

Portland New Age

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PORTLAND LOCALS

Cards are out announcing the formal opening of The Alpha, Saturday evening Nov. 19.

Mrs. Hedspeth is confined to the house this week with a severe cold. Mrs. Clara Bettis is still at the hospital.

Mr. Peter Lee died in this city Friday morning at 8:30. The New Age extends its sympathies to the family of the deceased.

Mrs. Wickliffe is still improving, but unable to leave her home as yet. The Tuesday evening socials at Mt. Olivet Baptist church are interesting and well attended.

Mr. Peter Lee who for a number of years has been in the employ of Edwards & Co., as teamster, is critically ill at his residence, Park and Jackson. His attending physician holds out very little encouragement to his many friends for his recovery.

At the last meeting of Household of Ruth No. 844, G. U. O. of O. F., a novel scheme was adopted to raise money to secure new regalia for the order. All member obligated themselves to raise one dollar each by February and at a public entertainment to be given their friends, relate in poetry how they procured the dollar—more anon.

Mrs. Susie Ford Bailey of Vancouver, B. C., is in the city, having come to care for Mrs. E. Butler of West Montgomery street, who is quite ill. Mrs. Bailey was a former resident of Portland, having resided here for a period of ten years. She was an active worker in the churches and a former member of the A. M. E. Zion choir of this city.

On Monday evening a reception was tendered to Rev. George E. Jackson, who was reappointed pastor of the A. M. E. Zion church and to Mrs. D. Newman, who went as a delegate to the annual conference. A large number of the members and friends of the church were in attendance. Mr. Ed. Cannady acted as master of ceremonies. A welcome address was made by Mr. Jas. N. Fullilove. The choir rendered several selections. A paper was presented by Mr. C. A. Ritter after which Rev. Jackson and Mrs. D. Newman made short addresses, following which the congregation repaired to the vestry and a pleasant social hour was spent and refreshments served by the ladies of the church.

Tuesday evening, Nov. 13th, the Household of Ruth No. 844, while holding a regular meeting was suddenly interrupted by loud and repeated alarms on the outer door. Upon investigation it was found that the members of New Northwest Lodge No. 2554 G. U. O. of O. F. had arrived to help the members of the Household to celebrate their 13th anniversary. The business of the meeting was quickly concluded and the brothers admitted. They quickly made arrangements and spread a bountiful repast, seated the sisters around the festive board and no urging was needed for ample justice to be done to the delicious viands. After all had done ample justice, speechmaking was the order and after many humorous and interesting remarks and a time spent in social intercourse, all voted that it was good to have been there and departed for their several homes looking forward longingly to a repetition of the affair.

The Colored Taxpayers' League will meet Thursday night, Nov. 22d, 1906, at 8:30 o'clock at the Bethel A. M. E. church. A full attendance is desired by order of G. W. KUNEY, President. DR. J. A. NEWMAN, Secretary.

TACOMA NOTES

Mrs. Lizzie Williams is on the sick list. Mr. Bradshaw is up and around again.

The college concert which was given last Friday night was a success. Mrs. Chase's sister is visiting her from the East.

Look out for the Thanksgiving hall to be given by the young girls of Tacoma.

Miss Rebecca Jones entertained last Monday afternoon Mrs. John Nelson, Mrs. Cole and Mrs. Williams.

Mr. Harry Frasier, who has been in Tacoma for the past summer, left for his home in Portland last Friday.

Miss Willie Lee, Mr. Clifford Hancock and Mr. Grays of Seattle were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Asbury.

Mr. William Smart, who has been in our city for the past two months left last Thursday for his home in Kansas City.

OUR CHICAGO LETTER

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 5th, 1906. There are now 68,000 colored people in Chicago.

Mr. Thos. G. Taylor secured a divorce from his wife last week.

Mr. Robert H. Jones, Jr., was in the city last week.

It is reported that Col. John R. Marshall of the Eighth Regiment will soon be asked to resign.

St. Mary's A. M. E. church under the pastorage of Rev. W. H. Sanders is doing splendidly.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Randall entertained a number of their friends at a luncheon last Monday.

Mrs. William Emanuel gave a musicale at her residence last Tuesday evening and a most enjoyable program was rendered.

