

POLITICAL POT PIE

"I am against Miles Poindexter for president," said a prominent Seattle Republican, "and that, too, if I am the only person in the state that is against him." That's a political blunder, Mr. Prominent Republican, and should you ever come up for an office again that stand will cost you some votes. Climb into the band wagon and make it unanimous for Senator Poindexter and you will lose nothing by it in the long run, even if he should not be nominated.

The consensus of opinion is the voters of Washington are as ignorant now as to where Senator Jones stands on the treaty as they were prior to making his speech before the Young Men's Republican Club. The more those who heard the speech think about it, the less pleased they are with it. No one save those who favor the treaty seem to approve of the speech.

The Democrats have already begun to bestir themselves to give President Wilson a pleasant reception, so far as they are concerned, when he visits Seattle, but it is more than possible that if he attempts to defend his actions at the peace pact in a speech he will get a heckling that will make his blood run cold. When President Wilson takes the stump to defend himself he will lay aside his presidential dignity and will be forced to give and take like any other person on trial.

The ghost of the Lamping bill in the late legislature has appeared before Governor Hart and has demanded that its murderer (Kuykendall) be beheaded, but Governor Hart is from Missouri and replied, not in a thousand. Much was promised for the ghost of the Lamping bill to accomplish in the coming campaign and it has already begun to do the work even before its sponsors had fully cleared the field in which it is to frighten the office seekers into political submission.

Governor Hart has started with a vengeance to put up his political fences in the way of his gubernatorial appointments. will be howling "Hart" twenty-four hours in six months time, so goes the political story, the governor will have Republicanized the entire state official roster, all of whom every day on state time and on state pay. It was thought some time ago that Clark Savage would not oppose Hart, but at this writing Savage is not sure.

Should Claude C. Ramsay run for mayor and be elected, as he would be, it has been decided by the court house ring that Commissioners Lew Smith and Tom Dobson will elect Norman Wardall county commissioner in lieu of Ramsay and one of the faithful in Wardall's office at present will be elected county auditor, all of which would mean that the dear people would have no more chance than a jack rabbit in front of a pack of greyhounds on a smooth prairie to save their white aunty.

Now, if Jack Stringer is able to name his successor to the sheriff's office he will have another four years in the office, and then his machine will be strong enough to elect him for another four years, and by that time he will have been in the office something like twenty years, and if by that time he is not able to retire and live off of the interest of his money then there must have been a hole in his money pocket all the time he was sheriff.

Rumor has it that C. W. Claussen will have to go some to again succeed himself as state auditor. It seems that he has locked horns with every legislature for the past eight years and the break between the leaders of the last legislature and himself was so serious that an overwhelming majority of them agreed to oppose his reelection. It will be remembered that he ran behind his ticket at an alarming rate the last election.

"Say for us," said a bunch of representatives and senators, "that Cap. Howell will not have a walk-over for secretary of state. He is not our kind of a Republican and if he is not defeated for another nomination it will be no fault of ours." Both

Howell and Claussen have been fought before, but not so determinedly as they will be this time. Insurance Commission Fishback will also have bitter opposition.

THEY TURNED WHITE

Once in my early manhood I was invited by my college chum to spend one of the summer months at his home in Natchez, Mississippi, which invitation I readily accepted in view of the fact that he had impressed me as coming from one of the leading families of that rather antiquated city, long acknowledged by both the white and black folks thereabouts as the social hub. In the course of human events I showed up at the depot in Natchez, where I was met by my chum, who took me to his more or less palatial home in his family vehicle, in which I was made very, very welcome. I had been in the home but a short while before I was introduced to his four beautiful sisters, of whom I had previously heard but little. While being introduced, if I did not show a bit of embarrassment it was because I was able to control my feelings, for, had not my chum himself done the introducing, I would have suspected that I was in the right church but the wrong pew, and that I had been inveigled into the home of some prominent white family for an excuse to call a necktie party, and I would be the center of attraction. There, however, later on was a party and I fear I was the center of attraction, as will be subsequently related, though no violence was attempted. The four young ladies proved to be just as entertaining as they were fair to look upon and soon they had me feeling awfully glad to be there, and I soon saw in my mind's eye that my chum's sisters would get a great deal more of my time and attention than would my chum, at least until we returned to school in September.

