

## THE PASSING THROUG

Last Wednesday evening I heard Dr. Easen, representing the Garvey movement, talk to some three hundred or more colored persons, and at the conclusion of his address, I said to myself that man has much clever wit and natural as well as acquired ability, and uttered some striking truths, but he is no more fitted for the position he and others think he occupies than is a Billy Goat. From beginning to end his address bristled with faulty generalities and high sounding platitudes, said and emphasized so as to take his hearers unawares off of their feet. He often boasted of the fact that for ten years he had been a Methodist preacher, but is to soon become one of the diplomats of the world, stationed at Washington City, but his language and rough, if not vulgar, remarks would all seem to suggest a prize fighting ring rather than a diplomatic circle. Discussing serious subjects and questions so as to prey upon the weakness of those, who are listening to him or her, is a clever trick of the lecturer with an ulterior and selfish motive, and at that game I do not hesitate to brand Dr. Easen a past grand master. I am not opposing the proposition that he was advocating, on the contrary I am of the opinion that his proposition has a great deal more than a mere passing degree of merit in it, but I do object of one who happens to command a flippant tongue to make monkeys out of unsuspecting persons by saying one thing and yet meaning another.

Rev. W. D. Carter has gone to California for a five weeks' vacation and rest. However, when he returns he plans to take up the financial end of his church and endeavor to clean up the whole.

Mr. and Mrs. John Love, after a three weeks' visit with friends in Seattle, by whom they were royally entertained, have returned to their home in Memphis, Tenne-

ssee, where Mr. Love will again take up his duties as U. S. mail clerk.

Just before leaving for California I met the Rev. W. D. Carter and he said to me, "I have just returned from Centralia, where I visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stacy Cooness, colored pioneers of that section, and Mr. Cooness told me he had lived in that place continuously for the past forty-nine years. I regret to have to say to you that Mrs. Cooness is in exceedingly poor health, so much so that she is sleeping on her porch in open air, which of itself suggested to me the fatal tubercular, but I trust it is not so bad as it seems. Mr. Cooness still owns an acre and over of ground in Centralia, where his stepfather once owned the entire site and who at his death, I am told, left Mr. Cooness upwards of \$100,000, but business ventures turned out poorly for him and he is having a severe struggle to hold on to what he has." I listened patiently at what Mr. Carter said and then let my mind ponder over the past. When I first came to this state George Washington, stepfather of Mr. Cooness, and father of Centralia, was the most important man of southwest Washington and loved by a majority of the citizens who knew him. He owned the major part of the townsite of Centralia and fostered it into a thriving burg by giving liberally to outsiders to cast their lots in his town. Mr. Washington was a pioneer to the Northwest and I have understood was formerly a Virginia slave, who in company with five whites came to the Territory of Washington and all settling in the immediate vicinity of Centralia, where all of them took up homesteads. Mr. Washington being a Negro was prevented under the then existing constitution of the United States from taking up government lands, appealed to Representative Arthur L. Denny of Seattle then in the U. S. Congress, to have that body pass an act enabling him to take up a government homestead, which was done, and resulted in the townsite

of Centralia and the more or less famousizing George Washington, its Negro founder and promoter. Though Mr. Washington met many severe financial reverses, yet he died leaving a large legacy to Mr. Cooness and still much larger legacy to a younger son by a second wife. Mr. Cooness married his present wife in the state of Oregon, who had been well educated in the schools thereof and after taking up her abode in Centralia she was so generally well thought of that for many years she was employed as one of the public school teachers of that county and her memory by the local educators is still honored and revered, and then I concluded with, and this is life, where do we go from here?

When I say to you that the apartments that are now being prepared at the Laurel Apartments, 303 22nd South, are on the whole the most inviting quarters that are open to the colored citizens of Seattle, I say so without fear of successful contradiction. When I further say that they cost no more and in some instances not as much as less desirable apartments again I can safely say I do so without fear of successful contradiction. These apartments are being renovated and redecorated by an artist and they need but to be seen to be highly appreciated. The Laurel is the convenient apartment house for colored tenants to reach the business center of the city of Seattle, having two municipal trunk lines running within a block of the house and in case you feel like walking to town you can do so in fifteen minutes. The house is steam heated and has large and commodious halls all well lighted. There is not a dark room or kitchen in the building—every kitchenette having an outside window. Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Jamison in charge will take pleasure in showing you through. Call at 303 22nd South. The Laurel Apartments.

## SEATTLE'S FIRST HOME GETTERS, By P. FRAZIER, 316 Pacific Block

Twenty years ago and the colored citizens of Seattle began to wake up to the necessity of owning their homes and they began to move in that direction. About that time C. H. Harvey, W. S. Murray, W. L. Presto had begun the erection of small homes and others slowly, but surely began to follow in their wake. Soon thereafter the late J. Edward Hawkins purchased a residence in one of the leading residential districts of Seattle, which was the first move made in the direction of breaking into an exclusive section. The move of Mr. Hawkins was followed by H. R. Cayton, who bought on Capitol Hill which was quickly followed by I. F. Norris buying and building on Federal avenue. Those three real estate purchases created quite a furor in the colored circles of the city and then the real buying did begin and it is safe to say that in five years more not less than five hundred colored persons had purchased houses and lots and made homes of them. To individualize in that long list of real estate purchasers would be next to impossible, but suffice it to say the most of them did so under very trying circumstances and held on to them with much difficulty owing to being financed by companies that had no particular desire to do so, but did so more as a matter of fact than what they termed a business proposition, thus embarrassing all parties concerned. It is safe to say that the purchase price of those 500 homes was not a cent less than one million dollars and of that sum in the neighborhood of \$100,000 was paid in cash. Suppose those colored purchasers had have devised some plan by putting that \$100,000 in one pot and had some capable person to finance the whole, it occurs to me they would have made money going and coming or at least secured a good home going and realized a handsome sum of money coming. You perhaps have never stopped to think what a volume of business \$100,000 in cash would control and conduct on the financial plan this country has been and is still being operated. A well established business in financial circles is worth more than a large bank

account, and in saying this I am reminded of a certain man, who moved to Seattle from the East who had a well established credit where he came from. He went into business here and while he did not necessarily have to call upon a bank for money to tide him over, yet he forthwith called upon a bank for a large three months' loan, which he promptly paid when due and a few days thereafter repeated the proceedings and paid that up just as promptly when due. In reply to what was his motive in doing that, he said, "to establish my credit in this community in order that I may conduct my business under any adversity that may arise." That man is now one of Seattle's richest men. Had that \$100,000 paid by colored citizens been put to work in a business way and its obligations taken care of as promptly as have been the payments on those parcels of real estate that same number of colored persons would not only now own their homes in fee simple, if they so desired, but would have been in a position to have assisted fully five hundred more to get homes and make it easy for them to pay for the same. Next week I mean to have more to say about the colored man and his home getting in Seattle and his method of meeting his obligations, and, incidentally, say a word about being your brother's keeper. Our group is not very strong on looking out for the best interest of the other fellow, they are much on the plan of the old deacon who prayed, "God bless me and my wife, my son John and his wife, our four and no more," which to my mind is not only exceedingly selfish but short sighted and is a true case of cutting off your nose to spite your face. In union there is strength, which is the same as co-operation. The old man who on his death bed tied seven sticks in a bundle and had each of seven sons to try to break the bundle without success, then told the eldest one to untie the bundle and break the sticks separately, which was easily done, preached a sermon on the subject of Stand Together that should be our watchword.



P. FRAZIER