

THE PASSING THROG

In preparation for the Republican County Convention I entered into a "gentleman's agreement" with Lincoln Brooks and Ned Humes which had it been carried out, would have given me a seat in the county convention, and, perhaps, a seat in the state convention, but they saw fit to go back on their agreement and I was and will be only a silent spectator. A politician who will break a gentleman's agreement is a human only in part and such would be politician never rises higher than an underling—an office lackey. I had a similar experience to this many years ago in a fight for the mayoralty nomination of Seattle. I was very vigorously supporting a candidate for mayor in opposito to Thomas J. Humes and in the wee hours of the morning on the convention day, in company with Edward B. Palmer and A. B. Stewart, we met Frank and Johnny Clancy in the Pioneer building and entered into an agreement to nominate Charles G. Austen for mayor and thereby defeat the aspirations of Mayor Humes. I confess that I am a pretty old hand at the game of politics to get muleted by a brace of political mutton heads and my wife smiled when I related the circumstance to her and reprimandingly replied, "I am sorry you are not a dlegate to the convention, since you want to go, but knowing the game as well as you do, you got what you richly deserved." I am inclined to think she was right, but I felt a good deal as did a tramp, who was knocked down by a passing vehicle, on which he subsequently commented as follows: "I would not feel so badly about this mishap had not the vehicle been a garbage wagon." To fully ease my conscience, however, as soon as I get another extra dollar I will give it to some indulgent friend to sufficiently use his boot on me to disable me from sitting down for a solid week and at each blow repeat, "it served you right."

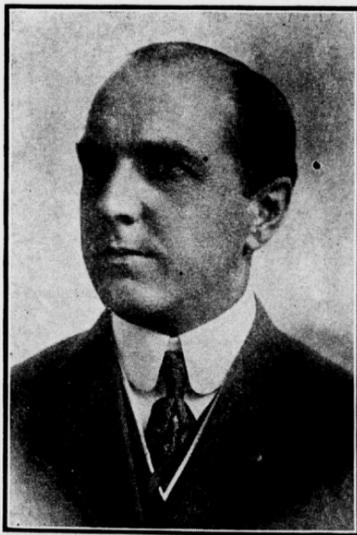
When a pair of would-be men are able to mulch me at the political game then I must confess that my age is telling on me and the proverbial little child has come to lead me. One, however, never gets so old, but that a wrong is not resented and, my age to the contrary, I still have the faculty of remembering enemies and their breaking of this gentleman's agreement will bob up serenely from time to time and be talked over and over and, believe me, it will do me no harm.

In the past I was always in my glory to participate in a red hot convention fight and as I sat and watched the proceedings of last Saturday's convention, there were times when I felt "my kingdom for an opportunity to be heard." I listened to the intemperate preamble and resolution followed by a no less guarded speech on the part of Billie Whitney directed against S. A. Perkins, and it occurred to me, "for this have we sons." Four years ago this same Billie Whitney was cocksure of being nominated by the Republicans for representative in Congress and, had he been nominated, he would have been elected, and, had he been elected he would have made just as big a mess of himself in the halls of Congress as he did on the convention floor last Saturday. As he bobbed up and down and shook his little self some one near said, "ain't he a fighting little cuss." The spirit of the convention, even before it assembled, was opposed to Perkins, hence Billie under such circumstances, proved a hero of the occasion.

"Well, I see the Kansas people lynched another colored man," said Richard Gowan of Seattle, a former Mississippian, as he met me on the street last Tuesday morning. "Yes," I replied, "and it begins to look as if even in the North and West there are white persons who entertain a like opinion as did the now historic Judge Taney, "the Negro has no rights the white man is bound to respect." If it be true that the white

citizens have begun to think of the colored man as do the red handed murderers of Georgia and Mississippi, then more is the pity, and his, the Negro's future, is full and overflowing with dark and dangerous forebodings. There is one ray of hope, however, to be seen in that Kansas lynching. Who knows, owing to its close proximity to Oklahoma and Texas, but that the spirit of that necktie party originated in Mississippi and Texas and took that opportunity to put the state of Kansas in the same class in that particular as the most of the states of the South. That the crime, which the man was accused of committing was not one hundredth part as heinous as it has been pictured is evidenced in the mob not lynching the white man that was in company with the colored man, when the crime is alleged to have been committed, but said white man was simply arrested and his only crime, in all probability, will be in the fact of having been in the company of the colored man. On the other hand, suppose two colored men, instead of one and a white man, had been together when the crime was committed, both of them would have met the same fate. No, the colored man's crime was not of itself so heinous, but the intolerance of the white men, so far as the colored man is concerned, was what prompted the lynching of the colored man, the sending of the white man to prison, where he will be mildly punished for being in company with a colored man. The heinousness of the black man's crime was due to his complexion a thousand times more over than to the actual crime.

