

# THE WEEK

## Henry Clews      Jews in Mexico      Jazz Indianapolis      A Colored Genius      Vive la France Ohio Primary      Flivvers in Maryland      The "Convention" —By Roscoe Simmons—

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**HENRY CLEWS**, one of the world's greatest bankers, reaches the age of 82 years. For 60 years he has been a high figure in Wall street.

You can FEEL your congratulations to Mr. Clews. He has never failed you. YOUR greatest man, Booker T. Washington, Mr. Clews once said was the WORLD'S greatest man.

Genius flourished in Mr. Clews. His daughter, Elsie Clews Parsons, wife of Col. Herbert Parsons, recent Republican national committeeman from New York, is a foremost woman of our country; thinker, author.

Maybe there is something in her trial marriage philosophy. However, all marriages are trials. Some cases are beaten, but many are lost.

A few years ago this writer took Bishop Ellas Cottrell, that powerful preacher, to see Mr. Clews. Bishop Cottrell is himself all right. Put him among big men and he will show you how to be at home.

You do not know how many really great men you have. You have them despite your effort to kill them off as fast as they get up.

Mr. Clews and Bishop Cottrell engaged in a debate in which only age and experience can take a hand. Then personally he showed his visitors his banking house—one of the show places on Wall street.

That day he gave this writer his autobiography, a book filled with facts historians like to feed on. Strange, but true, when this writer came across the news item about his 82 years he had just put aside the Clews book.

The writer was hunting a fact—just a simple fact—about Jay Gould. He thought that it could be found in Clews' book. It was.

"So live that when thy summons comes," etc., etc., sang Bryant. Go read "Thanatopsis" and you can better appreciate your friend Mr. Clews, whom God favors, as you see.

**THIS WRITER** passed Kingan's great plant, Indianapolis, the other day. It is situated on the Pennsylvania. Immense place; built up by degrees; adding here, there; but keeping in mind that the country looked to them for finest and healthiest in meats.

This writer had asked Edw. Galliard, soldier and teacher, if he knew how many Colored men were employed in the packing-plants of Indianapolis. You may think otherwise, but having something to do from which to feed and clothe the children is the big thing of life.

This writer looked up toward the last stories of the building closest to the railroad. Dozens of Colored men with paper caps on their heads appeared at the windows, trying to catch a little fresh air, evidently. They laughed, smiled, talked, seemed happy, contented.

Then they were seen every which way. You will see no better news than this item this week.

Arriving in Indianapolis, this writer went to the Western Union desk in the Union station.

A telegram was written; handed to the operator. Conversation was struck up.

The operator gave the writer a pledge card from the Baptist temple, new white church going up. Only a dollar was asked. This writer promptly gave the dollar and wrote his name. Nothing like helping those who need it to get religion.

The operator then pulled out a signed card and said: "This gentleman was here just ap hour ahead of you, and signed up, too."

The card bore the well known signature of "William Jennings Bryan." Good cause, good company.

**BY THIS TIME** you know all about the outcome of the Republican primary in Ohio, home state of our great President.

A few weeks ago this writer, being asked for his advice, told Colored Ohioans to vote for Harry C. Smith, their man, for the nomination for governor. Not many Colored people took this writer's advice. Mr. Smith, long a fighter, didn't show up as well running for governor as he did two years ago when he tried for secretary of state.

Your big man in Ohio politics is Thomas W. Fleming, councilman in Cleveland; original Harding man. Along with other distinguished Colored leaders of his party, Mr. Fleming also got the cold shoulder from the President.

Congressman Fess, able, religious statesman, wins the nomination for the Senate, although Mr. Fleming supported Senator Charles Dick, Hanna Lieutenant of 20 years ago. A lot of Colored people followed Mr. Fleming.

A righteous cry is heard against our great President. "He has turned his back on us," cry Colored people. He has, and will likely keep his back that way. Colored people of Ohio tell you that they are intelligent. They are; way ahead in many ways.

You will see how INTELLIGENT they are when the November election comes off.

