



# Wm. Gadsby

THE HOUSEFURNISHER

Gadsby Block, cor. Washington and First Sts.

Invites inspection of his mammoth stock of all that goes to make a house a home. New Carpets are wanted. We have them. You haven't all the money just now? That's all right—you will have; you can spare a dollar a week, or five dollars a month. Come and get all you want.

## CHARLIE AND SADIE

Charlie and Sadie had courted some time, A happy young couple were they. They wanted to marry before very long, But clearly could not see their way.

Charlie, of course, had the best of intention, And Sadie a wise little head; She knew that a home must be furnished Before they could venture to wed.

Charlie wanted to do the thing nicely, And puzzled his head day and night. Poor Sadie was equally anxious, And wanted to start the home right.

Charlie had got good employment, His wages enough to keep two; And one day from a friend newly married, He hit on the right thing to do.

Went straight away and saw GADSBY, Who furnished him all he required. He was not long then wedding Sadie, When he got her the home she desired.

He paid a deposit—and that was quite small— The installments were easy to pay. A nice little home was the happy result, And they both felt joyful that day.

GADSBY'S SYSTEM'S a boon for such people, Who seek for some comfort in life. He carries a stock of goods that will bring Great happiness to man and to wife.

Just note the address and study the terms, They are everything will satisfy; Though your pocket is low you can arrange so You can soon get a home if you try.

## NOTE OUR EASY TERMS

\$ 25 worth of goods, \$1.00 per week  
\$ 50 worth of goods, \$1.25 per week or \$ 5.00 per month  
\$ 75 worth of goods, \$2.50 per week or \$ 7.50 per month  
\$125 worth of goods, \$2.25 per week or \$10.00 per month  
LARGER BILLS SAME PROPORTION.

Everything to Furnish a House Throughout in Stock

Stoves, Ranges, Lamps, Toilet Sets, Mattings, Oil Cloths, Carpeting of all kinds, Window Shades, Draperies, Bedding, Blankets, Comforters, Pillows, Bolsters, in fact, anything required to furnish a house.

WM. GADSBY THE HOUSEFURNISHER  
Washington & First Sts.

## "GEORGIE" AND HIS BRAND NEW SISTER

He and "Little Albert" Stir Up an Awful Commotion While Trying to Obey "Paw's" Injunction to be Quiet.

I bet You Cant guess what. Gee but it's Little. And it Don't Seem to no nawthin a Tall only how to holler. Paw he says when we Got it:  
"Now Georgie and Albert You must be good Boys or mebbey we mite'n't Be a Loved to keep it."  
"Was it Sent Here jist on Our account?" Little Albert ast.

"Oh, I dunno as it was," paw ansred, "only you no you offen sed you wanted a Little sister."  
"Well, it's Blame quore they couldn't a Brod it. Some time when maw Wasnt sick in Bed," little albert told Him, and paw Didn't say nothin for about a minit so I says:  
"Spesen we name it After Mrs. Dewey?"  
"Why?" he ast.

"Mebby if we Do she mite give it a House and Lot she Don't need in her Bizness," I told Him.  
"Don't try to Be smart when they are a Serious Subject golin' on," paw says.  
"Now I want you Boys to keep off quiet around Here today, and Behave like if you Had Bin brot up Decent. You mite go Over to the Simmonses and stay to Dinner if they ast you."

Then me and little albert went over and Mrs. Simmonses begin to ast us about the Baby. She sed she was jist Dyrin to see the Dear little Thing and I thot I Better fix it so she would stay away so I told Her it was all Broke out and we was a fraid it was Bored with the meesule or sumthing. But you can't never Tell Before you say it what Wimmen are goin to Do After words.

Stirs Up the Neighbors.  
She started like it and let all the nabers no about it and the first thing I new they was a Drove of them Heded for our house. I thot I would go home and see what Happened, and purty soon they was about a Haft a Duzzen of them in the parlor talken about the Best thing to Do for it. They neerly got to fliten Becos sum of them thot the things sum of the others wanted to give it wouldn't be good.

"If it was my Baby," Mrs. Fowler sed, "I would Git some other Docketer rite away. I Don't Believe in this one."  
"Well, I don't think your docketer Im-munots to much," Mrs. Johnson told Her. "Your children are sick all the Time."  
"They ain't neether," Mrs. Fowler holler. "They ain't no heilther children in the World than mine, only they ain't big and Raw boned Like yours."

