

Cayton's Weekly

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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.

Subscription \$2 per year in advance. Special rates made to clubs and societies.

HORACE ROSCOE CAYTON, Editor and Publisher

Office, 513 Pacific Bldg. Telephone Main 24.

TAMING THE SHREW

In order to exist at all Dr. Morton, principal of the famous Tuskegee, felt moved to speak thusly to the members of his graduating class while presenting them their diplomas:

"Do not lose faith in your race and its possibilities. Do not lose faith in the white race and its ability and power and desire—yes, and determination in many instances—to be just and fair in their dealing with weaker races. Do not lose faith in our country. That flag which waves over the land of the free and the home of the brave is your flag, and this is your land. Place your patriotism side by side with your religion, and when democracy shall have stretched out its hand and helped the down-trodden of other countries, the Negro shall likewise share in the world progress and we shall enjoy every opportunity for development into good and useful citizens."

He was forced to speak in this strain because he dared not speak as an independent citizen lest his white critics of the South, many of whom were present, would exterminate the entire school plant. He was forced to admonish his sabre hued citizens to not lose faith in the white race because he knew that as far as that part of the white race that lived in the South are concerned, those graduating had no faith whatever in them. He knew that they believed there is nothing in the category of brutality as well as criminality that the Southern white man would either stoop to do or would be a party to if directed against the black man. The nauseating stench of the burning fumes of a black man were still in the air of Tuskegee while this speech was being made and wildly applauded by that "part of the white race" who were present to see to it that the "niggers" pay the proper respect to the acts of the white man of that section. The black man of the South, who says he has not lost faith in the white man of the South, is either crazy or a scullion. When ten thousand white men, women and children will gather around a black man, who is deaf, dumb and even crazy, and burn him at the stake, and actually fight over parts of his body for souvenirs, and that too even if he had been guilty of killing a score of women, there is not much about them on which to hang a garland of faith. We realize Dr. Moton's position, it being necessary to placate the human hyenas of the South rather than to further incense them, lest a general war of extermination of the blacks be waged. His predecessor, who did more for humanity in general than any other man who has lived in America, laid down the lines to which he is today hewing, and let's hope that good will yet come out of the chaotic conditions that prevail all over the South and come from the teachings of the lamented Dr. Booker T. Washington and his successors.

AN ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

Cayton's Weekly will celebrate its first anniversary this month by issuing an illustrated number containing pictures of many of the business and professional colored folk of Seattle and Tacoma and likewise a brief review of their work as well as their future outlook. It will be neatly gotten up, printed and bound and a magazine you need not be ashamed to send to your friends and acquaintances wherever and whoever they are. In 1909 the editor hereof issued a similar number and it was but a few months ago that a call from Australia for six copies of the Northwest Negro Progress Number came to us. It is our intention to make the coming number just as interesting and even more so than the former.

ARE YOU A MAN?

While we believe the present war between the United States and Germany is based on dollars and cents and should have never been declared, yet it has been done, and the citizen of this country, who does not take the stand, "My country first, right or wrong, my country first," is a twin brother to the traitor of his country's cause; yea, if not an actual traitor. To refuse to do your duty in defense of your country because forsooth you think the authorities made a mistake in precipitating the war is one and the same thing as turning your country over to a foreign foe to get even with the mistaken officials. In spite of your beliefs on the subject stand by your country or pick up and leave it and declare your intention to become a citizen of some other country.

MANY COLORED MEN AT WORK

"Porter wanted" is a common barber shop sign in the city at present, which is strong evidence of a general shortage of colored help. For the past twenty-five years the colored supply for such positions has always been twice and three times greater than the demand, but the big wages paid to colored men for shorter hours and almost just as much money has caused a complete shortage in the supply for such positions. This line of work alone would give lucrative employment to a score or more of colored men in the city at present at wages ranging from \$75 to \$125 per month. The demand for colored labor in the Northwest in general and Seattle and in particular has about utilized all the colored laborers in the West, and if more are to be employed they must be brought from the South and the Middle West. The movement from the South continues, but they find ready employment in the Middle West at better wages than are being offered them out here, which is saying quite a good deal, hence some greater inducements must be offered by those wanting their services for them to come West. Free transportation, however, would be quite an incentive as a long trip out West would appeal to many of those struggling to leave the South.

