

Portland New Age

Established 1896 A. D. Griffin, Manager

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PORTLAND LOCALS

Shines in town. Look!
Mrs. Lena Hubanks is still on the sick list.
Mr. Hubanks, of Oregon City, is here visiting his sick wife.
Mr. Gus Pichard, of Spokane, is visiting our city this week.
Mr. Ben Chandler is improving, to the best wishes of his many friends.

Every one wants to know why B. D. did not go out after the ball. Why?
Mr. Phil Maywether, of St. Paul, was the guest of Mr. R. St. Clair last week.

Remember that the New Age is not run in the interest of any click. We treat all alike.

Mt. Zion Baptist church is going to give a grand dinner and concert on Thursday evening.

The argument of race suicide is out of the question when it comes to kindergarten debates.

Mrs. Frasut's many friends are sorry to hear that she is sick and hope for her immediate recovery.

Some people say that it is cheaper to move than pay rent, but those living in North Portland say different.

We now have the ace of spades, Jack of spades, queen of spades and duke to come. That's very near a royal flush.

The talk is that a Blue Vein Society is being formed. That's what our professional mixologist says. Who is that?

Well boys, there are some new ones in town. Look out! That's all the dope man can say (They are from the East).

Mr. Wm. D. Wiley and wife, of Chicago, who have been touring this state and Washington, left Thursday for their home, after a two months' stay.

Can I have the pleasure of your company at the ball? What ball? The Willamette Social Club ball on Thanksgiving, Nov. 29th. With delight I assure you.

If you want to tell some one all you know and don't see anyone around to listen to you, call on R. St. Clair, 309 1/2 Couch street, Main 3518. He will listen to you.

One of the newest additions to Portland's colored business enterprises is the Western Cleaning & Contracting Co., managed by Mr. B. W. Peal. We wish him success in his business.

Talk about your giant powder nitroglycerine and other high power explosives, just watch the explosion at the Hotel Portland in the near future. That old saying, "He that siteth on a red hot stove, will rise again." Watch and see.

I was king of the kindergartens, prince of maids, president of smart set, champion dancing school master, then to think they refused me at a respectable ball. Why, really I had to beg my way in. Now what do you think of that?

Did you bring a brick? This was the conversation after the brick social at the Baptist church last Tuesday night. A large crowd gathered with bricks, but none were thrown at anybody. The object of the social was to try and get enough bricks to start the foundation of the new church. Every little bit helps they say.

Well! Well! Well! It's the same old story in the same old way. First I work all summer in the hotel getting my one hundred per month and then I had a minstrel troupe that startled the world and then to think when it becomes cold and rainy and Portland Club's best is needed, I have to be contented with a bunch of railroad cars all winter. Well! You can use your own judgment.

While attending a funeral the other day at Lone Fir cemetery, I chanced to notice several graves and on one tomb stone the following epitaph was written: "As I am you must be, prepared for death is telling on me." An Irishman passerby, before me, stopped and read this inscription, and then left the following on the back of an envelope: "To follow thee, I am not content; unless I know just where you went."

A most charming event of the season was the ball given at the Foresters' hall, last Friday by the hotel waiters in honor of Mrs. Bertha Wilson and the ladies of Portland. Never before has the society been invited to a more refined and social affair. The hall was artistically decorated with autumn leaves and beautiful flowers. When the guests began to flow into the spacious hall, the air seemed to whistle "violet!" The ladies dressed in elegant and expensive gowns and the men in evening suits made this ball have the swellest appearance Portland ever had. The music was furnished by the Portland hotel's Hungarian orchestra which makes Parson look sick. Four pieces played until twelve o'clock when they were relieved by four more that played until the dance was over. Refreshments were served in the highest a la

de Carte service and then dancing continued until an early hour when the merry crowd dispersed. Good luck to the hotel boys. Hurrah!
ROBERT ST. CLAIR,
Society Editor.