It looked like if they mite pull Hare Before they got thru, and it Sounded Like a mornin' Whisk party for a while. But stay quit jawin at Last and Mrs. Henderson sed:  
"Ain't it jist offel. Of course the poor little thing Can't live."  
"No," Mrs. Barker ansred, "I never Hurd of one what Did yt. It'll be a Turrible bie to its poor fawther."

By that time the nurse come down and Told them she was Sorry they Couldn't

see it yit. But she was a fraid the docketer mite'n't Like it if she let them.  
"Oh, we Don't want to," Mrs. Simmonses told Her. "Poor little thing, we jist thot we Would come and see if we Couldn't Do sumthing for it. We're offel sorry for all of you."  
Nurse Gets Mad.  
The nurse she Begin to git mad about that time Becos she thot that was throwin sum kind of a Slur at her, and she ast what they ment. Then they all Commenct to Talk at Wunst, and she says:  
"My grashus ladies this is turrible makin so much Disturbance. What on earth is the matter?"  
"Why the meesuls you no," Mrs. Fowler holler. Becos she got a Chanct to say it furst.

"What meesuls?" the nurse ast.  
"Your meesuls," they yelled, "the Baby's meesuls, the hole fambly's meesuls."  
Then she begin to Back away tods the stairs and moshened me to make my escape Before they got enny worse. They was a nartickle in the paper the other Day about some people gitin out of a A syum and I sees she thot it was them.

By that time I Had a Fine thot, so I went and opened the Front Door and then come Back and sed:  
"I wisht Little Albert and the pupp was Here."  
"Why?" Mrs. Fowler ast.  
"Becos they was a mouse jist Rat under you," I told Her.

They was three chares upast and two peaces of Drees hangin to the Door nob after they got out, and the nurse skined one Elbo and neerly Lost a nye Gittin up stairs.—Georgie, in Chicago Times-Herald.

## MISTAKEN ECONOMY.

Disaster Visited on Man Who Wouldn't Subscribe for Paper.

Did you ever, asks an unidentified exchange, hear of a man who was too economical to take his home paper, but sent his little boy to borrow the copy taken by his neighbor? In his haste the boy ran over a 4 stand of bees and in 10 minutes looked like a warty summer squash. His cries reached his father, who ran to his assistance, and, falling to notice a barbed wire fence, ran into that, breaking it down, cutting a handful of fish bait out of his anatomy and ruining a 4 pr of pants.

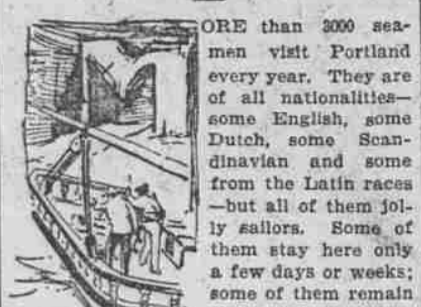
The old cod took advantage of the gap in the fence, and got into the corn field and killed herself sailing green corn. Hearing the racket, the wife ran out, upset a four-gallon churnful of rich cream into a basket of kittens, drowning the whole flock. In the hurry she dropped a 7 set of false teeth. The baby, left alone, crawled through the spilled cream and into the parlor, ruining a brand new 420 carpet. During the excitement the eldest daughter ran away with a hired man; the dog broke up 11 setting hens, and the calves got out and chewed the tails off from four fine shirts.

The Reasons Why.  
"You ask why we desert. We leave because we've nothing to eat. We have, most of us, been six or eight months on the voyage, and the food that is given us has become nauseating. The captain generally refuses to give us any money to spend while in port. English marine law does not require shipowners to pay their men until they return to an English port. It is the same with European countries.

# Jack Tar in his PORTLAND HAUNTS



Whether the flow shall fall us, or the Trades drive down: Plain-sail—storm-sail—lay your board and tack And all to bring a cargo to Portland town. (With apologies to Mr. Kipling.)



ORE than 2000 seamen visit Portland every year. They are of all nationalities—some English, some Dutch, some Scandinavian and some from the Latin races—but all of them jolly sailors. Some of them stay here only a few days or weeks; some of them remain three or four months, and a few of them die here. The greater part of them are deep-sea sailors, voyaging to and from distant ports. For long months, perhaps years, they have not been home; seldom do they spend any considerable time in an enlightened country. It is interesting then to know what they do when they cast anchor in Portland harbor.

