The Annual Howard Night

On Tuesday, November 18, Howard Night was observed at Metropolitan Church under the auspices of Bethel Literary and Historical Association. The "Town" was present in a large number, and all departments of the university were represented in full. Songs and yells were enthusiastically participated in by all. President Newman, representatives of Bethel, and the deans of the several departments appeared on the platform. The address of the evening was delivered by Secretary George W. Cook.

Secretary Cook spoke with his usual characteristic eloquence inspired by his deep and sincere love for the university. He touched upon the ideals of the university, explaining the significance of the two seals, "Equal rights and knowledge for all;" the second, "For God and the Republic;" the former breathing the spirit of the Civil War period; the latter pregnant with reverence, piety, and patriotism; the twin compassing man's duty higher than which human conception is lost.

The speaker urged the necessity of action on part of the alumni if the best is to be made of the whole heritage which was theirs. "Then, fellow alumni, if you agree the gymnasium will be built, Howard will march on her course for higher things. Apathy must be displaced by action. Subscriptions must be paid as pledges and new ones made. It is the only way to academic honor."

At the close of the address, "Howard, I love Old Howard" was very appropriately sung by the entire student body under the direction of Yell-master Hunter Brooks. Then followed a few earnest remarks by President Newman, emphasizing the lesson of perseverance, nobility and steadfastness which comes to all from the spirit of the founders of the university.

The night was indeed a tremendous success. University and class colors flashed on all sides, and the "Howard Spirit" was in evidence at every moment. Both "Town" and "Gown" received from the occasion much good and enjoyment.

Night Thoughts

I hear a gentle murmur,
I hear the night winds sigh;
And then, a far-off music
Like angels passing by.

I see a faint light glowing
That shines my window thro;
I hear a low voice calling,
And wonder is it you!

I hear the screech owl hooting
Its cry so weird and sair,
I smell the breath of roses
Upon the midnight air;
Then sounds resounding thunder:
The storm begins to brew,
I hear deep sobs and wailing
And wonder is it you!

Otto Leland Bohanon

The Thanksgiving Game

With Hampton and Union fresh in our minds, we wait nervously for the annual Thanksgiving game. Nineteen thirteen, with its ill-omened terminus, has greeted us with many surprises, many unexpected moves on the gridiron checkerboard. In a number of instances the victors and the vanquished of previous years have exchanged places this season. We wonder whether such a reversal will be in evidence on Howard campus next Thursday. In other words, can Lincoln who has not won a game from Howard since 1907, be able to score the greater number of points when she meets Howard a few days hence? The victory recently awarded Hampton against Howard will inspire the Pennsylvania squad to strive harder than ever to regain her old place.

The Thanksgiving game has always been looked upon as the classic game, the time when the two most popular Negro institutions of learning meet in keen rivalry upon the gridiron. Both Lincoln and Howard have a host of sympathizers, and "rooting" will be about as strong on one side as on the other.

The varsity squad will be in most excellent form. The recent trip south has given our team a chance to ascertain its strong and weak points. If Lincoln will have the advantage in weight, Howard will have the advantage in speed; Boumon, Carter, Dowdell, Cleland, and Bell will form an impassable line, and Brice, Gould, Pendihue and Merchant
Howard Meets Union

Howard 26, Union 0

The Howard Varsity team on its way home from Hampton, met the Union University team of Richmond, on the 15th, inst. Union's present team is perhaps the fastest she has ever had, and her defeat by Howard was the first of the season.

At 3:30 p.m., Howard kicked off and Union received ball on her 20 yard line, running it back 15 yards. Howard retreated for 8 yards more, when Smith, replacing Merchant, took the ball 12 yards for Howard. Consecutive plunger pushed Union to her 30 yard line, where Howard was penalized for off-side playing. Quickly recovering, Howard regained her ground, and drove Union to her goal. Lou Brown crossed for the first touchdown. Beamon kicked goal and the quarter ended 7-0.

