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DENS AND DIVES OF PORTLAND



EW frontier towns, and time was when Portland was in that category, grew from obscurity to metropolitan proportions, with as small a share of criminal supremacy, as has fallen to the lot of Portland. On the whole, the metropolis of the Pacific Northwest has always been a moral city, taking into consideration the fact that it is a seaport town, and that harbor cities are proverbially bad, and also considering that this is the headquarters of an immense mining district, and that to the city on the Willamette flock cowboys and rangers from a territory larger than any European kingdom or empire, with the exception of Russia. Sailors from every land and every clime, are here perennially; miners from the great states of Oregon and Washington, from the wilds of Montana and Idaho, from Northern Utah, Nevada and California, from the wastes of British Columbia and from the almost boundless expanses of Alaska, and the frozen North, frequent Oregon's metropolis. It has been so since the earliest days of the development of the Northwest, and probably always will remain so.

Distance Eliminated. Distance has been practically eliminated in the great West. Vancouver, Lewiston, Salt Lake City, Carson, Marysville and San Bernardino are nearer neighbors than any six towns of the same relative importance in any single one of the New England states. People in Northern Idaho are fairly well acquainted with those in the middle of Montana, yet the distance between these places is greater than that from Maine to Florida. In early pioneer days the vigilance committees of Lewiston or Walla Walla never indicted capital punishment, except the fact and the principals were pretty well known in Tucuman or San Luis Obispo. From this viewpoint then, the morality of Portland, in pioneer days, as well as at the present time, is as surprising to the visitor as it is gratifying to the resident. Every city has its own peculiar and particular bad spot. The "Barbary Coast" of San Francisco is as well known the world over as St. Peter's or the Coliseum at Rome; or the Tower of London at Britain's capital. It includes a whole section of the city, and has its boundary lines as distinctively marked as those of the mission. It derived its name from the Coast of Barbary, along the Mediterranean, and the point of resemblance is found in that pirates infest both places, though the robbers are of a different kind.

Portland's "Barbary Coast." For this reason, the North End of Portland's water front is often called Portland's Barbary Coast. Seattle, Tacoma, Los Angeles and all coast towns have this peculiar section, some in a more marked degree than others. Portland is no exception. She has always had—and some of them exist yet—her dens of vice and crime and her Barbary Coast. Some people argue that they are necessary evils, and that the town is better for them. However, like the poor and the Salvation Army, they cannot be shaken off. The gambler, the tough, the typical cowboy and the old-time miner are wont to exclaim that the good old times are gone, never to return, for, in the palmy days of yore, Portland had a Whitechapel district that was not in the habit of playing second fiddle to the slums of any town. On a small scale, it was in the same class with the Barbary Coast of San Francisco, or the lower Canal-Street district of New Orleans. All this, however, was before the moral reform wave set in. Portland's past and present are radically different, yet there are those who believe, or say they do, that the former condition of society is preferable. Most of the men who kept the old-time resorts are dead, therefore, perhaps, nothing but good should be said of them. Others have reformed, and a few are struggling along in this and other cities, leading an echo of their former lives.

"Ivy Green." One of the old-time Portland dives, the name of which will go sounding down the corridors of time as that of a tough den, was the "Ivy Green," that flourished on Second street, below Taylor. Fifteen years ago, this was one of the most notorious of all the rendezvous of the "panel workers," and a long list of robberies, and even graver crimes, has been recorded to the discredit of this joint. A "panel worker" is a man who enters a room through a panel and robs the inmates. The rooms are furnished with extra high watercooler, with large panels—some of these are in reality doors—and when a victim has been sufficiently plied with bad liquor or "knockout drops," he is placed in bed in one of these chambers, with high panels. After he is asleep, the "panel worker" enters the chamber, riffs the victim's pockets and departs as noiselessly as he came. This happens when the selected victim is a sound sleeper. Should he awake and perhaps be a cowboy or a

miner, and a dangerous man, he will fight. Then murder has been resorted to. Many miners who have worked throughout the summer, with varying degrees of success, have come to Portland, in the autumn, to have the proverbial miners "good time," only to be relieved of their dust in the "Ivy Green" in a single night. It is said that a number of men have mysteriously died with their boots on in this place. Others of a Kind. Another den of vice, similar in all its appointments, was the old "Red Light" saloon. This rumshop was conducted in the most approved style and was run with all the variations. Carrie Bradley kept a dive of this kind on Third street, near Yamhill, that has a history. It was here that a logger named Brown was murdered accidentally in an effort to keep him from testifying before the grand jury. It was supposed that two women, Dolly Adams and Molly Filppen, were guilty of the crime, but they were acquitted, after a long trial. Carrie Bradley was sent to prison for life, for complicity in the murder.

