

DO NOT WORRY, PASTOR'S ADVICE Habit Is Really a Sin, Declares Rev. J. Whitcomb Brougher.

CAUSES HALF THE DISEASES, HE SAYS Sermon Addressed to People in Respectable Middle Class, Says the Baptist Preacher—Not Needed in the Slums.

"A weary tramp spent his last nickel one day for a loaf of bread. A big dog leaped at him, seized the loaf and made away with it. Did the tramp bewail his fate? No. He was heard to say as he saw the dog disappear: 'Thank the Lord, I've got my appetite left.'"

"Worry causes half the diseases," declared the preacher. "Worry shortens lives. I've never known it shorten our bodies. The text asks, 'Which one of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto your stature?' On the other hand the shrinking the wrinkles that worry causes makes height less. If worrying would have added to my height I would be 14 feet tall now, some of you would reach the roof."

"But worry promotes ill health, it disturbs the nervous centers, unbalances the mind, makes life a morbid, distressful thing. Worry is absolutely useless. It never helps in any situation. Did you ever see a woman who was a better cook because she worried; did you ever see a man who was a better workman because he worried? The people who worry most, who need a don't worry sermon most, are the people I am addressing. Do you think I would go down among the slum people and tell those people not to worry? Some of them living their happy go lucky lives, hardly know what worry is. But you people of the middle class and wealthy classes worry about the style of your hair, the kind of an appearance you are making; worry over wearing instead of wearing dresses it is a case of letting dresses wear you to death."

"Assurance comes when the people who were in harmony with the divine plan of life that they would be provided for. The Lord recognized some things as being absolutely necessary. He clothes the lilies of the field and supplies food for animal life; is it not certain that the people who live their life in accord with God's plan of life will have his daily wants provided for? It is a matter of faith. But you people of the middle class and wealthy classes worry about the style of your hair, the kind of an appearance you are making; worry over wearing instead of wearing dresses it is a case of letting dresses wear you to death."

DEMOCRACY IS ON TRIAL

Dr. William Hiram Foulkes Preaches on Oregon's Initiative Law.

"The Perfect Law, the Law of Liberty," was the text chosen by Dr. William Hiram Foulkes in his sermon at the First Presbyterian church last night. In discussion the subject Dr. Foulkes contended that the people of Oregon were on trial and that through the initiative and referendum the democratic form of government was at stake. If the people proved themselves to be capable of self-government, the initiative and referendum would become a fixture recognized as perpetual. If the people do not so prove themselves, the idea of democracy would fall, said the speaker.

For all time, Dr. Foulkes contended, it has been assumed that liberty means

LAST WEEK OF BIG CLOTHING SALE WE VACATE APRIL 25

We still have \$20,000 worth of fine Men's Clothing, Hats and Furnishings that must be sold by Saturday night READ THE FOLLOWING GREAT PRICE REDUCTIONS

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MEN'S HATS ALL \$5.00 STETSON, SOFT AND DERBY \$3.15 ALL \$5.00 GRANNIS DERBY \$3.15 ALL \$3.00, \$3.50 AND \$4.00 SOFT AND DERBY \$2.35

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Spring Stock of Straw Hats at Half Price

We Have Sold Our Lease to A. & C. Feldenheimer and Have to Vacate These Premises Within Five Days

A. J. RICHARDSON CO. OPEN EVENINGS 283-285 Washington Street FIXTURES FOR SALE Opposite Woodard & Clarke's

the absence of law and much law the enthralment of liberty. It had not been law and liberty and laws and liberties that had been in conflict. The laws made for the few have enthralled and liberties of the many in many instances. The law has been used as a weapon by the few to aid in the hold up of the helpless by the strong. These laws are not laws in the highest sense of the term. They have been held unconstitutional by the higher courts and rendered void in the greater tribunal of the common law, the awakened conscience of the common people. Yet the laws are continually being enacted. Special interests maintain great lobbies at the centers of legislation. On the other hand liberties are cherished which nullify all law. Liberty must eventually be defined by law. Law gives meaning to the term.

Dr. Foulkes contended that the people of Oregon would prove that they could govern themselves. If the people will attend to the laws and the lawmakers that will attend to their liberty. In the last analysis liberty is not political or philosophical but moral. Liberty embodies a purpose, the ideal of human life, law embodies a purpose, the means of attaining that ideal. The people of Oregon would not, the speaker contended, work against the attainment of that ideal.

DEFENDS MEN OF WEALTH.

Seattle Y. M. C. A. Leader Says Riches Are Good.

That Christ intended that men should be rich and that those persons who maintain that no man should be rich beyond another are radically wrong was the theme brought out by Arn S. Allen, the general secretary of the Seattle Y. M. C. A., in a talk delivered at the men's meeting of the Y. M. C. A. yesterday afternoon.