**ONE GREAT STRIKE** was settled in a day. Mexicans picking cotton in the Rio Grande valley laid down their sacks.

When you say cotton you think of Colored people, for whom cotton will do more than for anybody else that ever monkeyed with it.

The Mexicans cried "More pay." Cotton growers don't like that cry. Texas producers sent word to the strikers that if they didn't have the sacks over their shoulders by sunrise the second day following, the champion cotton pickers of the world would be brought in.

As soon as the Mexicans heard this they knew that Colored people must already be headed that way.

At sunrise next morning cotton sacks were in place and Mexicans

were walking the rows. Also, getting money that belongs naturally to Colored people, who never seem to be thought of until somebody strikes.

**MR. HENRY FORD** is keeping up with the news, doubtless. A few weeks ago this writer told you that the Mexican government was reported as opposed to Colored Americans coming into the country. Also, this writer said that Colored people couldn't use Mexico unless more fun could be got out of revolutions.

Now President Obregon is reported as favoring granting 64,000 square miles to Jews. If plans of American and Jewish rabbis are carried out.

President Obregon knows Jews, however, for he says that the land must be cultivated by the Jews and they must sign up to remain in the country several years.

Most astute race in the history of the world, the Jew will never sign up on those terms. Jews are not farmers. They are merchants and bankers. They are not industrialists. They are operators.

Obregon doesn't want Colored Americans because they have nothing to bring to that destitute land. He would like to welcome Jews because their presence would bring with it interest of the money masters of the world. Always keep an eye on the main chance.

However, Jews, like Colored people, know where the Promised Land is. Those not here already are trying to get here.

All the rabbis in the world are not as wise as the heart of the great Jew. He is no longer a wanderer. His new kingdom is here in the heart of the U. S. A.

**DO NOT DESPAIR** of your Race. All the science of progress and all the arts of civilization it is catching onto rapidly.

Important news comes out of Kentucky, our golden state, whose bosom holds Clay (Henry and Cassius), Watterson and O'Hara. Do you remember O'Hara's stirring song? "On fame's eternal camping ground" begins one verse.

Six prisoners escaped from the Pike county (Kentucky) jail Friday night. The mountains are being searched for the fugitives. How do you think they escaped—by sawing the bars, overpowering the sheriff? Not at all.

The sheriff was not there. His wife, who did what she could to hold the fleeing men, was simply run over but not hurt. Ladies must always be treated gently. But the genius that got up the invention by which to escape could not be stayed.

Samuel Mason, known far and wide as "Pigeon Creek Red," a Colored man, held on a charge of robbery, took a penknife and a broom handle and carved a key that was perfect fit to the proud and austere lock.

His comrades, all white, hailed him king, and joined him in departing for the outer world.

Pikeville is worked up as much over "Pigeon Creek Red's" invention as over the flight of two alleged bootleggers, one alleged murderer and four others, all held for assaults on law.

You are not so far behind. Necessity is still mother of invention. "Pigeon Creek Red" holds up the banner.

Somebody else besides our white people is smart.

**NEWS** is going the rounds that Colored voters in Maryland are living high in imagination and expectation because two rich men are running for the Republican nomination for the United States Senate.

The nominees are Joseph I. France, present Senator, and John W. Garrett. Says the dispatch, presumably gotten up by the Associated Press:

"As an indirect result of the campaign, which is already in the hectic stage, the 220,000 Negro voters of the state, who are declared to hold the balance of power in the G. O. P. primary, are already deeply absorbed in the study of the flivver catalogs. They are convinced that, for them at least, prosperity is at hand."

Always the same cry against you, although graft and thievery in elections are inventions of our white people.

For every four hits a Colored man in Maryland gets from France or Garrett some white man will get five dollars.

Several things Colored people learned from their white exemplars: lying, stealing, marrying one woman in law and several otherwise; dollar down and dollar week; ballot box stuffing and vote trading.

Also, the reporter doesn't know Colored people. The flivver was invented for poor white people. A Colored man looking for a car never thinks of a flivver.

