

THE NEW AGE

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EDITORIAL

NINE MILLION NEGROES.

Recent figures from the census bureau show that there are now more than 9,000,000 people of the colored race in the United States. Think of that; the colored people of this country number 9,000,000, more or less free people, as compared with about 4,000,000 blacks when Lincoln freed the slaves 41 years ago.

Five hundred and eighty-four years ago the first black slaves were landed at Jamestown, Va.; they and all their descendants were slaves for over 300 years, with no chance of education or enlightenment or progress; under over 250 years of slavery they multiplied to 4,000,000; in 40 years of freedom, under very embarrassing conditions, and always more or less handicapped by a lot of maneuvering, un-conscionable politicians, who never cared a peyoun or a tinker's dam for the whole Negro race, but only for their votes, they have grown to over 9,000,000; and while many of them are in comparative mental and moral ignorance yet—why not?—they are slowly and surely working their way onward and upward.

To do what? Not to destroy the country, which is their's the same as the white man's, but to help it, to make it better. This is not the Negroes' "mission" at all; he has none, except honest, and for the most part, humble work, and reasonable, respectable progress; he does not desire to be on an "equality" in every social sense with the white race; but he does demand a fair and open right to labor, and a chance so to educate himself—and, yes, help for education—so that he can become intelligently freer, and a better citizen.

For the black man is a citizen. He is no longer a chattel, a mule, a slave; but, under the laws, a full fledged citizen. The Negro should remember that he has rights, but also that, after all, he as a whole is not equal in all respects to the whites, and therefore he has duties to himself and his successors to perform, a duty to the race, here and now, there and henceforth. Let the colored man remember that he is one of nine millions—not in unseemly or puffed-up pride, not in vainglory, but with a consciousness, an eye, an ear, a tongue, and a hand that are not to be despised and must be recognized.

Here is a curious thing: The United States bars the Chinese, merely on the demand of politicians who want votes, and in this they are largely right; but it admits ignorant and anarchistic people of all nations, the scum of the earth, to make voters of them, for this or that party. More, they import these men by tens of thousands in order to displace and if necessary kill that many, or one-half or one-tenth that number, of honest, able Negro workers. Worse, they allow, in a short time after arrival, hundreds of thousands of the scum of Europe to come here and vote, and most of the free Negroes of this country, although under the highest law of the land are full citizens, are not permitted to vote.

And in most parts of the United States men unlawfully and savagely hang a "nigger" for doing what they would "treat" a white young fellow, pat him on the back, say he was a great boy, and predict that he would become president.

Now this isn't right. The colored people are now nine-million strong. We are entitled, not let us admit or assume to social or all sorts of equality, not to full political equality, but in the broad sense to equal rights, and especially the right to labor and to learn and to be protected from mobs.

Nine million strong!

LABOR AT PANAMA.

The New York Tribune of last week said:

Recent figures from the census bureau say that there are now more than nine millions of people of the colored race in the United States. General Peter C. Hains, who has had extensive experience in public works on a large scale and has been a mem-

ber of the Nicaragua Canal commission, and later of the Isthmian Canal Commission is earnestly in favor of the employment of thousands of the black men of the southern states in digging the water way at Panama.

He believes they can endure the climate and will be exceedingly useful in that enterprise, and he holds that more of the money paid for toll on that channel between the Atlantic and the Pacific will come back to the advantage of this country in one way and another if they are employed than if gangs of coolies or West Indian laborers were sent to the isthmus. His arguments will find many friends and supporters.

One part of this statement may be true, that Negroes taken from our southern states could probably endure the climate of the Isthmus better than the average white laborer picked up from the United States, but if Uncle Sam imagines under the advice of the New York Tribune that Negroes are going to be shipped into the Isthmus of Panama because their labor may be cheaper than that of coolies, and that their lives are not of so much account—for such is the veiled suggestion—then the suggestion will not be well received.

Negro laborers in large numbers for work on the canal are not doubt available, but not as mere cattle, lower in price and value than imported coolies.

A COMPLIMENT NOTICED.

The Omaha Enterprise of a recent date had this pleasant word to say: The Enterprise had the pleasure of a visit from A. D. Griffin, manager of The New Age, of Portland. Mr. Griffin is one of the few successful Negro newspaper men of the country. He edits a strong paper and one that pays him handsomely. While there are many Negro editors of ability few newspapers of this class pay financially. The New Age, of Portland, is a financial success, and Mr. Griffin is to be congratulated upon making it so.

The New Age is pleased to return the compliment by saying that the Enterprise is one of the leading colored people's papers in the country, and its editor, T. P. Mohammit, is a worthy, able and influential editor, and is deserving of a very liberal support by all classes of Omaha people.

