

July Library Job
Reference Department

Cayton's Weekly

Single Copies, 5 Cents.

SEATTLE, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1916.

VOL. I, No. 10

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."

Republican in politics and against going behind the party and primary returns.

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 603 Pacific Bldg. Telephone Main 2664.

WILL H. THOMPSON'S MISTAKE

Among the speakers at the dedicatory services of the Daughters of the American Revolution was Will H. Thompson, an attorney of Seattle of more or less local fame for his learning and oratory. There is no denying that he is a brilliant scholar and a logical talker, but true to his southern dogma, he never rises to speak on national history, but that he takes up the most of his time trying to prove God Almighty did not "create all men equal" nor from the same root, but He had a special mould for the white man and used a superior quality of clay. The above hobby is characteristic of men born south of Mason and Dixon line and, if you rob them of that one idea they are without force or effect. In his recent speech he declared, "after a most diligent search some supernatural being found the white race in the mountains of Asia and gave unto them a book, from which they read, 'go forth and conquer the world and make it productive,' and they have done so" Since the world had been ruled for many years prior by persons of black skins and by whom the cradle of our present civilization was rocked, we venture, Mr. Thompson, that the supernatural personage, who handed the book to the white race was a relic of the black race, which had run it course.

Does Mr. Thompson desire to go on record as contradicting the Bible? Adam and Eve evidently were of dark skin and if the theory be correct, will Mr. Thompson explain what became of the stock from which the white race sprung, if he denies that all races came from the same parentage? That the white race did grasp the dying civilization, founded by the black race, seems quite evident and that that civilization has pushed it along can not be denied, but such logic as that advocated by the gentleman "frum de suf" is historical rot, which was bred and born in the eleven southern states, and has never found an advocate outside of them except when someone like Will H. Thompson happened to get away. His remarks in that connection were listened to by a large concourse of learned citizens without showing any signs of approval and did not draw forth a single applause.

It's a matter of history that the black man has played a most conspicuous part in the great movements of the world, since the mind of man runeth not to the contrary. If sacred history is to be believed the most of the Patriarchs were men of dark or black skins. Solomon, the wisest of them all, was a black man; and even Jesus Christ came to the world through black parentage. Some of the world's greatest warriors were men with black skins and, if the student of anthropology be correct, the discoverer of America was from a race of people that had centuries prior amalgamated with the blacks of Africa, from hence sprung the great Latin races. Even the historical event that gave rise to the Daughters of the American Revolution had for its seed

the blood of a black man in the person of Crispus Attucks, who was the first to fall in the Revolutionary war, while he with others marched through the streets of Boston. But why try to convince one who thinks a white skin is a mark of natural superiority, whether or not there is anything under the hat.

We believe the Bible is correct when it says, "all men are created of one blood." We believe in the teachings of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. We believe that that divinity, which shapes our ends, designed the United States of North America as the one spot in all the world where men of all colors, races and creeds would be submerged into one specific, grand and noble race and would reach that high state of perfection here on earth that the Creator intended man should do.

HUGHES WAS HERE

If Charles Evans Hughes can create a hundredth part as much enthusiasm among the voters of the state of New York as he did among the voters of Seattle last Tuesday evening his election is as certain as voting day comes round. Theodore Roosevelt, himself, and that too while president of the United States, did not draw any greater crowd, when he visited Seattle, than did Mr. Hughes on his recent visit to this city. Multiplied thousands lined the streets and waited his passing and not satisfied, followed him up the street to his hotel. Long before 7 o'clock the great amphitheatre was full and overflowing and the crowd outside was three times greater than the one inside. Some weeks ago it was predicted by Cayton's Weekly that the Republican candidate for president would carry the state of Washington by 100,000 majority and since the candidate has come and gone it looks as if he will carry it by even a greater majority than that predicted.

