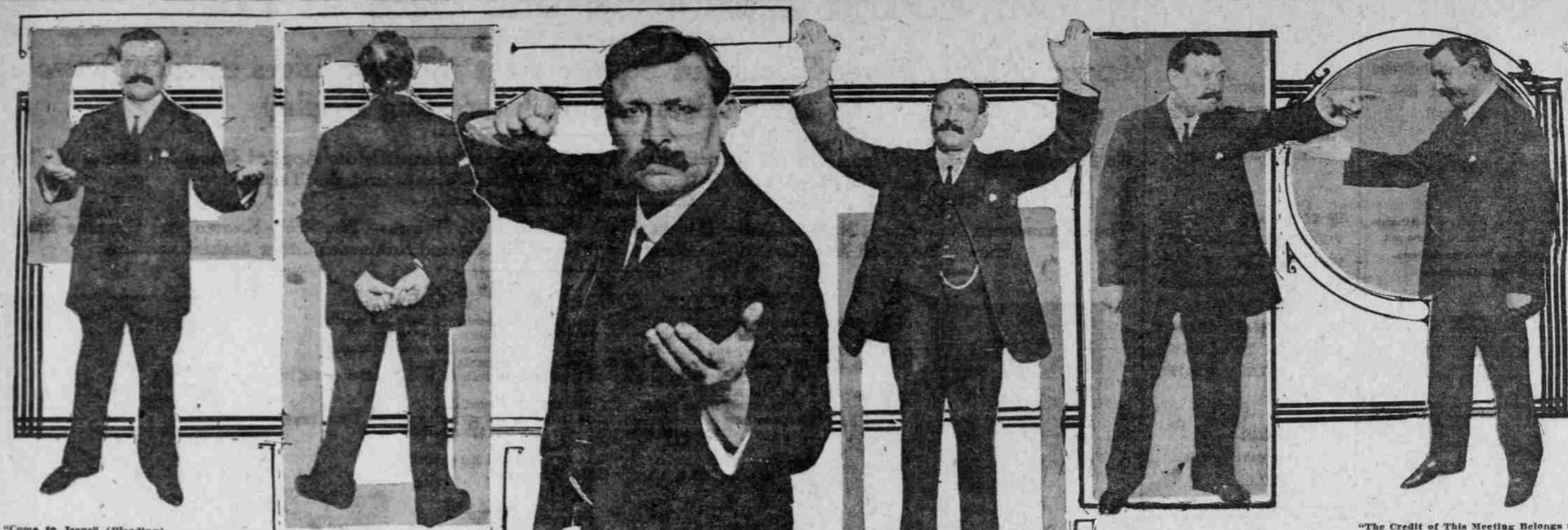


GIPSY SMITH IS CAUGHT BY CAMERA IN CHARACTERISTIC POSTURES



"Come to Jesus" (Pleading).

"I Learnt My Music From God's Choir in Feathers" (Talking to the Choir, His Back to the Audience).

"All My Hopes for Fallen Humanity Hang on the Two Nails Driven in the Cross" (Imploping).

"You Sing Sing, and the Preacher Gets a Chance at You" (Commanding).

"The Credit of This Meeting Belongs to Your Preachers" (Indicating the Section Occupied by the Ministers).

FEARS ARE STILLED

Gipsy Smith Assures Ministers He Will Aid Them.

ORATORY STIRS PARSONS

Renowned Preacher Tells Pastors How to Reach Souls—Fads in Pulpit Condemned—Rev. John F. Han, 94, Says Prayer.

If there was a minister in Portland who thought Gipsy Smith was coming to the Willamette metropolis to supersede the preachers in their work, the evangelist at the Taylor-street Methodist Church removed all doubts, for before the meeting ended questions were asked and answered between brother and brother.

Introduced by Dr. Young, Gipsy Smith first of all made it quite clear that he did not come to Portland to teach the ministers. Rather was he willing to learn, he said.

"By comparing notes with one another," he told them "we shall find this afternoon has not been ill spent if we can look into one another's hearts today and get closer to one another. If there is any question you want to ask me about your work, you are welcome. Brothers, we have a common bond of interest in what draws us together—saving souls for Christ Jesus. I want to say and I want you to know I am your friend."