NOTICE TO COLORED TAXPAYERS.
All colored taxpayers of Oregon are hereby requested to meet at Bethel A. M. E. church Tuesday night, October 23d, at 8:30 p. m. to form an organization for mutual interest.
G. L. JOELL, President Protem,
DR. J. A. MERRIMAN, Sec. Protem

FORMER PORTLANDER RICH.
Mrs. Beckwith formerly of Portland, but who has been residing in Alaska for several years has been visiting in this city for the past week, departed for an eastern tour last Tuesday evening over the Northern Pacific.

Mrs. Beckwith has been very successful in the north and her wealth is estimated to be considerable. During her stay here she remembered her old friends with regretful moments, having distributed no less than \$500 worth of these precious pieces.

The term "negress"—affected by many Caucasian papers with more or less malevolence—is especially repugnant to refined colored people, and we cannot but regard its use by up-to-date publications which ought to know better, as a direct insult to the cultured and refined women of our race.

If these papers and magazines expect to retain the respect and support of their thousands of Negro readers, the gross anachronism should be abandoned at once. "Negress," in the distressing period of the auction block, was the term generally used to describe a female slave. The corresponding term used for a male slave was "buck." Why the rising generation objects to the perpetuation of such vulgar designations as the above, is obvious to all who reason as they run.

OUR CHICAGO LETTER

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 4th, 1906.

The Western Star Club is still after Rev. E. W. Lampkin, formerly of Mississippi, but now of Washington, D. C.

Miss Julia Johnson, of Munsey, Ill., and Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Franklin, of Louisville, Ky., are in the city on a visit.

Rev. F. T. Stewart has been returned as pastor of the Institutional A. M. E. church of this city. Rev. Stewart is making excellent progress in his work in this city.

A meeting of the Grand Encampment of Colored Knight Templars of the United States and Canada has been called to meet in annual session in Buffalo, N. Y., July 10th, 1907.

It is reported that Rev. H. W. Knight who has the small store room on West Lake street, and who has been conducting services there to a congregation of 25 to 30 people is now contemplating leaving Chicago and going to Cuba.

Mr. Adam Beckley of 3613 Dearborn street, is one among the prominent colored men of the city of Chicago. Mr. Beckley has been employed in the postal service of the government for several years and has made a splendid record for himself.

One, Rev. William Gray, who for some time held forth at 224 47th street in this city, is out of that place and is now on State street trying to conduct a kindergarten in a room 10 feet by 12. The kindergarten that he and his wife claim to be conducting, consists of one child.

The Pekin theatre that is located on the corner of 27th and State streets, is largely attended every night by the best people of Chicago. Mr. Robert T. Motts, the proprietor is to be congratulated upon giving the people of Chicago a first class theatre. The Pekin theatre reflects credit upon the colored people of Chicago and we appreciate it by crowding it every night to its utmost capacity. Let other colored men who have money in other large cities follow the excellent example of Mr. R. T. Motts of Chicago.

There is much complaint made by a large number of colored people in Chicago against Rev. A. J. Cary, pastor of Bethel A. M. E. church about meddling and dabbling in war politics in this city, and no doubt he is doing it for what he can get out of it. If Rev. Cary should attend to his duties as a minister and stop meddling in politics and speculating in business, the better off he would be. More will be said about Rev. Cary and the so-called Black Diamond Development Co., of which he is president, and now soliciting the church people to buy stock in this company.

OLD FAVORITES.

Annie Protheroe.
(A Legend of Stratford-Le-Bow.)

Oh, listen to the tale of little Annie Protheroe.

She kept a small post-office in the neighborhood of Bow;

She loved a skilled mechanic, who was famous in his day—

A gentle executioner whose name was Gilbert Clay.

I think I hear you say, "A dreadful subject for your rhymes!"

O reader, do not shrink—he didn't live in modern times!

He lived so long ago (the sketch will show it at a glance);

That all his actions glitter with the lime-light of romance.

