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The publisher of the Argus of Seattle seems to be in an awful state of mind lest white girls are all either raped by black brutes or that many of them fall in love with heathen Chinese and marry them. From the amount of worry and concern it seems to be giving him it looks as though he is speaking from experience. If in twenty years or more the white mother and father cannot so educate and instruct their daughter that, it is to her best advantage to marry a white man, but in spite of their teachings, after she reaches the years of maturity, she decides that she prefers to marry a man different from her as to color, then there seems to be little or no hope from it unless you either kill the men of the darker races or kill all of the girl babies that come to your home. White women are given the right to choose such white men for husbands as to them seems best suited for their life partners. If they have sense enough to do that then they have sense enough to go out of the white class and make a selection of a man of a darker race for a husband. The editor of this paper is a great advocate of woman suffrage, because he is satisfied that the woman is just as mentally qualified to cast her vote as the whiskey soaked scoundrel, who gets two dollars for his vote and staggers up to the polls to vote with a hip and a hurrah for "ze Dimocratic" candidate. If the women become strangely fascinated with the Chinese, whom they teach in Sunday school, they have done no more than their white brother, who become strangely fascinated with some hankerchief head Aunt Dinah of the South and spend the greater part of his life in her presence. If you make a law preventing the women from coming in contact with the Chinese and other dark races then make a law prohibiting a similar contact on the part of the white men with other darker races. In Turkey a man may have all the women that he can take care of locked up in a harem and its death for one of them to look with pleasure on another man. In the United States a white man may have all the colored women that he can bribe and seduce under his control, but its death for a man of a darker race to look with pleasure on a white woman and if the white woman breaks over the line, then she, too, must be put under lock and key. If the white man desires to prevent race miscegenation let he himself put up the fence and then observe it.

"Harry Orchard, now serving a life sentence for the murder of former Governor Stuenneberg, will no longer be a favored prisoner. He has been transferred from a sinecure to the shoe department and put at hard labor." Harry Orchard is no longer an inmate of the Idaho penitentiary. The promise made to him that he would be permitted to leave the country and live at ease in some far away land has been fulfilled. The obscure and insignificant paragraph printed above is merely a blind. Visitors to the Idaho penitentiary heretofore have been able to see the immaculate Harry as he leisurely killed time, supplied with the best the land afforded. Now that he is gone it is necessary for the prison officials to have some explanation ready and the visitor is told that Orchard is in the "shoe department compelled to labor like an ordinary criminal," but it is not the Harry Orchard who tried to swear away the lives of the Federation officials. The warden will point out to you a man in stripes and tell it is Orchard, but it is not. You can rely on this information being authentic—Appeal to Reason.

If the above be true, then no greater travesty on justice has ever been committed. Harry Orchard confessed that he had been a most damnable red handed murderer. He had not only killed Governor Stuenneberg, but he had taken the lives of a score of others equally as innocent as the governor, and yet forsooth, because he allowed himself to be a cat's paw of and testified against the men for whom he had killed human beings in the past, he is permitted to leave the country with money in his pocket to continue his career of cold blooded murder.

Was it a mistake for the Chamber of Commerce of Seattle to have placed at its head D. E. Frederick, head of the large business establishment, known as Frederick & Nelson? is a question that is being repeatedly asked, now that the deed has been done. That Mr. Frederick is a shrewd business man there is no doubt. He knows how to get the money and he gets it. It is very apparent that he has amassed a large fortune in business in Seattle within the



KING COUNTY BUILDING

At the Exposition showing pictures of Commissioners Dan R. Abrahamt, A. L. Rutherford and M. J. Carrigan.

