

CHURCH LOSES ITS YOUNG PEOPLE BY TOO MANY DON'TS

Dr. Roland D. Grant Recites
Modern Mistakes in Religion
With Frankness—Lauds the
Catholics for Organization.

Sharp shafts by Dr. Grant.
"The church says 'don't, don't,' all the time and drives the young people away. Religion should be the most beautiful and pleasant thing in the world."
"Does Christ add to or take from the pleasure of life? If he does take from them, I would question his claim, for we have no pleasure to spare."
"The commandment to multiply and replenish is not written simply in the Bible, but is written in every cooling dove, or prattling lark, in other words it is our nature."
"Every baby born in the world is under the original fiat, 'let us make man.'"
"The life force never reproduces anything for there has never been a case of reproduction in the world."
"God does not want any two things alike."
"The church makes a mistake by making one mould for all its members."

"You will pardon me," said Dr. Roland D. Grant at the Grace Methodist church last night, "for preaching a sermon standing on one leg, but many of the sermons I have listened to did not have any legs to stand on."

In this manner the builder of the White Temple and the man who in those days gave Portland one of the foremost pulpits preachers and orators of the country, began a sermon which made his audience sit up and gasp again. He said many things that people generally had not thought about. He said that John Wesley had produced the Methodist church, but that the Methodist church had never produced another John Wesley. He said that the Catholic church was the only denomination in the world that had specialists at its head who were respected. He said that the church world, like the political world, did not have a grain of conviction. He said that the denominations formerly had independence, and that now they did not have a bit. And he said so many other things that the great congregation which packed the Grace church to its doors went away rubbing its collective head in bewilderment.

Dr. Grant has been in Portland for nearly two weeks, the guest of J. E. Labor at his home on the South Portland Heights. Sunday, a week ago, he slipped as he was returning from church and injured his knee so severely that he has been confined to his bed for the greater part of last week. Last night he appeared in the pulpit with the aid of a cane, but though his limb was weak his lingo was strong.

What Is Life?

The title of the sermon was "Modern Mistakes in Religion," and he took for his text that quotation of Christ which says: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly. Not life in the next world without life here, but life here and in the next also."

"What is life?" said Dr. Grant in beginning. "Who can define it? I would illustrate by saying there are three great oceans that surround us. There is an ocean of light pressing about us, a force that can turn the turbine wheel or swing the stars in their courses."

"There is an ocean of atmosphere, undetermined but felt, that presses in at 14 pounds to the square inch, a great force that turns our wheels of commerce."

"There is an ocean of life that also presses us at every point, pushing every one to produce new forms. It presses on the twig, the animal driving them ever to produce another."

"The commandment to multiply and replenish is not written simply in the Bible, but it is written in every cooling dove and prattling lark; in other words it is in our nature. It is not true because it is in the Bible, but it is in the Bible because it is true. Every baby born is under the original fiat, 'let us make man.'"

"The church makes a mistake by making one mould for all its members. You can not graft different kinds of fruit on one tree and expect these scions to yield

the fruit of the main trunk. The peach will produce the peach and the apple the apple."

"The beginning of the church the man that had opinions would die for them. Today the man who has an opinion will kill the other man for it."

Protestant Church is haphazard. "The Catholic church today is the only denomination which has specialists at its head who are respected. The Protestant church is haphazard. They put specialists at their head and do not respect them. That is why I am out of the Baptist ministry for I refuse to allow my learning and my experience to be made nil."

"The church world, like the political world, has lost its last grain of conviction. George Washington said that we were an independent nation, but we returned from Africa has made us independent of no one. The denominations have had independence, now they have none. Their teachings are like the Virginia fence, which is so crooked that the plow who goes to get through crawls back into the same lot from which he was trying to escape."

"In those days the Baptists were Baptists because they meant something, now they have a column in their report which reads 'Baptists by Immersion, Baptists by letter,' and they should have another which would read 'Baptists by accident or by marriage.'"

There was a reason for John Wesley, for he had a reason for standing out alone. But while John Wesley gave birth to millions of Methodists, the millions of Methodists have never given birth to one John Wesley."