There may be better campaigners in the party than Candidate Hughes, but you will have to go some to find them, and using his own words, "each day seems better than the one just past." He put the Democratic administration on the defensive the very day he began his western tour and it has been continually trying to explain its short coming brought out by him ever since. So burning as well as cutting were his accusations that President Wilson thought it absolutely necessary for him to later on follow in the footsteps of Mr. Hughes, but his party managers have dissuaded him from doing that as they now realize it would be impossible for Mr. Wilson to make a single vote along the route travelled by Mr. Hughes. Democracy at best is a failure, but it seems to have fallen worse under President Wilson than under any one else. May God speed the day when it will again be wiped completely out of power and hurled headlong to the "dimnation bow wows." 426001

WORDS OF WISDOM

"Despite the fact I am a bishop in the African Methodist Episcopal church, yet I haven't so much religion that I cannot counsel with you on secular things," said Bishop Parks in his address last Wednesday evening. "I therefore entreat you to become more useful citizens by taking an interest in your local governments. Study conditions, be sure you register and then do not forget to vote, but under no circumstances vote the Democratic ticket."

And thus has all been said, go ye and do likewise.

Then he said "Stand ye together and help to bear each others burdens."

How different would the story of Colored Citizenship of this country be, if they would only stand together and help each others burdens to bear. We sing, preach and parade of our accomplishments since emancipation but just think what it would have been had we stood together. Men, prominent in the respective communities in which they live, act alone in all attempted public enterprises. If one starts up, all take a shot at him, if he starts down, all take a kick at him. For every success the road is made the easier for the coming ones and for every failure it makes the way more difficult for them. The success of your son or daughter opens the door to your neighbors, if not then, at some future date. Hang together or you will surely hang separately.

A girl shuts her eyes when her lover kisses her because sweet things are better in the dark.

Dr. C. C. Tiffin is making a splendid fight for coroner, and he should get the vote of those who love their families.

Poindexter having deserted his post, Humphrey is pushing to a successful finish the Bremerton appropriation bill.

If you have not registered do it now, and after you have registered learn something about the men running for office.

Border outlary continues along the Seattle water front and the alleged "strong arm of the law" seems powerless to put a stop to it.

According to the Star of Seattle Candidate Hughes is loosing votes. Sure he is, for President Wilson has ordered another batch of soldiers to the Mexican border.

Carrigan boasts of having the active support of the Bolo Club. In comparison to the entire vote of the Seattle commissioner district he has not got very much to boast of.

It is up to the business men of Seattle to lend a willing hand in getting out the Ramsay vote for county commissioner. The sacrifice is all on Ramsay's part and it is now the duty of the taxpayers to fight his battle for him. In the meantime Mr. Ramsay is not leaving a stone unturned to help himself. Let everybody get off and push.

Endorsing no candidate for the primary election is another way of trying to get something for nothing. All of the Republican candidates can not be nominated and if you are for them all what specific claims have you on the winner. Always stand for something and be for somebody, but be sure you are for the candid te that says he is for you.

The longshoreman's strike continues unabated and outlary just as keen as in the outset of the strike. Piers are being blown up and docks benign set fire to, and other forms of anarchism being practiced. No wonder the Employers' Association refuses to consider any settlement save the "open shop" one, and it is our hope it will continue in a like frame of mind.

Mayor Gill declines to make temperance or prohibition speeches either at home or abroad. Wise old scout, Hi is. He is some politician. When things are wet, why Hi is wet, and when dry, he is dry, but judging from his past he is at heart very very wet.

ON THE CREEK ROAD

SUSIE REVELS CAYTON

One of the first things that Doctor Joseph Bradsberry did, after arriving in Gainsville, a small town in Mississippi, was to purchase a homey little cottage two blocks from the main street. Then he hung up his sign in one of its front windows, and turned his attention to putting in an early summer garden. That finished, the doctor purchased a horse and a buggy in which to visit his prospective patients, and hired Elias Green, a young Negro boy, to care for the stable and drive for him. It so happened that 'Lias lived in "Freeman Town," an unpaved, poorly lighted section of Gainsville, where most of the poorer class of Negroes lived. Hence "Freedman Town" soon knew that the new doctor was destined to become very popular, as his office consultations were frequent and 'Lias had driven with him to make professional calls at several of the wealthiest people's homes.

This was interesting, but when 'Lias reported that the doctor was expecting a Negro woman from New Orleans to keep house for him, excitement in "Freedman Town" was on tip toe. It gradually died down, however, when it was learned that the woman from New Orleans was apparently a Creole woman, better looking than any of her race in Gainsville, answered to the name of Lucelia, was as old as the doctor himself but as neat and dainty as a girl of fourteen, worshipped at the Catholic institution every Sunday, rain or shine, kept the doctor's house as clean as a new pin; minded her own business and stayed in her own yard.

