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CAYTON'S WEEKLY

Published every Saturday at Seattle, Washington, U. S. A.

In the interest of equal rights and equal justice to all men and for "all men up."

A publication of general information, but in the main voicing the sentiments of the Colored Citizens.

It is open to the towns and communities of the state of Washington to air their public grievances.

Social and church notices are solicited for publication and will be handled according to the rules of journalism.

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THE RESULT

Whether you like or dislike Will Humphrey we believe his defeat for the senate a political as well as commercial mistake so far as Seattle is concerned and we would not be surprised to see George Turner elected instead of Poindexter. So far as the Colored voters are concerned they would fare a thousand times better at the hands of Turner than Poindexter.

Never in the history of the state of Washington did a man aspire for office that had the people's interest so much at heart as did John E. Ballaine, who sought a seat in the house of representatives of Congress, but who was defeated by the same selfish interest (the Guginheims) that has from time to time retarded the progress of Alaska. The local Guginheim interest (the P. I.) openly boasts of having put Dan Landon in the race for the express purpose of beating Ballaine and it did so, it is believed, at the behest of the Guginheim interest. John F. Miller was nominated and he will be elected, but he will be a negligible quantity in Congress and spend the most of his time strutting about the National Capital like a peacock in spring time.

The fight for the governorship at the general election will be between Governor Lister, Democrat, and Henry McBride, Republican. In defeating Roland H. Hartley, a constructive as well as aggressive man was turned down for a man, who wears a grouchy day in and day out. Viewing the two candidates from the stand point of a colored citizen, McBride is preferable to Lister because he is a part of the great Republican family, but he was governor of the state for four years and did nothing for the colored voters and Lister has been governor for four years and he has done no more, so on that score its hoss and hoss. It's true that McBride, when governor smashed the railroad ring, but in doing so he built up a ring of his own, perhaps just as bad. There was little or no contest on the balance of the state ticket save on Mrs. Preston and she won out, which should be exceedingly gratifying to every mother and father in the state.

Some of the results of the county contests were something of a surprise and from our view point very, very regrettable. Even those who voted for Stringer for sheriff did not believe he will enforce the law. They believe he is a speak-easy pussy-footer and in case of serious trouble he will always be found wanting in protecting the public. Jack at best is a poor sample of Republicanism and there can be no great political difference in voting for Ed Cudihoe, the Democratic nominee for the same office.

The nomination of Percy F. Thomas means the perpetuation of a court house ring of parasites, who have not the manhood to get out and make a fight for a living like real men. But being the party nominee, Cayton's Weekly is going to support Thomas the same as the other candidates.

The defeat of Dr. Ghent and Dr. Corson by

Dr. Tiffin shows that the people hit the bull's eye some of the time. He is a splendid man and will be overwhelmingly elected.

Lundin won out and he deserved to do so. He allowed his official record to make his campaign and it successfully did it.

Nothing affords us so much pleasure as the signal victory of Claude C. Ramsay. As said in the campaign, it's the first instance in the history of King county, where a prominent business man, who pays more taxes than the salary of the office, has ever consented to run for a county office and he deserved the big vote he got.

Summing it all up, Cayton's Weekly is not at all disgruntled at the general outcome and it will cheerfully support the ticket from top to bottom with two exceptions.

MAKING GOOD

An enemy's criticism may be more helpful to you than a friend's praise. Whatever stirs up your enthusiasm or strengthens your determination to "make good" is helpful. So many people give up just when they are in sight of the goal. In this world of ours the quitter has little consideration. All work is hard, but it can be made pleasant or distasteful as we elect. The people who were born with the proverbial spoon in their mouths are few and far between. Most people rise by their own individual effort. Things don't come to those who wait; the best things are picked off by the hustlers who go after them.

