

THE NEW AGE

Published weekly by the New Age Publishing Company, office, 220 South Idaho street.
Subscription price, \$2.00 a year. Six months, \$1.10. Three months, 60 cents, invariably in advance. Telephone 862-B.

Application made for entry at the postoffice at Butte as second-class matter.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1902.

OUR POLITICAL POT.

The New Age desires to extend its thanks to the leading colored politicians of the state for their sanction of our efforts towards perfecting a strong political organization which will act in a concerted manner the state over. We shall endeavor to add an extra page to our paper in order to better and fully put before our people the political issues and interests involved in the campaign and those to whom we deem the organization should extend its support. This is the campaign for the colored voter to make himself felt and felt strongly in the close districts. Locally the negro voter should not be wedded to any party nor this organization swerved to the interests of any clique of politicians, but supporting those interests which, after due consideration, we deem expedient and wise for our own benefit and the benefit of the state at large. With the rumors which are current of the various candidates who will seek office at the graces of the political voters of Silver Bow county we have heard one each mentioned for the office of state senator and county attorney respectively, who we sincerely hope will enter the race for nomination and be nominated. The colored voters will rally to the support of young men who have evinced a practical interest in the welfare of the colored people, who have broad minds; who employ them and encourage them. Supporting solidly the race friends, we'll make other friends. We are strong enough in Helena, Butte and Anaconda to demonstrate a strong political power and our efforts from now on until election day will be towards perfecting our temporary organization in these cities.

"PREJUDICE, THE CHILD OF IGNORANCE."

By Nora E. Hulings Siegel, Denver, Colorado.

An article by Ellis Meredith in "The Rocky Mountain News," Denver, August 17th, says, quoting Commissioner Lacy, of North Carolina, in advocating the abolition of child labor, he says: "Some restrictive measures must be passed in the near future or the constitutional amendment will disfranchise the white man, while permitting the Negro to vote. The white boy, compelled to labor in the mills is deprived of an education, while the colored children who are not permitted to work in the mills are going to school. Mr. Lacy believes that influence of the mill owners will be strong enough to prevent any child labor for a time, but is confident that the people will insist on the passage of such a law before many years."

Verily! "Your sins shall find you out." Nothing more nor less than prejudice begotten of ignorance causes the white industrial slave of the South to hate the once chattel slave to the extent that he will not work alongside of him. Those innocent of the cause are being benefitted by it just the same. Why the white laboring class should hold such animosity toward their colored brothers as they do I am sure not one could give a plausible reason. It is lamentable, but true, the same feeling extends through the North and West, but to a much less degree.

Yes, the Negro should feel encouraged for by the time white laborers get their eyes open to the fact that they have been "cutting off their own noses," the Negro will have arisen to that educational stand where he will be on an intelligent footing with, if not beyond, that of his white brother, where he will make rapid strides toward influence and affluence in the social scale.

Mark my word! The future of this country belongs to the Mulatto! The white race has had its day. Through cruelty and selfishness they have succeeded in exterminating the real North Americans, the Indians, but the Negro by the grace of the innate good within him is holding his own. He is naturally progressive in the passive and only true way, where the Indian is quarrelsome, his love nature is surpassingly wonderful as you will note if you care to take the trouble to do so. With all the suffering and humil-

iation be endured and is enduring his patience and forbearance has not been crushed out of him. The white race owe him a debt and hate him accordingly, but while they are hating and seemingly displacing his so far as the opportunity for earning a paltry pittance at the labor marts is concerned, they are missing the all important opportunity; that of schooling during youth. Is this not deplorable, and too, "in the land of the free?" But the colored child is making use of it as God (good) intends he shall; and when he does rise in power as is the sure outcome from the law of reciprocity and justice he will not debase his nature by crime and violence as the white races do and have done. No! He will be ever merciful.

Omnipotence has allowed slavery of the blacks, has allowed the cruelty of the whites all for reasons which time reveals to the thoughtful and possess by the careless.

You ask a middle-class white man why it is he hates the Negro? He invariably replies: "Ugh! They are so ignorant and impertinent and strong-smelling!" When you attempt to argue the point in favor of the Negro, such as: "All that is soon overcome; first, educate him; second, cultivate him from the standpoint of love; third, mix his blood with that of the white race and you have a superior being in appearance, in intelligence and in spirituality. But no, he will listen to nothing in reason. His prejudice blinds his sight to the fact that the Negro, Mabel and Ray Williams; the charm of the splendid collection, is equally a child of God (good)."

Note the progress he has made in the thirty-five years of comparative freedom. Note with what ease he has populated his country. The Negro woman passes through the periods of gestation with little or no suffering in comparison with her white sister. All this will count for worth in race problem for the upbuilding of a nation later on. "The mills of the Gods grind slowly and they grind exceedingly small."

When a person reasons from the plane of the unregenerate mind he loses sight of many things, but when he has progressed into the realm of love, regenerate mind, he sees good in all things.

