THE ADVOCATE

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E. D. CANNADY.....Editor
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IMPORTANT!

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"Don't ask for rights. Take them. An don't let anny wan give them to ye. A right that is handed to ye f'r nawthin' has somethin' the matter with it."—Mr. Dooley.

"They have rights who dare maintain them."—James Russell Lowell.

SUPPRESSING NEWS

People are continually coming to a newspaper office with articles they want published, or to keep something from being published. Usually they know much more about what should or should not be printed, and their modesty does not prevent their telling him about it. Often they take it for granted that all that is necessary to get something, or keep something out is to make known what they want. Because they subscribe for the paper or carry advertising in it, they feel free to dictate its policy under threat of "stopping the paper" or discontinuing their advertising.

Such people forget that each of them is only one of thousands who are reading the publication, and that the thousands wish to read the very story the one wants suppressed. They forget that a newspaper owes fair treatment to all its readers, and tht it betrays its trust if it "plays favorites", printing news about some people and withholding it about others. When they have done something that does not reflect on themselves, they ask the paper to protect their families or friends from publicity they have brought on them, although it is as much the newspapers' dutyt o print the news as it was the duty of the offender to protect those near to him by doing nothing that would cause them pain or sorrow. He tries to shift the responsibility to the paper instad of recognizing his own.

One individual's conduct brings him into cintact with prohibition officers. He reads scores of like stories; but when his appears he cancels his advertising contract. Another has an unfortunte incident at his home that injures someone else and arouses outside interest. He cancels his advertising contract when the news is printed. A third violates a traffic rule, and when the public is told about it he stops taking the paper, "which is a yellow rag, anyhow." None of them considers that no reputable neswpaper attempts to sell its circulation or advertising space on anything but merit, that it believes it is giving money's worth, and that the cancellation is doing more damage to the person who loses the space or the paper than to the publication, if he needed it in the first place.

A newspaper must have and follow rules governing the character of the matter it publishes in its news columns. The best rule we know anything about is to print whatever has news value, no matter who is concerned in it, without fear or favor. We aim to print all the news that is fit to print, just as we aim to make our paper worth the subscription price and our advertising worth the space rate. If it's news, we must print it. And we must decide what is news.

The passing of Mrs. Ella Ryan, in this city Sunday, marked the going of one of the brightest and most progressive business women ever known to the northwest. For many years, the deceased successfully published a newspaper in Tacoma, Washinton, leading actively and intelligently out in politics and other activities of interest to her race. She also acquired a goodly share of this world's riches. Failing in health and eye sight in latter years forced Mrs. Ryan to retire from public activities and she spent the last few years quietly at her home in Tacoma or with her daughter, Mrs. Ethel Reese and her family, in Portland.

The Advocate extends its heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family.

"YOU CAN'T BEAT THE GAME"

In Toronto, Canada, a man, old broken, penniless and afflicted was sentenced to prison for forty years for forgery. He knew and the judge knew that he would not live to serve more than a brief period of the sentence. Though it was unusual, the judge, after passing sentence, asked the old man if he had any remarks he would like to make. This is what he said:

"I thank you, judge, for your fairness and your kindness both of which you manifested towards me in this trial. In the sentence which is just, you have done only your sworn duty. You and I know that I shall never live to serve this sentence. I thank you for the privilege of saying a few words which I hope the young men here will heed. Then he continued:

"I would say to all, especially to the young men, you cannot beat the game. I had good parents; I was properly reared; I was honest and true until I got into bad company and that proved my undoing. I became a crook and I had plenty of money. At times I have had on my person as much as a hundred thousand dollars which I was afraid to deposit in a bank because it was dishonest gain. Today I am penniless, friendless, broken, condemned and soon will go to prison for the remainder of my life which will not be long. I gave myself up to the authorities because I was tired of being chased as a fugitive from justice and because I want a little peace before the end." The prisoner paused and then concluded:

"Nothing matters now, for I am worn and the end is near; I have bucked the law and defied fate; I have had narrow escapes and thrilling experiences, and I tell you tagain, you cannot beat the game."

It is unnecessary to add to this pathetic story, for it emphasizes itself, but it might be timely to reiterate the great truth that evil associates will wreck the best lives.

Subscribe for The Advocate, $2.50.

DEATHS IN PORTLAND

The death rate in Portland among colored people has reached an alarming stage. Eight deaths in eight days, is a record surpassing any previous one in the city.

None was reported to have died of old age. We wonder if it can be that our people are living so fast they don't have time to look after their health.