SECOND QUARTER

Union tried to kick a field goal, but failed. Lou Brown made 6 yards through Union's line, and this was followed by a series of line charges which took Union to her 10 yard line. Brannon gained an additional 4, and Brice carried ball over for the second touchdown. Thompson, Union's quarterback, had one chance to make a touchdown in this quarter. He received a punt from Smith, and made a spectacular evasion of all interference when he was dropped by a superhuman effort from Brice on our 15 yard line. In this quarter Lou Brown repeatedly broke through the enemy's line for 4 and 5 yard gains. Schlaughter made a great number of effective end plays. Score 13-0.

SECOND HALF

Union kicked to Smith; who brought ball 15 yards from Howard's 20 yard line, and Brown and Brannon, by line plunging carried oval to Union's 40 yard line where Union got ball. Howard receded 12 yards, and Thompson kicked to Brice on Howard's 15 yard line. Ball was brought up 4 yards, then Lou Brown made a thrilling run of 70 yards to Union's goal, passing Union's quarterback who stood within 16 yards of their goal line. His chance to imitate Brice was lost. The quarter closed at 20-0.

FOURTH QUARTER

Most of the playing was in Union's field, Howard's line steadily driving toward Union's goal. Bullet Schlaughter ran 30 yards to Union's 10 yard line, and just before it became too dark to continue the play, Brice carried the ball over for the fourth touchdown. Final score, 26-0.

Only five men of the first team played in this game. The second team utilized this opportunity to show its strength, Lafayette, Brannon, Brown, and Smith showing well offensive and defensive play. Union feels much encouraged since she was not more badly beaten.

Delta Sigma Theta Sorority

The Delta Sigma Theta Sorority held an initiation on Saturday, November 15. The following were made members:

Vera M. Monholland '15; Edith N. Brinkley '10; Virginia M. Scott '10; Mary Johnson '16; Amy M. Williams '15; Wilma L. Richardson '15; Annie Laurie MC Cary '17; Cavassa J. Satterwhite '17; Elsie H. Brown '17; N. Pearl Brown '17; Etta L. Morton '17; and Belle Harris '17.

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Howard Spirit and Song

Howard Night at the Metropolitan A. M. E. Church afforded a splendid exhibition of the physically demonstrative phase of the Howard Spirit. The heart of every true Howardite was filled beyond the bursting point. Every class had its songs and its yells, and yelled both well. That enthusiasm when bottled up and allowed to issue forth under control in a small but steady stream into our class rooms is what really counts for Howard University. Howard Night was set apart by The Bethel Historical and Literary Society for an explosive outburst of such force and enthusiasm as exists in our student body.

It is to be regretted, nevertheless, that our songs are not set to music of a more elevating type and of a more stable variety. We all love the sentiment expressed in the words of "Howard, I Love Old Howard," but not the tune "Kiss, Me, My Honey, Kiss Me". Class songs set to "Good Evening, Dearie", and to the various popular song "hits" or the trashy, American Rhapsody is not "morally elevating" nor does it express any permanent, abiding sentiment of praise and honor, love and duty. The popular songs are generally very poor music, containing nothing in harmony with the sentiment we wish our words to express. We need brilliant, militant, jubilant, praise music and not the kind that has its brief turn upon the vaudeville stage and is heard no more. This music dies early because it does not deserve to live, because there is nothing in it worth while. It is like a draught of wine; it intoxicates, but it does not strengthen. We are judged by our taste in this matter. If we can not compose music for our songs we can get the professional advice of the Conservatory of Music and adapt the words to appropriate standard music. Let our songs be a credit to us and not a reflection upon us.

N. P. G. Adams

School News

Dr. Lyman P. Powell was formally inaugurated last week as President of Hobart College.

A course designed to train students to be assistants in art museums has been established at Wesleyan.

In his report to the Board of Trustees, President Butler of Columbia asked for $2,500,000 to support the university.

At Harvard in 1911-1912, over $107,000 was earned by students of the university and over 1000 men secured positions through the Harvard Employment Office.

At Yale English is the most popular course with 1257 students; Economics comes second with 1556; History is third with 708; and Philosophy fourth with 58.

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which is building an entirely new school, has received $7,580,000 in gifts since 1911, and some of the money has come from alumni.
Friday, November 21, 1913

EDITORIAL

It is All We Have Just Now

"A hand shake, Coach Marshall, Manager Taylor and noble boys of the White and Blue squad, for playing the game down South. It is all we have to give you just now. We'll give you a 'gyrn' before long." — Board of Trustees, Alumni and students.

