

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS

Little Woody Wilson lost a league and can't tell where to find it,

Let it alone and it will come home and bring its tale behind it.

Be wise and never air your personal

Proselyting among the colored citizens of Seattle for the cause of organized labor may be a long step in the right direction, but we have our suspicions of even a dead dog.

For defending his wife and children, Dr. Leroy Bundy of East St. Louis now pines in a penitentiary cell. May the spirit of Lincoln comfort him in his hour of loneliness.

No one seems to question the honest intentions of President Wilson, but almost every one seems to question his judgment as to the good effects of the League of Nations, so far as your Uncle Sam is concerned.

Grievances in public place lest you be inwardly censured more than the one you would direct public censure to.

If Belgium will kick and kick like the devil, just as did Japan and Italy, she, too, will get her pound of flesh, just as did Japan and Italy. The peace board is parceling out the world and anything to keep peace in the family.

In our last issue we took the position that Mrs. Presto was not qualified to represent the Seattle Branch in the tenth anniversary of the N. A. A. C. to which she evidently took exceptions and in a public meeting thoroughly proved our contention: "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

After observing the struggling masses fight for an opportunity to gaze upon Ruth Garrison, the red handed murderess, it's easy to understand why thousands of men, women and children turn out to witness a human being burnt at the stake. The human family is so prone to erime that criminals interest them a hundred per cent more than do good law abiding citizens.

WAS IT A DREAM.

In a state of utter despair, I, Horace R. Cayton, stood on the banks of Lake Washington and gazed into the deep, dark water below, which never gives up its dead, and just as I had reached the conclusion that life was not worth living and that I would bury my sorrows with my body in the silent waters below, a woman, comely in form, but fearful in frown, appeared on the scene and administered unto me a tongue lashing that made even the cold still waters of the lake sit up and take notice. I pulled myself together and forgot my determination to find that peace that passeth all understanding and I said to myself, I will not die, but I will strive to live and capture the affections of that woman because the woman single-handed and alone that will beard the lion in his den and tell him things as she sees them is some woman, and under proper guidance will be the means of both man and woman reaching the eureka of life, which will end in happiness forever beyond this vale of tears." My, what a headache—that macaroni and cheese seem to have made me have awful dreams.

Steam Heated Apartments

TWO AND THREE ROOMS.

Talk with

P. FRASIER,

316 Pacific Block.

THE PASSING THROG.

President Stone has issued a call for an association meeting Monday evening at the Mount Zion Baptist Church, to which he hopes a full attendance will be present. The meeting last Monday evening dispatched much routine business in connection with the membership drive, which will begin in dead earnest next Sunday, when a number of four-minute men will talk at the three leading churches, each of whom will be accompanied by two membership solicitors. The four-minute speakers and the accompanying membership solicitors for the two ensuing Sundays are as follows:

A. M. E. CHURCH, SUNDAY, MAY 11 FORENOON.

Mr. Wilson, Speaker.

Membership Solicitors: Mr. and Mrs. Drake.
EVENING SERVICES.

Archie R. Bonner, Speaker.

Membership Solicitors: Mr. and Mrs. Drake.
MOUNT ZION BAPTIST CHURCH.
FORENOON.

Archie R. Bonner, Speaker.

Membership Solicitors: Mrs. Wood, Mrs. H. Chandler.

EVENING SERVICE.

Mr. Wilson, Speaker.

Membership Solicitors: Mrs. Wood, Mr. H. Chandler.

GRACE PRESBYTERIAN.

FORENOON.

Dr. David T. Cardwell, Speaker.

Membership Solicitors: Miss Presto, Mr. Mr. J. T. Gayton.

EVENING SERVICES.

Archie R. Bonner, Speaker.

Membership Solicitors: Miss Preston, Mr. J. T. Gayton.

A. M. CHURCH, MAY 18.

FORENOON.

Dr. David T. Cardwell, Speaker.

Membership Solicitors: Mr. and Mrs. Drake.
EVENING SERVICES.

Mrs. G. W. Jones, Speaker.

Membership Solicitors: Mr. and Mrs. Drake.
MOUNT ZION BAPTIST.
FORENOON.

Mrs. L. A. Graves, Speaker.

Membership Solicitors: Mrs. Woods, Mr. H. Chandler.

EVENING SERVICES.

Mr. Wilson, Speaker.