Program at Bethel A. M. E. church, Thursday, July 21, benefit Rev. Tolliver: Chorus, "Fear Thou Not"; address, by Rev. Tolliver; vocal solo, Mr. Goodwin; piano solo, Mrs. Spears; vocal solo, Mrs. Jesse Thompson; instrumental trio, Messrs. Mills, F. D. Thomas and daughter Ulysses; vocal solo, Georgia Edwards; recitation, Mrs. Russell; vocal solo, Mrs. Pitt; piano solo, Mrs. Morgan; vocal solo, Dr. Merriman; chorus, "Wait Upon the Lord." Mrs. Spears, organist.

The democrats took a man 81 years old for a vice presidential candidate, because he is a multi-millionaire—and perhaps is in his second childhood.

A Newark, N. J., bride asked the justice who performed the ceremony for trading stamps. What she probably meant was a return check.

A Toledo man has a pocketbook which he says was made in 1466. There's nothing in it, however.

The new democratic county officers are doing well. The New Age is republican but not hidebound.

The gambling policy of the mayor is a contemptible and ill-smelling farce.

Parker is a good man, but he can't get the votes.

This is a republican year.

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GOOD Short Stories

Canon Melville, who died, the other day, in his ninety-second year, owed his earliest promotion to a pun. When the late Earl of Dudley, who knew Mr. Melville sufficiently to remember that his Christian name was "David," had a living at his disposal, he received a letter containing only the words, "Lord, remember David." The Earl's reply was no less terse and scriptural: "Thou art the man!"

Lincoln's humor got him out of trying situations, and tempered his refusal of favors, as happened during the Civil War, when a gentleman asked him for a pass through the Federal lines to Richmond. "I should be happy to oblige you," said Lincoln, "if my passes were respected. But the fact is, within the last two years I have given passes to Richmond to a quarter of a million men, and not one has got there yet."

The late Speaker Reed was once encountered by a friend in an uptown hotel, late in the evening, while the House was in the throes of a terrific tariff debate. It was supposed to be the crisis of the struggle. "How is it," this gentleman asked of the Speaker, "that you are not at the House and within range of that debate?" "Debate," repeated the Speaker, contemptuously, "that's only language—only language," with which laconic remark he dismissed the subject.

George B. Peck, the railway attorney, was once in South Dakota arguing a case before the Federal court. After making his argument, he walked to the hotel with a judge of the court, who highly complimented his effort. Peck was delighted, and confided to a friend that he knew, on account of the judge's manner, he would win the case. His friend was not so sanguine—he knew the judge. In support of his pessimistic view, he told this story: "Once there was a lion tamer whose duty it was to go into the cage and put his head in a big lion's mouth twice a day. One day, after he had gotten his head in the animal's mouth, he asked the keeper in a low voice, 'Is the lion wagging his tail?' 'He is,' replied the keeper. 'Then I'm gone,' said the tamer, and the next moment the lion closed his jaws and killed the tamer." It was both a story and a prophecy. Mr. Peck lost his case.

Dr. John Kerr, in a new book of "Memoirs," recalls a number of humorous Scotch stories. For example, there is the story of the "argumentatively tumpy" Scot, who, calling on the minister, and being told to go home, and return the next day when he was sober, replied: "Man, minister, when I'm sober, I dinna care a d—n for religious conversation." Then, there is the story about Thomas Thorp, who died leaving his fortune to a poor relative, on condition that a headstone with the name of the said Thomas Thorp and a verse of poetry, be erected beside the grave. Costing so much a word to chisel letters in the stone, the poor relative ordered that the poetry should be brief. Upon his refusal to approve, on account of their too great length, the lines—

Here lies the corp Of Thomas Thorp, the following was finally offered and accepted—

Thorp's Corpse.

INDIANS OF MEXICO.

Cacti Pilgrimages They Take—Girls Conduct Courtships. Although Carl Lumboltz, an author of books on Mexico, did his best for the native tribes of northwestern Mexico in his lecture, it is doubtful if many in the audience felt drawn to the blanketed individuals with matted hair and stodge faces, squatly squatting in the sun, about whom he talked, says the New York Tribune.

Yet Dr. Lumboltz said he had spent five years among them. He was, to be sure, in the employ of certain great geographical societies, so that exploration was a business as well as a pleasure. One tribe of 4,000 Indians he claimed to have discovered, since for nearly 200 years their existence seems to have escaped the knowledge of the Caucasian, and many were the legends and traditions which he was the first white man to hear and transcribe.

"On my first exploration," said the lecturer, "I crossed the Sierra Madre range with nearly 100 animals and twenty-six men, but I found that I could work more expeditiously with a smaller retinue, so that I subsequently reduced the number very much. I depended entirely on Indians. The white man who explores these regions finds he must rely on the Mexican Indian, and that he must himself live like one. Beans and maize formed our diet. Generally the maize, or Indian corn, is dried, then ground, but I found that toasting the whole grains made a palatable dish. Only, it was very hard on the teeth. My dental bills lengthened as my molars shortened. It may be all right for the animals and lower races of men to live on the same thing all the time, but civilized man grows mighty tired of it.

