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Corner Washington and First Streets

Housefurnishing Bargains Tomorrow

We enumerate below just a few of the splendid opportunities for buying good housefurnishings at very low prices. We have received big lots of fine, new goods, fresh from the world's best factories. They will be at your disposal tomorrow. Remember, our easy credit plan applies to all goods, special sale or otherwise.



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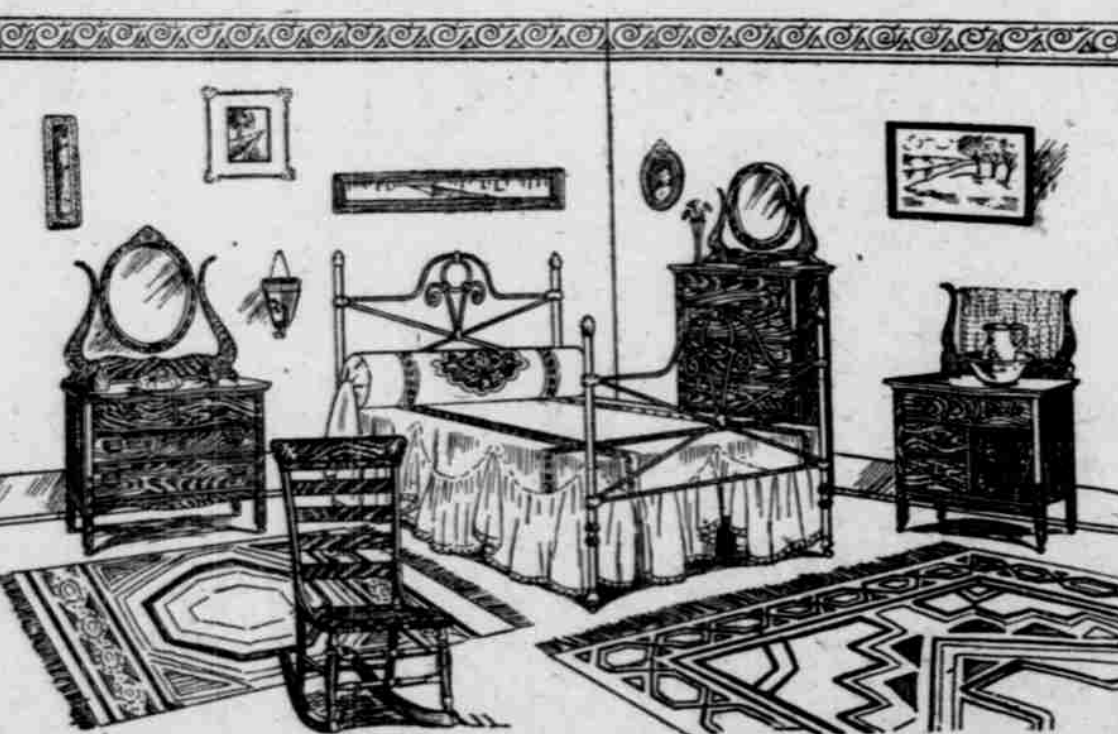
This Dainty Porch Suit of 3 Pieces
Green Rattan and Maple, Strong and Durable
\$19.50



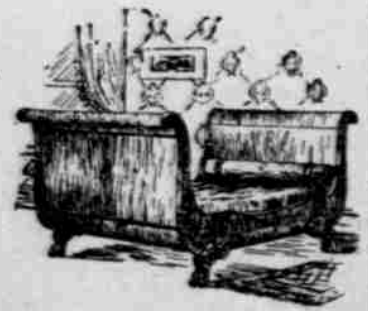
Cottage Dining-Room Suit for light housekeeping, consisting of Sideboard, 6 chairs and 6-foot Extension Table; Gadsby's price **\$24.25**



Home Queen Steel Range, guaranteed for 10 years; with reservoir as shown **\$32.50**
Without reservoir **\$27.50**
Terms, \$5.00 per month.
We have Cook Stoves, No. 8 **\$10**
Cook Stoves, No. 7, at **\$7.50**



COTTAGE BEDROOM—Furnished complete as follows: Bed, ivory enameled, **\$3.50**; Dresser, **\$15.00**; Chiffonier, **\$15.00**; Washstand, **\$5.25**; Rocking Chair, **\$2.50**—in white maple, golden ash, white enamel or maple finished in mahogany; Spring Mattress and Pillows, **\$10.00**; Smyrna Rug, **\$3.50**. Outfit complete, **\$54.75** at Gadsby's.