In those days, "Jim" Turk's sailor boarding-house, in the North End, flourished like a green bay tree. Jim is the man who shanghaied his own son, and in the zenith of his powers, he had, for a runner, the celebrated "Dan" Moran. "Gasey" Shortell's saloon at the time was a Swede, who fainted from fright. The effect was wholesome, and the habit that prevailed of closing up saloons galore was never resumed to any extent in Portland.

It was in this saloon that a somewhat self-important Englishman, while drinking, explained to a group of men how much he knew. "Different nationalities have different times to drink," he said. "The French drink a great deal with their meals; so do the Germans; but we English drink more largely after dinner." "And we Americans drink when we drank please," chimed in the Irish-American behind the bar.

"Liverpool Lis," et al. "Liverpool Lis" was proprietor of a saloon, gambling den and "robbery," called



THE LION, THE LAMB AND THE WINDY-WEATHER MAIDEN.

Charley, who was afterwards hung, frequented this place. Most Portlanders of mature years remember Amy Hinton, the height of whose ambition was to keep the toughest joint on record. In this, she probably succeeded. Her rumshop and gambling den, on Third street, near Yamhill, was the scene of many crimes. Robberies—perhaps murders—succeeded, blighted lives and ruined homes were landmarks that lined her trail.

Bequeathed a Fortune. In the height of her glory, a relative of immense possessions died in Ireland and bequeathed to the gentle Amy all his wealth. Then she took a stand to be good, and was as enthusiastic in her piety as she had ever been in her wickedness. It is said that she gave up all her fortune to purchase prayers for the repose of the souls of those who had gone wrong and died in her den of vice. Subsequently she became mentally deranged, and is now confined in a lunatic asylum.

In the old days, five cowboys came to Portland to see the elephant. They saw him, one evening, in dozens of different poses, and toward midnight their amusement took the form of closing up saloons in the North End. Their manner of procedure was to enter a saloon, have a fist and skull fight, make the bartender set up drinks all around, and then close up his place for the night. At that time Robert Shortell, who, for many years, kept a saloon of a better class in Portland, was selling whisky in the Whitechapel district. The block of five marauders entered Bob's place and made the usual demands. The leader said:

Tackled Wrong Customer. "We have just shut up six bars, and it's your turn next. Set up your refreshments and then get out—see?" Shortell picked up a heavy iron "bung-starter" that weighed something less than a ton, and leaped over the bar, exclaiming:

"This is an Irish house, and we close up when we get ready." Then the "bung-starter" began to come into play. Two of the outlaws fell inside the bar, another was dropped on the sidewalk, and the remaining pair escaped unharmed, by timely and clever use of

their legs. The only other occupant of Shortell's saloon at the time was a Swede, who fainted from fright. The effect was wholesome, and the habit that prevailed of closing up saloons galore was never resumed to any extent in Portland.

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barmaid, who was literally chopped to pieces with a meat ax. There were no eye-witnesses, but the alarm was quickly given by a little black and tan dog that belonged to the murdered woman. Robbery was not the motive. It was lover's quarrel, and although nearly everybody had strong suspicions as to the personality of the perpetrator, no arrests were made. The suspect lives in Portland now, and is prominent in a way.

At the time the Portland Hotel was in course of construction, the mutilated body of a miner was found in the building. The supposition is that the man, who was known to have had \$300 in gold with him, was killed in some of the then notorious dives on Third street, the body robbed and then carted to the new hotel building.

Some Modern Dens. From a den of vice point of view, Portland's past is immeasurably superior to her present. She has retrograded. The sun of her glory has passed its noon, and the evening shadows are lengthening. There is little left now, but small music and dance and beer halls, with their evils of box rustling, and the few gambling houses. There are, of course, the Chinese joints, but most of these are patronized only by the Asiatics themselves. The Chinese lottery houses are run in connection with laundries, but are always orderly, and no one is robbed of more money than the market price of the lottery tickets. A few opium dens still exist, but white people who frequent them are so few that they really amount to nothing. The same may be said of the Oriental gambling-houses, where "fan-tan" prevails. White men rarely visit these places, and Chinamen are not very communicative; hence the public knows little of them.

The old-time gambling-houses are no more. In some of the down-town saloons and beer halls gambling, on a small scale, is going on, but the ominous sign is displayed: "No betting except for drinks and cigars." This, of course, is a dead letter, but it casts a kind of damper on the festivities. The music halls, too, have been robbed of their pristine glory. Victims are not so numerous as they were in the palmy days of yore, and few "touches" are on record. Some of these places, however, are witnesses of many fights between the intoxicated men who frequent them, and between the customers and the box rustlers.