If Maryland Colored people spend any of France's or Garrett's money on automobiles but little of it will be thrown away on flivvers. Poor but proud, you can say of Colored people.

**JAZZ MUSIC** reaches the pages of the Atlantic Monthly. You know all about the Atlantic Monthly, of course.

If not, ask some of your friends who read a lot to tell you of it.

The Atlantic Monthly is our leading monthly. All the high-brows try for it. Its first editor was James Russell Lowell. If the Atlantic takes up a question for discussion it is time to think about it.

Carl Engel writes on "Jazz—A Musical Discussion." His article is informing, instructive, but not a discussion. He says jazz is all right; here to stay.

Take a paragraph from his article. "This Americanism is not exclusively a tribal one; it is not content to borrow from the Negro, to filch from the Indian.

"What marks of Oriental infections it shows hail from the Jordan

rather than from the Congo river. While the primitive syncretism was taken over from the COLORED man, while the Semitic purveyors of Broadway 'hits' made us an invaluable gift of their more luxurious harmonic sense, the contrapuntal complexity of jazz is something native, born out of the complex, strident present-day Americanism."

Of course you will have to go to the dictionary or to some friend acquainted with big words to be able to meet Mr. Engel half way. What he is trying to say is that jazz was born from all the people, and not from any one race. That is all he tries to say.

Jazz, like ragtime, was born in the heart and emotion of the American Colored man; taken over by the ready Jew, and by these twins of art and song given to the world.

Because he was hungry the Negro wrote weird strains of despair wedded to hope. Not having any money to buy food, the Negro had none to print and publish songs.

Jews had money for both purposes. So 20 years ago, at the birth of ragtime, at the hour of the rage of Cole and Johnson, Ernest Hogan, Williams and Walker, Alex Rogers, and before Handy, "king of the Blues," got his hearing, Jew and Colored man joined. They are still joined.

Both ragtime, blues and jazz, likewise soberer music of American harmony, are contributions of the American Negro to his country's art. No use of talking otherwise.

While your writers, leaders and orators strut around like plucked peacocks crying each other down, writers and authors of other races and peoples fix up the record to suit themselves. That means that you are either left out entirely or put in the "also spoke" class.

If you believe that jazz belongs to anybody else, let an unschooled Colored orchestra step on it once for you. If it wasn't theirs they couldn't handle it as they do.

Mr. Engel votes for the River Jordan; denies the Congo. Neither river belongs in this discussion.

You can think of these streams: the Mississippi, the Alabama, the Tombigbee, the James, the Red, the Arkansas, the Tennessee and the Cumberland.

Those are the streams of jazz.

It would be a good idea for the National Association of Colored Musicians, of which Clarence White is president, to look over Engel's article and appoint somebody to get up an article in reply on jazz and send it to the Atlantic Monthly.

"Let us, then, be up and doing," wrote Longfellow.

**SCIENTISTS**, psychologists and sociologists are discussing the "lie detector" used in the trial of Frye, Colored man, convicted of the murder of Dr. Brown, distinguished Colored physician of Washington.

Scientists say the detector is all right; that it will work. You attach it to a man at a point where blood pressure can be measured, and watch it as the man answers questions put to him.

If he lies the blood will move rapidly. If he tells the truth the blood will keep the even tenor of its way. In Frye's case the judge held that the lie detector lied; threw it out, along with the foolish men who brought it into court.

The great Boston Transcript, toeing the mark under all circumstances, says that use of any device in an American courthouse when a man is on trial is unconstitutional and vulgar.

That is, that you have a man-made device registering one thing while an accused man is saying another. That, says the Transcript, is just as bad as compelling a man to testify against himself.

Our law says that you can't do that.

The first try-out was on a Colored man.

While the judge said that the detector detected something that hadn't happened, yet the experiment permitted on a member of society counted way down isn't worth much. Usually scientists select dogs and cats.

Also, what device of man could possibly detect a Colored man who really wanted to falsify? To the invention of lying gotten by Colored people from their white people has been added a charm and grace hardly dreamed of.

