

Portland New Age

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PORTLAND LOCALS

Isaac Maxwell has been on the sick list for several days this week.

Mr. Gus Travers has had his headquarters transferred to Oakland, Cal. His family will join him in about a month.

The bazaar held at the Bethel A. M. E. church under the auspices of the ladies this week was a success both socially and financially.

Miss Blanche Crawford is suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism. Mrs. Maggie Stokes is confined to the house with neuralgia.

It is rumored that Household of Ruth No. 544 G. U. O. of O. F. will in the near future present a high class drama entitled Ruth the Gleaner.

Mrs. A. Butler is improving in health and expects to depart on the 8th of November to reside permanently with Mrs. Susie Bailey of Vancouver, B. C.

Plans are being made for a grand concert at the A. M. E. Zion church. The reputation enjoyed by these affairs always insures a crowded house as the best talent to be obtained is always employed.

Thanksgiving dinners served at both the Bethel and Mt. Olivet churches were well patronized and all were profuse in their praises of occasion and service. A neat sum was realized for the benefit of the churches.

Mr. Wm. Crawford, the eldest son of our esteemed fellow townsman, Reuben Crawford, paid a short visit to his relatives last Tuesday. Mr. Crawford is greatly surprised at the growth of Portland in the 15 years since he resided here.

On Nov. 22d, Rev. J. C. Tolliver of the Bethel A. M. E. church was quietly married to Miss Booth of Tacoma at the parsonage of the Zion A. M. E. church, Rev. Geo. W. Jackson officiating, with Mr. and Mrs. G. W. White as witnesses. The New Age extends congratulations.

V. E. Keen, the genial manager of Ballard & Chandlers' cafe, has a badly lacerated hand as the result of trying to make peace between two licentious canines. The wounds were thoroughly cauterized, so that it is not thought that any serious consequences will result. Mr. Keen's friends are a unit in advising him in the future to confine his efforts to pacifying belligerents of the genus homo, a task which he has often shown his ability to accomplish.

The mass meeting called at the A. M. E. Zion church Tuesday evening was largely attended by the leading colored citizens of Portland. Resolutions were adopted condemning the action of the President in the wholesale discharge of Negro troops of the 25th Infantry without even the semblance of a trial, as being unconstitutional, prejudicial and unpolitic. A committee was appointed to draft a set of resolutions and forward the same to the President as the sentiment of the Negroes of Oregon.

IN BEHALF OF OUR BROTHERS IN BLACK.

(By Robt. P. Jackson, St. Paul, Minn.)
In vain do we seek for our equal rights,
Oh, why do you cast us aside?
Is it our dark skin that hurts your sight,
Or because we have fought, bled and died?

You brought us here from the African hills,
And made us on this land remain,
You protect all foreigners—come when they will,
Then why not protect us the same?

When you were in trouble, you asked us to help,
When at peace then you drive us away;
In the war with Spain our power was felt,
And you will need us again some day.

We have fought for Old Glory and marched in the sun,
And we have never let the old flag fall;
It's the stars and stripes for all that come,
But no stars for the negro at all.

You allow the Southerners to carry their old flag,
Along side of the stars and stripes;
It's an insult to the Union, that dirty old rag,
And the black man has helped you to fight.

We were fighting your battles when you ran away,
And met your enemy face to face;
Captured San Juan Hill in the heat of the day,
And you discharge us now in disgrace.

Treat us like men and give us our right,
Be honest and don't be ashamed,
We have often been tried, never denied,
And willing to be tried again.

For your past black record the flag is disgraced,
And the world looks upon you with shame,
For the way that you lynch and burn the black race,
When we have helped you to win all your fame.

OLD Favorites

My Grandmother's Old Armchair.
My grandmother she
At the age of eighty-three
One day in May was taken ill and died,
And after she was dead
The will, of course, was read,
By the lawyer, as we all sat side by side.
To my brother it was found
She had left a hundred pounds;
The same to my sister, I declare;
But when it came to me,
The lawyer said: "I see
Granny's only left to you her old armchair."

CHORUS.
How they tittered, how they laughed!!
How my sister and my brother at me chaffed,
When they heard the lawyer declare
"Granny's only left to you her old armchair."

I thought it hardly fair,
But still I did not care.
In the evening I took the chair away.
The neighbors at me laughed,
My brother at me chaffed,
Said he: "John, the chair will be of use
To you some day.
When you settle down in life
And find some girl to be your wife
The chair will be of use to you, I declare.
On a cold and stormy night
When the fire is burning bright,
You can sit in your old armchair."

What my brother said was true,
For in a year or two,
I, strange to say, was settled down in life.
At first the girl I courted,
And then the ring I bought,
I took her to the church, and she's my wife.

Oh! that dear old girl and me
Were as happy as could be,
And when my work was over, I declare
I never cared to roam,
But always stayed at home,
And would sit in my old armchair.

One night the chair broke down
And on picking up I found
The bottom had fallen out upon the floor,
And right before my eyes
I saw to my surprise
Notes for a thousand pounds or more.
When my brother heard of this
Why, the fellow, I confess,
Was maddened with rage and tore his hair.
But I only laughed at him,
And said to him: "Jim,
Don't you wish you had the old armchair?"