So the days began to roll by as calmly as they did before Lucelia Fitzpatrick came to keep house for Doctor Bradsberry. The summers followed the winters, the flowers bloomed and withered, the gardens grew and yielded, as year after year passed over Gainsville.

At the lower end of "Freedman Town" stood a delapidated one-roomed house. This was the home of "Graveyard Pete" and his wife, Aunt Emeline. Pete had been given the name of Graveyard because as far back as some of the oldest inhabitants of Gainsville could remember he had dug the grave for every man, woman and child that had died there. Then, too, there was Pete Bellos and old Pete Rehno, both members of the same church as "Graveyard", and it saved trouble when speaking of them. Graveyard Pete was a very small, slim man, yet noted for his physical strength, and except when in the presence of his wife, Aunt Emily, his tenacity of purpose.

Now nature was out of humor, else she jested when it came to Pete's wife. Aunt Emily stood six feet nine, her enemies called her "double jointed," her voice and manner were, to say the least, masculine, while her face—it was of a shiney black with protrading eyes, the whites of which were always red—but words are weak to describe Aunt Emily, she had to be seen physically to be appreciated mentally. Sufficient is it to say, if she were a woman of any outward charms or inner graces no one in Gainsville had ever been heard to mention it.

The noon day meal was just over and Graveyard Pete was lighting up his corncob pipe. One unvarying rule in that home was that after dinner Pete smoked, in the winter seated by the fireplace, in the summer in the front doorway, while Emily did the heaviest part of her week's washings. Soapsuds and tobacco smoke were much in evidence when Emily favored Pete with this unpreambled remark:

"Givin' the devil his due, whatever else she is, that housekeeper of Doctor Bradsberry, Aunt Celesia they calls her, is one big-hearted uman."

"How so?" grunted Pete.

"Why, I takes notice there aint been a sick person in this town of our people since she has been here but what she sount 'um a pail of soup or broth or somthin; there aint been a laying-in woman but what the next Sunday after her baby was born she got a free cooked dinner sount her; the hand o' death aint struck down a single person but what flowers was sount um, that is when flowers was; and sister Perkins tol me this mornin that sister Johnson told her that the minister's wife tol her that every Saturday night since the first week she sot foot in this town there was a couple o' pies or cake or somthin sount 'um for they Sunday dinner."

"It would 'pear that way," answered Pete.

During the several years just past, the excel-

lent services of Doctor Bradsberry had made themselves felt. There had not been as many deaths as theretofore. Hence Pete had not been kept very busy. This meant a corresponding growth in the number of Aunt Emily's washings. Clothes were piled up high around her one hot day that mid-summer. She was working diligently. Pete and his pipe occupied the doorway. After what must have been a short nap, for the smoke had cleared away for a space of time, Pete drolled out: "Saw the minister's wife an' Aunt Celesia setting out on the doctor's back porch, sewing, as I come along."

"Sewing," almost screamed Aunt Emily. She dropped back into the tub the piece she was wringing. Good Lord! I hope that minister's wife ain't fool enough to be making baby clothes. Seems like the conference would have sense enough not to send a little one-horse town like Gainsville a minister as has nothing but six children and an organetta no how, Pete!" and Aunt Emily put her wet hands on her hips and looked her disgust. "You are as unmitigated a no-count pile of skin and bones as I ever laid my eyes on. Seems like you was jus born to 'sturb my peace o' mind. Now I gotta stop all my work and take Aunt Celesia a sample of my peach preserves I made yestiday. Bet I see if hits baby clothes they're making."

When Aunt Emily arrived she found the two women still seated on the porch quietly having a cup of tea. In a box near the door lay several fancy bags, aprons and pin cushions, all in readiness for the Methodist church bazaar.

The next five years brought several changes to the people of Gainsville. Doctor Bradsberry, after a lingering illness, had died. No one was much surprised when it was learned that he had left all of his earthly possessions to his housekeeper. There seemed to be no relatives with whom he was in touch, and a mother could not have been more faithful to a beloved son than was Aunt Lucelia to him during his entire illness.

The second year after his death Aunt Lucelia was stricken and died very suddenly.

"She must have 'spected jus sich a death," said Aunt Emily to Pete, "for her house was all in readiness an her will was all rit out. I hurd the reading of the one and seed the other with my own two eyes," she concluded in a tone of deep resignation.