"Whatever I do and say in public will be with an honest endeavor to strengthen the work and hands of every minister in this state. As my meetings you may be sure that I shall not say one single thing that will reflect on you and your work. That is why I insist every day that a local pastor shall take part in my daily meetings."

Talk Wins All Over.

Until that point the ministers had been attentive but not absorbed. Now a number of them—and there were more than 200 present representing every Protestant Evangelical church in the Willamette metropolis—leaned forward. There seemed to be a sort of magnetism about the man, as one of the preachers remarked after the evangelist's address.

"I thought I was past emotion. Never have I been so gripped, torn I might also say," remarked another whose name is a household word in Portland. "Some evangelists come to a town and make those that have done all the work to make the meetings a success, sit down and wait for the evangelist. I can't do that—I have too much grace in my soul. Whatever else I am, I am loyal to you. My own desire is to help my brethren and when I say 'amen' and walk out of Portland I want your hands to be stronger than ever and I want you to feel that the Gipsy has helped rather than hindered you in the work you are doing."

A minister asked a question regarding the precise religious status of a preacher. Gipsy Smith replied: "I don't think any man will be of service to humanity until he has lived the gospel he preaches. He must be able to say 'I know it.' It's the personal testimony that counts. You can't feed until you're fed. You can't lift until you are on solid ground. You can't save until you're saved."

"Should there be a definite note in our message?" another queried.

"We are too general," replied the evangelist. "First and foremost our work is to make the deaf hear, the blind to see. If you are not making men's ears to open—then look out."

Work Beyond Church Urged.

Then came one of those moments that seem characteristic with Gipsy Smith. "The ministers of the gospel follow this plan. I told them in England, there will be a revival such as John Wesley never saw. Do you believe in the gospel? I would preach the whole New Testament. I would preach the awfulness of sin. I would neither make nor accept excuses for myself and I would not spare myself."

"Humanity knows when the man who preaches is honest. I would have personal workers and I would make them

work or make it so hot they would get out. I would not let my church be the congratulatory room of the found. I would not be there to coddle sinners, but to convert sinners. If I might give you one word of advice I would say go to these people. Do open-air work. More good would be done in one Sunday outside on the raw material than in 52 Sundays inside. I believe in the open-air treatment."

Gipsy Smith in reply to other questions advised the ministers on how to pray and on the use of the pulpit and men. He told them to get personal workers who would work. Have personal invitations given by people who knew whereof they were talking, was his counsel.

"What we need to do is to get in personal grips with the devil and fight him," he declared.

Fad Sermons Denounced.

He scored preachers who delivered addresses on fads of the day. He said in New York he looked through the papers and found scarcely one sermon on Jesus Christ. Sermons should be on Jesus, was his contention.

"Church should not be a sort of reform club," he said.

"Don't give up your pulpits for anything but Jesus Christ," was another reply to a question as to whether the Anti-Saloon League and similar institutions should be allowed the pulpits.

"Preach Christ; if you take my ticket, you sweep the board," he said.

At the close of the long meeting Rev. John F. Han, D. D., the 94-year-old Methodist former circuit rider, rose to pray. With a voice that was often broken, always quivering, he asked that souls might be saved by the ministrations of the Gipsy.

"If what you say is true and our prayers are answered we should have 10,000 converts," said the noted evangelist.

"Why not?" asked Gipsy Smith.

"Amen, amen," was the old man's response.

PITHY REMARKS CATCH GIPSY SMITH'S EPIGRAMS CLING TO MEMORY.

Evangelist Uses Short, Homely Expressions to Illustrate Points in Revival Addresses.

Epigrams seem natural to Gipsy Smith. They are characteristic of the man. He says a short sentence aptly expressed does more for good than volumes that contain nothing but words and words.

The Gipsy feels that often he gets but one chance at a man or woman, and by short, direct statements he manages to leave an impression that is lasting. If nothing else is remembered one of his sayings is bound to cling to the memory.

