohemian for April.

The April Bohemian has nine short stories, splendid illustrations, special articles and rarely good selection of humorous material.

Miss Mabel Tallaferra writes of "My Yesterdays." "New York Without the Wherewithal," is a statement based upon the fact of the predicament a well-born Englishman found himself in in New York when overtaken by the recent panic. An account of "The Princeton Tiger," with many illustrations, by its editor, is the sixth in the series of Humorous College Journalism.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
Beware the Imitation
Solely by
Chas. H. Fletcher

New Corporations.

Oregon Land and Trading Company; principal office, Forest, Oregon; capital stock, \$1000; incorporators, Edward Seymour, A. Thomas, J. W. Cornelius and J. Wright.

The Realty Bond Syndicate of Oregon; principal office, Medford, Oregon; capital stock, \$50,000; incorporators, J. A. Bothwell, W. Stalker and J. H. Mitchell.

The Bolo Club of Oregon; principal office, Portland, Oregon; incorporators, Jay H. Upton, Geo. K. Cord and Seneca Fouts.

Rheumatic Pains Relieved.

B. F. Crocker, Esq., now 84 of age, and for 20 years just the peace at Martinsburg, says: "I am terribly afflicted with sciatic rheumatism in my left and right hip. I have used bottles of Chamberlain's Pain Expeller and it did me lots of good." Found at Dr. Stone's drug store.

A man was poisoned from drinking microb-infested water. Is a root of evil that money has heretofore been accused of poisoning.

DeWitt's Little Early Bitters safe, sure little liver pills. Sold all druggists.

SPECIAL RATES TO WOODBURN HORSE

To be held at Woodburn, Ore., 28. For the above occasion, a rate of one and one-third on the rate plan is authorized to Woodburn and return, via S. P. Co.

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General Passenger Agent

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How to Obtain Wealth

Is the problem all are anxious to solve. Some expect to have it left to them; others sigh because they have no rich relatives; the smart young man or woman of today opens a savings account as the Sure Way towards accumulating wealth.

Your savings will earn 4 per cent interest with no bank accounts welcome.

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