

## TWO YOUNG MEN LOSE THEIR LIVES IN WATER SUNDAY AFTERNOON

One Expires of Heart Failure  
in Sellwood Tank; Other Is  
Drowned as Canoe Tips.

### GRAPPLER IS IMPEDED

Debris Under Steel Bridge Delays Re-  
covery Until Today; Deaths Bring  
Total This Year Up to 29.

Henry Massinger, 518 Tibbetts street, 29 years of age and a clerk at the Robertson Hardware & Steel company, died of heart failure while swimming in the Sellwood public swimming tank.

Frank Fallon, a gunners' mate on the cruiser Boston, the Oregon naval militia training ship, drowned in 30 feet of water beneath the draw of the Steel bridge when the canoe in which he and Tom Johnson, an engineer, were riding tipped over. His body was recovered this morning.

These two deaths added to the toll of lives already taken by the William and other nearby bodies of water this summer, make a total of 29 drownings since January 1.

Massinger's death, occurring while he stood in four feet of water in the Sellwood tank, is blamed by Dr. Roy Stearns, who attended him, for heart failure induced by entering the tank too soon after eating. Blue and cold, Massinger attracted the attention of Henry H. Hewitt Jr., the instructor at the baths, 10 minutes before he was missed. He asked about the method of making certain strokes but was so cold that he could not put into play the strokes shown him. Hewitt told him he had better come out of the tank.

### Body in Shallow Water.

The body called to two young men who had dressed in the same locker with him, asking them when they intended going out. "In five minutes," they replied and went on with their swimming. Five minutes later when they came to hunt for Massinger he was not to be found. A hurried search of the lockers and dressing rooms was made and attention then turned to the tank.

Hewitt made a search of the deep end of the tank under water and not finding him commenced to drag the shallow end. The body was found in four feet of water and close to the side of the tank. Had the body been able to call for aid it is believed he could have been rescued in a few seconds as several swimmers were nearby. The Pacific Telephone & Telegraph company, pulmotor was secured but could not revive him. Dr. Stearns, called to the scene, said that death had been instantaneous and from heart failure.

Fallon, with Tom Johnson, left the cruiser Boston in a canoe shortly before 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon. When just out from the draw of the Steel bridge, the canoe tipped over and Fallon, manned by members of the Oregon naval militia, passed them. Fallon threw a line to the cutter expecting to get a tow. The line caught in a cleat on the rail of the cutter while the other end became entangled about the end of the canoe tipping it over.

### Grappler Finds Body Today.

The cutter put about at once and picked up Johnson. Fallon had been of the other end of the canoe and when Johnson was safely in the boat, shoved off, with the apparent intention of swimming to the cutter. He touched four strokes and then sank. He did not appear above the surface again.

Municipal Grappler Brady was called and set to work immediately to recover the body, but it was not until this morning that his efforts were rewarded with success.

The bottom of the river under the bridge is covered with debris dropped at the time of its construction and this impeded the grappler's work. Fallon's body was discovered almost under the place where he sank. It was not until this morning that his efforts were rewarded with success.

### "Drys" Texas Defeat Complete.

Port Worth, Tex., July 27.—Returns from points throughout Texas indicate defeat of the proposition for another submission of the prohibition question.

## BOOKER T. WASHINGTON RELATES SOME INCIDENTS OF WORK FOR THE NEGROES



Booker T. Washington, famous negro educator, and a group of Tuskegee students, picking peaches.

### By Fred Lockley.

From a slave to the guest of a president is a long step, yet that is the step which Booker T. Washington has taken.

"Tell me something about yourself," I said to Mr. Washington when we met not long ago. "Tell me something you have not told other interviewers."

Mr. Washington gave me a quizzical look and said: "Don't you think you are giving me a pretty hard job? I believe I have discussed every phase of my work from every angle."

"Tell me something of your boyhood," I said.

"I can tell you something about my life when I was a boy," said Mr. Washington, "but I can't tell you much about my people. My mother was owned by a man named Burroughs. I was born either in 1853 or in 1859 on a plantation in Franklin county, Virginia."

