

REMOVAL NOTICE

DR. DAVID T. CARDWELL

wishes to announce the removal of his offices from the Pacific Block to

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represent the paper and thereby enjoy the courtesies that are to be extended to the press. You are a bit off color to pass for Mrs. Cayton, but you can get by at it, to which she readily agreed. Clothed with the proper credentials a new Mrs. H. R. Cayton, left for Tacoma at 2:15. She presented her credentials and while the press committee did not refuse her, yet she heard one of them say as she was leaving the room. "I'll bet a ten spot she is not Mrs. Cayton," but she had "a hog killin time." Some weeks thereafter another press occasion was pulled off in Tacoma and with the real Mrs. Cayton I was on hand happy as a lark. The same press committee had charge of the visiting editors and after I introduced Mrs. Cayton the chairman of the committee said. "I am pleased to meet you Mrs. Cayton, but how you have changed since the Rose Carnival. He explained at length while the gang shouted with laughter and Mrs. Cayton became deeply interested in the story. I joined in the laughter, but my embarrassment was so apparent that I was let down easy by the bunch. It was an easy matter to explain to Mrs. C., as she had seen the trick turned before, but it was a long time before the boys let up on me about the two Mrs. Cayton's.

TOWN TOPICS

Rev. W. D. Carter, left for France last Tuesday and he will be away until he returns.

The comfort stations of Seattle are to be readjusted and two instead of one man will be employed at each station and each man will receive \$75 per month for his work and the privilege of selling such as are called for at such places and the operation of the boot black stand. The men are to alternate every other month.

The Sojourney Truth Club met at the residence of Mrs. Bonner, last Tuesday, and an enthusiastic meeting was reported.

Once more Burr Williams is in the club business in Seattle and says it looks good to me.

"Private Blank," said the Colonel severely, reprimanding a doughboy for a minor breach of military regulations, "what would you do if I should tell you that you were to be shot at sunrise?"

"Gosh, Colonel," replied the Yank, watching the shadow of a grin steal over his officer's face, "I'd sure pray for a cloudy day."—*Indianapolis Star*.

"The army must be a terrible place," said Aunt Samantha, looking up from the evening paper.

"What makes you think so, Samantha?" asked her dutiful spouse.

"Why, jest thing what it must be where beds is bunk and meals is a mess."—*Washington Star*.

"And what did you say the patient did," asked the doctor, "when you ripped off the dressing?"

"Swore, doctor!" exclaimed the nurse. "He swore frightfully!"

"Splendid, nurse! I reckon you can let him sit up to-morrow!"—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

KNOCKIN AT THE WRONG DOOR

There are, it is said, counting delegates and their entourage, between 3,000 and 5,000 persons, all having an interest, and some a mighty stake, in the outcome of the deliberations of the conference at Versailles. Cartographers, historians, authorities upon international law, experts upon every phase of the issues involved, will labor in the offices of the respective delegations, doing research work and presenting the results to their chiefs for use at the actual sessions. Schemers of every color and grade will use all the wiles of the lobbyist to influence the thinking and determine the action of the comparatively small number of men whose votes will settle the contents of the document that will decide the destiny of the world.

Twelve million people are wondering if on the bill of fare there will be something to their liking. They are expecting individual service, they are expecting a dish that in all probability the chefs have not prepared. The guests at the peace table represent, or should represent, the highest types of statesmanship in the respective countries. They speak authoritatively for their own people. They bring no dirty linen of their own to wash, for it is presumed peace and harmony prevail among the people who live under the flag they represent. Or, in other words, they have seen to it that their own doorstep was swept before ordering others to sweep theirs.

The internal affairs of the victorious countries must of necessity be subordinate to the larger international questions and it is doubtful if any issue affecting any particular class of people in any of the al-

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TUTT HAS IT

Some years ago Mrs. Cayton read an essay before the Baptist Literary Society on

BLACK BABY DOLLS

which caused considerable comment and many persons in the city endeavored to get one, but failed.

TUTT HAS THEM

Though the black baby dolls arrived too late for the Christmas trade, yet one will ake your little girl a charming present, and there are some beautiful ones among them.

Kelly Miller's new book is attracting wide spread attention. It is known as *Negro Soldiers In Our Wars*.

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lied countries will be considered at the peace table. Italy will speak for the Italians, the representatives of Serbia will speak for Serbians, the delegates of Greece will speak for Greece, England's delegates will speak for England and all her colonies, the delegates of France will speak for France and America's representatives will voice the demands of Americans regardless of race or color.

How any sane person could imagine for a moment that any particular group of citizens could claim a special hearing at Versailles is in inconceivable. Many misguided people among our own kind are laboring under the impression that we should have special representatives to present our grievances to the assembled representatives of the allied nations. Nothing could be more absurd. We have no more right to a special hearing at this conference than the Irish, the Poles, the Lithuanians, the Armenians or any of the groups that make up the great cosmopolitan population of these United States.

Our grievances are purely American. The allied conference is not concerned with the East Indian question or the Moroccan situation, or Belgium's relations with her Congo subjects, purely local questions must be dealt with locally. They call for local treatment only. Unfortunately for us, we have among us many agitators and junketeers, who for reasons largely selfish are endeavoring to inject into the deliberations of this world conference the claims of this or that particular group. Many of these people are well meaning, though misguided, yet to the mind of the most ordinary layman it is apparent that the efforts of such individuals are little short of assinity.

The only questions that can arise at the peace table will be questions of indemnity, boundary disputes and those touching matters of international affairs. Versailles will be no place for small-minded demagogues with a personal ax to grind. The American Negro has a grievance, but he will find no cure for it beyond the boundaries of these United States. Whatever ills we suffer must find their panacea within our own borders. No doubt there are many among us who would like to have a trip to Paris at the expense of misguided dupes, knowing full well that as near as they will get the conference table will be the outer lobby of the building in which the delegates are assembled.

Our troubles in this country are strictly American and no fiat of the peace conference can change the American attitude toward us. The cure for our maladies must be found in the educating, humanizing, Christianizing of the American conscience. It is not at the peace conference, 3,000 miles away, that we need missionary work. We must confine our efforts to our own domain. Let us call upon every influence that we can muster to improve the educational system of the South to impress upon those in charge of the machinery of the law the necessity of justice and fair play in dealing with our people.

It is apparent to all far-seeing men among us that we need a peace table at home, where our grievances can receive an airing. The Versailles conference will not concern itself with America's local affairs. The disease of which we complain being local must receive local treatment. In attempting to carry our troubles beyond our own national limits we are knocking at the wrong door.—*Chicago Defender*.

When Mrs. Langtry was at the summit of her beauty and fame, she met at a dinner an African King who was visiting London. She did her best to please the dusky monarch and evidently succeeded, for he said to her as they parted: "Ah, madam, if heaven had only made you black and fat, you would be irresistible."—*Boston Transcript*.

Miss Antique—I can truthfully say I am single from choice.

Miss Caustique—Whose choice?—*Philadelphia Record*.