Too Many Don'ts.
"The religion of today is a religion of 'don't, don't, don't.' It drives the young people away. Religion should be the most beautiful and the most pleasant thing in the world. A man can play ball in different ways. If he hits the ball with a club, it is all right. If he throws it with his hand, it is all right. If he knocks it with a mallet he will do, but if he punches it with the end of a stick, he will be damned. Does Christ add to or take from the pleasure of life? If he does take from them, then I would question his claim, for we have no pleasure to spare."

Dr. Grant declared that the Protestant church was losing ground because it lacked definiteness. In the beginning each church stood for something definite; now they do not. People want to hear doctrine, and to discuss creed, not to listen to sermons on "The Word," "Under the Tree," and kindred topics. Dr. Grant will remain in Portland until his knee has healed sufficiently to make traveling safe, when he will go to Santa Barbara to visit relatives. It is probable that he will preach again next Sunday.

J. JEFFRIES WHIPS RIVER; J. JOHNSON SLAMS BASS VIOL

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Monday, the fourth, that he will enter the ring fairly sporting for a fight.

Johnson Flays Fiddle.
Jack Johnson took to the road in the morning and stepped six miles by the time he returned to quarters. Those who went out to the Ricks this morning about 11 o'clock expecting he would be occupied with some feature of his training found him holding down the bass viol end of an impoverished orchestra. Judging from his dreamy look, Jack's soul was in the music, but after all it is probable his listeners would have preferred seeing him busied with something more suggestive of his life work.

While fault could not be found with Johnson's appearance, he acted as though the change from the cool breezes of the beach region to the steady warmth of Nevada had made him languid. He said himself that the altitude and the temperature had affected him at the start, and added that he felt himself improving with each day's work.

"But on the day of the fight I will be as used to the conditions here as though I had been here for months," said Johnson.

There is no denying that within the past few days the sun has been working full power in this neck of the woods and, while the heat is not by any means unbearable, discussions have arisen as to how each of the fighters will be able to stand the Nevada proves to be an exceedingly warm day.

Not Afraid of Heat.

Johnson laughed at the idea that any excess of heat could slow him up or influence his strength.
"I'll be bound for one thing; it won't be within many degrees of being as hot as it was the day I fought Tommy Burns in Australia," said Jack. "That was on December 26, and this may seem strange to some who don't know that the Australian seasons are opposite to ours. When it is summer, there it is winter here. It rained during the hot spell, and, as a rule, I did my road work just at dawn. I boxed sometimes in the afternoon sunshine to accustom myself to the heat. The day of the fight was blistering hot, and, after what I went through out of doors, I have no fear of the Nevada climate."

Jeff Likes Heat.
In the same connection, Jim Jeffries says that the warmer it is the better he will like it. Jim thinks that in staying the mercuro upward there are days when southern California does not have to take a back seat from any other section of the United States, and that during his career he has had many spells of activity in various kinds of weather.

"I fought once when the heat was intense, but it wasn't unhealthful," said Jeffries. "It was when I boxed Tom Sharkey at Coney Island, the electric lights installed for the moving pictures formed a roof of fire which came within a few feet of our heads. It was something terrible, but I got through all right. I have always had a suspicion that the heat that night had a permanent effect upon Tom Sharkey. He was never much good, it seemed to me, after that."

Jim Coffroth was among yesterday's visitors. He arrived from San Francisco in the morning and directed his efforts toward securing accommodations for the members of the indoor yacht club of San Francisco, who are coming in a body to see the big fight.

He said:
"I am going back on tonight's train, and in a way my trip will be an object lesson to those who want to know how long it takes to make the round trip from San Francisco. I left San Francisco on Saturday night, transacted my business here and will be back at my desk by 8 o'clock Monday morning. I went out to see the new arena, and pronounced it a stable structure."

"From what I heard I thought they would be pressed for time, but after seeing what has been accomplished, I know different. The work is being done and the arena will surely be finished several days before it is needed."

