

THE PASSING THROUG.

Mrs. Susie Revels Cayton is now basking in the warm sunshine of Los Angeles, California. She has been more or less debilitated for the past two months, the aftermath of the flu, and she sought a warmer climate with the hope of regaining her health.

Grace Presbyterian Church held what is known as a "church meeting" last week for the purpose of calling a pastor. One year ago the Rev. J. B. Barbour came to the congregation on a year's probation, which year having expired, the members of the church were called upon to either continue his services or call a successor. There were twenty-nine persons present at the meeting, and the vote stood twenty-eight for the Rev. Barbour and one against. The minority being too small for the moderator to take any cognizance of, the Rev. Barbour was declared the pastor-elect. His salary was fixed at \$1200 per year, to be increased as the membership of the church gained in numbers. The Rev. Barbour seems of a well balanced mind and will doubtless develop into a very strong pastor.

Henry Gregg, Seattle's prepossessing pound master, has not only tendered his resignation, but has actually absolved himself from the job, and thereby hangs a tale. Henry was appointed to the position of official dog catcher of Seattle many years ago and until he was made pound master his was a life of perfect peace and the dog fanciers all over the State consulted him about their dogs.

Walter Washington was named as city herder about the same time as was Henry dog catcher, and so long as the two held separate positions they were the best of friends. Washington, like Gregg, had two or more men under him, but unlike Gregg and his men he had much trouble in keeping peace in his official family. Once on a time trouble broke out between one of his men and himself at a ball game and both of them went for their guns and for a second and a half it looked very much like one or the other would be corraled for life. So troublesome did the city herders continuous broils become that sooner or later it was decided to abolish the job and merge it into Gregg's job, which was subsequently done. This was no sooner done than Big Henry's troubles began. He seemed quite equal to the situation for many months, but it finally got his goat, as said above, and he threw up the sponge—Washington quit many months prior. But be it said to the credit of both Gregg and Washington they are both fine fellows and both are heavy taxpayers of this city. Gregg held the job twenty-one years.

Sergeant Vrooman, a retired army officer, is a candidate for the place vacated by Gregg, and, unless there are radical changes made in the way the affairs of the job are conducted, it is thought that he has more than a mere fighting chance to be named city pound master of Seattle. However, an effort is being made to have the office turned over to the humane society, in which case all of the colored men now employed in that department would be let out and Vrooman would stand no show of appointment.

Harry Legg, of the Alhambra Cash Grocery, is busying himself these warm April days in assembling a baseball aggregation, which he declares will wipe up the various amateur teams of Seattle and vicinity with the same ease as does a cow a handful of salt. Harry may yet have a bunch of bucaniers that will back even Rube Foster off the map, if he (Foster) ever dares to cross bats with him, Legg. The most of the members of the team will be stars from one or the other of the high schools of Seattle and be it said to their credit, are very clever baseball performers.

President Cooper, of the King County Colored Republican Club, has been all smiles since last Sunday and all because the club room was full and overflowing at the last meeting and the club seems to take on so much activity. Old Man Pessimist now occupies a back seat and the young and vig-

orous men are determined to do things. The captains of the various districts have been named, thus laying the foundation for active campaign work at the proper time. The candidacy of Sergeant Vrooman for city pound master was endorsed and put in the hands of the executive committee. In the future each member will be notified by card of the coming meeting. Other important routine business was attended to.

A. C. Garrott, son-in-law of John Franklin Cragwell, who has recently returned from oversea duties in France, has been discharged from the army and has taken up his residence in Seattle.

William H. Banks, manager of the Alhambra Cash Grocery, is all het up over the future of the Seattle Negro Business Men's League and the Colored Republican Club and says they are on the high road to success.

Cayton's Weekly knows it has an editor, and it also knows that its editor is by no means infallible and it therefore takes advantage of this opportunity to invite criticism or suggestions from any reader of its columns, which criticisms if reduced to writing will be given space in its columns. We are just as liable to take the wrong view of things as you and vice versa; therefore, let's help each other. We repeat, in case you differ from the editorial views and wish to be heard, let us hear from you.

Thomas Freeman, who has been Henry Gregg's 1st lieutenant for a number of years, is a candidate to succeed his former chief and his friends think that he should have the place for two reasons: First, he is thoroughly conversant with the workings of the pound and is at present chief in charge and unlike a new man would not have to go through a learning stunt. Secondly, because the seniority rule should apply to this city position the same as to all others and he is the senior member of the force.

J. B. Barbour has opened a soft drink parlor at Seventh and Lane, having purchased the stand, which for the past year has been operated by Mrs. Mabel Stanway.

