

Portland New Age

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PORTLAND LOCALS

A charming wedding was that of Dollie Blanche and Mr. Cash Vandehost last Tuesday night at the Allen A. M. E. church. The church was beautifully decorated. Mendelssohn's wedding march was played by Mrs. E. F. Edison and the officiating clergyman was Rev. Freeman. The bride looked very handsome in her princess gown of white silk tulle. The bride was given away by Mr. Drager. After the ceremony the reception was held at the residence of Mrs. D. W. Gibson, the house being beautifully decorated. Refreshments were served. At 12:05 the bride and groom made a flying trip to Portland. There were 150 guests present.

TACOMA NOTES

Meredith sells good butter, 1106 Commercial street, Tacoma, Wash. Free—one car ticket with each \$1.00 purchase of teas, coffees, canned or package goods.

Miss Mabel Walker is ill at her home.

Miss Dassel Lawhorn is ill at her home.

Mrs. Johnson and daughter made a flying trip to Seattle.

Mr. Alfred Turner, of Victoria, was visiting in our city last week.

Mr. Chester Bird, of Seattle, was visiting in our city last week.

Mrs. Ethel Hill, of Portland, who was visiting Miss Mabel Walker, of this city, made a flying trip to Seattle Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Vandehost, the bride and groom, have just returned home from their honeymoon in Portland and report having had a delightful trip. They are now at their residence, 1016 South Yakima avenue.

Always ask for the famous General Arthur cigar. Esberg-Gunat Cigar Co., general agents, Portland, Or.

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The pioneer paint establishment of Portland is that of F. E. Beach & Company, of 135 First St., the oldest and most reliable house of its kind in the Northwest. It carries an immense stock of the best things in paints and building materials, together with an unusual list of specialties. Those who need anything in these lines can certainly profit by going to F. E. Beach & Company. Remember the number, 135 First street.

The Illinois Central maintains unexcelled service from the west to the east and south. Making close connections with trains of all transcontinental lines passengers are given choice of routes to Chicago, Louisville, Memphis and New Orleans, and through these points to the far east.

Prospective travelers desiring information as to the lowest rates and best routes are invited to correspond with the following representatives. B. U. Trumbull, Commercial Agent, 142 Third St., Portland, Ore. J. C. Lindsey, Trav. Passenger Agent, 142 Third St., Portland, Ore. Paul B. Thompson, Passenger Agent, Colman Building Seattle, Wash.

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The "Balance of Nature."

It is a law of nature that some of the lower animals prey on others. Perhaps it has often occurred to you that some provision might have been made for the animals to sustain life in some other way, say, by eating vegetation, or some other product of the earth, instead of each other. But if that were the case, the lower animals would multiply too fast, and to avoid this there is what the wise men call the "balance of nature," by which the production and destruction of animal life is adjusted for the benefit of the whole. Man sometimes interferes with the "balance," as happened in France, some time ago, when so many small birds were killed that the caterpillars destroyed all the vegetation in certain places. Nature always knows what she is doing, and it is best not to interfere too seriously with her plans. So far as the slaughter of small birds—and some large ones—is concerned, it is not only unwise, but cruel, for thousands are slain every year merely that their feathers or bodies may be had for decorating the hats of women and girls.

Jeremi' and Josephine.



As Jeremi' and Josephine were walky-talkin' on the green, They met a man who bore a dish Of—(anything you like to wish!)

They started to see the man so bold; They really thought he must be cold, For he was clad, though chill the day, In—(anything you choose to say!)

The man returned their stare again; But now the story gives me pain, For he remarked in scornful tone— (I'll let you manage this alone!)

And there is even worse to come; The man, I've been informed by some, Inflicted on the blameless two— (I leave the punishment to you!)

This simple tale is thus, you see, Divided fair 'twixt you and me; And nothing more I've heard or seen Of Jeremi' or Josephine. —St. Nicholas.

A Little Experiment.

Lay a piece of oilcloth on the carpet in your room and let the room get good and warm. Wait several hours, if you wish, until everything in the room has had a chance to reach the same temperature. Then touch your bare foot to the carpet and the oilcloth, in turn, and the oilcloth will be found much the colder of the two.

You know that the oilcloth cannot really be colder than the carpet, for they are both subject to the same degree of heat, and must necessarily be of the same temperature. Why, then, should the oilcloth seem to be so much colder? It is simply because it is a good conductor of heat, while the carpet is not. To put it more plainly, the oilcloth carries the heat away from your foot so fast that it gives you a cold sensation, but the carpet carries hardly any of the heat away.

A Strange Cat.

High among the mountains of Tibet lives a beautiful cat that has never been seen in this country.

It has the most lovely bushy tail, and is marked with many coal-black rings. Its coat has exquisite shadings of chocolate and yellow, making it probably the prettiest of the small cat tribe.

In general appearance it is like our pussies, but it is a savage little animal, and so far the only specimens that have been brought into Europe or America have been dead ones, as the hunters have been unable to take them alive.

It is called the Manuel cat, and, now that something is known about the Tibetan country, probably these pretty creatures will be brought to the Zoological Gardens before long, and may not be so difficult to tame as they are imagined to be.

