

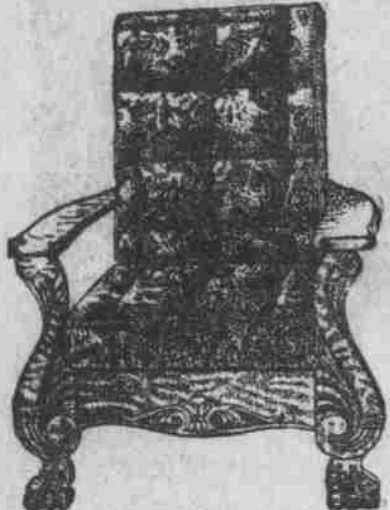


GADSBYS' SELL IT FOR LESS

"MEET ME AT GADSBYS' FOR THE OUTFIT"

Said the bride to the groom. Gadsbys' is now the popular meeting place for young couples. As soon as the honeymoon is ended and the young folks settle down to the realities of life, then the young wife says to her husband: "MEET ME AT GADSBYS' FOR THE OUTFIT."

A Straight Carload of Morris Chairs



This comfortable and elegant Morris Chair is made from solid quarter-sawn oak, highly polished and beautifully flaked, also mahogany finish; the front legs have beautifully carved claw feet, steel spring construction; cushions on seat and back are upholstered in best quality reversible velour; latest figures and designs, at the low price of \$12.50

Steel Ranges



The Leader Range is guaranteed for ten years and is as good and better than most Ranges sold for \$35.00—Gadsbys' Price is only \$27.50

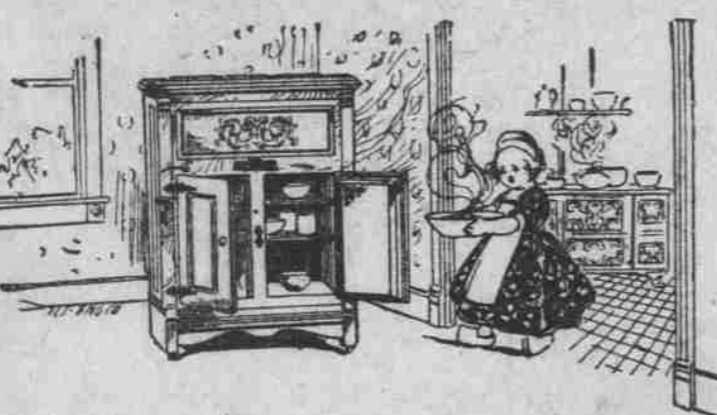
Gadsbys' Sleeping Folding Go-Cart \$9.50



Mothers should give their special attention to the baby at this season of the year. This Go-Cart has a fine reed body, with best chilled steel wheels and rubber tires and finely finished handle.

Special Sale Refrigerators

20 Per Cent Discount—Carload Arrived Saturday



Heavy, substantial cabinet, charcoal packed and lined with galvanized iron, removable metal shelves and other sanitary improvements; has most perfect scientific cold air circulation.



CARPETS

BIG BARGAINS IN OUR CARPET DEPARTMENT

AMBER VELVETS; REGULAR \$1.35, THIS WEEK \$1.15 FURTH TAPESTRY BRUSSELS, \$1.10; THIS WEEK \$95¢ BRUSSELS RUGS, 8:3x10:6; REGULAR \$20.00; CLOSE OUT AT \$16.50

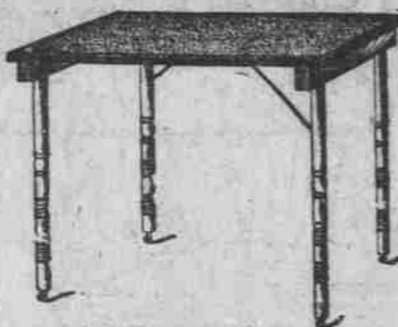
ALL CARPETS, RUGS AND OTHER FLOOR COVERINGS MADE, LAID AND LINED FREE.

