



**Oregon's Prosperous Condition**  
**MAKES GREAT DEMAND FOR NEW HOMES**  
 CONSULT WITH WILLIAM GADSBY & SONS

The acknowledged prosperous conditions existing everywhere in Oregon, and the assured promise for an unprecedented Fall season, led us to lay in the most extensive stock in the history of our career. Money will be plentiful; the demand for necessities and the luxuries will be tremendous, so that early buying is advisable in order to secure the best selections in all lines. We have bought only the most reliable furniture and household goods made, and every piece bears the guaranty of the makers as well as our own. We will gladly help you to reap the full benefits of conditions and

give you the privilege of an installment credit plan that is matchless in method, matchless in dignity, and wholly helpful in every sense of the word. There is no occasion, therefore, for hesitation in furnishing your rooms, your flat, your cottage or your mansion—no occasion for going without anything you want. Our plan is easy for the most modest salary and it imposes no embarrassing conditions.



The largest and best assortment of Library Tables in Oregon; this one \$12.50



Gadsby's Morris Chairs are worth a special visit; 49 different styles to select from \$25.00 up

**CARPETS**

Big Bargains in Our Carpet Department

AMBER VELVETS, REGULAR \$1.35; THIS WEEK \$1.15  
 FIFTH TAPESTRY BRUSSELS, \$1.19; THIS WEEK \$1.00  
 BRUSSELS RUGS, 8 1/2x10-6; REGULAR \$28.00; CLOSE OUT AT \$16.50  
 SAMPLE RUGS, 36 INCHES, WORTH 75c; NOW 50c

**MONDAY SPECIAL**  
**ROMAN SEATS**

Mahogany finished frames, upholstered in genuine veronias; regular \$5, at just half price  
**\$2.50**



Solid Oak Extension Table, \$12.50  
 Same, square top, with heavy rim, \$10.00



Iron and Brass Bedsteads, special, \$9.50  
 Others as low as \$3.50



Solid Oak polished or Mahogany and Birch, top 2 1/2x24, \$2.50  
 Brass feet, \$3.00



White Maple, Golden Ash, Imitation Mahogany Dresser, swell-top drawers, \$15.00  
 Or in Golden Pine, \$10.00



Golden Oak or Birch, special large Rocker, \$2.50



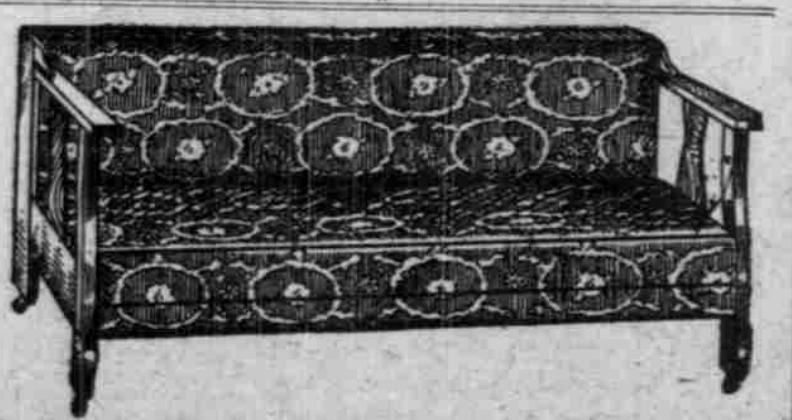
Home Queen Steel Range, guaranteed for 18 years; with reservoir as shown \$32.50  
 Without reservoir \$27.50  
 Terms, \$5.00 per month.  
 We have Cookstoves, No. 8, \$10  
 Cookstoves, No. 7, at \$7.50



Folding Bed, royal oak or mahogany finished, with handsome bric-a-brac shelves, and French mirror on top; has cable supported springs; price, \$23.50



Polished steel body, cast-iron top cover and draft flue, sheet-steel lining.  
 No. 18, size 18 in., price \$5.00.  
 No. 22, size 22 in., price \$7.00.  
 No. 24, size 24 in., price \$9.00.  
 With sheet-iron top, \$1.99 less each size.



