

in Ole not keeping his word and the police had to pay their fare, which would result in breaking the copper's heart.

Evidently Johnny Bull has a bigger and better heart in him than has Uncle Sam, as the Irish question is said to be worrying the former, while the Negro question gives the latter little or no concern. Its a long lane that has no turn, Uncle Samuel.

In order that prohibition will prohibit, Uncle Sam is training 3000 internal revenue officers to watch moonshiners after July 1st on which date the remains of old man Booze will be consigned to the tomb. The old rascal is dying hard, but die he must.

Having failed to set the world on fire or even start an incipient blaze President Wilson is ready to sail for home.

What a pity.

If President Wilson leaves the peace conference what on earth will happen to his infant, little Miss League of Nations?

That colored seargent that publicly declared the white soldiers in France were cowards, promised to retract, but up to date has not done so. The sergeant was a jackass for making the statement and the white soldiers were two jackasses for paying any attention to it.

Because Uncle Sam holds the purse string of Europe, let us not run away with the idea that, European diplomats at the peace conference are going to permit the money-mad Americans to put any old stunt over the top that happens to please their money-grabbing proclivities.

Modern political machinery would come nearer Gov. Hart's heart than modern farm machinery, on which subject he will speak to the farmers of Walla Walla, April 24th, but the latter subject may get him more votes when he is a candidate for governor next year.

The policeman who gets \$140 per month working only eight hours per day, is getting all he earns and then some, but if there is an ounce of rumor in the much street talk about the police rakeoff, then the \$140 salary they get for their police service is a mere bagatel to the amount they get on the side.

If the Union Record is the only paper in Seattle that's the "people's paper" then the 350,000 persons who do not take the Union Record must only be apes, baboons or monkeys. That's a weakness of the Americans; they run away with the idea that a part is greater than the whole and the few who make the loudest noise is the greatest number.

The financial ills and complaints of the colored citizens of Seattle should now fade away like snow in June, for Capitalist James and Promoter Rostom got thier think tanks into operation and a \$100,000 corporation with the view of turning the old town wrong side out immediately if not sooner, is now on tap. If you need a piece of money just ask for it and it will be forthwith coming.

The controversy in Portland, Oregon, between the Advocate and Dr. J. A. Merri-man et al has reached the stage of brass tacks, and if Dr. Merriman does not disprove the utterances made by the Advocate against himself, then it occurs to us that he is afraid to go into court. Of course, every controversy has two sides, but when one side flatly accuses the other side of being guilty of crime then its up to the accused to disprove the accusation by having the one making the accusation legally punished for criminal libel. Journalistically speaking we would regret to get mixed up in such a controversy in order to mkae some one be good. He or she may go to hell if he or she so likes, but we will see to it that he or she does not take Cayton's Weekly or its editor with him or her.

THE VISION OF LINCOLN.

Whene'er some vested wrong seems rgiht,
When error sits on Freedom's throne;
Whene'er Goliath armor-shod
Shall dare to challenge Heaven's own
God sends some David to the field
The power of darkness to dethrone.

Our Lincoln, reared among the woods,
From virgin soil had drawn its powers,
Untutored in the ways of kings
Had grown in silence as the flowers.
From nature learned the secret strength
Of storm clouds and of darkened hours.

The powers of darkness, safely throned,
Laughed deep in scorn to see him come
In homely garb and ready wit.
With jest and laughter on his tongue,
They could not se ethe sword of flame
Hid beneath the coarse homespun.

He used the vision God had given
To set a race of bondmen free
Not hate, but pitying love was given
To all who called him enemy.
And in the deepest, darkest hours
His soul drank deep from hidden powers.

Today above a world hate riven
Majestic-like his face I see,
With heart of strength and love sustaining
All those who work for liberty,
And smiles as one whose soul can see
A world United! Happy! Free!
—Henry Victor Morgan

THE NOBLEST REVENGE.

(By Dr. Frank Crane.)

The don'test of al don'ts is: Don't get even.

The greatest of all time-wasting is time wasted on revenge.

It not only is a waste of time, but also of gray matter, nerve, force, vitality, and soul juice and life reserves.

The desire for retaliation is the most dangerous lust that enslaves human beings.

When you want to hurt him who has hurt you you want something that irritates you while you want it, disappoints you when you get it, and makes you feel mean after it's all over.

You can't get through this life without meeting people who injure you. There are those that snub you, those that betray you, those that cheat you, those that envy you, besides all the swarm of spiteful, malicious, weak, and venomous human mosquitoes, worms, and wasps.

If you stop and chase each of these to punish them you will have no time for anything else.

If you allow yourself to think of them they will poison you until your mind is sour as buttermilk, your sleep ruined, and your hours of leisure turned from content to wretchedness.

Forget it!

It makes not so much matter whether or not you forgive an offense: the only satisfying thing is to forget it.

Go on!

There's too much to do, to stop and fight bees. Life's too rich to pauperize it by hate. Let it pass! Go on!

Doubtless your enemy needs a thrashing. But what's that to you? The question is: What do YOU need? You need peace of mind, poise and contentment; and to keep thinking about him is to upset yourself.

When a man wrongs us, let us simply drop him. He's out of our life. Boob-bye! There are plenty of others. As far as we are concerned, he is an undesirable citizen, and that's all there is to it. Next!

Why redress injuries? They always redress themselves automatically better than we can redress them.

We don't realize the self-acting, automatic equalizing efficiency of the spiritual world. It's more actual than any mechanical device. When a man does dirt, he gets dirt, by-and-by. Let him alone. Why bother?

Into what horrors of suffering has the de-

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sire for revenge plunged the world! Look at hideous Europe now; the mountains of mangled bodies piled on the altars of revenge!

When Jesus said that about turning the other cheek he was not talking impossible idealism, but plain sense.

Te people who spiritually arrive are the forgetters.

Here is a sentence you may paint on your wall where you can see it by day, on your ceiling where you can gaze on it when you wake up at night, on your mind where all your thoughts can read it as they pass by, and on your heart where every emotion can be shaped by it:

An injury can grieve only when remembered. The noblest revenge, therefore, is to forget.

BOOZE AND WATER

Old Forty-Rod is on the blink, its knell will soon be tooted; but water is a goodly drink, when it is not diluted. Oh, water makes no strong appeal to sports all soaked with whiskey; they want a drink that makes them feel obstreperous and frisky. But soon 'twill be a groundhog case, this thing of water drinking; man can't buy bitters for his face, or get the same by winking. And this will rack full many a mind, to some make life distressing; but soon the red nosed sports will find that hydrants are a blessing. It is a noble thing to rise, at morn, with buoyant body, and have no sore and blood-shot eyes, no headaches loud and gaudy. It's fine to spend a restful night, nor dream of alligators, and then to have an appetite for steak and eggs and taters. It's good to have a bone or two, to have a kopeck handy, that will not go for someone's brew, some brand of gin or brandy. The hydrant draws no gilded boys, no dead game sports surround it; but it increases human joys, when once the soak has found it; when once he's learned to like the juice that from the hydrant trickles, he has to wonder why the deuce he blew for beer his nickels.

—Walt Mason.

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