



WILLIAM GADSBY & SONS

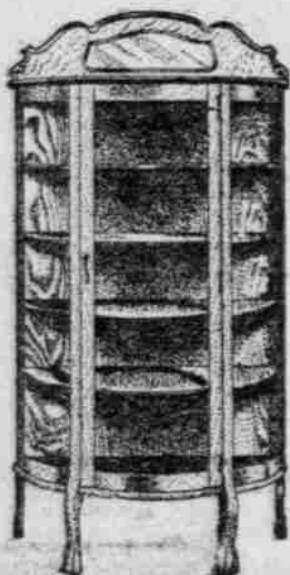
THE HOUSEFURNISHERS

Corner Washington and First Streets, Portland, Or.

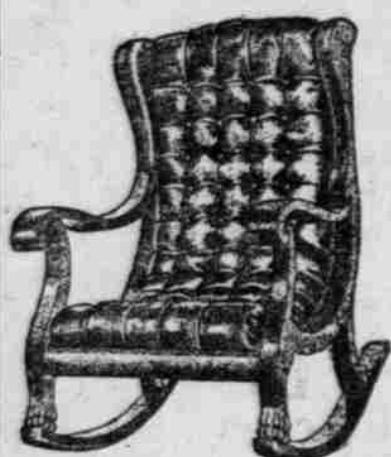
Inaugurate their MIDSUMMER CLEARANCE SALE tomorrow. Hundreds of pieces have been specially reduced to make way for the new Fall stock to arrive in September. Note the special low prices here quoted and see their show windows for bargains in all departments



The stylish Princess Dresser with French mirror, 17x30 inches, in white maple or Pacific oak; worth \$22.00, will be sold at \$17.50



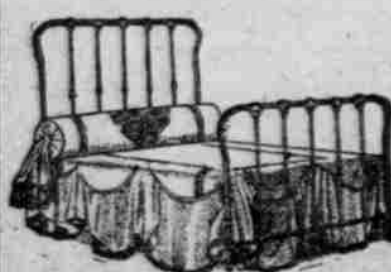
This neat China Closet, with mirror-top and round glass ends, is 36 inches wide, 68 inches high; sells regularly at \$25.00, during the sale will be sold at \$17.50



This handsome and massive Rocker, solid oak, upholstered in genuine hand-buffed leather; worth \$30, will be sold at \$16.75



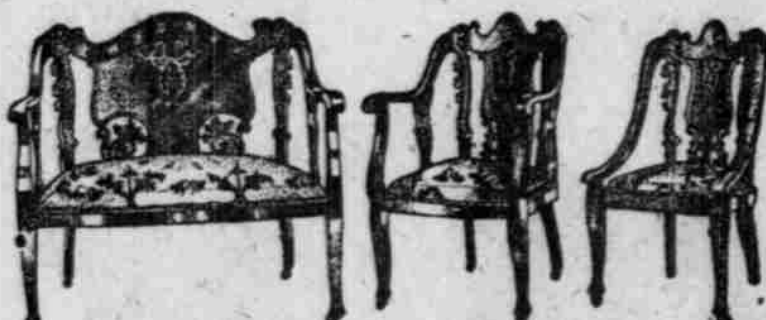
25 of these splendid Morris Chairs in solid oak, with removable cushions; usually sold at \$12.50, will be sold at, each, \$9.50



Iron Enameled Bed, Colonial design, always sold at \$12.00; you can get them this week at just half price \$6.00
\$3.50 Beds are now \$2.50



This 3-piece Parlor Suit, upholstered in green verona velour, mahogany-finished frames; sells regularly at \$25.00, this week will be sold at \$18.00



Quite a bunch of these elegant leather overstuffed Rockers, no two alike; sell usually at \$45.00 to \$65.00, come tomorrow and take your choice for \$39.50, Tuesday your choice for \$35, Wednesday your choice for \$30, Thursday your choice for \$25, Friday \$20, Saturday, if there is any left for \$15