I am going to introduce to you and each of you Col. Roland H. Hartley, of Everett, who, it is said, has aspirations to be the next governor of the state. Some four years ago he had similar aspirations and for a while I frequently met him but had not done so since that time, until last Wednesday. Four years ago I had a picture of him in Cayton's Weekly, which picture showed him wearing a heavy mustache and,



ROLAND H. HARTLEY

so when I saw him the other day, I almost had to be reintroduced, but I had not been with him only a few minutes before we were chatting as pleasantly as old tilicums. In the campaign four years ago he made many friends among the colored voters and, if he runs this year, I am inclined to think he will stand even higher among them than he did four years ago. In Snohomish county every colored citizen, his brother and his sister, are for Col. Hartley for anything in a public way he seeks, which speaks for itself that they think he will give them a square deal. There are upwards of 10,000 colored voters in this state and if all of them would think about Col. Hartley as do those in Snohomish county, as popular as he is among the white voters, I am of the opinion that he would be much in the position as was the Irishman, who inquired of an ante-bellum colored man at a railroad station, the distance to the next town. With his inborn, philosophical turn of mind the colored man replied: "That depends on how you go. If

you keep on dat dirt road its ten long miles; if you take dat locomotive, its not so far, but," warming up to the situation, "if you take dat spatchegraph, God bless your soul, honey, you are dahr now."

"Never touched me," joyfully exclaimed S. A. Perkins, whom I met on the streets in Seattle last Tuesday. "You bet your sweet life I will be in Bellingham, when the Republican convention assembles there, and, believe me, I'll be there with bells on, and will accept the decision of the convention just like a good Republican." Mr. Perkins leaves for Chicago the next day after the Bellingham convention closes, where he, as chairman of the executive committee of the National Republican Committee, will sit in judgment on any contest that may come to the convention. I know of one contest coming from Mississippi, which had its origin in the Lilly White politics of that state. "I have no patience in the world for that Mississippi rot and if I do not put the hydro-headed monster to sleep for all time to come, it will not be my fault. Once before that Mississippi mess came before me and I took fiendish delight in the support of Perry W. Howard, the colored contestant, and he need not lose any sleep about my vote in the coming contest."

Blackie is back with a box of fun, though I'm told he made no mon, on the trotting horse or the racing colt, that split the air like a thunderbolt. But Blackie is a sport that's ful of game, though his purse be a wee bit lame. I got a crimp from the last long trot, which looked mighty good, but got my pot. But Jay Eye See and little Joe, look good to me before they go, so I kissed my roll and said farewell, then borrowed a buck to touch the bell, for a thousand "bulls" to bring me home, where money is made from the ocean foam. So here I am again on the job, feeling mighty fine, but ain't no snob.

But I was told by the euckoo clocks, Blackie is back with a "box of rocks," which came to him from little Joe, that lead the bunch to the end of the row, and among his friends he's spending the coin and to them he is the prince of DeMoine. Blackie is back, for I saw his car rising the hill like the morning star. Negroid Way was all in style when Blackie swept by wreathed in smiles. And now the town will be full of life for Blackie is back and has no knife.

"The navy is alright, as far as it goes, but so far as the young colored man is concerned, it does not go far enough. On the various ships the colored man is subject to even more color discrimination than he is on land, and God knows that is saying a good deal. There are about fifteen colored men on the ship with me and they are not permitted to in any way come in contact with the white men. There are about twenty Filipinos and they are all in a class to themselves. However, they think themselves quite above the colored man, and the white men refuse to associate with them. I think the white sailors dislike the Filipinos to a greater extent than they do the colored men. That, I am inclined to think, is due to the fact that the Filipinos refuse to be colored folks and for that, the whites seem to just mortally hate them. When my term is out then no more U. S. Navy for me."

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