Napoleon Beds, in quarter-sawn oak, solid mahogany; beautiful creations, \$35.00 to **\$65**



Parlor Chairs in mahogany, richly upholstered **\$7.50**



Turkish Rocker, upholstered in genuine leather, full spring **\$35**



This fine Bedroom Suit, all hardwood finished in mahogany, white maple or golden ash, 3 pieces; spec **\$25**



DINING CHAIRS. Dining Chairs, Solid oak, cane seat; regular **\$1.50**, special **\$1.10**

You Can Always Find a Bargain at Gadsby's

Everything in Stock to Furnish Throughout
Refrigerators, Go-Carts, Linoleums, Mattings, Crockery, Kitchen Utensils, Lace Curtains, Portieres, Shades—Bottom Prices.

Mrs. Howard Gould's Terrific Temper

HOW IT HAS MADE HER DEFEND MANY SUITS BROUGHT IN THE COURTS

AND now once more Mrs. Howard Gould has been sued. Following the butler, the dressmaker, the portrait-painter, the valet, the architect, and others too numerous to catalogue, a builder has gone into court to collect from this "Queen of Turnouts," as she is sometimes called, the modest sum of \$3,000. This builder, one Arthur Bendis, was one of the makers of the uncompleted Castle Gould, which from the time its site was chosen until today has involved the Goulds in an endless amount of litigation and has aided not a little in driving dull care away from those who sit up to watch what the Goulds are doing.

The suit brought by Architect Abner J. Haydel and recently tried and brought to a successful end, so far as the architect was concerned, is still fresh in the minds of the curious public. Who could have so soon forgotten the testimony offered at that trial, testimony to the effect that at least upon one occasion Mrs. Gould referred to Mr. Haydel as "that damned architect"?

Mrs. Howard Gould has long been in the public eye. It takes no far stretch of the memory to recall the time when she was Katherine Clemmons, an actress without a very great reputation as an artist, but one whose name often appeared in the public prints. She was on the stage when Howard Gould met her, and her career behind the footlights did not end until that young millionaire married her.

Katherine Clemmons' marriage to a Gould brought her unlimited riches, but it could not bring that other thing the rich so greatly prize—social prestige. For, although Mrs. Gould is the queen of millions, she still remains a queen of opera bouffes. Her sisters-in-law see high up on the ladder of American and French society, a position to which she has never been able to climb.

It is no short list of tradesmen who have been in court praying for a judgment against the Gould treasury. The people whom it has been claimed she owed have brought suit after suit against her, each vowing she would not pay her debts, each declaring she is afflicted with a terrific temper.

No other extremely wealthy woman in America has been so frequently exposed in the public eye. No other woman's life has been so bared by the heartless legal dissection. Mrs. Gould does not run from litigation. If a person claiming to be her creditor threatens to go to court to collect his money she lets him go, and she appears as a willing witness as often as she is summoned.

The Cady Suit.

Mrs. Gould's legal battle began soon after she married into the Gould family. As Katherine Clemmons she found in "Buffalo Bill" the "angel" who put her in stellar rank and made her the queen of a company of her own. There are a great many people who are not yet gray-headed who can recall her when she appeared as Lady of Venice, tall and thin lady if you please, not burdened with embonpoint or a very great reputation as an actress. As a star Katherine Clemmons made no money for the "angel." Instead the losses were greater than "Buffalo Bill" cared to suffer. He sued his protegee to recover the money that had disappeared during the time Miss Clemmons was trying to twinkle in the theatrical heavens.

Colonel Cady sued the lady for his losses after she became a rich man's bride.

Just as she defied one of the other Venetians in the play and donned her coat of mail to fight, so she promptly took up the derry warrier's suit and said: "pooh! pooh!"

There was the valet, F. D. Mowbray, of New York, who was employed on the yacht Hildgarde. Mowbray lost an eye through a fireworks accident, and alleged that Mr. Gould had promised him a life job, but had discharged him because Mrs. Gould, then Miss Clemmons, had said that a shampoo he had given her had turned her hair darker. A verdict of \$500 in Mowbray's favor was reversed on appeal.

That was the most awful blow to the actress' social aspirations possible at the time.

New York four hundred accepted lately. Mrs. George Gould, who was Edith Kingdom—also an actress—but it balked at Katherine Clemmons Gould when it heard the valet's testimony. Mr. Mowbray testified.