It must be known that the requirements of Oregon for the transportation of its large crops of wheat and immense lumber products draw into the Willamette each year a great fleet of merchantmen, one of the finest and largest in the world. Many nationalities man this fleet; every existing type of sailor is included. "Every one of us liars, and 'alf of us is thieves," is a couplet that will apply to only a small proportion of the men who go to sea in ships these modern days; most sailors are upright and good men at heart.

Some Sailors Wed Here.  
The fact that the greater number of vessels that come to Portland are long-voyage craft causes the stay of their crews in the port to be usually a lengthy one, and Jack Tar becomes well acquainted here. It may not be literally true that he has a sweetheart in every port, but he has one in Portland and, occasionally, a Portland girl has been known to marry a sailor, and then this city becomes his home port. Of course, he may also have a wife at the Antipodes and be the possessor of two home ports.

Portland differs in several respects from other seaports. From some points of view this may be considered an island city, it being about 100 miles from the nearest land. This can be said of other ports, notably Philadelphia and New Orleans, but there are few other places in the world where seagoing vessels come into a river and have to pass through drawbridges to reach their destination. The sailors who come here have the opportunity to indulge in more varied recreations, on account of the dual character of Portland as a seaport and an inland town combined.

The biggest single factor in the life of the seaman ashore is the sailors' boarding-house. This is a much-abused institution, and about the most favorable thing that has been said for it is that it is a necessary evil. There are boarding-houses and boarding-houses. In ports where much rivalry exists, many evils creep in that do not contaminate the sailor's life in Portland. In this city there is only one boarding-house for sailors worthy of the name. This usually contains from 20 to 50 seamen. They are a picturesque lot, and spend much of their time, when indoors, in playing cards and spinning yarns. They are of all nationalities, but all speak more or less English.

## For Men Who Leave Ships.

It must be understood that the boarding-house is principally for sailors who leave their ships. Seamen who intend to make the return voyage on the ships they sailed in on, have no need for such a home. Their bunk and grub are always ready for them on board their vessels. If it were not for desertions, the boarding-house man couldn't exist. In ports where there is much rivalry in the business, boarding-house runners will, wherever permitted to do so, board arriving craft in search of victims. If opportunity presents, they will ply the men with liquor, and use every possible blandishment to get them away from their ships.

When a sailor leaves his ship, he is welcomed at the boarding-house, whether he has any money or not. He is supplied with tobacco and clothes, if he needs them, and is given a small amount of money to "blow in," usually about \$5. The boarding-house master, who also conducts a marine employment agency, reimburses himself from the premium which the captain pays for new men, when his old hands have deserted. Of course, he is taking chances, but he rarely loses, because a seaman knows no other occupation and must, sooner or later, ship again. He can only do this through the boarding-house master.

This leads up to the important question, "Why do sailors desert?" Shipowners and those who look at it from their point of view say they desert, as a rule, only when made drunk and over-persuaded. There are two sides to this as well as to any other question. Perhaps the deserters themselves can best tell. A reporter asked this question of, perhaps, 20 seamen on the streets in the North End, and the answers were very much alike. An English seaman, who seemed rather above the average in intelligence, said:

"The captain purposely refuses to give the men any money while in port, and he keeps up the poor fare to encourage the men to desert. He says: 'Boys, don't leave the ship; look out for the boarding-house men,' but when a boat from the boarding-house comes alongside, he offers no objection. The captain refuses to give the men any money to spend, although they have not had a cent for months. An order is given on the tailor for clothes. We can borrow a dollar from him, but we only get 60 cents. The captain gets a commission on this, as he does on all the goods we buy."

Another said: "Our captain wants us to desert. He says: 'Boys, don't leave the ship; look out for the boarding-house men,' but when a boat from the boarding-house comes alongside, he offers no objection. The captain refuses to give the men any money to spend, although they have not had a cent for months. An order is given on the tailor for clothes. We can borrow a dollar from him, but we only get 60 cents. The captain gets a commission on this, as he does on all the goods we buy."

A Norwegian was asked why he left his ship, and he replied: "Bad cook." "There are good captains and bad captains," said an old British tar who has been before the mast 30 years. "Some of them treat a fellow so well that he wants to make the return trip with him. Others are very tyrannical. In this case, the boarding-house master is the sailor's only friend. Why, who else would give him a bit of rum? Who would buy him tobacco? Where would he go? Would he not be at the mercy of the captain? But he would desert, just the same. I tell you, if it was not for the sailor boarding-houses, the men would be sleeping on the bloomin' doorsteps."