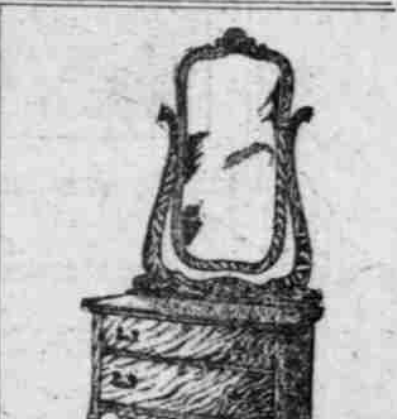
Davenport Sofa Bed, exactly as shown in illustration, upholstered in A-1 velours with best quality of springs and guaranteed to keep its shape; back is adjustable, making a perfect, full-sized bed. Gadsby's price this week \$22.50



Parlor Suit, this style, three different patterns, in birch frames, finished with rich dark rosewood, upholstered in velour and silk tapestry; regular \$30.00, cut to \$25.50



NO. 3 GO-CARTS.  
 Here's a beauty—adjustable, velour upholstery, \$12.50; now at \$9.50



Princess Dresser, in genuine mahogany veneer (maple) or quarter-sawn oak; Gadsby's price \$23.00



Chiffonier in white maple or mahogany finish; regular price, \$25; special this sale at \$18.00



Rattan Parlor Chair, finest quality woven reeds; special Gadsby's price \$7.50



Napoleon Beds, in quarter-sawn oak, mahogany and birdseye maple, beautiful creations, \$35.00 to \$45.00



This large full-roll Rattan Rocker \$5.00

**Making of a Successful Husband**

No. 1—The Engagement. Make It Short, but Don't Sneak Down the Alley and Get Married.—By Caspar S. Yost.

This is the first of a series of letters from a father to his son on the subject of twentieth century matrimony. Their broad humor together with sound advice offered in familiar, companionable spirit commends itself. Mr. Yost's topic for next Sunday is: "The Home-coming. Put It on Ice and Keep It There as Long as You Live."

My Dear Boy—I have just received your letter announcing your engagement to Miss Anna May Jackson. I don't know whether to congratulate you or not. So much depends upon the girl, you know. If I could see her and have a ten minutes' chat with her, I could tell whether you have drawn prima or blank. As it is I shall trust to Providence and hope for the best.

Your description is entertaining, but not very informing. You say that she "is as beautiful as Aurora upon a Summer morn." that her eyes are "filled with Heaven's own blue," that her "hair is a golden aureole surmounting a marble brow," that her cheeks are "like the rose-bud kissed by the enamored Sun."

There is something reminiscent about this, as the critics say when they want to accuse a writer of plagiarism, and are afraid of a libel suit. I distinctly remember writing something of the same sort about a girl I was awed on before I met your mother. I saw her on a car the other day hanging on a strap. She has grown pudgy; her chin has disappeared and her circumference is greatest at the waist line.

I gather from your poetic, if somewhat moldy, description nothing more than that the young lady is a blonde and a tolerably good-looking, and I mention this old flame of mine to impress you with the fact that while Aurora is all right in the Spring and Summer, she begins to look quite different when the time comes to lay in coal. Beauty, my boy, is a mighty good thing. Your mother was the prettiest girl I ever saw or ever hope to see, begging your pardon, and she is still the most beautiful woman this side the pearly gates, in my estimation, but you can't reasonably expect to be as fortunate as your father in that particular. Beauty is a very desirable but not a necessary attribute of a wife, and a man stands a mighty poor chance of permanent happiness who banks on it alone. It isn't always desirable, even. It is likely to produce vanity, and vanity, besides several other disagreeable features, leads to extravagance. I won't stop to tell you what extravagance leads to. It would fill a book, and there would be nothing comfortable in the whole volume.

Reminds me of an old friend, one of these art enthusiasts, who fell in love with a flat because of its impressive "facade." He didn't stop to investigate what was back of the "facade," but took a lease at a pretty stiff figure. He wanted a "facade" and he got it, good and plenty, as I've heard you remark. Within a month he found that everything behind that artistic front was heart-breaking sham. The plaster cracked and dropped on his head in painful chunks; the doors sagged and refused to shut without a lavish expenditure of power and propanity; the furnace could be used to supply nothing but refrigerated air—and he had a lease. It's probably too late, but my dear boy, before you close the deal, get back of the facade if you can.