We are proud of the progress we have made in the past fifty years, and yet there is so much more we could have done had we not been "soft-shelled." That is, "if we had relied more on self and less on our friends of a different hue. As long as we lean on a crutch we are going to walk lame. Thousands of hopeless failures would have been successes if one-half the energy devoted to complaining had been devoted to REAL WORK. In all justice it may be said there was some excuse for us in the past, the door of opportunity was closed; today we have tried it open a good bit, tomorrow and all forthcoming tomorrows it will open wider and wider because we are pushing.

An able-bodied, healthy man or woman who is out of work today and is willing to work has no excuse whatever for being idle. In every section of the country the demand for labor far exceeds the supply, and the wage in consequence is higher than ever before. Even common laborers are receiving as high as two and a half per day, while the skilled mechanic has no limit to his demands, and the probabilities are that this condition will obtain indefinitely. If the European war, which is the direct cause of our prosperity, should come to an end in six months or a year, the countries now engaged in battle would need for years to come every available person to help bring order out of chaos.

With immigration cut off and with an ever increasing demand for American products our mills and factories will be taxed to capacity and every field of endeavor will boom. Fortunately capital is calling our labor through a megaphone; we could have heard had they whispered, and we are rallying to the call with the full consciousness that it is our golden opportunity, the opportunity that we have been waiting to avail ourselves of for years. What the future holds for us depends largely on our own actions. We are on trial, we have a prejudice to fight in the North as strong as the one in the South, though of a slightly different nature. The South has been telling the North that it wasn't in us to make good. The North, never having had any ex-

perience, partially believed the accusation. There are many reasons why we MUST make good; the time for making excuses has past. We have demanded to be placed on the same footing as those of other races; we must paddle our own canoe. Some are going to fall by the wayside; it was ever so, but the great mass have the vision and having the vision will make good. —Chicago Defender.

POLITICAL AFTERMATH

Maine fired the gun that was heard very distinctly at the White House.

Humphrey has had a long run for his money, but the end is in sight.

Dallam might have made a better run for Lee had not his "breeches" been too short.

Between two Democrats, the one that's on the square and in the open should be the more preferable.

Cayton's Weekly got some pretty heavy jolts in the late primary contest, but it's up at 'em again.

Roland Hartley is the liveliest corps that was ever taken to the political bone yard and some day you will believe these words.

The Bone of the late primary contest was the editor of the Post Intelligencer, in the capacity of a political boss, which got badly smashed in the collision with the voters.

Johnny Murphy, Franky Dallam and Georgy Lee marched up the hill and then marched down again with the same order and decorum as did that other army of historic fame.

A political fate similar to that which overtook Jimmy Ghent last Tuesday is in store for Billy Wray and Eddy Palmer. You just wait and see. It's a long road that has no turn.

Thirty-four thousand persons signed initiative No. 24 and yet Lincoln Davis only got 3685 votes. It does not seem to mean much with the wets for one to announce, "I am against prohibition."

A Republican boss is bad enough, but a Democratic boss and hailing from the Knights of the Golden Circle was entirely too strong for Republicans and so they repudiated Boss Bone with a dull sickening thud.

Eastern Washington will have two senators in spite of hell and high water, using the vulgar vernacular of the street, and it matters not whether Poindexter or Turner is elected, there will be one Republican and one Democrat in the senate.

Dan Landon, so goes the story, was thrown into the fight by the P. I. boss in order to defeat Ballaine, but he not only defeated Ballaine, but Whitney as well and permitted Miller, the P. I.'s arch enemy to be nominated. He that diggett a ditch for his neighbor will himself fall therein.

The nomination of Percy Thomas practically assures the court house parasites another four year tenure of office, thereby giving to them twenty years in the court house. The men seem to have fought with a desperation that meant, "unless we win our paracritical fight we will become paupers."

Jack Stringer ran like a hunted hare, but it is nothing to what he will have to do if, he beats Ed Cudihee in the general election.

Another two years watchful waiting seems to be in store for the editor of the Legal News as Lundin was renominated and will hardly give him a deputyship, the failure to get which, when Lundin went into office was responsible for his nasty fight on Lundin. It's a dirty bird that befools its own nest.