"You are just in time to attend one of our most select social functions," joyously exclaimed the youngest one of the quartet, "and knowing you would be here we have had an invitation sent to our address for you, and it gives me pleasure to present the same to you," to which the other sisters acquiesced.

That evening with a sister of my chum on either arm I walked into the assembly room, and I thought myself the unqualified lion of the occasion. While my chum and his sisters were presenting me to some of their more immediate associates, a voice clear and distinct sarcastically exclaimed, "Well, L wonder what the nigger wants here? Surely I was at a party and that, too, the very center of attraction. Though in complexion I was between a mulatto and a quadroon, yet I was the darkest person in that room, and there was no doubt as for whom the insult was intended, but neither my chum, his sisters nor myself made any reply, or either by look or action showed the slightest emotion, nor was the matter ever subsequently referred to. I fully realized that I was in a strictly blue veined colored society, where darker persons were not wanted and such societies, be it remembered, were more or less common in the South, owing to the concubinage of white men and colored women—master and slave—and there was nothing to do but to make the best of the ugly situation, which I endeavored to do.

As time rolled on many of those white colored folks realized that they were entirely too white to be black and, by designation, too black to be white, at least in and about their native heaths and so they began to scatter and seek other places to cast their lots, where they could throw off their color handicaps. The north, east and west soon contained many blue veined colored persons from Natchez, Mississippi, some of whom I have periodically met or read of in the newspapers. From Natchez many of the young men went to Washington City prior to the civil service law taking effect and under the Republican rule secured splendid positions, which they retained under civil service. Even in Washington City they had little or no trouble in turning white and I am told many of

those I knew well and with whom I mingled socially in Mississippi, on going to the national capital married "marble fronts" and would now know me no more.

As I now remember, among those to whom I was introduced on that rather eventful blueveined party evening, so far as I was concerned were Douglas and Wallace McCary, two magnificent specimens of the genus homo, not quite so fair in complexion as the most of those present, but with shapely features and raven black hair that gave them much the appearance of Spaniards, though they had an Irish or a Scotch name. Unlike some of the others they possessed a congeniality that made the stranger within their gates want to get up against them. Subsequent to that social gathering, I met those young men on the college campus of my Alma Mater and while they were not sport lovers to the extent of being mixers, yet they had with them a spirit of congeniality that made of them good fellows. But parting day finally came, as it does to all schools of learning, when chums, classmates and acquaintances go their respective ways, the most of them to never meet again.

Periodically I saw the name of Douglas McCary in print, and for a minute bygone days came to my mind. Thirty odd years thereafter a military attache applied to me for an apartment for himself and family in the Caytonian Court in Seattle, and in reply to "Name, please?" came "Wallace McCary." It was some days thereafter, while talking with him about the Twenty-fifth Infantry, which was then stationed at Fort Lawton, that I realized a familiarity in his features that made me stare him in the face and say, "I had a college friend of the same name as yours." A smile spread over his face and he replied, "And I am that friend." He and his family soon moved to the fort, where Wallace soon thereafter took suddenly ill one day and died the same day. His family went to California. From Wallace I learned that Douglas was in Omaha, but of him I knew nothing.

Like most of the young men of the blue vein colored society of Natchez, both of the McCary boys became political proteges of John R. Lynch, the only colored congressman from Mississippi, and for some years Doug's name often appeared in public print in connection with that of Mr. Lynch, but as already said, after leaving Washington City and going to Omaha he dropped out of sight and so continued until the following excerpt was flashed over the wires some days ago:

"Omaha, Neb., July 18.—Douglas McCary, the father of Mrs. Clara Dwyer, was the star witness in District Judge Troup's

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