You have always been a pretty level-headed youngster, and I have great hopes that you have chosen wisely. Indeed, I get considerable encouragement from the way she spells her names as they were given to her when she was christened. It indicates that if she ever had any silly stage, she has passed through it safely. Our Annyes and Mayes and Elyns are all afflicted with a mental weakness that doesn't do any particular harm if they get over it. As a rule they do, but if they don't, Lord help their husbands. After all, though, the average American girl has a mighty good substratum of common sense, and if a man goes into it with his eyes wide open, marriage isn't such a lottery as it's cracked up to be. That lottery theory is based on the idea—an idea which who wear trousers are apt to accept without question—that man, myself in particular, is all right. "The risk is all on my side," says he to himself. "The woman that gets me ought to consider herself in luck." As a matter of fact there are more masculine than feminine blanks in this world, and when a man contemplates marriage he ought first to consider his own qualifications—get 'em out and look at 'em through a microscope and don't let any personal bias interfere with a proper focus.

In the first place, am I able to support a wife—the wife I have in mind? Given the proper financial backing, are my habits and disposition such that a sensible and sensible woman can live with me for a lifetime without an occasional desire to jump into the river? Few men stop to consider that side of the proposition, and when the wheels of the matrimonial wagon begin to creak they wonder what's the matter. Talk about the divorce evil! If woman want the most long-suffering creature on the face of the earth, all the courts of Christendom would be filled with divorce cases. But that's a digression. As I was saying, take stock of yourself and then consider the girl.

The main thing to be desired in a woman is sense. And by that I don't mean education. It's a mighty fine thing to be on speaking terms with the classics, and a knowledge of the higher mathematics and Browning's poems does no particular harm, if it isn't allowed to stick out, but education, beyond the grammar school course, is not an essential. Don't deceive yourself into thinking learning an indication of brains, nor occasional silliness a lack of it. Some of the biggest fools I ever knew, male and female, were chockfull of facts and figures and quotations and other mental lumber that didn't do them or anybody else any good. I don't mean to belittle the value of learning. No one appreciates it more than I do, but it doesn't spell sense. On the other hand, all normal boys and girls pass through a silly period, and most all grown people have occasional lapses in that direction, a sort of cerebral vacation, which is sometimes beneficial to the individual if not always edifying to others. But the possession of a practical, workaday intelligence will stick out in spite of all that nature or teachers may do to cover it up, and if you can come down from the clouds long enough to take stock you should be able to satisfy yourself on that point, if you haven't already done so.

You notice I don't ask you about Miss Jackson's fortune. I don't care whether she has a red cent or not. In fact, I hope she hasn't, for the poor man

who marries a fortune is up against one of the hardest propositions our sex can have to contend with. Unless he has character and strength of purpose far beyond the ordinary, he is almost sure to degenerate, to become a mere appendage, of less value to himself and the world than one of his wife's servants. If the girl you expect to marry has money, see to it that she keeps it, and keeps it where you can't get at it. How your own row. There's only one way to make a man, and digging for a home is the process. If she has nothing, you can start even and pay together, and I'll tell you, my boy, there's nothing in this world so heartening as a man as a willing woman hitched to the same load. If she has sense and love, she will pull, too, harder, perhaps, than you can; but if she has a fool, no matter how she may be veneered with the graces of society, no matter how prudent she may be, she will balk or kick over the traces, and if she don't quit the load she'll make it all the harder for you to drag. I say that a few grains of plain common sense are of more importance in a wife than beauty, money or culture. If Miss Jackson has it, then I'll go ahead, and your mother and I will give you our blessing and something else. Don't fool around about it, either. I don't believe in long engagements. There is nothing so wearing on a woman as a protracted wedding. If you have no debts and enough money in your pocket, either he or she, preacher and furnish up a little fat, don't put off the day any longer than is necessary for her to get ready. As the rule a girl wants a few months, perhaps a year, for preparation; in the first enthusiasm of acceptance wants to be married tomorrow, today, tonight. The girl is right. The altar should not be bowed like a bent hay-trolley-car. Take your time—but not too much time. The engagement period has its psychological as well as its material purpose. It is a period of preparation of mind and heart, as well as of raiment. It is an important factor in the making of future happiness. Either he or she never be skipped unless circumstances are exceptional. But it should not be allowed to linger beyond the reasonable time necessary for preparation. It is the man who wants to marry on the spot, and it is usually the man who causes the repeated postponement of the wedding. Either he grows indifferent or thinks it necessary to increase his financial resources, and the longer he delays the harder it is to fix the date, while the girl can do nothing but wait and wonder and doubt. It is the time when "hope deferred maketh the heart sick" sure enough. Don't let your engagement continue more than a year, three or six months should be long enough.

