

Wm. Gadsby

THE HOUSEFURNISHER

Gadsby Block, cor. Washington and First Sts.



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We are looking for business in the country, and would advise parties contemplating the purchase of Furniture to write for our catalogue. It will furnish them with some interesting facts.

WM. GADSBY THE HOUSEFURNISHER Washington & First Sts.

Wearry Willie on His Travels

Why not reform? That's easily said. But I've gone through such wretched treatment! Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread. And scarce remembering what meat meant. That my poor stomach is past reform. And there are times when, mad with thinking, I'd sell out heaven for something warm To prop a horrible inward sinking. —The Vagabond.

THE recent action of the neighboring city of Seattle in establishing a municipal chaingang, with rock-pile attachments, caused a hobia of hobs, Wearry Willie and Perry Patentes from that city. Seattle's loss was Portland's gain. Twenty of that assemblage of the great unwashed came into Portland last Sunday on one freight train. Ten of these were sent to the county jail on charges of vagrancy, and the others are presumably practicing their profession, with varying degrees of success, in the residential portions of the city.

Walter Wyckoff, in his graphic story, "The Workers," and in subsequent magazine articles, created a type of the tramp that has been generally accepted by the public as being a correct picture of the individual of the species. Mr. Wyckoff has yet to learn the first principles of hobolism. He was with tramps, but not of them. He had a bank account to draw on; was never needy or hungry, and he never won the confidence of a real tramp in his whole career. His descriptions are surface descriptions. His creation was a morbidly sad and sorrowful man, with the hand of fate, the sword of Damocles and many other uncomfortable and unnecessary things hanging over his head. It is an er-

some of the words and expressions are ingenious. The conversation of a typical tramp is so filled with hobo words as to be almost unintelligible to a novice. When one tramp asks another, "How's eating here?" he simply wants to know if the people of that town or section are hospitable to the Ishmaelish wayfarer. Bread is called "punk"; butter, "dope"; coffee, "Java"; chicken, "gump"; a lunch, a "hand-out"; a square meal, a "set-down." The conductor is a "con"; the brakeman a "shack"; and a policeman is a "bull." "Throwing your feet out" means energetic begging, and the principal street of a town is "de stem." To "kep," or a place to "kep," is only to sleep. It is hard to explain why a priest should be called a "Galway," but he is, and "hitting the Galway for punk" is a well-known method of procuring bread. A schoolhouse is always a "knowledge," and is known as a desirable place in which "to kep" when "on the road."

There are numerous kinds of hobs. The "blanket stiffs" are the most numerous in Portland. These men carry a big roll of blankets on their backs, in winter and

summer. They serve a dual purpose. They can be utilized as a bed, and they lend a kind of dignity to the tramp and give him the appearance of a working-man. This is of much assistance to him in obtaining food from the sympathetic housekeeper. "Gay cats" are the variety of tramps that are fairly well clothed, and act somewhat along the line of confidence men. They are usually men of good address, and always have a measurable store of gold.

"Man With a Graft." The "man with a graft" is the hobo who carries a "fake." Sometimes he sells eye medicine, razor-strop paste, silver-plating fluid, or furniture polish. Dealing in "phony" jewelry is the most frequently worked "graft." A few days ago a hungry-looking man came into a Third-street restaurant and told the proprietor a hard-luck story and said:

"I have nothing left but my ring (producing a good-looking, plain ring); I am starving, and you can have the ring at your own price."
"Is it gold?" asked the waiter.
"I don't know," replied the tramp. "To be candid, I will say that I never bought this ring; but you don't care how I got it, so long as you obtain it honestly."
The restaurant man at once gave the tramp a meal and a dollar for the ring, believing he was getting a bargain in stolen goods. The ring really cost 8 cents.

Ye Tramps' Hostel.
God's children are gathering home.
—Gospel Hymns.
The principal hostelry in Portland for hobs is the Scandavia house. This commodious hotel is conducted on both the American and European plans. A rate of 20 cents a day is charged guests who prefer the American hotel system, but single meals and beds that are advertised as "clean" are 5 cents each. If Willie can rustle 5 cents on his advent in Portland, to this resort he at once goes. All the home comforts are provided. A big wood fire is maintained in the "office," and a pot of boiling water affords a good place to wash a shirt, or pair of hose. A tub and washboard are among the office furniture. At any time during the day, shirtless men may be seen bending over the washboard, and the clothesline stretched across the room above the stove is always well decorated. Occasionally Willie has a razor and the process of getting scraped is gone through. "Boiling up" is what this semiannual washday is called. It is a great luxury, and is done not so much to remove the dirt from the garments as for other purposes; for it is a physical fact that hot water will destroy animal life.