Handsome Polished Suit of 3 pieces mahogany veneered back, upholstered in genuine silk damask; regular \$75.00, reduced to \$49.00

Sideboard Bargains

- 6 \$30.00 Sideboards now \$22.50
- 20 \$25.00 Sideboards, solid oak, now \$18.00
- 8 \$20.00 Sideboards in Golden Ash, now \$14.00
- 1 \$110.00 Sideboard reduced to \$80.00
- 12 \$37.00 Sideboards reduced to \$28.00

Buffet Bargains

- 4 \$25.00 Golden Oak Buffets, reduced to \$18.00
- 7 \$37.50 Buffets, 42-in. with large mirrors \$25.00
- 8 \$75.00 Buffets now reduced to \$50.00
- 11 \$42.00 Buffets reduced to \$29.00
- 1 \$100.00 Buffet reduced to \$65.00

Brass and Iron Beds

- 1 \$60.00 Brass Bed reduced to \$40.00
- 1 \$45.00 Brass Bed reduced to \$35.00
- 1 \$25.00 Brass Bed reduced to \$16.00
- 1 \$38.00 Iron Bed reduced to \$15.00

Weights half a ton. We don't pay the freight out of town on this one.

- 25 Iron Beds ranging in price from \$20.00 to \$25.00, your choice for \$15.00
- 17 Iron Beds, ranging from \$11.00 to \$15.00, your choice for \$9.50
- 100 Iron Beds, regular \$3.50 kind, at \$2.50
- 100 Beds, regular \$8.50 kind, at \$6.50

BARGAINS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS

Steel Ranges

Refrigerators

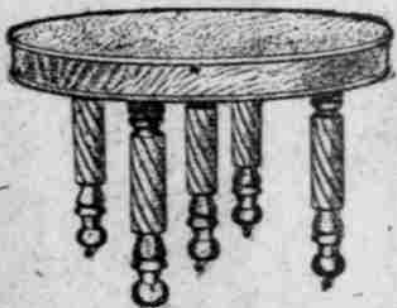
Baby Go-Carts

Curtains

Portieres

Carpets

You Can Always Find a Bargain at Gadsbys'



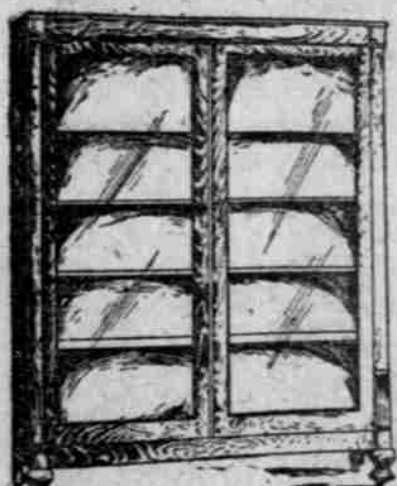
These Dining Tables are 44 inches in diameter when closed, they extend to 6 feet, are made of genuine oak, are regularly sold by us at \$18.00; tomorrow they go for \$12.00



This is a genuine oak box-seat Dining Chair, sells regularly at \$4.00 each. We have too many of one pattern; will close out 20 sets during this week at, each \$3.00



Ladies' Desk in mahogany veneer, birdseye maple or quarter-sawn golden oak; worth \$12.50, during this sale \$7.50



Bookcases, 25 of them 60 inches high, 42 inches wide, glass front, perfectly plain, no carvings, made of Oregon maple, not like illustration, stained a rich, dark mahogany color; worth regularly \$15.00, they are going for, each \$7.50

Vigorous Indictment of the Modern Stage

William T. Stead, Who First Visits the Theater at the Age of 55, Says/He Missed Heaven and Found Hell

LONDON, July 30.—(Special Correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian.)—A medium-sized, compactly built, bushy-whiskered man rushed out of his office, caught the visitor by the hand, pulled him beside him on a leather couch in the stuffy hallway, and exclaimed, "So you want to tell my host of friends in America that I think of the theater? Here, then, I'll give you my impressions in brief: I've been visiting the theaters for nine months. At times I've felt as if I were in hell, but not once have I felt as if I were in heaven."

