

## WILLIAM GADSBY & SONS' SIXTEENTH ANNUAL CLEARANCE SALE

Second Week=See Our Windows for Bargains

EVERY ARTICLE REDUCED FROM TEN TO FIFTY PER CENT

NOTE THE FOLLOWING PRICES

### CARPETS SPECIAL CASH SALE

- Hartford Axminsters, regular \$1.85, sale price, yard **\$1.51**
  - Alexander Smith's Axminsters, regular \$1.70, sale price, yard **\$1.38**
  - Saxony Axminsters, regular \$1.60, sale price, per yard **\$1.30**
  - Wilton Velvets, regular \$1.60, sale price, per yard **\$1.30**
  - Dunlap Velvets, regular \$1.25, sale price, per yard **94c**
  - Body Brussels, regular \$1.75, sale price, per yard **\$1.43**
  - Sanford's Brussels, regular \$1.25, sale price, per yard **98c**
  - Smith's Palisade Tapestry, regular \$1.10, sale price, yard **86c**
  - Higgins' Tapestry Brussels, regular \$1.00, sale price, yard **73c**
  - Best Extra Super, all-wool, regular \$1.00, sale price, yard **78c**
  - Maharajah, Pro-Brussels, regular \$1.00, sale price, yard **78c**
  - Ingrain, all-wool filled, regular 85c, sale price, yard **70c**
  - Union Ingrains, regular 55c, sale price, yard **44c**
- The above prices include making, laying and padded lining. An allowance of 10c per yard will be made if Carpet is only cut from roll.

### Rugs Are on Sale at Reduced Prices

- \$50.00 Bagdad Rugs, 9x12, sale price **\$36.00**
- \$48.00 Bigelow Wilton Rugs, 9x12, sale **\$36.00**
- \$38.00 Burlington Axminsters, 9x12, sale **\$27.90**
- \$38.00 Burlington Axminsters, 9x12, sale **\$27.90**
- \$30.00 Body Brussels, 9x12, sale price **\$25.55**
- \$30.00 Wilton Velvets, 9x12, sale price **\$22.30**
- \$27.50 Wilton Velvets, 9x12, sale price **\$22.30**
- \$27.50 Roxbury Rugs, 9x12, sale price **\$22.30**
- \$20.00 Brussels Rugs, 9x12, sale price **\$16.20**
- \$18.00 Brussels Rug, 8-3x10-6, sale price **\$14.00**
- \$22.00 Pro-Brussels Rug, 12x15, sale price **\$16.20**
- \$20.00 Pro-Brussels Rug, 12x13-6, sale **\$14.60**
- \$18.00 Pro-Brussels Rug, 12x12 feet **\$13.00**
- \$16.00 Pro-Brussels Rug, 12x10-6, sale **\$11.40**
- \$14.00 Pro-Brussels Rug, 9x12, sale price **\$9.75**
- \$12.00 Ingrain Rug, 9x12, sale price **\$9.75**

Sample Carpet Rugs 3 for \$1

### Brass and Iron Beds

- \$70.00 Brass Beds, now **\$50.00**
- \$60.00 Brass Beds, now **\$40.00**
- \$45.00 Brass Beds, now **\$35.50**
- \$25.00 Brass Beds, now **\$16.50**
- \$37.50 Iron Beds reduced to **\$22.50**
- \$22.50 Iron Beds reduced to **\$16.50**
- \$18.00 Iron Beds reduced to **\$13.50**
- \$15.00 Iron Beds reduced to **\$10.00**
- \$12.00 Iron Beds reduced to **\$9.00**
- \$10.00 Iron Beds reduced to **\$7.50**
- \$ 8.50 Iron Beds reduced to **\$6.00**
- \$ 6.50 Iron Beds reduced to **\$4.50**
- \$ 5.00 Iron Beds reduced to **\$3.50**
- \$ 3.50 Iron Beds reduced to **\$2.85**

### EXTRA SPECIAL

25 Per Cent Discount on Leather Couches and Leather Chairs

### Bargains in All Departments

Including Bedding, Crockery, Lamps, Odd Rockers and Chairs, Odd Parlor Pieces, Lace Curtains, Portieres and Couch Covers, Heaters, Cookstoves and Ranges and Office Furniture, all at reduced prices.

