

# More Truth Than Poetry

Most persons have heard of the man who was holding a cow by the tail until another man with a gun could shoot it down for beefing purposes. The man with the gun was cross eyed and while taking aim at the cow's head, the holding man got the idea that the shooting man was looking at him instead of the cow's head, so he hurriedly, and I am inclined to think, excitedly, called out to the shooting man; "Do you shoot where you look? "you bet I do quickly came the reply: Then, you get somebody else to hold this cow, for you are looking at me." Not long since I found myself in an automobile driven by one of Seattle's well known citizens, who has the reputation of being a speed bug. On entering the car I cautioned him about fast driving, but he had not gone very far on the journey before he turned a dangerously sharp curve at the rate of thirty miles an hour. I screamed to him to slow down which he did after he had turned the curve which was then quite unnecessary. "Is this a sample of your driving?" I inquired "you bet you," he immediately replied. "Then let me get out and I'll walk home." I retorted. However a truce was finally agreed upon and we proceeded toward our destination, but I periodically yelled to him to lower his speed. "Who laughs last, laughs best" runs an old adage and before reaching Olympia that Speed Bug burned out a bearing and from there to Olympia his gait was very moderate, which met my hearty approbation, though I was sorry he was in line to lose twenty bones. "Homeward bound" exultantly ejaculated Mr. Speed Bug and he rolled out of Olympia so rapidly that the very houses and trees seem to be moving. About three miles out of the city is a country school house and by it he dashed at forty miles per hour but he had not gone far before a motorcycle cop pulled up beside him and shouted, "you are pinched." Our Speed Bug talked to that cop until tears came to his (the cop's) eyes, but as he wiped away the blinding tears he said, "though the Judge is a cruel old grouch yet I'll take you back to him, and if you will put up a like talk to him that you have to me I think it will make a better man of him." When we started for home again it was at a gait of slow and sturdy and I enjoyed the scenery.

A young college Miss, who was born with at least a silver plated spoon, if not a silver spoon, in her mouth, has about decided to go to Alaska next summer, and for three months cook in a cannery, and thereby earn three hundred simolians to assist her in getting together a school trousseau for the ensuing college year, and five months before she is ready to leave for the land of the midnight sun, she has fully planned for what she will spend her money. Periodically I get a taste of her cooking and I'll tell the world that, if she cooks for those cannery hands as he cooked for me, instead of returning to college next October, in all human probability, she will be hauled into court and tried for man slaughter, so many of the workers will have died from having eaten the food she cooked in the wilds of Alaska. I've known the young Miss to successfully boil a pot of water, but before the gods, who made us both, I swan that she did raise particular hadese with the

kettle, in which she boiled the water. College girls of the present day may be able to whirl and swing automobiles through the crowded streets of cities and likewise over mountains trails, but the man who eats their cooking is in line for an early funeral and they ought to be in line for a mild reformatory, where they will be doomed to cook palatable food for men and women, who toil for their daily bread.

Not long since I was being treated by Edie Gardner for the long hair disease and while performing the necessary surgical operation he grew a bit loquacious and told me a story about two colored editors who spent the most of their journalistic energy in denouncing each other. Just how they avoided a personal clash is more than I can say as both of them boasted of being some man and I was frequently called upon to put their respective razors in good carving trim, but so far as I ever heard they never came into collision. But their weekly comments about each other furnished much amusement for their respective readers. For appropriate terms and epithets the English language was all but exhausted by both of them in order to belittle each other. The whole controversy finally got into court where files of both publications were offered as prima facia evidence. The attorneys fought long and stubbornly over the exact meaning of the words and phrases, all of which seemed to temporarily becloud the reasoning faculties of the presiding judge, who, with the publication files as exhibits A and B took the case under advisement. In deciding the case the accused was discharged because he had used more words that could not be found in the dictionary than had the complainant.

If all good things come to them, who patiently wait, the colored citizens of this country are in line for everything under the sun.

Judge Lynch of the South must be planning to make a record run in the year of our Lord 1921, if the way he has begun is to be continued.

It is observed that the colored politicians of Seattle are at war over which of their number will be given an invite to feed out of the public crib, but before taking too many lives they should have a Hart.

If it has been Governor Hart's desire for a large family the legislature has granted his desire and willed on him a family of ten.

Booze grabbing on the part of Seattle policemen continues to be the principal source of revenue.

Representative Ryan is quoted as saying, "I killed the anti-marriage bill in the Washington legislature - the killed cock robin has always been quite a puzzle, but now Mr. Ryan just fesses up.

Who made money enough the past year to warrant an income tax, but who has not now the money to pay the income tax must feel as did the young lady, "If I marry that man what will I do for baby clothes."