

## THE PASSING THROUG

The one-day session of the grand lodge of the Masons of Washington and jurisdiction was held last Tuesday and was attended by J. C. Logan, Edward Rutherford and Mac Oliver, Portland; Henry J. Asberry, J. A. Nelson, Clarence Rounds and J. Lumpkins, Tacoma; J. E. Shepperson and W. J. Morrison, Roslyn; John Golden and Rev. J. A. Duncan, Ellensburg; A. J. Bragg and W. L. Perkins, Yakima; R. E. Crump, Spokane; Thomas Jefferson, Newton Solomon, M. E. Bird, E. H. Williams and J. E. Morton, Everett; J. B. White and William Ellis, Bellingham; Edie Gardner and Howard Brown of Seattle. The session was presided over by E. H. Holmes, grand master. At the conclusion of the session of the grand lodge a banquet was served in honor of the recently made lodge of Seattle.

"Why, there is Henry Gregg," said a friend to me as we were walking down the street, and I involuntarily said, "come here Don," and gave a distress whistle for my dog. Of course my Don is dead and I am dogless, but for twenty-one years, I had been keeping an eye peeled for that darn dog catcher, lest he get my dog and I would have the measley sum of one dollar to pay for dog license for that canine. Though Gregg is no longer connected with the dog pond the unexpected mention of his name so startled me that I found myself trying to protect an imaginative dog. Henry grinned when I whistled for my dog and tried to locate it to keep the dog catcher from it and said: "Oh, g'wan, your dog is dead, and um no dog catcher anyway, but all of this reminds me that I was dog catcher so long and chased so many dogs that I forgot myself and one day I was walking through the sage brush near my orchard down in the Yakima Valley, when a jack rabbit began to hot foot it in front of me and in the twinkling of an eye I was up and after the bugger and believe me, I had it for dinner the next day." Now Henry is a giant both in strength and stature, but I looked him straight in the eye and told him the following story: "My twelve year old kid boy asked me of something about which I did not care to talk and I replied, "I do not know," when he looked at me and coolly replied to my evasive answer, "Papa, you know that I know you are lying." No I did not skin that little skamp and all because his mother convinced me that the boy was only joking. Henry did not laugh heartily over the joke and I suspect that he had a sneaking idea that it was no joke with me.

Whoever wrote, "One half of the world does not know what the other half is doing," said a whole mouthful, but did not know it. In the past I had listened to so much bickering among the members of the various uplift organizations among the colored citizens of this community that I had about reached the conclusion that in Seattle the spirit of rivalry and jealousy among ourselves had about swamped us and that we had all reached the conclusion, every fellow for himself and the devil take the hindermost one. However, I selfishly decided to visit the monthly meeting of the Sojourner Truth Club last Tuesday evening and sat myself down in a critical mood, expecting all the time to witness the usual pull dick, pull devil seance, that I have so

## You Are Welcome

GREAT NORTHERN POOL AND BILLIARD HALL

Cigars, Tobacco and Soft Drinks.

BOYD & WILLIAMS, Props.

1032 Jackson St.

often met in similar public meetings, but I soon discovered that I was in the right church, but in the wrong pew. Not one point of order was raised, not one objection was made nor did there seem to be any disposition among any of the members to best any other in the proceedings. In other words, everybody seemed to be of one mind and wanted to do that which would spell success. Every report showed careful, painstaking united work. Of course the financial end of the organization impressed me most. With one accord the membership has planned to liquidate a \$6000 indebtedness on the home they, some one year ago, purchased and by June the first occupy the same and thereby culminate the efforts they set out to do. All of it was not only a surprise to me, but a revelation and I left that meeting convinced beyond a reasonable doubt that things were not as dark as they some times seem. Here is an organization looking to its own kith and kin for support and planning to so utilize whatever is contributed for the protection of the women folk of its kith and kin, who need it, and it is leaning heavily on themselves to accomplish their heart's desire. A home for girls and for women away from home is a most laudable undertaking and if the Almighty causes stars to be placed in the crowns of those who accomplish the most in this world, then no brighter star will ever be placed in the crown of anyone than the



Sojourner Truth Club House

one which represents the work that we do for the relief and comfort of our fellowman. The drive the club has already begun in order to be ready to open its home by the 1st day of June, has been well planned and I can not see how it can fail and I take this opportunity to say to the readers of Cayton's Weekly, you would do well to investigate the work of the ladies of the Sojourner Truth Club is doing and if you do I have no doubt but that you, like me, will be convinced that there is a brighter day ahead. The official roster of the club is: Mrs. Clara J. Bonner, president; Mrs. Hattie J. Oliver, vice-president; Mrs. Ida Wilson, recording secretary; Bennett Dorn, corresponding secretary, and Dell Whicker, treasurer.