There was quite a spirit of disapproval in "Freedman Town" when it was found that Aunt Lucelia had bequeathed all of her money to the Catholic institution. This completely vanished, however, after the Methodist minister's family were comfortably installed in the doctor's old home, which Aunt Lucelia had willed to the Methodist church to be used as a parsonage.

The garden where the doctor was so wont to work was filled with vegetables and the front yard blossoming with the kind of flowers Aunt Lucelia had loved the next summer Pete noted as he passed on his way home to dinner. After he had lighted his pipe and talked from the doorway for some time to any one who was willing to stand in the hot sun and listen to him, he addressed Aunt Emily. "Well, tomorrow I got the hardest day's work I ever had in my life, I reckon. Got ten men to help me."

The work at the tub stopped. Aunt Emily straightened, glared at him several minutes unbelievably, then snapped: "Whatsat?"

"Got to dig two hundred graves," announced Pete.

"Two hundred graves!" screamed Aunt Emily. "Pete! you are the hard-headeddest, contray limb of creation God ever let walk on two legs. What do you suppose some poor man or uman what has been unfortunate enough to die would want with two hundred graves when one is more an he ever had a hankering to lay in?"

"I gotta dig up every colored man, uman and chil as has ever died in Gainsville and put um in a graveyard to they selves," slowly and deliberately announced Pet. They has had the boxes made and is painting um black now."

"Pete, I don't believe it," said Aunt Emily.

"Ain't I been tuck over to the commons, down by the creek road, and showed whar to dig them graves. Ain't I been out to the graveyard an showed the marshal whar all the colored is laid?" asked and answered Pete.

Emeline did not reply. She just snatched up the first piece her hand came to and began a most vigorous rubbing. Garment after garment tumbled out of her tub as if there were hidden electricity about her elbows. Soapsuds spat-

tered the floor all around her—otherwise silence reigned.

'Twas Pet who broke it. "I'm to dig every one of them graves six feet long."

"Wouldn't have 'sprised me, in they littleness, if they'd had some of um dug four feet and some of um dug two," retorted Aunt Emily. "Them town officers jist goes up in that court house, shets them doors, and 'cides what they wants to do, and we poor black folks never knows what is gwinter be did to us til its did. Pete! this is a pretty acting country you are living in."

"Seems that way, ol' uman," answered Pete.
(To be continued)

WHEN WHISKY IS NOT MEDICINE

(From "Literary Digest.")

How much liquor may a physician prescribe for a patient in a "dry" locality without raising the presumption that it is to be used as a beverage instead of a medicine? This problem is set for The Druggists' Circular (New York, July) by a correspondent in Mississippi. A legal authority consulted by the editor reports that he can find no statute-law on the subject, nor any court-decision that would appear to control the doctor's judgment. The editor believes that to secure a verdict against a physician charged with prescribing liquor in excess of the legitimate needs of his patient, the prosecuting attorney would have to show to the satisfaction of the jury that the amount prescribed was really excessive. "And the ideas of different juries are apt to vary in matters of this kind." The legal authority consulted by the editor goes on to say:

"The rights of a druggist in general are well stated in the decision of the Missouri Court of Appeals in the case of State versus Robertson . . . where it was held that when a physician issues a prescription in regular form, it is authority to the druggist to sell the liquor therein prescribed, and such druggist has a right to assume that the prescription was issued in good faith.

"In short, if a druggist delivers liquor on a prescription in the form prescribed by law to cover such sales, without any intimation that the prescription is being used as a subterfuge to evade a law forbidding the sale of liquor as a beverage, he is on the safe side of the law.

"But it has been recognized in numerous decisions . . . that a druggist is amenable to the law, regardless of any claim of good faith, if he has made a sale under a prescription which does not conform to the statutory requirements, and that a prescription, regular on its face, is not conclusive as to good faith, when there is proof to show that the physician and the druggist were parties to an attempt to evade the law.

"Remembering that where a prescription is regular on its face—the question of guilty intent is to be determined by the facts of the particular case—the quantity of liquor prescribed might have an important bearing on a court or jury's finding, especially when the nature of the prescription is such that, in the light of common experience, it challenges suspicion on the point of good faith. The nature of the patient's supposed complaint as established by proof, any intemperate habits, or any other circumstances relevantly pointing to the good faith of the physician in issuing the prescription would control the question in a particular case. Often expert testimony of physicians as to the propriety of prescribing the stated quantity of liquor would prove decisive on an inquiry as to whether the physician acted innocently.

