

The New Age

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REPUBLICAN LEGISLATIVE TICKET.

- State Senator,
HENRY E. MCGINN.
Representatives,
A. A. COURTENAY,
GEORGE M. ORTON,
SANDERSON REED,
JOHN GILL,
DAN J. MALARKEY,
J. S. HUTCHINSON,
S. B. COBB,
H. J. FISHER,
W. R. HUDSON,
C. W. HODSON,
A. A. BAILEY,
W. W. BANKS.

LET US HAVE HARMONY.

The New Age bows and yields to events and results. It is yet a Republican paper. It will support and work for the candidates of the Republican party generally, if not wholly. It thinks the Republican convention did not quite sufficiently recognize and realize the political obligation owed to Senator Simon and other very faithful Republicans who have won the victories for the party in the past, and who must be counted on to win victories in the future. The New Age has no apologies or excuses to make; it has always spoken kindly and considerately of the gentlemen who are now "on top" and "riding in the band wagon." It believes that they are good and true Republicans; supporters of President Roosevelt as they were of the late President McKinley. The New Age has no quarrel with them.

But they have a very important duty to perform to the party and to this city and state. They did wisely in adjourning for a week. That will give time for reflection. What the result will be in June depends largely no doubt, upon the character and scope of their deliberations. The Democrats did not cast many votes at the primaries, but they will cast a good many more at the June election. They will nominate for the head of their ticket for governor, District-Attorney Geo. E. Chamberlain, who is a vote-getter, and deserves to be. There is no need in discussing this fact. He was elected Attorney-General of the state when it was normally 5000 Republican. He was elected District Attorney here when this county was normally 5000 Republican. There must some merit in a man who thus succeeds, and in the cause he represents. The New Age refuses to be blindfolded; if the Republicans are going to win, they will have to face facts and existing conditions. In the language of Grover Cleveland, "It is a condition, not a theory" that now confronts the Republican party of Multnomah county and of Oregon.

The New Age speaks not for Mr. Simon particularly at all—has never done so—but it speaks for hundreds, even thousands of Republican voters, and especially for several hundred Negro voters. These voters want good government, too, as well as others; they want clean capable men, and by the way, straight, outright Republicans—elected to office. They consider this important; necessary. Is it wise, is it fair, is it necessary, is it politic, under such circumstances to crowd Mr. Simon and his friends and supporters to the wall, over the ropes, outside the party? The New Age believes this will not be done. There is a chance for "harmony" yet. But both "factions"—for it might as well be frankly acknowledged that there are or have been factions—must be recognized, allowed to have a voice and a vote. Isn't this fair, reasonable, proper; necessary?

If it is determined to defeat Senator Simon next winter, very well; men go up and down; but the Republican party will make a very serious mistake if it attempts to ostracise, politically Senator Simon and his friends and supporters. He yet holds his high office for more than a year; he is yet a very potential figure in local politics; let not these facts be forgotten. The way to have harmony, just as in the case of a strike, a contest between employers and employees, is to make mutual concessions. Are our friends McGinn, Carey, Mathews and Scott willing to do that next week? If not—well.

THE GOVERNORSHIP.

Among others aspirants, one towers far above all others. He quietly, candidly, but energetically, says he is a candidate. He lives in Eastern Oregon, and as the New Age has said before, that part of the state is fairly entitled to this place on the state

ticket. Eastern Oregon will probably unite, practically on Mr. W. J. Furnish, and the New Age thinks that Portland, as a matter of politics, as a matter of policy, as a matter of business, ought to give this nomination to Eastern Oregon's choice.

Mr. Furnish, formerly a Democrat from principle, is now a Republican from principle—and a good one—there are no better. He wants no other office—will take none. He does not desire to be United States Senator in the future. He does desire to be governor, and a very laudable ambition it is.