When you get married, have it done right. Don't go frisking out to a suburban place, where you can have the best justice of the peace and without ceremony. Next to your birth and your death it's the most important event of your life. Your funeral may be an imposing one, but you will not be in a position to appreciate it. You will pay second fiddle at your wedding, but it's your show, nevertheless, and you should make it as impressive as you can. I don't mean by that to encourage lavish expenditure. Gorgeous decorations and all that sort of thing detract from the true features of the occasion. That, however, is none of your affair. The bride's parents attend to that. The point I am trying to make is that the writing should take place in the presence of a number of invited guests—as many as practicable. Whether at home or at church doesn't particularly matter, although I prefer a church wedding because it can be made more impressive and because of the deeper religious significance. When I use the word impressive, I don't want it applied to the witnesses, but to you and the girl you stand up with. It is upon you, both of you, that the impression should be made, and it ought to be strong enough and deep enough to keep you trotting along together for the remainder of your life. I have noticed that these fly-by-night, "let's-go-out-and-get-married" weddings are responsible for a large proportion of the divorce cases in our courts. It is like the come-easy-go-easy money of the gambler. You ought to get the idea of the solemnity and responsibility of marriage pumped into yourself and your sweetheart until you are both saturated with it. Then walk up to the altar with joy in your hearts, and if you can't live happy ever after it won't be the fault of the preacher.

Now, my dear boy, I neither suppose nor expect you will pay the slightest attention to anything I have said. As I heard an alleged comedian remark the other night: "I just had it on my chest and it had to come off." Your truly,  
 JOHN SMITH.  
 (Copyrighted, 1905, by C. S. Yost.)

**WERE I MY OWN STENOGRAPHER.**  
 (Suggested by an article in last Sunday's Oregonian: "Were I My Own Stenographer.")  
 Were I my own stenographer,  
 And listening to the click  
 Of my machine throughout the day  
 Made all my being stek.  
 I'd take just half a holiday  
 And watch the big and children play  
 Were I my own stenographer,  
 And my employer should  
 Forget himself and speak to me  
 In tones sarcastic, rude,  
 I'd take a hard fall out of him,  
 Or with a punch I'd douse his gill!  
 Were I my own stenographer—  
 But why the tale rehearse?  
 It does not do a bit of good.  
 Just makes bad matters worse,  
 I'll just slip out, upon the sly,  
 And swear a while—and then I'll cry!

Were I my own stenographer,  
 And getting sixty per,  
 I'd bring the goods to day by day,  
 And never make a stir;  
 I'd think of girls who cook and wash  
 For ten a month; I would, 's'gosh!

Were I my own stenographer,  
 And sold my time each year,  
 I'd be there, Johnny-on-the-spot,  
 Without a whine or tear;  
 And if sometimes I'd badly feel,  
 I'd take a shot of Old Vaudeville.

Were I my own stenographer,  
 And worked eight hours each day,  
 I'd think of girls who worked sixteen,  
 Without one-third my pay;  
 I'd put my wage 'longside of theirs,  
 And thank God for stenographers.

Were I my own stenographer,  
 And wished to build a fat,  
 I'd hire some good man by the day,  
 And pay him well, at that;  
 But while he worked for me each day  
 He'd neither write, nor rest, nor play.

Were I my own stenographer—  
 But I have said enough  
 To show if I were I that I  
 Would sometimes be quite rough,  
 And as I'll stop these, "ifs" right now  
 And earn my sixty per, I vow  
 T. FRANZEL CRAWFORD.

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