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POLITICAL POT PIE.

Now that Seattle has had her municipal election, the players of the political chess board of this state are watching the municipal election that is soon to be pulled off in Tacoma. Already Mayor Campbell has been renominated, which is something of a rebuke to the owner of the two daily papers of that city, and if the mayor again succeeds in being re-elected the political plot of the state will be even more complicated than it has been in the past, and that is saying a good deal. If Mr. Campbell is defeated for the mayoralty of Tacoma it means that S. A. Perkins is in the saddle, but, if on the other hand, Mr. Campbell is elected it means that Mr. Perkins will have to do a good deal more scraping before he will hold the key to the situation in Pierce county, and yet, regardless of what the political results may be in Tacoma, Mr. Perkins must be considered a strong factor in the political affairs of Pierce county, owing to the fact that he controls the policy of the two and only daily papers published in Pierce county.

Every election in the state of Washington, whether municipal or otherwise, seems to have its bearing either directly or indirectly on the higher political offices of this state. That is to say, Washington seems to have an over-supply of would-be statesmen, who imagine that they could fill a congressional seat just as it should be. These "statesmen" use the various offices in the state only as stepping stones, which will some day land them in Congress, and for that reason every election in the state is of peculiar interest to some aspiring politician, he believing that it will redound in some way to his own success and personal aggrandizement. The coming election, therefore, in Tacoma will have some bearing on the coming senatorial as well as congressional elections in this state. If Perkins wins out it means that Hon. Francis W. Cushman still has a fighting show to go to the next state convention with Pierce county a unit for him, and likewise if Perkins wins out it means that Levi Ankeny, the Walla Walla banker, who has so repeatedly aspired to go to the United States senate, and as repeatedly failed, will meet the united opposition of Pierce county when the naming of a United States senator again comes around. Who Mr. Perkins will throw his political strength to is a conundrum at present, but it is absolutely certain that it will go to Mr. Ankeny. The Tacoma election will also have some slight bearing on the re-election of Senator Foster. Though a Tacoma man, he will not get very much strength, it is predicted, from Mr. Perkins if he (Perkins) should happen to get into the political saddle of Pierce county. There are others in Tacoma much more acceptable to Mr. Perkins than Senator Foster, and regardless of the outcome of the next municipal election in Tacoma, the Pie-maker predicts that Mr. Foster will find trouble at home when he aspires to succeed himself in 1905.

Speaking about the next senatorial election reminds the Pie-maker that the senatorial campaign has already been opened and breastworks are being thrown up by each of the leading aspirants for the coming senatorial battle of ballots. Throughout Eastern Washington, and especially the Palouse country, the senatorial war is raging fiercely at present, and the two generals that are leading the respective armies are Levi Ankeny, the railroad candidate, and Harold Preston, the anti-railroad candidate. Already Whitman county has taken the lead in this fierce battle and the forces of Ankeny and Preston are arrayed in mortal combat against each other and nervously waiting for the command to fire. The Ankeny forces have the federal patronage at their backs, as Senator Foster is allowing Mr. Ankeny to name such persons for the various postoffices and federal positions in that section of the state as suits him best. The Preston forces have the state administration at their backs, and Governor McBride is selecting office-holders from that section with the view of strengthening Mr. Preston's candidacy. To such an extent is the governor pursuing this course that he has served an ultimatum on the would-be state office-holders from King county that they need not expect anything at all at his hands for the positions at his disposal will be given to persons in Eastern Washington in order that King county's candidate may have a clean sweep for the United States senate before the legislature next January. With such strong allies at their backs the two senatorial aspirants are making preparations to wage the fiercest political battle that has ever been fought in the state.

