

# Cayton's Weekly

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## CAYTON'S WEEKLY

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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.

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HORACE ROSCOE CAYTON, Editor and Publisher  
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## WAS IN MASSACHUSETTS

That speech made by Dr. George E. Cannon at Springfield, Massachusetts, one day last week, extracts from which were sent broadcast over the world by the Associated Press, read well and sounded better, but the speech, be it remembered, was made in Massachusetts and not in Mississippi, the seat of war, so far as the colored citizens of this country are concerned. We hope he speaks truthfully when he says, "henceforth the Negro proposes to exercise his right to suffrage in every state," but we have our doubts, and had he have excepted the various southern states, we still would have our doubts, because in the state of Washington not to exceed 25 per cent of the colored citizens take any interest in the elections, and as in Washington so in the most of the states of the nation. We seriously doubt if such talks as that made by Dr. Cannon get the colored man anywhere. The colored man gets something of an even break in the north, hence such talks do not make his condition any better in the north, but the colored man gets it in the neck in the south and cursing the southern white man from the mountain tops of Massachusetts does not cause him to change his mind as to the treatment he should accord the colored man. In the U. S. senate when Pitchfork Tillman was accused of killing the colored men of the south he replied, "Yes, we lynch them and burn them at the stake, and what are you going to do about it?" The question of right to vote should not worry the colored citizens one half as much as the question of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Go to Mississippi Dr. Cannon and instead of fighting for suffrage with hot air lay in wait for the next lynching bee and with your gatlin' gun on your shoulder quietly make your way to the scene of the human holocaust and at the proper time, pray for a second to the Almighty God in words like these: "Dear Lord, I commend my spirit to Thee. I am about to sacrifice my life in defense of the black folk, not only here, but throughout the south and as I am about to do may others likewise do, when such attacks as this are practiced on colored citizens. Give me the strength of Sampson and the accuracy of David and I will sell my life dearly." And then unannounced get as near to the center of the scene of the lynching as possible and begin operation. There is no doubt but that you will die an awful death, but death is only death, and if you succeed in taking with you a score or more of the lynchers you will put the fear of God in the hearts of the cowardly whelps and lynching bees will be less frequent thereafter and will cease to be holiday occasions.

And as you will have done in Mississippi let another do in Georgia, Alabama, Florida, and wherever the colored man is lynched as a pastime, and the lynching disease will gradually abate. No, not by organized effort, but by individual effort. Let some colored man conclude at every lynching bee that life is not worth living and that others may enjoy life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness he is going to sell himself dearly at this lynching party.

So far as not getting an equal deal with the Jews in the late war is doubtless more than true, but the Jew, the Jap, the Indian and every manner of man were classed as white and he drew very largely in proportion to his worth. On the other hand the colored man stood alone and in the United States he was opposed by all of them. The colored man did not get a fair proportion of the military honors, but under the circumstances he did very well, and a great deal better than he had ever done before.

Permit us in conclusion to suggest to you, Dr. Cannon, that you get the colored vote out in the north and teach the voters to so cast their votes that they will hit the bull's eye in their own interest. They did well when Woodrow Wilson first ran for president and showed much political independence by voting for a Democrat candidate for president, who proved a traitor to them, but they fell down when he ran the second time by not denouncing him from the hill tops in and out of season. At the last county election in Seattle out of a voting population of 5000 not more than 500 colored men and women voted and at the municipal election not that many. So long as the colored citizens take no more interest in elections than is cited above then so long will they get what "Paddy gave the drum."

## SUPREME COURT INTERVENTION

Legal steps have been taken by the booze advocates of the state to force the secretary of state by supreme court mandamus to accept a referendum petition, which will refer the amendment to the United States Constitution, which was ratified by the late legislature, which amendment drains the slums, saloons and wet resorts of its booze—in other words, makes this country, after July 1st, bone dry. Twice, if not thrice, within the past five years have the voters of the state of Washington passed adversely on the privilege question of vending booze within her corporate limits and it does seem that three knockouts should convince the Mullens et al that the law-abiding citizens of the state are dead opposed to any further booze vending. Law is but common sense or that should be the definition thereto and common sense should teach the former legalized law-breakers—booze venders—that the people have spoken on the booze question and spoken in no uncertain tones, words or language, and the sooner they drop the subject the better for all concerned. We hope the Supreme Court will deny the petition and thereby permit old man Booze to go to the guillotine July 1st and be beheaded that his soul, if such he has, may return to the halls of hell from whence it came.

No, we do not believe that the country going dry will entirely eradicate the drink

habit, but it will certainly go quite a way in that direction. We also know, according to history, that man has drunk wine and other forms of intoxicants since the mind of man runneth not to the contrary, but it has been only within the past century that Booze became the debasing monster of the human family. Prior to that time families made and drank their wines and other beverages just as they did their food stuffs, yea, verily, they were but forms of food stuff and as such there were and even now should be no objections registered, but when the damnable stuff was commercialized and then brutalized it ceased to be a family delicacy, but became a human curse. This and the most of the civilized countries have seen the error of their ways and have taken steps to prevent its further commercialization and human debauchery and now that Uncle Sam has set a day for the decapitation of old man Booze the sentence should be promptly executed. This decapitation was not the result of shrewd legal practices or snap judgment, but the proposed execution was submitted to the people and plenty of time allowed them to discuss the procedure without bias or prejudice and after months of deliberations the voters gave their verdict against further booze vending, and when an overwhelming majority of the voters go on record against this or any other proposition that should be the law of the land. The majesty of the law of this or any other land or country is the expressed will of the people thereof and that law should not be overturned by legal subterfuges or by riotous mobs, because forsooth a minority does not agree with the majority. As a parting shot we hope that the opportunity to attend the funeral of old man Booze July 1st will not be denied the American people, for it will be one funeral that they will greatly enjoy, the "no beer, no work" slogan to the contrary notwithstanding.

## OLD BOOZE

Old Booze is dead, so toll the knell for this old maudlin knave; the mourners raise a joyful yell as they stand by the grave. Old Booze hung on with teeth and nails, he tried to dodge the tomb; he hoped to sell his gins and ales until the crack of doom. He hoped to do his ancient task till Father Time is gone; but we've outgrown the jug and flask, outgrown the demijohn. Old Booze is dead, at rest he lies, cashed in beyond recall; he never helped a man to rise, but made a million fall. Old Booze will sleep beneath the loam until the bright sun pales; he never built a toiler's home, but he filled many jails. Old Booze has crossed the great divide to see what's doing there; and we'll have less of suicide, and less of black despair. And we'll see less of women's tears, of children needing bread, of wages gone for foaming beers, since Old Man Booze is dead. He'll dish no more the poison drink to knock the good man down; his funeral would make you think a circus is in town. The sextons chortle as they work and dig the clammy clay, and in the shadow of the kirk the pastor yells "Hooray!" The undertaker is on hand, with festive lilt and runes, and by the fence the village band is playing ragtime tunes.

—Walt Mason.