

The New Age.

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THE NATIONAL CONTEST.

While it is too early yet for announcement of the general plan of campaign work in the national contest, it is already evident that the master hand which chiseled the form of the result of the Philadelphia convention will direct the task of maturing the scheme of the field work for the battle royal.

The Republican party has not fared badly under the McKinley regime, thanks to those who have exercised large influence in the direction of national affairs. In some respects the administration just closing has been narrow and selfish; in others it has been extravagantly liberal and wasteful; yet, as a whole, it has been productive of excellent results and common interests have advanced much in many material respects.

The state of New York has never had a better and cleaner government than it has enjoyed so far during the administration of Governor Theodore Roosevelt. The intrepid "Rough Rider" has given evidence that he possesses large executive ability, a determination to serve the people honestly, and honorable ambition to gain the approbation of the masses and a resolute purpose to cauterize effectively the sore spots of corruption on the body politic.

Roosevelt is brave and fearless. He but weases broad intelligence of the probable practical kind and a great earner of money. The fact is not concealed that a majority of voters in Oregon preferred to see his name on the ticket. However, the national ticket of the Republican party will win in November. A strong element of the party admire McKinley ardently. They profess to believe that only to the grandest of all presidents, Abraham Lincoln.

The Republican platform is platitudinous to an unnecessary extent—half-apologetic in some respects—but it is still broad enough to serve well as the base of battle in the national contest. It is not sufficiently definite and emphatic in its expression concerning the existence of trusts, but on that subject there is a wide variance of opinion.

All in all, no Republican need be ashamed of his national ticket or the platform on which the standard of his party has been firmly planted.

NEW FORCE OF OFFICIALS.

Ere The New Age shall have been issued again the newly-elected officers of the city of Portland and the county of Multnomah will have taken their places at the helm of local government. The exchange of private pursuits for official business on the part of those who were successful in the recent contest will be particularly noted, not only by their friends, but by the general public within the boundaries of the territory concerned.

Notwithstanding the fact that a few among those who will be responsible in part for the conduct of public business during the ensuing term are not strangers to official life, noteworthy changes in the work of serving popular interests have been promised and will, therefore, be expected. Many pledges of reform and retrenchment were exacted—and the only way to redeem a pledge faithfully is to perform its conditions honestly. Inasmuch as the new officers of this city and county have been accepted as honest and efficient men in the public work they have been pledged to do, as well as in private life, those concerned will be loath to condone any dereliction of duty in the performance of promises made in the pursuit of the work to be undertaken. Little anxiety is expressed at this time, however, over anticipated results. The county and the city should be favored with excellent government, because both have chosen men of ability and good character to do the work required. At all events, the "new machine" will be expected to work admirably, and its operation will probably be begun without a creak or a jar. So may it be during the entire term.

THE TELEGRAM AND THE NEGRO.

It is really a source of regret that such an excellent paper generally as is the Evening Telegram of this city will, on every possible occasion, spew out a flood of venom against the colored race in a way to suggest that its manager cannot be just to our people in a discussion of incidents in which Negroes are concerned. There is neither fairness nor business in such a course.

For instance, two colored women of the North End, inflamed by liquor and jealousy, engaged in mortal combat the other night. In the encounter one of the combatants cut the other fatally. The Telegram's reporter enlarged his account of the affair with editorial comment and suggestion, in which colored people as a race were unnecessarily and very unjustly scourged with untruthful intimations and acrimonious slurs, the substance of which being that, if one Negro commits a crime, all Negroes are criminals; that they are a savage and murderous people and should be kept under careful police surveillance.

Such a screed, of course, needs no answer, for every white person in the country familiar with the character, purpose and general ambition of the colored people as a race knows that such charges are basely false and foolish. However, they are exasperating to our people, and especially so to those who patronize the Telegram so liberally.

Would it be just to refer to the Moss tragedy, recently enacted in our city, as evidence of the fact that all white people are immoral, naturally criminal in tendency and generally murderous. Where is there a person with an ounce of brains who would proclaim such a conclusion? And yet it would be equally just and sensible with the deduction which the Telegram so recently flaunted in the face of the colored population of this city.

Such a newspaper policy is full of inexcusable folly and outrageous shamelessness. Municipal Judge-elect Geo. J. Cameron will soon assume official work in the judicial department of the city. The local public is pleased with the prospective change. Judge Cameron is a sturdy, honest, practical man. He will make an upright, unselfish, impartial judge. Cliques and clans and authors of star-chamber combinations will have little favor in the municipal court for the ensuing term at least.