God (good) will not wait always. Persons endowed with intelligence are expected to use it, not merely in part, but all, and by using gain more. He is not to use it for selfish purposes, but for the good of all within reach. This is the law of reciprocity.

It does me good to read reports from such as Brother Booker T. Washington. There is never one bit of resentment in his feeling toward the white people. His appeals are worded in perfect love. He knows whereof he stands and that no one can afford to harbor ill will even toward those who use them wrong. "As you sow so shall you reap." I love my own race, therefore feel keenly their lack of appreciation in right directions of the grand opportunities with which love, God has indorsed them. That they should belittle their Godhood by the use they are putting it to in many directions, when they might use it so grandly. When the women get their eyes open to many things which they have yet to learn they will make strides rapidly toward alleviating the injustice done the Negro. When they get tired of working in politics they will turn their attention toward something containing heart. Politics is cold and unfeeling. Women will not work in it long. It does not suit their mother-love nature.

Educate! Educate! The more education the less law. The less law, the less politics.

Go into the law-courts and listen to the chicanery used in the conducting of a trial. Do you suppose that that thing will go on always? No! The courts are doing themselves out. Persons of ordinary honor and intelligence do not use them now, and when all people grow to that plane of intelligence, which all of these unintelligent things are bringing about, divorce and criminal courts, etc., will not be needed.

Co-operation, brotherly love is nature's consequence. All creatures upon the earth seem to understand and make use of it better than man. He with his superior endowment, soul, thinks to outwit nature only in building up a nation so far, like "Bonny Baine's Castle," then lo! the fall! He forgets his responsibility is God given and proceeds to defend his rights like devils would. His rights? Yes, that is what he terms it. As if anything belonged to individuals? As if all creatures were not God's, (goods) even from the greatest to the least; and as if the strongest were not expected to assist the least. Read "The Rise and Fall of Empires." What is man's soul any way? Is it a gift of divinity for the purpose of assisting man to out do his brother in material things? Oh, no! It is that part of man's understanding whereby he may appreciate love, God, divinity. The soul grows unto God, (good) as the man's desire develops through the process of right thinking unto God. Therefore, right thinking should be cultivated for thought is the mediator

between body and soul; and, "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." If he thinks beautiful thoughts he grows beautiful in soul; if he thinks bad thoughts he degrades his soul and his body grows ugly.

If the white people hold thoughts of hatred toward the colored people they grow hateful themselves and unlike God (good.) While they do not harm the Negro, the Negro in the mean time is using his own thoughts in loving the white man, which "heaps coals of fire upon the white man's head."

Educate! Educate! Dispel ignorance. This is the only means whereby this weighty problem may be solved.

"Educated people will not be entertained by trivial things. Educated people can not be hoodwinked and humbugged. Educated men and women appreciate the best and will have none of any thing short of it."

It is the ignorant, narrow-minded person who loves gossip and slander and has time for hatred. Therefore educate.

THE PLEASURES AND EXPERIENCES OF A TRIP TO THE YUKON GOLD FIELDS.

LUXURIES OF TRAVEL VIA THE WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE.

Had any seer predicted a few years ago that hundreds of people would today be taking pleasure and recreative trips to the arctic circle with all the luxuries and conveniences of travel, he would have been classed as possessing a fanatical imagination, or a Utopian dreamer of the highest degree. Yet for the business man seeking rest and recreation from the turmoil and struggle of business cares, or the tourist desiring a trip replete with wonders of nature's art, incident, of exciting and extraordinary interest, or the jolly fellow of the world in quest of a high time different from the general rut, can each find the acme of his desire by a summer trip via the key to the Klondike, the Yukon & White Pass route to the metropolis of the gold fields, Dawson. I experienced the privilege as well as the pleasure of accompanying my employer, Mr. F. A. Heinze, and Mr. E. L. Whitmore, upon a trip of a month traveling over 4,000 miles—by all manner of conveyances, ships, Indian couves, private cars, dog teams and pack horses and "mushing" in a term applied to that kind of traveling you do with your own propellers, and while a limited newspaper article cannot describe (it would take a book to do that) in detail all of the trip, I shall endeavor to give a brief description of some of the most noted things of interest.