past twenty years. But despite all this in his every day life he is narrow, selfish and too mentally small to be at the head of a great institution like the Seattle Chamber of Commerce has developed into under the leadership of John H. McGraw. The chamber unfortunately is now domineered by a president and a secretary, who live in the one man idea realm and under them its influence is bound to wane. The members of the chamber must have become thoroughly drunk with Mr. Frederick's individual success, which is due wholly to the fact that he had sense enough to hire the smoothest diplomats that money could get, to take the lead in his business while he either remained in his private office or cantered about the city on his prancing-steed, to have put him at its head. As president of the Chamber of Commerce he will be compelled to meet the people, and it will soon be noticed that in that capacity he will be weighed in a balance and found wanting. This is not said because this paper bears Mr. Frederick any enmity, but because it is deeply interested in the success of Seattle and because it knows no other power in the city is so instrumental in accomplishing this as the Chamber of Commerce, and because it knows him to be a man totally devoid of diplomacy. The Chamber of Commerce therefore, under such conditions is going to lose out; from an influence standpoint, before he will have been at its head twelve months. Money does not always make the man, and Seattle business men will find that out when they "come to suck."

The Elsie Siegel and Edith Woodhill murders in the East are proving the nine days' wonder of the present season. Whether Elsie's Chinese lover murdered her and fled or whether she and her lover were murdered by some jealous person, is what is puzzling the police of that section just now. If her lover murdered her he seems to have had no excuse for doing so only to get rid of her that he might "fool somebody else." If, however, he did do so, he has covered up his tracks so well that he has baffled the keenest detectives. If on the other hand some one else murdered the two, the body of the lover has been carefully hid away and the double murderer has covered him or herself up even more completely than it is thought the lover has. The body of Mrs. Woodhill has been discovered, but just who took her life is a puzzle. Bob Eastman, with whom it is thought the woman was unduly intimate, fled after the murder had been committed, and when run down by the detectives, rather than be arrested and stand trial, committed suicide: but he left letters to the effect that another person had killed the woman. Both cases are the direct results of illicit relations. It is believed by many that Elsie Siegel became so enamored with the Chinaman that she became his paramour and when she demanded that he marry her to protect her honor, but

he not wanting to do so, killed her. Elsie it is believed frequently visited the Chinaman's apartments and frequently spent the most of the time she was supposed to be away from home doing missionary work among the Chinese consorting with the heathen, and fearing exposure he took her life and fled the country. That Mrs. Woodhill was nothing more or less than a gay butterfly flitting from flower to flower to sip their honey is the general belief, and that Bob Eastman killed her for the money and jewels she wore is almost a foregone conclusion. This woman's beauty made a fool of her and she went from place to place heart smashing, and went one too many places for that purpose.

The press of the country has discussed with much feeling the action of the white citizens of Greenville, Miss., in ordering Bishop Lampton and his family to flee the city, which is their home, between two suns under the pain and penalty of losing his life for failure to comply with the edict. The cause of the trouble was the fact that the Bishop demanded of the telephone operators that they address his daughter as Miss Lampton instead of by her first name. If this be correctly stated then not an ounce of sympathy is due either Bishop Lampton or his daughter. Both of them knew well the feelings in the South on the part of white folk in treating colored persons with dignity and courtesy. The condition exists and has existed since the mind of man runneth not to the contrary. It will not be changed in a day. It will not be changed because some colored family suddenly becomes exceedingly rich and lives in regal style. Instead of changing it that fact will more intensify it. If the bishop felt that he could not stand that kind of treatment there was nothing for him to do but leave without trouble. Others have done it. No one knows better than those colored folk, who live down there, that there is no use kicking against the pricks. If the condition ever changes down there it will be when the old time Southern white man will have passed in his checks, but so long as he lives, he, so far as the Negro is concerned, proposes to be Marse John, and any infractions on the part of the Negro means a race war ten minutes thereafter. The Negro can ill afford a race war in the United States. Bishop Lampton himself has advised against such a course and yet he did the very thing that would precipitate such war. Of course it is unreasonable and unjust to so impose upon the educated Negroes, but the protest of the entire colored family in the United States would not change the programme. When you feel that you cannot stand an imposition and when you know that you are unable to prevent it by main force and violence then try to get away from it—do as does the poor Arab, quietly fold your tent and steal away, you may live to conquer another day.

## Chamber Commerce's New President