### Small Parlor Rugs at Clearance Sale Prices

- \$8.50 Rugs now **\$6.75**
- \$7.00 Rugs now **\$5.50**
- \$6.00 Rugs now **\$4.75**
- \$5.00 Rugs now **\$3.75**
- \$3.50 Rugs now **\$2.25**
- \$2.50 Rugs now **\$1.25**

### Buffet Bargains

- \$100.00 Buffets reduced to **\$65.00**
- \$ 75.00 Buffets reduced to **\$50.00**
- \$ 60.00 Buffets reduced to **\$42.00**
- \$ 45.00 Buffets reduced to **\$36.00**
- \$ 37.00 Buffets reduced to **\$25.00**
- \$ 27.50 Buffets reduced to **\$18.00**

### Mission Furniture

In Weathered Oak. For Dining-rooms, halls, libraries and dens at sale prices.

We Are Sole Agents for the Celebrated Majestic Ranges

Prices Reduced

The Only Furniture Store That Owns Their Own Building---No Rents to Pay That's Why We Sell Cheaper

### Desks and Bookcases at Sale Prices

- \$12.00 Ladies' Desk, birdseye maple, reduced to **\$8.00**
  - \$10.00 Ladies' Desk, birdseye maple, reduced to **\$7.50**
  - \$6.00 Ladies' Desk, white maple, reduced to **\$4.50**
  - \$15.00 Ladies' Desk, mahogany veneer, reduced to **\$11.50**
  - \$12.00 Ladies' Desk, imitation mahogany, reduced to **\$9.00**
  - \$30.00 Ladies' Desk, solid mahogany, reduced to **\$22.50**
  - \$25.00 Ladies' Desk, golden oak, reduced to **\$20.00**
  - \$25.00 Combination Bookcase and Desk, imitation mahogany, reduced to **\$16.00**
  - \$30.00 Combination Bookcase and Desk, mahogany veneered, now **\$22.50**
  - \$25.00 Combination Desk and Bookcase, in quarter-sawn oak, now **\$20.00**
  - \$22.50 Desk and Bookcase, oak, now **\$17.50**
  - \$15.00 Chautauqua Desk, oak, now **\$10.00**
  - \$12.00 Chautauqua Desk, maple, now **\$9.00**
  - \$15.00 Bookcase, glass doors, 3 feet wide, 5 feet 6 inches high, mahogany maple, now **\$9.00**
  - \$4.50 open-front Bookcase, now **\$3.50**
- Hundreds of others equally as good all through the establishment.

### Parlor Cabinets at Sale Prices

- \$50.00 Mahogany Parlor Cabinet, now **\$40.00**
- \$45.00 Mahogany Parlor Cabinet, now **\$38.00**
- \$35.00 Mahogany Parlor Cabinet, now **\$27.50**
- \$25.00 Mahogany Parlor Cabinet, now **\$17.50**
- \$20.00 Mahogany Parlor Cabinet, now **\$16.50**
- \$15.00 Mahogany Finish Cabinet, now **\$10.00**
- \$13.00 Mahogany Finish Cabinet, now **\$9.00**

### Sideboard Bargains

- \$154.00 Sideboard, now **\$80.00**
- \$110.00 Sideboard, now **\$75.00**
- \$ 84.00 Sideboard, now **\$59.00**
- \$ 65.00 Sideboard, now **\$45.00**
- \$ 40.00 Sideboard, now **\$30.00**
- \$ 37.00 Sideboard, now **\$28.00**
- \$ 35.00 Sideboard, now **\$26.00**
- \$ 30.00 Sideboard, now **\$22.00**
- \$ 25.00 Sideboard, now **\$20.00**
- \$ 20.00 Sideboard, now **\$15.00**

### China Closets

- \$90.00 China Closet, now **\$68.00**
- \$86.50 China Closet, now **\$60.00**
- \$82.00 China Closet, now **\$59.00**
- \$60.00 China Closet, now **\$40.00**
- \$45.00 China Closet, now **\$36.00**
- \$37.00 China Closet, now **\$28.50**
- \$30.00 China Closet, now **\$25.00**
- \$25.00 China Closet, now **\$20.00**
- \$20.00 China Closet, now **\$13.50 and \$15.00**

## "It Is Better Farther On"

Sermon Written for The Sunday Oregonian by Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, of Brooklyn.

Text: "Forgetting the things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before."  
**F**OR all men, small as well as great, even for those who have succeeded and conquered apparently all honors, it is true that the best is yet to be. Heroic Paul, earth's most intrepid and earth's sublimist spirit, standing forth in old age with a thousand victories behind him, knew that he had not yet attained. No matter what your success, I appeal from the seed to the coming sheaf, from the acorn to the coming oak, from the little spring to the future river, from your ignorance to wisdom, from your fragmentary tool or law or custom to perfect virtue, from the broken arc to the full circle, from the white cloud to the stars that are above the clouds.