In busy times he labored at his gentle craft all day—

"No doubt you mean his Cal-craft," you amusingly will say—

But no—he didn't operate with common bits of string.

He was a Public Headsman, which is quite another thing.

And when his work was over, they would ramble o'er the lea,

And sit beneath the frondage of an elderberry-tree,

And Annie's simple prattle entertained him on his walk
For public executions formed the subject for her talk.

And sometimes he'd explain to her, which charmed her very much,
How famous operators vary very much in touch.

And then, perhaps, he'd show how he himself performed the trick,
And illustrate his meaning with a poppy and a stick.

Or, if it rained, the little maid would stop at home, and look
At his favorable notices, all pasted in a book.

And then her cheek would flush—her swimmin' gees would dance with joy
In a glow of admiration at the prowess of her boy.

One summer eve, at supper-time, the gentle Gilbert said
(As he helped his pretty Annie to a slice of collared head),

"This reminds me I must settle on the next ensuing day
The hash of that unmitigated villain Peter Gray."

He saw his Annie tremble and he saw his Annie start,
Her changing color trumpeted the flutter at her heart:

Young Gilbert's manly bosom rose and sank with jealous fear,
And he said, "O gentle Annie, what's the meaning of this here?"

And Annie answered, blushing in an interesting way,
"You think, no doubt, I'm sighing for that felon Peter Gray!"

That I was his young woman is unquestionably true,
But not since I began a-keeping company with you."

Then Gilbert, who was irritable, rose and loudly swore
He'd know the reason why if she refused to tell him more;

And she answered (all the woman in her flashing from her eyes),
"You mustn't ask no questions, and you won't be told no lies!"

"Few lovers have the privilege enjoyed, my dear, by you,
Of chopping off a rival's head and quartering him too!"

Of vengeance, dear, tomorrow you will surely take your fill!"
And Gilbert ground his molars as he answered her, "I will!"

Young Gilbert rose from table with a stern, determined look,
And, frowning, took an inexpensive hatchet from his hook;

And Annie watched his movements with an interested air—
For the morrow—for the morrow he was going to prepare!

He chipped it with a hammer and he chopped it with a bill,
He poured sulphuric acid on the edge of it, until
This terrible Avenger of the Majesty of Law
Was far less like a hatchet than a disasipated saw.

And Annie said, "O Gilbert dear, I do not understand
Why ever you are injuring that hatchet in your hand?"

He said, "It is intended for to lacerate and flay
The neck of that unmitigated villain, Peter Gray!"

"Now, Gilbert," Annie answered, "wicked headman, just beware—
I won't have Peter tortured with that horrible affair!"

If you appear with that, you may depend you'll rue the day!"
But Gilbert said, "Oh, shall I?" which was just his nasty way.

He saw a look of anger from her eyes distinctly dart,
For Annie was a woman, and had pity in her heart!

She wished him a good-evening—he answered with a glare;
She only said, "Remember, for your Annie will be there!"

The morrow Gilbert boldly on the scaffold took his stand,
With a vizor on his face and with a hatchet in his hand.

And all the people noticed that the Engine of the Law
Was far less like a hatchet than a disasipated saw.

The felon very coolly loosed his collar and his stock,
And placed his wicked head upon the handy little block.

The hatchet was uplifted for to settle Peter Gray,
When Gilbert plainly heard a woman's voice exclaiming, "Stay!"

"Twas Annie, gentle Annie, as you'll easily believe,
"O Gilbert, you must spare him, for I bring him a reprieve,

It came from our Home Secretary many weeks ago,
And passed through that post-office which I used to keep at Bow.

"I loved you, loved you madly, and you know it, Gilbert Clay,
And as I'd quite surrendered all idea of Peter Gray,

I quietly suppressed it, as you'll clearly understand.
For I thought it might be awkward if he came and claimed my hand

"In anger at my secret (which I could not tell before),
To lacerate poor Peter Gray vindictively you swore;

I told you if you used that blunted axe you'd rue the day,
And so you will, young Gilbert, for I'll marry Peter Gray!"