CHORUS (to last verse).
How I tittered, how I laughed,
How I at my brother and my sister chaffed,
When I heard the lawyer declare
"Granny's left a fortune in the old armchair!"

SOME RURAL SAYINGS.

There Are Many of Them in Which Belief Has Still Be Found.

While signs and sayings are not so rife as they once were in the New England country, they are still extant to a considerable degree among the old people, and perhaps still more so among the children. This sort of thing always has appealed to the imagination of the child, and very likely always will. Clifton Johnson tells in the New England Magazine a number of bits of superstitious lore which he gathered from an elderly farmer familiarly known as "Gramp," diminutive for "grandpa." Their first experience together, with the witchazel crotch, seeking for water, did not prove to be successful, for although the crotch, which the old farmer held firmly in both hands, with the extremity pointing vertically in the air, tipped strongly downward when over a certain spot, subsequent digging failed to disclose any water. The farmer's faith in the method, however, was not in any way dissipated.

Another superstition in which the farmer placed implicit confidence was that storms always clear off at 9 in the morning, at noon, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, at sunset, at midnight, or at sunrise. Mr. Johnson feels, however, that it would be a very ingenious storm which could clear off at a time sufficiently removed from the times named not to be assigned to one of them by the weatherwise. It is also believed that the weather on any given day will be as it is between 12 and 2 in the morning. A cold snap can be depended upon if the dog comes into the house and puts his head under the mat. If the wind dies down at sunset it will blow again the next day. One of the popular feminine beliefs is that if a pin is held between the teeth while peeling onions it will prevent the tears coming. Rats can be driven out of a house by catching one, tarring and feathering it and turning it loose.

A simple cure for hemorrhoids is for the afflicted one to see how near together he can hold his little fingers without their touching. Toothache may be prevented by cutting a little from each toe and finger nail, wrapping the cuttings in white paper or birch bark and putting them in a hole bored in a pine tree. "Close the hole by plugging," said the farmer, "and you won't have any trouble from aching teeth as long as you live." Unfortunately this will not prevent the loss of teeth by decay. Rheumatism can be cured by putting mustard in the shoes, and nose-bleed by putting a piece of paper under the tongue or a key on the back of the neck. A cure-all almost equal to some advertised remedies is water bottled at a spring on Easter morning before sunrise. "Drink a little of it if anything is the matter inside of you and

If you have a sore spot rub it on outside," advised the old farmer. "You'll be surprised to see what it does for you, no matter what disease you've got."

Unfortunate fishermen will do well to heed the admonition not to cut a twig to string the fish on until the first is caught. If they do this they cannot hope to catch any fish. Carrying a cat across running water must be especially guarded against. "It will," announces "Gramp," "ruin your life. You might just as well take a dose of deadly poison and be done with it. Guests of seaside resorts, too, may save themselves much unnecessary exercise by remembering that when one kills a mosquito two will come to the funeral and the unfortunate person will be bothered worse than before.—New York Tribune.

MIGHT PUZZLE THE BARD.

Suppose Macbeth's Ghost Should Meet That of Shakespeare.

Shakespeare has lately been denounced as a snob, and I am afraid that affair of the bogus coat of arms shows that he was not entirely free from the snobbery of feudalism, but no one knew better than he—no one felt more strongly than he—that above all monarchs sits a great suzerain, the Lord of the Pen, who uses kings and who utters truths or lies according to his pleasure, says a writer in Harper's Magazine. When Charles XII. wanted his librarian to hand from the library a volume of history, he used to say, "Give me my liar." And well he might. But if you come to the fine accomplishment of lying, what is the mere jargon of history to the muse of poetry, against whose slanderous utterances there is no appeal?

Supposing that in the unknown country of shadows which lies beyond the stars of the shade of King Macbeth, son of Finlathach (who fell at the battle of Lumphannon, after having for seventeen years reigned over Scotland—reigned with so generous a hand that he was called "Macbethad the Liberal")—supposing that this wronged hero in his should happen to meet the shade of the author of Macbeth, and suppose that the warrior-king should protest, with the meekness that becomes a king in confronting a poet, against the wrong done to his memory—suppose he should ask the poet what was his justification for having depicted him as the protagonist of assassinations—him who had never killed a man in his life save in open battle, while Duncan, his supposed victim, really did succeed to the Scottish throne because his path had been somehow made clear for him by a family murder—suppose Macbeth should presume to ask such a question of the poet, what reply would the shade of the suzerain make? Would he decline to make any reply at all, or would he simply beckon to the shade of Raphael Holinshed (from whose chronicle the story of Macbeth is drawn) to relieve him from the irksomeness of answering idle questions?

MORGUE MAN FEARS CRICKETS.

Night Attendant Flee When He Hears One.

Fright is a condition unknown to Fritz Welderman, except when he hears a cricket, says the New York World. For twelve years Fritz has been a night employe of the Philadelphia morgue, and for four years he has been sleeping there. Yet this man, who can handle a body with as little emotion as if he were putting ice in a refrigerator, to whose nostrils the odor of disinfectants is as grateful as that of violets to a spring poet, has one vulnerable spot in his armor of unconcern, and it is pierced by the chirp of a cricket.