A strong effort is now being made to have Mrs. Albert M. Smith removed from office as Probation Officer of the Juvenile court.

Miss Blanch Wright entertained a few friends at cards and music on last Thursday evening. A most enjoyable time was had by all present.

A Theatrical Association among the colored people of this city has been organized. Mr. J. E. Green has been elected president. Mr. Phil Miller, manager.

Police Officer John Fletcher was shot last Saturday while attempting to arrest a burglar. He finally captured the burglar. The officer is not dangerously wounded.

Mr. S. H. Prather, 33, of No. 6120 Ada street, and a prominent colored Mason, has been appointed deputy for the State of Illinois of the Ancient Scottish Rite and the Mystic Shrine among the colored masons of this state.

Parkwood Cemetery Association has been organized among the colored people in Chicago. Some of the prominent colored men connected with it are Dr. E. S. Mill, Rev. J. F. Thomas, Rev. E. J. Fisher, Major R. R. Jackson and several others.

A meeting will be soon called by the Western Star Club for the purpose of taking some definite action to protest against any plan or arrangement by the election of Rev. A. J. Cary who is the candidate for one of the general officers of the A. M. E. church, at the next general conference.

Rev. Jesse Woods, the prominent pastor of the St. John's A. M. E. church is being prominently mentioned for one of the general officers to be elected at the general conference of the A. M. E. church. Rev. Jesse Woods is a Christian minister and has a clean record. He will make a good man for the place.

Several prominent colored men in Chicago have instituted a new order which is called the Royal Order of Honor. The object and purpose of the order is to confer a degree of honor free and without cost upon the leading and distinguished colored men and women, who have accomplished something of a meritorious character, in their day and time. The officers of which consist of a president, vice president, secretary and treasurer, and the headquarters of it will be permanently located in Chicago.

At the last election held in Chicago, Nov. 6th, Lawyer F. L. Barnett, a colored lawyer of Chicago, was elected judge of the Municipal court and Doctor Alexander Lane, a prominent colored doctor of this city was elected a member of the Legislature of the State of Illinois. The unpopularity of Oscar DePriest, a colored man who was a candidate for one of the county commissioners almost caused the defeat of Mr. Barnett for judge of the Municipal court of Chicago. Mr. DePriest was running on the same ticket and the people knifed him all over the city. It is not determined as yet whether or not this man Oscar DePriest is elected. It is to be hoped that he is beaten.

DISHONORABLY DISCHARGED SOLDIERS.

Upon the recommendation of Brigadier General E. A. Darlington, Inspector General of the Army, President Roosevelt has ordered the dishonorable discharge of every man of Companies B, C, D of the 25th Infantry, for alleged complicity in the Brownsville fracas of August 13, in which one white man was killed and several injured. It is not alleged that all the men of this battalion were concerned in the fracas, but it is alleged that they refused to give such information whatever concerning the affair as would lead to the apprehension of the alleged guilty parties. This action of the President is considered extraordinary by army men and civilians. It is carrying into the Federal Government the demand of the Southern white devils that innocent and law-abiding black men should help the legal authorities spy out and deliver practically to the mob black men alleged to have committed one sort of crime. The principle involved is not only vicious and contrary to the spirit of our Constitution, but is an outrage upon the rights of citizens who are entitled in civil life to trial by jury and in military life by trial by court-martial. Any black man in any part of the United States who offers to enlist in the United States army to fill the places of these innocent but dishonorably discharged men should be hated and spurned by all the members of the army in the 25th Infantry and by the Afro-American people at large; and any member of the 25th Infantry whose term expires should not re-enlist in the service, which has so little regard for him that it gives him no promotion in the army, however meritorious his service, and no protection in his civilian rights when a mob of hoodlums in a Southern town seeks to do him bodily injury and he retaliates, as he should, and as all Afro-Americans should, under the circumstances. If we cannot have a change of policy in the War Department toward Afro-American troops in all directions, The Age earnestly advises the members of the three remaining black regiments not to re-enlist when their term expires and that Afro-Americans everywhere refuse to enter the army unless conscripted to do so. If we cannot get justice in the army, we are not compelled to enter it.—The New York Age.

North 16th Street Market. A. Wurtenberger, proprietor, choice poultry, fresh and salt meats, phone Main 1295, 230 North Sixteenth street, Portland, Ore.