Our race has short plans, and oft cannot see an inch before its face and refuses to believe that the best is yet to be. Once a man has some victory, some virtue, a noble deed, a happy hour in his past, he becomes a child of memory and stands looking regretfully back. Indeed, nothing is stranger than that one epoch in life always looks regretfully back toward the one that immediately preceded it. Thus the old man envies the mature man, the mature man with his weight of duty envies the young man with life all before him, the young man envies the boy with his freedom from care, and each age is eclipsed by the joy of a preceding epoch.

The illusions that belong to the past lie like a golden cloud over a man's spirit. Looking backward, nothing can bring back the splendor in the grass, the glory in the flower, for all has faded into the light of common day. Standing upon the scene of former battle, the soldier recalls the error and mourns over an opportunity gone forever. Returning to the scenes of his childhood, the scholar sorrow over those far-away days of idleness, with opportunities that will never return. In middle life the business man recalls the wasted resources of his youth, the little capital that he squandered, the treasure that, if it had been saved, would now become a vast fortune. Gone the great chances! Gone youth with its animal spirits! Gone the memory years, plastic and swift to receive knowledge! Gone the old friends, to whom the kind words can never be spoken! Men who have made a failure of yesterday feel that it is impossible that the best is yet to be.

Good men there are, overtaken by the loss of their beloved dead, who are sure that yesterday holds the best and that tomorrow holds only emptiness and heartbreak. Here is Edmund Burke, standing beside the mound that holds the son who was to hand forward his name and fame, going forward toward an increasing loneliness. How could it be true that the best is yet to be? And yet "God" in his heaven, all's right with the world." If his purposes are the lifeblood of the universe, invincible optimism alone is rational. For the scholar, for the statesman, for the hero, for the martyr, for the merchant, it is true that you have not yet done your best, and this is the year, perchance, when you may attain and say, "At last I have apprehended and overtaken a form of perfect virtue."

**For Youth It Is Better Farther On.**  
 Because life is in a series of ascending climaxes, and because it waxes ever richer and richer, for every man, whether young or old, it is better further on, and the best is yet to be. Under some poetic glamor men have over-emphasized youth. This epoch, when the blood bushes in the cheek and runs hot and strong in its course, is the epoch dear unto mankind. The poet sings endless peans of praise unto youth. At the feet of the youth and maiden mankind flings many tributes of praise. It is youth that must be painted for the interpretation of faith and hope and charity. It is youth that is sung by all the poets.

Men do, indeed, value the experience named middle age, but the reason is that it is the epoch of the soldier, the inventor, the jurist; it is the epoch when the strong hand holds the helm and waves the sword and opens the furrow and stretches out the scepter. But the beginning of life, named infancy, is despised, and the end of life, named old age, is abhorred. Because the beginning and the end are not worth while, savage peoples slay their infants and their old men with equal readiness. Thus it seems that youth and maturity make up an oasis that shades one way into a desert named infancy, and shades the other way into a desert named old age. This explains the fact that if the Greeks despised old men, the Indians also despise and slay them.

Egerton Young, the Arctic traveler, once said that on a September day, coming to the edge of the forest, he found an old Indian chief who had roped a great brown bear. The young braves had gone off for the Autumn hunt. Before going they had told their old father that he was too old to be of any use, and they would kill him on their return, being too poor to carry him through the Winter. Left in the village with the tents and children, one day the old chief found a bear—a bear that was itself so old that it had lost its claws and its teeth. When it struck, therefore, its strokes were as the strokes of a stuffed club, and its blows did not hurt. The old chief lariatied the bear and dragged it in, and when his sons returned they found their old father had achieved something that had always been beyond their skill. But, what was far better, they found Egerton Young, who was there to give them the beginning of a school, with an outlook upon the law of love and of reverence for one's parents and for the sanctity of human life.

But this contempt for old age is all but universal. Men do not believe, as they look forward to the time of physical weakness, that the best is yet to be. Nevertheless, life is a river that broadens and deepens toward the hour when it leaps into the infinite ocean. Beautiful as are the apple blossoms, the red glow of the clustered fruit in October, in the old age of the year, has a richer color, and represents an abiding food. Why should men be scourged forward like slaves unto old age? Why do they shrink back from it, as though

it was a form of degradation? The day goes toward the hour of sunset with ever waxing splendor. The year goes toward Autumn with a beauty that ever enhances. Life is a waxing treasure! Infancy is good; childhood is better; childhood is good, youth with its amazing joys is more valuable; youth is valuable, but maturity with its tool, its law, its gold, its honors, is better; maturity is good, but old age, with its harvested wisdom and friendship and love, is better than maturity. In April the orchard puts forth its buds, in November it shakes down the ripe fruit; then Winter cuts the tree down, but the life tree cut down by death in old age, is transplanted that it may bloom and bear fruit on the happy hills of Paradise.

