

plantation boy and the true philosophy that all nature returns to its point of beginning.

Its Not Segregation

"To win the next national, state and county election so far as King County is concerned is my highest ambition, and to that end I am appealing to all Republicans for their cooperation," said Reeves Aylmore, chairman of the King County Republican Central Committee last Sunday afternoon in an address before the King County Colored Republican Club. The Central Republican organization is the parent body to the whole, but it seems to be necessary to have sub organizations, such as is this club to reach the goal. If any one has the idea that in fostering this club the Central organization is encouraging segregation such an one was never worse mistaken. Like all the other distinct classes in the body politic of this country it seems to me that colored leaders can make more headway lining up the colored voters than can white leaders and yet the colored Republican is just as welcome in the parent organization as the white Republican. The members of this club will get their full party recognition not only in the campaign, but after the campaign. Be it understood, however, that only Republicans will be recognized. Decide among yourselves who you will have as your representatives and through your chairman present their names and, believe me, they will be named." The above is good organization talk and such as the old political war horse the late John Lockwood Wilson of Seattle used to preach to his political organization.

Entirely Too Much Ego

If persons called upon to talk to the public would forget what, "I have done" and discuss abstract principles, it occurs to me that more good would come from such addresses. The public is not sufficiently interested in one's individual success as to content itself in listening to long harangues, in which the pronoun I is the foundation for the entire discourse. Who can not address an audience on the public questions and issues of the day without constantly injecting his or her personal experiences in it is wholly unqualified to appear before a waiting congregation. Your ideas and opinions may be capital ones and if adopted prove the panacea for all ills and aches, but for you to make "I did" the prominent feature of your public conversations will move those who hear you, to whisper as you pass, there goes that self conceited 'ass.'" No one person has the key to the whole situation and if you think you have, you were never worse mistaken. Who said, "brethren lets reason together, said well and true and if you do not reason with the other fellow, however, brilliant may be the ideas you advance they will die a bornin'." The human family is diametrically opposed to the one man idea and will under no circumstances stand for it. This is intended for no particular person, but my conclusion after having recently listened to men of talent talk to large audiences, whose bump of ego simply overshadowed the entire world and its fullness thereof.

Publishers Pacified Paupers

I hot footed down to a meeting last Sunday afternoon, which had been advertised to be held in the parlors of an undertaking establishment, and as I neared the place I began to think of what point of order I could raise on entering the meeting in order that those present might know that I was there and also to silently give them to understand, that they could get no where without my direction, and before I could finish my mental deliberations, I was at the appointed place. Standing in front of the place were a dozen or more finely finished automobiles and limousines.

Started at such an array of luxury at an ordinary club meeting of colored citizens, I hesitated to enter and had about concluded that the political meeting had been abandoned, on account of some funeral, but while I pondered suddenly from within I heard, "Mr. President, I rise to a point of order," and believe me the judge heard a familiar sound, and in I bolted lest I miss something good. What however, I want to get out of this is the prosperity that the colored citizens of this community seem to be enjoying. At the simplest gathering thousands of dollars worth of expensive automobiles are found waiting at the door for their owners within. Later on when some one attempted to flatter me by saying, you are a born newspaper man, I mentally agreed with the accusation, for had I not walked thither while my accuser had come in his limousine? Good newspaper men as a rule are but pacified paupers.