American Vessels the Best.  
"American shipowners and American vessels are the best," said an old tar, "but there is little left now of the American merchant marine save a memory. American captains pay off in every port, and it is a rare thing for a seaman who is half way decent to desert a vessel that flies the Stars and Stripes. The men are better fed, better paid and better treated on American vessels than on any other, —but there are so few American vessels." "While the sailor is not always strictly moral, he is often religious, by nature and habit. When ashore, he will frequently attend some kind of religious service, if it be only an open-air talk on some street corner in the slums. His faith is not clouded by any of the doubts that higher criticism brings, and he is strictly orthodox. A minister who is devoting his life to mission work in North Portland said:

"A sailor is more susceptible to relig-

ious truth than any other man. The trouble is we can't reach him. After the sailor boarding-house gets hold of him he is kept full of whiskey."  
"But isn't the sailor driven to the boarding-houses because he has no money?" was asked.  
"No," replied the minister. "The sailors can get everything they want, except whiskey, without going to the boarding-houses at all."

The greatest influence for good that



is thrown around the sailor in the port of Portland is the Seamen's Institute, 109 North Front street. It is under the auspices of the London Mission to Seamen's Society, and is managed by James Laidlaw, T. B. Wilcox, W. J. Burns, Captain Hoben, Captain J. A. Brown and M. N. Hamilton. The superintendent is Dr. J. Douglas Hay. Religion is only a side issue at this institute, the only question asked being, "Are you a seaman?" Every creed and nationality come and go. Here Jack Tar is at home. There are reading and smoking-rooms for the officers, the apprentices and the common sailors. All are welcome, and there are no restraints on any of them. Every Sunday a lunch is given the boys, at 12:30 P. M., and ten at 6 o'clock, as a reminder of their Sundays at home. The large number of mariners who regularly spend their evenings at this place is gratifying to the management, and has a good influence over the entire body of seafaring men.

It is said that the class of men who do their loafing at the institute seldom desert their ships. Apprentices and seamen, who often work hard on board their vessels during the day, take their "shore clothes" under their arms and go directly to the institute at night, to dress for the evening. The regular Wednesday evening concerts that are held at the institute are often gotten up, arranged and managed by the seamen, without any suggestions whatever from outside sources.

The institute has the nucleus for a library, and is well supplied with magazines and newspapers. Picnics are given in the summer time, and occasional crick-

ets are given. These boys are often sons of gentlemen (from a European standpoint), and are usually well-bred, worthy young fellows. They get no pay and have no money to spend, except what is sometimes sent them from home. On the other hand, their parents pay the shipowners a premium to take the boys and make seamen of them. If they remain on the vessel the required four years and are sober and studious, they are given a second mate's certificate. If they desert, it is usually the beginning of the end. There is nothing left for them but to go before the mast.

Shipowners are glad to get as many apprentices as possible. After a few weeks, a boy can do a seaman's work, and that makes a reduction in the payroll. Some ships come into Portland with 10 or 12 apprentices on board. The pathways through life of these young fellows are not strewn with roses. They are made to do work that common seamen refuse to do, and are the servants of every one on board. This does not apply to apprentices on American ships, who are given the position of petty officers. One boy, with a patrician face and an accent that betokened good breeding, was seen on board a vessel a few days ago, at meal time. He was eating pork and potatoes from an earthen dish that had been guiltless of water for many moons, but a solid silver knife, fork and spoon were his eating utensils. The boy had brought these things from home with him, and he had clung to them as relics of happy days, with remarkable tenacity, though all his voyages, not seeming to see their incongruity.

## Discouraged Youth Deserts.

Only last week a discouraged young Englishman, who had fallen into the hands of a captain who probably didn't treat him any too well, deserted his ship at the instigation of a saloon-keeper. He soon spent his home allowance of money at the bar, and then accepted a job from the whisky-dealer to drum for trade among the apprentices with home allowances. He was rescued and placed on board his ship only a few hours before she sailed. This boy is a very talented pianist; is cultured in many ways, and, with the proper environment while in port, should become an ornament to his chosen profession.