The city authorities of Reno are looking ahead so as to provide against continuing

agencies which may arise while the fight crowd is gathering here, and after the arena is filled. To begin with, at the suggestion of Sheriff Farrell and with the consent of Governor Dickerson, the state police of Nevada will rendezvous here a few days before the fight and will assist in preserving the peace and curbing the activities of pickpockets and crooks generally that may be drawn here in the hopes of reaping a harvest.

The state police will also work in conjunction with the city police and the sheriff's deputies in the arena, and any one bent on creating a disturbance of any kind will be summarily dealt with.

No Trouble Expected.

Needless to say Tex Rickard is heartily in accord with this movement. Said Tex:
"Had Jeffries and Johnson fought at some other place there might have been cries of 'kill the nigger,' or some reviling of Jeffries possibly, but good-bye to the fellow who lets a squawk out of him in that arena on the Fourth. His case will be attended to with such dispatch he won't know what struck him."

The moving picture microbe is at work again, and the news gath'ers are extremely alert. It is rumored that secret bidding for Jack Gleason's one sixth interest in the shadowgraphs of the big fight is going on, and that it is a duel to the death between the rival camera companies to see which will land Gleason's fragment of the stock.

PROTECTION FOR JACK; RALLYING OF FANS; SCENES IN FIGHTVILLE

By W. J. Slattery.

Reno, Nevada, June 27.—It takes verily to be a real fight promoter. Poor Tex Rickard, who acted in San Francisco so unsuccessfully as peace-maker between himself and Governor Gillett, must now become a deputy sheriff. Tex has expressed his willingness to be sworn in on the morning of the big fight, and with a tin badge on his coat, he will help preserve order at the ring-side.

The municipal authorities have been fearful that they might not be able to handle the crowds on July 4 and have had many conferences with Rickard. Tex has said that he will turn in enough money to pay the expenses of the police, with six of his trusty desert scouts, has arrived in Reno to assist in preserving order.

Johnson to Be Protected.

And there is to be no calling of names.
"The first man who shouts 'kill the nigger,' will be thrown out of the arena, and we don't care if it's a state official

or one of Jeffries' seconds," said Cox. John Arthur Johnson has not asked for this protection. It is voluntary and for the purpose of preserving peace. Just the same, should Johnson win, arrangements have been made to ship him right out of Reno as quickly as autos and trains can take him.

Keeping an Eye on the Crooks.

In fact, Captain Cox has much to worry over. With the gathering throngs Reno has filled to the brim with pickpockets and criminals of various nature, who hope to make rich pickings between now and July 5. Captain Cox has temporarily shifted the headquarters of the state police to this city, and has brought records and Bertillon measurements of 10,000 criminals with him. With these he will trace every suspicious character in the town.

Area Complete Saturday Night.

But Nelson, defeated by Al Volgaist at Richmond on Washington's birthday in a contest for the lightweight championship, is on his way here to see the big contest. Nelson left his Los Angeles ranch Saturday. At the Jeffries-Johnson ring-side will be Volgaist, with whom Nelson hopes for another battle.

Tex Rickard is getting back his smile. The big arena is beginning to assume shape, and Contractor McLaughlin has sworn a solemn oath that he will turn it over complete by next Sunday night. The Reno carpenters are patriotic and are quitting steady jobs right and left to help along the work. More than a hundred men went to work this morning. In spite of a fire Saturday in Flanagan's lumber yard, there is enough lumber left in the town to complete the big job.

Reports From District Fans.

Jim Coffroth, who has pulled off more championship battles than all the promoters now in the game combined, pulled in from San Francisco with the good news that more than 10,000 persons from about San Francisco Bay would be in Reno to see the fight.

Coffroth has just received a telegram from Jimmy Britt, in London, who says the Englishmen are showing no end of interest in the fight and are wagering 10 to 1 for Johnson. "The British sports are betting their heads off," he declares.

Jeffries is resorting to an old pugilistic trick to keep his face intact, and the fact has just come to light. For several days past he has been washing his face in a strong solution of brine. In order to harden the skin and prevent profuse bleeding.

Only a man with a tough skin can stand such a bath, but Jeff says he likes it. It is a trick born in the old London prize ring days.

