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TERMS OF PURCHASE.

The money paid by the average house-holder in rentals will buy an elegant home in Hawthorne park. The monthly installments or payments on this home will not exceed actual money paid out for rentals. All property in Portland will advance in price within the next year. Prices on inside property, such as that in Hawthorne park, will take a jump in the near future that will surprise old Portland residents. The present offer is limited to the construction of a small number of houses in addition to those already built and occupied by representative families of this city.



THE NEW AGE.

Established 1896. A. D. Griffin, Manager. Office, 242 1/2 Stark Street, Concord Building, Portland, Oregon.

AGENTS.
C. A. Ritter, Portland, Oregon
W. J. Wheaton, Helena, Montana
To insure publication, all local news must reach us not later than Thursday morning of each week.
Subscription price, one year, payable in advance, \$2.00.

CITY NEWS

Mr. Joe Prescott is visiting in Pendleton, Or. He is stopping with Mrs. Le Roy and family.

Mr. Mota Freeman left for Roslyn on last Tuesday. He expects to be absent about a week or ten days.

Do not neglect to register, as it will be necessary both for the right to vote at the general election and at the primaries.

We again call attention to the fact that manuscript intended for publication must be written on one side of the paper only, in a legible hand.

Mrs. Lucile Braxton has returned after an absence of over a year, during which time she has resided in Seattle, Wash. She is stopping with Mrs. Kingsbury, at No. 86 Seventh street.

We hear rumors of a wedding in high life to take place in the near future. One of the parties is a native daughter and the other engaged in one of the leading hotels of the Northwest.

Another chapter in the Hotel Portland diamond robbery case was closed on last Wednesday when Seattle, Wash., the self-confessed burglar, was sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary.

Bishop Clinton, of the A. M. E. Zion church, is expected in the city the first part of next month. The members of the church are arranging to give him a reception on the evening of the 7th, and he is expected to preach on the 9th.

Sunday services at Bethel A. M. E. church, as follows—Preaching at 11 a. m., subject: "Victory;" class meeting at 12 m.; Sunday school at 1 p. m.; preaching at 8:15 p. m., subject: "Death in the Pot." Special music by the choir. All are welcome. W. T. Biggers, pastor, 68 North Tenth street.

Rev. E. E. Makiell, of the Bethel A. M. E. church, formerly of this city, has been appointed pastor of Payne's chapel, Brunswick, Ga., to succeed Rev. B. T. Seabrooks, formerly of this city. Brunswick is a lively town of about 12,000 inhabitants, 12 miles from the Atlantic ocean.

On Tuesday eve from 8 to 10 o'clock a pretty reception was held by Mr. and Mrs. Rexford Cansler at their residence, Second and Yamhill streets. A large number of the friends of the newly married pair gathered to wish them a long and happy life. Light refreshments were served and an enjoyable evening was spent by all present.

Rt. Rev. G. W. Clinton, D. D., the presiding bishop over the California conference of the A. M. E. Zion church, will preach in the A. M. E. Zion church, corner Main and Thirteenth streets, February 9 at 8 p. m.; also the 7th day of February, at 8:30 p. m. a grand reception will be given to the bishop at the A. M. E. Zion church. A more extended notice will appear in this paper in the next issue.

Sunday appointments at the A. M. E. Zion church, corner Main and Thirteenth streets—Preaching, 11 a. m., and 8:30 p. m.; class-meeting and Sabbath School after morning sermon; theme, 8:30 p. m., "The Holy Spirit;" Evening musical programme; Hymn, "Fill Me Now;" "Jesus Is Mine;" solo, "Beyond the Shadows;" (C. A. White), by request, Mrs. D. M. Newman; anthem, "I Was Glad" (Packard). Mrs. W. H. Carter, chorister; Mrs. W. S. Robinson, organist; J. W. Wright, pastor.

We are pleased to note the fact that one of the two entertainments announced for the 28th inst. has been postponed and the parties interested will help to make a success of the other. This is as it should be. We need more unity and less strife among us. It is to be hoped that all will attend the entertainment to be given on the 28th inst. at the G. A. R. for the benefit of Mt. Olive Baptist church. The committee has arranged an excellent programme and the price of admission has been placed at the very reasonable sum of 25c. Do not fail to attend.