H. Thompson will address the mass meeting, which is to be held at Greyerbehl's Hall Monday evening, April 28th under the auspices of the National Association. Mr. Thompson is deeply interested in the welfare of labor unions and his talk on this occasion will be to endeavor to convince the colored citizens its to their best interest to identify themselves with the various branches of organized labor.

ANECDOTES OF NEGRO SOLDIERS.

To tell a story at the expense of a colored man is the most fascinating diversion of the money-mad white man of the United States and he will stop his whole machinery of "getting the money" to listen to a "darker story" and will laugh heartily, even though he does not quite see the joke. To him it's alright just so it is labeled "darker, coon or Sambo." A New York periodical has recently published a number of amusing incidents in connection with the colored boys "over there" in army life, the majority of which seem to read as though there is a grain of genuineness in them. It matters not how well a colored man may be educated to tell a story about him or at his expense without using the jargon of the plantation slave of our Southern States "fo' de wah," would be like serving lemonade without lemons. The average colored man from Harlem, N. Y., is better by far educated than the average white man from the same community, owing, however, largely to the fact the average white man is either foreign born or the son of foreign parents, hence he is sadly lacking in the lingo of the English language. When, therefore, a writer quotes a colored man from Harlem in plantation jargon he draws upon his imagination and writes to please his white readers, who would not appreciate the story if written in good English as well as if the colored subject had used the well known jargon of the cotton field. The writer hereof read with a great deal

of amusement and occasionally outbursts of laughter the stories told below and they seemed to us so good that we concluded to let you enjoy the same and so here goes:

"Would you like to be in the airplane service?" an officer asked one of the Negroes while he was watching a French machine sailing overhead.

"No, suh, not fo' mine," was the rejoinder.

"Why?" the officer persisted.

"Well, you see, ef I was up in dat dah machine an' de officer got kilt I'd have to git out an' crank up de engine, wouldn't I? I wouldn't have nothin' to stan' on."

In one of the first trenches were 5,000 Negro troops, supported at some distance in the rear by a force of whites 10,000 strong. A newly arrived Negro trooper, who was visibly nervous, was being "kidded" mercilessly by his companions.

"Whut'd you do, Henny," one of the tormenters asked, "ef ten billion o' dem bush Germans wuz to pop up outen de groun' right 'bout as close to you as nineteen is to twenty?"

"I ain't a-tellin' whut I'd do," Henry answered, "but I know whut de res' o' you niggahs would do, an' I know whut de papers back home would be sayin' de nex' mawnin'. Dey'd have big head-lines: 'Ten thousand white folks trampled to death.'"

One force of Negroes was quartered next to a division of Moroccans, who had a perpetual feud with a regiment of Singhalese near by. The Moroccans are mulatto in color, while the Singhalese are as black as most of the members of Colonel Hayward's old regiment. This fact was really at the bottom of the feud. On one occasion Colonel Hayward wanted to send a messenger to the Moroccan commander and chose three of his own men to deliver it.

As the messengers approached the Moroccan camp the latter mistook them for the despised Singhalese. They rushed from their dugouts brandishing guns, knives, and pistols, and with wild shouts warned the strangers not to come nearer. The New Yorkers beat a hasty retreat, and when Colonel Hayward demanded of one what the trouble was he replied:

"Colonel, you bettah sen' some o' dem light-cullud Hahlem lounge lizahds fo' dis job. We's done!"

The Morocco division occupied the same position for months, and during that time managed to collect a large number of German marks, each coin being worth about sixteen cents. The New York troops spent their energies in collecting French francs. Whenever they were able to do so they exchanged their francs for the German coin. Colonel Hayward asked one of his men why he did this.

"Why, we's gwine to spen' it in Germany of cose," the dough-boy replied. "Ain't dat whah we's a-gwine?"

A group of colored Harlemites was standing in the mess-line when several German planes suddenly appeared overhead. In half a minute the line had melted to one man, the Top Sergeant.

"Is you jes' plumb crazy or don't you know nothin'?" the Sergeant remonstrated when the men returned.

"Well, boss," replied the courageous Sam, "heaven is a long ways from France, an' I ain't no hand to go travelin' on a empty stummick."

A lieutenant inquired of a homesick youth why he was so anxious to get back home. "Aren't you being used all right? Did you ever see such pretty girls in your life?"

"I'se bein' used all right and de French ladies is sho easy to look at," was the reply, "but my heart's jes natchally yeahnin' fo' de little O. D. gal I lef' in Alabam'."

(O. D. is army for olive drab.)

George Washington Johnson was rather an obstreperous patient in an English hospital.