W. T. Stead is a man of impulses. He goes as his will directs, without ever stopping to weigh the consequences. He avows he is always seeking the truth, and that it was this persistently aggressive quality in his nature that led him to break one of the strongest of nonconformist tenets in entering a theater, and that at the ripe age of 55. There is no convention about Stead. He flings himself into every problem with the impetuosity and enthusiasm of youth. He does not care whose toes he tramples upon. He is being struck with ideas every hour of the day, and he seizes them and works them out to his satisfaction without fear or favor. He has caught England by the ears by his terrific onslaughts on the stage. He went into the fight single handed and without gloves. It is almost impossible to measure the man; to get in sympathy with his views and his aims we first must see him as an irrepressible hustler, as a man who wastes no time in preliminaries, but goes with fidgity energy direct to the point at issue.

Took Hearst Down a Peg.

Probably his oddest stroke in this respect was the way in which he approached William R. Hearst. Stead, with many chuckles, expresses the belief he was the first one who ever, face to face with Hearst, took him down a peg. "I walked right into his office," said Stead, "and I knew the man by the pictures and the cartoons I had seen of him. Without a word of introduction I brought my fist down on the desk and said: 'Hearst, I've been wanting to see you, for I think you're a man without a soul. I've been reading your papers, and they remind me of a ship's log ready to go to sea. This ship of yours is a well-appointed, freshly painted, magnificent vessel, with every part of her machinery ready for a supreme test; with the officers trained to their duty, with the crew sprick and span, fit for any emergency. There she goes—never was such a splendid ship seen on the ocean—but, Hearst, this ship of yours is without the one great essential—there's no pilot aboard.'"

Missed Heaven and Found Hell.

And as he dashed at Hearst, so Stead went at the story of his experiences in the theater. First, his quick, sharp utterance about having found hell and missed heaven, then he was off for 20 minutes like a locomotive under forced draught. What an amazing man! He never says a thing from the ordinary viewpoint. When the critics and the rank and file of playgoers in London were puzzling their wits for a motive for James M. Barrie's weird one-act play, "Pantomime," Stead came out in the Review of Reviews and for his own part, at least, settled the problem by taking the old Pantomime, the Harlequin, the Clown, Columbine and the other low comedy performers in the play as caricatures of Barrie and his associates in the Cabinet. Settled with an arm thrown over the head of the comers of one hand busily tearing through his shaggy hair and beard, Stead went ahead, with never an opening for a moment's interruption. Stead is the Englishman with the American reporter's handiness of plunging headlong into a story instead of saving the vital paragraphs for the last few lines. "Yes, I thought I found myself in hell," said Stead, "and I am not sure that the pure air of God yet has blown all the contamination off me. A marvelous opportunity unfolded itself before the theater, but the theater is the most lamentably neglected institution I know of. Mind you, I am not sparing myself a scolding in this regard. It causes me profound regret that I never stood in a theater until the eve of life. What an incongruity! Here I was mingling in the activities of all the world, yet without a child's knowledge of the most important features in our civilization."

Demands Morally Sound Theater.

"If only the stage would become an educator. To me it seems that it is its golden mission. Instead of all this flamboyant display, instead of these frivolous tendencies, these parading of choruses for the mere sake of stirring the grossest senses, these vain protrusions of stars, or the directing of the stage as a commercial asset, give me a theater intellectual, morally sound, fit for anyone to put his foot in without dread of fiscally corruption. "To be candid, I am nothing more or less than a tyro sitting in judgment, but I have this advantage, that I approach the subject with fresh ideas. I am not grounded in prejudices in any direction, formed through lifelong acquaintance with plays and players. Now, here is the first big thought that struck me. The newspaper is the great—the real—theater of this generation. Our editors are our theatrical managers, and sometimes, as in the case of myself, they fill the double role of actor-manager. The public was without a press when Shakespeare lived. Before the sixteenth century ran to an end there were 203 licensed playhouses in London, and then the city had a population only of about 180,000. Against this we find that London today has around 4,500,000 inhabitants, while there are only 50 theaters and music halls, or one place of amusement for every 90,000 persons, against one for every 300 in the time of Elizabeth. Victor Hugo predicted that the printing press would destroy the theater, but the great Frenchman was a poor prophet. The church still stands, and neither has the press supplanted the theater."