Frequently his epigrams are coined on the spot, sometimes the same phrase will be used in every city in which he works. Everywhere to his personal workers he emphasizes the need to get below the outer surface to build for Christianity in a manner that is lasting. "Dig deep; don't build a mud hut when you can build a palace," is a sample of his terse expressions.

He uses the epigram to criticize. His criticism is kindly but searching. Of this nature is: "In a Gipsy tent we raise our children. In America the children raise the parents."

That statement at his meeting Friday was discussed over all the city yesterday. The very directness of the charge made persons either agree or disagree with him. But none could or did forget what he said.

Often Gipsy Smith uses the obvious as a means of reducing his arguments to a point at which they can be understood at once. "You can't feed unless you're fed," was the way he told Portland ministers that unless they lived like Christ they could not preach Christianity successfully.

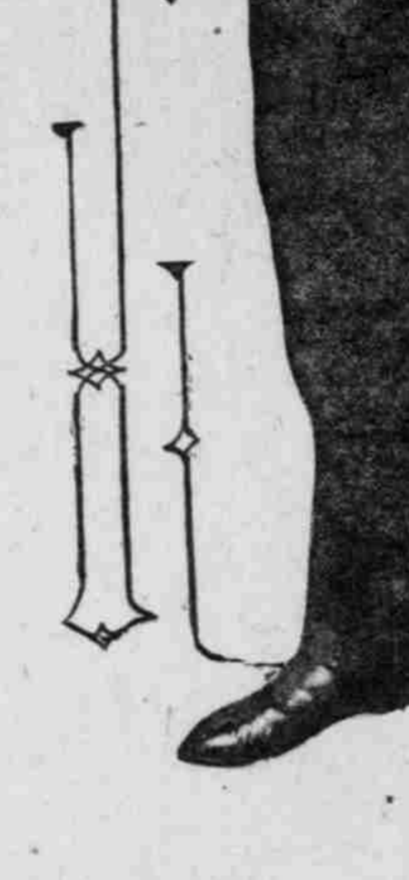
The maxim expressed by General Booth, who declared that in adapting comic opera airs for hymns he "did not intend to let the Devil have all the best tunes," is shown in Gipsy Smith when he uses current slang—mostly of English origin, to make a point definite. "Your ticket will sweep the boards," shows that Gipsy is not unaware of racing talk.

"I am not here to coddle sinners, but to convert sinners," is another sample.

Gipsy Smith adapts his talk to his audiences. Homely illustrations are used by him when he discusses religion with those who are uneducated, while with those to whom the classics are not strange he uses profound argument.

14-Year-Old Boy Disappears.

Mrs. Katherine K. Ellis, of 845 De Pauw street, has reported to the police that her son, Henry, 14 years old, has been missing since 9 o'clock Friday morning. She fears that he may



"Oh! the Awfulness! Oh! the Horror of Sin!"

have gone to California with a red-haired boy of about the same age, with whom he has been associating, but whose name she does not know. She describes her son as being rather small for his age, wearing blue overalls, a dark coat and a tan cap, and as being dressed rather shabbily.

ILL LUCK PURSUES NEGRO

Fellow-Prisoners Tell Him He is Serving Another's Term.

Disaster haunts John Davis, a negro inmate of the City Jail. Davis could not leave Portland because the train he boarded switched back and re-entered the town; a special officer arrested him before he could leave the train; he was sentenced for vagrancy, and now he thinks that he is serving a 90-day sentence, when in reality his term will expire in eight days. Facing his accumulated woes, Davis addressed a petition to the Municipal Judge last night, asking that he be given another chance.

Davis started for Vancouver, Wash., early Wednesday morning on the top of a boxcar. At the trestle, the train stopped and switched back into Portland. Just as Davis was descending from his perch, the hand of a railroad policeman descended on him and he was arrested.

In Municipal Court, Henry Davis, white, arrested for vagrancy, was given a 90-day sentence, while John Davis was assessed a \$20 fine, which he was to work out. Fellow prisoners

GOD IS CITY'S GREATEST NEED, SAYS EVANGELIST

Gipsy Smith Declares Yearning for Almighty Should Exceed Desire for Wealth, Boom, or Change in Politics.