If this is the case, it is a warning for others to go slow and look more to their health.

A large number are ill and confined to their homes.

There is a well defined rumor going the rounds to the effect that Colonel A. E. Clark will be a candidate for United States Senator when the time coms. We do not know whethr Col. Clark is a party to the report or not but whether he is or not—that's the talk just the same.

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"THAT LITTLE GAME" --- --- Its Physical Benefits

COLORED U. S. SOLDIERS CAPTURE BAND OF MEZICANS

(Continued from Page One)

the large army truck, the soldiers escorted the band to Camp Stephen D. Little, where they are now comfortably housed in the two barracks just west of the guard house.

Huerta Intercedes

Alfonso de la Huerta, former provisional president of Mexico and recent "Spiritual director" of the ill fated Yaqui Indian revolt against Calles' regime, entreats that the Yaqui prisoners be not deported to Mexico claiming that if the Indians were deported they would "be stood up against a wall and shot" in accordance with established political procedure in the Southern republic. The prisonrs according to De la Huerta are a remnant of the force which for a period of months stood off a strong federal contingent in the Sonora hills and once held up a train, carying American passengers and former President Alvaro Obregon.

1800 More Coming

Americans returning from Mexico report Indian signal fires burning on the hills of Northern Sonora as 1800 Yaquis with their women and children flee Northward to seek refuge across th international border.

WHITE PEOPLE APPLAUD AGED NEGRO AT COURT HEARING IN BIRMINGHAM

(Continued from page one)

the West End citizens became so intense at one time during the examination of the defense character witnesses, that the delegation arose in a body and applauded. The judge admonished them and threatened to force them to leave the courtroom if the occurrence was repeated.

"The witnesses some of whom testified they had known Green for 20 years and longer, paid a glowing tribute to the Negro's character. Most of the defense witnesses were women who represented householders in a territory served by Green.

"One woman,, by whom Green was employed for four years as a servant and whom the Negro later servd for many years as an ice-man entering her home daily, testified that Green's character 'could not be better'. And many others testified that it was 'the very best'.

"The accuser, in her testimony, charged that Green attempted to attack her when he entred her home to make an ice delivery."

SOUTHERN COLLEGE PAPER CONTRASTS HORTON AND JAMES WELDON JOHNSON

(Continued from page one)

the behest of amorous students, many limericks and poems which won the favor of Southern sweethearts. Modern College students are astounded to learn that this bonded Negro composed excellent poems before he learned to write. He was an author of short stories widely published and eagerly read. His literary talent won for him the admiration of Dr. Caldwell, Dr. Battle, and Horace Greely, who printed some of his verses.

"Today the local scene is remarkably changed. George Horton no longer writes. But a national leader of his emancipated race, James Weldon Johnson, only a few weeks ago stood in dignity before white students, sat behind their professor's august desk, and read to them the poems of the slave Horton. Instead of a menial dormitory janitor, we now have before us a polished doctor of letters, a nationally recognized artist. Horton's posture was that of the bended knee; James Weldon Johnson has come with the majesty of an exalted leader.

"This is no lavish tribute to the liberality of our native state. The writer comes from a state where officers of the law are more sucessful in the apprehension of Sunday golfers than Negro-lynchers. But when he observes that 'Southern hospitality' and 'Southern chivalry', once our chief virtues, have become relics of a moribund civilization - when he sees, as everyone must, the pall of intolerance so nearby, -- he feels that a huzzah should b raised to the glory of a liberal North Carolina. Your state university has acted her motto:- **Lux et Libertas.**"

YOUR WANTS

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THE SPECIAL ELECTION

On June 28, a special election will be held at which time the voters will be called upon to vote for or against seven measures besides the income tax measure.

Thy are as follows:

Repeal of a section of the constitution denying the right to vote to Negroes, mulattoes and Chinese—a section abrogated by the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the national costitution.

An amendment maing registration a necessary voting qualification.

A amendment permitting Portland school district to increase its basic tax levy by the amount of the last additional levy voted by the people of the district.

An amendment permitting a defendant in a criminal actio to be tried on information if he waves grand jury indictment before a circuit judge.

An amendment enabling Multnomah county by vote of its people to levy a tax for a veterans' memorial and armory.

Amendment of six per cent tax limitation so as to increase the basic state tax levy beginning in 1928 by about $1,000,000.

Amendment increasing pay of legislators from $3 to $10 a day.