Indicts Stage and Press.

"I level my criticism against both the press and the stage. The aim of both is to kill time. I can only repeat what I have said time and time again that the press and the stage, as they exist in this generation, lead the public to 'suicide in fractions.' What we want in England and America is a theater that will not serve merely as a means of trifling away idle hours, but of elevating us in our spare moments. I insist it is possible to find improvement for ourselves in our entertainments. I cannot do other than emphasize again that thought of the theater becoming an educator. It seems to me at times that this whole problem of the stage, no matter how it may be threshed out, always inevitably tends back to the same issue of its being a great silent teacher. And here is another thing that I have found—the theater is the daughter of the church, and how persistently and somewhat unjustly has the church pretended that the stage has been an unfaithful, erring child! Our drama might learn much from the church. The stage is left to starve on public applause, while the church thrives through the open-

after becoming an educator. It seems to me at times that this whole problem of the stage, no matter how it may be threshed out, always inevitably tends back to the same issue of its being a great silent teacher. And here is another thing that I have found—the theater is the daughter of the church, and how persistently and somewhat unjustly has the church pretended that the stage has been an unfaithful, erring child! Our drama might learn much from the church. The stage is left to starve on public applause, while the church thrives through the open-

have churches, chapels and conventicles. We want faith first, and then organization. Just think of it—the Salvation Army in this country raised \$300,000 in its week of self-denial. Why cannot we do something like that for the theater? There is where the theater's salvation lies. Get the Salvation Army spirit to working. Don't be mere spectators; be workers. And sacrifice something. Why, all you playgoers do now is to put your money into a slot and take out whatever chances to come in entertainment. You crouch, and lament, yet you will



WILLIAM T. STEAD.

heated sincerity of those who do not stand afar off, and either acclaim or abuse, but write themselves down as active members and give liberally of their worldly goods.

"Here, now I come to one of the points which I, as a tyro, am most anxious to make. Until the theater places itself upon the same footing as the church it cannot fulfill its true mission in the world. That's it; we must have the men who frequent theaters taking the same personal interest in them as they do in their churches. Blame me as a nonconformist for this attitude, but cast aside your petty fancies, your half thought-out prejudices, and I am sure you will come to my way of thinking. The fault with playgoers, as I see them, is that they are stage-hardened. They do not seem to be able to stand back and look at the stage as I, the tyro, too novice with his mind all open to impressions, am enabled to do. Somehow or other we must get rid of the vast multitude of simply pleasure-seeking theater-goers and save the stage for those elect who love it for its abounding inherent beauty, for the power for good which is in it, for the direct and at the same time subtle appeal it makes to all the public."

Mr. Pinero "Roasted."

"But stop—what vile odor is this! Phew, the reeking beastly thing!—the theater that lends itself to the publication of the vile side of life! We must lift ourselves out of this hell. Where are we now?—down in the black pit, where dances that infernal doll of Mr. Pinero, whom I have been told is the greatest living English dramatist. It was when I went to see Mr. Pinero's 'The Wife Without a Smile' that I caught a glimpse of the deepest, blackest depths. My heart sank within me when later I pondered the play in silent communion, and thought that not only I, but the whole audience, had foolishly, wickedly laughed at the insinuating capers of that fiendish invention. What kind of theater is that which indulges Mr. Pinero as its premier playwright when he dares to perpetrate a detestable affair like this doll, mocking the most sacred relations of husband and wife. Am I to understand that Mr. Pinero stands as the symbol of all that is great and enviable in the way of playwrighting in the English-speaking world? I hope not. I pray not. Perhaps, when I grow in full knowledge of the theater, I shall answer this question to my own satisfaction, but I confess to you that I dread the revelation that seems bound to come to me. That play, that doll, nauseated me, and you cannot imagine what joy I felt when Mr. Pinero and his imp of his were given short shrift in America."