Mr. Furnish has been tried in various capacities, public and private; in all of them he has proved himself a noble specimen of young American manhood. Nobody doubts either his capacity or his integrity. He would make an ideal governor for the exposition period. He is in entire sympathy with that movement and enterprise as much as any Portland man is or can be.

Mr. Furnish ought to be nominated in the New Age's opinion in the spirit of harmony. While perhaps classed as an "anti-Simon" man, he has made his own fight on his own merits, has antagonized nor interfered with anybody. He is about the cleanest, straightest, most admirable specimen of manhood that has come prominently before the people of Oregon; and such men should not be ignored or turned down.

Judge Carey is a "good man" no doubt, but he isn't an Eastern Oregon man. We have the two United States Senators in Portland and it would be "hoggish," impolitic, to take the governorship also.

The New Age has a pretty clear vision. It believes yet, as it has all along, that the interests of both the state and of the Republican party will be best subserved by nominating:

For governor, W. J. Furnish
For congressman, M. A. Moody.

CONGRESSMAN MOODY.

It is vastly important to renominate and re-elect Congressman Moody. We all really know that on account of his two terms' experience, he is the man for the place. No new man could do the work for Oregon that he could and would do. Few men, in fact, would have succeeded so well as he has done. He has been a true, intelligent, industrious, faithful friend and servant of Oregon. He has done more than anybody before him in that position to open up the Columbia river. He is a careful, energetic, painstaking business man—yet a young man—whose defeat for some new aspirant would be a positive disaster to Oregon, and especially to Portland.

The New Age hopes that the gentlemen elected Wednesday to the state convention, even if determined to defeat Senator Simon, will at least do this congressional district, this state, the Pacific northwest, the justice to renominate Mr. Moody. He isn't clamoring for it at all, but he deserves it, and we owe it to ourselves, to our business interests, to keep him at that important position of duty.

There is no contest over Mr. Tongue people care not whether he was for free silver, or what faction or clique he has belonged to in state politics. He is recognized as an able, useful, forceful man, and the people of the first district are going to keep him there as long as he wants to stay.

Why not do the same with Moody? He is quite as deserving, even if not work together in harmony for Oregon a lawyer like Tongue. They will work together in harmony for Oregon.

The potential figures in congress are the men who stay there, Hoar, Allison, Morgan, Platt, Cannon, Grosvenor, Delzell, Payne and so on. A congressman amounts to nothing in his first term, a little more in his second; in the third he begins to be somebody, and can accomplish something. A new man would be an other nobody. Williamson would be a mere figure-head for the first term; Moody is now a potential man of business, who can and will do what we want done.

The Republican convention will make a serious mistake if in any factional spirit it turns down Moody.

The nomination for state offices go over the 27th. It is practically settled, according to the New Age's present information, that Governor Geer will not be renominated. The New Age has known for many months that Mr. Geer should not seek a re-nomination. It would have been impolitic for him to do so.

Mr. N. H. Alexander, who is a candidate for county clerk before the county convention, needs no introduction to the public. He was one of the foremost members of the old Multnomah club and of the Multnomah quartette and has been an active campaigner in his party for years.

Now our good friend Binger, Binger the handshaker, Binger the smiler, the smiler, Binger the affable—Binger Hermann—imagines that at last he might be senator. Well, he may be. There are a mighty sight worse men.

B. S. Eddy of Tillamook, is a coming man. Watch out for him and see him grow.

FOR STATE SENATOR.

Henry E. McGinn, candidate for state senator, is a prominent lawyer, a life-long resident of Portland, and a very capable man. In some respects he is probably the ablest lawyer on the Pacific Coast. He has had experience in the legislature, having served one term before as a state senator and also as a circuit court judge. Judge McGinn is a big man, and will be a larger one in state politics, and may get into the highest position, if he has such an ambition, before 1910. Multnomah county will be well and ably represented in the state senate by Judge McGinn.

Fred L. Olsen, a newspaper man and a lawyer, and faithful and successful in both capacities, is a candidate for justice of the peace on the East Side. If nominated and elected he will make a very acceptable officer.