"In the Winter of 1894, when Miss Clemmons and Mr. Gould occupied the Norfolk street house in London, Mr. Gould wanted me to perform duties in the bedroom occupied by Miss Clemmons and herself, such as lighting fires, bringing up hot water and food. I objected, telling him such service was degrading. Mr. Gould said: 'Never mind it, Frank; no one

knows anything about this but you and me, and I can trust you.'

"I told Mr. Gould," said Mowbray, when, as witness, he told of the shampooing incident, "that Miss Clemmons had threatened to have me discharged because I had, while shampooing her hair, put something in the water, so she said, that had caused a change in the color of her hair, and that I had not used the same stuff that I used on Mr. Gould's hair."

"It came about in this way: One day while I was shampooing Mr. Gould's hair, and after Mary Hennessey had been discharged, Miss Clemmons came to the stateroom and said: 'Oh, Howard, I wish I could get a shampoo, too, but my maid is gone. I wish Frank could give me one.' I told her I did not know anything about shampooing ladies' hair. Mr. Gould said perhaps I could fix it, and I did the best I could. I was not used to fixing ladies' hair, but after I had done with Mr. Gould's hair she sat in the chair and I fixed her hair, too."

"At dinner time that night Howard Gould said: 'Kathryn, your hair is getting darker,' and Miss Clemmons then replied: 'That horrid Frank put something in the water to change the color of my hair. I will have him discharged.'"

Q Was her hair darker. A. It was a little bit.

Q Did Miss Clemmons at that time use peroxide? A. She did.

Q How long was this before you were discharged? A. Five or six days.

Asked as to the circumstances attending the discharge, Mowbray said he was sent for after midnight and found Miss Clemmons playing cards with Howard Gould.

"Did she say anything?" "She said: 'Why are you not up here quicker when I want for you? You can be altogether.' Mr. Gould then said: 'You are discharged.'"

"Mr. Gould sent for me the next morning and said: 'Frank, I am sorry to discharge you, but I had to because Miss Clemmons wanted you to go.'"

Clifford Leigh, an actor employed in Miss Clemmons' unlucky venture, sued Mrs. Gould in 1900 for \$250 for alleged breach of contract. He lost.

Cain, Cross & Co., of New York, sued Mrs. Gould for the price of a wagonette. They won \$100.

Several dressmakers and milliners have tried conclusions in court with Mrs. Gould. Mme. Mirabella failed to recover the price of a waist that the millionaire's wife had rejected.

Wanted Damages Herself.

She has even brought suits on a certain account—once when she sued a certain well-known publication, "Buffalo Bill," and again when she caused the arrest of her butler, Eric Hamilton, for disturbing the peace of her household and guests.

And to count the firm of Brand & Le Royer followed on the trail of Mirabella, the Fifth-avenue modiste, who claimed \$7 for a waist and lost, and Dillon & Smith, the dressmakers, whose claim was compromised.

Mrs. Gould refuses to be an "easy mark." Eighty-seven dollars was involved in the suit brought by Mme. Mirabella.

Schedule A, attached to the complaint of Brand D. Rogers, gives the style and price of the dresses as follows:

Blue cloth jacket and skirt, style of blue Francis model **\$150**
Tan velvet suit, style of Claudine, from head to toe over pink high neck **100**
Black taffeta and velvet couple dress, style of Paquin's black, point de France lace **250**
Removing taffeta lining of taffeta and velvet couple dress and substituting satin lining **30**
White velvet with gold and sable for gown **100**

Real dress over pink high neck, transparent; sleeves ending at elbow **305**
Blue tulle dress, style of Desolée **310**
Yellow tulle silk embroidered dress, style of Mrs. Yellow, embroidered with shawes of wheat and silver real antique lace, orchid pattern **420**
Blue tulle dress, style of Desolée **450**
Imported white tulle blouse **100**
Imported white tulle blouse **100**
Black tulle and jet dress; Calot waist; real Irish lace; real antique lace **450**
Blue chiffon velvet dress **425**
Long black velvet coat **250**
Paquin **180**
Long black velvet coat **145**
Maive cloth coat, La Ferriere style **145**
Tan cloth and velvet coat **120**

Total **\$3,700**

The complaint states that 11 of the dresses were completed and delivered to Mrs. Gould at the Hotel St. Regis, where the Goulds were stopping. Work on the others five were stopped by orders from Mrs. Gould.

Senator Markham, when asked for an explanation of Mrs. Gould's refusal to pay for the dresses, declined to enter into discussion of the merits of the case further than to say that his clients were entitled to the full amount claimed, and that he would fight the case to the bitter end.