A plan is on foot that will materially lighten the burden of the seamen, in this and all other ports where it is inaugurated. It is to give the men a weekly wage while in port. This is all they ask, at present. They are willing to leave their accumulated earnings in the captain's hands until they return to the home port, while they are in port. It is understood that the British board of trade and the London Mission to Seamen's Society favor making this change. If this plan is adopted by the British ships, it will probably also be taken up by other Continental shipowners. It would mean something considerable to Portland in dollars and cents. The 2000 sailors who annually come here only leave in the city a dollar or so each of their earnings. They would spend more, if they had it. Should they be allowed their wages of \$3 or \$4 a week, they would spend it here, and secure their clothes and tobacco, at prices other people pay. It would probably increase the trade of Portland merchants \$50,000 a year. This plan would certainly prevent many desertions.

Jack Tar's inordinate love for North End whisky and other more questionable attractions that are placed before him in that section of the town, often lands him in the city Bastille. The sailor does not enjoy immunity from arrest, but, to their credit be it said, the authorities are as lenient with him as their duty will permit. When Jack lands in the lockup and views the liberty and happiness of this world through prison bars, it is generally the much-abused boarding-house man who comes to the rescue. The fine is usually a minimum one and is paid. But sailors do not very often fall into the hands of the police.

The practice of "shanghaiing"—that is, getting sailors drunk and shipping them against their will, while insensible—used to flourish in Portland like the proverbial green bay tree. But the custom is said to have passed into history. The reasons are obvious. The laws against it are very severe, and the necessity for it no longer exists. There are plenty of seamen always in port ready to ship. They may

be "swapping the devil for the witch" and get a worse ship than the one they leave, but a sailor likes to take chances. Chance is one of the charms of his existence.

The chief of the Portland shanghaiers, whose opium, years ago, crossed the Stygian river, was James Turk. A sailor, speaking on the nil nisi bonum mortuus est principle, said of him: "True, old Turk would shanghai his grandmother, but he wasn't so bad, after all. He was a bluff, rough-speaking kind of a fellow. Too many people judged old Jim by his voice. He was so tender-hearted that I have often seen him weep bitter tears over other people's troubles."

Turk never had an opportunity to shanghai his grandmother, but he did shanghai his own son. From all accounts, the young Turk probably needed it, and it must have been a lesson to him, as he is said to be a boarding-house and shipping master himself, at Honolulu—a chip of the old block.

When the sailors reach this port after a long voyage, they need recreation and relaxation, and they seek for it. Some find it amid reputable and respectable surroundings; others look for it in the numerous disreputable dens along the water front.

## Wednesday Night Concert.

One of the most admirable features of the Seamen's Institute, previously referred to, is the Wednesday evening concert. Occasionally these are arranged by the seamen themselves. At other times they are planned and executed by the young women of the best social standing in Portland. The music given is of the highest class, drawn largely from the old masters, and, in fact, taste and culture can be seen on every hand and throughout all the details. These entertainments, which are varied in their character, are enjoyed hugely by the officers, the apprentices and the common seamen as well. The Saturday evening socials are pretty well patronized by the same class, and add very materially to the pleasure of Jack ashore, giving him a taste of social enjoyment that he has not felt for many months, if at all.

## Land of No-Such-Place.

He'd rather weed the garden than to play a game of ball; He loves his teacher half to death—the circus not at all; There's not one speck of honest dirt upon his week-day face. For he's a boy—poor fellow!—in the land of No-Such-Place!

He'll never drink when he grows up, of course—nor make his trousers can be seen on Putting up the kitchen stovepipe he'll regard as pleasure rare; No, he'll never yearn for office, nor want to "go the pace." For he'll be what names for a man in the land of No-Such-Place!

His wife? She'll never gossip. Her hair will stay in curl; On rainy days, she'll have no trouble with the servant girl; Nor long to tear the eyes out of the "woman in the case"— Ever hoar of such a woman? She resides in No-Such-Place!

How it used to make our bones ache—that Sunday school paradise. With its goody-goody goodness—its death of striving vice! Oh, those boyhood recollections! What can ever quite efface That spiritual so dreaded—the land of No-Such-Place!

Let me rather work from sun to sunset, and walk the floor at night; While a drowsy hunchback lend the air with cello's might; Than to be a wretched boy again, confronted, face to face, With a chance to wear a halo in the land of No-Such-Place! —Albert E. Hoyt, in Leslie's Weekly.