Cayton's Weekly supported John W. Roberts for sheriff, who was put out of the running before election day, and the Searchlight supported H. E. Wiley, who never got started from the hitching post. The question arises, was it poor judgment on the part of the editors or were the political spooks after both of them and got them?

Ed Chilberg and his political assassins aided in the defeat of Humphrey for no higher purpose than, that Ed could appeal to Seattle to support him for Senator when Jones is up for re-election. Oh, how we hope to be alive, when the likes of Ed Chilberg ever enters the race for United State senator. In the senate Ed Chilberg would rattle around like a mustard seed in a tin can and all because he does not even know the rudiments of the English language.

LABOR UNIONS

Some day the Labor organizations are going to wake up to the fact that they are standing in their own light when they shut the Colored workman out of their unions, for he is and always will be an important factor in the working force of this great country. By denying him admission to their different trade organizations simply because of prejudice they are making an enemy rather than a friend and ally, and they are giving the moneyed interests and the men behind the guns an added power, the strength of which will be felt by the unions more keenly as the years roll on.

Let us grant that the Colored workman's initial entrance into shop or factory is an experiment by the owners or is made necessary by the striking of their white employees. Have the records not shown that they have when given a chance proven as efficient and as reliable as their white brothers? Does it seem reasonable that capital will continue to be dictated to by labor's oft unreasonable demands? Will they not turn to the Colored workmen on whom they have depended in a measure in the past and on whom they can depend more in the future?

The Colored man is making ready, he sees the handwriting on the wall, knows his inning is about to come, and knows that the very prejudice that the unions are displaying will be the cause of their downfall. With him it is simply a matter of self-preservation, he must work and if the unions insist on shutting him out of their calculations there is nothing left for him to do but ally himself with capital. He is not a strike-breaker and should not be considered so. In fact, he is a firm believer in the adage that in union there is strength, and if permitted would make as loyal a member as could be found in any union.

Recently the employees of the Chattanooga (Tenn.) Railway and Light Company organized a street car union, and it was proposed to eliminate the Colored linemen. The Business League took he matter up and perhaps with the pressure they can bring to bear, this objectionable clause will be stricken out. The following letter which appeared in the Times expresses the general sentiment:

"It seems that there might be some way of adjusting matters without doing injustice to these men, who have been faithful employees of the car company for a number of years, and have apparently been giving satisfaction. Too, quite a large percentage of the patrons of the railway are Colored, and are placed on the same footing as other races, being required to 'pay as they enter.' Now if a Negro laborer who is at work and his labor is acceptable to the car company is to be thrown out of employment to gratify the whims of so-called organized labor, the thing that perplexes us is what in the world is going to take place in the near future, when unionism assumes greater proportions?

"The pioneer work and the hardest task was performed when Negro labor builded the car lines at a nominal pay and with a record which includes no strikes or any dissention whatever. Does he deserve this kind of treatment to satisfy organized labor, which is doing more harm in this country than any other factor?" There is absolutely no sane reason why the Colored workman should be denied entrance to any union save prejudice, and the unions will realize their mistake, we are afraid, only after their power has vanished.—Chicago Defender.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

(BY EMMETT J. SCOTT)

It came about that in the year 1880, in Macon County, Alabama, a certain ex-Confederate colonel conceived the idea that if he could secure the Negro vote he could beat his rival and win the seat he coveted in the State Legislature. Accordingly the colonel went to the leading Negro in the town of Tuskegee and asked him what he could do to secure the Negro vote, for Negroes then voted in Alabama without restriction. This man, Lewis Adams by name, himself an ex-slave, promptly replied that what his race most needed was education, and what they most needed was industrial education, and that if he (the colonel) would agree to work for the passage of a bill appropriating money for the maintenance of an industrial school for Negroes, he, Adams, would help to get for him the Negro vote and the election. This bargain between the ex-slave holder and an ex-slave was made and faithfully observed on both sides, with the result that the following year the Legislature of Alabama appropriated \$2,000 a year for the establishment of a normal and industrial school for Negroes in the town of Tuskegee. On the recommendation of General Armstrong, of Hampton Institute, a young colored man, Booker T. Washington, a recent graduate of and

teacher at the Institute, was called from there to take charge of this landless, buildingless, teacherless, and studentless institution of learning.