Finally we anchored off Manila after dark, and the Russians sent boats to beg for newspapers, to send telegrams, and seek supplies. They were also quite willing to tell their story of the day of battle, though it was always a tragic and futile story.

This morning I brought the Cincinnati to Cavite, but before noon I had to go back again in a tug to serve on board with two junior officers to ascertain the damage done to the Russians, and the time required to fit them for sea. We boarded the Aurora first, now the flagship of Admiral Rozhik, a big cruiser of the Olympia's size. She was scarred all over with fragments of shell, and had many holes, big and little, in her sides, ears and bows. One shell had made her lanky in the bows, which enabled us to recommend a month's detention, and we were shown the marks of many fatal projectiles, including the one that drove

that in another case against Mr. Gould for dresses ordered by his wife he had recovered the amount in full.

According to the dressmakers, it is Mrs. Gould herself who is responsible for her nonfitting garments. They allege that after everything had been fitted and finished she would walk into their establishment with a new corset of different shape and expect that a dress fitted over one style of corset would fit any new style of corset she chose to wear.

In the course of questioning Mrs. Gould on the witness stand revealed the interesting fact that she has more than one pair of corsets and that she always laces them herself.

Intending to surprise her husband last Christmas with a full-length oil painting of herself, Mrs. Howard Gould engaged the services of Henry Jones Thaddeus, the well-known artist. Mrs. Gould told him to keep the matter a secret.

Alleging that the artist violated her confidence and that the news of the painting of the portrait reached Mr. Gould's ears, Mrs. Gould refused to continue the sittings.

Thaddeus completed the painting, but Mrs. Gould would neither accept it nor pay the contract price of \$500. Through his attorney, the artist has sued her for that amount.

The bringing of the suit has been kept secret up to this time, but when Mr. Thaddeus heard of Mrs. Gould's troubles with her dressmakers, by whom she has been sued for \$500, he determined to give publicity to his own case.

Thaddeus has painted the portrait of the Pope, of Cardinal Merry del Val, of Bishop Doane, of Mrs. Willard Rhodes, Lady Howard de Walden and Mrs. Philip Lydie.

"I heard," said he in court, "that Mrs. Gould objected to the gown in which her portrait is painted. I did not select it. I hear that she says I revealed to Mr. Gould the fact that I was painting her portrait, thereby depriving her of the pleasure of surprising him. I didn't."

She was always changing her mind and making new appointments, as well as wearing different gowns, and at last the artist's patience was gone. He sued for \$500 and got \$270.

But even this was not all.

George H. Schaeffer, the grocer and butcher for this happy family, sued for \$116.05. Many times, he said, he'd tried to collect it, but always Mrs. Gould "changed her mind."

Then it came the turn of Mr. Gould. He sued Abner J. Haydel for \$20,000 for delay in supplying plans for Castle Gould at Sandy Point, R. I., last Summer. Mr. Gould discharged all the workmen. Six mechanics' liens, amounting to almost \$50,000, were filed against the property. Mr. Gould has settled them.

But Haydel in his turn sued Mrs. Gould for \$50,000 because, he said, she dilly-dallied with his plans and "changed her mind" so many, many times.

The architect was awarded about \$25,000, although he had prayed for \$50,000. In this trial, but recently terminated, Mrs. Gould was the principal witness. She appeared in court, clad in a wonderful lavender gown, a white automobile veil half hid her features, and upon her head sat a hat that must have cost—well, no one knows how much. In the course of the trial Mrs. Gould was questioned in reference to the charge that she had referred to the architect in the same manner in which she would refer to a river in which the flow was halted.

"Did you ever use profane language to Mr. Haydel?" was the question.

"On my oath, I never did," was her quick reply.

Mrs. Gould makes a splendid witness. Either naturally or from experience, she has acquired that sang-froid which defies any one who tries to "rattle" her. She will not be excited.

"If I had gone on making the changes in the plans of Castle Gould that Mrs. Gould asked I would have been kept busy for the next 50 years," said Mr. Haydel in court.

"Every time Mrs. Gould changed her mind about the size of the house, the plans had to be entirely redrawn."

"There were 25 of these changes of mind, and I drew and submitted 25 plans."

"My 26th set was ready when I was served with papers in a suit for \$28,000 for vexatious delays. I promptly brought counter-suit for breach of contract."

"Mr. Haydel is tedious and obstinate," retorted Mrs. Gould.

He won, however, to the tune of \$26,000, and the Gould millions were once more lessened.

