



SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1910.

Editor Mitchell's Long Journey.
(Continued From First Page.)

more we whiled away the time and then tiring of the scene we boarded the car to return to Los Angeles. Mr. Eugene Walker had invited us and some friends to take an automobile ride through the streets and suburbs of Los Angeles and we returned in plenty of time for the trip. He has been in business as a tailor for seventeen years. He employs 16 people, one of whom is a Japanese, three colored and the others white. He has been married ten years, and he pays a rental of one hundred and fifty dollars a month. He began at twenty dollars per month fourteen years ago.

THE RESIDENCES OF THE MILLIONAIRES.

The party consisted of Mr. Eugene Walker, Rev. J. T. Hill, Mr. F. M. Roberts, Dr. Nelson and the guest of the evening. The finest park was visited and the section occupied by millionaires. One place was shown to us that contained a cathedral and an organ which cost a fortune. Oh, this drive in the bracing air of this city of perpetual spring and summer time was indeed heavenly, and at times we closed our eyes to wonder if this transition from hard work in the East to easy rest in the West was a dream, an unreal fantasy that would pass away with the coming of the morning.

A GORGEOUS ENTERTAINMENT.

But we were here in the flesh with colored friends surrounding us, where we were "foot-loose and fancy free." The trip ended, we found ourselves at the residence on a corner, Tenth and Albany Streets, they said. We got out and walked up the steps. An electric light shown in the porch, and with the opening of the door we were astounded for the time being. There was every evidence of wealth and refinement. The inside fittings were of hard wood. The double parlors had the appearance of an East Indian home, with its rich tapestries, its mahogany fittings, its beautifully shaded electric lights, its costly parlor furniture, a piano that rivalled the famous one used by "Blind Tom."

A WEALTHY WESTERNER.

Mr. Robert C. Owens, the wealthiest colored citizen on the Pacific coast, attired in a full dress suit, ushered us up to a bed-room, admirably furnished, where he opened us everything from a suit of underwear to a collar, if we desired the use of it after our evening's drive. We were taken back, astounded at this evidence of luxury in the home of a colored man. It was treatment that fitted snugly in with the magnificent entertainment which had been accorded to us by the local white committee as a member of the American Bankers' Association of the United States.

A REMARKABLE GREETING.

We arranged our toilet and then down as the guest of the evening to the magnificently decorated dining room of the Owens' mansion. Here we saw a table spread in keeping with the best rules prevailing in the leading hotels of the country. We had been in these hotels and we were in a position to know. Even the waiter wore a full dress suit and we were ushered to the right of our host. "Would you believe it? Here we were receiving treatment in accord and on a level with that accorded to us by the wealthy people of this country. Here we were in the midst of colored friends, men of prominence, culture and refinement, educated men."

POWER BEHIND THE THRONE.

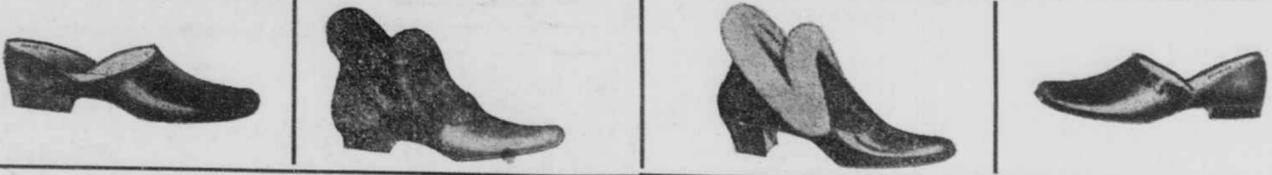
Mrs. Owens did not appear further than to superintend this sumptuous repast tendered to the only colored representative among that vast gathering of wealthy men from all over the country. At each plate was a souvenir card, which bore the name of each guest so that there could not be any confusion in the assignments. Those who were there were the host, Mr. Robert C. Owens, Mr. John Mitchell, Jr., Mr. Owens Rendris, Rev. J. T. Hill, Ph. D., Captain F. H. Crumbly, Dr. A. C. Garrett, Dr. J. S. Owens, Mr. F. M. Roberts, Mr. G. W. Wickliffe, Mr. J. W. Palmer and Rev. W. T. Clegg-Owens.

A FEAST FOR THE GODS.

Each guest was served with a whole spring chicken, and then the courses followed. Sparkling champagnes added to the zest of the entertainment, and the conversation became animated. Eleven o'clock and then twelve came so quickly that it seemed that an hour had become only fifteen minutes long. Dr. Booker T. Washington has many friends on the Pacific coast, and the conversation finally gravitated to him. Mr. Owens is a most unpretentious individual of the "good-time" variety. He is approachable and from one end of this southern



A Happy New Year To All!!!

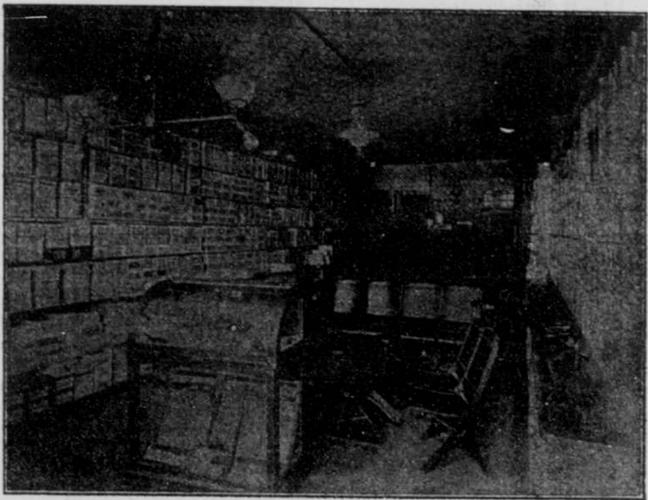


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city to the other is known as "Bob white man on one of the prominent streets in Los Angeles, and he and his friend were refused a drink. He bashfully said that this was nothing to his credit, but the matter had so angered him that he went to the proprietor of the building in which the saloon was located and ascertained the price of the place. He took an option on it for \$300,000. When the proprietor of the saloon learned of it he was mightily worried and lost no time in finding Mr. Owens, who now had it in his power to break up his business. It is needless to say that he had no trouble about being accommodated in that saloon again.

A QUESTION OF RICHES.

We made an inquiry about his financial condition. It was while we were conversing with one of the colored citizens of this locality. "Well," said he, "you see Bob Owens has made some bad investments, but he is well-to-do." "What do you suppose he is worth?" we queried. "I suppose," said he, "that he and his mother are worth about \$800,000." While conversing with Mr. Owens at the table that night, he told of an incident in his career.

WANTED TO BUY WHOLE BUILDING.

He went into a saloon kept by a

that he was worth a million dollars.

LEAVING LOS ANGELES.

Finally we were carried to our lodging place in the automobile of Dr. Outlaw, and within five minutes thereafter we were in the "Land of Nod." With the dawn of Sunday came the final preparations for our trip to San Francisco, and at 8 o'clock, surrounded by faithful friends, who had been enthusiastic over our stay here, we waived a farewell from the end of the palatial Pullman Parlor car as it pulled out for an all-day and part of the night ride to San Francisco.

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What To Do.

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Wants to Find Him.

We would like to know the whereabouts of Richard Lewis, Jr. He was last heard from March, 1909. He was then at Portsmouth, Va. His mother's name is Harriet Lewis and his father's name is Richard Lewis, Sr., all of North Emporia, Va. If any one knows of his whereabouts or can furnish any information concerning him, please write his parents at North Emporia, Va., as they are very anxious to find him.

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