Amendment enabling consolidation of city and county governmets within the city of Portland and such additional territory within the county as may be included by vote of the epople affected.

Portland voters also will be called on to vote on a new city charter, on the widening of Burnside street and on a bond issue for a new Morrison street bridge.

We advise our readers to vote yes to repeal a section of the constitution denying the right of suffrage to a part of our citizens. On the other measures and amendments, we will speak again later.

"Merchandise of Merit Only"

Lipman Wolfe & Co.
"Merchandise of Merit Only"

"KEEP IT DARK"

By Virginia Washburn
Oregon's own Author
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Going in at the stage entrance instead of the front door, sent Vernie soaring into the clouds. He felt like a professional, and took on added dignity in consequence.

"This is Adelina Squintani's room," Amabelle informed him pointing to a door in the hall, back stage. "She's the prima donna, and she sings like a nightingale."

"Here's your dressing room, Botts," Mr. Digit explained, "Hurry into your costume and come out. I want you to meet my cousin's wife's brother-in-law, the conductor. He is a conductor for fair!" Mr. Digit laughed heartily.

Vernie, not knowing the reason for the laugh, stepped into the dressing room, carefully donned his costume in preparation for Duke Mantua's entrance in the court room of the Ducal Palace—the opening scene of Rigoletto. As he put on his make-up, he observed a bottle which stood on the shelf before the looking glass. It was marked "Dandelion Wine."

"Bet Ma sent it over," he thought. "Guess she was afraid I might run out of it, and get to stammering."

The idea of his mother's thoughtfulness warmed him. He drew out the cork and took a long drink. Then giving a final tilt to his handsome hat with its long graceful feather, he joined the others on the stage, where a large number of the company were assembled all ready for rehearsal.

"Ah, there you are Botta?" Mr. Digit called. He then turned and spoke to the stage manager.

"Where's Tito?" he asked.

"He was called out suddenly," came the prompt reply. "He left word for you to introduce the new tenor to Liberatti. We're going to use the piano for a tryout."

Mr. Digit led Vernie to where Liberatti sat at the piano fingering a difficult passage.

"Meet Botts, the new tenor, who is to try out for Duke Mantua."

"Oh, our new tenor." Liberatti smiled a warm greeting. "Too bad Tito is not here."

"I'll say"! Digit muttered decidedly ruffled. He then turned and spoke under his breath to Vernie, "Just as I expected. Running out after a fool petticoat. No accounting for these temperamental musicians."

"Petticoats are uncertain," Vernie said without trace of stammering, then without attracting Digit's attention to the fact, swayed slightly.

"You'd better see the stage manager and ask for your instructions." Liberatti suggested. "He'll give you your business. We're going to begin the rehearsal in a few minutes." He turned back to his music.

"There comes Madam Losawiski, the spirited Polish contralto," Digit observed, as he caught sight of a corpulant diva who was approaching with much ceremony. "She's all the rage. Come and meet her, Botts."

"Mr. Digit, followed by Vernie, approached the famous singer and bowed low.

"Delighted, Madam!" he greeted, as he fawned upon her. "May I present a young star, just rising upon the musical firmament? He sings tenor in Rigoletto tonight. Mr. Potts, Madam Losawiski."

The portly Losawiski bowed low. Struck by his dashing appearance, she gave the romantically costumed Vernie a kittenish smile. She then held out her white, perfectly molded plump hand. Vernie took and shook it violently.

"The pleashure's all yours," Vernie mumbled, as he pressed her hand to his lips. There followed a loud smack.

Surprised, the singer burst into a torrent of Polish which ended as abruptly as it began. Aside to Digit, she said sotto voce:

"Your friend iz— — what iz it you call in English—cuckoo! The nut sandwich—yes!"

With a gracious smile she turned back to Vernie.

"You sing ze tenor, yes, Meester Botch?"

"Yu' bet yu'" As he said it, he again seized her hand and shook it violently. Again the loud smack.

"Really—Meester Botch—" the fat singer giggled, flattered at his persistence—his open admiration.

Vernie held her hand again and would have repeated the performance, had he not been interrupted by the approach of the stage manager, who signalled him to one side.

"Your friend, he iss so—what you call it—ab-aboriginal," Losawiski simpered to Digit, as Vernie, with a gorgeous bow, departed.

"In a class by himself, and no sleeper." Digit agreed. "A rising star of the first order, or I'll miss my guess." From where they stood they could hear the stage manager giving Vernie instructions.