And now it is the builder, one Arthur Bendis, who has sued for \$3,000, a mere trifle, perhaps, to a millionaire, but one which Mrs. Gould, true to her inclinations, will fight to the last ditch.

Portland Man Talks With Russian Naval Officer

Commander Calkins, U. S. N., Learns About the Deadly Ravages of Japanese Long-Range Guns.

COMMANDER C. G. CALKINS, U. S. N., who resides in Portland, has learned by observation and from the lips of Russian officers, something of the great battle in which the Czar's fleet was destroyed. A personal letter from him, dated at Cavite, June 4, to a friend in this city, has been furnished to The Sunday Oregonian. Captain Calkins, it will be remembered, was the navigating officer of the Olympia, Dewey's flagship, during the fight at Manila Bay. His letter follows:

The Cincinnati sailed May 25 to reconnoiter the coast and islands north of Luzon. We were gone five days, and only anchored twice for a few hours. I saw every island up to the Bashi Channel, south of Formosa, but encountered no interfering belligerents. Yet I did hear of the last peaceful day, almost, of the unhappy Baltic fleet. Nothing had been discovered by journalism up to May 25, but when we stopped off Batan Island, the principal settlement of the northern group, the local President and schoolmaster reported that a fleet of 41 ships had passed to the northward just one week before the day of our arrival, which was May 25, the day of the great battle off Tsuru Sima. All last week we studied the rumors of the Manila journals, but now we have scraps of the story at first hand. The Admiral decided to cruise with his three battleships and two cruisers for tactical exercises at sea, and we sailed on June 2. That night the Raleigh and Cincinnati had to report to the northward in search of strange cruisers reported by telegraph. The orders were

hazy, and we returned without finding out anything.

Yesterday the squadron was "evolving" when the Russian cruisers appeared. The Russian ships were some distance ahead when the Admiral signalled this ship, and the Raleigh—silver ships and therefore rivals to proceed at full speed and to keep in touch with the strangers. We had a reserve of steam and instantly shot past the battleships and ran away from the Raleigh. The Russians steamed into Manila Bay and we gained on them, the battleships trailed behind at 12 knots speed, and the Rainbow and Frolic joined in the chase.

The Raleigh was allowed to gain on us, but by no means to catch up, though the heat of the firestorm blighted many of our 20 unseasoned coalsippers when forced draft was used to make the fires hotter.

Finally we anchored off Manila after dark, and the Russians sent boats to beg for newspapers, to send telegrams, and seek supplies. They were also quite willing to tell their story of the day of battle, though it was always a tragic and futile story.

This morning I brought the Cincinnati to Cavite, but before noon I had to go back again in a tug to serve on board with two junior officers to ascertain the damage done to the Russians, and the time required to fit them for sea. We boarded the Aurora first, now the flagship of Admiral Rozhik, a big cruiser of the Olympia's size. She was scarred all over with fragments of shell, and had many holes, big and little, in her sides, ears and bows. One shell had made her lanky in the bows, which enabled us to recommend a month's detention, and we were shown the marks of many fatal projectiles, including the one that drove

its fragments into the conning tower and slew the Captain and Quartermaster at the wheel, sparing a tank officer who was our guide and had stood by the Captain's side in the fight.

The Olga, a similar cruiser, had carried the same Admiral, a fine old fellow of 60, with a flowing white beard, during the battle, and he had stood by the Captain's side in the fight.

A dozen huge gaps, two feet or more across, admitted water to the lower decks, and every corner had its scars and stains. All over the guns the legs of the legged crew were sleeping upon scraps of canvas or matting, and the big Captain stepped very gently among them, and was very gentle in showing us the richly furnished wardroom full of wounded sailors—some wreathed in a mask of gauze, whom I must recall. We liked the officers here better than the others. Their tragedy had made them manly, and not dreary. Yes, the Captain, who gave us sweet champagne in his deck cabin, had just read that the Navarin, an ironclad in which his son was serving, had been torpedoed and sunk. He had seen battleships better than the Wisconsin turn turtle before his eyes, and he says he never wants to fight on the face of the deep again, preferring a submarine for many reasons. He and his executive both spoke English, and were modestly eager to show us everything.

The third ship had fewer scars to show, and was not so richly crippled—only 12 killed and the office seemed sulky and bored. Perhaps the "old" lack of heroic element in their fate. The Russians all swear to submarine boats, and they agree that the fearful ravages of the Japanese guns were inflicted from ranges of four or five miles—three or four times as far as we fired at the Spaniards here in Cavite. C. G. CALKINS, U. S. N.

Cavite, June 4, 1905.