

THE HOBO RETURNS WITH THE JOYOUS SPRINGTIDE

WHERE SONS OF REST DO EASY LIE

Curious Sketch of a Tramp's Retreat Across the Willamette.

"He chooseth best Who chooseth labor instead of rest." —Anonymous.

Spring is on the threshold and its vanguard, the genus hobo, is already here. Birds of passage are no truer to their instincts than he who wraps his tatters about him in the growing warmth of lower latitudes and, recklessly braving the dangers of brake-beams and the hundred hardships of the homeless, invades the Northwest at springtime. He was here last year and is now returning. Until the slanting shadows of late September call him again to migrate, he will remain. Then, again, to the South, where the winters demand no shelter for the poor.

For a month past the United States secret service agents have worked assiduously endeavoring to discover the hiding place of a gang of gold coin sweaters. From the British Columbia line to the Columbia River, cities, towns and hamlets have been under surveillance. Portland and its suburbs have been visited by government sleuths, and yet to no avail.

Yesterday afternoon a man left the Oregon City electric car at Milwaukie. He inquired the way and distance to Minthorne, of a lad named Wister Sellwood.

"It's nearly half a mile to the Southern Pacific tracks, right down this road, and then you'll find McCann's place. Minthorne is near there, and you'll only find a bunch of hoboes camped off in the woods on the south side of the track," replied the boy. "Nothin' else is over there, mister, and I know it, for I've lived here 15 years, and that's as long as I've lived anywhere."

The Hobo Camp.
After a short tramp over the road leading south from Milwaukie, Minthorne Creek was crossed, and the place itself was discovered, and as the boy had said, "there was nothing there."

Being interested in the statement made by young Sellwood that a camp of hoboes existed in the Minthorne woods, the idea was suggested that bigger game might be masquerading in vagrant guise. Entering the small wooded place, a roaring fire, fed with old railroad ties, lighted up a hidden and well-trodden spot among the thick brush and fir trees, and about

the blazing timbers sat eight or ten typical sons of rest.
Breaking so suddenly upon them caused uncommon suspicion of the stranger, but he being entirely alone no particular degree of fear was manifested on any hobo countenance. A few words put matters right, and by jolly and the frequent use of brotherly terms, the visitor's position was made easy.

Poke at de Mulligan.
"Had you been here a bit sooner, you might a had a poke at de Mulligan," said a slim individual, with a smile of reminiscence spread all over his emaciated face. "She was steaming hot—about two hours ago, wid a pair of gumps in her," continued he of well-meant hospitality.

Hesitatingly, the reply was made—"Well, my friend, I plead ignorant to the meaning of 'Mulligan,' or the 'Gumps' that were in her." To which the knight of the road made answer: "Why, a Mulligan is a feed and de 'Gumps' is chickens dat de stiffs gose out and snails, wot don't belong to nobody."

Further enlightenment made clear the fact that members of a hobo camp are expected to hustle for forage, and every mother's son of them is always on the alert for a stray chicken. Old-timers are always put on the "gump" detail. Another must get the spuds, another the "punk" (bread), another the Java (coffee), and so on down the line with sugar, salt, pepper and everything else is secured that can be begged or stolen. All provender thus secured is dumped into a big can and stewed. Such is a "Mulligan."

"In what quarter do you forage?" was asked.

Will Out Out Oregon.
"Between here and Portland," answered one who seemed to be above the average of his fellows in point of intelligence, "but we have to look sharp for the 'bulla' (police), for about this city they don't stand for 'hoboes' (hoboes). A lot of us are going to cut out Oregon and go up to Puget Sound, and I guess we'll have to hike (walk) to Kalama, for every 'con' (conductor) and 'shack' (brakeman) is 'dead next' on these roads and wip up off the rods (under cars) just like flies, and the 'empties' are all sealed."
"How is it that robust fellows, as some of you are, prefer to battle about the world this way, instead of working a while, at least until you can get onto your feet?"

When He's Down, He's Down.
"Some of us do work, but when a fellow's down, she's good and down—and then there's the booze. I worked a whole week not long ago and blew the whole works in the same Saturday night I got my pay."

The fact was made plain to the man who worked a week that there were several places in Portland, besides saloons, where any person could pass pleasant hours.

"That's all right," returned the poorly-clad wanderer, as he impatiently kicked a half-burned stick back into the fire, "but you're not there many hours before you're made to feel you've got to get religion in order to stop much longer. No, I'm down, and a hobo or tramp as you will, but I can remember better days,

though the thought of them I always try to banish."