"Now Botts," he was saying. "The curtain goes up. Scene one is laid in the Ducal palace. Cavaliers and ladies cross the stage to the right. Dancing, music and bursts of laughter are heard right. That's your cue, BURSTS OF LAUGHTER. Do you get it? You enter left with Borsa."

This information went in Vernie's left ear, and came out of his right ear, and wafted away with the ethers.

He stood still a moment, as if collecting his thoughts, a slightly pained expression on his face. Not observing the pained look, the stage manager went on:

"After you sing the first line—'Del-la Mia bella incognita borghese—fall down left. Do you understand me? Fall down left! The manager ordered.

"Fall down left, hie!" Vernie mumbled. "I'll be hanged if I will."

The last remark was not heard as Liberatti rapped sharply on the piano to gain attenelon.

"Everybody! Ready! All right Botts, take the first line." The overature sounded briskly.

"Del-la Mia bella in cognita borghese—" Vernie sang but ended with the word 'Borghese' an octave lower than called for in the score, and executed with a vocal inflection akin to the honk of a slide trombone.

The spectators looked at him in amazement.

Thinking they were pleasantly surprised at his unusual attainment, he bowed low, very low,—so low in fact, that the jeweled clasp on his doublet caught on the buckle of his breeches and held him doubled up like a jack knife. A vast expanse of pink skin showed between his doublet and his breeches.

A titter broke out from the audience of cavaliers and ladies on the stage all of whom were eagerly watching the new tenor. The titter didn't annoy Vernie at all. Still in his unconventional position he sang his swaggering lines, trying meanwhile to loosen the arbitrary clasp from the fold of his breeches.

"Hey, Botts!" the stage manager yelled. "Want some help there?"

"Help! Help yourself, hie!" Vernie advised, his voice muffled in his lace ruff.

Liberatti was becoming vexed. He focused on Vernie through the lenses of his shell rimmed glasses. He then turned back to the piano muttering under his breath,

"Blockhead!"

"Unhitch yourself and do it over" the stage manager ordered.

"Mind your b-b-b-business!"

"Lay off that kind of talk, Botts!" Digit warned, as the insulted Liberatti cursed and stamped violently on the floor. He tore at his bushy black hair shouting.

"Once more, begin!"

Taking his cue, Vernie sang in true maudlin style,

"Del-la Mia bel-la-hie-borghese-bar-hie!"

The titter became hilarious laughter, and the audience realized that Vernie was in the clutches of something that had the kick of the Missouri mule.

Paying no attention to the tempo, as indicated by the score, or the laughter as indicated by the audience Vernie went on "Getting the range" on the word "Borghese".

The pianist stopped short consumed with mirth.

"Get off the stage if you're too full to take cues!" Liberatti bawled out

"Who shays I'm too full to follow—hic—the idea!"

Vernie held his ground deflantly. "I could shing alright—if you'd quit fumbling the accompaniment."

A dull purple mottled Liberatti's countenance.

"Get off the stage, I say," he thundered.

"Mind your b-business!" Vernie challenged flippantly. "What yu' waiting for? Lesh go!"

"Que-sta-o-o-o-o- quel-la-la-la-la per me pa ri so no-no-no-" came the blurred tones. Vernie staggered toward the spot where Amabelle was seated. "How's zhat shoot 'yu'?" he asked with a grin.

"Don't you dare come near me, you horrid drunken creature," Amabelle screamed, springing up "You've disgraced Papa and me!" Then she stamped her foot and fainted.

"Don't worry about her," Vernie soothed the onlookers. "She dosh it all the time. Her mother told me sho!" he reeled and stumbled over the prostrate Amabelle.

As Vernie struggled to regain his balance the infuriated Digit sprang at him yelling:

"You ungrateful cur, you've crushed my little Amabelle!"

"Thash-all-right!" Vernie reassured him. "She'll uncrush!" Don't worry!"

"Kick that drunk out of here!" Digit roared to the stage manager as he tenderly lifted the fainting Amabelle.

"Boost him one for me while you're going!" Liberatti exclaimed.

The stage manager disappeared and returned followed by some of the stage hands. They made for Vernie. He saw them coming and drunk as he was, he was too quick for them. Staggering dangerously, he made a bee-line from the stage, through the wings and down the hall, plunging into what he thought was his dressing room. In reality he had entered the dressing room of Adelina Squintani, the prima donna. The singer, in negligee, was standing before her mirror applying a thick coating of beauty clay. At the sound of someone intruding she called out petulantly:

"Get out of here. I'm dressing!"

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