"My father was a white man, though I never have been able to find out who he was. We lived in a typical negro cabin, a little one room affair with earth floor, situated at some distance from the 'big house' where my mother was the cook. I can remember vaguely soldiers marching by our house during the war and I remember very distinctly the last year of the war. I was a little lad. The soldiers had begun drifting south, realizing the hopelessness of the war. It was just before the fall of Richmond. Someone warned me that if any of these deserters caught me they would cut off my ears and I accepted this as gospel truth. Whenever I was out in the road or away from the cabin and saw white men that looked like a soldier, I dived into the brush like a cottontail rabbit and my constant dread was that some deserter would catch me unaware and cut off my ears."

"Another very vivid recollection of my boyhood is having 'Marse' Billy brought home to be buried. He had been killed in one of the battles and I remember what grief there was at the big house and also among the slaves over his death."

"After the war my mother married a colored man and we started for West Virginia. Our few simple belongings were packed in the cart and our family walked the three or four hundred miles to our new home. We camped out at night, cooking our meals by the wayside. It is odd how some incidents stand out in a child's memory. We stopped one night in a broken down cabin which had a stone fireplace. I was lying on the floor in front of the fire. Shortly after we had started the fire, a big snake came crawling down out of the chimney and started toward me. I didn't linger upon the order of my going, but went at once. I can remember dimly the celebration and rejoicing there was when the slaves on our plantation heard of the emancipation proclamation and then I can remember the talk about what we were going to do—that hereafter there wouldn't be anyone to take care of us when we were sick nor protect us. Some of the old people felt pretty serious about it. No Northerner can understand the feeling that exists between the slave and his master. Even today, I keep up a correspondence with the scattered members of the Burroughs family, who formerly owned my mother and myself."

"Some years ago the late H. H. Rogers of the Standard Oil company, one of the best friends I have had, built a railroad through the country where I spent my childhood days and where I was a small boy. I skinned around to get corn pone and hog meat, which was not always very easy to get. He wanted me to take a trip over this railroad. Just a few weeks before the completion of the road Mr. Rogers died, but when the road was complete his son gave me a special train and I made a trip to my boyhood home."

"Mr. Rogers not only gave me money to help run the institution at Tuskegee, but he gave me a personal drawing account of \$500 a month to be used in any way I thought best. With this personal allowance I was able to start more than 40 country schools in the isolated districts throughout the black belt and thus bring education to those who could not come to Tuskegee. The only provision that Mr. Rogers made was that I never mention the fact during his life that he was giving this money. Mr. Rogers was a great friend of H. H. Rogers and through Mr. Rogers' friendship for me I became well acquainted with Mark Twain."

"Theodore Roosevelt is another man who has been wonderfully helpful to me in my work. Here is a letter that I received not long ago from Mr. Roosevelt. He handed me Roosevelt's letter which read as follows: 'Dear Mr. Washington: 'I value your book and I thank you for sending it to me. I value still more the little call I received from you the other day. It did me good to see you. In all the United States there is not a more useful citizen, useful in the highest regard to both races.' 'Wishing you all good fortune, I am 'Sincerely yours, 'THEODORE ROOSEVELT.' Carnegie Assists in Work."

"Andrew Carnegie, after a very thorough investigation of the work we were doing in Tuskegee," continued Mr. Washington, "gave us a library and then gave us \$500,000 toward our endowment fund. A little later he wrote saying he had placed \$150,000

in the bank subject to my personal check; that this money was to relieve me from all financial worry so that I could devote my entire attention to the work that I was doing. You can understand something of my feelings when he did this. I can no more express to you than I could to him, my appreciation of his action, but of course, you can understand as well as I did that I could not accept a gift of this kind for myself. I wrote him and thanked him and suggested that he give it to the work instead. He responded that he had already given \$500,000 to the work and he wanted to give this to me, but since I would not accept it he had deposited it to my wife's credit and that it was to be absolutely hers without any conditions. My wife and I talked it over so she wrote him that she thought it would not look well for her to be independent and that our interests were one and that our entire interests were toward the advancement of our race and that while she appreciated his gift she could not accept it. Mr. Carnegie then wrote that he was placing the money in the bank and that the interest on this sum would be sent to us each year. He asked us to make such use of the interest as we cared to do and at our deaths the \$500,000 would go toward the endowment fund of Tuskegee Institute."