Membership Solicitors: Mrs. Wood, Mrs. H. Chandler.

GRACE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

FORENOON.

Mr. Wilson, Speaker.

Membership Solicitors: Miss Drotha Presto, Mr. J. T. Gayton.

EVENING SERVICES.

Mrs. Alice S. Presto, Speaker.

Membership Solicitors: Miss Drotha Presto, Mr. John T. Gayton.

Seattle is to be favored with the presence of James Weldon Johnson, noted lecturer, writer and linguist, of New York, who will speak here June 5th and 6th in the interest of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. As a scholar and lecturer Mr. Johnson has but few equals in this country and as a poet he stands among the leaders, and so far as the colored citizens of this country are concerned, absolutely stands at the head. At present he is the field organizer of the N. A. A. C. and editorial correspondent of the New York Age. He is a man with a national reputation, having won his spurs as a debater in the National Republican conventions. A committee of arrangements will endeavor to use Mr. Johnson to the best advantage to all during his stay in the city.

Ruth Garrison, the rather unique Seattle murderess, according to her attorney has always been an imbecile and it has been most remarkable that she did not do something devilish before murdering Mrs. Storrs. Not only Ruth, but even her mother and father were imbeciles. Now that was a most wonderful story. Yes, so wonderful that it sounded very much like a lie. Prior to her murdering Mrs. Storrs this same Ruth Garrison was the pride and joy of the court house employes and like-

wise the thousand and one lawyers who were called to the courthouse to attend to legal business, and yet all the time she was stark mad. At the hotel in Okanogan county the proprietor thereof declared her to have been a fountain of joy and happiness. But she no sooner goes on trial and all of those pleasing qualifications that have been attributed to her were given the lie and she was pictured from the cradle to the grave as a morbid montebank, ready at any time, on account of her inherited imbecility, to jump at the throat of some unsuspecting human being. It takes an "attorney-at-law" to stage such legal camouflages to hoodwink a jury and judging from Askrem's turn at the wheel in the Ruth Garrison case, he is a past master at the business. Ere, however, this paper reaches you the jury will have rendered its verdict in the case.

Roland H. Cotteril, a Seattle councilman, is dead and the City Hall is in mourning. Mr. Cotteril was a very brilliant man and his life from early youth to almost the day of his death was full of useful constructive work for his fellow man. In life from the very beginning of mature years he made his own way and leaned on no one for aid or assistance. When he was elected a member of the city council, about two years ago, the future looked bright for him and many predicted that it was only a question of time when Roland Cotteril would go over the top and capture something higher in the state government or, perhaps, even in the Federal government. Cayton's Weekly found in him an enthusiastic supporter and even booster. Peace to his ashes.

John Franklin Cragwell is handling the speakers for the N. A. A. C. membership drive and is anxious to secure volunteers for the work. The speaking, beginning next Sunday and will continue for five consecutive Sundays.

The wife of the late Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the renowned poet, visited Seattle last week and was well received by the general public. Mrs. Dunbar is famous not wholly from having been the wife of Dunbar, but great from possessing a master mind of her ownself. She was for many years a teacher in the public schools of New York, being the first person of Negro parentage that ever taught in that city. She is a noted writer and seems to have imbibed some of the poetic spirit of her illustrious husband.

Some weeks ago this paper said, in connection with a bunch of stories told at the expense of the colored soldiers, that a story told about a colored man and not in jargon, though the colored man be highly educated, was not remotely funny. Here is a rather laughable story:

Dr. J. M. Buckley, the Methodist divine, was asked one day to conduct an "experience meeting" at a colored church in the South.

A colored woman arose and bore witness to the preciousness of her religion as light-bringer and comfort-giver.

"That's good, sister!" commented Dr. Buckley. "But now about the practical side. Does your religion make you strive to prepare your husband a good dinner? Does it make you look after him in every way?"

Just then Dr. Buckley felt a yank at his coat-tails by the colored preacher, who whispered ardently: "Press dem questions, doctor; press dem questions. Dat's my wife!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Now as amusing as the above story is per se on sober second thought, if Dr. Buckley really said this he simply lied. Dr. Buckley is one of the leaders of the M. E. Church and would have a duck fit if even a colored man was licensed to preach who was not a college graduate and yet he jokes about one of his college graduates in the above jargon. What fools we mortals be.