Birth and Music. The places in Portland where mirth and music reign supreme, from twilight to dawn, are on Burnside street, in the vicinity of Second and Third streets. There are several of them, and every night they are in a blaze of glory. It is a commingling of beer and music. There is music and music, but this is music. In some of these places pianos are kept that are played by turning a crank. Young women are employed to sit at these and grind out the mechanical melody with their feet. Perhaps they make more harmony this way than in the regulation manner of playing a piano, and after the audience has had a sufficient number of drinks of North End whisky it can easily be deluded into believing it is listening to celebrated interpreters of the old masters, who trot in the same class with Paderewski. Old bums, when thoroughly enthused with stale beer, have been seen to stand and admire a woman who was grinning out "Because I Love You" and "I'd Leave My Happy Home for You" by her clever manipulation of the pedals, and talk earnestly to each other about her "delicate touch"; her "tone color"; her "interpretation"; and her "soul power."

All the while the woman with bleached hair and painted cheeks was simply turning a crank, while the works of the old masters, perforated in cardboard, were being wound off a reel. In these all-night music halls there are billiard and pool tables, a fresh-lunch counter and women who sing and dance. In private rooms there is frequently gambling, where the limit is sometimes high. However, these places are legitimate, and are said to be conducted on the square. Bright lights are gleaming on the outside; good feeling prevails on the inside, and here the millionaire, the laborer and the tramp fare alike, while their money lasts. Any man is welcome who has the price of a drink.

STOPPED HIS GAME. Shot With Morphine, Gambler Falls Asleep at Faro. "I see gambling is running wide open in Colorado again," said Walter Harris, a cattleman of Topeka, to a reporter of the Denver Republican. "I don't suppose, though, it is as wide open now as it was in the late '90s. I was in Manitou

every summer at that time, and the high games that used to run at some of the clubs would be an eye-opener to the gamblers of the present day. Cattlemen were making money then, as were the miners, and they used to meet in Manitou and try for each other's pocketbooks, with the result that the professional gamblers got the money. "I remember how one young fellow was made to quit a winner, against his will. His name was Rich. He was a nephew of one of the big reaper men, and his folks kept him supplied with money, a regular allowance. He had been gambling every cent of it, letting bills pile up for hotel and livery and everything else. His people sent word that they wouldn't send any more money, and said if he got into trouble he'd have to get out himself. His creditors were just about ready to jump onto him, when one night he made a big winning. He was playing Faro in the club that's torn down now. It used to stand over from the depot, and was the place for high play. "I suppose he had \$300 or \$500 in front of him when his friends began trying to persuade him to quit. He was just like all the rest of them, going to break the bank, and all that sort of thing, and he wouldn't quit. "It was a red-hot night for Manitou, and with the excitement and all Rich had pulled off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. There was a doctor among his friends, and though he hadn't said anything to Rich, I suppose he felt a responsibility, because the young fellow had come out here for his health, and had been referred to him by a Manitou doctor by the doctor he had at home. "I was watching the play, though I didn't know any of the people. I saw the doctor turn his back to the crowd for a minute, and fiddle with something he had taken out of his pocket. Then he walked over to Rich and put his hand on his bare arm. "You need a sedative," he said. Quick as a flash he took the hypodermic syringe he had in his hand and fired a charge into Rich's arm. "Rich said 'ouch,' and grabbed at the place where he had been pricked, but the deal was going off, and he turned to that again. Before half the cards were out his head settled on the table, he commenced to draw good, long breaths, and was asleep. "The doctor took the chips, cashed them in, then he took and wrote a receipt for the money and gave it to another friend of Rich's to keep. Then he took Rich, loaded him into a carriage, took him up to his office, and watched over him until he came around, the next day. Rich paid his bills, but he did no more gambling in Manitou. They wouldn't let him play again."

Mis' Mawwint'. So softly cum Mis' Mawwint' Dat yo' badly know she cum; En she set de wurr to yawwint'; En de burrows been to hum. En de howah! En de howah! Not along de line "wawwint!" On de end yo' see der villin' Spreadin' lakke a line ob leadi; Den yo' spy her skink a-castin' Wiv its burrows ob fak you. En she fluster! En she fluster! Lakke a lub wurd had bin said. Ebery dewdrop lub de lady. En foh her it turn a blaze; Ewv among de noodyah study Ebery sumpster sing her praise, En Mis' Mawwint'! Smile her dawwint'! When yo' see de saw sun rays. Look about, Mis' Mawwint' Glady, Open up an' wait to cum; Der might be a party study In yo' velvet haik ob midtime En Mis' Mawwint'! Ah! a wawwint'! Ewv yo' whupsh breakers' time. —Chicago Daily News