DR. YOUNG TELLS OF BLUE BLUES

Man Who Made Thousands of People Laugh, Victim of Despondency.

ALL HUMAN HEARTS SUBJECT TO TROUBLE

Pastor Cites Instances Showing How Easily One May Be Cured of Affliction Which Casts Deep Shadows on the Soul.

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God." Psalm 42, 5, was the text of the morning sermon by Rev. B. F. Young, D. D., at Taylor street church. He spoke in part as follows:

"This psalm was written under conditions that invited despondency. It is an echo from the Babylonian captivity. The memory of the desolation of Zion and the knowledge that the nation was subject to a foreign tyrant is responsible for its production. Much of the threnodical literature of the Jews finds its origin here. The situation before the writer is bad but he is not discouraged. He catches the note of a higher music. Fred Douglas was once delivering himself with impassioned fervor upon the injustice done to his race when an old woman in the rear of the audience broke in vigorously, 'Fred Douglas, is God dead?'

"A similar thought touched this singer who believed in the face of evil conditions that God yet lived. He affirmed that there was no need for this despondency even in Babylon. He exhorted his fellows to hope in God. It would be best to trust in him for he would bring it to pass. Despondency could not possibly help any one of them. A great hope and confidence in God would quicken and invigorate them and give them a vision to discern the blessing in disguise and to expect that some day the sunrise would clear the clouds from the sky.

The Familiar Blues.

"Despondency is known to most people. Most of us have fits of depression at some time. There have been times when it seemed we were surrounded with impenetrable gloom.

"Florence Nightingale tells us that when on the way to the Crimea she heard sailors tell weird stories of birds with black wings and blue breasts which flew across the Black sea in stormy seasons and which sometimes perched on the masts of ships but which had never been caught. On dark nights they could be found in the cypress trees of eastern graveyards mingling their doleful notes with the sighing of the winds. They were birds of ill-omen, loving that which was sinister and dark and their wailings were the mournful notes of the lost.

"I take it that many of us know something of these birds with black wings and blue breasts. These dark fears and forebodings, doubts and distresses come trooping up above the horizon to mar the beauty of the sky above us and to chill us with their dread presence.

"Most men have their splenetic hours. If asked how we do we reply much as did Mr. Trepid. 'A great deal worse then I was, thank'e; most dead, I'm obliged to you—I'm always worse than I was, and I don't think I was ever any better. I'm going off some of these days, right after my grandfather, dying of nothing in particular, but of everything in general. That's what finishes our folks.' There are times when these evil thoughts and promptings come and we know not why; when friends seem to be harsh; when those who profess to love us seem to be unkind. Wordsworth quickens us by the 'Excursion' and inspires us as he sings of immortality but he tells us that sometimes he dreaded 'the rustling of the grass' and the very shadows of the clouds' had power to shake him as he passed and that often 'all the world appeared unkind.'

Comedian Was Despondent.

"When the great comedian Matthews was convulsing great audiences in London with his jokes and rare wit, winning the praise of the critics of the press, a gentleman called upon a prominent physician of the city and told him of the depression which haunted him and which threatened to destroy him. The physician listened and said, 'You have a bad case of morbidity, you ought to go and hear Matthews, the comedian.' 'Ah,' said the man, 'I am Matthews, the comedian.'

"So to most men these experiences come, and even the 'Autocrat' once wrote: 'I took more than was good for men * * * While I was suffering from it, I wrote some sadly desponding poems, and a theological essay which took a very melancholy view of creation.' There is some very morbid and melancholy theology in the world simply because some have taken too much of something not good for them. I think our sermons ought to be shot through occasionally with a lot of sunshine.

"Genius is neither defense nor proof against the 'blues.' Poor health may be the cause of despondency and frequently some medicine, exercise and fresh air are effectual remedies. Despondency is not constructive. It is bad wherever found. Men do not often do great things when they have the 'blues.' Despondency cuts the nerve of effort and is the father of misery. It colors everything with a somber hue. It poisons the spirit of enterprise and defeats the will of organization. It is unreasonable. It does not lift one weight from the heart. It answers none of the perplexing questions of life. It solves no problems and does not remove difficulties. It is unreasonable because God is and he is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him.

Tells of Sure Cures.

"If the seat of the 'blues' is physical the cure is exercise, medicine, a good physician or possibly a change of cooks—unless the cook should be your wife then you would better buy her a good cook book. Dyspepsia and despondency pitch their tents side by side and hang up their coats together. If you are confined to business, driven by the machinery of this intense material life of today, take some time to get out in the open and breathe in 'God's out of doors.' There is health and wealth in listening to the song of the thrush from the thicket, in opening the heart to the rythmic music chanted by the pine tree tops or in adjusting the soul to catch the full diapason which the sullen surf-line beats out upon the sands by the sea.