Speaking about the candidacy of Levi Ankeny and Harold Preston, the Pie-maker remembers when Mr. Preston bolted a Republican legislative caucus because that caucus refused to nominate Mr. Ankeny for the senate and instead nominated Mr. Foster. Then Mr. Ankeny and Mr. Preston were almost inseparable and so politically close to each other were they that Mr. Preston almost ruined himself politically, if he actually did not do so, by bolting the party caucus, which refused to nominate Mr. Ankeny, for its final verdict on that point. It is therefore a very peculiar turn of affairs, when two years later Mr. Preston announces his candidacy for the same position that he left his party for because it would not give that place to a man he was supporting. If some one had told Mr. Ankeny at that time that his friend Harold Preston would be a candidate for the same position two years later it is very doubtful whether Mr. Ankeny would have believed them; in fact, the Pie-maker is of the opinion that he would have stamped it as a political lie instant, but it is true.

The oft-repeated expression that "politics make strange bed fellows" is not only applicable to the Ankeny-Preston escapade, but even Governor McBride himself comes in for his measure of political estrangement from those whom he has received the most political favors. If reports be true, Governor McBride would have never been nominated for lieutenant governor had it not been supposed that he was a warm personal friend of ex-Senator John L. Wilson. The Northwest had a number of applicants for positions on the state ticket at the hands of the Republican convention, but according to political history John L. Wilson stood out for the nomination of Henry McBride for lieutenant governor, for the nomination of S. H. Nichols for secretary of state, and finally for the nomination of S. A. Calvert for state land commissioner. The senator was successful in his every undertaking, and in the course of human events Lieutenant Governor McBride became Governor McBride, and he at once turned his gubernatorial guns on his friend Wilson, became the political father of Harold Preston, who is a United States senatorial fonder, and he did this and is continuing to do it when he knows it to be diametrically opposed to the aspirations of his friend Wilson, who was his political father when he was but in his political swaddling clothes. The state administration under Governor McBride is using its every effort to land Harold Preston in the United States senate. When Mr. McBride was notified of the death of Governor Rogers he would not go to Olympia to take charge of the office until he had first come to Seattle and hunted up Harold Preston and taken him along with him to see him sworn in, which he doubtless did to show Harold Preston that every turn that he made would be in his senatorial interest. Just what Wilson thinks of such treatment is more than the Pie-maker has any idea, but he does know there is lots of truth in the expression, "politics makes strange bed-fellows," and the above proves it beyond a question of doubt.

Speaking about the legislature reminds the Pie-maker that Madame Rumor has it that W. H. Lewis, who aspired to the speakership of the last legislature, has decided to make a strike again for the lower house, and, if successful, to repeat his efforts to become speaker of the house. He reasons that he will have no opposition from one Albertson, who was speaker of the last house of the legislature, because there is no probability or prospects of one Albertson ever again being returned to the legislature, because the leading Republicans of the Eighth ward would, under no circumstances whatever, support him for a re-nomination. This, according to Lewis' idea, leaves him a clear field in King county, and if he is successful in getting the nomination for the legislature, notwithstanding the fact that he bolted the Republican party in 1900, he will be elected, and then he can force his election as speaker of the house, in which position he hopes to surround himself with such an array of political satellites as to land him either in the lower house of congress or in the United States senate. Lewis has an idea that he is an awful intelligent man, a great statesman, a wonderful genius, a man endowed with super-human knowledge, with super-human looks and with super-human personal appearance—such a man as has never before strutted the streets of Seattle—and that his

super-human traits and qualities gives him the complete right-of-way to the United States senate and perhaps even to the presidency of the United States. Jim Ham Lewis in all of his glory was but a flickering candle in comparison to what Speaker Billy Lewis is destined to be in his own mind.

Some time ago The Republican announced that Will E. Humphrey would probably be the candidate of the Humes faction for congress. Whether Mr. Humphrey will be the Humes faction candidate for congress from this county or not remains to be seen, but there is one thing certain, he will be a candidate for congress and will endeavor to capture the King county delegation to the next state convention for that purpose. Since Humes' election, though he was administered a most severe reprimand and rebuke by running 3,000 votes behind his ticket, nevertheless he blusters out with all the bruskness of a political braggart that he is "it" in King county, and that the good people all voted for him and the scullions voted for Godwin. It is quietly announced that he does not intend to serve out his term as mayor of Seattle, but that he will enter the race for the nomination of congressman from Seattle, and thereby oppose his friend Humphrey, who has stood by him so loyally in his various fights in this city, but this is Humes' political history. When told of this Mr. Humphrey could hardly believe it, but was finally convinced that there must be something in it, as he had heard the same story from other sources. If it be true, however, he was heard to remark, "it is the worst piece of political ingratitude that I have ever met, but regardless of what Mr. Humes does in the matter I am a candidate for congress, and will do my utmost to secure a united delegation from King county for the next state convention for the purpose of getting the nomination."