Had Seen Many Jails.
Among the crowd of eight that sat around the huge fire in the Minthorne woods yesterday afternoon was a youth not 17 years of age, who boasted that he had been in 14 jails during his brief career. While the boy was telling his tale a man of 40, with a rogue's-gallery physiognomy, interrupted by declaring there was not a job on earth he would ever consider. Another member of the society, wild-eyed and hungry-looking, said he had been three years in a "nut factory" (lunatic asylum), and the doctors told him when he left to always live out of doors.

One young fellow said he had hopes of going to work in Seattle. He intimated that friends awaited him there, who would help him out. After making this sign of intended reformation he suddenly relapsed again into the hobo by saying: "My old man was chief knocker in a New York State knowledge box, and dragged us kids up proper." This hopeful translated the expression into "My father was a school teacher in New York State and brought we children up well." After the translation this man who will probably never go to work in Seattle picked up an oil can and started for Minthorne Springs, a few hundred yards away, to get water for the gang.

Several Classes of Hoboes.
During the hour and a half spent at the camp it was explained that there are several distinct classes of hoboes. There is the blanket man, who carries a roll to effect the appearance of a laborer; then the fellow with a "graft," who always has a little grip in which are razor, paste, furniture polish and the like; then a few carry linemen's pole-climbers, which have been stolen somewhere, and those men pass themselves off as electrical workers and are many times successful in their impositions.

No gold coin sweaters among the Minthorne gang of hoboes. No, not one, for a coin could not rest long enough in their empty pockets to be taken to a place of safety, where its value could be duplicated. Leaving the hidden camp and its followers, the lonely road back to Milwaukie was traced, the thought ever arising—how many are there among the homeless and hopeless who could be saved into manhood should kindness seek them.

One half of the imports into this country are of materials for manufacturers.

Broken Collars
Are your turn-down collars broken and rough on the top? Do they make your neck sore? You send them to me, and when they have been broken, we will make the broken ones smooth and easy to the neck.
Comfort is what you are looking for as well as to not have your collars broken.

UNION LAUNDRY
Both Phones Main 398.
S. W. COR. SECOND AND COLUMBIA.

THE COST OF FAIR BUILDINGS

Estimated by Grounds and Building Committee.

As excitedly predicted in The Journal recently, a board of architects will probably be appointed by the Grounds and Building Committee of the Lewis and Clark Fair, whose duty it will be to advise and suggest to this committee as to proper designs for the buildings to be erected. This was discussed at a meeting of the Grounds and Building Committee held yesterday afternoon, but no action taken. It will, however, be referred to the Board of Directors.

This committee is composed of the following members: Paul Wessinger, G. W. Bates, F. Dresser, W. D. Fenton, Charles E. Ladd, A. L. Mills and P. L. Willis.

The other afternoon the reports of the various other committees as to the space necessary and the kind of building on the Fair grounds which ought to be erected were discussed, and the committee concluded that the main buildings required were the Festival Hall, General State Exhibit, Manufactures and Liberal Arts, Administration and Forestry Buildings.

The above are to cost \$400,000. The committee will also recommend that \$100,000 be expended on the improvement of the grounds.

MORE CARRIERS BADLY WANTED

Postmaster Bancroft Again Urges That Action Be Taken.

Postmaster Bancroft is very active towards bettering the mail delivery in this city. At the recent meeting of the Chamber of Commerce he called its attention to the necessity of urging the Postoffice Department to increase the number of carriers and mail clerks in the Portland postoffice. This suggestion the chamber acted upon by making the request. This morning the following letter was received from Mr. Bancroft by the chamber:

"I was well satisfied that you would do everything to gain better facilities. May I trouble you to still keep the matter in mind, asking the members of the Chamber of Commerce to make individual effort, both with the Postoffice Department and our delegation, in order that they may understand that this is with us a vital matter, that we should have all the help necessary to take care of our business during the coming year. I am quite confident that we will have at least 20,000 additional people brought into the state this year and they should be provided for in such a way that each will be glad to be with us."

Going to St. Louis?
If so, learn about the new tourist service inaugurated by the O. R. & N., via Denver and Kansas City. City ticket office, Third and Washington.

MORMON GOES TO NETHERLANDS

Baker City Man Becomes Missionary.

Will Pay His Own Way 'o Scatter His Religion Among Europeans.