This move turned out to be a fatal mistake in the political career of the colonel. The appellation of "nigger lover" kept him ever after wedged in his political grave. Thus by the same stroke was the career of an ex-slaveholder wrecked and that of an ex-slave made. This political blunder of a local office-seeker gave to education one of its great formative institutions, to the Negro race its greatest leader, and to America one of its greatest citizens.

One is tempted to feel that Booker T. Washington was always popular and successful. On the contrary, for many years he had to fight his way inch by inch against the bitterest opposition, not only of the whites, but of his own race. At that time there was scarcely a Negro leader of any prominence who was not either a politician or a preacher. By most of the Negro preachers he was accused of being a godless man building up a godless school. This was because his school was undenominational—an unheard-of thing at that time. By the whites he was accused of "spoiling niggers" by trying to educate them.

Among the original group of thirty students with whom Booker T. Washington started Tuskegee Institute, on an old plantation equipped with a kitchen, a stable, and a henhouse, was a now elderly man, who today has charge of the spacious and beautiful grounds of the Institute. He was ripe in years when he entered this original Tuskegee class. The following is a paraphrase of his account of the early days of the school: "After we'd been out on the plantation three or four weeks, Mr. Washington came into the schoolroom one afternoon and said: 'To-morrow we're going to have a chopping bee. All of you that have an ax, or can borrow one, must bring it. I will try and provide those of you cannot furnish an ax. We will dismiss



CLAUDE C. RAMSAY

Who Made a Two to One Run for Commissioner

school early to-morrow afternoon and start for the chopping-bee.' So we came to school next day with the axes, all of us that could get them; we were all excited and eager for that chopping bee, and we were all discussing what it would be like, because we had never been to one before. So in the afternoon Mr. Washington said it was time for that chopping bee, so he put his ax over his shoulder and led us to the woods and put us to work cutting the trees and clearing the land. He went right in and worked harder and faster and handled his ax better than any of us. After a while we found that a chopping bee, as he called it, was no different from just plain cutting down trees and clearing land. There wasn't anything new about that—we all had had all we wanted of it. Some of the boys said they didn't come to school to cut down trees and clear land, but they couldn't say they were too good for that kind of work when Mr. Washington himself was at it harder than any of them. So he kept at us for some days, till everybody had his idea. He then went off to do some thing more important.

"Now in those days he used to go off every Saturday morning, and he wouldn't come back till Monday morning. He'd travel all around the county drumming up students for the school and telling the people to send their children. And on Sunday he'd get the preachers to let him get up in their pulpits and tell the people about the school after they had finished preaching. And even the preachers who were warning their people against him and his school because they said it wasn't Methodist, and it wasn't Baptist, and it wasn't Presbyterian, and it wasn't Episcopalian, and it wasn't Christian, would let him speak from their pulpits. They had told the people to keep their children away from that godless man and his school, but when he came along and asked to speak to the people they had to leave him, just as everybody always did—let him do just what he wanted to do. And when they heard him—the people—they didn't pay any attention to the preachers; they just sent their children as fast as they could contrive it.

"Now in those days Mr. Washington didn't have a horse, nor a mule, nor a wagon, and he wanted to cover more country on those trips than he could afoot, so he'd just go out in the middle of the road and when some old black man would come along driving his mule wagon he'd stop him and talk with him, and tell him about the school and what it was going to do for the black folks, and then he'd say: 'Now, uncle, you can help by bringing your wagon and mule for me to go offround the country telling the peoples about the school. Now, remember, Uncle Jake, please be here promptly at nine.' And the old man would say, 'Yes, boss, I sure will be here.' That was how he did it—when he needed anything he'd go out and put his hand on it. First, he could put his hand on anything he wanted round the town; then he could put his hand on anything he wanted all over the county; then he could put his hand on anything he wanted all over the state; and at last, they tell me, he could put his hand on anything he wanted away up to New York.