Porch Rockers and Chairs



We have the finest line this season in the city. This one, made of hard maple, finished light or forest green; special \$3.50

SPECIAL!



Bridge Whist, or Five Hundred Folding Card Table, light and substantial size 24x30. The regular price of these Folding Card Tables is \$2.50; this week, while they last, for \$1.00

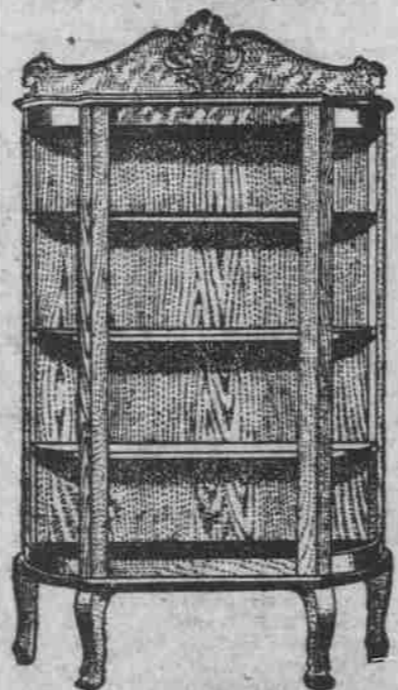
Gadsbys' Hallrack



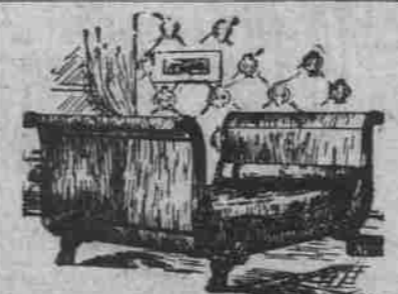
\$14.50

Made of highly polished quarter-sawn oak, piano polish, nicely carved, solid metal trimmed throughout, large French plate mirror and spacious box under seat. A Hat Rack that will add grace to any reception hall and is without a doubt a most desirable article.

Gadsbys' China Closet \$18.00



If you want an excellent China Closet of medium size you should have this one. It is highly polished golden oak, with curved glass ends and is a splendidly made piece of furniture; regular price \$26.00—Gadsbys' Price only \$18.00



Napoleon Beds, in quarter-sawn oak, beautiful creations, \$35.00 to \$45.00

Christ the Reconciler of Opposing Temperaments

SERMON WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN BY DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS, PASTOR OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN.

Text: "I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill."

IN CONTRAST with other leaders, Jesus is at once the ideal radical and the ideal conservative. He perfectly unites these contradictory qualities, both in his thought and in his life. His career seems the stranger for the reason that radicalism and conservatism are present paradoxes of thought. They are opposite poles, and are separated as the east from the west. The emblem of the radical is the ax laid to the root of the tree. The motto of the conservative is, "Hold fast to that which is good." The radical is a pathfinder, going on before to blaze the way, like Abraham, who went into a land he knew not of. The conservative prefers safety, and, like those Abraham left, remains behind, choosing to dwell in celled houses and to wear a silken vest. Vision power, therefore, is the characteristic of the progressive; memory and reverence belong to the conservative. The radical is a forward-looking man, living by hope; the conservative looks backward, and, like the Mississippi River pilot, steers from behind. Both temperaments are necessary to progress; the radical because he forgets yesterday's battles and victory in the zeal for a new reform; the conservative, because he faithfully guards treasures and institutions accumulated by the fathers.

Each Alone Represents Half a Man.

