

QUARTER CENTURY CLUB

MRS. LEE DARRINGTON, formerly Mrs. Johanna White, twenty-five years ago was one of the dress makers of the city and lived at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Lawrence. She was a pioneer in the Northwest, although at the time this article dates, she was but recently from San Francisco. She was a young widow and quite a catch. She was especially noted for her vocal musical attainments and but few musical functions were pulled off without her taking a leading part. She married Lee Darrington and a few years thereafter inherited quite a sum of money from her father's estate in Victoria, whither he went many years prior. Mr. Darrington died a few years ago and she is a widow again.

HENRY JONES, who now resides at Kenndale, a Seattle suburb, twenty-five years ago was a miner at Franklin. He was a man in his late twenties at the time and had a wife and child. He was born in the state of Mississippi, but left there when quite a boy, and after much wandering over the country found himself in Franklin of this state. He was something of a money saver and instead of blowing in his money for booze, as was common to the miners of that camp, he saved it up and bought himself a piece of land at Kenndale, on which he has lived for the past ten years or more. He and his sons now own twenty-one acres of land at that place, all in a body, and they figure that, the day will come long before they are ready to shuffle off this mortal coil, when that land will bring them a big bunch of money. He raises hogs and garden truck and is doing well from a financial standpoint.

MONROE FIELDS, who is also located on a ranch near Kenndale, twenty-five years ago was a miner at Newcastle, which is likewise a Seattle suburb. He went to that camp with four hundred other colored miners and there has he resided ever since. Twenty-five years is a long time and generally it makes quite a change in the appearance of one doing hard labor, but Mr. Fields has not greatly changed since that time, and one who knew him then would recognize him now on sight. He still works at the mines and lives on a ranch not far away on which he makes enough to feed himself and family.

MRS. BARBRA DAVIS MERRIMAN, who now resides in Portland, Oregon, and is the wife of a prominent physician of that city, twenty-five years ago was one of the young ladies of this city. She lived with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Davis, whose home was on Sixth Avenue near where the office building of the Puget Sound Light, Power and Traction Company is located. She was always a great catch with the boys and was never without a bevy of young swains to take her out to the many functions held in the city. She was a sweet singer and her voice was frequently heard at the church and social gatherings. Dr. and Mrs. Merriman are among the leading folk of Portland and he has an excellent practice. Her mother and father are both dead and likewise one sister, but she has one sister, Mrs. John Robinson, who resides in this city and another who resides in Montreal and a brother, Amon, who is in the show business in the East. Their father left them considerable real estate in Seattle.

Mrs. L. C. Freeman left last Thursday for Portland to remain indefinitely, she having left her house in this city in the hands of Mrs. Mables. In Portland she will take charge of the inside work of Fred Thomas' catering establishment, which is one of the largest in the Northwest. A few weeks ago Mrs. Thomas died, after a short illness, and

at the time Mrs. Clifford Scurry went to Portland to assist him, and now it becomes necessary for Mrs. Freeman to go. Mrs. Thomas was a close relative of Mrs. Freeman. No woman has accomplished more in the short time she has been in the city than Mrs. Freeman and in her new field of labor there is no doubt but that she will add much to the already big business of which Mr. Thomas is at the head.

WANTED—Good sober colored barber. Guarantee \$15.00 per week. Good man can make from \$18.00 to \$30.00 per week. Write or wire.—Richard Anderson, 172 North Broadway, Marshfield, Ore.

Card of Thanks.—We wish to thank our many friends for their kindness and floral offerings during the long illness and death of our beloved son, Eugene.—Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Slater, and his aunt, Josie.

John and James Gayton, both of whom have been pupils in the Franklin High School, have decided to not return to the High next year, but to attend a business college and probably apply for government work.

The entertainment given by Harvey Chandler for the benefit of the local National Association for the Advancement of Colored People was well attended and after the expenses have all been paid there will be quite a snug little sum for the treasury.