Bound for Tacoma, to bid good-bye to members of his family before going as a missionary to carry the Mormon religion to the gentiles of Holland, J. Traynor, formerly of Baker City, left Portland this morning. Before being called upon to disseminate religion among the downtrodden of Europe Mr. Traynor was assayer in a large Baker City mining property and a resident of the Mormon colony at that city, which is one of the largest west of Salt Lake City, Utah.

In the ranks of Mormon missionaries Traynor will serve without pay. He will defray his own expenses and is even compelled to buy his own ticket across the American continent and by ship from the Port of New York, which place he expects to leave on April 30. He will spend three years in Holland, where there are already 25 others working in the same cause, and at the end of that time the Mormon Church will pay his way back again to America.

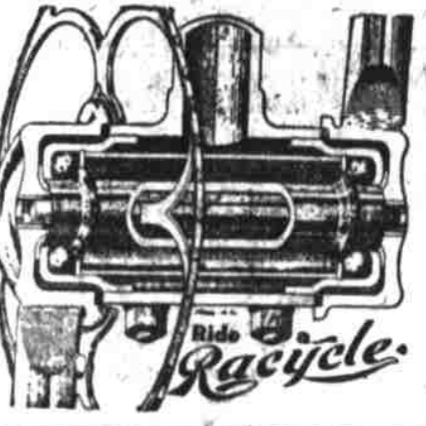
A Labor of Love.
Filled with hope he started upon his way, eager to bring those whom he regards in the light of wanderers from the true religious path, back again into the folds of God's love. When seen at the Hotel Imperial by a reporter for The Journal, Mr. Traynor said:

"The general public does not truly understand the Mormon doctrine. There is much criticism of us and of our teachings. This is because we are not properly understood. We find that in communities where people are by nature religious we make many converts. After a soul has been brought into communion with God it is easy to lead it into the right pathway. That is my mission."

When called upon to take the field in the interests of his religion Mr. Traynor was making money and prospering in a business way. Willingly he gave up all worldly possessions and started out in the cause for which Brigham Young lived and in which John D. Lee died.

The Mormon Women.
"A great many people believe, or profess to believe," said Missionary Traynor, "that women are slaves in the Mormon Church. This is not true. We are sending out some female missionaries of late just to disperse this theory. There have been many base charges made against the Mormon religion, but there has never been an instance where it could be proven that we mistreated our women. We think as much of them and care for them as will-

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Not in a Trust
Has the only perfect mechanical feature that has ever been used on a bicycle. These features, on account of infringing, cost the Waverly over \$25,000. Sleevland over \$20,000. Columbia over \$40,000. The Crank-hanger bearings of a Racycle are in a direct line with center of cranks. The chain pulls between the bearings. To be appreciated must be seen. Come around and examine, whether you buy or no.

FRANK M. JONES
248 Washington St. Portland, Or.

Guard Your Eyes

It is simply remarkable how many people struggle with defective eyesight without giving a single thought to the serious chances they are taking. After they are fitted with the proper glasses and life is made worth living again, they are surprised with the results, and can give no explanation for their carelessness, beyond the fact that "they did not know any better." But do not put it off too long, or it may be too late. One charge for examination, frames and lenses.

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ingly and as devotedly as do people of any other sect."

Mr. Traynor cannot speak the language of Holland, but expects to learn that after arriving in Europe.

DISCUSS BETTER SIDEWALKS

A regular meeting of the South Portland Improvement Association will be held in its hall this evening. The question of the Sellwood ferry will be discussed and some plans made in regard to the matter.

Preparations will be made for an active campaign in regard to the improvement of streets and sidewalks. The committee appointed at the last meeting of the Association to report on the condition of sidewalks will make a report. Messrs. Saylor, Colwell and McCowan compose this committee. It is said by many South Portlanders that their part of the city will some day have the finest streets and best sidewalks in the city. The filling in of the gulches will be brought up, as also the report of City Engineer Elliott in regard to the proposed building of bridges across the gulches.

President John F. Caples wants every man interested in the work of the association to be present. It is to be an improvement meeting in South Portland's history.

A Wonderful Toy.
A new form of Noah's Ark is one of the latest mechanical toys. The animals are attached to arms on a rotating shaft; a turn of the crank sets the shaft spinning, and the child looks through the doorway to catch a glimpse of the animals, which it cannot see properly till the shaft stops. Only one animal can be seen at a time at each stoppage, and the chances against the same animal stopping opposite the doorway twice in any given time are very small. Thus the child is always wondering how many animals are in the box.

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