William Collier, the actor, now star-

ring in "A Lucky Star," is no friend of Governor Gillett. He had so arranged his bookings that he was to be in the vicinity of San Francisco to see the big Jeffries-Johnson fight. Now that the scene has been shifted, he has tried to cancel his Oakland engagement, but Gillett and Mark have taboed the plan. Collier offered a bonus of \$1000 to get off for the night in order to take a trip to Reno, but this offer also has been turned down.

Heavyweight Jealousy.

Jeff and the big smoke are just as jealous of each other as a couple of sweet school girls. Every line of advertising given to one makes the other jealous. Jeff gets sore when he reads a story on Johnson's progress, and rises up the space, alongside the space given his own work-out. Johnson, on the other hand, is sore at Jeff. Yesterday, after reading some of the Jeffries advertising, he informed a couple of correspondents that if they didn't wait to see him train, he would give them no more information.

A Gambler's Paradise.

Reno will not soon forget Sunday, June 26, or the night before. It was Jeffries' quietest day, but down in Reno the money clinked and the orchestras played and the crowd surged. Two weeks ago a financial depression was evident. Yesterday every gambling device known to the gaming world was dug up from cellars and store rooms and put out before the public. And the public bit for the man that will run far up into the six figures. "How much did you lose?" is the Reno watchword.

Compulsory Tactics.

Some of the new arrivals in Reno are showing exceptional forethought. They are coming armed with tents and grub, enough of the latter to last a week. And it is a wise thought, for already the hotels are at a loss to provide accommodations, and the high cost of living is being shown cards and spades at soaring.

Jack Johnson loves Governor Dickerson just as much as he does not love Governor Gillett. Arthur had his tongue loosened at a musical concert yesterday in which he was solo performer. His eulogy of Governor Dickerson lasted until his vocabulary ran out of eulogistic phrases.

Johnson's Plans.

Johnson has his plans all made for the future. New York and a vaudeville stunt will be his mecca.

"And then," said the big smoke, as he heaved a sigh of prospective delight, "I'm going to take my auto and cruise all around this country."

"If I lose," he continued, seriously, "I'm done with the game, for I'll know it isn't in me to fight. If I win, I'll defend the title. But just as soon as I

can, I want to go into the automobile business in Chicago."

"Just Out Your Tongue, Please." Jeff and Johnson have been applied of a new Nevada law that threatens to cut short their sleep the night before the fight. According to this law, every participant in a prize fight must be examined by a physician ten hours before he goes into the ring.

Johnson and Jeff are to begin hostilities at 1:30 in the afternoon. It needs little figuring to prove that they will have to be jerked out of bed at the unreasonable hour of 1:30 in the morning to show their tongues to the doctors.

BUD KRIBS GAVE VICTOR A HOT RUN; FINISH IS EXCITING

(Continued From Page One.)

made the Chamber of Commerce corridor echo with their shouts. "Vote for Weinstein, the new boy candidate." Colton anxiously interview each passer. By this means he succeeded in adding many votes to his credit.

Harold Meier made no fight this morning. He had been one of the leaders, but he dropped out of the contest. Don Tarpley kept up his fight, however, until the last.

At the banquet tonight the new mayor is to be inaugurated. Then he will receive the keys of the city from Mayor Simon. He will also make a speech, as will Benjamin Katz, former boy mayor of San Francisco. Mayor Simon, Judge Gantenbein and others. Frank Branch Riley is to be toastmaster at this banquet in the Hotel Portland. The music is to be furnished by Webber's juvenile orchestra. Covers have been laid for 65.

WORK AMONG BOYS ILLUSTRATED BY 200 SLIDES IN Y. M. C. A.

After hearing Major Sidney S. Peixotto lecture on "Work Among Boys" at the Y. M. C. A. last night it was easy for the people of Portland to understand the speaker's increasing faith in the utility of his work. With 200 slides Major Peixotto pictured the progress that has been made since first the idea of a club for boys of the street came to him, until it reached the organization and influence which it has today.