Leaving that lively rendezvous of the Nome and Klondike gold seeker, as well as the shipping metropolis of the Pacific and Arctic ocean, Seattle, the 26 of July, the gang plank was pulled on board of the floating palace of the Pacific Coast Steamship company, the Cottage City, the usual familiar bon voyage scenes took place and we steamed out into the straight of Juan De Fuca and a delightful ride of eight hours, we touched at Victoria on Vancouver island and took in the sights of the Pacific English metropolis, where the English style of architecture predominated over which everywhere one sees the British flag. Here is one of the finest state's group of buildings on the continent, the Parliament buildings, which are built upon a commanding hill with very beautiful grounds and a public park on the same tract. Here one also sees, with leisure time on hand, strolls into the Chinese section and it is stated there resides the greatest Boss Chinese smuggler in the world, who has made a fortune smuggling the almond-eyed oriental into the United States. Here everybody stays on land long until after the time of the half-hour whistle has almost expired because you now begin a water trip of 600 miles without a stop and you leave behind the common-place thing of out civilization. Steaming into the Gulf of Georgia one has a smooth, delightful trip, as you are protected on both sides by land, one catches a glimpse here and there of the beautiful little island, summer homes, fishers' club houses and a few private yachts. Farther as your ship smoothly glides along you leave such evidences of the rich, most luxuries, until the only glimpses of habitation are a lumber camp and light-houses with their high towers in which at all times at night beams the danger light of warning to marines to keep in his course and not come near. After passing this Johnstone Straights we meet the first touch of the ocean swells, and it was very amusing to see as our ship was tossed here and there upon the billowy waves, to see the passengers getting off of the deck, running to their state rooms and begin to involuntarily feed the fish and incidentally get them fat for the whales. I ate some lemons and incidentally, with great difficulty managed to drink some whiskey, went to sleep and woke up in Hecate Straits, past the roghtest

portion (I would recommend this to my New Age friends as an anecdote for sea-sickness), where, upon awakening I went up on deck and found Mr. Heinze and Mr. Whitmore intensely interested in one of the greatest sights I have ever seen.

Here and there around us one saw the majestic king of the sea, the whale spouting and feeding. Some of them were within a hundred yards of our ship, and with their enormous fins as large as the sail of a boat, and their huge tails in the air as they would dive, only to reappear at another points spouting geysers of water into the air, is one of the greatest sights of the 600-mile water trip. Dixon entrance and Milbank Sound—beware of them. Here the ocean waves roll highest and lashed the vessel angrily.

"My desire to again set foot solid on terra firma was finally rewarded early one morning as I was awakened by the jar of the ship landing at a wharf, and as I hurriedly went ashore at Ketchikan, Alaska, I almost thought I was in another world—for here, and at Wrangle one sees the environment of the Alaska Indian as he is. The huge Totem poles—many of them fifty and nearly 100 feet high—and five and ten feet thick, which are elaborately carved, at the top of which you find the carved image of a fish or a crow, or a hawk, the whole pole carvings died with the natural dyes which the Indians make from herbs. They are erected in every village and some are historic, which are thus handed down from father to son, others are in commemoration of battles and victorious deeds of particular exhibitions of virtue or bravery, etc. Here we received our first solicitations from the Alaska Indian vender of baskets, slippers and trinkets of all kinds, and many interesting curios, which are marvels of their peculiar type of art and work.

When one pulls away from Ketchikan the picturesque and interesting part of the trip begins. Here the great artist of nature's wonders, in the geological evolution of our earth has created some of its greatest splendors. As the ship wends away through the tortuous Wrangle narrows, which are extremely dangerous, one sees the snow-capped mountains the summit all snow, the bases one green mass of the verdure of the frozen north. In the distance at various points there are huge glaciers; then again along the banks we passed large salmon canning factories, Indian villages with their host of dogs and great canoes. Some of these huge canoes made out of the skins of animals, which the Indian braves in their hunts bring home as trophies of their prowess. Some are chiseled out of the huge trees of the forest. One passes by numbers of these canoes, some loaded with salmon, others going for the catch. So great is the variety of scenery and incidents that there was not a dull moment to Skagway. The next stop one reaches is Juneau, and Douglass island. On the latter island we stopped and visited the great Treadwell gold mine, one of the great gold producing properties of the world. Here, for the incessant pounding of the stamps and the blasting of the ore makes a deafening noise. The ore is of a very low grade; some of it only averaging \$200 a ton. But there is a mountain of it, where, in the large hole out of which they are new blasting called Glory Hole, because of the numerous accidents which usually render the unfortunate victims towards glory above.

Skagway, which we reached after five days on water, is the main shipping point of Alaska, and was at the height of the gold rush a lively town, as this was the point from which the trails led to Klondike. At present the main support of the town is the shops of the Yukon & White Pass road, and the tourists who pass through going on the inside of the British line and others coming out of the Yukon territory. Here, as the guests of Mr. Groves and Mr. Newell respectively, president and vice-president of the Yukon & White Pass railroad, occupying their private car we began our trip over the marvelous White Pass road.

I shall write up the road and our trip to Dawson for the next issue of the Age, when, by that time I expect to be home.

Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, Aug. 11.

The host of Montana friends of Mr. and Mrs. George Rideout will be glad to learn that they are doing well in Dawson. Mrs. Rideout is almost a "sourdough," while George is the youngest colored chef-cooker of the city, and they are both a valuable acquisition to any community. They have our best wishes for a great success in the metropolis of the far frozen north. I had the pleasure of dining with them.

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