He made his topic more clear by an illustration from the parable in Luke xliii, which tells of the farmer who tore down his barn to house the much greater crops which he saw he was going to have. He pointed out that while this man was a farmer nevertheless he was a good manager, and that no matter whether a man was a farmer or a speculator on Wall street he had a right to become rich in an honest way. Mr. Allen said in part: "Did you ever notice that Carnegie, very late in life, became possessed with the idea that it is a disgrace to die rich? He is making a desperate effort to rid himself of his money. And have you noticed that one Frick filed a suit against Carnegie, which brought out that the multi-millionaire has geared himself to a machine whereby he made more money that year than he had given away in all his life? A Seattle man told me that he wants his son to finish his course at a military academy, spend two years in traveling through the Old World and then to return to live for his city, not to rob its future generations of their franchises that he not live in affluence. I like that man's gospel, gentleman."

"Did you ever look forward to the time when you would be supremely happy because you wouldn't have to stop to figure out whether to eat a 15 cent meal or a 50 cent one? If you did you had the same kind of an idea that man had."

"No man builds a Y. M. C. A. building who does not hoist more or less with millions. Most of them have automobiles and anything else which their fancy takes to. Take it from me, men, that as a class you will find quite as many of the millionaires as you will find in the homes of the rich as you will find in the homes of the poor. It is not money, nor things, which satisfy. Do you know where the most of the crime originates? I know what the Socialist says. But it is a fact that the most of it comes from greed."

LILLIAN RUSSELL CHARMS OLD AND NEW ADMIRERS IN "WILDFIRE"

By J. F. S. There is very little use of being a dramatic critic when Lillian Russell is in question. Dramatic critics are fierce gentlemen still hunting for the drama. They love to pose and to expose poses. When not indulging in the pleasures of the chase they refresh themselves on chocolate eclaires and cream puffs. It is when they are out for blood and instead are offered the eclaires and puffs that they are utterly confounded and set at naught. They forget their noble mission, they drop their sanguinary lances with a thud



Lillian Russell, Famous American Beauty, Who is Presenting "Wildfire" at the Hellig Theatre.

and sit down in their tracks to devour the confections placed in their way. That's what Lillian Russell does to perfectly good dramatic critics. We like her. That's the sum total of it. One can't go on to explain and explain for a column or so, but at the end of the merest tyro could see the traces of cream and chocolate that lingered about our happy mouths. Like the boy whose mother caught him with his head stuck in the jam jar we might say that she is a wonderful creature. Like the boy whose pencil. But that would do us no good. We'd be discovered anyway so we will confess it. Aside from our modest admiration for the airy fairy one's charms—which by the way are still as real and lovely as ever—Lillian Russell does not seem to me to be a purely intellectual wonder and delight in her three director roles. They are not to be explained in any manner that is a constant delight for us. They must be somewhat rigorous and almost fell. She would have fallen in an ordinary gown. She

couldn't fall in the one she wore. The consequences would have been too awful to contemplate. It was an admirable illustration of the subservency of gravity to resolution. Her center of gravity was far out of plumb. But with a slight lift of the thousand-dollar eyebrows, a little parting of the famous lips to disclose the pearly teeth, the merest crook of one of her fingers, she regained her equilibrium and the day and the gown were saved. For us who were not directed, and who could give full vent to our alarmed emotions, the incident was disquieting. What must it have been to Miss Russell to whom the shortest breath would have meant disaster?

"Wildfire," the comedy by George Broadhurst and George Hobart, in which Miss Russell and the director make their charming appearance is not half bad. It is a racing play, rather entertaining, lively enough to keep you interested and relies on a legitimate comedy for its powers of entertainment. Of course all our old racing friends are there. Wilfire, the horse, is going to race just once more in order to save the fortune of his mistress. There is a wicked bookmaker named John Duff, who is perfectly unscrupulous. He makes all kinds of insulting remarks to Mrs. Barrington, the owner of Wilfire. He even tries to fix it with the jockey so that Wilfire won't win the race and would have done it to kill. Lillian Russell as Barrington had her run to the window and snatched his handkerchief out of his pocket and waved the signal for the jockey to start.

This revealed another secret of the director. You can't carry pocket handkerchiefs in them. This unfortunate fact almost resulted in Mrs. Barrington's ruin. She had no room for a handkerchief in her director's wardrobe. The stable boy, had none. Yet it took one to signal that jockey. What was going to be done? Our hearts bled for the director and the jockey. We felt like passing one up over the stage. It wasn't necessary because Mrs. Barrington had the presence of mind to take the jockey and his pocket. The incident was not without its lesson, however. No young man who sees "Wildfire" will ever talk to you about carrying handkerchiefs in them. This unfortunate fact without having an extra one tucked away for her use. Not while the director's can "dicote" quite considerable. Her instructions to the jockey before the race were good. Several times she really effected a rescue from her personal charms. She is a comedian of considerable merit in her own right.

