

The New Age

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THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving "passed off pleasantly" in Portland and in the country. The people are generally prosperous, and have plenty to be thankful for.

WHO SINNED?

The Oregonian a few weeks ago, commenting on a contribution to that paper, said that the meanest slur of the article written by a "negrophobist" was the statement that until the Negro was free and obtained a "petty education" he was not guilty of deeds of criminal lust, etc.

NEGROES' VOTES.

In the lower southern states, as every well-informed man knows, the Negro is entirely out of it politically. He is absolutely powerless.

But what will the Negro do in the states where he is permitted to vote and where his vote is counted? In

some states he musters pretty strong on election day. His vote is solicited by both sides. Where he exerts himself he is a factor in the equation.

The elections for the year are over, but others are coming, and the colored voters should in the meantime carefully study the situation, locally and generally.

The other day a Negro was seen preaching in the street, and he did not go through the ceremony of taking up a collection. Next day he was washing a store front, for which he was to receive the sum of 25 cents.

A New Jersey anarchist asserts that three of his fellows have committed suicide rather than kill Roosevelt. This signal service rendered to his country by the present executive entitles him to a re-election by acclamation.

The man who claims to have discovered the location of Heaven, pays a high compliment to Oregon by remaining here.

Once this country was starved to the skin-and-skeleton state; now it is so well-fed that it is apoplectic.

If you don't feel very well today it's your own fault--"Don't it?"

The following from the pen of Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the New York Journal deserves a place in the scrap book of every Afro-American.

THE BLACK MAN'S CLAIM.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the New York Journal.

Out of the wilderness, out of the night Has the black man crawled to dawn of light; Beaten by lashes and bound by chains, A beast of burden with soul and brains, He has come through sorrow and need and woe, And the cry of his heart is to know, to know!

You took his freedom and gave it again; But grudged as ye gave it, ye white faced man, Not all of freedom is being free. And a dangerous play thing is liberty For untaught children. In vain do we give what he asked for--place and pay And right of franchise." All wrong, all wrong!

He was but a child to be led along By the hand of love. Has he felt its touch? Nay! You gave unwisely and gave too much! But you gave not the things that his mind Was reaching up in the dark to find. They were love and knowledge. Oh! infinite Must be the patience that hopes to right, The wrongs that are hoarse with age, and brought To the level of virtues by mortal thought, And greater than patience must be the trust In an ultimate outcome of what is just; And in and under, and through and above Must weave the warp of the purpose--love.

Red with anguish his way has been, This suffering brother of dusky skin, For centuries fettered and bound to earth, Slow his unfolding to freedom's birth Slow his rising from burden and ban To fill the statue of mortal man. You must give him wings ere you tell him fly-- You must set the example and bid him try, Let the white man pay for the white man's crime-- Let him work in patience and bide God's time.

Out of the wilderness, out of the night, Has the black man crawled to the dawn of light; He has come through the valley of great despair-- He has borne what no white man ever can bear-- He has come through sorrow and pain and woe, And the cry of his heart is to know, to know!

Would seem so. Quinn--Do you think the comic papers do more harm than good? De Fonte--Yes. For instance, if they hadn't started that stolen-diamond joke I don't believe a single actress would have thought about it.

Dark Outlook. Ida--Don't be so rough on the poor writer, dear. Remember, he won't always live in a garret. May--I should say not. I heard the landlady say to-day if he didn't pay his rent she'd put him out.

Along about supper time, when there is a guest, the conversation always drags; the guest is wondering if she will be invited to stay, and the hostess is wondering if she can get out of it.

SULTAN AND HIS HOME LIFE.

Fears Assassination by Poison and by the Knife.

One of the most striking illustrations of this phenomenon of a light veneer of Western habit overlaying a core of things totally Oriental is the personal life of Abdul Hamid. Tireless as his activity is, and careful as he is of each moment of time, very little of his energy is directed toward national affairs, and public business is nowhere more delayed and neglected than under this busy ruler.

The elaborate ceremony of precaution with which his meals are prepared engages the attention of the highest and most trusted of his officials. The cooking is done in a separate and strongly guarded chamber, and the chef does everything beneath the eye of the Sultan's confidential servant. A solemn procession conveys the food and water to the salle a manger, the carafe being sealed and the dishes covered with cloths which are also sealed upon them. These precautions against poison by no means satisfy the Sultan. At any moment he may command the official who overlooks the cookery to taste a dish, and a number of pet animals are kept to which the first morsels are given by the royal hand.