Your life, therefore, is in the future. God keeps the best wine of the feast until beyond old age and death, for there beyond the stars in immortal youth, men drink of wisdom's cup, and taste the wine that wisdom mingles.

### For Those Who Suffer Injustice.

For obscure ones who are unrecognized, for all who have shown kindness and repaid gratitude, for the multitude who have achieved great things and done the work of wisdom's cup, and carried off the honor, for the great host of uncrowned heroes, it is better further on. All these have not yet done their best work. Honors are very unequal, if in this life only we have hope, it would seem as if the universe were keyed to injustice. For the most part, history is a volume of untruth. An author a generation ago wrote an essay on "The Decay of Lying." That was before the era of the historical novel.

The story of yesterday is a kind of Munchausen tale about Kings and battles, with this word on the back, "History." Witness, for example, the Boston tea party. A most charming example this of the lack of perspective in history. There were seven tea parties in this country, tea parties which the British attended at invited guests, but to which they came reluctantly. The first one was held on the Delaware. One day the ship, laden with tea, dropped anchor in the river. The citizens discussed the injustice of the tax and decided that their protest should be open, and above board. No disguises for them, that the British might not know whom to arrest. No stealing around under cover of darkness.

These Quakers and Moravians and Philadelphia patriots marched at high noon, with the magistrates and leading citizens at their head, down to the river. They boarded the ship and held the arms of the British behind their backs. The people carried the boxes of tea to the wharf, kicked the boxes in, made a pyramid, set fire to the tea, and made the British soldiers take their compliments to King George, who did not dare rule over a free people.

Then heroism became a contagion. Moving northward, it swept over New England. When five tea parties had already been held and the past was secure, the citizens of Boston also decided to hold one. Protected from danger by darkness and secure by Indian blankets, they held a little midnight tea party, and at daybreak the British did not know whom to arrest. Now, it happened that the English commander did not care to send word home about these Philadelphia patriots, whose noonday courage put the British soldiers in so bad a plight.

### Invention of British General.

Ashamed of his defeat, the British General, who knew that the English government had a singular dread of the Indian, with his subtlety and his midnight attack, wrote the full story of the Boston tea party home and explained the loss of the tea by the treachery of the Indians. And so the tea party that was held six days out of the seven is the one that is known in history, being, as a matter of fact, the only one that was hardly worth knowing. All historians and scholars understand this.

Our writers have published the full story, but the people have not time to go to the archives and read the historian's monograph. But only a broken bit of it is of no consequence to a man who does a brave deed that another gets the credit of it. The consciousness that one has done the deed is the great thing. That another man climbs on the roof and trumpets forth the claim that he did the deed and gets his name tagged to the victory is a little thing. In the long run all wrongs are righted, all honors are equalized, all mistakes corrected.

For all the children of failure and defeat, it is better further on. For all those who have succeeded and won great victories, the word of wisdom is, "You have not done your best yet." For all who have suffered from obscurity and injustice and ingratitude, the best is yet to be. Bowing in tears, the time will surely come when they will reap with joy. Some there are who rebel against this thought. They do not want anything better tomorrow than they had yesterday—they want only those whom yesterday they lost. What unaccomplished aims, what broken plans, what mutilated ideals, what marred hopes! The butterfly leaves its way from the chrysalis and comes forth with ragged, torn wings. Our ideals, too, in birth are mutilated. The artist's picture is a daub in comparison with that ideal loveliness that dwelt in his imagination. The sweetest song for the poet is only a jarring discord in contrast with that melody that he heard in his dreams. We plan the circle, and we compass only a broken arc. David dreams about his temple—long afterwards Solomon builds it. This is the story of the patriots, the martyrs, the heroes, the founders; they have labored—other men have entered into the fruit of their labors, carrying off the honors and reaping the harvest.

Oh, God's ways are not as our ways! For him there are no defeats. All things work for good to those who love him. It is always better further on. Therefore today open thy hand and sow thy seed, Love God, trust him and rejoice.

# WILLIAM GADSBY & SONS

(INCORPORATED)

THE HOUSEFURNISHERS

Corner Washington and First Streets