If the figures submitted by Lieutenant Rostom to the editor hereof be correct, and

they are not doubted, there are nearer 300 colored men employed along the water front at present than 125 as was reported in our issue of last week. The Great Northern docks at Smith Cove employs almost regularly nearly 125 men. The Milwaukee is giving pretty steady employment to two crews of twenty-two men each or something like fifty in all. The oil dock operated by Griffith & Sprague gives steady employment to about 100 men. Here and there two and three are employed in special work, thus bringing the number to almost 300. The wages paid to the men range way beyond the \$3 per day mark—yes, it almost reaches a \$5 per day average.

The number of colored men employed at

the Carnation Milk factory at Kent has been increased from thirteen to twenty-one and the wages range from \$60 to \$115 per month. The only reason there are not more given employment at this point is because the men cannot be had, but owing to the strike situation at this factory there is going to continue a war on those imported to take the strikers' places, which will deter women who are wanted from taking the places that promise to open up for them at this factory. But the company is making an effort to get more colored help.

The latest concern to leave an order for colored help is the McHugh Paving Company. Already fifteen are at work for that company at \$3.50 per day for eight hours' work, and the firm would be glad to get as many more. While the high cost of living does not make these wages so very flattering, yet the men with families can take advantage of the H. C. O. L. by moving to the suburbs and living in cheap quarters until they get ahead. Then, too, considerable is to be made by the men doing overtime stunts, which might bring the average per day up to \$4 or \$4.25.

At the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific passenger car yards there are employed at present fifteen colored men cleaning cars at wages averaging \$75 per month. Twice and three times that number could find employment in the yards if they could be had. There has been a disposition to give this work to colored men for a year or more, but it only came to a head a month ago. This company is in a position, it would seem, to go East and get the cream of such help and it would pay it to do so.

In speaking about the number of colored men employed in and about the city at present Lieutenant Rostom said he regretted that an overwhelming majority of the single men lodged in places run by Japanese. "It seems to me," said he, "that some enterprising colored men would get hold of a house with a hundred or more rooms and furnish it up for the accommodation of these men." This probably will be done sooner or later, but this demand is rather sudden, and to handle a proposition of this nature it would require considerable capital not less than \$10,000—and it will be some time before there will be a sufficient cash surplus to swing it. However, it does seem to the writer that men like Frank Smith and Burr Williams could swing such a proposition, and that too without it greatly crippling them financially.

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BASEBALL!

(By Dave Wyatt)

With the boxing circles all wrought up over the sudden passing of Les Darcy, the Australian fighter, and over which many seem opinioned to claim was superinduced by the many taunts and jibs hurled towards the young boxer through the fact that he was existing under conditions which technically branded him a slacker to his country's cause in war time, has somehow brought about a sort of a reactive effect causing many to ask, what of our baseball players? Many of our best known fighters have harkened unto the call of the times and have rushed to the front with their names. We haven't as yet heard of any of the well-known baseball gentry casting aside their athletic garb in favor of the wearing apparel of our navy or army. True the boys are going through the military training maneuvers, as a sort of a side show to the big Sunday games; still the pulsative throb seem to indicate that the heart of the players, as well as the magnates, is more endeared to the fighting game than it is to the briny deep blue or the strategy of the trenches in the foreign climes. Be it as it may, "Uncle Sam" has made it a point to give baseball and baseball men a distinct consideration. Baseball has been adopted as the chief recreation sport for the training camps housing the soldiers, forming the new army to be formed by selective draft. It is thought that the baseball season will about be over before the real big blow off in the draft comes through. If such is the case, it will not materially affect the present season's prospects, but it is a good safe guess that it will seriously hamper the pastime for the season of 1918, and it may have the effect of closing down the sport altogether.