School Life.

Off to school in the morning;  
Back to our homes at night;  
Nothing to do the livelong day  
But study, learn, and recite.

Oh, yes, there's recess in the forenoon;  
And an hour for luncheon, you know;  
And recess again in the P. M.;  
Then off to our homes we go.

So thus the hours bring changes,  
A medley of study and play;  
And the school child's life is full of fun  
From dawn to the close of day.

Why He Needed Help.

"Will you please open this gate for me?" said a youngster to a gentleman who was passing.  
The gentleman did so. Then he said, kindly:

"Why, my boy, couldn't you open the gate for yourself?"  
"Because," said the youngster, "the paint's not dry yet. Look at your hands."

What's in a Name.

Some of the requests at free libraries for books are intensely funny, owing to the way in which the borrowers muddle the titles of the volumes. Here are a few authentic unreasonable de-

mands: "Helen's Water Babies," "The Cluster on the Hearth," "The Aristocrat of the Breakfast Table," "The Sacred Letter," by Hawthorne; "Aldop's Fables," and "The Croquet Minister," by Stickit.

Two Conundrums.

When is a bonnet not a bonnet?—When it becomes a woman.  
If an egg were found on a music stool what poem would it remind you of?—"The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

WHY SHE NEVER MARRIED.

Susan B. Anthony Did Not Want to Be Either Drudge or Doll.

While she was a schoolmistress Miss Anthony received a number of proposals of marriage and evidently at that time she was impressed to some extent with the traditional necessity of marriage. A dozen suitors made tentative overtures to her, but none of them seemed to be able to draw from her the decisive "yes."

One day she was riding home from a meeting with a well-to-do young man of the neighborhood. Without any special warning—so Miss Anthony maintained afterward—he turned to her and said:

"Will you have me?"

Miss Anthony, like her sex generally, pretended that she did not understand what he had said. She murmured: "What for?"

Then the bold suitor made himself more plain. He burst out: "Will you marry me, Miss Anthony?"

Then he began to tell her of his fine home and excellent prospects and she, like all other women since the world began, listened gravely to his fervid avowal. But at last she remembered the training of her young life and told him she would consider the proposal very seriously.

This sort of a reply did not satisfy the headstrong lover. He persisted. The young woman remained firm. She reiterated that she must give the question very serious consideration because if she married she might have to give up her chosen work, and such a momentous matter ought not to be settled in a moment.

Then she went to a nearby town and remained for a week, speaking before many large gatherings on the question of woman suffrage and thinking constantly of the other question—the question of marriage. During this interval the young man saw another girl, proposed and immediately married her. When she heard of this Miss Anthony was naturally somewhat chagrined.

Later in life she expressed these views on matrimony: "I never loved any one so much that I thought I would last. In fact, I never felt that I could give up my life of freedom to become a housekeeper. When I was young if a girl married poverty she became a drudge; if she married riches she became a doll. Had I married at 21 I might have been either a drudge or a doll."

And she always added naively: "Think of that choice!"

So she lived a spinster to the end, and, undisturbed by the cares of children or of a husband, attained the leadership of the forces active in behalf of woman's legal rights.—Boston Herald.

One of the Card Tricks.

One of the tricks of a well-known sleight-of-hand performer is to take a pack of ordinary playing cards, tear it in two in the middle with one twist of his wrists, and then tear each of the severed halves in two in the same way. The entire operation occupies only a few seconds.

At the hotel where he was staying during his engagement in a large western city a few years ago, a guest who has become slightly acquainted with him said to him at the breakfast table one morning:

"I'd give a pretty penny to know how you perform that trick of tearing up a full pack of cards as if it were a slice of cheese. It looks easy, but to my mind it is one of the most mystifying of all your performances."  
"I don't mind telling you how it is done," said the magician. "It is one of the simplest tricks I have, but it requires a little training, of course. You take an ordinary card, grasp it firmly in your hands, and tear it across the middle. Tear the halves the same way. Do this once a day for a week."

"The next week you take two cards, hold them together, and tear them up the same way."

"The third week you take three cards, and so on until you have been practicing the trick fifty-two weeks, when you will find that you can tear up the whole fifty-two cards with perfect ease, just as you saw me do it last night."

"But," said the other, in astonishment, "that makes it look as if you did it by main strength."  
"Yes," admitted the magician, breaking a biscuit in two with his muscular hands and proceeding to butter it, "it does look that way."

Marked.

"His attentions to you have been marked, have they not?" said the young woman's experienced friend.  
"Oh, yes. He has never taken the price ticket off any of his presents."

Wrong Diagnosis.

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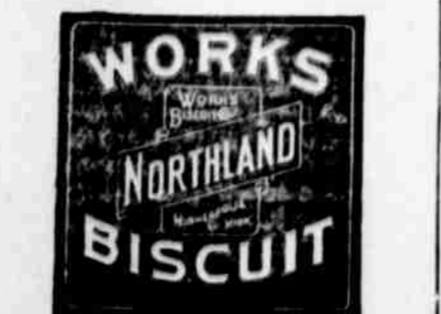
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