"As to the druggist if he has seen that the prescription is in due form, he can not be held to have violated the law, unless, as above stated, there is proof of the fact that he knew the prescription was not issued in good faith."

Giving the Billingsleys jail sentences looks well in print, but they never go to jail, nor do they quit bootlegging. What the public wants to see is those law-breakers actually in jail.

What the public wants to know of President Wilson is, what is the present army of 140,000 men being held at the Mexican border for? Are they, too, being drilled in the "watchful waiting" effect? If the war cloud has blown over the effect? If the war cloud has blown over the men should be sent home.

POLITICS AND POLITICIANS

Six candidates have filed for the United States senate, three serious, Will E. Humphrey, Miles Poindexter and Enoch A. Bryan, either of whom may be nominated, two dummies for other candidates, Spaulding in the interest of Bryan and Durhea in the interest of Miles Poindexter, and one to satisfy a political delusion, with no more chance of winning than an Indian statute, Mrs. Allen, wife of the late Senator John B. Allen. Which two of these to vote for is the question for each voter to settle. It is argued by the local advocates of the three leading candidates that it is right and proper to vote for your real favorite in the fight for first choice and some dummy for second choice. If this practice is followed to any great extent some of the dummies will get a large number of votes, but not enough to make either of them at any time seriously in the race. Every true Seattleite will vote for Humphrey for first choice, and some of them will place their second choice so as to not jeopardize his chances of winning. In other words, they will vote for Mrs. Allen or one of the dummy candidates. Humphrey ought to leave Seattle with a lead over Poindexter and Bryan in first choice votes that would make him hard to catch, however faster than he they may run in other parts of the state, but it is not probable that either he or any other candidate will get the requisite forty per cent, hence he must get a big second choice vote in order to win and there is the rub. Those who vote for Poindexter will not give Humphrey their second choice vote, but those who vote for Bryan for first choice may do so, and if they do Humphrey is certain of election. The most of the men who will vote for Bryan are old line Republicans and under no circumstances will be for Poindexter. However, Bryan may be able to influence them to vote for one of the dummy candidates instead of Humphrey, which would seriously cripple Humphrey's chances of winning the nomination.

Poindexter has a wonderful amount of personal strength among the one-time Progressive vote, for first choice, but hardly enough to give him the requisite forty per cent. In order to win then he, too, must look for second choice votes, and the question with those who are supporting him is, from whom will they come? Poindexter will, it is here predicted, have fewer second choice votes than either of the other two leading candidates and therein lies his great weakness. He is not a Republican according to his own statement, and if re-elected will not vote with the Republicans only when it pleases him to do so. In short, he has no party ties, though he is appealing to the Republicans to re-elect him. Poindexter never has been a Republican and never has affiliated with Republicans only on election day, when he wants Republican votes to elect him to an office.

Enoch A. Bryan is a true blue Republican and has always affiliated with that party, and if elected will work in perfect harmony with the Republican party. He is strong in Eastern Washington among the farmers and in the very locality where Poindexter got the most of his votes when he ran before, he will therefore take from Poindexter a great many votes that he would get were only he and Humphrey pitted against each other.

And now to discuss the above candidates from the view point of a colored citizen for a moment. Poindexter has never been satisfactory to the officers of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and they have always recommended against him. He has never complied with the wishes of the local branch of the Association when they have appealed to him to vote against measures that have been brought forward by the southern Democrats inimical to the welfare of the colored citizens, but on the other hand voted with the Democrats. No colored citizen can consistently vote for Poindexter.

Enoch A. Bryan in national issues is an unknown quantity, but in local matters he has always been fair to the colored citizens. As president of the state college he never made any discrimination in the school and says he will be

just as fair in Congress as he was in his school work.

Humphrey has always been Johnny-on-the-job, when the colored citizens appealed to him to go to the front for them, and while he refused to be put on the gridiron by the Association, yet he never wavered in Congress and it can be said without fear of successful contradiction that he can be trusted and therefore should receive every first choice vote among the colored voters of the state.