But when either tendency becomes paramount, the manhood becomes partial and the leadership perilous. Every full-orbed man is rational in front and conservative behind. After his master, Paul was the ideal reformer; with his left hand he remembered the things that were behind and held fast to them, that his life might have continuity; with his right hand he reached forward to the things that were before, that he might have progress. Out Paul in the middle and the front would have made a garden in reform and the rear half would have made a conservative theologian, defending a creed. In running a wagon and pulling a load, going up hill the horses are all radical, asking only for traces; going down hill they are all conservative, asking only for brakes. But the absence of either element in the harness means a catastrophe. History, therefore, exhibits many partial and fragmentary men. In religion, here is that conservative young rabbi, named Saul, who will defend the old Judaism even if he must slay Stephen. In politics, here is Charles I., standing for the giving right of kings, even though he is a barrier against all progress. In ecclesiasticism, we behold our theologians refusing to alter a creed, one jot or tittle. But examples of false radicalism are just as numerous. In politics, here is Robespierre, who led his pilgrim band out of the wilderness, not by God's pillar of cloud and fire, but by the light of blazing towns and cities. Here, too, is Thomas, who would not pay taxes because he did not believe in slavery, who would not vote when he had no other instrument for righting a foul wrong. It seems, therefore, that when a man becomes all radical or all conservative he is a danger to his generation and to his country. The soul is a living organism. Life is a solid column of days and years, and so, too, are institutions. The continuity of life, therefore, must be preserved. The soul is a tree; you may cut away the rotten branch with one hand, but you must free the roots with the other. Political institutions, religious institutions, industrial institutions, are like vines. You may prune them and you may graft them, but you touch the life at your peril, for with their death comes your starvation. With one hand, then, labor for the vine's growth at the top, while with the other hand conserve the root at the bottom. In these days, therefore, when men are discussing creeds, industrial institutions, political institutions, we can hardly find a more practical theme than this one—Jesus Christ, the ideal radical and the ideal conservative, as an example for all who seek to destroy old wrongs and bring in a new and better way. Perhaps we shall find no finer illustration of Christ's power to destroy the evil and save the good in an institution than his work for Judaism. The old sys-

tem of the temple and the synagogue was decadent, outgrown and partial. There stood the temple with its altars, the pen crowded with sheep and goats, the butcher with his knife, and the priest with his robe. The time was, in the days of Moses, and even of David, when these outer symbols were full of instruction to the Hebrews. But what is good for a race in its childhood is bad for that race in its maturity. Moses was the Pestalozzi of his age. He was the first to organize a system of symbols that appealed to the mind through the eye. Great was Froebel! Wonderful also the genius of Pestalozzi! But greater than both multiplied a score of times, the genius of Moses. Twenty-five years ago it was quite the thing to talk about the mistakes of Moses. But since that time clay libraries and tablets have been deciphered, a thousand old rolls translated, manuscripts have been compared, the storied East has yielded up its richest treasures of wisdom. The result is that Moses' name and fame are fixed forever. He found the Children of Israel at a seminal point, next to nothing. They were a mere mob, a herd of cattle, and a horde of slaves. They could not read or write, they had no idea of God, of law, of sin, of conscience, of politics, or liberty. Suppose you were suddenly set free from front with a cannibal or a savage. Suppose you wanted to tell him what an sin was. How would you begin? By the time you have worked over that question for a few weeks you will begin to appreciate the genius of Moses. Moses wanted to make these slaves understand that sin separated men from God, in a moral universe. How did he do this? He built a series of walls—first an outer wall, that held all the people aloof, because they had broken God's law. When the people had sinned, he made them bring something that was precious to them, perhaps it was a dove or a lamb, and then when they had offered it, had bowed themselves to the ground and confessed their sin and repented of it, he brought them into the outer court. Beyond was an inner court; further still, a holy place; beyond the next wall, a most holy place. And then, at a sacred center, was the ark of the covenant. Into this holy place only the high priest might enter, and that only once a year. And not only does sin separate, but Moses wanted to show the people that sin costs God much treasure. Did one man in his anger slay another, leaving children orphans? Well, God had to become the sin-bearer for the murderer. In his providence, the unseen God raises up friends for the little ones, becoming a father to the fatherless and a husband to the widow. To make these newly-emancipated slaves understand that sin costs God and man much treasure, Moses made the transgressor bring his most precious liquor, oil or wine, his most precious grain, that also upon which he lived, the lamb or the goat, and soon, through these symbols, they climbed in thought up toward God. Did Moses' kindergarten system of symbols hold power to transform slaves and savages? Let history answer. How wise this judge named Samuel! How marvelous this sweet singer, David! What eminence belongs to Solomon, the scholar? How noble this company of prophets and martyrs and Kings! But no man must remain a child forever. The Hebrews ought to have outgrown Moses' system in a hundred years. A scaffolding is useful in its place, but when the house is done, the scaffolding ought to be taken away. When Michael Angelo was decorating the Sistine Chapel, the scaffolding filled the entire room. When the artist had completed those marvelous seraphs and the Judgment scene, he intended to have the scaffolding come down. What if the scaffolding of Michael Angelo had been kept in the Sistine Chapel for the last 500 years? It would have been no more foolish than for these old Hebrews, who kept their slaying of lambs and kids long after their symbolic use had been fulfilled. Consider the peril of false conservatism. Its characteristic is reverence for old laws, old customs and old creeds.