It seems to be the consensus of opinion in King county that it is the duty of Seattle to get a congressman first, and if they succeed or fail in that, then go after a United States senator. Seattle will lose nothing in getting one of the nominations for congress, and it will not injure her chances in getting a United States senator later on because she gets that nomination. Do not despise a congressional nomination because it is small is a most excellent sermon to the politicians of King county, for in turning down that nomination Seattle may also lose the senatorial election, and a congressional nomination for King is much better than no nomination.

The new city council met and effected an organization last Monday at high noon and Will H. Parry, councilman-at-large, was elected president of the new body. Councilman Morrison received four votes of the thirteen, while Councilman Crichton received one vote. The organization of the council and the election of Mr. Parry as its president caused the little evening twinkler, which has been making a most unmanly fight against Mr. Parry, to tumble all over itself trying to get into the band wagon. Without any intention of unduly criticizing a fellow journalist, the Pie-maker is of the opinion that Seattle never had a more deceptive journalist and a more cold-blooded editor, for what there is in it, than the editor of the **, and the time and opportunity may yet present itself when The Seattle Republican can expose the duplicity of this journalistic misfit.

Who did it? might be asked now that the Seattle Electric officials have declared that their man did not, and likewise the fire department officials have declared that their man did not. Perhaps it is a mistake after all and no collision really took place last Saturday evening between an electric car and a fire apparatus, and yet we surmise that Captain McInnis and his associates have a faint recollection that something did hit Billy Patterson. The public is cognizant of the fact that no one was responsible for the mishap, but it believes that there is no excuse for it happening again, and if the rules that have been subsequently posted at the barn by the company be observed by the employees it will not happen again. No need in further talking back. Just lower the speed of the cars on First, Second and Third avenue between Pike street and Yesler way, and not only will there not occur a similar dream as that which occurred last Saturday evening at Columbia street and Third avenue, but even a worse dream than that with cars running at a high speed will be obviated.

Shawneetown is the oldest town in Illinois, and its immediate neighborhood boasts of producing some of the hood boasts of having produced some of the leading statesmen of this country.

COUNTRY PRESS' OPINIONS

If the Sumas News is correct in its editorial statement of last week, 1,000 mining claims have been located and filed upon near the Hamilton mine during the past two months. It begins to look as though that section of the state is going to have a genuine mining boom during the coming season.

It is true, as says an exchange, that "Judge Winsor was the only candidate in the late municipal scrap in Seattle that declared he would drive gambling out of Seattle," and it is also true that "the Judge only received 110 votes out of the 14,000 that were cast," but this is no proof that the Seattle people are generally favorable to gambling and the wide-open policy as it has been conducted in the past. The thing is fastened upon them and it takes herculean efforts on their part to shake it off, but they are slowly doing so.

Now comes the Port Orchard Independent with the statement that the first steamer ever built in the state of Washington was constructed at Port Blakeley. That such is a bit of news of much interest to the old pioneers is not doubted, but it is of no particular interest to the thousands of persons who are settling in this state every day, and it is certainly no great amount of advertisement for Port Blakeley.

An exchange says that the newspaper business seems to be overdone in the capital, as there are five weeklies and one daily, with another daily under contemplation. In operation there at present. That certainly seems to be an over-supply of papers for one little county town, but, in the West, whenever a fellow fails at everything else he starts a newspaper in order to instruct others how to succeed in business, and perhaps the very same kind of a business at which he so signally failed.

