

what in the damnation is this? She is now more strongly fixed in her efficacy of prayer belief, but says, the next time I pray to be woke up I will add, but do not do it with a cold shower bath.

Last Wednesday was red letter day for the Seattle Branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People as it acted as hostess for between 500 and 1000 persons at Fortuna Park where a picnic was held. I do not think I ever met a more pleasing crowd, every one of whom enjoyed himself or herself every moment he was in the park. Community dinners were spread where friends of long standing renewed former pleasant relations. Jones and his bunch sold good barbecued meat at two bits a smell and I hear it was all smelt away. Winston was gate keeper and the lady that had a poodle got real mad when she had to pay for it entering the park, but Winston informed her that he had no more respect for a dog than he did for a human. Joe Warren, candidate for sheriff, also peeped in on the bunch and I am told he put more chicken away than a Methodist preacher, which is surely going some. In the young women's foot race, Miss Hazel James showed that she is some sprinter and she says in case of domestic entanglements fast running may come in awful handy.

Bishop Wm. A. Fountain, the new bishop of the Eighteenth Episcopal district of the A. M. E. Church, will pay his first visit to Seattle Sunday, August 15th, and will preach morning and evening at the First A. M. E. Church. A banquet will be held in his honor Monday evening August 16th.

Mrs. Florence Davis of St. Louis, Mo., will be a guest of Mrs. S. C. Winston during the month of August.

The person who took Ralph Jones' kodak over at Fortuna Park last Wednesday had better return the same and save trouble as two reliable witnesses saw them with the instrument. Return the kodak and there will be no questions asked.

STOLEN FROM THIEVES

At Christmas time Elinor got several little candy animals, which she has been saving because they were so cute. But one day the toy rabbit was missed. "What did you do with Bunny?" "Oh, he got too dirty to play with, so I ate him," replied Elinor.

As the powerful motor car dashed along the French country road in a smother of dust and fumes, the owner leaned toward the chauffeur and yelled out: "Where are we now?" "Just running into Paris, sir!" roared the man at the wheel. The owner of the car shook his head irritably. "Oh, don't bother about little details," he shrieked back. "I mean what country?"

"Maria!" roared Mr. Gayboy, "where on earth is my hat?" "I am sure I do not know," retorted his wife, coldly, still showing signs of the family scene which had marked hubby's return home in the wee small hours. "You ought to," snorted the man. "I can't keep a thing about this house. It's a shame the way things disappear without any apparent reason! I would just like to know where my hat is!" "So would I," replied the lady meaningly. "You didn't have it on when you came home last night."

Charles M. Schwab at one of his Loretto dinner parties was talking about a man who was vainly beseeching the banks for a loan. "He's a rich man, too," said Mr. Schwab: "but he's work poor." "Work poor?" said a guest. "Yes, work poor," Mr. Schwab repeated. "You see, he's always got so many operations in hand that he's always short of money to finance them. Work poor, I call it." Then he smiled and added: "He's one of those fellows who dig so much that they're always in a hole."

Mr. Gabb had been out at an all-night poker game and was trying to square himself when he got home at noon the next day. He had a package under his arm. "Wouldn't you like to know what is in this package?" asked Mr. Gabb. "I'm not a bit interested," replied Mrs. Gabb. "Well, I bought something for the one I love best in the world," announced Mr. Gabb, with a grin. "What did you buy yourself, collars or neckties?" snapped Mrs. Gabb.

He was one of those smart men who like to show their cleverness. "Watch me take a rise out of him," he said, as the tramp approached. Then he listened solemnly to the tale of hard luck. "That's the same story you told me the last time you accosted me," he said, when the vagrant had finished. "Is it?" was the answering question. "When did I tell it to you?" "Last week." "Mebbe I did, mebbe I did," admitted the tramp. "I'd almost forgotten meeting you. I was in prison all last week."

Pat was employed as a hodcarrier during the new building operations. One morning he happened to be late. Putting on his clothes in haste he hurried away without noticing that he had put on his overalls hind side to. Arriving at the works just in time, he was soon climbing the ladder with his first hod of brick, but half way up he fell to the ground. His mates rushed to the rescue. "Are you hurt?" they asked. Pat opened his eyes and for a moment gazed wonderingly at his own legs. "No, bedad," he said, "but I've had a terrible twist."

The temperance reformer was justly proud of having converted the biggest drunkard in a Scottish town and induced him—he was the local grave-digger—to get up on the platform and testify. This is how he did it: "My friends," he said, "I never thoct to stand upon this platform with the provost on one side of me and the toon clerk on th' ither side of me. I never thoct to tell ye that for a whole

month I've not touched a drop of anything. I've saved enough to buy me a braw oak coffin wi' brass handles and brass nails, and if I'm a teetotaller for anither month I shall be wantin' it."

Many are the stories told of the thrift of Harry Lauder. The fact that he is of Scottish descent has given humorists an opportunity to plaster a multitude of yarns, deserved and undeserved, upon his personality. Here's one: Some years ago, after Lauder had passed under the exclusive management of William Morris, he enjoyed one of the most prosperous seasons of his career. Week after week he played to capacity houses. Money flowed in the box offices. Receptions a-many were accorded him. Publicity came from every source. Lauder was happy. "Ah, mon," he told Morris, "but it's bonnie. An' I'll not forget yet, ken that. 'Tis a rare giftie I have to make ye before I gang awa.'" Time and again, as the tour continued, Lauder reiterated the statement. Morris became more and more curious. He imagined all sorts of magnificent gifts, but, despite an active imagination, he could not fathom the secret. And then it came. Lauder said good-by and walked down the gangplank of the vessel that was to carry him to Scotland. Before he left, however, he shoved a package into Morris' hand. When the vessel cleared the manager found a secluded corner and opened the package. It was a photograph of Lauder, autographed in the actor's own hand.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF Washington in and for King County.
In the Matter of the Estate of Robert M. McMann, Deceased—N. 27794. Notice to Creditors.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Mabel Akers, has been appointed executrix of the estate of said deceased, and has qualified as such executrix, and all creditors of the deceased and all persons having claims against the deceased are required to serve the same on the said executrix or her attorneys, Sullivan & Christian, 1507 National Realty building, Tacoma, Washington, and file with the Clerk of the above Court, together with the proof of such service within six months after the date of the first publication of this notice, to-wit: within six months after the 31st day of July, 1920.

MABEL AKERS,
Executrix of the Estate of Robert M. McMann, Deceased.
SULLIVAN & CHRISTIAN,
Attorneys for Executrix,
1507 National Realty Bldg., Tacoma, Wash.
July 31-August 28, 1920

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