This spirit prefers old creeds to new ones, old customs and forms to modern ones, old medicines, old tools, old houses—for all these the false conservative has great reverence. In its extreme form conservatism prefers an ox cart that is old to a Pullman palace car that is new. Many of our theological faculties are still jolted along in the old two-wheeled cart. They prefer it, not because it is good, but because it is old. Their reverence for an old creed is like a man's reverence for an old house of his father's. To be sure, rain is coming through the roof and filling the house with dampness and decay, and the wall is beginning to crack. Nevertheless, it is too sacred to touch. No carpenter must profane this roof by nailing on a new shingle. No artist must restore this ceiling that has been dimmed by dampness and rain. No unholy hands must repair this hole in the floor. It is not given to men to conserve the truth; what the truth asks for is not defense, but discussion. The conservative is in error in June because God is splitting the bark without, because the tree is growing within. But the true conservative is one who is willing to destroy what is outgrown.

There is also a radicalism that is false, impractical and untrue. Every generation holds a few progressives, who love destruction for its own sake. They are always going around with an ax, looking for something that they can chop down. They are leaders, if leaders they can be called at all, who are so far in advance that they themselves become lost; if they ever blaze any path in the wilderness, it is so long before the people come up with them that the blazed trail is overgrown with weeds, and is as if it were not. In politics we see it in a man like Tolstoy, with his strange attempt to be a peasant, yet keeping his palace, mingling the old patrician thought with the peasant life, entertaining his guests with cold bird and champagne, while he drinks water and eats rye bread. Today he stands aloof until his influence is partly lost, when he should be the great leader. In religion we see a man like Colonel Ingersoll, one of the half scores of the inspirational orators the country has ever seen. When he saw that the apple-tree planted by Moses was a wild thorn apple, and that there were many caterpillars' nests in the boughs, this patriot took an ax and, because he loved his fellow, he said: "Let us chop this wild thorn apple down, and sow the ground with salt." By that method you can never have an orchard. To get the juicy fruit we must take the wild tree that we have. Slowly the husbandman enriches the soil. Slowly he prunes the boughs, carefully he puts in the grafts. Little by little the sour becomes the sweet. We need the sharp knife with which to prune away the false growths, but we need also the conserving hand that grows the spiced fruit. Oh, what losses the world has suffered through the mistakes of its false conservatives! Not less grievous, we must confess, are the losses occasioned through its mistaken radicals. In contrast with both forms of fragmentary life and thought, how sublime the figure of Jesus Christ standing forth, at once the ideal progressive, the ideal conservative, in all his labors in the earth. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