He had with him 40 boys from the

Columbia Park boys' club. They were living illustrations of the same thought. Once they had been boys of the street and nothing else to characterize them. Through the influence of training that combines fun and recreation and study, they are becoming accomplished and cultured, and none the less boys for all of it.

The party arrived in Portland yesterday morning. The boys immediately scattered in every direction to see the sights. In the afternoon D. E. Keasey took them up to his boat house and they had a swim. They are termed the "third year boys." They do not get the trip in a private car without effort and merit. In the membership of the Columbia Park boys' club there are divisions. The first year they go into camp. If they make good in every way, they go the next year on a hike with Major Peixotto. The reward of merit is the journey in which this year 40 boys participate.

Every boy of them says he is having a good time. They are giving all kinds of exhibitions and performances every day, but they make that trip along with the sight seeing and the setting acquainted with people.

The Columbia boys' program for tonight and tomorrow follows:

Monday evening—Concert by Columbia Park boys' band, Hotel Portland; banquet, Hotel Portland; inauguration of Sam Weinstein as boy mayor. Frank Branch Riley, toastmaster.

Tuesday afternoon—Grand parade to Multnomah field, 2 o'clock. Sports day at Multnomah field. Exhibition game of Australian football, shown for the first time in Portland, as played by the Columbia Park boys 38 times in all parts of Australia. Baseball game, Portland newboys vs. Columbia Park boys.

STEAMER SENATOR IS IN PORT FROM NOME

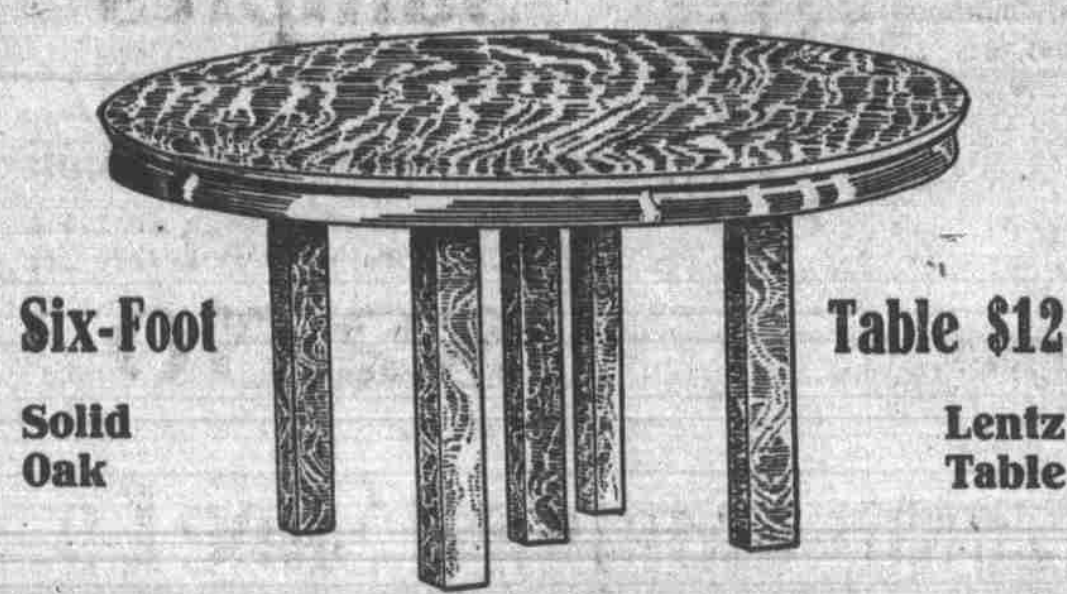
(United Press Special Wire.) Seattle, June 27.—Bringing the first Nome people and the first first hand news of the district since the close of the 1909 season, the steamer Senator is in port today from the Bering sea. Forty-eight people, all of whom returned in the famous gold fields, returned on the vessel.

When the Senator left Nome, June 18, very little of the heavy fall of snow during the winter had melted. The season is the latest in many years. The Senator brought \$80,000 in gold. Seven of the passengers were not so joyous as the rest on their return to civilization. They were all prisoners in charge of a United States marshal. Two are insane, and one is a Mexican convicted of second degree murder.