Some Only Sleep There.
Many hobs patronize the Scandavia hotel only for sleeping purposes. The 5 cents that will get a meal there at certain times of day will procure a big schooner of stale beer and an unlimited quantity of free lunch, at some of the unsavory saloons in the vicinity. And unless Willie is very hungry he always prefers beer to food.

The Scandavia is known to the profession all over the country, and, for miles around Portland, is advertised on rocks and fences along the railroad tracks.
When a tramp first gets to town, he hunts a "wash." He usually goes to the river and makes his ablutions and then starts out for something to eat. The suburban residences are generally considered good, but most of the profession prefer to "work" the hospitals, schools and large boarding-houses. Times are not what they used to be, and the hobo knows that he is likely to be expected to work, and will gladly tackle a woodpile for a square meal.

plan that he thought was sure to melt the stoniest heart. He entered a yard and got down on his hands and knees and began to eat grass, after the manner that Nebuchadnezzar is said to have employed. This moved the lady of the house. She came to the front door, and the following conversation ensued:
"Poor man, you must be very hungry."
"Yes, madam, I'm nearly famished."
(Keeps on eating grass.)
"Then come around to the back yard, where the grass is higher."
"Making a Mulligan."
Another traveler present described the operation of making a "mulligan." Five or six hobs join in this. One builds a fire and rustles a can. Another has to procure meat; another potatoes; one fellow pledges himself to obtain bread, and still another has to furnish onions, salt and pepper. If a chicken can be stolen, so much the better. The whole outfit is placed in the can and boiled until it is done. If one of the men is successful in procuring "Java," an oyster can is used for a coffee tank, and this is also put on the fire to boil. Incidentally it may be mentioned that California hobs always put a "snipe" in their coffee, to give it that delicate amber color and to add to the aroma. "Snipe" is hobo for the butt end of a cigar that smokers throw down in the streets. All hobs have large quantities of snipe in their pockets, for both chewing and smoking purposes. A "beggar stew" is a "mulligan" without any meat.

Cryptograms and Hieroglyphics.
And when he seeth the blood on the Intel and on the two side posts, he will pass over the door and will not suffer the destroyer to come in into your house to smite you.—Moses.
Everybody has heard it jocularly said that a hobo puts a chalk mark on the front gatepost, to indicate the character of his reception to others of the profession. It's true. These hieroglyphics are formed in the manner of old coat-of-arms, and anyone who is given the fundamental principles and who knows anything of the study of heraldry, can work out these "monacs," as they are called. It is supposed that "monac" is a corruption of monogram. Every water tank and freight depot in the United States is covered with them. Many of these inscriptions, although neatly carved and pretentious, are meaningless, and were put there by amateur hobs, who do not know the principles of "monacs." Here are some of the cabalistic signs:

Meaning of the Signs.
The character shown in cut No. 1 means "good," and the hobo who sees that on a fence or door may reasonably expect to be fed at that house, if he puts in a good plea. No. 2 is interpreted as "very good," or "excellent." It means that, in addition to getting something to eat, there is a good showing for old clothes or shoes, and this inscription is eagerly watched for, especially on farmhouse gateposts.
"Monac" No. 3 denotes danger. In common usage, it means "a bad dog," and houses with that sign on the Intel are avoided. Cut marked No. 4 denotes that the beggar for food will get it, but he must cut wood, or do some other work, in payment. With these outlines, almost any message of interest to hobs can be conveyed. His vocabulary is only limited by his ingenuity. Some of the combinations most often seen are:

Her Sympathies Moved.
Now abideth Faith, Hope and Charity; these three, but the greatest of these is Charity.—Paul.
The average tramp keenly appreciates the humor that often underlies his pathetic appeals for help and the result of his impertinence. A man recently told, in the lobby of the Scandavia hotel, of a little experience which he had had that day, trying to move a woman's feelings to a sufficient degree to obtain a

meal. He said it occurred on Willamette Heights. It may be true, and may not be. He was very hungry, and had appealed in vain to numerous housekeepers for food. All his finest hard-luck stories had been related, in various and sundry tones of voice. The "dead-wife" story and the "deaf-and-dumb" racket had been worked to no avail. He finally determined on a