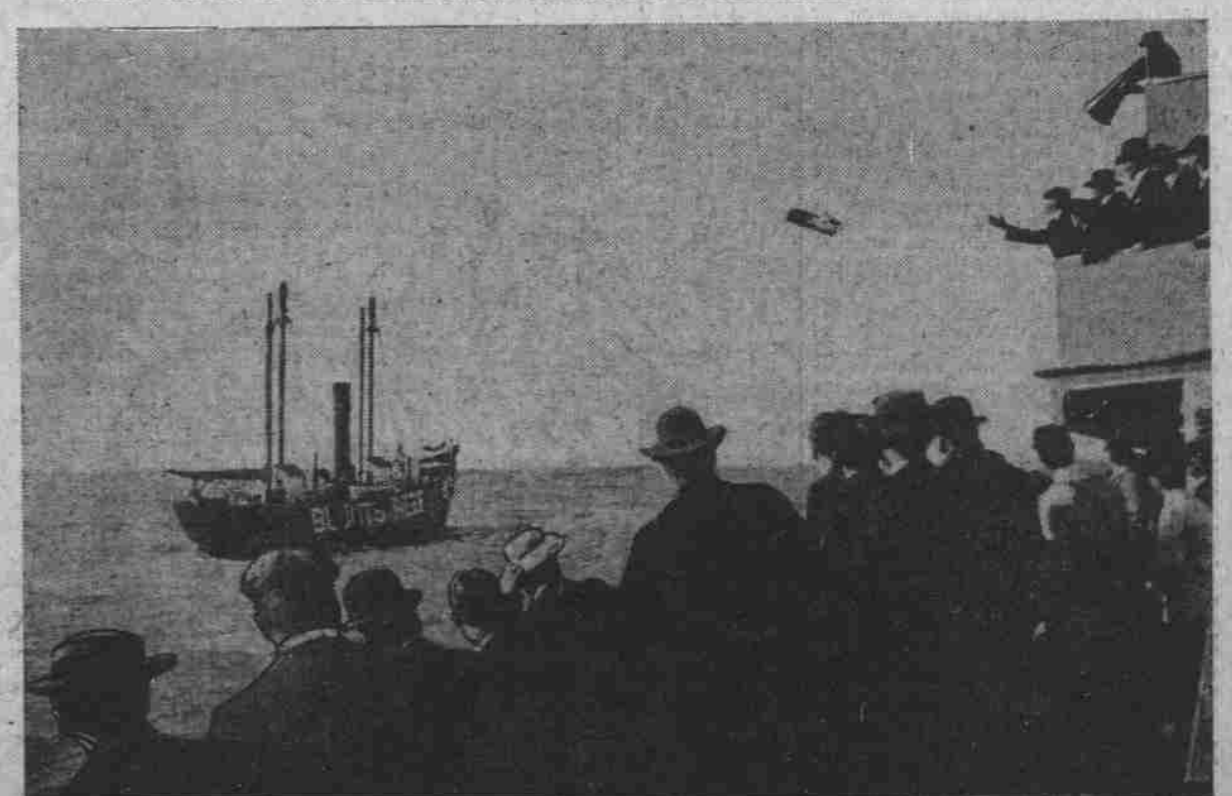
A Prayer in Defeat.

Arthur Stringer in the Smart Set. Tell him I'm back, God, if thou must! Thy wrath, ere I shall bear, I have been taught to know the dust Of battle, and despair. Bend not to me this hour, O God, I've defied thee stand; Where I defied thee stand; And still wait, not unmanned; But should some white hour of success Sweep me where, vine-like, lead The widening roads, the clamoring press— Then I thy lash shall need! Then, in that hour of triumph keen, For then I ask thee aid; God of the weak, on whom I lean, Keep me thine unafraid!

Hostile.

Maggendorfer Blatter. Poet—(to editor)—The poem I wish to submit to you was the product of a sleepless night. Editor—Yes, night is no man's friend.

GIVING NEWS OF SAN FRANCISCO DISASTER TO LIGHTSHIP OFF CAPE MENDOCINO



PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON BOARD THE STEAMER F. A. KILBURN.

The news of the San Francisco disaster was given to the lightship off Cape Mendocino in a novel way by Captain Merriam of the steamer F. A. Kilburn. Captain Merriam ran close to the lightship and threw a stick to which was fastened a copy of a newspaper containing the first account of the disaster into a small boat sent out from the lightship. The lightship is stationed far from shore and only occasionally those on board have the advantage of communication with the outside world.

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