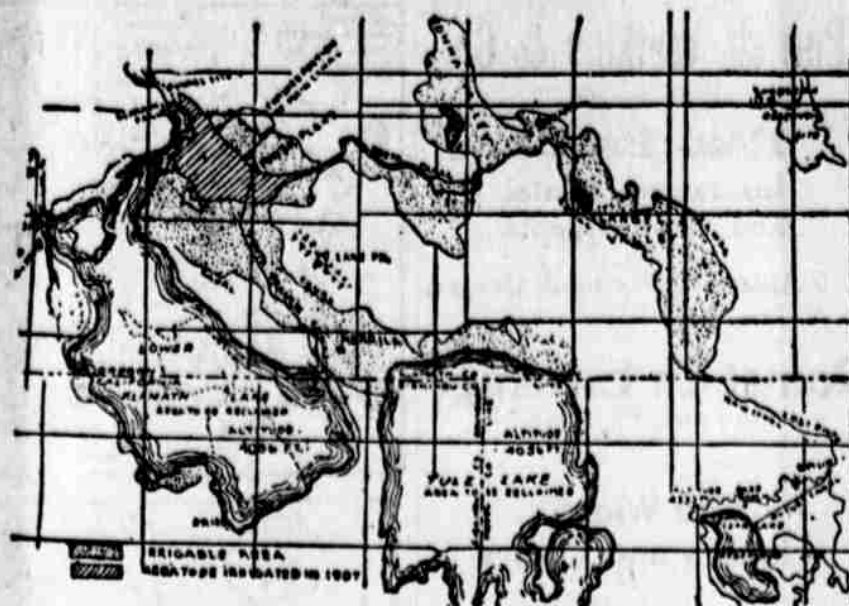
(And so she did.) —W. S. Gilbert.

M. J. Gill Co., wholesale and retail meat dealers, 512 Mississippi avenue, Portland, Oregon. Phone East 665.

Just Bros. Saloon, 340 Williams avenue, fine wines, liquors and cigars. Family trade a specialty.

A good place to get your soft or stiff hats renovated is 249 1/2 Alder street, between Second and Third.

VAST IRRIGATION PROJECT WELL UNDER WAY.



Work is being pushed on the vast Klamath, Ore., reclamation scheme, well under way, to make productive 230,000 acres of land now useless. Of that area there will be 15,000 acres ready for the plow of the irrigator next spring, says C. M. Hyattell in the Portland Journal.

The main canal, which leads from the lower end of the upper Klamath lake to a point in the desert nine miles east of the town of Klamath Falls, is being rapidly constructed. The water is carried through the upper lake through a tunnel under a hill just north of the town. This tunnel is being rapidly constructed. It is being driven from both ends, and also by drifting from shafts sunk along the right of way. The tunnel will be completed during the coming winter. It will be 3,300 feet long, 13 1/2 feet wide on the bottom and 14 feet 4 inches high, with an arched roof. Through it will flow a volume of water 11 feet high.

The nine mile section of the main canal to be completed in next February

will cover about 13,000 acres of first-class agricultural land that is now semiarid, excepting for one-third of this area that is already susceptible of irrigation from an old project, known as the Ankeny canal, now owned by the government. A large part of the remainder is covered with sage-brush and still held in private ownership, although subscribed by the present owners to the government project and subject to sale under the formula prescribed by the irrigation law. Each private owner is allowed to retain 100 acres. He must sell the rest of his holding or ultimately submit to having the Water Users' Association sell it at public sale.

Ultimately there will be hundreds of miles of canals and ditches. Through this whole project and extending from Klamath Falls to Tule lake, will run the channel of the Klamath river, providing perpetually water transportation for the farmers. While the lakes will be lowered nearly 15 feet by the irrigation plan, the present river channel will be dredged and deepened, forming a canal for navigation uses.