This draft term has been a misnomer to the Negro in baseball, although it is one of the most important items in the whole baseball business; without the reserve and draft baseball would go under in a jiffy. Of course, the Negro baseball magnet knows nothing and has no regard for the equity of the terms; he neither reserves or drafts his players; if he wants a man he simply writes him a letter or sends a friend to him offering flattering terms, and no matter what the affiliation, the indebtedness or conditions under which said player has been enabled to exist with the other fellow, nothing is taken into consideration; the deal is all closed. It sometimes occurs that the player is a few hundred dollars to the bad for personal favors from his late employer. The latter has no redress. Reserve; a player's word is all you have. A star pitcher may work for you today, and tomorrow, without imparting any information whatever, he may be on a train en route for some other seaport. There is absolutely no protection whatever for the man who puts his money into the baseball business as conducted by the dark contingent in the game of today. As a rule, baseball players are a most ungrateful set of fellows. Therefore, it does not require a very long or effective sermon to show the folly of investing in baseball as a business, so long as you have no organization, no unity, and nothing but the word of a lot of shiftless athletes as protection for your investment. There is a crying need for some kind of a definite business consideration, if the so-called baseball people ever intend to attract men of wealth, influence and prestige to the game. There is not a season, and there never has been one for the past fifteen years, but what we hear a lot of noise followed by a storm of dilly-dallying and jockeying for premiership as leaders in baseball; and what is the consideration? If such an honor (?) has been acquired, what has been gained by it? What is the coveted goal, and what the consideration? We have seen a half dozen or more organizations put on foot and backed, too, by men of influence, wealth, etc., only to pass on to nothing in a short while, through the one-man leadership. Do you know that for about three years, say,

1908-09-10, there was more real wealth and big men behind the old Negro baseball game than any other business that you can name right now? Did you hear of such men around old New York and Philadelphia as Ed Warren, Connors, McMahon, Bro. Walter Shichter and others; around Chicago, Hon. B. F. Mosely, Maj. Robert Jackson, Louis Anderson and others; the Reessius brothers at Louisville; big interest at West Baden, St. Louis; Tobe Smith at Kansas City, Kans.; the organization at Kansas City, Mo., and M. Lacy and Mitchell at Minneapolis, and Phil Reed at St. Paul? Still baseball was only a big noise without a semblance of a foundation. However, not a one of the above list is identified with the game today, unless it be the McMahons, who are white. Some of the white fellows seem to be the most successful; at least it has been through them that the colored lads have such a lease on baseball life that they have. Harping away back to the early nineties J. M. Bright was going over the country with the Cuban Giants, and is until today or at least was a few years ago. Ed Lamar came a few years later with the Cuban Giants and continued until about three years ago. Then came Gus Parsons with the Page Fence Giants. Walter Shichter was next with the Philadelphia Giants. Others cut in for short periods. A company of whites out around Algoona, Iowa, operated successfully for a while. The McMahon brothers started out with the Lincoln Giants, and, we think, have a club now called the Lincoln Stars. John Schorling has been identified in some form or others with the colored players for years and has for the past five or six years operated a park which in many respects has been the real life preserver of our side of the game. The chief reason as to why these white fellows can see enough of the business to enable them to hang onto the game is because they either know the business from all angles or employ persons or make it a point to closely affiliate themselves with persons who do know it. I cannot think of a strictly Negro organization which has launched out with the business and followed such a course unless it was the Leland Giants Baseball Association external differences causing a dissemination of interests. It might be said that when the last remnant of that association was no longer visible John Schorling took over what was formerly their biggest asset, in the person of one Andrew "Rube" Foster. Schorling is perhaps the best posted man