The Corn Song.

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard! Heap high the golden corn! No richer gift has autumn poured From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean The apple from the pine, The orange from its glossy green, The cluster from the vine.

We better love the hardy gift Our rugged vales bestow, To cheer us when the storm shall drift Our harvest fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers Our plows their furrows made, While on the hills the sun and showers Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain Beneath the sun of May, And frightened from our sprouting grain The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June Its leaves grew green and fair, And waved in hot midsummer's noon Its soft and yellow hair.

And now with autumn's moonlit eyes Its harvest time has come, We pluck away the frosted leaves And bear the treasure home.

There, when the snows about us drift, And winter winds are cold, Fair hands the broken grain shall sift, And knead its meal of gold.

Let earth withhold her goodly root, Let mildew blight the rye, Give to the worm the orchard's fruit, The wheat field to the fly.

But let the good old crop abound The hills our fathers trod; Still let us, for his golden corn, Send up our thanks to God.—John G. Whittier.

The Brookside.

I wandered by the brookside, I wandered by the mill, I could not hear the brook flow, The noisy wheel was still; There was no burr of grasshopper, No chirp of any bird, But the beating of my own heart Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beside the elm tree, I watched the long, long shade, And as it grew still longer, I did not feel afraid; For I listened for a footfall, I listened for a word, But the beating of my own heart Was all the sound I heard.

He came not—no, he came not— The slight came on alone— The little stars sat one by one, Each on his golden throne; The evening air passed by my cheek, The leaves above were stirred, But the beating of my own heart Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing, When something stood behind— A hand was on my shoulder, I knew its touch was kind; It drew me nearer—nearer— We did not speak one word, For the beating of our own hearts Was all the sound we heard.—Lord Houghton.

TWO SIDES OF IT.

Mother Was Tired, but She Did It All for Daughter's Sake.

For the whole week before the Grantley's picnic Molly was on tiptoe with delight. The Grantleys were such lovely people, and she had longed to know them. Mollie's mother, watching the girl's happy face, thought proudly that Stella Grantley was not a bit sweeter or prettier than Mollie. She guessed folks would see it if they were not blind.

Mollie, dancing into the kitchen Tuesday afternoon, found her mother ironing a white shirt waist suit. "O mother," she said, reproachfully, "I was going to do that!"

"I thought maybe you wouldn't get back in-time," her mother answered. "It was ever so good of you." Mollie returned, absently, "Mother, I've just thought—don't you suppose I could make some of those little spice cakes before breakfast? I know nobody else would have anything like those."

"Why, I guess you could," her mother answered. "And stuffed eggs and chicken sandwiches and olives," Mollie counted off triumphantly. "I'm not expected to carry so much, but I wanted people to know what things my mother could make. Besides, I do so want them to ask me again."

"I shouldn't think much of them if they don't," her mother declared. "That's 'cause you're mother," Mollie laughed, kissing her. "Then I'll make the cakes before breakfast."

When she came down to breakfast, however, the cakes were all ready. Mollie did not seem greatly surprised; she was, in fact, already dressed in her white suit. At nine the backboard came, and mother at the back door watched her ride away. There was not any girl so pretty as Mollie.

The day was one triumph for Mollie; she was quick and adaptable and added much to the fun, and her sandwiches and spice cakes were voted unsurpassable. That was in the morning. In the afternoon the sky darkened suddenly, and the horses were hurriedly put into the backboard; there was an eight-mile ride before them, and but

two umbrellas in the crowd. And then Mollie had her inspiration. "Drive into our barn," she begged. "We can all have supper there. I won't promise you very much,—dimpling prettily—"Just hot biscuits and honey, but it will be better than losing half our day," and after a little hesitation, the others accepted her offer.

At four Mrs. Bennett saw the load of young people drive into the yard. Five minutes later the house was overrun with girls, whom Mollie was arraying in dry clothes, while Mrs. Bennett was hurrying about the kitchen, making biscuit and salad.

"I knew you wouldn't mind," Mollie whispered. That night in a dozen different homes the talk was of Mollie—how thoughtful she was, and how unselfish, and what a lovely hostess. In Mollie's own home a tired woman, washing the last of the supper dishes, was thinking with dismay of the dresses that would be in next week's wash.