Marvelous, Quaint and Curious.

Styles of Long Ago.

The monstrous appearance of the ladies' hoops, when viewed behind, may be seen from the following cut, copied from one of Rigaud's views. The exceedingly small cap, at this time fashionable, and the close upturned hair beneath it, give an extraordinary meanness to the head, particularly when the liberality of gown and petticoat is



taken into consideration; the lady to the left wears a black hood with an ample fringed cape, which envelops her shoulders, and reposes on the summit of the hoop. The gentleman wears a small wig; the skirts of his coat are turned back, and were sometimes of a color different from the rest of the stuff of which it was made, as were the cuffs and lapels.

Egyptian War Chariot.

This chariot, which is mentioned in various parts of scripture, and more especially in the description of the pursuit of the Israelites by Pharaoh, and of his overthrow in the Red Sea, was a very light structure, consisting of a wooden framework strengthened and adorned with metal, and leather binding, answering to the descriptions which Homer has given of those engaged in the Trojan war.

The sides were partly, and the back wholly, open; and it was so low that a man could easily step into it from behind; for there was no seat, the rider always standing in war or hunting, though when wearied he might



occasionally sit on the sides, or squat in eastern fashion, on his heels. The body of the car was not hung on the axle in equilibrium, but considerably forward, so that the weight was thrown more upon the horses. Its lightness, however, would prevent this from being very fatiguing to them, and this mode of placing it had the advantage of rendering the motion more easy to the driver. To contribute further to this end, the bottom or floor consisted of a network of interlaced thongs, the elasticity of which in some measure answered the purpose of modern springs.

The Egyptian chariots were invariably drawn by two horses abreast, which were richly caparisoned. The chariot of Egypt ordinarily carried two persons, one of whom acted as the warrior, the other as the charioteer. Oc-

asionally we find three persons in a chariot, as when two princes of the blood, each bearing the royal scepter, or flabellum, accompanying the king in a state procession, requiring a charioteer to manage the reins.

Pre-Adamite Bone Cave.

Among the wonders of the world, the bone caves of the pre-Adamite period deserve a prominent place. It is to this period that the extensive remains of Mammifera found in the strata of the Pampas of Buenos Ayres, and in the caverns which are scattered in such vast numbers over the continents of Europe and America, and even in Australia, are to be ascribed. Of these caverns, a most extensive one, and among the first which attracted attention, is situated at Baylenreuth, in Franconia, and the engraving which we here give represents a section of it.

The entrance of this cave, about seven feet in height, is placed on the face of a perpendicular rock, and leads to a series of chambers from fifteen to twenty feet in extent, in a deep chasm. The cavern is perfectly dark, and the icicles and pillars of stalactite reflected by the torches present a highly picturesque effect. The floor is literally paved with bones and fossil teeth, and the pillars and corbels of stalactite also contain osseous remains. Cuvier showed that three-fourths of the remains in this apud-like cavern were those of bears, the remainder



consisting of bones of hyenas, tigers, wolves, foxes, gluttons, weasels, and other Carnivora.

Arabi Pasha.

In a little house up a by-street of the Mohammedan quarter, old, friendly, broken, lives the man who might have ruled Egypt.

If you ask twenty people in Cairo today, "Where is Arabi Pasha?" fifteen will tell you that he is dead, while the other five do not know. In fact, after the bombardment of Alexandria he was sent to exile for life in Ceylon, but was allowed some four years ago to return to his native city.

It was only after a week's hard fretting that I discovered, through a native journalist, the whereabouts of the great man.

Even now, in his seventieth year, he is a big man; in his prime he must have been immense. White hair and beard; a broad, thoughtful forehead, surmounted by the Turkish turban; kindly eyes, dulled a little by age but lighting up wonderfully when he talks about things which interest him; a straight, powerful nose; a large mouth, which must once have been hard and cruel, now softened by adversity. Though the day is warm, he wears an overcoat, and he walks heavily on a massive ebony stick.—Fall Mall Gazette.