"Another cure for the 'blues' is to have some great work on hand and go at it with the expectancy of success. There are so many opportunities for service. There is so much to do to brighten up and to make healthful this environment about us. In the knowledge that some good cheer is coming to some burdened hearts there is health and strength. The soul of a man will vibrate to the brightening which comes through its individual effort. Look on the bright side of things. Do not be cast down. A music teacher lost $25,000 in a bad speculation, but he got comfort from the knowledge that the structure he helped to build was the most perfect of its kind. He would see some bright thing in his blunder.

Hope in Adversity.

"The final cure for the 'blues' is 'Hope in God.' God is then why not trust him? In St. George's channel some years ago a vessel was wrecked but the passengers were saved. Among them were a mother and a little son. When she got to the first telegraph station she wired the anxious father, 'Wrecked, but all's well.' A poet caught the expression given in the press dispatches and wrote:

'When peace like a river attendeth my way,
Whatever my lot thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul.'

"It seems to me I can see Paul in that turbulent sea off the coast of Malta battling with the waves as he clings to the spar from the wreck, and I can hear him saying, 'Wrecked, but all's well.' I catch the gleam of the headsman's ax in the court of the Roman dungeon and I can hear that same hero calling out, 'I am ready to be offered, I have fought a good fight.' I hear the note clear as a clarion coming from all the music of Browning, 'God's in his heaven, all's well with the world.'

"God has not forgotten. He will not forget. Do not worry and do not become despondent. Do something good and try to do something great. Help some other burdened life. Look on the bright side of things. 'God has sprinkled glory in the trail of every cloud,' sings Captain Jack, and the psalmist cries out to discouraged souls everywhere to come out into the open, to look up and out and hope in God."

FADS AND FANCIES OF MEN BEHIND THE DESKS

If you ever have any doubt about the styles in dress, ask the hotel clerk. If you have any doubts about the best show in town—or the worst—ask the clerk. If you want to know about the weather, consult the hotel clerk. He knows even if the weather man doesn't. The hotel clerk is the regular bureau of information. And in spite of all the abuse that he gets he is usually right.

But when it comes to the question of dress that is where he shines the brightest. There are obvious reasons for this. In the first place the hotel clerk is usually a well dressed man. This is part of the profession. He gets the opportunity of seeing all the latest styles, sometimes long before they are on the market. This is accomplished by his varied acquaintance among the traveling men who sell everything from a pin to a full dress suit or a salad dressing, with or without the lettuce.

The Hotel Clerk.

The hotel clerk is a close observer. He has to be. This is as necessary as being a good dresser. And above all he is a pastmaster when it comes to reading human nature.

Every hotel clerk, being human, has a hobby. Louis Reynolds of the Portland wears a different tie every day. In addition, of course, he is somewhat of a dresser. But Louis' ties are the envy of the hotel. All of his ties are expensive, and besides they are selected with a taste that makes others wonder where he finds such a variety to select from.

Mr. Reynolds never wears the same tie twice, it is said. But those who are in on the secret claim that Louis has such an assortment of neckwear that he never wears a tie that he has worn before until he is confident that even the closest observers have forgotten the color and design. Then he wears it again. It is also said that there is no one person in Portland who has more cravats than Louis Reynolds.

Carl Sword, also of the Portland, formerly of the St. Francis and the old Palace in San Francisco, is also there when it comes to dress. Mr. Sword is best described as being a clean cut man. His hobby is hats. At present he has a new style which as yet no one has been able to describe. But it's the latest, it is claimed. Mr. Sword had the first green hat in Portland. Now he is figuring on getting one of those wide brimmed, flat-topped straws like John Drew wore when he was here a few weeks ago.

Clarke's Cravat Pins.

Nat Clarke of the Cornelius has cravat pins as his fad. He seems to have an unlimited number of them. It has been rumored that Mr. Clarke has an arrangement with some jeweler to furnish him with new stick pins every day and after they are worn just once return them for others. He wears every kind, large and small, but he will never tell where he gets them. Mr. Clarke is also fond of pretty ties. He is not so particular, however, about changing them. Some times he wears the same tie two days in succession. But he is getting careless in the question of ties, it seems—he has been in the hotel business more than 30 years.