Speaking about Humphrey reminds the editor hereof of a letter which he recently received from him, which is as follows:

Committee on Rivers and Harbors,
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.,
Washington, D. C., August 9, 1916.

Mr. H. R. Cayton,
603 Pacific Block,
Seattle, Washington.

My dear Mr. Cayton:

There has come to my notice a recent copy of your paper, in which you had some very favorable comments in regard to my candidacy for United States Senate.

You are familiar with my record ever since I came as a young, unknown man to Seattle. You know personally something about my early struggles and vicissitudes. I certainly am pleased to know that this record has met your approval. Few men in the state of Washington, in the years gone by, have been in closer touch with political events than yourself, and few are in a position to speak more authoritatively on the days that are gone.

Assuring you that I appreciate your kindly sentiments, I am

Sincerely yours,

W. E. Humphrey.

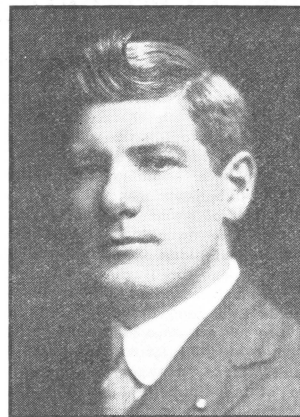


MILO A. ROOT

Milo A. Root, who has filed for one of the nine superior court judges is an able and conscientious man and attorney and will make an ideal judge. Judge Root should receive one of the largest votes of any one in the race and Cayton's Weekly most cheerfully commends his candidacy and recommends him to its readers as one they can vote for and never have cause to regret it.

"John H. Roberts knows the sheriff's game if he will do his duty, and it looks to me very much like that he is the only candidate for sheriff of King County that will do so," said a prominent Seattle man.

Cayton's Weekly is desirous of having you as a subscriber because, first, it needs the money, and secondly, because it is full and overflowing every week with good, wholesome reading matter that will do your soul good. Let the paper come to your address.



ELMER F. CONNER

Elmer F. Conner, who seeks the nomination for county auditor is peculiarly fitted to fill the position and if nominated and elected he will give the taxpayers one of the best administrations in the history of that office. Mr. Conner was bred and born in "bleeding Kansas" and of a parentage that had Republicanism shot into them, and he inherited it from them.

(Paid Advertisement)



DR. CHARLES C. TIFFIN

Candidate for Coroner, Subject to Republican Primaries, September 12, 1916.
Ask Your Doctor.

WANTED!

DECK HANDS

For Puget Sound Steamers
OF THE

Border Line
Transportation Company

Steady employment. \$50.00 per month and overtime, including board and sleeping quarters.

Inquire of Agent, B. L. T. Co.

Pier 4

Main 5842

Local Notices
Beacon
2901

Marshall Printing Company

Candidates Cards, Political Advertising, Etc.
603 to 608 Pacific Block Phone Main 2664

POPULAR PERSONAGES

REV. J. P. BROWN, pastor of the Second Baptist church of Roslyn, Washington, has held the pastorate of that church since 1898. For a number of years he held a charge in Spokane but accepted the call to Roslyn, where he has remained ever since. He is a graduate of a Massachusetts theological seminary. Between preaching days he is a handy man about the camp in doing all kinds of mechanical jobs, painting and kalsomining. He owns his home in the town of Roslyn. In speaking of the political situation he said: "I am for Hughes and all of the Republican nominees, when they shall have been nominated. I am going to vote for John E. Frost first choice for governor and have not decided for whom I will vote for second choice. In my opinion Mr. Frost will get the vote of every member of my church and all of those with whom I come in contact in and about Roslyn."

REV. SAMUEL G. WILSON, the moderator of the Northwest Baptist Association, has been a resident of the state of Washington for many years. He lived in Everett for a number of years and endeavored to build up a Baptist church there, but there were not enough colored folks in the community to maintain two churches, and so he accepted the pastorate of the Spokane church. He, in connection with his pastoral work, has published a monthly paper for the Association, which is five years old. His daughter was the first colored child to graduate from the Everett high school, which she did with much honor to herself. At the conclusion of the Association he visited with relatives in Bremerton and then went to Everett to look after his property interests.