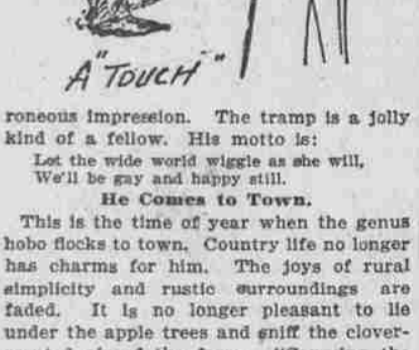
something to ride, and the railway cars are the most convenient things to be found. In former days, empty box cars offered the best means of transportation, but lately railroad officials have begun to frown upon tramping, and freight brakemen and conductors have inaugurated a system of collecting small sums for fares, and these combined facts have, in a large measure, driven Willie from the inable of the car to the outside. This plan of "riding the rods" is exceedingly dangerous and is uncomfortable as well; but in the night there is little danger of being detected by the "shack" and long jumps can be made.
The "blind baggage" is another favorite spot to ride. This is on the platform between two baggage cars that have no end doors. Once on and the train going, the hobo is safe until the next stop is made, and then he must maneuver to keep out of sight of trainmen. Tramps sometimes ride hundreds of miles on the blind baggage before they are put off, or "ditched," as they call it.
They also ride on top of passenger coaches. This mode of locomotion is called "decking her," and if the man does not happen to fall off, is the surest plan of all for getting over the road. He may get what few clothes he has burned as full of holes, as a sifter, but he is sure of his ride. The hobo also rides on the pilot of the locomotive, and late at night, when the porter falls asleep, on the rear platform of a Pullman car. Sometimes all these plans fail, and he has to resort to walking. This is called "drilling" and, besides being wearisome, is hard on "kicks."

Bric-a-brac.
A tramp at the Scandavia house, a few days ago, supplied his pocket, and parceled up his wares in a box. From the pockets he extracted the following articles of virtue and bric-a-brac: An onion, a razor, soap, towel, four handkerchiefs, a napkin, a comb, three soda biscuits, a pipe, a knife, a pair of "snipes," a parcel of salt, a box of matches, five railroad maps, a candle, a Bologna sausage, a small tin box, a broken whisk broom, several pieces of twine, a spoon of cotton, a pocket mirror, a lead pencil and a "buck-eye." The pockets were not full, and the man said he could make room for several "handouts."

This fellow was a comical-looking specimen. His shoes were not mates. One was patent leather "No. 7"; the other was tan, low-quartered and "No. 10." His trousers were of that summer variety, known as "soda-water" pants, and for a coat he wore a ladies' wrap of blue material, with two large mother-of-pearl buttons behind. He had a cane down Tacoma-way and was "boiling-up."

MAGIC POWER OF BOOZE.
(A Kentucky Legend.)
Chief Bour-Bon, when the god had named to hold
The ruling scepter o'er those people bold,
The great Kain-Tuck-Ak tribe, laid down to sleep
Within the shadows of a forest deep
But ere the breath of slumber touched his eyes
A red-disk form of most unearthly guise
Appeared before him, and turned loose that name
O'ild smile Lewis Morrison has brought to fame,
And thus he spoke:
"I am Satana, he
Whom white-skinned missionaries sent to free
Your people from the yoke of bondage state
Is over seeking whom he may cremate down
The ruler of the kingdom down below
Where weather guesses never mention snow
You've longed for greater power almost from earth—
Now will I make you think you own the earth!"
He beckoned, and from out the forest strode
A group of devils staggering 'neath a load
Of vassals, one of coppered wozny build,
And soon a cauldron o'er a fire was filled
With golden maize and writing mates and
frogs
And other reptiles caught in forest bogs,
And from the tail of that great worm there
dropped
A golden sector; this old Bour-Bon slipped
As great Satana bade, and soon he rose
And with a whoop assumed a scurrying pose
And smote his dais and swore that he could lick
A million devils, and could do it quick!
That he was king, and if Satana thought
For just one fleeting second he was not,
Just pet his duds and get himself in trim
And Bour-Bon would wipe up the earth with
him!
Satana smiled and said: "Good-bye, old boy;
I leave you here this worthy font of joy—
Make known the secret to the peopled earth,
Fill all this new-found land with jag-wrought
mirth
And boozey misery, for that, you know,
Will swell my population down below!"
The palface came, and soon the smoking stillie
Cast murky shadows o'er Kain-Tuck-Ak's bliss
And through the passing years up to this hour
The wondrous Juice retains his magic power,
For he who houses it beneath his girth
Imagines for a time he owns the earth.
—Denver Post.

