A Slack Hand Makes Men Poor ... Proverbs 10:4

Editorial

THOUGHTS OF THE FOUNDER

The New Year, 1910

We are now standing in the closing hours of the New Year, with many memories crowding in upon us, while we look hopefully out into the new.

The New Year, with the seal upon the volume of recorded deeds of men and women, of races and nations, will soon be laid away much as the newspaper editor gathers the papers into a volume and files them away for future reference.

So the old year, with its record of joys and sorrows, successes and failures, battles and victories, is laid away in the archives of the past, and the New Year is here, strong and hopeful, to lead us into life's tangled maze.

To some of us the year has been a battle; to some of us a failure; to all of us it has been a struggle.

What we have written in the volume of 1909 is inalterably fixed, and can never be changed.

Yes, what we have done will live on, for as Bryant says, "God Himself cannot pull the deed that is done."

None of us have realized all our hopes and few are quite satisfied with what we did.

But the New Year, given by Providence, brings us another chance.

May each of us improve it.

At the Last Minute

Those who heard President Roosevelt deliver an address before the recent crime conference noted that he faltered when he reached the point of referring to lynching.

Representatives of the press declared they did not know whether it was due to the fact that the President lost his place as he read his manuscript or that he felt embarrassed by raising an issue which the North condemns and the South defends.

Two newspaper men, Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen, discovered the reason for the President's almost stammering denunciation of mob violence.

They found out that what the President said about lynching was not in the prepared speech. In the material prepared for him for the speech, numerous other crimes were listed but there was no reference to this most horrible American crime.

The President inserted these anti-lynching remarks himself, even if he did placate Dixie by adding that mob outbreaks are no longer confined to one section of the country.

On and Jericho Road

"On the Jericho Road.
There's room for you—
No more and no less,
Just Jesus and you."

Thus runs the lilting chorus of Elder Solomon Lightfoot Michaux—new radio song, "On the Jericho Road."

Like "Happy Am I," and "We've Got the Devil on the Run," the new song is a gospel four part arrangement in which the alto and bass are emphasized. A song by the elder's choir, "The Jericho Road" has possibilities of long life. And if its author gets out of a job soon, he should have no trouble getting along writing songs for Kate Smith or Eddie Cantor.

Christmas Shopping and the Shelbyville Mob

There was great rejoicing in the country last week over the news that down in Shelbyville, Tenn., state militia bayoneted or shot to death three members of a mob and wounded others in order to prevent a lynching.

In this case the soldiers saved their prisoner by the expedient of disguising him in a gas mask and uniform and transporting him hurriedly to another town. They were not able to save a $150,000 courthouse which the thwarted lynchers turned to the torch, and they were compelled to pitch their tents outside the town at night to avoid shots and stones from the mob.

Leading townsmen were on the side of the law and order in this instance. Circulars were distributed in the town Saturday, signed by the mayor, in which he gave assurances that the streets were safe and "a number of merchants urged their customers to complete their Christmas shopping."

What magical words: "Christmas shopping"—money—nothing must interfere with that, not even the "fun" of a lynching. Business first, pleasure afterward.

Doggone inopportune time for mobs to be abroad in the streets and burning the courthouse. Such carryings on so close to Christmas are bound to keep the farmers out of town and the townsfolk off the streets and turn out of a public spectacle, and hurt by the treachery of the shopkeepers, the would-be lynchers were not only beaten, but mad. After Christmas they'll patch up their difficulties and shopkeepers will be as ready for the next lynching as the farmers.

Even at that we have only words of congratulation for Governor Lew Wallace, who ordered the troops to Shelbyville and to Adjutant-General J. H. Ballou and Col. John A. Stark, troop commanders, who saw to it that the militia carried no blank cartridges.

The Late Maggie Walker

Two weeks ago Maggie Walker, president of the Independent Order of St. Luke, resigned her post as a member of the board of the Virginia Industrial School for Girls.

Queried by the AFRO as to the reason for t's action, Mrs. Walker replied, "I am too busy to continue on the board."

Maggie Walker was a busy woman, but her first business was her own. She was president of St. Luke's and chairman of the board of directors of the Consolidated Bank and Trust Company. Mrs. Walker was not of the type who felt that success at home qualified her to run the affairs of the whole country.

Everybody who ever entered the St. Luke building in Richmond, with its spotless walls and floors and its white uniformed clerks, bore away the thought that somewhere in this organization was a woman who loved the business and was careful even of its details.

Maggie Walker was born in Richmond, washed clothes to help her widowed mother keep her in school, and took hold of the St. Luke's order after its Baltimore founders were convinced it did not have much longer to live.

Modesty, persistence, love of labor, attention to details, and fundamental honesty were traits of the character of the late Maggie Walker. America needs thousands of women like her.

Is She Crazy?

When a white woman marries a colored man, the press usually sets up the alibi that he was seduced, drunk or weak-minded.

So it was no surprise last week when Mrs. Emery Newton, white, arrested with her colored husband, Herbert, for violating court order evicting them from their apartment was ordered held for mental examination.

What the court found surprised it and Chicago besides. It surprises even us.

Is she the oldest and best blood in the country. Her people fought in the Revolution and her grandfather in the Civil War and he died in the World War.

Her father failed to think he had money enough to give Jane luxuries and social standing.

Jane's brain was above the average. In high school and in the University of Michigan she led her classes.

Jane has experience in life. Herbert Newton is her third husband, the only one to whom she married a white Bohemian.

Herbert was a Communist candidate for alderman in Chicago, running against DePriest and Mitchell in the last election.

Taken all in all, a white woman with intelligence, money and social position married the man of her choice.

All that the investigation shows is that Jane Emery Newton has more sense than the jurist who wanted her sanity tested.

Day by Day

With WILLIAM N. JONES

JAPAN SHOWS HER TEETH. No other one event, perhaps, throughout this entire world, will affect the fate of colored folk in America, and other portions of the world, as Japan's bold stroke that she intends to take what she regards as her share of imperial expansion.

Not even the dynamitic situation in Abyssinia is fraught with so much fate for every colored American citizen as what may possibly happen because the Sons of Nippon have decided to blot out the white world's dictum of racial inequality by might.

Every colored young man and woman should take pride in the event on Japan and acquaint himself with one of the most amazing annals of international history the world has ever known.

Fifty years ago, if even a Solomon had stated that this little nation, living on an almost barren volcanic island not much larger than Cuba, would today be defying the whole white world, he would have been sent to the mad house.

Less than a hundred years ago these people were attending to their own business, on their own native soil, with their own chosen culture and manner of living when Captain Perry poked the idea of Western civilization down the throat of the whole business ends of rifles.

The white man wanted to sell them clothes they did not want to wear and make them trade in commodities to swell the numbers of American millionaires. They did it, so what?

All right, said the Japanese, we'll imbibe the Western efficiency. One morning seventy-five years later, the white world woke up to find that the crafty Jap had taken the white man's modern instruments of war, and licked one of the mightiest white nations then in existence.

Then white blood began to become thicker than water and in a post-war settlement, Japan was let in as one, the troublesome and boorish Prussian was the troublesome and boorish Prussian was the troublesome and boorish Prussian was