on semi-pro baseball in the whole country. He operated a park for years at Seventy-ninth street and Wentworth avenue, and, if we mistake not, his father operated the same park before him. Schorling is a thorough student of the whole thing; that is, practical, theoretical and commercial, and has turned out some, and, I guess, a larger portion of the highest class players that Chicago can boast of, many of whom have acquired fame in the big leagues. In "Rube" Foster, Schorling has a co-operator who by tradition is perhaps the best equipped man at getting the proper range upon the baseball business as it does exist today. Foster has, during the fifteen years that he has been around the big sections, been closely affiliated with all the brightest students of the game, star players, big moguls and men in all walks of life, including all races and in all parts of this immediate territory and foreign. There is not an atom in the baseball atmosphere but what Foster has come in touch with. He perhaps has a better inside knowledge of the inside workings of a colored ball player's mind, most especially when said individual has needs for a state of discipline, than any other manager in, or who has ever been in, the game. Foster's knowledge didn't come gratis. It cost him something. And that something would be enough to start three or four baseball clubs. However, there is a reason for the Foster system in baseball operation, and of which some time we may talk, but not without the sanction of the big boss.—The Freeman.

"We Want No Race Prejudice" is a Star headline, but you get it and use it too, and twelve million colored citizens, good and true, in the United States will verify and substantiate our statement. In fact, when it comes to the colored man, you were conceived in race prejudice, born in it and grew up in it. It's absolutely your nature.

President Wilson's ears must burn day and night on account of the many nice things that are said about him behind the door and over the "big gate."

The whole country is enjoying a wave of prosperity such as never before heard of; only the wave is without money.

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Do You Need

Bills, Letter Heads, Cards, Posters
or any kind of

Job Work

If so let us figure with you.

Doing this kind of work is a part
of our business, and we are pre-
pared to do your work

At Once if Not Sooner

Ten thousand are as easy for us
to handle as one thousand.

CAYTON'S WEEKLY

513 Pacific Block

Telephone Main 24

Residence, Beacon 1910

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

(R. W. Thompson in The Freeman.)

The colored editor is doing his "bit."
"On to Des Moines." That's the slogan.
There are no Negro preachers of disloyalty.

One actual enlistment in the army is worth a dozen hot-air speeches.

The most costly commodity to nations and individuals is race prejudice.

General "Black Jack" Pershing is to carry the colors to France. Quite fitting!

Buy a bond for the Liberty Loan. At present that is as effective as firing a gun.

Save daylight! Work by the Lord's natural illumination and do your sleeping at night.

Colonel Roosevelt will have to send word to Joffre and the rest: "I can't come across!"

Emmett J. Scott has added to his fame by coming forward as a constructor of a moving picture scenario.

The federal government is cutting out "red tape" and working along the most practical lines for an "American efficient."

The farm has come into fashion. Tuskegee Institute's famous founder "told you so" in advance more than twenty years ago.

Yes, we ventured to call our Associated Press globe trotter "Doctor" Charles Steward—and we think we have gotten away with it.

In these piping times of the high cost of living don't overlook the homely virtues of the "corn-pone." It will put patriotism in the blood.

Judge Robert H. Terrell is Washington's colored mayor—the race's "First Chief" at the nation's capital. He wears his mantle worthily.

Roscoe Dunjee is not ashamed of the tint of the Negro American's skin. He is running a paper called "The Black Dispatch" at Oklahoma City, Okla.

Tuskegee Institute indicated its practical patriotism by tending the use of its building and grounds for the use of the government as a training camp for Negro officers.

The flower of the American Negro is marching toward "the front." As officers in the ranks, every colored American will give a creditable account of himself.

Dr. Spingarn did not reach the "Promised Land" with his training camp, but the race will have to give him credit for the best of intentions. He barked up the tree on which the fruit was being ripened.

In the death of Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, the veteran advocate of votes for women, the colored people lose another staunch friend and sturdy champion. Mrs. Lockwood was a credit to her country and her sex. Her passing occasions universal regret.