When you pass a pig in a pen it is hard to imagine how good pork will taste next winter.

After a family has kept a cow in town a few years, it begins to look around for a parrot.

Big Travel to California.
San Francisco, Oct. 4.—The past month has seen a heavy flow of population into California from the Eastern states. The Bureau of the railroads and the California Promotion committee state that 14,000 settlers have come here in that time. Many of these have gone to the country, but a fair proportion have remained in San Francisco. It is believed that this is simply the vanguard of an army of immigrants who are coming to locate in California.

Silver Advances to 70 1/2.
Washington, Oct. 16.—The director of the mint yesterday purchased 150,000 ounces of silver at 70 1/2 cents per fine ounce, delivered at the mint in Denver. For the convenience of bidders it has been decided to open bids for the sale of silver on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays of each week, instead of on Wednesdays only, as heretofore.

J. Wallgreen, dealer in staple and fancy groceries, 634 Thurman street, Telephone Pacific 911.

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

The Anheuser, Henry M. Williams, proprietor, 234 Morrison street, corner Second, Portland, Ore. Telephone Main 2517.

Ryan & John, dealers in choice groceries, meat, fish and poultry, phone Main 522, 61 North Park street, corner Davis.

C. Anderson, staple and fancy groceries, Twenty-first and Thurman streets. Phone Hood 57. Fresh roasted coffee a specialty.

The Oak Cafe. Choicest line of wines, liquors and cigars. P. W. Pick, proprietor. Oregon Phone Pacific 2115, corner Fourth and Oak streets, Portland, Ore.

North 16th Street Market, A. Wurttenberger, proprietor, choice poultry, fresh and salt meats, phone Main 1355, 250 North Sixteenth street, Portland, Ore.

Vulcan Coal Company, wholesale and retail dealers in house, steam and blacksmith coal. Foundry and smelter coke. Puget Sound steam coal in car lots, \$3.50 per ton and up. We handle all the best grades of domestic and foreign house coals. Phone Main 2776. Office 329 Burnside St., Portland, Oregon.

THE PIONEER PAINT COMPANY.
The Pioneer Paint Company, of Portland is that of F. E. Beach & Company, of 125 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, 125 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 their choice of routes to Chicago, Louisville, Memphis and New Orleans, and through it sees points to the far east.

Prospective travelers desiring information as to the lowest rates and best routes are invited to correspondence with the following representatives:

B. H. Trumbull, Commercial Agent,
142 Third St., Portland, Or.

J. C. Lindsey, Trav. Passenger Agent,
142 Third St., Portland, Or.

Paul B. Thompson, Passenger Agent,
Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.
In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Multnomah County.

In the Matter of the Estate of Samuel P. Turner, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the County Court of the County of Multnomah, State of Oregon, the administrator of the estate of Samuel P. Turner, deceased, and that he has fully qualified as such administrator.

All persons having claims against said estate or said deceased are hereby notified to present the same to me at the office of A. H. Tanner, Room 609, Commercial Block, Portland, Oregon, attorney for said estate, or to me personally, duly verified as required by law, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice to-wit: September 22, 1906.

JAMES N. BENS-ELLEU
Administrator of the estate of Samuel P. Turner, deceased.
Last publication October 20, 1906.

"THE MILWAUKEE"

"The Pioneer Limited" St. Paul to Chicago.

"Overland Limited" Omaha to Chicago.

"Southwest Limited" Kansas City to Chicago.

No trains in the service on any railroad in the world equals in equipment that of the

Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway.

They own and operate their own sleeping and dining cars and give their patrons an excellence of service not obtainable elsewhere. Berths on their sleepers are longer, higher and wider than in similar cars on any other line. They protect their trains by the Block system. Connections made with all transcontinental lines in Union depots.

H. S. ROWE, General Agent,
124 Third St., Portland.