The situation in China is alarming. Able public men profess to believe that serious war will not result, but to the ordinary layman such a view is dimmed by great distance. The great world powers are deeply concerned over possible consequences of the Boxer outbreak.

Beyond doubt Oregon will be found in the Republican column in national politics in November next. Its people cannot afford such a suicidal policy as that suggested by the endorsement of Bryanism. We have too much at stake in commerce with our new possessions.

ENTERPRISE SHOE CO.

83; North Third St.

Boots and Shoes Made to Order

Repairing Neatly Done.

Work called for and delivered. All work guaranteed.

H. C. RILEY, Manager.

Headquarters for Capen Co.'s Shoes

C. E. Shreve. W. S. McCarter.

Portland Market Co.

DEALERS IN

Groceries, Fruits, Fish and Poultry

Sugar, 18 Pounds \$1.00.

Best Valley Flour 70c and 75c.

Oregon Phone Grant 86. Residence "Brown" 383.

Prompt Delivery. 170 Third St.

PIANO WAREROOMS

H. SINSHEIMER, Sole Agent for THE JACOB DOLL PIANO

The best upright piano made, and other first-class pianos rented and sold on installments. No. 74 Third Street. Established 1862. Phone North 341.

"FLOUR" GARDEN.

To See It to Best Advantage You Must Use a Microscope. It is peculiar that the waving wheat, itself a product of the soil, should in course of time form a soil wherein will germinate a pretty microscopic garden. Wheat is transformed into flour; flour is converted into bread; and bread, if allowed to remain in a damp place, will



A MITE OF MOLDY BREAD.

raise a crop of what is generally known as "mold," and which to the naked eye resembles merely a bluish or greenish tint. When viewed beneath the microscope this mold reveals itself as composed of an immense number of "flowers," resembling dahlias in a pattern, each supported upon a single long and slender white stalk. Scientifically these "flowers" are known as masses of spores, and are actually bunches of seeds of the tiny plant.

TALKS ON ADVERTISING

The advertising that does not pay is almost always the advertising that has not been given a chance to pay.

When an advertiser wants to pay for space in truck, wouldn't it be a wise move for the publisher to ask him to name a type founder, ink or paper maker who will do business that way?—Exchange.

An article in the Buffalo Times, describing the advertising situation in a city of 30,000 population, which is something of a paradise for the program and time-table fakir, really tells the story of numerous other places. From the article, which is long, we take this extract:

"One good illustration of the readiness of the merchants to support any kind of advertising to be found outside the newspapers is afforded by a recent scheme. The scheme consists simply of a large placard, on which is printed in small type the time-tables of the local railroads, and surrounding this placard are 112 advertising cards of various size and style. The profit of the thing can be readily seen when it is known that the smallest ad. on the placard brought exactly \$2, and the larger ones were rated in proportion. As an advertising medium it is of little value, simply because it consists solely of a mass of names piled one above the other in miscellaneous confusion, without the slightest effort at classification. Milliners, merchants, manufacturers, millers, machinists, meat men, sanitariums, concert halls, colleges, opticians, embalmers, livery stables, hotels, hardware stores, photographers, plumbers, tailors, dentists—in fact, every kind of a business to be found in a city of 30,000—is jumbled together in a confused mass on this card. In this list of 112 advertisers there are but few who ever expend a single dollar in legitimate newspaper advertising, and of this few it is safe to predict they had a bill or claim of some kind against the enterprising originator of the scheme, and adopted this method of squaring accounts.

"This particular scheme is only one of many. Programs always have a substantial support. Billboards catch the multitude, and any kind of a directory or other publication that has an ostensible purpose can get unlimited advertising at good rates."

Invention of the Boomerang. Of all men's inventions, the boomerang seems the strangest and least likely kind of weapon for the natural man, with no knowledge of mechanics, to have hit upon; and yet it becomes intelligible enough when we hear that in Australia, where the boomerang was discovered, there grows a tree that sheds a seedpod of such a shape that it whirrs away in the air and returns again as it falls. But how many "black fellows" had watched these seedpods whir and gyrate—our own ash throws down things that try to emulate the gyration—before one of them thought of imitating the shape of the pod on a large scale, and so make the first boomerang? We do not know the fate of the first boomerang, but we know when Newton discovered gravitation, and it is likely that the seedpods had been falling about as long as apples.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Cuba's Original Name. When Columbus discovered Cuba in 1493 he named the island Juana.

A St. Louis undertaker advertises that he can furnish everything requisite for a first-class funeral. He is evidently a doctor as well as an undertaker.