Has anyone heard the clarion voice of Vernon—the silver-tongued orator who held the pass with Leonidas at Thermopylae, stood with Horatius at the bridge and who communes daily with the silent Sphinx on the banks of the winding Nile? Where is Brer Vernon?

By efficient management, the Wage Earners' Bank at Savannah, Ga., established in 1900 as a small loan concern, has grown to a full-fledged temple of finance, and at the close of business March 20 had assets aggregating \$33,707.39. Isn't that going some?

The Negro who neglects to read his race papers is a "slacker" of the veriest type. The only way race pride can be inculcated is to keep posted on the creditable achievements of the Negro. This kind of information can be obtained only through Negro publications.

"The army is a good place for any man," says Sergeant Dally Farrior, of the Tenth Cavalry, who survived the terrible gunfire and ambuscade at Carrizal, Mexico. "Army discipline keeps a good man good and prevents a bad man staying bad." Page the "U. S. Army" and mark "Try same."

Charles W. Anderson is never lost in the shuffle, no matter how big the cards in hand may be. At the New York reception to Marshal Joffre and the French commis-

sion, Mr. Anderson was introduced to the party, along with the nation's most distinguished citizens, including such financial magnates as Henry Clews and J. Pierpont Morgan.

The suggestion that Congress provide for three new departments to direct munitions, food supplies and transportation is timely and should be virtualized into law at once. The heads of these new departments should have seats in the cabinet, which, as a whole, should constitute a council of national defense, acting as a unit under the general supervision of President Wilson. Action—swift, intelligent and constructive—is needed at once.

Mrs. Booker T. Washington was recently highly entertained by the people of Nashville, Tenn., and the "freedom of the city" was hers in every possible way. Day and night found her the guest of honor at some special function given by school, church, club or home, and at each she renewed the fine impression she has created throughout the nation as a lady of rare culture and intense race loyalty. While in "Beautiful Nashville" Mrs. Washington made her home with Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Napier.

Miss Minnie Brown of the staff of the New York News, is winning deserved fame, both as the "Daughter of the Regiment" (Fifteenth Infantry), laboring for the comfort and well-being of her soldier comrades and as war correspondent for Brer George W. Harris' brilliant journal. Miss Brown's versatility has ample outlets, and is proven by her able work as a humanitarian, literateur, singer, church helper and social organizer. She is a wonderful young woman—a potent influence for the civic uplift.

Roscoe Conkling Simmons, the most talked about colored platform orator of the times, is entitled to great credit for maintaining an even balance in the midst of universal acclaim. His head has not grown larger because of the volume of applause his high grade sentiments has evoked. Toasted and feted he is the same unspoiled "Rosescoe," bearing himself with becoming modesty, quiet dignity and unassuming simplicity. The hour never fails to produce its man—and Roscoe Conkling Simmons is pre-eminent "the man of the hour."

Lieut. Col. Charles Young at Fort Huachuca, Ariz., with the Tenth Cavalry, is training a large number of colored non-commissioned officers of the regular army who are ambitious to qualify for commissions. This is a practical method of solving the problem of making competent men for leadership in the colored troops of the country, supplementing the detachment of citizens that is to be trained at Fort Des Moines. The complications that seemed to threaten our military well doing a month or so ago are gradually being "ironed out."

"The whole nation must be a team in which each man shall play the part for which he is best fitted." This is the sage utterance of the American President in his proclamation of the call for registration for war duty. With the pitcher, catcher, basemen, shortstop and outfielders all in their regular places and plenty of "pep" on tap, there will be something doing when the game grows warm. The line-up is right for "teamwork" only when the players are cast for the roles in which they can render the best service. That is the genesis of "selective conscription," to which the country stands committed throughout this international conflict.

Li Yuan Hung, president of the Chinese republic, has been deposed and Hsu Chih Shih Chen has been chosen dictator. Thus does this unfortunate country, owing to the internal broils, swing from one form of government almost in the twinkling of an eye to another. China and Russia have refused to be modernized, and as a result they are rent from stem to gudgeon with mad revolutionists, who seem to have no higher aims than to raise a row and eventually ruin the country.