On the steamer which arrived here last Monday from San Francisco was a lady destined to cause considerable excitement in certain circles in Portland and elsewhere. As soon as possible after landing she visited the Chief of Police and having laid proofs of her charges before him swore out a warrant for the arrest of one Harry

A. Brown, on the charge of bigamy, he having been married in this city on the 25th of last December. He was arrested and waived examination and was held to appear before the Grand Jury in the sum of \$1,000, which not being furnished he was remanded to jail. Mrs. Brown No. 1 claims to have been married to him in New Mexico in 1898 and lived with him up to the 18th day of last December, when he left her sick in bed and came to Portland. More anon.

On January 21, 1902, at 9:45 p. m., at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. Edward Thompson, Mrs. Maria Jackson departed this life, after a long and lingering illness. She was born on Paton's Island, W. Va., on March 4, 1851. She was married in 1869, July 3, to S. T. Jackson. In 1895 she moved from Springfield, Ohio to Jennings, La., from whence she came to Oregon in October, 1900. During her stay in Oregon she has not known a well day, suffering from poisoned limbs, caused by the use of impure water in Louisiana, from which she suffered over six years and was the primary cause of cancer, for which she underwent two operations, and which was the ultimate cause of her death. She leaves a devoted husband and eight children, seven boys and one married daughter, Mrs. Jessie Thompson. Her husband and five of the children were around her bedside when she died. She was buried from the A. M. E. Zion church on Friday, the 24th inst.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

"At Valley Forge," the latest Colonial drama and what is said to be the best effort of the well-known author, William L. Roberts, will be the attraction at Cordray's theatre for one week commencing next Sunday evening, January 26, and from the excellent satisfaction which the play is reported as having given elsewhere it surely must be not alone a thoroughly meritorious dramatic work, but a positively enjoyable production from every standpoint. The play itself is a charming love story set in an atmosphere of Washington's time, in and around Trenton and old Valley Forge. The scenic environment is reported as being elaborate and complete in detail and the costuming gorgeous in color and absolutely correct as to period. The cast has been selected with the utmost care as to the requirements of the play and has among its numbers players of good repute for excellent work in other plays.

Roguish Ravens.
The raven of southern Europe is a bold fellow—not unlike his cousin the crow. Some notices of the bird, given by an English traveler in Corsica, offer amusing proof of this.

A youth whom I employed to carry my camera could never look on ravens with any equanimity, for he had suffered much from their thievish impudence when sent to the bush to gather firewood.

On one occasion he lost his dinner, a loaf of bread wrapped in a napkin, although he was working close to the spot where he had laid it, and had turned his back for only a minute.

But the most unpardonable insult he had ever received happened on a day when he was out gathering wood. As he was stooping down to bind a bundle of fagots, a raven suddenly swooped from behind, lifted the cap from his head and flew away with it to a lofty crag, from which she uttered croaks of triumph. The cap was subsequently seen lined with straw and serving for a nest.

By His Works.
The members of the class in rhetoric were reciting to Professor Dush, of the Blank University, one day, when the question of the "split infinitive" came up, and the professor took occasion to condemn in strong terms the practice of using it.

"But, professor," argued one of the pupils, "a distinguished authority" (naming him) "has just published an article in one of the magazines in which he defends the 'split infinitive.'"

"I know it," replied the professor, with a smile, "and in the same article he defends nearly every other pet abomination of the purists. But he doesn't use one of them. He is the most glaringly heterodox man in precept and the most rigidly orthodox in example I ever saw."

An ounce of "do" is worth a pound of "say."
A Diplomatic Intimation.
Dutiful son—Yes, mother, I know Miss Gollightly is both extravagant and lazy, but I am engaged to her.
Mother—Well, to-morrow's her birthday. Give her a silver thimble and she'll break the engagement.—The Jewellers' Weekly.
Though women are always complaining that their hair comes out by handfuls when they comb it, women are seldom bald.
Why isn't a homely actress a case of stage fright?

CONVENIENCES—Water, gas, sewers, electric lights, best street car service, accessibility to park, leading churches and finely graded city schools. Within residence district, covering 20 blocks, where Hawthorne estate offers these lots for sale, streets will be fully improved, stone sidewalks laid, and houses will be all new and modern. No house in this district can cost less than \$1,500.