In "Wildfire" who played Bad, the stable boy, Miss Russell has an attraction that is almost as much worth while as herself. This is an ordinarily good little comedian. He was uproariously funny last night, not in the stereotyped way of most little comedians, but in a way that is an ordinary good little comedian. Simeon Willis is excellent as Donivan, the trainer and Ernest, Fred makes an amusing jockey. Gilbert Douglas is an atrocious Englishman. Annie Buckley is funny as a colored maid. Eugene Booth and Thurston Hall, the rival for Mrs. Barrington's hand, are "fair to middlin'."

You see I have chocolate and whipped cream smeared all over my face.

I couldn't move. I guess everybody else around there was in the same fix. Not knowing what I did I covered my eyes to keep from seeing a man killed. "The thud I was waiting for didn't come. Then I opened my eyes again. That puppy had been the bravest and coolest of us all. Seeming to understand the old fellow's danger he had jerked himself to him, got hold of his coat-tail and tugged till the blind man jumped back out of the way. The auto driver didn't know how near he came to taking a life. Anyway he didn't seem to care. The puppy had dropped at the side of the curb and was licking the blind man's hand.

"Someone came through the crowd that always gathers at such a time. It was the butcher and he was carrying as fine a bit of steak as you ever saw.

"I'm psyn' for this myself," he said kind of shamefacedly. Then, bending down and patting the mongrel pup on the head. To think I kicked the poor little feller. Some man ought of kicked the blind man's hand.

"The blind man said he would give the dog a home only he couldn't take care of him. The butcher wanted him, too, but finally we compromised. I took the pup home with me, the butcher is to furnish him some meat, and the old man is to have him, if he ever gets able to keep a dog. That loose jointed, black pup is living on the fat of the land now. First thing I gave him a bath and the feed he's getting in chasing the joints out of sight and the misery out of his eyes."

Maude Adams in a Benefit.

New Haven, Conn., April 19.—In order to lend her aid to the Yale university theatre fund, Maude Adams and her company gave a "matinee" performance of J. M. Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows" at the Grand opera house in this city this morning, returning by special train to New York in time to give the regular performance there tonight. The courtesy of Miss Adams and her manager, Mr. Sherman, in giving the benefit here is all the more appreciated as it is the only appearance that the famous actress will make outside of New York this season.

AUGUST GILHAUS ADMIRES JAPS

Because They Have the Nerve to Strike Four Times in One Day.

(United Press Leased Wire.) Seattle, April 19.—August Gilhaus, Socialist labor candidate for president last fall and the nominal head of the party on the Pacific coast, in a speech at Columbia hall last night denounced the anti-Japanese agitation in the west, declaring that to keep out the Japanese would harm rather than help the condition of the working class. Workers could secure their freedom he declared, only by economical, industrial and political organization.

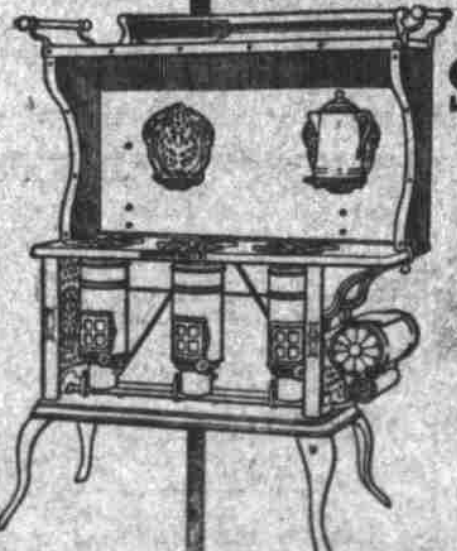
"We have nothing to fear from the Japanese workman," Gilhaus declared. "Had the people who are urging this exclusion proposition half as much spirit as the Japanese in California they would have earned the right to call themselves Socialists."

"I saw Japanese laborers down there packing oranges, and a number of them struck four times in one day, returning to work at an advance of a quarter of a cent a box. These are the kind of people the American Federation of Labor and the Debs Socialists want to exclude from our shores. The Federation took up the cry to fool the laborers and the Debs party to get votes."