"In those days, after we came to live here on the 'plantation,' I used to take the wheelbarrow and go round to the office when Mr. Washington opened the mail in the morning, and if there was money in the mail in the morning then I could go 'long to the town with the wheelbarrow and get provisions, and if there was no money then there was no occasion to go to town. We'd just eat what we had left. Most of the white storekeepers wouldn't give us credit, and they didn't want a 'nigger school' here, anyhow. Times have changed. Now those storekeepers get a large proportion of their trade here at the Institppte, and if there should be any talk of moving they'd just get up and fight to the last to keep us here and keep our trade.

"And in those days the Negro preachers, or the most of them, and the white folks, or the most of them, were always trying to dispute with Mr. Washington and quarrel with him, but he just kept his mouth shut and went ahead. He kept pleasant, and he wouldn't dispute with them nor argue with them nor quarrel with them. When the white folks would come round and tell him he was 'spoiling good niggers by education,' he would just ask them to wait patiently and give him time to show them what the right kind of education would do. And when the

colored preachers would come round and tell him he was no Christian and his school had no religion, he would ask them to just wait and see if the boys and girls were any less Christian because of the education they were getting. But, whoever came along and whatever happened, Mr. Washington just kept his mouth shut and went ahead.

"After two years of school I went out and rented some land and planted cotton, and just about time to harvest my crop Mr. Washington sent for me one Sunday and said: 'I need you. I want you to come back and work for the school on the farm. I want you to start in Monday morning.' When I told him about my cotton crop, just ready to be picked, he said: 'Can't help that, we need you. You'll have to arrange with your neighbors to harvest your crop for you.'

To the inquiry, 'Well, did you come?' the old man replied: 'Of course I did.' When Mr. Washington said come, I came, same as everybody did when he told them. I got a neighbor to harvest my crop and I lost money on it, but I came to work that Monday morning more than thirty years ago, and I've been here ever since." The idea of not doing what Mr. Washington wanted him to do, or even arguing the matter, was evidently inconceivable to this old man. He obeyed, and had always obeyed, Mr. Washington, just as he had obeyed the laws of nature by sleeping and eating. That is the kind of control which Booker Washington always exercised over his fellow-workers. He accepted their implicit obedience as naturally and simply as they gave it.

Just as Samuel Armstrong was perhaps the most receptive of Mark Hopkins's pupils, so Booker Washington became the most receptive pupil of Samuel Armstrong.

In his autobiography, "Up from Slavery," Mr. Washington thus describes General Armstrong's influence upon him: "It has been my fortune to meet personally many of what are called great characters, both in Europe and America, but I do not hesitate to say that I never met any man who, in my estimation, was the equal of General Armstrong.

"One might have removed from Hampton all the buildings, class-rooms, teachers, and industries, and given the men and women there the opportunity of coming into daily contact with General Armstrong, and that alone would have been a liberal education. The older I grow, the more I am convinced that there is no education which one can get from books and costly apparatus that is equal to that which can be gotten from contact with great men and women. Instead of studying books so constantly, how I wish that our schools and colleges might learn to study men and things!"

When the young man imbued with these ideas and fresh from these influences found himself responsible for the destinies of a studentless, teacherless, buildingless, and landless school, it is significant how he went to work to supply these manifold deficiencies. First he found a place in which to open the school—a dilapidated shanty church, the A. M. E. Zion Church for Negroes, in the town of Tuskegee. Next he went about the surrounding countryside, found out exactly under what conditions the people were living and what their needs were, and advertised the school among the class of people whom he wanted to have attend it.

By experience and through acquaintance with the actual conditions under which his people were living he became more convinced than ever that little could be done for them by mere book-learning. Agricultural training must be the basis of their education, just as agriculture was the basis of their livelihood. In order to give such training he must have land. About that time an old plantation near the town came onto the market. Borrowing personally the \$250 required as a cash first payment, he bought it and moved the school onto it.