George Washington found it hard to tell a lie. Since George Washington said that he couldn't tell one our white people have found it easy to tell them. They didn't believe Mr. Washington.

Colored people, listening and looking on, so improved on the works that now our white people think up a device to study the glory of their own instruction.

Frye is in the penitentiary, having been convicted of second degree murder.

**YOU SHOULD** keep up with news reports of foreign developments. Since your country got mixed up in Old World problems our rulers and elders have had a time.

As soon as peace was declared the country became divided again between Germany and France. You often wonder why Germany has such a strong hold on this country—do you not?

That is easy to answer. There are thousands and thousands more Germans and more people of German blood over here than French. The French people live in Canada, and a little blood of that oldest people is found in New Orleans and St. Louis; but just a little.

The French are not a migrating people. They know that their country is the pleasant spot in this world. So they stay home.

Germans are among your finest

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neighbors. Do you know that Germans organized the first anti-slavery society? That was back in the 18th century. Also, remember that but for the Germans St. Louis, and maybe all Missouri, would have been lost to the Union army in the Civil War.

But in this fight between Germany and France you are with France. Not only because you think France is right, but also because your children were taken to France, where many of them were killed because your rulers said France was right.

A great stir is heard all over the world. France wants Germany to stand by the agreement made when Mr. Wilson signed the treaty of peace. Germany says she is down and out. France knows better. England seems to lean toward Germany.

Look out; stand back. Don't be surprised to hear the bugle call across the oceans. France is ready.

Our white people—thousands of them stragglers from broken-down civilizations—got mad at France because she pressed her black children into service. That is exactly what white people of the U. S. A. do.

Germany used her blacks in Togoland until England took them from her. England uses hers, but never honors them.

France says that ALL her children are hers, both when war comes and when there is peace. Her children love her; will die for her.

So a lot of white people say "Down with France." Do not get alarmed. Somebody has been downing France for many, many years. She still lives the oldest nation in the world.

A London dispatch says:

"Militarily (France) is strong and powerful. Her army, especially in her AFRICAN troops, is enormous. Her equipment of airplanes gives her practically a monopoly of the continent. \* \* \* Through her diplomatic activity she has a network of secondary states under French influence and her efforts in all directions are astounding."

So you understand now a lot you see in the newspapers. Also, why this outcry against France.

Always remember how kind the French were to your children. Before they went to France they did not know what kindness was.

Keep a lookout. War rides day and night.

JUST ONE little item for you. The "convention" of gentlemen being held in New York to take Africa decided to appoint several ministers, diplomats and ambassadors to go before the League of Nations and ask that body to GIVE them two or three former German colonies in Africa.

Meanwhile inhabitants of those colonies are yet to be heard from.

What government will stand back of these diplomats nobody knows yet. You must not laugh. They mean well. The whole thing is too sad to be funny.

The "convention" held impeachment proceedings against its "surgeon general."

Witnesses stood hours through "cross examination." One daily reported that "Frequently the chief justice found it necessary to call for order and threaten eviction of partisans who found it difficult to control their feelings when favorable testimony was given for their side."

All this happening in the civilized city of New York.

You do not care, of course, for all men have a right to their opinion, but you do object to your countrymen feeling that you stand behind a "movement" of this kind.

You will have to step out and tell the world where you stand. If you are going to remain in the citizenship of the U. S. A. you will have to say so.

Otherwise join the circus, and be happy.

TWO OF OUR greatest families—perhaps our two greatest families—are in the limelight. You have not read much in the Bible since last week, but you have read every line of the McCormick-Rockefeller social activities.

While you should not neglect the Bible you are right in keeping up with our big people.

Action of any kind by a McCormick or a Rockefeller should be studied. The country is exactly what our big people make it by their conduct. Actions speak louder than words.

The poet said that there is not much in a name—that a rose would smell as sweet by any other name.

Yet you remember Shakespeare saying that whoever steals your good name robs you of all.

This writer—likewise you—should be satisfied with whatever the McCormicks and the Rockefellers do. They must think they are right, else they would take another road.

