

City Library Cayton's Weekly

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CAYTON'S WEEKLY

Published every Saturday at Seattle, Washington, U. S. A.

In the interest of equal rights and equal justice to all men and for "all men up."

A publication of general information, but in the main voicing the sentiments of the Colored Citizens.

It is open to the towns and communities of the state of Washington to air their public grievances.

Social and church notices are solicited for publication and will be handled according to the rules of Journalism.

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PACIFICIST BARRED

And now its the Pacificists that have occurred the displeasure of President Wilson and, like other elements of our cosmopolitan civilization that have incurred his displeasure, they have been barred from his august presence and therefore under no circumstances can appeal to the chief magistrate for the adjudication of either rights or wrongs. Despite the fact he is president of the whole people and is supposed to treat alike the rich and the poor, the white and the black, the Jew and the Gentile, yet if any one of them dares to differ from his way of thinking he is at once shut out from all appeal to the White House. First it was the colored folks of this country that the doors of the White House were closed against and because a delegation of them protested to him against his segregation acts among the federal employes. They called his attention to the fact that thousands of them had voted for him in doubtful states and were largely responsible for his election, and they had done so because he had publicly promised to treat them fair in case of election. This did not meet his approval and they were forever barred from his presence. Then that element of the Democratic party that oposed his re-election on the grounds that he had made a platform pledge to only be a one-term president, and for this they too were barred from the White House. Then the women of the land demanding the right of equal suffrage and appeared at the White House to enlist the president's aid saw the doors of the White House forever closed against them, because they took issue with him. And thus it goes, "do as I say or you can't play in my back yard." The right of appeal to the chief magistrate of the land should be the privilege of every citizen and resident of this land and country and those who differ from him should be as patiently heard as those who agree with him. Its either childish or tyrannical to close the White House door in any one's face. Oh, for a Roosevelt in the White House in these times, when men's souls are being tried, that the country might be run on broad Republican principals.

Five and ten years at hard labor at Leavenworth was the drawing of five of the members of the Twenty-fourth Infantry that ran amuck in Houston, Texas, not long since. It will be remembered that the Negro soldiers resented the continuous insults heaped upon them by the savage whites of Texas and for the time being put a quietus on them. The price is not exhorbitant.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS

Tacoma has a Kaiser, but he claims no relationship to Germany's Kaiser.

Russia can blame no one save Russia herself for going to the dimnation bow wows. However, such are the fortunes of war.

Democracy as seen in the United States is a most dismal failure and it is to be regretted that circumstances are such that it is possible for it to exist at all.

Germany's last hope crushed is a head line. It may be, but the German army is doing business at the same old stand, her crushed hopes to the contrary notwithstanding.

If Tacoma is as prosperous and growing as rapidly as the Forum of that city would have us believe, then why not let well enough alone, and cut out the Tacoma-Seattle "Oom-paw."

Already the money sharks of the United States are getting uneasy about the money they loaned to Russia. If Morgan & Co. go to losing money it wont be long before they too will be advocating peace at any price.

It would be next to impossible for business conditions to get any worse than they now are and we therefore suggest that every labor organization in the city go out on a strike. Give us the whole hog or none at all.

Washington State is bone dry, both in law and in nature and if the booze fighter is in as much need of the juice of the forbidden fruit as the vegetation is for the liquid that grows, then he or she is in very bad condition.

Uncle Sam promises to sell a pound loaf of bread for five cents. Our Uncle seems to be looking for trouble and if he persists in talking that rot the trust thieves will see to it that he finds just what he is looking for.

From the charges and counter charges being passed between Joseph M. Glasgow, a local attorney, and the deputies in the sheriff's office, there is a lot of bad blood between them. Is it another case of, "When thieves fall out, honest men get their own"?

There would be no objections to raising the salaries of the various county employes providing those employed were put to work instead of standing about smoking cigars during business hours. The present roster of county employes could be cut in two and still, if they did their duty and their whole duty, they could do the work without being rushed.

The new comfort station at Westlake Market has as its custodian, I. F. Norris, Sr., who will operate it as does John L. Gibson operate the Pike Street comfort station. He is paid fifty dollars per month by the city and given the privilege of operating a boot black stand, selling cigars and tobacco and the right to charge those who patronize the place for private towels and lockers, which, taken as a whole, will give him a very handsome salary.

Those Seattle-Tacoma girls who are preparing to furnish a "hostess house" at Camp Lewis, in which to socialize with the soldiers, need a bit of old time advice from their grandmothers, lest their enthusiasm overshadow their judgment and lead them into indiscretions.

If there be one useless board in the city government of Seattle it is the board of examining engineers. The whole boiler inspection system is a humbug and a graft.

Firing, for the cop, who shot a boy, who had done no wrong, save run for a joke, when the cop showed up, was entirely too good; what he should get is a term in the penitentiary. Cops are entirely too flip with their guns and clubs.

The Harris family of Everett, will render a pleasing literary and musical program at the Mt. Zion Baptist church Monday evening, October 1st, to which the general public is invited. Scott Harris is a pioneer in Everett and for many years was one of the leading men of that city, but in later years misfortune in the shape of total blindness overtook him and he and his family are now giving concerts for a livelihood. Those who have heard the program pronounce it equally as good as many of the leading jubilee troops give and more than worth the price.

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One of the finest special editions ever put out by colored newspaper men in the Pacific Northwest has just been issued by Editor Cayton of Seattle, which he has rightly named the "Northwest Prosperity Number." The edition is purely a race one, containing cuts, special writeups and brief sketches of the wealth, advancement and accomplishment of the people who are doing something. It is an issue of which every man, woman and child in the State of Washington should be proud and should take pride in seeing that it reaches their people in all parts of the country. The price of the issue is 50 cents, which is very cheap when its splendid editing and fine quality of paper is taken into consideration. Editor Cayton certainly has our heartiest congratulations.—Portland Advocate.

I am planning to have at least 100 copies of the "Prosperity Number" sent out of Seattle.—Harry Legg.

I hope hundreds of copies of the "Prosperity Number" will be sent South and placed in the hands of colored families and I am paying for ten copies.—Cleo Jones, Afro-American Hotel.

Large numbers of your "Prosperity Number" should be put into the hands of colored families in the South.—J. D. Lowman.

Send twenty copies where it will do the most good and charge the same to me.—Burr Williams.

Your "Prosperity Number" is one of the very best of your many splendid productions of the past twenty-five years. It confirms the record you hold as being one of the best newspaper men and publishers of this country. Congratulations.—J. P. Ball.

It's an ill wind that has no turning.