And as soon as they were established in their new quarters he organized the 'chopping bee' already described, and cleared some of the land so that it could be used for crops. He did not clear and plant this land to give his students vocational training. He did it for the purpose that all land was originally cleared and planted—to go food. He, of course realized that the educational content of this work was greater—greater than any possible text-book exercises in the classroom. He then and there began the

long and difficult task of teaching his people that physical work, and particularly farm work, if rightly done, was educational, and that education was work. To secure the acceptance of this truth by a race only recently emancipated from over two hundred years of unrequited toil—a race that had always regarded freedom from the necessity for work as an indication of superiority—was not a hopeful task. To them education was the antithesis of work. It was the magic elixir which emancipated all those fortunate enough to drink of it from the necessity of work.

He also began to emphasize at this time his familiar dictum that learning to do the common things of life in an uncommon way was an essential part of real education. Probably the reverse of this dictum—namely, learning to do the uncommon things of life in a common way—would have more nearly corresponded to the popular conception of education among most Negroes and many whites.

After the land was secured the next most pressing necessity was a boarding department so that the students might be influenced throughout the twenty-four hours of the day—so that they might be taught the manners, customs, and amenities of decent and orderly living.

As Mr. Washington says in "Up from Slavery," "We had nothing but the students and their appetites with which to begin a boarding department." As soon as this boarding department was established each student was required to have and to use a tooth-brush. Mr. Washington later observed that, in his opinion, the tooth-brush is the most potent single instrument of civilization. Then, too, it was possible for him to begin to enforce this injunction taken from one of his now well known Sunday night talks: "Make a study of the preparation of food. See to it that a certain ceremony, a certain importance, be attached to the partaking of the food." This exhortation sounds so commonplace as to be scarcely noticed by the average reader, but just put yourself in the place of these boys or girls who came from a one-room cabin, and realize what a profoundly revolutionary, even sensational injunction it is! To the boy or girl who had snatched a morsel of food here and there when prompted by the gnawings of hunger, who had never sat down to a regular meal, who had never partaken of a meal placed upon a table with or without ceremony—imagine what it meant to such a boy or girl "to see to it that a certain ceremony, a certain importance, be attached to the partaking of the food"—not on special occasions but at each one of the three meals of each day!

Finally, it came about that this school which had started with a paltry \$2,000 a year, a great need, and with invincible determination of one man, came to have land, buildings, teachers, students, and even a boarding department. But in Mr. Washington's view there was still a great fundamental lack in their work. They were doing nothing directly to help those less fortunate than themselves—those about them who could not come and enjoy the advantages of the school. Mr. Washington held that as soon as an individual got hold of anything as useful and desirable as an education he should take immediate means to hand it on to the greatest possible number of those who needed it. He had no patience with those persons who would climb the tree of knowledge and then pull the ladder up after them.

He and his teachers then began to go out on Sundays and give the people homely talks on how to improve their living conditions. They encouraged the farmers to come to the school farm and learn how to grow a variety of crops to supplement the cotton crop, which was their sole reliance. They relieved the distress of individual families. Mrs. Washington gathered together in an old loft the farmers' wives and daughters who were in the habit of loafing about the village of Tuskegee on Saturday afternoons and formed them into a woman's club for the improvement of the living conditions in their homes and communities. Mr. Washington and his teachers went right onto the farms and into the homes, and into the churches and the schools, and everywhere showed, for the most part by concrete object-lessons, how the Negroes could make their farms more productive, their homes more comfortable, their schools more useful, and their church services more inspiring.