Nothing so sinister as a centipede or so threatening as a mouse can shake Fritz' stolid sensibilities, but a cricket, a little, hopping, skipping cricket, with its ragtime chirp, can throw him into a clammy perspiration. Then his voice quavers like that of a woman who has just discovered moths in her best carpet, and dozens of sturdy shivers go sprinting up and down his spinal column.

When asked about this idiosyncrasy, Fritz was down in the cold, chill basement, and as he spoke he shivered a body back into its compartment with the affectionate concern of a housewife putting a loaf of bread into the oven.

"Yes," he admitted, trembling. "I'm afraid of them crickets. I don't know why I am. I ain't afraid of nutting else in dis world, but if I hears you in der room I'm all over in a tremble. "Yon night—it was about at midnight—I was down in der basement fixing up an arrival von 'tweek' went von of dem crickets in der vail. Vell, I was so scared I let der ice fall and broke it into pieces and mit all my might I hurried to der office up, and der electric light turned on full. Den, py and py, I sneaked out on tiptoe, like dis." (And he gave a ponderous demonstration of his methods.) "I tell you," he added, "I don't vant no crickets in der morgue. I von't often taken der det body of an unidentified gricket, for you can't never be sure vot dose crickets are going to do, liding or det."

Snow Shoveling Next.

Citizian—How are things with you?
Buyer?
Subbu—No, but I'll bet we're due to have a heavy fall of snow pretty soon.
Citizian—What do you mean? I don't understand.
Subbu—Well, I stopped cutting grass nearly two weeks ago.—Philadelphia Press.

CHICAGO WIDOWS UNITE.

Fighting the Wolf from the Door to Be the Common Purpose.

An organization of widows who will share an apartment house on a communistic basis is Chicago's latest contribution to the world's novelties. A Chicago widow who was plunged into poverty by the death of her husband and left to care for four orphaned children and who for eight years has fought her battle with the courage which only a woman can show, is the founder of the society. She is Mrs. Amelia Tenney and the co-operative association and home which she is founding is the first thing of its kind in the world. The association was organized last December. It has now seventeen members living in various parts of the city, nearly all women of small means and with children dependent upon them; applications for membership have lately been received from six others who will shortly be voted in; regular fortnightly meetings are held; a number of modest entertain-



MRS. AMELIA TENNEY.

ments of various kinds have been given, each of which has added a little to the small fund of the organization, and it is now felt that the time has come to make an actual commencement in the work. Accordingly a State charter was applied for a few days ago and the officers are now in search of a flat, centrally located, capable of housing about five of the families and of a low enough rental to suit their slender means and strict ideas of economy.

While the association starts off with five widows' families the belief is that the plan will succeed and that eventually a large building will be needed to shelter the members of the association. But they are persevering in their efforts to find what they need. It is the purpose of these women to have an employment bureau of their own, to give advice and lend a helping hand in many ways to those who shall come to them, strangers in the ways of the world, asking how they can earn an honest and respectable living. Not only those who live in the home will benefit by the great work that is being started.

NEW THING IN BASEBALL.

Up-to-Date Report of a Game that Has Not Been Played.

The game was called with Molasses at the stick. Smallpox was catching. Coal was in the box and had lots of steam. Horn was playing first base and Fiddle second base. Corn was in the field and Apple was umpire. When Ax came to bat he chopped and Coal let Brick Walk and Sawdust fill the bases. Song made a hit and Twenty made a score. Every Foot of ground kicked and said Apple was rotten. Balloon started to pitch, but went up in the air.

When Spider caught a fly the crowd cheered. Old Ice kept cooling the game until Coal burned him with a pitched ball. You should have heard Ice Cream. Cabbage had a good head and kept quiet. Organ refused to play and Bread loafed around and put him out. In the fifth inning Wind began to blow about what he could do and Hammer began to knock; then the Trees began to leave. Knife was put out for cutting first base. There was lots of betting on the game and Egg went broke, but Soap cleaned them up.

They all kicked when in the heat of the game Coal was put out and his future temporarily coked, but not before he roasted Pork good and hard for his pigheadedness. Balloon went up in the air again when Pig began to root. The score was 1 to 0 when Apple told Fiddle to take his base. Oats was shocked, not having a grain of sense. Song made another hit and Trombone tried to slide, but was put out. Meat was playing for a big steak, but was put out on the plate after having roasted the umpire. The score was 2 to 1 and the game was over. Door said if he had pitched the game he would have shut them out.—Refractor.

A Habit View.

"Now, professor," said Miss Kay, "you know something of human nature. At what age does the average man of intelligence marry?"
"Dotage," promptly replied the crabbled old fellow.—Philadelphia Ledger.
After a woman has been married a few months, her attitude toward her husband plainly says: "I will cook for you, and mend for you and try to be a good wife, but I will no longer worship you."
When women go riding, they don't whip the horse; they shake the buggy whip when they want the horse to go faster.

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

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