"O Well. It's Time to Lose."

The first thought of Howard's losing to Hampton might have been a little grating; but the second thought brought about a fairly logical conclusion. Howard must lose sometime. Very noticeable it was that all thought of the game in this way; for, a short time after the game at Hampton and the announcement at Howard no one seemed so wrought up over the result; on the contrary, all seemed composed and unconcerned. The common spontaneous statement was, "O well, it's time to lose."

A "Clean" Game

The Hampton—Howard game goes down in history as one of the "cleanest" as well as one of the hardest fought games that has taken place between colored schools. Football, in ever sense of the word, ruled from start to finish. Unnecessary tackling and falling on men or unfair playing in any form had no place whatever in the game. The knockouts came about not by that mean dishonorable method of "putting-out" men, but by the earnest hard playing of the opposing heroes. Even squabbling played but a slight part in the game. Both Howard and Hampton give expression of perfect satisfaction with the playing in the game.

The National Theological Seminary

The establishment of a National Theological Seminary, "to engage in the work of furnishing a better prepared ministry to lead the Negro people," the movement for which has been begun by the National Baptist Convention, will indeed be productive of tremendous good. It is almost universally admitted that the Negro minister, out of the men of all professions, holds the most important position. Influencing all phases of the life of the people of the community in which he lives, he is unmistakably the leader of those people. Prof. Kelly Miller in his pamphlet, "The Ministry the Field for the TALented Tenth," says of the Negro minister: "He is not only the spir-
exhibited, at no time, improper regard for visitors. And after the game, an enjoyable social was tendered the visitors by the young ladies of the senior classes. Throughout the entire sojourn, and certained friendliness, good will and generosity toward Howard prevailed. Indeed, from every point of view, a more commendable treatment could not be expected from any school.

The Great Clash
Hampton 8, Howard 6

On the 14th, at Hampton, Va., Howard and the Virginia institution presented one of the most spectacular gridiron contests ever witnessed. The field was dry, the sky was clear, but the day was hot, almost too hot for football. Before the game, Howard's rabble of one hundred and ten, and Hampton's whole student body vied with each other in boosting their respective elevens.

At 2:00 p.m. Beamon kicks off to begin the game. Hampton receives kick on her twenty yard line and brings it back twelve yards. Then they make phenomenal rushes, forcing play into Howard's field. Inch by inch Hampton surges until she gets within twelve yards of Howard's goal and then loses the ball. Beamon passes the ball to Gould for a kick, but the ball goes over Gould's head and falls, rolling over our goal line. Gould covered it for a safety, and the score is 2-0 in favor of Hampton.

The second quarter begins with its long minutes of indescribable suspense for Howard. Our ends opposed by three Hampton men and our line and our backs find no way to break through the phalanx which confronts them. The Howard rabble cheers lustily. Our team taking fresh courage, charges hard into the enemy's line. They give way and the ball is carried little by little until we are within ten yards of Hampton's goal. We push even further but Hampton suddenly becomes immovable and holds until the whistle announces the close of the first half.

The deadlock continues in the second quarter Stony kicks to Grinnage on Howard's thirty yard line, and the ball is brought back six yards. Brice, as if by magic, does the impossible, and wedges through Hampton's line for eight and ten yards respectively. He punts and the ovoid goes deep into Hampton's field. Hampton's goal is in great danger when the pigskin goes over and starts toward the opposite goal. The players, like a pendulum, move to and fro, the teams offering effective defense when their respective goals are in danger.

The second quarter ends with neither team gaining appreciable ground yet Hampton shows strong in the offensive.

The second quarter begins with its long minutes of indescribable suspense for Howard. Our ends opposed by three Hampton men and our line and our backs find no way to break through the phalanx which confronts them. The Howard rabble cheers lustily. Our team taking fresh courage, charges hard into the enemy's line. They give way and the ball is carried little by little until we are within ten yards of Hampton's goal. We push even further but Hampton suddenly becomes immovable and holds until the whistle announces the close of the first half.

