



Wm. Gadsby & Sons

Washington Street, Corner First




Made in Oregon Furniture Sale

Factory Samples at Phenomenally Low Prices
An Event of Extraordinary Importance to Everyone in Need of Furniture

SALE BEGINS MONDAY AT 8 A. M. SHARP

This Davenport for \$25.00
HAS AUTOMATIC ACTION.
Has a receptacle for bedding, makes a comfortable bed. Frame is of oak; seat and back are upholstered over oil-tempered steel springs, covered in chamois leather. Retail at \$30.00. Special this week

\$25



MADE IN OREGON

Gadsbys' 3-Piece Solid Oak Library Suite, Genuine Spanish Leather, at \$25



This Solid Oak Library Suite, consisting of one Arm Rocker, one Settee and Arm Chair. Upholstered in genuine brown Spanish leather. Spring seats. Quarter-sawn oak, dull wax finish. Special for this sale. \$25.00. Same Suite in imitation Spanish leather for \$20.00.

MADE IN OREGON

\$19.00 Library Tables for \$9.50

This Handsome Library Table is quarter-sawn white oak with rich deep natural markings, honestly made, beautifully finished, either fumed or waxed golden oak; height 32 inches; top 46x26; legs are 2 1/2 inch; large drawer with wood knobs. Other stores ask \$19. Gadsbys' half price

\$9.50



MADE IN OREGON

Gadsbys' 3-Piece Dining-Room Set Complete, \$48.75



We have turned one entire lower floor over to the display of Dining-Room Furniture, where you will be able to find anything in that line you may desire. It will pay you to see this floor before buying; we can sell you for less. The three pieces above are solid oak, finished either in wax, golden or the popular fumed. Gadsbys' price

\$48.75

MADE IN OREGON

SOME SPECIAL BARGAINS

Imperial Wiltons, 9x12 feet, each	\$29.50	Sussex Velvets, 9x12 feet each	\$17.50
Royal Axminsters, 9x12 feet	\$23.00	Metropolitan Brussels, 9x12 feet	\$18.00
Extra Axminsters, 9x12 feet	\$25.00	Eureka Brussels, 9x12 feet	\$12.50
Saxony Axminsters, 9x12 feet	\$18.50	Special Brussels, 9x12 feet	\$ 9.50

CARPETS WERE NEVER SOLD SO CHEAP BEFORE—RUGS REDUCED FOR THIS SALE.

Everything to Furnish the Home
Carpets, Rugs, Matting, Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges, Go-Carts, Perambulators, Refrigerators, all at substantial reductions



Our Club Plan of Easy Installments Affords You the Most Liberal Credit



\$18 Oak Dresser for \$9.85

Oak Dresser with French plate bevel mirror; we also have a few of these Dressers with oval mirrors; they are finished in the pretty dull wax. This is positively the greatest Dresser value for so little money ever offered in the city. Gadsbys' price

\$9.85



MADE IN OREGON

\$45.00 Mahogany Dresser for \$22.50

This large Mahogany Dresser with 28x34 French beveled plate mirror and large base, measuring 22x45, made of beautiful figured mahogany, dull wax finish, two large deep, long drawers and two small upper drawers at the top. Exactly as illustrated. This dresser sold regularly \$45. Gadsbys' price for this sale is

\$22.50

Sold on easy weekly or monthly payments.



MADE IN OREGON

EVERYTHING to FURNISH THE HOME
Carpets, Rugs, Matting, Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges, Go-Carts, Perambulators, Refrigerators, all at substantial reductions

\$12.00 Mattresses for \$8.95

These Splendid White Cotton Felt Mattresses, weighing 40 pounds, are compressed down to six inches in thickness, remain soft and elastic and do not wear equal to the mattresses so extensively advertised at \$15; absolutely sanitary, durable and comfortable. Gadsbys' special price only

\$8.95

Other Mattresses as cheap as \$3.50

Every Mattress Sold by Gadsbys is Made Special and Made in Oregon.



MADE IN OREGON

Gadsbys' Gas Ranges Always Satisfy

Buy your Gas Range while the price is low. \$20 Gas Ranges, special at

\$15

Other Gas Stoves as cheap at \$6.50.

This Style \$25.00

Gas Plates as Low as 50c
Gadsby sells Gas Water Heaters for less.