When women have trouble in keeping a girl, they say it is because they are "too particular."

WHEN YE'R GROWIN' OLD.

There's a sadness stealin' o'er ye, When ye'r growin' old, Th' don't 'pear so much before ye, When the world grows cold, Ye'r a' standin' in th' evenin' Where th' shades unfold, When th' light o' day is leavin' An' ye'r growin' old.

Night is drawin' of a curtain, Sof' a bell is tolled, Things look sort of gray, uncertain, Where th' shadows fold, Th' landscape's waverin' pictures That are all unrolled, When ye'r life is in th' twilight An' ye'r growin' old.

Like a fire that's sort o' fadin' When the ashes hold But a sort o' ghostly shadin' Of a joy that's cold, Like a sweet song, but whose echo May ye'r memory hold, When the sunset glides the hilltops, An' ye'r growin' old.

But the light beyond th' hilltops, When ye'r gray an' cold, Out beyond the crimson sunset, There is dawn unrolled, There's a glow o' promise beamin' Of hopes that fold Ye'r heart and bring it comfort When ye'r growin' old. —Bismarck Tribune.

THE BANDOLERO.

PANCHO PARCO leaned lazily against his gate on the outskirts of the Southern California town, and looked down the road. It was a beautiful Sunday morning in May. Pancho was an old man, but there was nothing in his appearance indicative of his age except his bristling gray mustache, the deep lines in his brown face, and the dull, bloodshot black eyes that must once have been as fierce as those of an Indian. With his arms resting on the gate, Pancho rolled himself a huge yellow-papered cigarette, which he proceeded to enjoy. Suddenly he pulled the brim of his big white sombrero further down over his face as he descried a man walking toward him on the path beside the road. The newcomer was a young man, and Pancho's opposite in every particular.

"Como esta, senior?" "Good morning, Pancho. Has Senorita Helena gone to church?" "No, senior. Pretty soon she come. You go with her?"

"If she'll allow me." "Oh, she glad to take you to church—glad to take any one. She is good. She want to make poor Pancho go, but he so go any more."

"Did you hear of the hold-up on the Santa Maria road, Pancho?" asked the American, casually.

"At once it seemed that the sombrero cast a darker shadow over Pancho's face, while his eyes narrowed into slits. "Si, I heard of him. They make big fuss 'bout little thing. It was deefterent, senior, in early days before—" His in-born politeness gave him pause.

"Before the gringos came?" supplemented the other, laughingly.

"Si, senior, before the gringos came, I born here, senior, feefty—seefty—seefty years ago. My father had un rancho grande near here. Every one know el Rancho Parco. No banks those days, senior. We keep all the money in the casa de rancho—what you call house. Plenty of bandoleros then, you bet. You not know a bandolero. You meet him in the mountains; he take all you got; the next day you meet him in town and shake his hand, but you not know him."

"Well, Pancho, it's pretty hard to identify him these days," watching him closely.

"Oh, I don't know, eef you smart. What your business, senior?"

The question was asked with much apparent indifference, but George Howard was not deceived. Suspecting, he saw himself suspected. "Real estate," he replied, promptly; "I'm down here looking up the purchase of some land."

"So?" said Pancho. "And will you buy him or—take him? Americanos get all the land all the time. Long time ago you come here, senior, you would come to me to get land. I own all. Now all gone, and Pancho not got five centavos. Pancho has lost his greep. Sometimes I geef away the land. You see where all those houses up street stand? One day Pancho see a big black horse—the horse do for his new saddle and silver spurs. I geef thousand acres for him. Those houses on the ground I geef away. The rest"—with a sudden and comprehensive sweep of the hand—"Pancho r-robbod! You hear me, senior, I say—r-robbod! and now they make big fuss 'bout a poor bandolero!"

"Father is pitching into the Americanos, as usual, I suppose?" said a girlish voice behind them.

Both turned to look upon Helena Parco, dark, bright-eyed, with the rose and the olive blended in her cheek.

"To hear my father talk," she went on, blithely, "one would think he was a foreigner, while he is an American himself."

"Si," broke in Pancho, "un Americano, but not—"

"A gringo," interpolated Howard.

"Well, it is foolish of you, dear old father, to talk so. In a cosmopolitan country such as ours—and then as she realized that her language was unintelligible to one of her bearers, at least—"but, Mr. Howard, I must go to church. The Mission bells are ringing already and I am the organist. I will be glad if you will go with me. Like the Salvation Army lassie, I want every one to come to our hall."