In the 3rd quarter Stony kicks to Grinnage on Howard's thirty yard line, and the ball is brought back six yards. Brice, as if by magic, does the impossible, and wedges through Hampton's line for eight and ten yards respectively. He punts and the ovoid goes deep into Hampton's field. Hampton's goal is in great danger when the pigskin goes over and starts toward the opposite goal. The players, like a pendulum, move to and fro, the teams offering effective defense when their respective goals are in danger.

The deadlock continues in the fourth quarter. The spheroid gets within a very few inches of a goal and then stops. Six minutes of the last quarter has passed. Hampton sees victory without a touchdown. Howard resorts to the forward pass. Failing here she tries the line. The Fates seem to smile; Brice, Gould, and Brown make a pathway of 30 yds. Our team becomes invincible, and drives Hampton within 15 inches of her goal. This time she cannot hold. Schlaughter crosses their line at the fifty-seventh minute of the play, and receives the ball for a touchdown on the forward pass. Howard is 0 and Hampton 2. Then there is pandemonium in Howard's camp, and Hampton becomes frantic, tries passes and fails. She too resorts to the punt. Howard returns and loses ball on an off-side kick near her 40 yd. line. Oliver, Flint and Jamerson, of Hampton team push swiftly for their opponents goal. It is fourth down, and Howard hopes, and Hampton fears that no more scores will be made before the whistles blows. A faint signal to kick, and Hampton's quarterback forward passes to their left end, who receives the oval at the last minute across Howard's goal for a touchdown. No goal is kicked. A few seconds more and the game is over. Thus the great clash passes into history. Final score; Howard 0, Hampton 8.
Young "Grad" Holds Own

Mr. James A. Wright, Arts and Sciences, '11, Ex-President of the Y. M. C. A., and Ex-Manager of the University Journal, is holding his own at the Andover Theological Seminary, Cambridge, Mass. He is making good in his school work and is bringing about good results in his church work. In addition to this, he has been made Vice-President of the Harvard-Andover Divinity Club with the distinction of being the first colored member and office holder of this club.

Echoes of the Howard-Shaw Game

Although thoroughly trounced in the time of 77 to 0, the Shaw team departed Sunday afternoon, leaving behind the assurance that their stay at Howard had been a most pleasant one. The reasons for such an assurance are obvious: the bitterness of defeat could not but have been softened by the cordial hospitality accorded them by the university in general, and the Omega Psi Phi Fraternity in particular.

Manager Taylor deserves the highest commendation for the manner in which he entertained the members of both teams. It was due almost directly to his tireless energy, that the two teams were so aptly compensated for their clean, gentlemanly exhibition of the King of College Sports.

The members of both teams were entertained from seven to eight o'clock by the young ladies of Miner Hall. From there, led by Manager Taylor, they made their way to the Howard Theater, where reservations of the entire four boxes had been made for their special use. As it was our victory, the two teams were received with vociferous applause upon their entrance.

After the performance, the boys, still held captive by the Manager, were led to the Omega Psi Phi Fraternity house, 326 T Street. Here they were destined to meet the surprise of the evening. From attic to cellar, the beautifully decorated house was given over to their use, and games were indulged in until eleven-thirty. At this time, a delicious repast was served by Manager Taylor, they made their way to the Howard Theater, where reservations of the entire four boxes had been made for their special use. As it was our victory, the two teams were received with vociferous applause upon their entrance.

Such a spirit of cordial hospitality is to be encouraged, and we can but say that the Omega Psi Phi Fraternity is a credit to its members and a benefit to the university.

C. V. Henley

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The Passing Show

"By Pink"

A Hampton belle was somewhat annoyed with "Ike" Bailey; she wanted to hear more or less mel­lifluous accents, and "Ike" kept taking notes for the JOURNAL.

B. L. Waits stepped on a lady's foot for the fifteenth time at the Richmond dance. "Pardon me", he said, "I am just learning". "Why", she said, "you do not seem to touch the floor at all".

At the dance at Hampton, Straton, Waters, Young, Brannon and a dozen others succeeded in monopolizing. Sampson had it worst than anybody, however; he refers even now to a certain "black-eye little Miss".