In the taste for tobacco, on the other hand, he practices no moderation; this is a craving stronger than any taste for food, and the cigarette that is between his lips from morning till night can do little to improve a nervous system already shattered by anxieties. In the matter of liquor the Sultan is no strict Mussulman, and pleads his health as an excuse for the indulgence in an occasional glass of champagne.

The pitiable state of his nerves makes the night a recurring terror to him. He fears darkness like a child, and the whole of the apartments occupied by him, with the surrounding gardens, are brilliantly lit up from the moment the light falls. Silence, too, is terrible to him, and he can only sleep with the noise of his guard tramping before the palace in his ears. From his sleep he will start up to summon an interpreter for a dream, or to go out and sweep the horizon with strong glasses. Usually he is sent with difficulty to sleep by the reading aloud of his brother or a favorite servant. Next to the reports of his spies, the literature that appeals most strongly to his taste is that of the sensational novel, and the more horror there is to stimulate a morbid taste the better is he pleased. It is characteristic of him that the only sport in which he excels is rifle and pistol practice; at this he could show the way to most men.--London News.

ITALIAN OF THE ASH DUMP.

Where This Foreigner Gets Fuel for His Fire.

There is a value to everything, and the Italian is cognizant of the fact, although the value is small. He gathers cinders, wood, rags, bottles, paper, rubber and leather shoes, and old tin cans, all of which have been thrown away by others. Sometimes two or more families unite in making their collections and disposing of them, forming in a small way a trust or co-operative industry.

The coal and wood they utilize for fuel in their homes, and turn the other products of their labor into money in the following way:

The old shoes and rubbers are sold to a shoemaker, usually another Italian, and bring from 5 to 25 cents a pair, the prices varying according to their condition. The shoemaker repairs them and disposes of them again as second-hand.

The rags and paper are sold to the wholesale junk dealer, and usually bring about 6 cents a hundred weight for old paper and anywhere from 10 to 80 cents a hundred weight for rags. The bottles are washed and disposed of through the same agency. The price of bottles fluctuates, an average being \$1 a hundred; but the Italian seldom sells on a "bear" market.

The bones are sold to the fertilizer factories, \$2 a ton being paid. The tin cans are sold to foundries, where the solder and tin are melted off and the iron sheets are melted up and ash weights made from them. Old tomato cans and fruit cans bring \$3 a ton, and it takes more than 4,000 of these cans to make a ton.

There must be some money made in this business, for an Italian residing in New York city pays to that corporation the sum of \$30,000 a year for the privilege of picking the above-mentioned commodities (trimming, they call it) from the scows that bear the city's ashes and garbage to the sea.--Christian Endeavor World.

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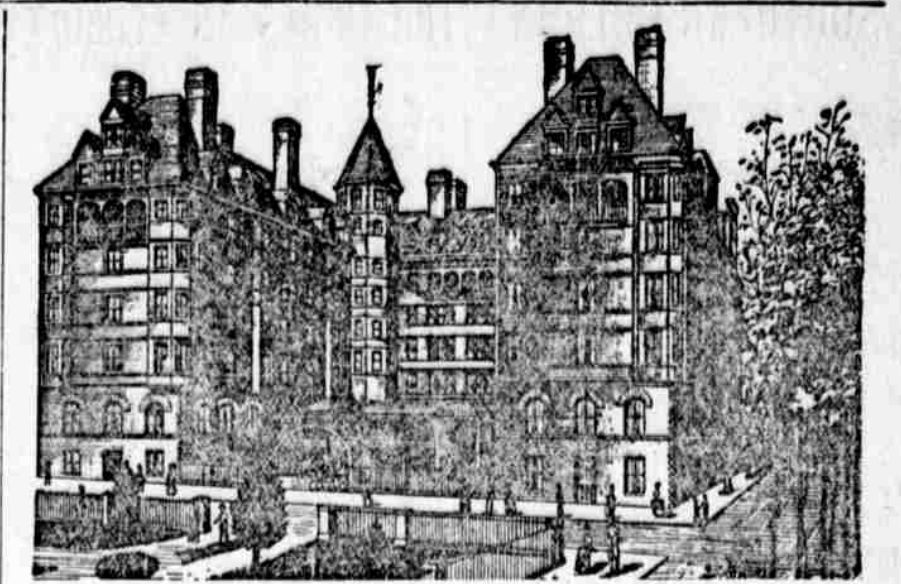
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