The two went down the road together, leaving Pancho meditatively smoking his cigarette. And as he smoked he commended with himself and wondered

about many things. Helena was so unlike a Parco, he thought. She was not content to mix with the Spanish people exclusively, as her mother had done before her, but was welcomed everywhere. She did not hate the Americans, but told him, her own father, many times that it was wrong to cherish hatred against any one. Surely she was a strange, dear child. But the Parco blood would tell even in her if the occasion arose—he was sure of that. Making himself another cigarette, Pancho strolled idly into the town. He joined several groups of Spanish-Americans standing on the sidewalks in their Sunday clothes, nodded familiarly to the store-keepers in front of the shops, and finally brought up before a crowd of men and boys who had surrounded and were listening to Sam Smith's description of the recent hold-up. Sam was the stage-driver.

"I threw out the box all right enough," Sam was saying, with great caution, "but it was my old fake box. The right one was on behind, tied up in a roll of blankets. The fellow was just about the build of Pancho there—"

Pancho passed on as if he had not heard, but a knowing smile of satisfaction played about his lips.

The delightfully monotonous summer days of blue sky and yellow sun came and departed before the town was again awakened from its languorous sleep of satisfied tranquillity. In the vicinity of Los Alamos Sam Smith was held up once more. The lone highwayman compelled the doughty and shrewd Samuel to descend from his seat and produce the express box from a roll of blankets. This being accomplished, the luckless passengers were lined up on one side of the road and the man with the gunny-sack over his head and the Winchester in his hand relieved them of their valuables in turn.

The following day the broken express box and a piece of the gunny sack were found in the bushes near the scene of the robbery. Pancho was suspected on Sam's report and his house searched. There the rest of the gunny sack was found. Pancho had already taken to the hills, and a large reward was offered for his capture.

Sympathy, sincere and universal, went out to the old man's daughter, but with the blow a change came over her. Every glance of pity was met by a look of suppressed indignation and scorn, for pity implied a belief in her father's guilt. In her eye a new fire kindled—a fire that burned in Pancho's eyes when he was young. Except her own, no roof knew her now but that of the Mission. But all this was only the brave exterior. In a little while it was known she was ill. Within two months she was dead. The wise doctors gave the cause as quick consumption.

Two days afterward two men moved cautiously down the slope of the cone-shaped mountain, at the foot of which stood the Mission. Both were armed, and both crept crouchingly from boulder to boulder and from bush to bush, as if they feared detection. As they did so the bells of the Mission began to toll. The sweet-toned sound from the little bronze bells—cast in old Spain—came up the mountain, and the two men stopped and looked down at a funeral procession passing slowly along the country road to the grave yard, a short distance away. For one of them that funeral was a magnet. Following the hearse came a wagon in which sat a number of young girls clothed in white, and behind it many buggies, wagons and a motley description of vehicles filled with people.

The man in the rear gazed intently at the moving spectacle for a time, and then his eyes wandered searchingly over the mountain slope. Suddenly he stood erect and brought his gun to his shoulder; for the first time he had discovered the other man, leaning against a slanting rock, not twenty feet away.

"Hands up, quick!" he shouted, "or I'll fire."

"Carajo!" burst from Pancho's lips, as he made a movement to seize his gun.

"Don't! I'll kill you."

Slowly Pancho's hands went up. Howard advanced to disarm him. It was Pancho's turn: "You no come!" he cried. "Dios! You not take me alive."

Howard stopped. The two looked at each other steadily. The Mission bells still tolled, and the funeral procession wended its way along the country road.

"You must go with me, Pancho. I'm sorry, but I must do my duty."

"I say I no go!" cried Pancho, his eyes blazing with excitement. "You think a Parco go to jail?"

"It'll be all right, Pancho, old man. If you're not guilty you can easily prove it."

"Geefly? You mean I no hold up the stage? You want me say that. I no say it. I did hold him up, but I not geefly. How is it when the damned gringos take all Pancho got? The gringos geefly, eh? What you say? Pancho no bandolero. Pancho only take a little of what is take from him. But no use talk. Every one say Pancho geefly. I no care. Nina mia, dead. You see down there? They take Helena to the grave. I no want leaf. I no 'fraid death. When they put Helena in the grave, Pancho die too. You watch, senior—you see."

The procession was entering the grave yard.

"But I won't allow you to kill yourself."

"You not allow?" Pancho laughed derisively. "But you make mistake. Pancho no keel himself. Helena mia say that is wrong—say es malo. I not do what Helena mia say not do. You keel me, senior."

"I kill you!"

"Si, senior, you keel me, or—I keel you. I got right to do that."