(Daily sermon written for The Oregonian by Gipsy Smith.)

What is Portland's greatest need? Some would answer a boom in real estate, a rush in the commercial world, larger banks, taller buildings. Others would say, a change in the political situation; less work and more money—more pleasure.

But is that the real need of Portland? Or are there not deeper needs? How about the hunger of the soul? The spirit—the thirst which is never satisfied? Isn't there a deeper cry than all earthly things in your answer? Does not humanity need God? Is the soul a corn-cob, or a safe-deposit? Can the material satisfy the infinite hunger? Is it not God we need? Only the difficulty is to get men

DAY'S DATE HAS SIX ONES

11-11-11 Represents November 11, 1911—Similar Record Remote.

The numeral 1 found more general use yesterday than it will probably meet again within a hundred years, for yesterday was the 11th day of the 11th month in the 11th year of the century, and the date lines on hastily written letters and telegrams resembled the beginning of a football signal: 11-11-11.

Next year will be the last in the century in which a similar coincidence will be found, when letters will be dated on December 13 with 12-12-12, but this will not come anywhere near equalling the reckless abandon with which writers of letters strrew their ones yesterday.

The only year in which the number of units in November 11, 1911, has been better was 800 years ago, when, if they had been "up" on modern methods of time-saving abbreviation, we might have looked in the parchments of the medieval scribes for some such combination as 11-11-1111.

He can be commanding, even tyrannical. Every muscle tense, every nerve keyed up to the limit, he stretches arm and finger to the utmost and says to one special gathering of people, "Now you sing." They may not want to sing but they do sing, nevertheless.

Courteous and winning, above all, is he when he talks of or to "young ministers" are grouped them where they sit in the tabernacle, his smile embracing them and his audience. They feel he is not slurring them when he says, "The credit of this meeting belongs to you ministers."

Gipsy Smith wins souls not only with his voice, but with his gestures.

awakened and willing, earnestly, to seek that God, is the seed. Soul rest can only be given by him who created the soul only. God makes the food, for the Bible calls the bread from heaven, and this alone satisfies the infinite hunger. Strength for weakness, light for darkness, rest for weariness, home after wandering, pardon for sin—rest in which necessitates a real pardon. These are the things that the people of Portland are needing. And all these things come from God. And he sends us much now as he did in the prophetic day. "Incline your ear and come unto me. Hear, and your soul shall live, and I will make an everlasting covenant with you." Even then show mercy of David.

In him all our wants are supplied. His love makes our heaven below. Just because the soul is eternal, only an eternal God can satisfy it. All else aggravates, tantalizes, and only insults the hunger of the heart. Wherefore do you spend money for that which is not bread and your labor for that which is satisfied not?

"Hearken diligently unto me, and heed ye that which is good, and let your soul delight."

EVERY MOVE TALKS

Gipsy Smith's Gestures Are Big Part of His Power.

POINTED FINGER TELLING

Evangelist Frequently Assumes Cross-Like Posture in Talking of Crucified Christ—Hands Upraised Start Choir.

There is no more striking feature about Gipsy Smith and the work he is doing than the many gestures by which he so often emphasizes, often expresses and often absolutely intensifies his utterances. They are as distinctive as they are numerous.

In no small way are they responsible for the success of the man as an evangelist and as a preacher. As he stops for a moment and his face wrinkles in inexpressible disgust, coming to a peaked appearance and like the hood of a snake, while one clenched fist drives down through the air into the open hand, there is driven home with the force of a pneumatic hammer, just what the evangelist is trying to convey by the terms: "The awfulness of sin."

Every fiber in the man seems to reach out toward his audience and his voice takes on a searching tinge when he says, "Come to Jesus."

Then when he turns his back on the audience and tells the choir what he wants of it, the very manner in which his hands are gripped, conveys the winning, fatherly comment of Gipsy Smith, the man.