"But girls will be girls," she said, tenderly.—Youth's Companion.

SMALLPOX IN PHILIPPINES.

Disease Almost Entirely Eradicated by Vaccination. The records of the bureau of health at Manila show that within the last twelve months 213,000 people have been vaccinated by officials and many more by private physicians. When it is remembered that Manila's population is not more than 200,000, it can be understood why, in the year ended Dec. 31, 1904, there were only twenty-seven deaths from smallpox. Ten of the twenty-seven were Europeans or Americans who had neglected or avoided vaccination, says the New York Tribune.

During the Spanish regime a law existed making vaccination compulsory, but the chief good which resulted from the law was that the people became accustomed to its existence on the statute books and did not greatly object to it or strenuously resist its application at the hands of the Americans. In a few provinces difficulties were met. In these cases vaccinators were at once withdrawn and the pueblos left to themselves. Within six months the contrast between the vaccinated and unvaccinated pueblos was so marked that the chief men of the objecting municipalities requested the vaccinators to return.

As smallpox is epidemic and pandemic in the Philippines, the necessity for a division of vaccination in the board of health is very great. The original plan was to organize a corps of 850 vaccinators. That number was considered necessary in order to vaccinate the inhabitants of the islands within three years. Owing to the depleted condition of the insular treasury, the commission has been unable to authorize the employment of so large a number, and with the small number of men available the question arises whether vaccination will not have to be practiced continuously for many years in order to immunize the 6,000,000 inhabitants who are now in those islands and their offspring as it arrives.

Smallpox in the Philippines occupied, prior to the advent of the Americans, about the same position in regard to its frequency, its mortality and its prevalence that it did in Europe prior to the discovery of vaccination, and as was the case in Europe, so in the Philippines, it seems to be almost a disease of childhood. The explanation of this is that all natives who have reached adult age were exposed to smallpox in childhood, and those who did not contract the disease may be considered immune. Smallpox in Manila is no longer to be feared, according to the annual report of the bureau of health for the Philippine Islands, and not so many cases occur in proportion to its inhabitants as in the cities of Washington and Baltimore.

Cause of Freight.

She was a delightfully fresh faced lassie and clearly from the country districts, and as she walked up State street more than one man turned to look at her, expressing the pleasure she gave to him by a frank stare of admiration. Presently the happy look in her eyes changed, of a sudden, to one of sheer horror. With a gasp of alarm she caught her companion by the arm and stood rooted in the middle of the traffic. To have seen her face at that moment one would easily have imagined that she was looking at nothing less horrible than a cold blooded murder. And yet when one spectator who had caught the transformation on her face turned to see what had occasioned its expression of shock and terror, all he saw was the familiar spectacle in a Chicago street of the wheels of one wagon striking another.

Philosophy.

"I see that a colored man came out victor in that great prize fight." "Yes," answered Col. Stillwell. "And perhaps it is just as well. It prevents another story from being started to the effect that a colored man has been terrorized and coerced."—Washington Star.

Bridge.

"There's no bridge over the Hellspont," mused Hero, "and where there's no bridge there's no society in the true sense, so I'll just stay on this side." And that was why Leander had to swim for it.—Puck.

There is a lot of trouble in store for the woman who has so little to do that she finds time to prove to herself that her husband's love is Growing Cold.

Every time we walk up the street we see some man who arouses our curiosity as to how he makes a living.

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Just Bros. Saloon, 340 Williams avenue, fine wines, liquors and cigars. Family trade a specialty.

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J. Wallgreen, dealer in staple and fancy groceries, 634 Thurman street. Telephone Pacific 911.

Always ask for the famous General Arthur cigar. Eberg-Gunst Cigar Co., general agents, Portland, Or.

The Anheuser, Henry M. Williams, proprietor, 234 Morrison street, corner Second, Portland, Ore. Telephone Main 2517.

Ryan & John, dealers in choice groceries, meat, fish and poultry, phone Main 622, 61 North Park street, corner Davis.

C. Anderson, staple and fancy groceries. Twenty-first and Thurman streets. Phone Hood 57. Fresh roasted coffee a specialty.

Albina Club (George Rosa), choice wines, liquors and cigars, 134 Russell street, Portland, Ore. Phone East 4386.

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