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

Have You a Summer Stove? The stifling air of a close kitchen is changed to comfortable coolness by installing a New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove to do the family cooking. No kitchen furnishing is so convenient as this stove. Gives a working heat at once, and maintains it until turned out—that, too, without overheating the room. The



NEW PERFECTION Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

is built with a CABINET TOP just like a steel range. It is the most convenient stove ever made, and is almost indispensable to summer comfort. From its powerful burners to its handy racks for towels it is simply PERFECTION. Three sizes. Can be had either with or without Cabinet Top. Ask your dealer, or write our nearest agency.



The Rayo Lamp is a very handsome piece of housefurnishing and gives a clear, powerful light more agreeable than gas or electricity. Safe everywhere and always. Made of brass finely nickel-plated—just the thing for the living-room. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.

Little Girl Blind Two Years with Scrofulous Humor

Eyes affected soon after vaccination — five physicians, including the best specialists, did her no good — Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"Elmira Heights, N. Y., Jan. 31, 1909.

"C. I. Hood Co., Lowell, Mass.

"Gentlemen: I believe I can give Hood's Sarsaparilla as good a recommendation as any one, for I have seen its wonderful effects upon my own little daughter. She was entirely blind for two years, and Hood's Sarsaparilla cured her. It is wonderful, and do you think it surprising that I feel very grateful to this medicine?"

"My story is, briefly, as follows: We had her vaccinated, so that she could go to school. Pretty soon, however, before her arm healed, she began to have sore eyes. They kept getting worse, and we took her to the doctor. Pretty soon she was blind in one eye, and could see very little with the other. They told us she had ulcers on the eyeballs, and we had five different doctors, some of the best specialists, and paid out over \$300 for her treatment. They told us she would lose her sight. She could not stand the least particle of light, and so we kept her in a dark room for weeks at a time. Occasionally she would be a little better, but she became so poor and nervous that she could not sleep, and I did not know what on earth to do, and was just as discouraged as could be when my mother said to me: 'I want you to give her Hood's Sarsaparilla.' I did not think it any use, but I did as she recommended, and I am glad I did. When I had given her eight bottles her eyes had so much improved that she could not only stand the light, but was able to go to school for the first time in

her life. You see why it is that I cannot say too much for Hood's Sarsaparilla. She is just as much pleased with a new bottle of Hood's as with anything we can get for her, and if I forget to give it to her, she will say: 'Now Mamma, give me my new Hood's.'

"To think that once we thought she could never use her eyes, and now she can do the finest needle work! It is wonderful, and we cannot praise Hood's enough." Mrs. Jennie Beardsley, 212 Homer street, Elmira, N. Y.

We wish we could convince you of the absolute truth concerning the testimonials for Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Careful inquiry would prove to you beyond a doubt that every testimonial we publish is as reliable as if it came from your most trusted neighbor; that we have more testimonials than we can possibly publish; that every one we use is genuine and truthful as far as we can learn, and entitled to your entire confidence.

We say this much in presenting the letter from Mrs. Beardsley, printed above. This is only one of thousands of letters we have, telling of wonderful cures.

There is not the slightest doubt that as a thorough blood purifier at all times of year and for all blood diseases, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the greatest medicine that has ever been discovered.

Do you wonder at Mrs. Beardsley's enthusiasm? You should certainly take Hood's Sarsaparilla for your spring medicine. Get it today.

STORY OF LOOSE JOINTED BLACK PUP TOLD BY INSURANCE AGENT

Something in the insurance agent's manner caused the hat salesman and the oldest drummer to listen with the appearance of respect to his story of the loose jointed black pup. "I never saw a more draggled, more miserable specimen of a mongrel pup in all my life," he remarked in beginning. "I don't know how it happened, but the pup had walked over had sprung up to fasten itself to his side. Each individual joint jerked in a different direction from every other joint at every step. All the woe of the world looked out of his eyes and spoke from his drooping ears. "I heard him before I saw him. He was yelping, not a faint, strong yell fed help, but a discouraged little complaint that appealed at once to my sympathy. When I turned the corner of Alder and Second streets I saw a hurly butcher chasing him down street, kicking him with heavy shoes that left a bloody mark wherever they touched. "For God's sake, man, haven't you any pity for a half dead brute? I yelled at him. "He's after takin' my meat when I ain't lookin' for it," said the butcher, how, I don't see as it's any business of yours. "I discovered later that the butcher had not come here to carry home under the counter and the pup, being hungry, had found it. With the possibility of a square meal being as hungry as he was I reckon any one of us would have done the same. "The next day I came along by the same corner and there was the pup more discouraged looking than ever. I was about to turn into the meat shop and buy him a nickel's worth of bones when something happened. Maybe you've noticed that old blind men who go up Second street every morning, maybe you have. But there he was crossing the street and an automobile driven by some careless youngster bearing right down on him. I'll give that youngster the credit for not knowing the old man couldn't see. I don't believe the boy even looked his best. I was so scared