An entirely different impression is given to his audience when, with arms stretched aloft, legs wide spread, his body takes on the form of the great cross of Calvary. It is unconscious with him because when he is asked to repeat the attitude he seems hardly to know what is required. When he tells of the cross on which the hopes of sinners depend, his body takes the posture that is symbolic and typical of the cross of which he talks.

He can be commanding, even tyrannical. Every muscle tense, every nerve keyed up to the limit, he stretches arm and finger to the utmost and says to one special gathering of people, "Now you sing." They may not want to sing but they do sing, nevertheless.

Courteous and winning, above all, is he when he talks of or to "young ministers" are grouped them where they sit in the tabernacle, his smile embracing them and his audience. They feel he is not slurring them when he says, "The credit of this meeting belongs to you ministers."

Gipsy Smith wins souls not only with his voice, but with his gestures.

REST PRECEDES VIM

MANAGERS GIVE EVANGELIST EVENING TO SELF.

Daily Meetings Are Programmed Beginning Today—Special Talks to Men Arranged.

An evening of rest was granted Gipsy Smith last night by the managing committee which has the evangelist's programme in charge in Portland. From now on, with the exception of one day of partial rest a week, the energies of the famous exhorter will be taxed to the utmost.

Gipsy Smith will address two meetings today, both of which will be at the tabernacle at Eighteenth and Chapman streets. The first of these meetings will be commenced promptly at 3 o'clock and the doors for the general public will be thrown open half an hour earlier. Personal workers, ministers and those having cards to indicate their special work will be admitted by the Eighteenth-street side door half an hour preceding general admission. At night the meeting will begin at

JAIL MADE CHEERY

County Prisoners Grip Hand of Evangelist Smith.

"WANDERING BOY" IS SUNG

Prison Cards Are Thrown Away at Slight of Renowned Exhorter Who Has Kind Word to Say to Each Unfortunate.

(Continued From First Page.)

think I found? There he was writing to his old mother in England and in the middle of that letter I wrote a few lines to tell that mother that her boy was well, that her boy was a Christian and that she need have no fear."

All Join in Song.

He stopped. There was not a sound save for the suppressed sobs. A crippled lad reached for the Gipsy's hands while one with a broken arm lying on a bed began to climb out.

The Gipsy smiled at them. It was the same smile that has made him famous. Then he sang one verse of "Where Is My Boy Tonight?" A young man in the front attracted him.

"You have a mother haven't you?" asked the evangelist. "Now sing this with me."

And Gipsy and jailbird together sang the air. Then they all joined in.

There were just a few more words of hope and encouragement and with a "God bless you all," he left.

The evangelist was then conducted to a room full of young boys. He talked to them, too, using simple phrases, but all through he aimed at their better natures. One after another they encumbered while the Gipsy kept a firm grip on the shoulder of one lad whose very frame seemed shaken by sob.

Then the soul-mover sang to them, "The Best Friend to Have is Jesus."

Hand of Each Grasped.

In both rooms he shook each inmate by the hand. One or two he took aside with a whispered, "I shall pray for you my brother."

And when Gipsy Smith, evangelist, got outside the doors he was sobbing at the very thought of the misery he had seen.

Deputy Sheriff Jones told the prisoners in a few words who their guest was. The Gipsy greeted Jailer Hunter and the cook, and as he rode up the elevator, "Judge" Mary Leonard, an attorney, gripped his hand.

"Well that was 20 minutes well spent," remarked Gipsy Smith as, under the guidance of Dr. Young, he started for the Taylor-street Methodist Church.

Michigan Alumni to Dine.

Graduates of the University of Michigan are invited to attend the second annual dinner of the University of Michigan alumni to be served at Hotel Carleton, November 17, at 6:30 o'clock. Arrangements for places may be made with Robert E. Hitch in the Penton building.

Player piano in our exchange room. Autopiano, \$287; terms, \$10 per month. Kohler & Chase, 378 Washington st.

We do it now. Edlefson Fuel Co.

To the Public

—Only 35 shopping days till Christmas.

—Select now from complete stocks.

—Shop early in the day, assisting our employes in giving careful and unhurried service.

THE GREATER Meier & Frank Store