POPULAR PERSONAGES

REV. H. MILTEN MICKENS, late pastor of the First A. M. E. church of this city, has gone to his new field of labor and it is hoped that his experience in Seattle will be a splendid lesson for him. The old adage runs: "Experience is a dear teacher, but fools will have no other," and while Rev. Mickens cannot be classed as a fool, yet he was very indiscrete, which gave him much trouble. In the quarterly conference after the adjournment of the Annual conference, he said, "I was sent to Seattle to raise the debt from the church edifice here and to build up the work spiritually, but I utterly failed in both." "Open confession is good for the soul," and if he saw the error of his way and will profit therefrom all so well and good, but if he goes to his next charge and proceeds along the line he did at this charge, then he had better retire from the ministry, and if he will not do so of his own accord then the conference should retire him, willing or unwilling. He remained in the city for a number of days after the annual conference adjourned, but he seems to have hid himself away, and when he got ready to leave, like the poor Arab, simply "folded his tent and stole away."

EUGENE S. JOHNSON, son of Rev. Johnson, pastor of the Grace Presbyterian church of this city, is taking a post graduate course in the University of Washington, which he hopes to finish in two years, the successful finish of which will leave him prepared to cope with any emergency that may arise. He graduated last June from a pharmaceutical course and not being satisfied, he decided to delve deeper into the works, and therefore took a post graduate course. He is reported as being unusually bright in his studies, so bright that he has already been promised a position when he will have completed his course and been handed his diploma. This young man is made of the right kind of stuff, for during the vacation periods he works at whatever he can get to do in order to earn sufficient money to defray his expenses when he takes up his studies again. During the past summer he worked on the docks and was able to earn sufficient money to take him through the entire scholastic year. Heaven's blessings on such thoroughbred young fellows, for in them lies the hope of brighter things.

LIEUTENANT J. A. ROSTOM, late of the United States Army, doubtless is of the opinion that "it's an all wind that blows no one good," for the water front storm, which has been raging for the past three months or more, has afforded him an opportunity to furnish the various dock companies of Seattle hundreds of men for the loading and unloading of the transports landing here, which, perhaps, is more remunerative than the best position in the gift of any public official in the state of Washington. He seems to be especially fitted for the work and that of itself spells success. Both the lieutenant and his wife were very active in the late primary campaign and put in a great many telling blows for the candidates they supported. Mrs. Rostom is an active and effective worker of the Woman's Alliance of Seattle.

DR. CHARLES F. MAXWELL, who appeared in this world as a mixture of white and black parentage, and so continued until he reached his majority is perhaps still that, but he must sometimes have a doubt. He, however, per se made no efforts to be otherwise thereafter, but having completed a course in medicine and successfully passing a civil service examination as medicine man in the Indian service, he for a number of years lived among the Indians, and learning to speak their language, almost became an Indian, but all of a sudden he changed his plans, resigned from the service, and entered into the active practice of his profession, catering almost exclusively to colored folks, but for some reason it did not pay. Then he moved into an Italian neighborhood, learned to speak the language, and now he reports a good business among his newly adopted friends. The question now, so far as the doctor is concerned, is, what is he? White, black, Indian, or Italian? "Never mind what I am, I will take your money," is about the answer we suspect he would give.

MISS RUTH R. CAYTON has been installed as housekeeper of the Laurel Apartments, which contains twenty-five apartments with sixty-three rooms, and but four vacancies. She is not yet nineteen years of age, and yet she handles the house quite commendably—meeting and overcoming the hundred and one vexations and annoyances common to such public places, like one twice her age and of much experience in that particular line. It is quite an innovation on the part of young ladies of her kind, and if she proves a success it may lay the foundation for others to get ever more extensive and lucrative positions of that kind. The reason more of our young men and women do not get responsible positions is they have no means of demonstrating their ability to make good. Her efforts will be carefully watched by landlords.

ANDREW R. BLACK, president of the Colored Republican Club of King County, who was severely criticised by both Cayton's Weekly and The (Seattle) Searchlight two weeks ago for the part he played in Dr. James A. Ghent being invited to speak before the Club in the heat of the late primary campaign, took his editorial rasping without murmur or complaint and even good naturedly, thus showing that he is a clever old scout. Evidently he realized it was a mistake, and that the least said was the easiest. Mr. Black perhaps meant well and was trying to do unto others as he would like to be done by, but his goodness of heart led him into an indiscretion that shook the confidence that many of his admirers had intrusted in him, but time is a great healer of all things, and so with this.