For the past thirty years I have known R. Sartori, one of the candidates for the three year term in the city council of Seattle, and I have always found him on the square and in the open. I was introduced to Mr. Sartori by J. Edward Hawkins, who was admired by all who knew him, and he said to me after we had walked away from Sartori, "Cayton, there is a man that is a man, every inch of him, and he sees all other men through the very same glasses. I have known him since I have lived in Seattle and though I have often been in his place of business he has not only treated me just as courteously as the wealthiest and whitest man that ever patronized him, but on many occasions has gone out of his way to make it pleasant for me, and in times of need, he is always there with the goods." If Hawkins was alive today I feel safe in saying he would be strong for Sartori for councilman. Mr. Sartori is one of the very successful business men of Seattle and I feel safe in saying if elected to the council, he will seek to give the city a no less business administration than he has his own affairs, and one other thing he will do, the colored man will receive the same consideration as the white man. So far as I am concerned

I am always strong for the man that is the same yesterday, today and tomorrow. I have no use for a man that slobbers over me when he wants something and especially an office, and then shuts up like a clam as soon as he gets what he wants. Should Sartori be elected a member of the city council and a committee of colored citizens call upon him to suppress a public injustice, that was being practiced upon the colored citizens of the community, as far as his official capacity would permit he would do his best. In other words, he is one man you and I and all of us can safely trust to the limit.

The Waiters and Waitresses' Association will be a wonderful help to the community and most especially the waiter and the waitress. As it not only procures employment but is protective by furnishing a physician in case of illness as well as a funeral in the event of death. This organization will be supported by a very large membership. The fees are reasonable. \$5.00 for membership and \$1.00 per month dues. Send your application today. All waiters and waitresses are invited to attend a special meeting Wednesday, February 11 at 304 Crary Building, corner 5th and Union, 8:30 to 10. Jerome Covington, president; James Titus Dyal, vice-president; K. W. Anderson, treasurer; Dr. C. F. Maxwell, association's physician, chairman executive board; Miss A. Howard, chairman Ladies Department; Miss A. Carr, stenographer; Dr. Arthur Williams, secretary, 304 Crary Bldg.; H. Alfred Lewis, assistant secretary.

## CALDWELL'S SOLILOQUY

Nothing have I said as yet, that will cause me to regret, in case I am one of two, who'll be called upon to do, the final campaign act, that will make the mayor in fact. I've played the game of hide and seek and run and jump across the creek; old blind man bluff I've also tried and run, sheep run I too have cried. The municipal issues of the day, I've dodged and ducked till I am gray. So I'm prepared to pluck the plum from any one who chance to come, to meet and fight me at the polls, and thereby finish the election rolls. If Fitzgerald my opponent is, the Russian Reds will do the "biz", but if it's Duncan I must fight, Old Glory then will be my light. In other words I've tried to trim my sails to fit the shape of any rim, but, in case I fail to land, like Jim Bradford I will stand, for Jimmy Duncan and his clan to be Seattle's foremost man.

## ROBERT B. HESKETH



Your support Solicited  
For Re-Election as  
**COUNCILMAN**  
(Three Year Term)  
Primary Feb. 17  
Service—Satisfaction  
Co-Operation

(Paid Advertisement)

## MERRY-MAKERS PLEASURE CLUB

Will Give a Plain, Fancy Dress and Masquerade Ball

Celebrating Washington's Birthday

Monday Eve., Feb. 23, 1920—All Night at Washington Hall, 14th and Fir Prizes for Ladies and Gentlemen

COMMITTEE—James Titus Dial, Chairman; F. M. Gordon, Jerome Covington, W. Sanders, A. Purnell, T. Taylor; Leroy Bundy, Floor Manager. Music by Mrs. Smith's Full Orchestra

Subscription 50c