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PERSONAL

Charles A. Lucan, a former Northwest advertising specialist, is in the city for a short visit.

Roger W. Watts, a Tacoma attorney, was in the city on business last Monday.

Miss Lola Graham has opened a public stenographic office and is located in the office of the Searchlight.

P. Frazier, former manager of the Sphynx Investment Company, is now handling real estate, insurance and loans from the office of Andrew R. Black.

W. D. Slater, who has been offering Eastern Washington farm lands and who is farming a quarter section of his own, came over to visit with his family this week. He is enthusiastic of the prospects in that section of the state and he hopes to interest more colored folk in those lands to the extent of getting acreage over there.

Mrs. Ella Morris, who has been living in Renton for a number of months, has moved back to Franklin, evidently making preparations to be ready to help receive the colored miners in the near future. Before Franklin closed down some years ago she conducted a boarding house there and did exceedingly well. Mrs. Morris has a son and daughter with her. The prediction of Cayton's Weekly that Franklin would soon be reopened and that quite a few of the miners would be colored men was evidently straight dope and Mrs. Morris' move back to an extent proves it.

Clarence Selby, after a month's lingering illness of the dread tubercula, died last Monday and was buried Wednesday afternoon. He grew to manhood in this city and graduated from the Broadway high school and stood among the leaders in his final markings. He took the U. S. civil service examination and was given employment in Washington City. His health, however, failed him and some three years ago he returned to Seattle and has since lived here and Tacoma. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. George Selby, one of the substantial citizens of the city.

COMES TO A CLOSE

The Brotherhood of Mt. Zion Baptist Church will hold its second anniversary exercises at the church Sunday evening, June 10, 1917, at 8 o'clock sharp. Rev. E. M. Cohran of St. Joseph, Missouri, will be the principal speaker. Program:

Chorus	Choir
Scripture lesson	Rev. W. D. Carter
Invocation	Rev. Wm. Hammond
Anthem	Choir
Address—Work of the Brotherhood	
.....	A. H. Dimock
Solo	Eugene Bradley
Sermon	Rev. E. M. Cohran
Anthem	Choir

A. R. Black, Master of Ceremonies.

Without fear of successful contradiction can it be said the Brotherhood has had a most gratifying year and has been a well of everlasting uplift to the entire community. Its monthly meetings have been of a most helpful nature, and from which those attending have been highly benefitted. Dr. Cooper and his assistants are deserving of much praise for the good the Brotherhood has from time to time accomplished.

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THE DOUGLAS CLUB

Now Occupies spacious and elegantly furnished and equipped

NEW QUARTERS

And will be pleased to meet old and new friends

308 Washington St. Frank Smith, Prop.

Main 4930

QUARTER CENTURY CLUB

(Under this caption brief sketches of persons having lived in and about Seattle twenty-five or more years ago will be published herein from time to time, and it is suggested that an actual club be formed which will meet periodically or at least twice a year.—Editor.)

HENRY G. JONES, who works for the City of Seattle in the street department, twenty-five years ago was portering on an N. P. train running between here and Spokane. He was twenty-odd years of age at the time, but was married. Having hailed from North Carolina a short time previous, he was still full and overflowing with Southern hospitality and took pleasure in doing his fellowman a good turn, which often resulted in doing himself an injury. One day two gentlemanly looking down-and-out colored men approached him on the streets of Spokane and pleaded with him to take them to Seattle. Henry would jeopardize his job to undertake it, but he did, and put them away in his locker. One of them was frisky and would not stay put and repeatedly showed up in the passenger coach until the conductor caught him. He was put off the train and the other man paid his fair, and Jones, on reaching Seattle, was laid off. He has worked continuously for the city for the past fifteen years and owns valuable property.