MRS. ALICE S. PRESTO, president of the Woman's Alliance of this city, is to be congratulated for her tactful manner of handling the Alliance during the primary campaign just closed. Many persons have the idea that the duties of president of an association are sinecure—the drone to a hive of bees—no more irksome than the duties of the Irish hod carrier, who wrote to a friend back in Ireland "Come to this country, Pat. All you have to do is to carry a hod of brick to the tenth story and put it down, and the other fellow does all the work." The duties of a presiding officer are not only taxing while in the chair, but also to make the proper preparations to go into the chair. Mrs. Presto, during the trying ordeals of the campaign, handled herself like an adept, and was highly complimented by the many candidates who spoke before the Alliance.

MRS. A. S. BONNER made the speech of the evening at the rally last Friday night held at the First A. M. E. church and she was deservedly widely applauded. If the men and women as a whole would talk as did Mrs. Bonner and then live up to it there would be fewer woes to complain of. The fight made by the Woman's Alliance, lead by Mrs. Bonner, Mrs. Presto, Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. Rostom and dozens of others for recognition and right was highly commendable and it laid the foundation for more effective work in the future. The politicians eagerly sought the support of the Woman's Alliance because the women were united under its banner while they paid little or no attention to the men voters because they were an unorganized rabble. Long live Mrs. Bonner.

REV. D. A. GRAHAM, who was assigned to the Seattle work of the A. M. E. church is at home, 23rd and Denny Way. He is being well received, both by members and visitors to the church. When seen by a representative of Cayton's Weekly he said, "I always try to work in harmony with my people and I long since realized it is absolutely necessary for the pulpit and the press to work together for the public uplift, and when the people are added to the combination, great good will be accomplished." Seattle is no more difficult charge to hold than a charge in any other city of like size out West, but preachers must act like preachers if they succeed in Seattle.

Rev. H. Milton Micken left almost two weeks ago for his new field of labor.

Miss Margaret Peoples, who graduated from the Broadway High last June, has registered in the University of Washington.

Mr. R. B. Tutt's new shop will be ready for occupancy next Tuesday.

Mr. Ed Johnson, the Broadway athletic star, has registered in the University of Washington.

Miss Gladys Presto, who visited with relations in Chicago last summer, has returned and has registered at the University.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Williams, who reside in the Douglas, will regret to learn of the death of their daughter, Miss Pauline, after a very brief illness. She was a most loveable young lady and unusually bright in her school work. She was a general favorite among the younger set, as well as among those she met from time to time. She was a member of the Mt. Zion Baptist church, in which she took an active part in the church and Sunday school work.

Harry Gordon, who was one time a would be political boss of King county, seems to be tickled to death to hold on to an eighty dollar per month job, and struts about the court house with as much eclat as if he were getting eight hundred and eighty dollars per month. It takes such a small amount of money to make some men act bigger than the man drawing down a million a year.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF Washington, for the County of King.—Juvenile Court.

In Re the Welfare of Rayonette Goldsborough, Defendant. No. 4711. Notice.

To Frank H. Goldsborough, father of said Rayonette Goldsborough, and to all whom it may concern: You are hereby notified that on September 11th, 1916, a complaint was filed in the above entitled court by Marion Johnson, having for its object the disposition of said child and her permanent custody and control, and it appearing from said complaint that you, as father of said Rayonette Goldsborough, have deserted her; that said complaint will be heard on the 6th day of November, 1916, at 1:00 p. m., at the King County Juvenile Court, 200 Broadway, Seattle, before the Judge of the above entitled court, at which time you are directed to appear and answer said complaint, or action will be taken by the above entitled court as prayed for by said complaint.

W. K. SICKELS, Clerk of above entitled Court.
By EARL S. CONNER, Deputy Clerk.

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