"It is wonderful, the help we have received from those who understand the work we are trying to do. William H. Baldwin Jr., a graduate of Harvard, and one of the most efficient and broadminded of railroad men, was always an inspiration and a help to me. He was one of the men who would give himself, his time and his interests, as well as his money, to the furtherance of the work."

"Julius Rosenwald of Chicago, head of Sears-Roebuck company, has brought down each year a trainload of people to visit us. Last year among his guests was the president of the Chicago university. This work is of tremendous help as it widens the scope of our work and shows men of influence the value of the work to the white race as well as to the black race. They are trying to make the negroes useful, productive members of society—that we are teaching them trades, that we are urging them to go on the land, to raise cotton and corn and cotton and they believe that we are helping to solve what has been called 'the negro problem.'"

"Seth Low, the president of our board, is one of the most modest, clean-cut and unselfish men that I know. He gives as much time to advancing our work as he does to his own personal business."

"The day is gone when we ask for money. The constant begging for funds saps one's energy and does not accomplish the same results as can be obtained by letting the public know what you are doing. Most men who have money to spare realize, when they see what you are doing, that you need financial help in carrying on your work."

"It is strange how conditions have altered in the last few years. I remember going to C. P. Huntington when I had just started the work. I was trying to raise funds. In some way I got past his doorkeeper. I met Mr. Huntington in the hall. I stated my errand. He looked at me coldly and finally said, 'Well, here's two dollars.' I felt that he was just giving it to me to get rid of me. The last time I saw Mr. Huntington was in New York city. I happened to be in his office and was talking to his secretary. Mr. Huntington had already given and I did not expect any further contribution. Mr. Huntington heard my voice and called me in. He said, 'Well, what are you here for this time?'

"I said, 'I purposely stayed away from you, Mr. Huntington, for fear you would think I wanted money, which I do not.' 'He said, 'Don't you ever think of coming to New York without dropping in to see me to tell me how the work is going on.'"

"We had a pleasant visit and when I left he reached for his check book and said, 'I am going to give you a little additional check for your endowment fund.' When he handed it over to me I discovered, to my surprise and great satisfaction, that the check was for \$50,000. That shows you how the attitude toward our work has changed."

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"He half closed his eyes and looked out of the window, and finally, with a smile, he turned around and said, 'Do you know, I am the poorest hand in the world to remember dates of that kind. I guess I can figure it up by figuring on the ages of my children. I guess it must have been about 26 years ago that I was married. I met my wife at Fisk university, in Nashville, Tenn.'"

She is a graduate of that institution and was a teacher there. Her name was Margaret Murray. My oldest girl, Portia, married an architect by the name of Pittman. They live in Dallas, Texas. My second child, Booker T. Washington, is 23 years old. He will be graduated this year at the same institution his mother did, Fisk university. I want him to be prepared to carry on the work I am doing and I hope he will develop sufficiently to be able to do it. I can imagine nothing worse than to put a man in a position he is not able to fill. It is uncomfortable and unfortunate for him and more so for the work. Unless my son is endowed with strong common sense and unless he can take joy in giving himself to the work he is not the man for the place. My youngest boy, Ernest Davidson Washington, is studying medicine in Raleigh, N. C."

"They say the way to judge a man is to judge him by his hobbies. What do you like to do? What are your hobbies?"

"Well, I'm almost ashamed to tell you what I enjoy doing more than almost anything else. I like to go out and gather the eggs. To me, there is a peculiar pleasure in going out and watching the chickens, seeing the little chickens scratching around and then going to the henhouse and gathering the eggs. I like also, very much, to work in my garden. Then, too, I greatly enjoy horseback riding. Every day I ride all over our big farm at Tuskegee. I also greatly enjoy reading. Here is a book that I was reading just before you came in. It is intensely interesting. It is Gibbons' 'Decline of the Roman Empire.' I can remember as a boy how I used to think that if I only had a book it would unlock all the treasures of the white race to me. I finally got a book—an old-fashioned, blue-backed spelling book. They called me Booker and my mother gave me another name, but it was one that I had never heard used, so that when I finally went to school and was asked my name, I had to, on the spur of the moment, adopt a last name for myself, so I gave my name in as Booker Washington. The name my mother had given me was Taliaferro, so that is what the 'T' stands for in my name, Booker T. Washington."