But Fred Bloch of the Oregon is probably the nobbiest dresser of all Portland's hotel clerks. There is a story going the rounds to the effect that he has a tailor who does nothing else but take care of his clothes. Mr. Bloch has so many suits, long suits and short suits and every other kind, that it is said on good authority that he hasn't any idea as to the number which he claims as his own.

And then there are the hotel clerks who are fond of jewelry. One of them is Otto Metschan of the Imperial. Otto's long suit is jade. Several of his pins resemble turquoise but he has the jade habit and claims that all the stones he wears, no matter what their color, are real Chinese jade. Mr. Metschan can wear almost any color in ties or pins, however, on account of his complexion. It is fair and goes with any shade.

Thompson's Diamonds.

And oh, yes, there are diamonds among the hotel clerks. George Thompson of the New Perkins has the largest. He has had it for years. It is a dandy. It is in a ring. It is about three karats—more or less. And then Mr. Thompson has a fine watch and other articles of jewelry all of which are always being gazed at longingly by his guests and others who are fond of ornaments.

But in spite of all these hobbies and habits of the hotel clerks they are the men who know. They are the men who send the tourists to all the places of interest and know more about Portland than many of the Portlanders who have lived here for years.

So, if you ever want to know anything about the trains, or anything of that sort that is uncertain, just call up any of the clerks in town. They know and they will tell you.

On the question of woman's dress the hotel clerks are there, too. They are regular critiques. As none of them has seen the new directoire or sheath gown as yet all of them have refrained from expressing an opinion.

But you will hear from them on this later.

SPEAKS OF FADS AND ISMS.

Dr. Lapham Pictures Tendency of Day to Follow Sensational.

"The moral and Christian need of the day is for men and women who will dare to confront and oppose this supine sentimentalism, this moral softness, feminine goody-goodiness of the day which glosses over evil and minimizes sin," declared Rev. S. C. Lapham at the Second Baptist church yesterday morning in reply to the comment on his sermon last Sunday in which he referred to the tendency of women to take up with fads and "isms." The subject of yesterday's sermon was "Signs of the Times, and the Christian Attitude Toward Vicious Practices Carried on in the Name of Religion."

Dr. Lapham called Christian Science the "greatest imposition and counterfeit ever conceived to humbug and deceive the public." Going further, Dr. Lapham ridiculed the novel writers of the present day for their "beautiful teaching of animalism."

That Dr. Lapham has not changed his opinion of a week ago was evident in his expression, "The promulgation of contract marriage, the teaching of affinity unions and the continuous trend toward 'free-loveism,' and when, add that which everyone knows, that women, cultured, refined, educated women, are active participants and prominent teachers of these things, it is high time for men to cry out against this demoralizing trend of things and especially the place that women occupy in it."

Following New Fads.

Continuing his remarks on the present state, the minister drew word pictures of women and young girls following in the steps of the new "fads and fanaticisms." After declaring that he had not accused Mrs. Eddy or her devotees of teaching free love, Dr. Lapham declared that he could prove that Mrs. Eddy "discredits and attacks the marriage relation and proposes that divine science (i. e., her cult) will do away with marriage." His sermon follows in part:

"O thou Christ of Nazareth, what crimes have been committed in thy name. What violence and bloodshed and torture have been perpetrated in the name of the God of the Bible. War, slavery, drunkenness, monarchy, immorality, robbery, polygamy and the right of some men to oppress their brothers, justified and taught in the name of the God whom we teach 'is love,' and whenever men have protested these crimes committed in the name of religion their votaries have always assumed the role of the persecuted.

"World Needs Strong Ones."

"We need the moral equivalent of war in the civic and religious life of men and women who will dare to discern and judge and discriminate between good and evil. The moral and Christian need of the day is for men and women who will dare to confront and oppose this supine sentimentalism, this moral softness, feminine goody-goodiness of the day which glosses over evil and minimizes sin. No man who pretends to follow Christ can dare to be tolerant of that which is evil or vicious, even if it does claim the name of religion.

"The promulgation of contract marriage, the teaching of affinity unions and the continuous trend toward 'free-loveism,' and when we add that which every one knows, that women, cultured, refined, educated women, are active participants and prominent teachers of these things, it is high time for men to cry out against this demoralizing trend of things and especially the place that women occupy in it.

"I ask you seriously and with the full knowledge of the place of nobility women occupy and the rights which she ought to have, to think of the place women are taking in the support of the fads and fanaticisms of Tangled Tongues, Holy Ghosters, Spiritualism, New Light, Eddyism, Hindu Swamism and Theosophy. Beautiful spectacle, a crowd of refined, cultured, Christian women flocking around a Hindu India Swami. Beautiful spectacle, a crowd of women, young girls and mere children screaming and yelling and groaning, shouting and tumbling over with the 'powers and the Holy Ghost,' to the leadership of an ignorant negro preacher. These orgies and disgusting antics in the name of religion are the breeders of insanity, and ought to be stopped.