General Preston's Demise

One day last week Gen. S. M. Preston of this city passed to the great beyond. He was not quite a centenarian, but he was near it, but remained more or less active almost to the time of his death. I have had many talks with Gen. Preston, since he and I first became acquainted in Seattle. I have always rather enjoyed talking to G. A. R. veterans of the Great Civil which habit I suspect, I acquired while living in Kansas, in which state lived 150,000 such veterans. However, after first getting acquainted with Gen. Preston I was always doubly pleased to engage him in conversation, because for a number of years he lived in Natchez, Mississippi, which was but a few miles from my birth place, and he was personally acquainted with hundreds of persons with whom I was acquainted and he was a personal friend of my father-in-law. I however, bore him no ill will for that. When I was a lad bidding and budding for manhood I casually met Gen. Preston at a state Republican function and learned from the political warhorses that he had been more or less instrumental in the election of Dr. Hiram R. Revels to the United States Senate and John R. Lynch to the House of Representatives and he rendered valuable assistance to scores of struggling colored men and women whose chains of bondage he had assisted in the Great Civil War to burst assunder. But both Gen. Preston and myself dropped out of Mississippi circles and strange to say I subsequently met him in a casual way in the middle west, but did not recognize in him my Mississippi acquaintance and again we parted. Gen. Preston's G. A. R. button attracted my attention one day in Seattle and I engaged him in conversation and learned from him that he was the Mississippi Preston and the middle-west Preston that I had known at different times. The milk in the coaknut however to this story is Gen. Preston was not only a true friend, but a shelter in a mighty storm for the foot sore and heart broken emancipated colored man, who, after the Great Civil War, was much like "the son of man," without a place to rest his head. Time may have to an extent weaned him from the active advocacy of the colored brother, but until his dying day he related his Mississippi experiences with pardonable pride. Circumstances prevented me from attending his funeral, but my prayers were for him.

—Editorial Ramblings.

Howard A. Fisher has been for the third time re-elected Secretary of the Darby Township School District, of Delaware County, Pa. He has been president and vice-president of the Board and was once elected treasurer, "but no bond company would go on my bond of \$4,000 simply on account of my color."

STOLEN FROM THIEVES

"Want ads" are sometimes comic in their phrasing. Here are several recent specimens

"Annual sale now on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated—come in here."

"Furnished apartments, suitable for gentlemen with folding doors."

"Wanted a room by two gentlemen about thirty feet long and twenty feet broad."

"Wanted, by a respectable girl, her passage to Europe; willing to take care of children and a good sailor."

"For sale—a piano, the property of a musician with carved legs."

"Mr. Baer, furrier, begs to announce that he will make up gowns, capes, etc., for ladies out of their own skin."

"Bulldog for sale; will eat anything; very fond of children."

"Wanted—An organist and a boy to blow the same."

"Wanted—A boy to be partially outside and partly behind the counter."

"Wanted for the summer a cottage for a small family with good sewerage."

"Lost, near Westlake Park, an umbrella belonging to a gentleman with a bent rib and a bone head."

The last is a copy of an inscription painted on a board which adorns a fence in East Glencoe: "Notis: If any man's or woman's cow gets into these here otes, his or her tail will be cut off as the case may be."—Exchange.

Veracious Farmer—Country Boarder—"You wrote that you were never bothered by mosquitoes here, and they have almost eaten me alive."

Farmer—"I didn't say anything about 'em botherin' you, did I? I said they never bother me, an' they don't; I'm used to 'em."—Boston Transcript.

Some Men—"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "is willin' to work or fight, but wants to set around too long thinkin' over which dey'll choose."—Washington Star.

She was a young widow who had just remarried, and hubby number two was causing her much anxiety.

"I can not understand why my husband is so fastidious," she confessed to a friend. "He scarcely eats anything now, my first husband, who died, used to eat everything that I cooked for him."

"Did you tell your present husband that?" queried the friend.

"Oh, yes! Of course. Why?"

"Well, perhaps that's the reason."—London Tit-Bits.

"I am an American," said a man to a foreign-born. "You were an immigrant?"

"True," said the foreign-born, "but I really have more right to be proud of my Americanism than you. You came into this country naked, and I came here with my pants on. You came here because you couldn't help it; I came because I wanted to, and of my own free will."—Ladies' Home Journal.

JUST THINK

When the doctors strike we'll stop getting sick.

When the bricklayers strike—we won't use a brick.

When the ink makers strike we will quit using ink—

But when the undertaker strikes what will we do—just think.