Does the editor of the Ballard News speak from experience when he publishes the following very suggestive lines:

"He stood on the steps at midnight;
Just why it was easy to tell;
He could not find the key-hole,
And he dare not ring the bell."

Only men who have been through such experiences have the inspiration to write such lines. Alexander Poe could have never written the Raven had he not been the principle actor in the scene of debauchery in which the mythical raven appeared over his chamber door.

From the Whatcom Reveille it is learned that George F. Cotterill of Seattle and B. H. Silver of Whatcom will cross political swords for the Democratic congressional nomination. Both of these congressional aspirants are what they are pleased to term themselves, "free-silver Republicans," and if that term has any significance the Whatcom man certainly has the bulge on our own and only George, for he has the silver both in name and politics.

The Goldendale Sentinel has taken on itself the authority to promiscuously invite everybody to the old maids' convention that is to be held in its Armory hall tomorrow (Saturday) evening. It is surmised that if the women taking part in it are to be branded "old maids" in the future the convention will be very slimly attended except by spectators.

The Palouse country is enjoying a period of prosperity, thinks the Colfax Gazette, because it is noted that there is an unusual amount of new buildings being erected on the farms and ranches at present and as many more for which contracts have been let to be erected in the near future. Building is always a sign of prosperity, and if the building boom has struck the Palouse farmer you can bet your bottom dollar that he is prospering.

Evidently the Aberdeen Herald has no very good blood for the Populists of this city, as it seems to think that Godwin's defeat was attributable to the Populist vote. You are in error, neighbor, if you entertain any such ideas as that, for not enough votes were cast for the Populist ticket to have changed the results one way or the other; in fact, the Populists did not cast as many votes as did the Socialists.

It is quite true that the politicians know what they want, and they make it their business to go after it, and it is likewise true that they are in politics for their bread and butter, and they do not leave a stone unturned to succeed in their undertaking. The man who makes a business out of politics has a profession the same as any other professional man, and under such circumstances it is perfectly natural for him to take every low and mean advantage that he possibly can take to accomplish his own purposes and aims and to guarantee bread and butter for his home, and who can blame him?

To glance over the Kalama Bulletin one would hardly think it was fourteen years old, and yet it celebrated such a birthday a couple of weeks ago. Generally speaking, age improves most things, but it seems to have had the opposite effect on the Bulletin. But, after all, a country paper that can live fourteen years is to be congratulated, whether or not it is a success financially, editorially or otherwise.

When the Puyallup Independent boasts of "peas and other garden delicacies being way up and will soon be ready for the table, and that strawberries will be in bloom the latter part of the month," it is evidently trying to hand to the newcomers to this section a gold brick. Of course, the vegetables of which it speaks are "way up," and they have been way up all the winter; in fact, so high up that the average wage-earner found it impossible to get them down, and again, perhaps, they are way up in the hot-houses, but by no means are they way up in the gardens, where they will be transplanted from the hot-houses.

In one breath The Seattle Republican says "Mayor Humes lost 3,500 Republican votes and was yet elected," and in the next it has the inconsistency to say that "none of the Republican nominees were cut at the polls by Republican voters last Tuesday." Evidently that paper does not have a very clear understanding as to how it all happened.—Starbuck Signal.

Perhaps if you had sense enough to think for a second you would conclude it is you yourself that does not know

how it all happened. Mayor Humes is apparently a Republican for selfish mercenary purposes, and not a Republican from principle. If he was certain he could get no more offices from the Republican party he would soon cease to be a Republican, and, therefore, in cutting him the Republicans felt that they were not cutting a Republican nominee.

While passing through the forests near Altoona, Pa., George Gross was attacked by three large bucks, and to save his life he was compelled to climb a tree, where he was kept a prisoner by the infuriated animals for two hours and the weather was twenty degrees below zero. He was finally rescued from his perilous position, but not until he had been badly frosted, and for days he was in a most critical condition.