You never know the real truth when men and women fall out. They don't tell their lawyers, let alone the judge.

Our white people are hard on Colored people, saying that they are not this, not that; that they won't do, etc., etc.

Maybe they won't do, but with a lot of examples before them to mix them up, the wonder is that Colored people do half as well as you see them doing.

You hear a lot of agitation for an amendment to our Constitution to regulate divorces. That is one amendment that will never be written.

Just as prohibition increased appetite for drink, even among noisy reformers, an amendment prohibiting divorces would bring on more looseness in our life. It is bad enough already.

Don't copy after anybody if you think they are wrong. Do your own thinking.

HUGHES, premier of Australia, made a ringing speech at Melbourne, in which he referred to "white Australia" as "the cornerstone of the temple in which we live."

As far as darker people of the U. S. A. are concerned Mr. Hughes can have both his temple and his cornerstone, although you have heard of cornerstones falling out of temples.

Australia is settled only 100 miles from the coast lines. It is a continent capable of taking care of 250,000,000 people.

Keeping out Chinese and Japanese takes up half the government's time. Japan keeps out of Australia, but not out of Great Britain.

Backing up Hughes' brag, Claude G. Corbett, Australian editor, gives out an interview in New York.

"We want population," says Corbett, "but we want to keep Australia for the Anglo-Saxon race."

What the Anglo-Saxon race is no-

body knows; that is, nobody living. Wells, greatest English historian, says that no such "race" ever lived. Wells should know a thing or two about races making up his country.

You are not worried about Australia, since yours is the great land of all time, and since in it you are coming up. Sometimes the way is dark and the road is rocky, but you are coming up just the same. Look about you.

What kind of a nation is the British empire? Talkative West Indians want you to believe that the nation from which they escaped into your country is wonderful.

In law and order it is; as a civilization it is. But as a democracy it won't do.

Millions of black and Colored people live in its dominions, mostly as wards; seldom as citizens; more often as colonials—that is, they do the work while the British get all of wealth and leisure—and yet in Australia dark Britishers would have a hard time finding a home.

Mr. Hughes and Mr. Corbett can tell Australia that the only interest Colored Americans have in that country is in the whereabouts of the grave of Peter Jackson. Also, how does his monument look?

THE high-up crowd jumps on this writer often because he tells you to get into the government; go to work; buy land; build homes; talk only when you have to; make friends of your white neighbors, North and South; don't talk so loudly in the streets, and let your light so shine before men that somebody will believe in your religion.

You are not in your government; not as strongly as you will be further on; nor as deeply as you would be now if Booker T. Washington had lived from 1865 to 1890 instead of from 1881 to 1915.

That man knew hearts and thoughts. Do you remember what Benjamin Wade, great Ohioan, said of Calhoun, sage of the South? Wade listened to Calhoun for an hour. Turning to a seat mate in the Senate, he said:

"THAT MAN LIVES OFF ALL TRAVELED ROADS!"

So with Booker T. Washington. He lived off all traveled roads of human experience.

He wanted to keep your progress before you, but he also wanted you to remember where you were going, the distance still to be traveled, and your opportunities.

Consider your condition. Take a look at your children and think. What is before you? A great upheaval in your land.

RAILROAD SHOPMEN'S STRIKE; MINERS' STRIKE TOUCHING EVERY MINING STATE; STREET CAR STRIKE IN CHICAGO; LABOR AND CAPITAL TALKING AND FIGHTING.

That is what you see. Not a Negro has voice or vote, either an important man in labor or important man in capital.

Unless you are an industrial factor you will not be considered an economic factor. Not being an economic factor you will not be considered a political factor; not being a REAL political factor you will not be thought a social factor.

Outlawed as a social factor you will go down instead of up.

From this hour determine to get into the industrial, commercial, labor life of your country. A thousand years hence your children's children's children can take a pleasure trip to Africa.

Standing in the heart of that remade continent they will be able to see how God worked out things to suit Himself.

"Go to college," is the cry. A GOOD cry. A BETTER one: "GO TO WORK."