Journal Want Ads bring results.

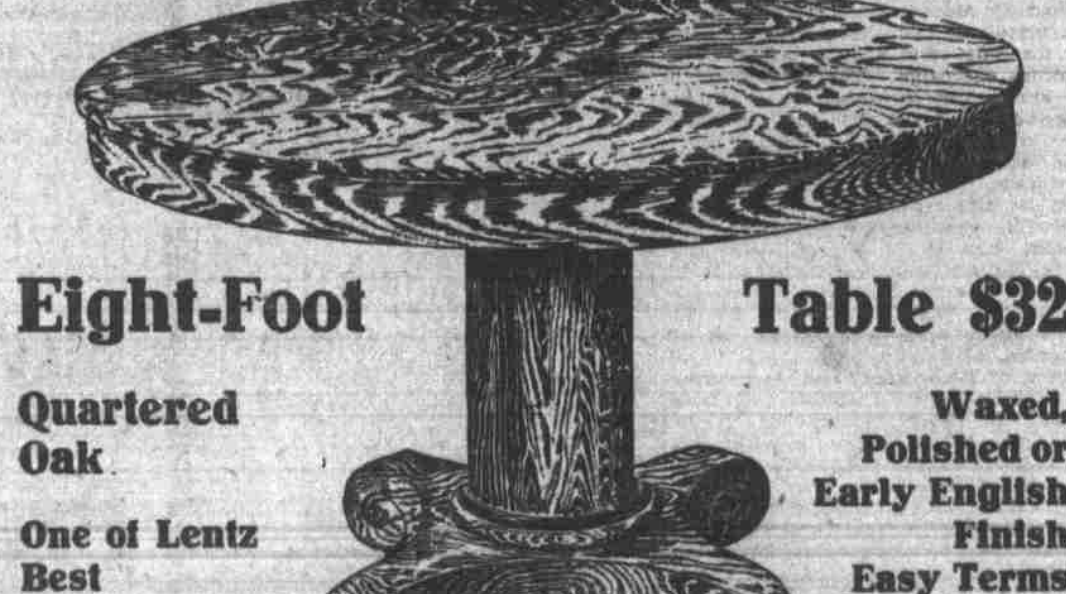
Some Extra Specials for the Dining-Room

There is "a reason" for these extra special offerings in Dining-Room Furniture at this time. In order to secure the EXCLUSIVE agency in Oregon for the celebrated "Lentz" Tables and the Indianapolis Chair Company's products, we must sell as many of these goods as THREE OTHER LARGE STORES COMBINED. Now, that's going some—to keep up the average of our own sales and sell as much as three large Portland competitors. Then we can control the sale of these fine goods. That is our undertaking—to secure the exclusive sale of the Lentz Tables and the Indianapolis Chairs. To succeed we must be satisfied with smaller profits. We quote today a few sample prices. Come and see others.



**Six-Foot
Solid Oak
Lentz
Table**

No. 674. Just like the cut, which was made from photo, another illustration of our bargain-giving this season. The table is of genuine quartered oak, with three-inch legs; a heavy four-inch rim, concave in shape, adds to its beauty; has 44-inch top, extends to 6 feet.



**Eight-Foot
Quartered Oak
One of Lentz
Best
Waxed,
Polished or
Early English
Finish
Easy Terms**

No. 1701—Another pleasing model, and as great a value in its class; has 44-inch top, fitted with the patent Duostyle lock that permits extension to 8 feet; made of selected eastern oak, beautifully quarter-sawn; in the golden wax, golden oak polish, or the early English finish; you have a choice of these three finishes.

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Leather
Seats**

**Polished Oak Quartered Oak
Full Box Seats
Leather Coverings**

Regular \$7.50 Values, Special

**Special
\$2.95**

\$3.95

No. 2042. Fine quarter-sawn and polished oak, genuine leather or cane seat. A well-made Box Seat Chair.

No. 906. These chairs are better than the cut and have carvers to match. Best quarter-sawn and polished oak, genuine No. 1 leather covers, full box seat; corners blocked, bolted and glued. Will last a lifetime.

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