"Laws are being enacted to keep women out of saloons, for the protection of women and society. Is there not some way to protect women from the inducements and attractions of psycho-religionism and occultism that seems to appeal so strongly to her spiritual intuitiveness and psychic impressionableness? Woman's most blessed gifts and qualities of being in the psychic realm are the avenues of her gravest dangers and most fatal mistakes."

THE FOOLISH FARMER.

Fought to Get Riches First, God Last, and Failed.

Last night at the White Temple, Rev. W. B. Riley, D. D., took for the basis of his sermon, "The Parable of the Foolish Farmer." He called attention to the fact that employing the word "fool" was not like our Lord. His conduct must have been foolish indeed, to have him so denominate it. Greater folly than that of laying up treasures on earth and laying up none in heaven, no man can commit.

In this instance the folly was accentuated by the circumstance that the man was greatly favored of God. He was favored in his location. A farm is the best place whereon to live. It is particularly the best place in which to bring up a family. "There is no better place under God's stars to bring up children for there they are far removed from the insidious temptations and the trials that come to them in our great cities. I say that in spite of the fact that my bones still ache from the hard labor I gave on a farm 25 summers ago.

It is also a good vocation. Every farmer exchanges the sweat of his brow for what silver and gold he gets. He may not himself be honest, but his vocation is honest. When one compares it with our modern gambling methods whereby men on boards of trade make or lose $1,000,000 a day, he is mightily impressed with its honesty.

This man must have also been favored in person to be in health, to be able to do hard work and to be intelligent enough to do it well, yet failure is written over this man's life and he is called a fool. Why? His philosophy was wrong. He counseled with himself. The Scriptures say: "If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God." He is the better counsellor.

He was an epicurean. He sought the satiety of the flesh, forgetting his soul, and he has plenty of successors even in Portland. He turned the divine order about, got riches first and expected to get God last. The result was he never got to God at all, and, dying suddenly, he was never privileged to enjoy his riches. His end was sudden and irremediable. In an hour when he thought not the summons to judgment came. It will be so with you.

FOIL PLOT TO UPROOT TENTS

Sizzling Tonguers Prevent Attack Planned by Exasperated Residents.

A carefully-laid plot to attack and rout the Tongues of Flame settlement at Mount Tabor, including the cutting of the guyropes of the big revival tent and the razing of the tents housing the adherents of that faith, was discovered in the nick of time last night. J. C. Martin, the furniture dealer who bailed A. E. Walker out of jail and who was acting as a sort of sentry Sunday night, overheard the plotters talking and immediately reported to Officer Sloan, who has been detailed at the meetings by Chief Gritzmacher.

The attack on the camp was to have been led by eight husky sailor lads, who were to have received for the work, according to Winter's report to the officer, $5 each. Winters asserted that he had received reliable information that they were in the pay of prominent residents of Mount Tabor, who have been annoyed by the midnight howlings of the fanatics.

Officer Sloan located the leader of the sailors, a petty officer, and ordered him and his comrades off the grounds. A chain of Tongues of Flame sentries, armed with heavy clubs, was hastily thrown around the grounds, and, although several slight clashes occurred between sentries and bush prowlers, there was no serious trouble.

Hundreds of Portland people visited the Tongues of Flame camp meeting last night. In spite of the fact that the big tent was emptied of all but the faithful at 9:30 o'clock the audience seemed to think that it had been amply repaid for its long car ride. The services opened at 7:30 o'clock and for two hours the tent walls echoed to the corybantic evolutions and shouts of converts. A feature of the evening's services was the unintelligible exhortations of the adherents, after they had worked themselves up to a pitch of frenzy in their testimonials.

THE WASHINGTON LIFE.

Its Last Annual Statement Shows a Gain in Business and a Healthier Condition of Its Affairs.

The statement of the Washington Life Insurance company for the year ended December 31, last, as reported by the New York insurance department after examination, shows total assets of $18,653,942, and a reserve on policies, additions and annuities of $17,565,478. The company now has in force $57,859,321 of insurance. The income from premiums during the year $2,228,449, from interest $560,611, from rentals $372,679. It paid out in death claims $913,573; in maturity endowments $758,784, and in dividends $112,776, making, with other items, a total paid to policy holders of $2,234,405. The total expenses of management were $383,627, and the next largest items of expense was taxes and expenses on real estate $145,553. In its cash receipts and disbursements for the year, the company shows a balance of $362,563.