Here's to our hosts and hostesses!

Who showed us what hospitality is;
They threw up their hat
And let us "skin the cat",
Then sent us along about our "biz".

Hail! Hail! The gang's all here. Howardites showed their loyalty by accommodating the teams in large numbers. Yellmaster Brooks kept things going.

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HOWARD UNIVERSITY JOURNAL 7

ing, and Fowlkes sold regalia to all who were unwise enough to appear interested.

There are two things that the boys decided unanimously and unconditionally: first, that when it comes to eats, Miner Hall has 'em, and that the Dixie (Hospital) girls stand out in large capitals. In proof of the latter statement read what was handed to the Editor of the Personal Column by some devotees of that institution:

DIXIE YELL
Dixie! Dixie! Dixie!
(3 times) Rah! rah! rah!
They are the girls that rooted for Howard;
In their ranks there was never a coward;
Defiantly rooted to aid in our glory,
Dug up the hatchet and said:
"We should worry".
They're the girls. (3 times)
Dixie! Dixie! Dixie!

THE LAY OF THE LOST WILLIAM
While William on his bed did lay
All sick and weak and faint,
The little one he left behind
Was spreading lots of paint.
Unwilling she to wait until
Poor Bill could gain his feet,
She one day chanced to meet.

With flow'rs and things for Bill,
He knew not that the "medic" stood
Impatient 'cross the sill.
And now since Bill is come again,
Her friends all want to know
Just how to him she will explain
Of Maxwell, her new beau.

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For catalogue and special information, address Dean of Department.
Thoroughbreds

The teams that represented Howard at Hampton and Richmond deserve the very highest commendation and honor that the students and Faculty can give them. The clean, manly and hard-fought contest, that was a victory from a moral standpoint though a defeat in the matter of points, made a deep impression at Hampton and brought public expressions of praise and commendation from the spectators and the Faculty there.

The advantages which Hampton held over us are, a gymnasium in which to train everyday, rain or shine, a half dozen coaches and a team with an average of one hundred eighty pounds. Those who saw the game know, that these things counted in the final result, but they had no deterrent effect upon our boys. The temporary check which Hampton has administered after many years of defeat, will serve to arouse us to our growing strength, and when we meet her next year we'll "lick" her to pieces or it will be a sad day for Freedmen's.

—Roman

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Clippings

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From Judge
Friend — I suppose this is even a more remarkable baby than the one you had last year.
Auto Fiend — Oh, you bet he is! Far better model. Got a longer wheel base, a better pair of lamps, and a very much louder horn.

Merely A Hint

The Argonaut

Called upon for a "few remarks," an after-dinner speaker was still in the midst of his oratory half an hour later. Finally one of the weary banqueters wrote something on a bit of paper and passed it across the table. The recipient read it, smiled, and passed it down the line. It came close to where the orator stood. Thinking it might be for him he picked it up and glanced at it. Then he ended—forgetting his peroration. The note read: "This is what Sherman said war was."

Wasting Time

From London Answers.

Enraptured, they gazed, hand in hand, upon the beautiful scene stretched before them in the setting sun. It was the lake district, and they had three days on their honeymoon.

"Dearest," he said, gazing at her fondly, "isn't this heavenly?"

"Yes Reginald," she softly murmured. "Do you know?" he whispered, ardently, "to me life does not seem long enough for our happiness? Just think, even if we are fortunate, our married life can hardly last longer than fifty years."

"Is that all?" she queried, wonderingly edging nearer.

"Yes that's so," he answered, wonderingly edging nearer.

"Then kiss me quick, Reginald," she exclaimed, "we're wasting time."

No Excuse

The outrageous extravagance of some of the millionaires of New York led Lord Haldane, at a dinner in Albany, to say:

"The extravagance, the waste, that one sees on the part of the American rich is very blame-worthy."

"But, Lord Haldane," said a Boston woman, "our rich are so very rich. Why shouldn't they be extravagant and prodigal when they have incomes of two or three millions a year?"

"Madam" said Lord Haldane, "would you excuse a cook for oversalting your dinner because she had a superabundance of salt?"

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