The Republican legislative ticket is on the whole an excellent one. It is composed of first-class men, who deserve to be elected, as no doubt they will be.

Geo. E. Watkins, the well-known real estate man, has announced himself as candidate for assessor, subject to the decision of the Republican county convention.

Little prattling Brownell will never get beyond the state senatorship. That is several sizes too large for him. There isn't a spark of sincerity in his character.

GOT AHEAD OF THE OLD MAN.

Where the Camera Fiend Used His Skill to Great Advantage.

"It was simply bullheaded luck," said the young man with the red shirtwaist. "Papa declared that it would be a warm day when he consented to my marrying his daughter, and as the weather record had been broken several times after he had made that remark, I was beginning to lose hope. When all-the-world-to-me went on her vacation I went to the same place and put up at the same hotel. Now, papa-in-law-to-be is an old blowhard, and it made me tired—everybody else, too—the way he bragged about the fish he caught in former years.

"Finally someone hinted that it would be a good plan for him to make good and give us an example of his skill as a fisherman. He accepted the challenge and spent three days getting his tackle ready. He went alone, as he said he didn't want to be bothered by having any greenhorns along, and we waited with bated breath for him to return.

"Now, I am something of a camera fiend, and late in the afternoon I started out to take a picture of a little wood-dell when the shadows were well down. I was making my way to the road through some thick brush when I discovered my daddy-in-law to be standing in the middle of the road bargaining with a small boy for a long string of fish. Quick as a flash I took a snapshot of him just as he was holding on to his pocket with one hand and digging into it with the other.

"I let the old man brag around the hotel for three days about the fish he had caught. Then I showed him the picture, told him if he didn't consent to my marrying his daughter I would spread it broadcast over the hotel, and pointed out where his reputation would be. He wilted, gulped hard, and surrendered. He isn't a bad sort when you know how to handle him."—Detroit Free Press.

Bank Note of Ancient Make.
One of the most valued treasures of the Asiatic museum at St. Petersburg is a bank note which dates from 1390 B. C., and which is said to be the oldest such note in existence. It bears the name of the imperial bank, the date and number of issue and the signature of a mandarin, together with a list of punishments for forgery. This relic is probably written, for printing from wooden tablets is said to have been introduced in China in the year 100 A. D.

Ever remark the fool things apparently sensible people will do?

Pauperism in London.
On Dec. 31, 1901, there were in London, England, 107,768 paupers who were in receipt of relief. This total, which includes 68,297 indoor and 39,471 outdoor paupers, compares with returns of 104,365 and 104,744 and 102,091 for the corresponding weeks of the three preceding years. There were also 1,003 vagrants, consisting of 825 men, 167 women, and 11 children, who on that same day received temporary relief.

Index of Congressional Debates.
Ex-Senator Peffer of Kansas has prepared an index of all the debates in Congress up to 1891, and proposes to make the work complete to the present time.

Fire Losses of America.
Within the last twenty-five years the fire loss in the United States has exceeded \$2,800,000,000. To this total the year 1901 has contributed losses aggregating over \$170,000,000.

So He Did.
Mrs. Slimson—Willie, your shirt is dripping.
Willie—Yes'm. Some boys tempted me to go in swimming, and I ran away from them so hard that I got into an awful perspiration.

To Utilize the Sunflower.
According to an Egyptian journal, cotton seed oil as an adulterant of olive oil is soon to find a sturdy rival in the form of the seed of the sunflower.

HE WOKE UP A SLEEPY TOWN.

How a Commercial Traveler Had Fun with the Bald-Headed Men.

"One of the most notable features of a certain little Western town I used to cover was its extraordinary number of bald-headed men," said the commercial traveler, who would rather lose an order than fall in perpetrating a practical joke. "Preacher and people, rich and poor, all had heads like billiard balls. It was a dull town, so one night when a vaudeville troupe was billed for the place I regarded it as a golden opportunity to have some fun. I had met the company in my travels—a fly-by-night show, with a ballet that was a choice assortment of animated cadavers.