Wearry Willie on His Travels
A hobo will not walk. He must have



ronous impression. The tramp is a jolly kind of a fellow. His motto is: Let the wide world wiggle as she will, We'll be gay and happy still.
He Comes to Town.
This is the time of year when the genus hobo flocks to town. Country life no longer has charms for him. The joys of rural simplicity and rustic surroundings are faded. It is no longer pleasant to lie under the apple trees and sniff the clover-scented air of the farm. "Carrying the banner" in Portland is preferable to making a bed on the soft side of a fence rail, with no cover except the vaulted dome of heaven. So the "workingman" comes to town.
No pent-up Utopia confines our powers; The boundless universe is ours.
—John Howard Payne.
The hobo element of Portland is cosmopolitan in its make-up. All roads lead to Portland, as they formerly did to Rome, and the vagabond that is shivering in the bleak wind on Boston common Thanksgiving day, may be lolling in the lobby of the Scandavia house in Portland in the ides of December. There are many routes that he may come by, but in hobo dialect they are not called by the names by which they never says he is going West over the "Monon," "Northwestern," "Burlington" or "Union Pacific," but he informs his comrade that he is going to work the "Pie belt." By that he means he is going to travel through the northern portion of New York state, where the farmers' wives usually place a piece of pie in the "hand-outs" they donate.
Should a tramp inform you that he came from the East by the "Poultice route," you must know that he begged his way through Utah by Salt Lake and Ogden. The plural wives of the Saints feed the way-worn travelers with bread and milk. Poultices are made of bread and milk, hence, "Poultice route." "Hungry Man's canyon" is that part of the Oregon & California railroad between Shasta and Grant's Pass.
The dialect of hobs is picturesque, and

SHARED-ME-DOWN
After he has obtained two, or, possibly, three or four, square meals, he returns to the business part of the city and begins to "rustle for bed money." Five cents is set apart for lodging purposes, and the remainder is invested in "booze," and it is a glowing tribute to the generosity of the American people in general, and the Portland people in particular, to state that Wearry Waggle generally goes to bed gloriously drunk.
This is the daily routine, and it is followed with more or less sameness until spring, when Willie again sets out for the green fields of the East; and again becomes Dusty Rhodes.
Married the Widow.
I have seen her! Once I was weak and spent, On the dusty road a carriage stopped; But little she dreamed, as she went, Who kissed the cold her fingers dropped.
—The Wanderer.
Do hobs ever marry? Well, yes; sometimes. There is a well-authenticated case on record, where a tramp wedded a Portland woman. It would be cruel to call names, but this couple now permeates the upper strata of society, and, as for that matter, the woman always did. She was born to the purple, and carried the proverbial silver spoon in her mouth and the mantle of charity around her shoulders.
Several years ago, the erstwhile Meandering Mike, now the prosperous business man, came to Portland on the brakebeam of a car. He washed his grimy hands and face in the Willamette, near Pennoyer's saw mill, and proceeded uptown to get a "handout." On the door of a particularly neat-looking house that he approached, he saw a huge band of craps. He "passed up" this house, of course, and went to the one next door.
By accident, the traveler learned that the craps on the door meant the death of the young husband of the house. By dexterous inquiry he ascertained the name and took a note of the street and number. Then he left town.
Hides His Time.
The next six weeks were spent in wandering along the Willamette river, from village to village, and after sufficient time had elapsed for the young widow's grief to become less poignant, the hobo returned and went directly to the house. He was met at the kitchen door by the widow, dressed in the deepest mourning. He told her that he knew her late husband and had heard of his death and frankly expressed his desire to possess a suit of the dead man's clothes. He told a hard-luck story, and told it well. The young widow was deeply interested. She gave Wearry Waggle the desired clothing. She also gave him food and money and a lecture that struck home.
He resolved to reform and go to work. With his newly acquired garments, he presented a neat and natty appearance and easily procured employment. He was bright and energetic and rose in the business. In the meantime, the young widow did not lose interest in her protégé, and six months after the old-clothes episode, there was a quiet wedding in Portland.
But cases where professional tramps reform and become pillars of society are isolated and as far apart as the proverbial visits of angels. The habit of vagabondage is as fixed and hard to break as the opium or cocaine habit. Once a tramp, always a tramp, is a law as immutable as those of the Medes and Persians, which change not.

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