When Mrs. Eliza Jane Evans, a rather eccentric as well as feeble old white lady found a friend in George W. Thurston, a colored Pullman porter, who took an interest in her during her life from a humane standpoint, rather than from a mercenary one, and cared for her in her illness, not knowing at the time that she was wealthy, he touched the spring that lead to the sesame of human kindness, and when Mrs. Evans died a few days ago she left a will on record giving to Thurston property and money valued at \$75,000. Mrs. Evans was careful that her relatives would not get their fingers in it, and she had her will so drawn and guarded against legal technicalities that Thurston has been given the possession of the property, and though her relatives have tried to break the will in the surrogate court of that state, they were unsuccessful, and her fortune is now the personal property of a deserving man. The lesson to be learned from this is, it always pays to lend a helping hand, even to those from whom you have no reason to expect an earthly reward. God Almighty, it seems, intended that one person should help his fellowman, especially if he finds him in need and deserving of his help.

Sambo Got the Money.

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New York Negroes.

From the census it is learned that there are 60,000 Afro-Americans in New York, and of that number there are 6,000 more women than men. This probably accounts for so much mesecination between the two races in Greater New York. The same census reports more intermarriages between white and colored persons of New York than in any other city in the United States, and this intermarriage is not confined to either the males or females, but common to both. In other words, there are about as many white men with colored wives as there are colored men with white wives. So common has it become that there is a society formed by those people for social interchange, owing to the fact that there seems to be a disposition on the part of both races to show hard feelings toward the mesecimators. New York has attracted a great hoard of Southern colored folk, who find ready employment as menials among the wealth of that city, and it is in that capacity that the two races meet and under favorable circumstances intermarry.

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AFRO - AMERICANISM

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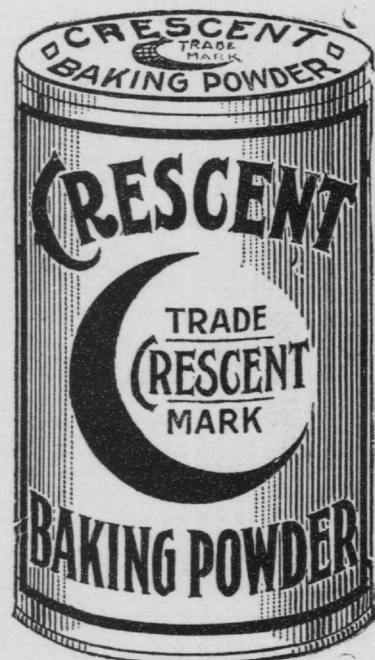
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South Carolina Education.

A leading white educator of the state of South Carolina, the home of Pitchfork Tillman, declares that 40,000 more Negro children than whites annually attend the public schools of that state, and the various industrial schools that have become so common to the South for colored pupils. He says it is but a question of time when capital will seek colored labor for the operation of its industrial enterprises, to the complete exclusion of white labor, for the reason that the colored labor will be educated, while the white labor will be ignorant, and business men always prefer educated to ignorant help. This is the condition of affairs that is confronting Ben Tillman, the disreputable United States senator from South Carolina, who is daily attacking the Negroes of the South and branding them brutes rather than human beings. Despite the oppression that those people are compelled to undergo at the instigation of such bullies and blackguards as Ben Tillman, they are slowly, but surely, educating themselves and educating themselves in those arts and devices that will prove the most successful to them in the battle of life, while their white brethren are standing around the street corners during the day talking politics and nigger dominancy and during the nights either participating in nigger raids or seeking to demoralize the race in other directions. It is a lamentable state of affairs, and one that the better element of the whites, both North and South, would do well to give a much more careful study and consideration to in the future than they have in the past.

Don't Leave the Farm.

Bishop Potter, the noted Methodist Episcopal divine, in a lecture recently delivered in New York City, under the auspices of the Armstrong association, of which Robert C. Ogden is president, warned the members of the colored race to be slow in abandoning the farm. A most excellent warning is this, and while the writer is not pessimistic enough to think that the farm is the only place that the Negro can be a success, yet he is of the opinion that in his present condition it is the only place that he will not meet serious opposition on account of his color and former condition. For the Negro to leave the farm and go to the city, where labor unions formed



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