A MOST GENEROUS OFFER—Purchasers may have their homes built on the installment plan, of small monthly payments. Buyers of this property make their own building contracts, pay the cost of construction themselves from moneys advanced by the Hawthorne estate at low interest. Property owners are charged only actual cost of construction, and they build their homes just as they want them to be.

NEIGHBORHOOD—Neighborhood means values in residence property. In this part of Portland are the homes of some of the best known and most highly respected people of the state. The property is all high, eighty, and entirely free from contamination of any nature. It is one of the most healthy locations in Oregon.

PROCRASTINATE! NEVER! The time to make inquiry about this most desirable property is now. If you do not intend to buy, at least make inquiry, and you will learn something about legitimate and honest efforts to push Portland's interests. Intending purchasers should call on or write to R. L. Cate, 701 Chamber of Commerce, Portland, Or., Phone, Main, 180; Columbia phone, 180.

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SPITE DROVE HIM AWAY.

British Ambassador to France Could Not Stand French Abuse.

Sir Edmund Monson, the British ambassador to France, left that nation's capital as the result of the unfriendly and at times indecent attitude of that country toward England and its Queen. For months the Paris journals made his stay the extremity of official and personal pain. He saw his country insulted in such manner as only a French newspaper can accomplish; he saw his Queen—the embodiment of all that is patriotically sacred to a Briton—lambasted in a fashion too gross for anything outside of Paris. These insults roused the British public to the pitch of war. Official coolness alone prevented overt and concrete expression of this indignation.

Sir Edmund's departure from Paris came about in this way. The artist Leandre, who has been one of the most active of the Anglophobists, was decorated by M. George Leygues, minister



SIR EDMUND MONSON.

of public instruction. It is said that Ambassador Monson approached M. Delcasse, the minister for foreign affairs, and asked the meaning of this seemingly official recognition of the libelers and shameless lampooners of her Majesty. What reply the French diplomat made to the British one is not known. But forthwith Ambassador Monson left Paris.

This is no unimportant matter whether or not the breach be healed over. Sir Edmund has been the head of the British embassy in Paris since 1898. This office is the most distinguished and in many respects the most important in all the range of British diplomacy. Sir Edmund is the most popular man, with the exception of the Marquis of Dufferin, that has been assigned as yet to this high post. His record in the service has been notable. He entered diplomacy in 1856. In 1858 he went to Florence and thence came to Washington as secretary of the late Lord Lyons. At the outbreak of the civil war he was attache of the mission at Washington, and remained in that position until 1863. After that year he served in Brussels, Vienna, Athens, Copenhagen, in the Azores, in Hamburg, in Dalmatia and Montenegro, in Uruguay, in the Argentine Republic as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary, and in many other parts of the world.

In 1888, when the United States and Denmark were in dispute in what is known as the "Butterfield claim," Sir Edmund was chosen as arbitrator between the two countries and acquitted himself creditably.

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Grand Potentiate

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

Interesting Story of His Development as a Poet. His Work is Rapidly Increasing.

Speaking of the condition of his health and the prospect of its again exiling him, Paul Laurence Dunbar, the negro poet, who is winning distinguished recognition, says:

"I am afraid the climate of Washington doesn't suit me; but there is so much to hold me here. The best negroes in the country find their way to the capital, and I have a very congenial and delightful circle of friends. A year or so ago I went to Denver, and improved very much, but my situation was a very lonely and isolated one. I have tried the Jersey coast, too, and last winter I was in Florida. The Adirondacks? I'm afraid it's too cold for me there. I am like a cat—I love warmth and sunshine."

We sat in the poet's study, a large room on the second floor of his attractive home, near Le Droit Park. Portieres curtained the doorways, and Navajo rugs—souvenirs of his West—were laid out on the floor. The walls were adorned with posters, portraits of his fellow authors and artists' proofs of Kemble's illustrations of "Folks From Dixie," while below were ranged bookshelves, filled with volumes, interspersed with the various editions of his own works, and presentation copies of those of other writers. The center of the room was occupied by a flat top desk, with green-shaded lamp and adjacent typewriter.