"I went to the opera house and bought up the front row, twenty seats circling round the stage, which I stamped 'Not Transferable.' Then I picked out twenty of the baldest men in that bald-headed community and spent the day circulating those interesting bits of pasteboard. I had a regular lingo, like this:

"'Going to the show to-night?'"

"'I dun know.'"

"'Well, you'd better go. It's a good thing. Here's a complimentary ticket I'd like to give you if you will surely go, for you see it's not transferable.'"

"Of course, every victim was wild to get something for nothing, so I nailed my men hard and fast. The town had the usual quota of small boys, and just before the play began I filled the gallery with them. Everything went beautifully. My twenty baldheads sat in an unbroken circle around the stage; the gallery was jammed with youngsters who thoroughly understood their part of the drama.

"Then I took my seat where they could all see me. After the usual preamble by the orchestra the ballet put in an appearance and swung into line—a scrawny crowd of superannuated dancers. The leader stood with uplifted baton, and the ballet was waiting for the signal. At this moment I raised my hand, and from the gallery came the following chorus:

"'Baldheads to the front!'"

"In an instant the audience of slow-witted people 'caught on,' as they say that circle of baldheads around the stage. The orchestra had a hard time trying to keep track of the tune; the ballet tied themselves into hard knots, and the gallery gods sent out a deafening tempest of howls and cat calls.

"Each one of the baldheads looked at his fellow and grew red and wrathful. Then they laughed as only bald-headed men can laugh, and I knew there was no necessity for me to sneak out of town. Again the house went wild, and the orchestra nearly smashed their instruments before the pandemonium ceased. It broke up the everlasting calm of that town. The story spread to every surrounding hamlet; business boomed, orders were doubled, and every time I went there the boys 'set 'em up.' I was awfully popular, but never again could I induce any one to accept a complimentary ticket to a show."

GNOMES AND DWARFS.

Tales of Folk-Lore May Have Been Founded on Pygmies of Africa.

It is just possible that this type of pygmy negro which survives to-day in the recesses of inner Africa may even have overspread Europe in remote times. If it did, then the conclusion is irresistible that it gave rise to most of the myths and beliefs connected with gnomes, kobolds and fairies.

The demeanor and actions of the little Kongo dwarfs at the present day remind one over and over again of the traits attributed to the brownies and goblins of our fairy stories. Their remarkable power of becoming invisible by adroit hiding in herbage and behind rocks, their probable habits in sterile or open countries of making their homes in holes and caverns, their mischievousness and prankish good nature, all seem to suggest that it was some race like this which inspired most of the stories of Teuton and Celt regarding a dwarfish people of quasi-supernatural attributes.

The dwarfs of the Kongo forest can be good or bad neighbors to the big black people, according to the treatment they receive. If their selfish depredations on the banana groves or their occasional thefts of tobacco or maize are condoned, or even if they are conciliated by small gifts of such food left exposed where it can be easily taken, they will in return leave behind them in their nightly visitations gifts of meat and products of the chase, such as skins or ivory.

I have been informed by some of the forest negroes, says Sir Harry H. Johnston in McClure's, that the dwarfs will occasionally steal their children and put in their places pygmy babies of ape-like appearance—changelings, in fact—bringing up the children they have stolen in the dwarf tribe. These collections of pygmies, which one can scarcely call tribes, certainly exhibit from time to time individuals of ordinary stature and with features not strongly resembling those of the pygmy type.

So He Did.
Mrs. Slimson—Willie, your shirt is dripping.
Willie—Yes'm. Some boys tempted me to go in swimming, and I ran away from them so hard that I got into an awful perspiration.

When a woman goes away on a visit, and her baggage arrives at the house, she always says to her hostess: "Goodness, you would think by the amount of baggage I brought, I intended staying forever."

The respectable way to commit suicide is to have a "dangerous operation" performed.

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