

### For Tobacco Prohibition

Having received a four bit check the other day from one who seemed to be favorably impressed with the utterances of Cayton's Weekly and had sent this magnificent contribution in order to keep the home fires burning, I strolled into one of Seattle's leading banks to cash the same and after having been identified and getting the coin I was much impressed with the push and bustle of the institution, but as I wended my way toward the door to make my exit I glanced at the long roster of high dignitaries of the bank and I was much surprised to observe every one of them pulling away at great cigars and puffing its fumes into the faces of the persons they were doing business with, never taking the weed from their mouths as they talked. It certainly looked vulgar and yea verily was vulgar and if for no other reason I would sign a petition for tobacco prohibition. It maybe a mark of mental distinction to sit at a mahogany desk smoking fine cigars while doing business with your fellowman, but it is often quite nauseating to the one you happen to be talking to.

### Watch Seattle Grow

Speaking about the magnificent banking houses of Seattle, which have kept growth with the city, reminds me of an incident one day this week, which more or less embarrassed me. Having a check on a certain bank, the head of which, I have known and done business with for the past thirty years, I went in to get it cashed, but the paying teller refused to hand over the coin until I had been identified by some one in the employ of the bank. "Everybody knows me," I snapped, and started out to get an O. K., but no one could I find that remembered of ever having seen me before. The head of the bank was out to lunch as were other officials with whom I was acquainted. I stood around for a few minutes expecting some one to show up, but no one did so and I left the room more or less humiliated, but I returned later and had no trouble in getting my dough, I related the incident to a teller and he curtly replied, that but shows you how Seattle is growing. New faces are coming to the surface every hour, yea every minute, while just as many of the old timers like yours are passing from the scenes of active life", and he hurriedly reached for the other fellows check.

### Wanting Good Things.

Down in Kansas City, when that berg was in its infancy two country colored lads from the Ozark Mountains ran over to the big city to see the sights. Now those fellows were as innocent as the turtle doves they had so often heard mourn in the tree tops, but quite green enough to grow. They had heard much of the fame of Tom and Jerry with quail on toast and since the high class eating emporiums drew no color line they strolled into one of those gilded palaces and after putting on a lot of assumed dog very imposingly gave their order for the celebrated repast. The boys, after partaking of the feast were willing to testify to the toothsome of the edibles and very pompously asked, "Whats the bill?" "Twelve dollars and fifty cents," which was no overcharge, was the answer. They stood spell bound for a minute and then began to plead for mercy, as they had but five dollars between them. It proved a peck of fun for the other guests, who had observed their country airs, and the boys escaped a rough house. Recently I was invited to a banquet, which I glibly accepted, simply because I needed a big feed. I was delighted until another fellow called for two dollars for the banquet feed and, believe me, I was as badly non-plused as were those innocent boys and with no more dough in proportion than they had, and so I begged off to my chagrin.

### On the Trace of a Democrat

Some one among the thousand subscribers to Cayton's Weekly and the five thousand

and readers evidently is either a bourbon Democrat or an ardent advocate of Woodrow Wilson, as a copy of the paper published October 18th was torn into giblets with exception of the first paragraph of the article headed Woodrow Wilson, which was marked, with no explanation, and the conglomeration mailed to me in an envelope. The name of the person to whom the paper was addressed was also emasculated and so I was left no clue as to whom such a political curio could be. I however am told that there is such a personage in this country as a Woodrow Wilson Democrat, but search as diligently as I will or may I have not been able to detect one, there however must be one and perhaps more on the order of the one that enclosed the shredded copy of Cayton's Weekly in a large envelope and mailed it to my address, but used every precaution to conceal his or her identity. But yesterday the name of Caesar caused fear and trembling, but today no one is so low to do him honor. Before Mr. Wilson got into the war, which he said he kept us out of, such a procedure as above related might have been excusable, but it certainly is not at this time.