"As to my literary methods," Mr. Dunbar said, "I write when convenience lets me, or the spirit moves me, by object being to do a certain amount of work, rather than to work a certain length of time. When I first began my career I wrote rapidly, accomplishing, without difficulty, 5,000 words a day. Now I write slowly—oh! so slowly. I sometimes spend three weeks on a single chapter, and then am not satisfied with the result. Indeed, I have never yet succeeded in perfectly reproducing what was in my own mind. Fortunately for the artist, however, the public doesn't see the mental picture, and the poor copy isn't unfavorably contrasted. Last spring, when filling an order for a prose composition for Lippincott's magazine, I wrote 50,000 words in 30 days, but I have never recovered from the strain of it. Indeed, my work becomes harder, rather than easier, as I go on, simply because I am more critical of it. I believe when an author ceases to climb he ceases at the same time to lift his readers up with him. Yes, I find that my pen yields me a support. At one time I added to my income by reading, but since my voice has failed I have given that up almost entirely.

A spur to young Dunbar's ambition after he entered the high school (Dayton, Ohio) came from the fact that he was the only negro in his class. The boys, as he puts it, were "very kind to him," however, and during his second year he was admitted to the literary society, of which he afterwards became president. At this time, too, he contributed frequently to the High School Times, and was later made its editor. The first literary work for which he was paid was a prose composition, bought for a syndicate and printed in the Chicago Record, Detroit Free Press, Boston Green Bag and New York Independent.

During the World's Fair the young writer went to Chicago, where he remained for several years, and in 1896, having resolved to devote himself to literature, removed to New York. There he wrote a series of slum stories, contributing to the Journal, Sun and Tribune, and doing a like work for the World. At this time his "Lyrics of Lowly Life" appeared with an introduction by Mr. Howells, "Folks From Dixie," followed, when, embracing a long desired opportunity for foreign travel, Mr. Dunbar went abroad, spending six months in London, where he was entertained by the first literary clubs of the city and his works brought out in a substantial British edition. "The Uncalled," his

first long story, was a product of this period."

A poem published in a Boston magazine by Alice Ruth Moore had attracted his attention and upon his return from abroad he made the acquaintance of the author, a native of New Orleans, who had gone to New York to pursue a special course of study.

There she passed the examination for teacher in the public schools with such distinction that she was offered a position, and when young Dunbar met her she was teaching a class of 60 Poles in the morning and afternoon, doing kindergarten work and giving instructions in the manual training school.

From admiration of her writings to admiration of the author was an easy step, and their acquaintance rapidly developed into something more. An engagement followed, and the poet, who meanwhile had received an appointment in the Congressional library, returned to New York, where they were quietly married.

Since that time Mrs. Dunbar has contributed occasionally to newspapers, to McClure's Magazine and the Ladies' Home Journal, and a collection of her stories has recently been brought out in book form.

Of her literary ability her husband says:

"She writes much better prose than I do, and is invaluable to me as a critic."

All of his work is typewritten by her, and much of it taken down in shorthand at his dictation. She is an Episcopalian in creed, and Mr. Dunbar, while not a member of any communion, attends church with her.

"The dim of the organ, the flowers, the deep restful light, the ritual—all appeal to me," he says. "Most men have at some period of their lives an attack of agnosticism, as of measles, but with me it has left no scars." Speaking of dialect writers, he says:

"It is difficult to put any name before that of Ruth McEnery Stuart, who depicts both the humorous and pathetic side of the race with such fidelity. There are, however, in the stories of Joe Chandler Harris intimation touches which to me are absolutely marvelous. He presents the negro in an aspect in which he would scarcely exhibit himself to a white man, repeating characteristic speeches which he would hardly give utterance to except to one of his own color."

Of the future of the race, he says: "I am not a controversialist, but I believe the problem is one that will solve itself, and I think it will do it all the sooner if those interested in it will work more and talk and write less. I myself should be very unhappy if I were compelled to make my living by any handicraft, and I can not, therefore, agree with those who would doom the race to mechanical occupations. Give the negro, I should say, thorough industrial training, and, if any among them are able to get above this, let them do it."

Lucky Stones.
It is now the fashion to wear one's lucky stone in an amulet fastened around the throat by a slender gold chain. The list is: January, hyacinth or garnet; February, amethyst; May, agate; June, emerald; July, ruby or onyx; August, carnelian or sardonyx; September, chrysolite; October, opal or beryl; November, topaz; December, ruby.

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