REV. SAMUEL A. FRANKLIN is something of a local preacher in and about Newcastle, but makes no pretense at holding a charge. For a number of years he has held the position of electrician at the Newcastle mine and he has the reputation of knowing his business. He gets a salary of three dollars and sixty cents per day and steady work, which enables him to lay by a dollar for a rainy day. He owns ten acres of land near Kennysdale, which he has stocked with horses, cows, hogs, and poultry, and on the whole it is safe to say he is one of the well-fixed men of that community.

REV. J. A. NELSON, aside from being a prominent member of the Baptist Association, is grand master of the Masons of the state of Washington and jurisdiction, and is also president of the Colored Republican Club of Pierce county. He has resided in Tacoma for the past seven years and has always been found with those working for the uplift. When the local branch of the Association for the Advancement of Colored People was organized in Tacoma he was elected its first president. He is at present pastor of one of the Baptist churches of that city and is in many other ways a most useful as well as enterprising citizens of this commonwealth.

REV. W. D. CARTER, who was re-elected secretary of the Northwest Baptist Association, has had much experience both in pastoral work as well as organization work and has always been one of the prominent men of every community in which he has resided. He has been in Seattle for the past four years and has brought the Mt. Zion Baptist church out of the chaotic state in which it had fallen, owing to long and continued dissension among its membership. It is now one of the strongest Baptist churches in the Northwest and completely out of debt. Before coming to the Coast, Rev. Carter was engaged in field work for a Baptist school in the state of Missouri. He is deeply interested in the political outlook for the colored citizens and is going to help in the fight to gain representation for the colored voters in the make-up of the coming official families.

Rev. Carter leaves Seattle in one week for Savannah, Georgia, to attend the National Baptist Convention.

From the above it will be seen that the most of those who were delegates to the Baptist Association, which closed its sessions last Sunday night at the Mt. Zion Baptist church, are more

or less prominent in the affairs of the state and are actively engaged in the general uplift.

Rev. G. E. Bailey, of Boise, Idaho, is among those attending the annual conference. He is not only a preacher, but is also a practicing attorney there and doing fairly well. His clientele, he says, is a mixed one, but a paying one.

B. F. Tutt, Seattle's popular tonsor artist and periodical dealer, has quite outgrown his present quarters and has rented a large and commodious store room on the corner, a few doors west of his present location, and the mechanics have already begun the remodeling of the same. Mr. Tutt started out on the theory that there is nothing too good for his customers and he no sooner completes one innovation in the way of improvements than he begins another. He has a splendid eye to business and puts it into execution.

WHAT HAS AFRICAN METHODISM TO SAY FOR ITSELF?

African Methodism did not spring from a spirit of ignorant obstinacy, neither was it a child of fanaticism and self-conceit, as has been sometimes charged. It arose as a protest against repression and ostracism at the altars of God. It entered its protest in 1787 with a purpose to erect its own altars and to encourage free religious thought and action.

It sprang from a sense of duty, prompted by pity and pity. Its underlying motive was to save souls; to enlighten, evangelize and to lift up mankind. The founders saw their race ostracised, segregated, enslaved and crushed. They inscribed as an insignia upon their denominational banner: "God Our Father, Man Our Brother, Christ Our Redeemer."

WHAT THERE IS IN A NAME

An Answer to William Shakespeare.

First Voice at the telephone—"Is this the office of P. Harold Jones?"

Second Voice (at the other end)—"Yes, sir."

First Voice—"Is Attorney Jones there?"

Second Voice—"Yes, sir; here at the phone. What can I do for you?"

First Voice—"Well, this is Charles A. Westover talking. I understand my wife has been to see you with some talk of a divorce. Is this correct?"

Second Voice—"Yes, sir. Mrs. Charles A. Westover has consulted me regarding a divorce from her husband."

First Voice—"Well, I'm her husband all right, and I want to have a talk with you about this matter. You see my wife's the right sort; she's all right in every way; but her mother is all wrong in many ways. Her mother is one of those D. F. professional women; a woman's right crank, always trying to usurp man's prerogative and going into business that belong to men; you know the kind I mean. Because she has a masculine voice she thinks she ought to have a man's job. She's to blame for this divorce idea, and if you will give me a half hour I can convince you. Let me bring my auto around and take you around to Harvey's, where we can have a cold bottle or two and talk this matter over."

