

PERCENTAGE OF PATRIOTS

According to Dr. D. A. Nease, of New York, quoted in the Washington Post, of September 26, about 50 per cent of the people of the United States are true Americans at heart. Assuming a total population of about 100,000,000 and a colored population of about 10,000,000 (there are slightly more of each), what does this signify?

The 10,000,000 colored people are practically all Americans at heart—real Americans. The rest of the population, 90,000,000, is composed of whites and various non-descript peoples. Among these the 50 per cent, or 50,000,000, of un-Americans at heart must therefore be found. That is to say, we have about 55 per cent of whites and nondescripts who are not true patriots.

Analysis: If Mr. Nease's estimate is correct, the percentage of true Americans among all the groups in our country are as follows:

Colored, 100 per cent; whites and non-descripts, 45 per cent.

That is to say, about 55 per cent of the whites and nondescripts are not thorough patriots.

In ordinary times this startling statement of facts would not demand serious attention; but when it is remembered that we are now engaged in a great war, the outcome of which must be momentous to the country for good or bad, and that most of the public places of trust are filled with these whites and nondescripts, it is a serious matter.

This 55 per cent of doubtful patriots constitute probably over half of our army and navy, of our civilian officials, of our clerical force in the Government departments. Many of them take no pains to disguise their wish that Germany shall win in the war.

Of the thousands of new clerks, messengers, and laborers appointed in the civil service since the war began, how many are colored?

The systematic policy is to exclude them. The cards are stacked and cut that way; it is the unwritten law. The petty officials who make the appointments in the departments, aided by the photograph system instituted in very recent years, put race prejudice above patriotism.

If the Government wants dependable patriots in places of public trust, if it wants the best for the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard, men guaranteed to fight and not betray valuable secrets, let it consider the qualifications of that group of the population that is 100 per cent American—"all wool and a yard wide."

Why should this group not be trusted and preferred in these trying times to the group less than half of whom are believed to be trustworthy?

"Put none but Americans on guard."—Washington Bee.

A copy of Cayton's Weekly perchance fell into the hands of one of the leading white citizens of Washington City and he read our article on the Negro Will Go South, meaning to Central and South American countries, and he writes at length and is of the opinion that, Liberia will be their objective point and millions of them will cross the briny deep and found a grand African republic with Liberia as its nucleus. We do not even partially agree with the idea. The Negro nor the Jew will hardly return to what is known as his father land, and most assuredly not the Negro. The American Negro is going to be marged into the nations of North and South America and in our opinion within the next one hundred years his identity will almost be a thing of the past.

The report of the throwing into the fire of a colored child by the labor union fiends incarnate during the East St. Louis riots, was found in the sporting columns of the Post-Intelligencer. It was sport for the red handed murders to commit the dastardly act and the P.-I. carried out the spirit of the sport.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS

Bob Fitzsimmons has not only been knocked out, but has been laid out. Peace to his ashes.

The colored man who will work for fifty dollars per month these times, must be wrong under the hat.

If in the past Camp Lewis has not seen Uncle Sam through a "glass darkly" it will certainly do so from now on.

What Seattle wants worse, just now, is Morehouse, not only for the county jail, but for the influx of new comers.

A United States senator having been taken for a wild duck by his brother is now a dead duck. The hunting "ijjiois" are still at large.

Gill had nothing to suggest when confronted with his reign of vice. Well, we suggest the recall of Hiram Charles Gill as mayor of Seattle.

It hurts when such papers as the P.-I. slam at the colored man, but when such a vulgar sheet as the Seattle Daily Times does so, it is simply "amoozing."

We hardly agree with Senator P. L. Allen in that there are no slackers among the colored citizens, for if there were not, they would be un-natural, but there are less by a hundred per cent than among any other distinct class of citizens in this country and yet they are given the least consideration by the powers that be.

It is reported that there are forty million men fighting in the present world war, which must mean that before the war is ended a great majority of them will have been killed and at that it is our opinion that the war will end in a draw.

Probable Constable Ed. Shrewsbury was on the square and in the open and his acquittal was right and proper, but he will have a hard time convincing the public of that and he will have to do some great work to get a renomination and election.

If there is a family in the United States that feed upon the fat of the land more than the P. P. Carroll family, of this city, then we have never heard of it. P. P. Carroll, father, draws a very large pension; Frank M. Carroll is surgeon general in the army; John H. is major in the army; Mrs. Beals, a daughter, is justice-of-peace in Seattle and her husband, Walter Beals, is a candidate for judge-advocate of the army, while still another daughter is clerk in one of the courts. Beat this record and you will be going some.

Extolling the telephone girls as having been inspired by a high degree of patriotism, which was responsible for temporarily averting the threatened operators strike, on the part of organized labor papers, is so ridiculous that it is "amoozen." They did not strike because their business agent reached the conclusion that the entire bunch stood a chance of losing and he took the stand that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. There is no more patriotism among the members of organized labor than there is among a herd of hogs.

The Mere Man—"Are you sure that was a marriage license that you issued to me last month?"

The Official—"Why, of course, it was. What's the matter?"

The Mere Man—"Well, I've lived a dog's life ever since."

Editor Scott Bone continues to write fascinating essays for publication in his paper. It is remarkable in his old age how well he keeps up his school boy work—Cayton's Weekly.

If we were permitted to do so, we could suggest a subject upon which Scott should be amply qualified to write "fascinating essays" on: "Why has the P.-I. degenerated from the leading position in the daily newspaper field in this state to the stenth place under Mr. Bone's management?" Of course we are not intimating that Scott isn't a great editor, he is. He would shine like a "nigger's heel" on the Georgetown Bugle or the Black Diamond Miner—Camas Post.

"I grovel before you in the dust!" observed the impassioned youth, as he sank onto the drawing-room floor.

"I don't know what you mean by dust," replied she coldly. "I dust this room most carefully myself every morning."—Tit-Bits.

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