"I have frequently been urged to go on the lecture platform, and recently received an offer of \$250 a night but I can imagine nothing so unpleasant as to talk for one's salary. 'I believe the true secret of successful speaking is to have something in which you are vitally interested. Then you can talk to talk at so much per night would soon make me like a squeezed orange.' 'I learned to talk by asking ministers if I could talk for five minutes at the close of their service. I had to give my whole message in five minutes. I had something I believed in to the exclusion of everything else on my errand. I had my heart in it. It was earth, and so I was able to talk. At first it was very hard to secure an opportunity to talk in the churches of Boston, New York or the other large cities. They looked at my color and said that their trustees would not permit it, but now those same churches open their doors gladly to our cause. 'Do you know, I can hardly imagine how a man can go ahead piling up money for his personal benefit. To me, it seems strange that they have not discovered the joy there is in giving not only their money but themselves to some work in which they believe. It keeps one young. It keeps one's interest in life. I am glad I have lived to see the day when there is a better understanding between the white race and the dark race, for when you come down to it, their problems are identical. What will help the colored man will help the white man, for they must live together in mutual amity and helpfulness.'"

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## Goods Purchased Balance of Month Go on Your Sept. 1st Bill

See Our  
Line of  
Books for  
Vacation  
Reading  
Saloon Book  
Shop.

**Lipman Wolfe & Co.**  
"Merchandise of Merit Only"

Koh-I-  
Noor  
Dress  
Fasteners  
Notion Shop,  
First Floor.

## TUESDAY SALES

A Great Clearance of Women's  
Lingerie Dresses  
Newest Models—Russian Tunic Skirts  
Regular \$10.00, Tuesday \$3.75

—Third Floor

### Brassieres

Instead of  
\$1.00

—Brassieres in hook-front and cross-back style, with round, square or V-neck. Some are lightly boned, others are short to support the bust. Trimmed with lace and insertion, embroidery, and some ribbon-drawn.

Tuesday  
59c

### Linen Table Cloths

Instead of  
\$2.75

—Full bleached German linen table cloths in circular patterns. Made of heavy, firmly-woven damask. Size 5 by 5 feet. Hemmed ready for use.

Tuesday  
\$1.89

### Fancy Ribbons

Instead of  
45c and  
50c

—500 yards of fancy ribbons, showing a great variety of designs and colorings, in fact, nearly every color in vogue today is represented in this lot. Stripe ribbons, plaids, Persian and floral effects in light and dark shades—4 to 6 inches wide.

Tuesday  
25c Yd.

### Women's Separate Skirts

Instead of  
\$12.00 to  
\$15.00

—In styles that are most popular and most attractive, showing tunic and puff effects. Of black, soft taffeta and silk moire. Also cloth skirts in handsome plaid patterns, showing bias cut fitted flounces.

Tuesday  
\$8.75

### Girls' Wash Dresses

In Sizes From 6 to 14 Years

Instead of  
to \$2.50

—They are made of gingham, chambray, percales and white pique, in waisted or straight styles. One pretty dress has fancy yoke effect of white pique and revers, cuffs and belt of plain material; collar finished with colored embroidery edging and buttons. It is in long-waisted style with two box pleats on waist and plain or pleated skirt. A white pique is made waisted, with sailor collar and reverse effect, elbow sleeves with turn-back cuffs, and pleated skirt with wide belt, trimmed with fancy buttons. Some are in allover style, buttoning on the shoulder, and have belted waistline. All pretty colors are included in this large assortment.

Tuesday  
\$1.29

### Women's Doe Skin Gloves

Instead of  
\$1.25

—One-clip doeskin gloves, pique sewn and embroidered backs. These gloves are the equal of any \$1.25 doeskin gloves on the market today. They will give excellent service and wash like a pocket handkerchief.

Tuesday  
95c

### Voile and Lingerie Waists

Instead of  
\$2.00

—In plain and trimmed styles, showing panels of embroidery and clusters of pin tucking. Vest effects of embroidery, crochet buttons. High or low necks, long and