Second Voice—"Sir, I am Pauline Harold Jones, a D. F. professional woman with a masculine voice and a man's job; also the mother of seven children."

—Ben Winslow.

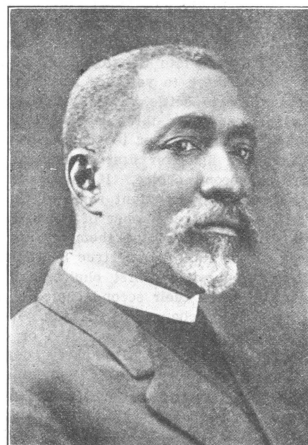
The old settlers of Seattle regretted very much to learn of the death of Mrs. S. J. Collins, wife of the pastor of the A. M. E. church at Everett, who for many years resided in Seattle. Mr. and Mrs. Collins were among the founders of the present magnificent A. M. E. church of this city. Mrs. Collins, like her husband, is a Georgian by birth and at the time of her death was fifty-six years of age. She was buried in Tacoma, the Rev. H. M. Collins officiating.

The Northwest Baptist Association adjourned last Sunday evening and will meet next year in Spokane.

Mr. John Jackson Bush died last Tuesday and was buried Thursday the Rev. W. D. Carter officiating.

IN THE REALM OF RELIGION

The twenty-fifth annual session of the Puget Sound conference of the A. M. E. church convened last Wednesday morning with Right Reverend Bishop H. B. Parks presiding. The pastor's



BISHOP H. B. PARKS

present hailed from the four states of the Northwest and are as follows:

Washington: Rev. H. M. Collins and H. P. Lawhorn, lay delegates, Tacoma; Rev. H. Milton Mickens, Seattle; Rev. S. J. Collins, Everett; Rev. C. M. Knight, Bremerton; Rev. C. B. Clements, Ellensburg and Roslyn; Rev. D. A. Graham, Spokane; Rev. W. J. Oliver, North Yakima, Montana; Rev. I. S. Wilson, Helena; Rev. R. S. Brown, Butte; Rev. J. B. Coleman, Havre; Rev. G. T. Kinchen, Missoula, Rev. W. T. Nickerson, Anaconda; Rev. R. Houser, Billings; Rev. R. C. Ralston, Great Falls.

Idaho: Rev. Wm. Gaylard, Lewiston; Rev. G. E. Bailey, Boise; Rev. Henry Mathews, Pocatella; Rev. W. H. Prince, Portland, Oregon.

Rev. F. G. Barr, presiding Elder, Seattle district and Rev. C. N. Douglas, Helena district.

The officers of the conference are: Bishop Parks, presiding; Rev. G. E. Bailey, chief secretary; Rev. W. H. Prince, statistician; Rev. R. S. Brown, secretary to the bishop; Rev. S. J. Collins, treasurer; Rev. D. A. Graham, secretary to the treasurer.

Wednesday evening short welcome addresses were made by Mr. George Turner on behalf of the First A. M. E. church of Seattle; by Miss Ophelia Marshall on behalf of the Sunday school; Mrs. M. A. Coleman on behalf of the Mite Missionary Society; Dr. F. B. Cooper on behalf of the professional men of Seattle; Rev. W. D. Carter on behalf of the Mt. Zion Baptist church and its membership. A response was made by Bishop Parks, which was by odds the most forcible and well worded address that was ever delivered in any church of Seattle. Words cannot portray the wonderfulness of the Bishop's address. It is to be regretted that the members of the A. M. E. church of this city could not arrange to have the Bishop repeat the address in one of the down town amphitheatres where thousands could hear and appreciate it. Rev. H. Milton Mickens acted as master of ceremonies for the occasion and the program was interspersed with some splendid musical selections.

Thursday afternoon a temperance meeting was held, which brought forth many splendid talks on the temperance question and from them it was plain to be seen that the *grand old church* is right on this great subject. Splendid programs for each day have been executed and it is safe to say that the present annual conference of the Northwest is the greatest in the history of the church, especially in this section. The conference closes its works next Monday evening when the various appointments will be read.

No one will make any mistake in voting for J. E. Ballaine for congress. You must vote for two candidates for congress or lose your vote, so let one of those votes be for Ballaine.

CHANDLER APARTMENTS Two and four modern apartments. Rates very reasonable. 2416 East Madison. Phones: East 4347; Office, 4323.