FIGHT SHOWS JOHNSON IS RETROGRADING FAST

Effect of High Life Evident in Go With Moran—Paris Bout Second Time
Pittsburgher Has Met Champion—"Gunboat" Smith Next.

BY ROSCOE FAWCETT.

THE reign of the black dynasty in pugilism has not yet gone crashing into oblivion.

But the negro heavyweight champion's showing yesterday against Frank Moran convinces flaccid students, savants and specialists alike that the Johnson of old is retrograding fast.

Some four years ago Johnson stood at the very crest of pugilism. Moran would have had but slight chance of surviving 20 rounds in those days. Moran has never done anything so wonderful. "Gunboat" Smith gave him a terrible lacing in 20 rounds.

Johnson's failure, therefore, to dispose of the Pittsburgh heavyweight is an indication that wine, women and revelry not only have fattened the negro like a Christmas goose but simultaneously have extracted the sting from his terrible punch.

Johnson still retains his ring skill and his uncanny generalship, and that's likely all that led him from the white usurper yesterday.

The victory of the black man, while a victory in name, raises new hope in the breasts of Caucasians. Pittsburg, now turns to "Gunboat" Smith as the savior of the white race.

The Gunner has gone through a strenuous campaign of elimination, during which he has beaten Langford, Moran, Willard, Miller, Wells, Flynn, Stewart, Morris, Rodol and Ross, and he seems to be the logical man to meet Johnson in the next real championship bout.

Smith gets his final test July 1 against the sensational Frenchman, Carpentier, who refereed the Johnson-Moran battle yesterday. If he defeats the French idol he will be able to demand almost any price for a battle against the negro before the sanguinary-loving, frog-eating Frenchmen.

Locally there was very little betting on the Johnson-Moran bout. Some few wagers were laid at 3 to 1 on the "smoke," but even money on Moran to stick 10 rounds predominated.

With McGinnity sitting by merely as a "puncher."

Russ Hall may consider this post in the light of an improvement in pugilism, but so far as we are concerned we'd just as soon have a job spearing Kihillets' bombs on the Casp's front scoop as to be manager of the Tigers with McGinnity on the premises.

Harry Wolverton assumed this same role of the goat at Newark when McGinnity first broke in as an owner about six or seven years ago and he soon tired of the task.

Newark trained in the south that Spring, and McGinnity drifted into camp about two weeks after the other boys. No sooner had he made his appearance on the field than he began to criticize and anathematize his players.

"See here," interrupted Wolverton, his blood boiling, "I'm managing this team. If you have anything to say to me as owner, you can say it in the office, but I'm boss out here and if you expect to pitch get busy and run around the park about ten times as a starter."

By putting sand on the tracks before McGinnity took the upper hand, Wolverton was able to get away with his job, and that is Russ Hall's only hope at Tacoma.

But, under any circumstances, Russ can have the Ambassadorship for all of us.

WALTER JOHNSON attributes his 1914 slump to a change in his style of delivery. What was wrong with the old style?

BASEBALL is just like September Morn—the deeper you're in, the colder the water and the less attractive the picture. If September Morn had hesitated near the shore she would never have been the popular favorite she is today.

HATS off to George Turnbull, Chandler Egan and Jack Neville, if for no other reason than in recognition of the fact that golf is a game of skill and not of chance.

Without question these three men stand out pre-eminent in Pacific Coast golf, and their demonstration of the past week tends to the reasonable conclusion that in golf chance is secondary to skill, after all.

Oregon golfers should feel particularly proud of their representatives, Turnbull and Egan, for they were up against a big field, yet came straight through to the finals like cup defenders in a stiff breeze.

RUSS HALL faces next the worst job in the world. The worst is selling fish to Mrs. Ty Cobb.

IF the slides along the Panama Canal equal in extent the present slide of the San Francisco Seals, the exposition had better postpone for a year, pending completion.

Nobody seems to know what ails the Seals—or the Tigers, for that matter. Hogan has tossed off so many pennants in the past that the wise fans have been waiting anxiously for the crack to come.

But, instead, the Hogantes appear to be increasing their strides.

Portland has plenty of time in which to win the pennant this year, but it behooves the box office considerably to have them hold a consistent pace for a few weeks.