The report states that the present management agrees that too large a proportion of its assets are invested in real estate, and that since the last examination of the company in 1904, six pieces have been disposed of. The home office building was appraised at $3,817,608. The earning power is kept below a normal figure by leases entered into by the former administration, and which expire at various times between 1910 and 1913. The examiners, therefore, deducted $109,108 from the appraised value. Despite this, however, the value placed on the building by the department exceeds the company's appraisal by $41,517.

The gain and loss exhibit shows that if it had not been for the decrease in the market value of securities in 1907, the company would have had a substantial surplus. Its action in deciding not to distribute dividends to policy holders has been upheld by the special counsel of the department. The expense for new business has been kept within the margin allowed by law.

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They are identical with those in the up-town stores at $20 and $25--Come and take a look, we will not urge you to buy

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PLAN NEW BRIDGE OVER SANDY RIVER

County Commissioners Leave on Trip of Inspection—Build 300-Foot Span.

County Commissioners Lightner and Barnes and County Surveyor Holbrook this morning left for an inspection of the bridge over the lower Sandy river bridge, near Troutdale. A new bridge will have to be built there this summer, and the commissioners are securing information that will be useful in the work of construction.

A 300-foot span is required over the Sandy at this point, and the new bridge probably will be built at the same place, or very near it. The present bridge is part steel and part wood. One of the questions to be considered is whether an all-steel bridge should be ordered. The new structure will be wider than the old, the present bridge having a 16-foot roadway.

The present bridge sways mightily in the breezes that blow up and down the Sandy. Being high and narrow and slightly uneasy with age, it rocks back and forth in a manner that seems much more dangerous than it really is. But the commissioners recognize that a new structure is needed, and are planning to have work started before long.

Tip From a Lady Editor.

From Erie (Kan.) Record.

To the envious male public: "Kimonos are not nearly as comfortable as they look."

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What you can get for 15c Per Pound At any of Smith's three markets.

Spring Lamb Hindq'rters.
Spring Lamb Loin Chops.
Spring Lamb Rib Chops.
Small Legs of Mutton
Loin Mutton Chops.
Rib Mutton Chops.
Loin Roast Pork.
Loin Pork Chops.
Rib Pork Chops.
Rump Roast Veal.
Loin Veal Cutlets.
Rib Veal Cutlets.
Whole Hams.
Half a Ham.

What you can buy for 12½c Per Lb. At any of Smith's three markets.

Sirloin Steak.
Flank Steak.
Spring Lamb Frontq'ters.
Shoulder Mutton Chops.
Large Legs of Mutton.
Pork Sausage (no bran).
Center cuts of Shoulder Roast Pork.
Legs of Pork.
Shoulder Pork Chops.
Fresh Side Pork.
Corned Side Pork.
Dry Salt Pork.
Fresh Leaf Lard.
Legs of Veal.
Shoulder Roast Veal.
Shoulder Veal Cutlets.
Chinook Salmon.

What you can buy at any of Smith's 3 markets for 10c Per Pound

Rump Roast Beef, center cuts.
Prime Rib Roast Beef, 6th, 7th and 8th rib.
Round Roast Beef.
Round Steak.
Hamburg Steak.
Beef Tongues, rough trim.
Shoulder of Mutton.
Frontquarter of Mutton.
Shoulder Roast Pork.
Necks of Veal.
Breasts of Veal.
Liver Sausage.
Head Cheese.
Bologna Sausage.
Frankfurt Sausage.

Some mighty good things you can get at any of Smith's 3 markets from 8c Down to 3c

Fresh Halibut ..... 8¢
Shoulder Roast Beef.. 8¢
Pot Roast Beef 6¢ 7¢ 8¢
Shoulder Beefstek ... 8¢
Lean Corned Beef 6¢ 8¢
Rump Roast Beef, end cut ..... 8¢
Pigs' Hocks ..... 8¢
Necks of Veal ..... 8¢
Veal Shanks ..... 6¢
Brisket Corned Beef.. 6¢
Plate Corned Beef.... 6¢
Fine Fresh Shad ..... 5¢
Necks of Beef..... 5¢
Liver..... 5¢
Brisket of Beef ..... 5¢
Plates of Beef..... 5¢
Soup Meat ..... 3¢

Some other good things that you can get at any of Smith's three markets:
Whole Shoulder Pork 11¢
Smith's Sugar-Cured Breakfast Bacon 17½c
Sliced B'k'fast Bacon 20¢
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