"Often I have been asked, 'Why didn't you carry civilized food?' The only civilized food that would have been possible to carry was tinned things, and tinned things are heavy and would have entailed extra animals and Indians to care for them. That is why I got along without them. But often I would go without a meal at noonday rather than take the time to get it, and I find by my diary that I was too tired to eat at night, and in the morning there was nothing to eat."

Dr. Lumboltz showed some wonderful pictures of cacti blossoms, like flames, growing out of the darkness. "There is," he said, "a cacti cult among the Mexican Indians. At certain seasons they go on pilgrimages to gather cacti and there are some varieties to which they sacrifice oxen."

Cost! assume many weird shapes. The lecturer told how he once had his men cut down the spike of a giant cactus. It was 10 feet long and 81 inches across in the place where it was cut across and was covered with flowers as large as tulips—almost 30,000 of them, the explorer calculated.

Sentiment and emotion are not encouraged by these people. "A husband and wife may not kiss each other, but a mother is allowed by etiquette to kiss her child and the child can do the same in return," said the speaker.

"Courtship is the prerogative of the girls, who select their sweethearts and then attempt to attract their affections by dancing. When the courtship grows ardent the girl begins throwing pebbles at the man she wishes to marry. If he throws pebbles at her they become instantly engaged. If he throws none the girl understands that he does not reciprocate her devotion and withdraws from the pursuit."

THE GAMBLING FACE.

Expression Announces Whether a Man is Short in His Accounts or Not.

"How the fellow looks who loses or wins a bet on a racehorse is an odd subject and yet it is ever new," said the observant man, according to the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "For within my own limited range of observations I have noticed differences more or less striking in the cases of men who were manifestly passing through the same kind of emotions. It may be said of poolrooms that there is the winning and the losing look, and yet these looks are widely different as it is possible for the dissimilarities of the human countenance to make them.

"It is easy enough to tell from the look of a man's face whether he has won or lost. But the degree and nature of the winning or the loss is quite a different matter. Here is where the interesting part of my observation comes in. One man's winning or loss may mean much or little to him. Whatever it means, and whatever the result of the race, it may be found in the way he looks and the way he acts when the man at the instrument calls out the result. Even by the way he listens to the calls one may detect somewhat of the significance of the event to him. If the result is large in its consequences one may tell it by the desperate look which his face wears pending the result, or the nervousness he displays when tearing up the losing ticket, or the inexpressible brightness which shines in his face when he rushes up to cash in the bet he has made, in the event of success. Let me observe a man's conduct in the poolroom and I will tell you nine times out of ten whether his accounts are straight or not. Of course, there are exceptions to the rule, but no mistake will be made on the basis I have suggested—nine times out of ten."

DENVER LAD'S SENSATION.

Nearly Breaks the World's Record for Swimming Under Water.

A Denver youth has performed a swimming feat in London that is described as sensational by those who witnessed, and came within a few inches of beating all previous records. The youth, whose name is F. H. Smulter, is sixteen years of age. He has been enjoying a holiday in England in company with his father, and on April 29 he walked unpretentiously into the public bathhouse in Endell street and asked the superintendent if he would be allowed facilities to attack a world's record made by the celebrated Prof. Finney. That record consisted of swimming 113 yards 1 inch under water.

The management of the baths considered it presumptuous on the part of such a youngster to aspire to anything approaching Finney's record, but agreed that he was a stranger they agreed to allow him to test his abilities. He desired that the water should be at a temperature of 75 degrees. Plunging in he held 112 yards 5 inches, to the amazement of the attendants and others who came from other parts of the building to see him. He beat Finney's record for time at this distance. It is also worthy of notice that while Smulter had the water at a temperature of 75 degrees, Finney's record was made at 80 degrees, which is considered among swimmers as of great advantage to the latter. It is also pointed out that if the Denver lad had essayed the task from the deep, instead of the shallow, end of the bath he would have beaten the world's record.

The fact that this feat has received no publicity this side is explained by the circumstances that the effort was so informal and that the newspapers are by no means friendly to American athletes.

"Pricers" The Bane of Life.

A saleswoman in a State street store saving about twenty cents the other day to a man who had been looking over the goods on her counter explained it all to a friend after the man had left. "He's only a 'pricer,'" she said. "He wants to know the cost of everything in the store—at least, of everything he hasn't the slightest idea of buying. Just now it was those skirt holders; to-morrow, likely as not, he'll want to know if automobile cloaks are cheaper by the dozen than singly. 'I think it was he who asked me last week if gray false hair was more expensive than blonde. It seems to me 'pricers' are getting more numerous every day. Pretty nearly all of them are men. Women often 'ask' prices, to be sure, without any notion of buying, but it is always for future reference, and sooner or later many of them come back and buy. I guess there are pricers in all businesses, but this seems to be the limit. 'That man who has just left has come in here nearly every day for I don't know how long, and he's only one of many. Sometimes they even let me get out things to show them, for, of course, you can never tell but what you may catch one at last. Whenever we do we feel prouder than if we had made a dozen sales, but that particular man I've given up as hopeless.'" Chicago Chronicle.

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