Walter Mack's club looks like a sure first divisioner, yet apparently Walt had it sized up right when he uttered a prayer for "lucky" pitchers.

CORBETT'S PURSUIT OF FITZSIMMONS IS TOLD

Story of Refusal of All Challenges by New Champion Related by Brady—One-Quarter Interest in "Way Down East" Sold by Jim for Small Sum.

(Copyright, 1914, by William A. Brady.)
CHAPTER XV.

AFTER Corbett's defeat by Fitzsimmons at Carson he seemed to lose heart in everything. He prepared to go back to San Francisco, declaring that he would never return to the East again. Not long after he had reached the Coast a mutual friend in San Francisco wired me of "Pompador Jim's" resolve, and I promptly wired back that as soon as I had settled with Stewart I was going to San Francisco to bring Corbett East with me.

The receipts of this affair—\$44,000—were very disappointing, but from other sources we got about \$20,000, which went to defray expenses. The pictures made between \$50,000 and \$700,000. They were exhibited everywhere, the world over.

Phenomenal prices were paid for state rights—this was the first time moving pictures were shown in high-class theaters. They played the Academy of Music, New York; the Grand Opera-house, Chicago, and the Boston Theater to enormous receipts. One machine was sent around the world, operating in Australia, China, Japan, India, South Africa and Cairo. I believe that these pictures made more money than any others up to the present time, and that it was they which proved the value of moving pictures for great events and for show purposes.

Notwithstanding the fact that we were to have 50 per cent of the picture receipts, Mr. Stewart took the films to New York, formed a corporation with himself as president and his brother as treasurer, took the entire management of the thing out of our hands and left us helpless—thankful for what we could get. I think each man received about \$5,000.

After the settlement with Stewart, I jumped back to Frisco to find Corbett. He had no more ambition and was ready to go East. I told him that although a very strange thing had developed. It was this: Fitzsimmons, although having fought a wonderful fight, was distinctly unpopular with the public.

Corbett, turn the tables on him, make him the pursued instead of the pursuer—as he used to be—put Corbett in the position of the man clamoring for justice and Fitzsimmons in the hateful position of the man denying a motion, and all this time we were frequently to keep demanding another fight and to prove, or try to prove, to the public that Fitzsimmons was afraid to meet Corbett again.

Following out this project, we played against Fitzsimmons in Denver and again in Kansas City. Remember, Fitzsimmons had had a play written for himself in which he was trying to get. We had so brought the capricious public around to our way of thinking so that the Corbettian played to empty benches, while Corbett packed the theaters.

In creating this sentiment I had hit upon one idea: to use the moving pictures. These were to be shown in New York at the Academy of Music. The people at that time knew little about this new form of entertainment. The mechanical method of producing it had not been exploited in the Sunday supplements as yet. And this was what made it possible for me to use the pictures for my purpose. The people did not know that one could run the pictures fast or slow.

When the pictures were presented in New York I insisted on being allowed to do the explanatory talking before the curtain. In the dark I described the fight. I had posted the operator when he got to the sixth round of the contest, when Fitzsimmons was knocked down, he was to run his machine very slowly. Before the round started I called the attention of the audience to what was coming, and suggested that when they came to that particular part they watch the referee's hand, hold a watch on him, and see how many seconds he counted. At the proper time I said, "Now watch" and then counted, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen."

"He was down 13 seconds, ladies and gentlemen!"

Muldoon to the Front.

But just then one man in the audience stood up and shouted, "You're a liar!" and I recognized the voice of William Muldoon. Muldoon, you will remember, was the referee at the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight.

But it was no use! We could neither tempt nor lure Fitzsimmons into a battle. From the moment he became champion he seemed to be struck with ring fear. He was fearful of his laurels. He wanted to live on the show business, and so he tried to avoid a battle with anybody. It became harder to get him in the way he used to nag and bait

Scheme is Branches.

I laid before Corbett a little scheme which I had conceived and worked out on my way West. We would take advantage of Fitzsimmons' unpopularity by a little engineering and scheming persuade the public that "Janky Bob" had actually been knocked out in the sixth round at Carson City and that Corbett had been robbed of the match. The scheme was immediately to start East, oppose the new champion at every point, play against him, give him a dose of his own medicine, nag and bait him in the way he used to nag and bait

him in the way he used to nag and bait

