

### THE PASSING THROG

At his monthly covenant meeting last Sunday forenoon, the pastor of the Mount Zion Baptist Church, Rev. W. D. Carter, admonished his members to forget the incident of their conversion to Christ and tell of some recent blessings from the Creator, which set us to thinking, and we mentally concluded that every day, every hour and every minute, those who would open their hearts and let the Savior in, a new blessing would come to them. With the Savior in full control of your heart and the "love your neighbor as yourself" radiating in every direction, there is no doubt but blessings from all sides, from above and below, will freely flow in upon you. Who loves his neighbor as himself is a radiator of help and happiness and such person is already God's elect and, like Enoch Arden, his or her name in the book of life, will lead all the rest.

Hundreds of voters may be signing the "wet" petitions that are being circulated in Seattle, but those multiplied hundreds who are doing so must be doing it in secret, if at all. Though the speilers implore the men and women who pass them on the streets to halt for a moment and sign their names, yet but few do so. Occasionally, one more curious than the multitude will stop long enough to read the introduction, but hurry away as soon as the nature of the petition is learned. Perhaps the petition will get the requisite number of signers, but it is seriously doubted, after observing the indifference shown to it in Seattle, where the petition expects to get the greatest number of signers. It's hard to find even a man mean enough to want Old Man Booze brought to life in this state again.

"Strew some flowers along my journey through life and cut out the gorgeous floral designs at my funeral," exclaimed Uncle Josh, who had seen a wagon load of flowers going to the grave of one who in life had been pronounced a common nuisance and not worth a confound. Everybody and his relations will rush to the funeral of some one they did not know when living, and if they did they had no use for him. It often happens that flowers will be sent to the funeral of one for whom the sender had no use in life, but the flowers are sent because it's a fad and the sender does not want to appear less important than his neighbor. If the living would send more flowers to the living and less flowers to the dead, truly would the millenium be with us.

That the most of you in whose hands an occasional copy of Cayton's Weekly falls are well pleased with its contents and are not adverse to subscribing for the same, providing some one solicits you to do so, which is almost impossible for the most part, goes without saying, but if it pleases you and you think it worth the \$2 that it costs, then why not order the paper either by telephone or by mail. It is a fact that we seldom ever solicit one to become a subscriber but that we get a favorable reply, which is evidence conclusive that, if you do not think it a necessity, you at least are willing to tolerate it. The management would be doubly delighted to receive your order for the paper either by telephone or by mail. Beacon 1910 or 303 Twenty-Second South, Seattle.

In one week more the high schools of the city will hold their annual graduating exercises, when hundreds of lads and lassies will be given their coveted sheepskins, behind which many of them will endeavor to fight the battle of life, while others will use them as stepping stones to a higher and more thorough training to meet the successes and reverses of the commercial world. Out of these multiplied hundreds of graduates there will be but three colored children—Miss Maggie Revels Cayton, Miss Ida May Brown, and Mr. George Green—by no means a fair average for the colored population of Seattle. Entirely too many young colored boys and girls are dropping out of school illy prepared to meet the trials

and tribulations of after life and it is hoped that he future will see an improvement in this situation.

It is a fact that no two human beings, like no two leaves on a tree, are exactly alike. No two animals, birds or fish are exactly alike. God in His wisdom has created all things to differ. However, in the case of the animals and things there is no alternative but to continue in a statu quo, but with human beings, however much they may differ in color, condition and stature they have the knowledge and wisdom to sufficiently harmonize their incongruities as well as differences to meet on a common middle ground. Persons who find themselves at variance from their fellowmen in general would do well to right about face and endeavor to bring themselves in harmony with the balance of the orchestra. This veiled lecture may be far fetched, but there is a valuable lesson in it, if you will only seek to get it out.

Once on a time few men in Seattle were more ready to serve the public than J. W. Gray, and often he did so at a personal sacrifice, and few men in Seattle were any better qualified from an educational as well as from a general information standpoint, to serve the public for the general uplift than he, but all of a sudden and without explanation he withdrew his helpful hands and, if not in so many words, by action he solemnly announced, "I am no longer my brother's keeper." Probably Mr. Gray has abundant as well as justifiable reasons for thus secluding himself, but whether he has or has not his conclusion to do so meant quite a loss to the uplift work among the colored citizens in this community, and Cayton's Weekly truly hopes that Mr. Gray may see his way clear to break into the harness again.

Despite their inability to break into the higher-up circles of the baseball game, nevertheless, those colored men who play baseball are exceedingly clever at the game. A bunch of professional fans sat watching a local colored baseball team operating on the diamond and unanimously agreed that the colored man under the circumstances beat the world at baseball, but there are two things to their detriment, they make more noise than an army of Comanche Indians and do more squabbling than a pack of hungry wolves, both of which completely exasperates the spectators. If it were possible for them to eliminate those two shortcomings they might stand a much better chance of breaking into the professional leagues.

It may be a fire when it burns, but unless you nurse it very attentively it will only be a bit of steam. Who thinks that the efforts put forth by him or her will set the world on fire and go and sit supinely down and wait to see the big flames tower heavenward will have a long and interesting wait. In other words, no one person can do it all and if you would have success attend your efforts, then ask your fellowman for either a helping hand or a bit of counsel or for both. The person who starts out to run the world will not travel very far before he or she will wake up to the fact that he or she will have to step lively or the world will run all over him or her and thus will a would-be brilliant career end in a bad smash up.

"I am agreeably surprised to find you the congenial fellow that I have found you to be since undertaking this work," said one man to another not long since. "For some reason I had formed the opinion that you were arbitrary and egotistic and it was next to impossible for anyone to work with you unless he perimtted you to have your own way from start to finish, but here we have worked together without jar or friction and I have not seen one thing in your disposition that would remotely justify my former opinion of you," and thus are we, one and all, frequently mistaken in our fellowmen. Often the faults we seem to see in the other fellow are really in us and

when we think the other fellow has changed, we ourselves have opened our hearts and let the Saviour in. You smile first and you will be surprised at the number of persons that will smile in return.

"That man is a chronic grouch," said an acquaintance to the writer. "No, it's no peculiarity, it's just the worse dose of grouch I ever met. One troubled with eccentricities might be termed grouchy in spots and at times, but that man is grouchy twenty-four hours per day and 365 1/4 days a year, and year in and year out. He opposes everything that is proposed, whether good or bad, and never has a pleasant word for friend or foe. Why, he even speaks disparagingly of his wife and children. He claims to be not only a Christian, but an ardent churchman, and yet he does not warm up to the members of the church, to which he belongs any more than he does to total strangers. I know of no remedy that will relieve persons thus troubled, but it would be a great blessing if "my friend" could in some way get relieved of the body of this dead one."

The editor of Cayton's Weekly is looking for ten persons to join hands in the purchase of a twenty-acre tract of land in Ranier Valley, not to exceed five blocks from a street car line. The price of the property is \$10,000 and can be sold in quarter-acre tracts for more than twice that amount. In case it is not desired to put it on the market at this time, it is a capital investment and ten years from now (not very long) the same land will bring at least three thousand dollars per acre, but if put into quarter-acre tracts it would mean eighty suburban homes for working men, which would give old High Cost of Living the jim jam jeans. Not a cent of expense attached thereto except a thousand dollars, which, if divided between the ten, would mean two acres for each of the investors. Are you interested?

Ruth Garrison is again in Okanogan to testify in the Storrs case. She broke down on entering the hotel. Judge Jurey will sit in the Storrs case.

Riots in Cleveland, Ohio, assumed such alarming proportions that state troops were called out.

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