### Some Do and Some Do Not

Publishing a newspaper is the greatest snap I have ever undertaken and I am surprised that there are not a hundred fold more publishers throughout the country than there are. Recently I published what I considered a complimentary notice about a person and I was patiently waiting for a dollar tip, but came nearer getting a hicory tip as the item so enraged the person that a free for all fight seemed eminent. Oil, however, was finally poured on the troubled waters and the pipe of peace was smoked, but with the understanding it would not happen again. I have been so frequently roundly scored for not publishing news items about persons who wanted to see their names in print that this was something of a revelation to me and I wondered how a paper could be published to please the entire public, which problem I have not as yet solved, and if you, dear reader, know a solution, it will be a great panacea to publishers. Now just one at a time.

### For His Real Worth

At a public meeting of recent date held in Seattle when the name of a couple of the colored pastors of the city were proposed for important committee work and their election was urged on the grounds they were preachers, which better fitted them for such duties than the average layman, whereupon another person took exceptions to having preachers on everything that colored folks put forward in the way of uplift work. I listened to both sides of the discussion and have a decided leaning to both. If a preacher is better qualified to do the work that is desired than any layman I favor him doing it and vice versa. I am not for a preacher because he is a preacher, but for him for his actual and real worth. A preacher is but a man the same as the layman and the mere fact he is a preacher neither adds to or detracts from him. All men are born equal and that includes even the preacher.

### PURELY PERSONAL

"In my opinion," said Alonzo D. Peoples, "Roscoe Simmons was in the right church, but the wrong pew, when he lectured in Seattle. If he will do his lecturing in the South and to audiences made up largely of white people he sure would make a hit." Along the same line Eddie Gardner said, "one minute I would think he was the greatest thing that ever came down the pike and the next minute I would conclude he was the worst camouflage I had ever heard try to speak."

Officer Graves of the police department has purchased from his mother, Mrs. L. A. Graves, the house and lot at 305 Twenty-second avenue South, and has moved his family therein.

"I want to congratulate you on the sentiment expressed by you in Cayton's Weekly concerning Mr. Stone's presidential incumbency of the Seattle Branch of the N. A. A. C. P. and add, it would be fitting, right and proper for the Branch to show some mark of appreciation to him for his labors. To my personal knowledge he spent much of his time and money for the success of the order, and did so without a selfish motive," said Rev. J. B. Barber.

A college club consisting of the colored students attending the University of Washington has been organized with Johnny Primm president and Miss Maggie Revels Cayton secretary and the first meeting was held at the residence of Miss Ida Brown last Friday evening. A by-law and constitution as well as a name are to be reported at the next regular meeting.

"You have been handing the pronoun I bunch fist fulls of the right dope," said B. F. Tutt, "and I fully agree with all you say. I too could not figure out the talk of Mr. Bass and it almost made me smile, when I read your comment on his speech." As does Mr. Tutt think on this subject, so do others. "Cut out the ego" should be the watch word.

"Simmons said mere nice things about the business men of our city then any of the noted public lecturers of color that have visited here and spoke to large and enthusiastic audiences, but he must have gotten his lectures mixed up and given the colored folks the one he intended for the white folks," said George Turner, a Seattle old timer.

Frank Green, he of much amateur baseball fame in and about Seattle some seven years ago, returned from California a few days ago and announces "um hom agin."

Mrs John Green was buried from Lewis & Blackwell's undertaking parlors last Saturday afternoon.

### "I WALK AND WALK"

"How be it with you friend?" he said, "you own a flivver and yet you walk." I have a flivver, not to lend, but to serve five children for their talk. They ride the car from morn til morn and I am only called to furnish the "corn". Of course my children mind me like a charm, when sure they are I mean no harm, but when the corn is low and nothing more for them to blow, they find in me a perfect scold because the flivver is so cold. And so each day and night I walk and walk to find more "corn", my children to conform, that they may ride and ride, their sorrows kill. The wind doth blow, the car doth shake, when down the hill that boy doth take. The heap is soon a perfect wreck that's only worth a modest speck and then he waits and waits and wait until I walk and walk to make more bait, that flivver to unbalk. And when again they ride away I walk and walk to find more pay to sooth their sorrows the next day.—A Fond Father

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