MRS. ETTA HAWKINS, who owns and occupies an elegant home on Summit avenue North, a quarter of a century ago lived in the A. B. C. block, which was a tenement house and perhaps the best in the city, which stood on the lot where now stands the Ethelton Hotel, on Third avenue between University and Union. She had but recently married J. Edward Hawkins and moved from California to Seattle, where she has resided ever since. She was not more than in her early twenties and possessing a handsome form and face and always well groomed. Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins when out together she made them set up and take notice. Her husband died some three years ago.

MRS. CORNELIA GIBSON, who lives with her daughter, Mrs. Laura Saunders at 7729 Rainier boulevard, a quarter of a century ago was living in Franklin with her husband, Robert Gibson, who was killed by a boiler explosion, and was keeping boarders. The family had recently come West from North Carolina and brought all of their Southern hospitality with them. Mrs. Gibson was only in her twenties then and was truly a Southern belle. She boarded quite a few of the miners, who were making good money and paid well for their board, and her Southern hospitality moved her to set a table fit for the gods. Her home soon became the headquarters for persons from the city who visited Franklin. A visit of two or three days with Mrs. Gibson and her family was always refreshing. She has three children living and all at home with her. She is a handsome grandmother.

W. S. GAYLES, who has a small barber shop in the Fremont district, twenty-five years ago was doing a bit of detective work on the side and also conducting a barber shop. He held a deputy U. S. marshal commission in order to do certain kinds of work, and he made frequent runs up and down the Sound in quest of persons breaking the United States laws. Once while he was out he ran on to a cache of three or four bolts of the finest texture of woolen goods, such as are used for men's suitings and overcoats, and though he turned it over to the police department to

be claimed by the owner, yet it was never called for and of course was turned back to him. Evidently it had been smuggled into the country and no one wanted to get into trouble over it. The fine suits he boasted of soon thereafter made "Biz" look like a prince. Gayles, however, was not much of a money maker and did not accumulate. He had a wife, but no children, and for years his wife was his second barber, and, by the way, was the first "lady barber" to operate in Seattle.

J. KNIGHT KORUM, who is now assistant janitor at the Haller building under Joseph Bennett, twenty-five years ago was doing janitor work in broken lots—that is, a few rooms here and there in the business section of the city, and it is safe to say he was taking in more money day by day and month by month than many, if not all, of those holding regular jobs. Joe Knight, as he was then called, lived on the corner of Fourth and Pine in a cottage where now stands the Flatiron building. He and his wife were good lovers and begged their friends to come often and stay long. He was always a most peaceful soul, but once, when a "lady" tore loose on him in language that is not used in a Sunday school, his right hand got away from him and it was but a few minutes thereafter that he had sent a hurry call for a doctor to coax the lady back to life. His wife is long since dead and he is showing his years.

ANTHONY RICHARDSON, who now resides at the Douglas apartments, was a miner at Franklin twenty-five years ago, and was some miner. He came to the camp from Pine Bluff, Arkansas, and with him came his wife and six children, and a happy family it was. He was a young man and came West, not so much with the idea of growing up with the country, as to make a fortune, but to make a fortune with so many little ones hanging on to you is not as easily done as said, but he did well and has much to pat himself on the back for. All of the children except his younger son are married now. Mrs. Richardson died some three years ago.

D. W. GIBSON, who operates a barber shop in Tacoma, a quarter of a century ago was operating a five-chair barber shop in Seattle on Second avenue South and Main street in the Kinnear block. It, at the time, was the best equal rights shop in the Northwest and was the meeting place for the great bulk of colored citizens in and about Seattle. Dan was some boy those days, being both a social and a political lion. He was at the time in his twenties and had a wife and two children. He had been but a few months from his native heath in the state of North Carolina. He was a great money maker, but it came easy and went the same way. Had he invested a tenth of the money he took in each week in real estate he would now be easily worth \$100,000. He is still in good health and is doing well in business.