Lon Miller, who purchased a house from Sam Franklin, which is located near Kenndale, was charged with the burning of the same because he was forced by Franklin to leave the house, owing to a failure of payments. Both of the men have been residents of Newcastle and its vicinity for the past thirty years.

W. S. Gayles, better known as Biz, was in the city last Tuesday and after shaking hands with Cayton's Weekly, declared it in error as to where he now resides. "I am now running a barber shop in the Duwamish Valley and my wife and I are getting along very well, considering my age." He is high up in the seventies and yet he is as active as if he were only in his fifties.

SPICE OF LIFE

Had Him Stymied

"I'm just waiting for my husband to complain about my extravagance this month."

"Ready to give him an argument, eh?"

"You bet I am. By mistake his golf-club checks came to the house, and I've got 'em."—Detroit Free Press.

Accomplished

Mrs. Smith—"They told me one of the girls made a faux pas at the cooking-class lunch that everybody noticed."

Mrs. Comeup (proudly)—"I guess it was my daughter. She can make any of them French things."—Baltimore Sun.

Very Impolite

Mrs. Nexdore—"Professor Adagio called at our house yesterday and my daughter played the piano for him. He just raved over her playing."

Mrs. Peprey—"How rude! Why couldn't he conceal his feelings the way the rest of us do?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Answer

An English militant crusader strolled into a barn where a young man was milking a cow. With a snort, she asked, "How is it that you are not at the front, young man?"

"Because, ma'am," answered the milker, "there ain't no milk at that end."—Atlanta Journal.

They Meant Well

Not long after a fire in a town near Boston, some children in the Hub held a charity

fair by which \$20 was realized. This sum they forwarded to the rector of the church in the town where the fire had occurred, since he had taken a prominent part in the relief work. The letter read as follows:

"We have had a fair and made \$20. We are sending it to you. Please give it to the fire sufferers. Yours truly, etc. P. S.—We hope the suffering is not all over."—Buffalo News.

Heard It Before?

Tom Johnson claims that the oldest joke is the one about the Irish soldier who saw a shell coming and made a low bow. The shell missed him and took off the head of the man behind him. "Sure," said Pat, "ye never knew a man to lose anything by being polite."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Watchful Waiting

Manager (to late messenger)—"You've been away over half an hour, and only to go around the corner!"

Messenger—"Please, sir, a man dropt half a crown in the gutter."

Manager—"And did it take half an hour to find it?"

Messenger—"Please, sir, I had to wait till the man went away."—Pearson's Weekly.

A Hint of the Future

Sir Hubert von Herkomer, the well-known artist, who died recently, used to tell an amusing story of a London art-dealer. This man had two beautiful reproductions of the painting, "The Approaching Storm."

One of these pictures he placed in the show-window, but it did not sell. At length in order to draw attention to the picture, he used the words, "The Approaching Storm," especially suitable for a wedding-present."—London Tit-Bits.

A Man of Action

She—"I like a man of few words and many actions."

He—"You want my brother; he has St. Vitus's dance."—Tiger.

With the Mosquito Fleet

First Seaman—"What's that wriggling object off there near the horizon?"

Second Ditto—"Guess it must be a nervous wreck."—Widow.

Couldn't Fool Him

"The 'orn of the 'unter is 'eard on the 'ill," sang the little boy at the Ragged School treat. But somehow his version of that line in "Kathleen Mavourneen" jarred on the nerves of the old squire.

"My little man," he said, kindly, "why don't you put a few more aitches in your song?"

"Garn!" advised the little man, politely. "Don't yer know there ain't no 'h' in moosie? It only goes up ter G!"—London Ideas.

Some Recompense Due

When we see a woman trying to buy a newspaper on a cold day, with all the apparently necessary maneuvers involved in getting a penny out of the small pocket-book in the deep recesses of her hand-bag, we feel that she ought to have the vote, or a mother's pension, or whatever else she wants at the moment, so as to make up to her in some measure for the accident of sex. —Ohio State Journal.

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