"But Pancho, Pancho," Howard almost screamed, as he saw in the other's

face the sudden resolve and the plan to effect it, "you must not make me do it. No, you will not, Pancho. Think of Helena. Helena would not want you to do that. She would want you to live and be a Parco." As he pleaded for the other man's life, he became fearful of his own nerves.

Pancho had turned his face in the direction of the little cemetery and the people standing around the open grave. Even at that distance his eyes were fixed upon the coffin which was being gradually lowered. To him came the cadence of the last notes of the bells. Suddenly he wheeled about and his hands dropped from the rock above his head upon which he had been resting.

"Now!" he cried, as he made a motion to seize his gun.

The Mission bells were still, but the shot from Howard's gun reverberated through the hills.—Argonaut.

Teaching Etiquette.

"Madam," he began as the door opened, "I am selling a new book on 'Etiquette and Deportment.'"

"Oh, you are," she responded, according to Pearson's Weekly. "Go down there and clean the mud off your feet!"

"Yes'm. As I was saying, ma'am, I am sel—"

"Take off your hat. Never address a strange lady at her door without removing your hat."

"Yes'm. Now, then, as I was saying—"

"Take your hands out of your pockets. No gentleman ever carries his hands there."

"Yes'm. Now, ma'am, this work on et—"

"Throw away your pipe. If a gentleman uses tobacco he is careful not to disgust others by the habit."

"Yes'm. Now, in calling your attention to this valuable—"

"Wait. Put that dirty handkerchief out of sight and use less grease on your hair in the future. Now you look a bit decent. You have a book on 'Etiquette and Deportment.' Very well, I don't want it. I am only the servant girl. Go up the steps to the front door and talk with the lady of the house. She called me a downright, outright, no-doubt-about-it idiot this morning, and I think the book you're selling is just what she requires."

Useful Palm Trees.

There are several kinds of palm trees which flourish in Africa. One is the date palm. The tree is very beautiful, and when one knows the uses that the natives make of it, it is a question what the people would do for food and shelter if the date palm did not grow there. It provides them with food equal to any of the grain foods with which we are familiar. It also provides them with sugar, with wine, vinegar and oil. Their houses are built of it, and their furniture is made of it, and the roofs are thatched—that is, covered—with its leaves. They have learned to make paper of it, so that the history of the country such as it has, is written upon it. In South America there is another kind of palm—the coconut palm. This kind not only provides the South Sea Islander with food, with timber for his house, and wood for his furniture, and thatching for his roof, but it also supplies him with dishes, for the nut of the coconut is his drinking cup. It also provides with a drink, for the milk of the coconut, an American writer tells us, is as cool as any hillside spring, and so delicate as to be incomparable with any other drink furnished by nature.

Sacred Flowers in India.

In the Hindu religion bright-colored or fragrant flowers take a prominent place as offerings to the gods, whilst the leaves or flowers of other plants are held sacred either for special historical reasons, or for their fancied resemblance to mythical objects. The list of flowers held sacred by the Hindoos alone is an immensely long one. The holiest flower in India is that of the Kadamba tree, which is specially dedicated to the god Krishna. The flower of the Pippul tree are venerated by the Hindoos because the Diety Vishnu is supposed by them to have been born amongst its branches. Other peculiarly sacred flowers with this people are those of the Asoca, the Bakula, the Mango, the Bela and the Kadamba. The most celebrated sacred flower is the Lotus. In India it was supposed to spring from Vishnu, and in its unfolded blossom Brahma appeared; it was also the attribute of Ganga. In Egypt it was concentrated to Isis and Osiris, and symbolized the creation of all things from water, the rise of the Nile, and the return of the sun.

Regalia of Knight of the Garter.

A Knight of the Garter dressed in the regalia is an imposing sight. He wears a blue velvet mantle, with a star embroidered on the left breast. His trunk-hose, stockings and shoes are white, his hood and surcoat crimson. The garter, of dark blue velvet edged with gold and bearing the motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," also in gold, is buckled about the left leg, below the knee. The heavy golden collar consists of twenty-six pieces, each in the form of a garter, bearing the motto, and from it hangs the "George," a badge which represents St. George on horseback, encountering the dragon. The "Jesser George" is a smaller badge attached to a blue ribbon, worn over the left shoulder. The star of the Order consists of eight points, within which is the cross of St. George encircled by the garter.

New Method of Sealing Bottles.

In a new method of sealing a bottle a capsule fits over the neck with slits for the passage of a cord or ribbon, the ends of which are drawn together and pressed into a stamped lead seal.