MRS. ROSCOE DIXON, who is one of Seattle's very reliable nurses and lives at Brighton Beach, twenty-five years ago lived with her family in the Occidental block, now known as the Seattle Hotel. She, at the time, was one of the few nurses of the city and of course always had more calls than she could fill. While she had quite a few friends, yet she did not take as active part in church and social work as did many others, yet she was no slacker when it came to turning a helping hand for suffering humanity. At that time she had already been in the city a number of years, her husband being a brother of Robert L. Dixon, both of whom were Seattle pioneers. Her husband died some months ago and she and her two daughters occupy the home. She is in fairly good health, but is showing her years.

JOHN N. CONNA, who is now custodian of the Federal building in Fairbanks, Alaska, a quarter of a century ago was living

on a homestead near Auburn, King County, and he was one of the only two colored men who took up donation claims in the Puget Sound country. At that time he was nearing his fiftieth mile stone and was the father of ten living children. After proving up on his claim he moved to Tacoma and at one time owned real estate valued at \$250,000. He was a great politician and was the only colored man to ever hold the position of sergeant-at-arms of the Senate of the State of Washington. Though in his seventies he is reported in excellent health and recently took unto himself a second wife, his first having died some time ago.

CHARLES A. LUCAS, who now calls Oakland, California, his home, spent the past week in Seattle, and when seen became very reminiscent, he having read about the imaginary Quarter Century Club, the membership of which is being made up in Cayton's Weekly. "Twenty-five years ago I was doing Seattle from a real estate standpoint. I first landed in Seattle the next day after the big fire and stayed in a tent which represented the name of the New England Hotel. I left for Vancouver the next day and bought a piece of real estate up there that is now worth \$200,000, but I do not own it. I returned to Seattle within a few days and bought a lot on Fourteenth and Jackson and involved my Vancouver property in the transaction, and things not working well I lost them both. While I do not call Seattle home, yet I always feel at home here, and as I am here once or twice a year I feel that I am quite eligible to your Quarter Century Club." Mr. Lucas is well known to the old-time politicians of Seattle and they always give him a warm welcome. He and A. D. Griffin worked together.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of Washington, for King County.
In the Matter of the Estate of David Cole, Deceased. No. 21679. Notice to Creditors.
By order of said court made herein on the 29th day of May, 1917, Notice is hereby given to the creditors of, and to all persons having claims against said deceased or against said estate, to present them with the necessary vouchers to the undersigned administratrix of said estate, at 315 Pacific Block, Seattle, King County, Washington, the place of business of said estate, in Seattle, in said county and state, within one year from and after the date of first publication of this notice or said claim will be barred.
Date of first publication June 2nd, 1917.
Last publication June 30, 1917.
HATTIE BOWSER,
As Administratrix of said Estate.

ANDREW R. BLACK, Attorney for Estate, 315 Pacific Block, Seattle, Washington.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF Washington for King County.
Mariano Mangialardo, Plaintiff, vs. Nunziata Mangialardo, Defendant. No. Summons by Publication.

You are hereby summoned to appear within sixty days after the date of the first publication of this summons, to-wit: Within sixty days after the 23rd day of April, A. D. 1917, and defend the above entitled action in the above entitled court, and answer the complaint of the plaintiff, and serve a copy of your answer upon the undersigned attorney for plaintiff at his office below stated; and in case of your failure so to do, judgment will be rendered against you according to the demand of the complaint, which has been filed with the clerk of said court.

The object of the said action, set forth in the complaint, is as follows: To obtain a divorce from you upon the grounds of cruelty.

That the court award to Plaintiff as his sole and separate property, Lot six (6), Block eleven (11), Claremont Addition to Seattle, King County, Washington.

ANDREW R. BLACK, Attorney for Plaintiff.

P. O. Address: 315 Pacific Block.
Date of first publication, April 28, 1917.
Date of last publication, June 9, 1917.

BURR WILLIAMS President
RUSSELL SMITH Secretary

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