"You do certain things better than we English. I hung with tense interest on the reception of this play in the United States. I said to myself: 'If they receive this polluted drama, then their stage is as foul as England's, and what hope is there in the world for regeneration?' I had faith in you, and you did not disappoint me. That wabbling doll, that licentious creation, never got farther than New York, and best of all, during its short sojourn there, not once was it made to go through the suggestive vibrations that in the end shocked thinking persons here."

England Worse Than America.

"I never had been in an American theater, but I assure you this one incident convinced me that the stage in the United States is not so abjectly low as that in England. Here in London is the place for me to learn, and to have my shafts of criticism. I stand for the pure theater, and for the serious theater. Once given its proper recognition, what shall we have theaters of as many different bents as there are religions. The day is coming when we are to have cults in theaters, just as we have Browning cults, and Tennyson cults, and social cults; just as we

not move yourselves to remedy the terrible evils that prevail.

"Give us a national theater in England and it is still believed in the United States like the movement that is on foot in America for the building of a really national theater. Keep on with it; that is a step in the right direction. Raise edifices to Shakespeare—the common heritage of the English-speaking world. Shakespeare—I speak the name with veneration. I am thankful that I have lived to see his plays performed. They have been a wonderful revelation to me. I thought I knew his plays, but I didn't half know them. I wonder if I know them yet. You cannot see them in their varied beauty as a student. I was only 17, and a poor lad on the quays of Newcastle, when I found a new world in his printed works, and I was 55 before I came to know the other marvels that present themselves when they are interpreted on the stage."

"I say to you in America, as I say to my fellow-countrymen in England—pattern your drama after Shakespeare. And as for the flippant stage, represented by Mr. Pinero and his dancing doll, I say: 'Good Lord, deliver us!'"

WILLIAM BULLOCK.

OLD LEGEND ABOUT BIRDS

Indians Think Great Spirit Made Them From Falling Leaves.

Kansas City Journal.
An Indian story that has been handed down and is still believed by many Indian tribes is one about the transformation of leaves into birds. Long years ago when the world was young the Great Spirit went about the earth making it beautiful. Wherever his feet touched the ground lovely trees and flowers sprang up. All Summer the trees were their short green dresses. The leaves were very happy and they sang their sweet songs to the breeze as it passed them.
One day the wind told them the time would soon come when they would have to fall from the trees and die. This made the leaves feel very sad, but they tried to be bright and do the best they could so as not to make the mother goes unhappy. But at last the time came and they let go of the twigs and branches and fluttered to the ground. They lay perfectly quiet, not able to move except as the wind would lift them.

The Great Spirit saw them and thought they were so lovely that he did not want to see them die, but live and be beautiful forever, so he gave to each bright leaf a pair of wings and power to fly. Then he called them his "birds." From the red and brown leaves of the oak came the robins, and yellow birds from the yellow willow leaves, and from bright maple leaves he made the redbirds. The brown leaves became wrens, sparrows and other brown birds. This is why the birds love the trees and always go to them to build their nests and look for food and shade.

Death to the Mosquito.

Baltimore Sun.
The mosquito has made itself a very important, but not welcome, factor in social life since the rains, but Levin T. Jones gives what he says is an excellent cure for the evil. He says: "It is well known that a cup of kerosene held under a mosquito resting upon a ceiling will kill it and it will drop into the cup. This has suggested to me a plan by the use of which I have reduced the mosquito nuisance to a minimum. I constructed a hoop about 18 inches in diameter, covering it with any material that will absorb kerosene. I saturated it and suspended the hoop from the ceiling. It can be arranged so that it can be raised or lowered over my head. The idea is that the insect must pass under the kerosene surface to get at the head of the sleeper, something it does not care to do. Anyone can construct such an arrangement; it is inexpensive and all right."