TWO SERENADES

By Maxwell Nicy Hayson, H. U. '08.

MARY Byron sing of his fair maids, And all the English throng. Yet lives there one by Maryland glades To gain this minstrel's song.

She is as tall as lily fair And of a Spanish hue! Will paint her beauty true.

She is as fragrant as the rose And dear as lover's love! A blissful life he only knows Who wins her for his wealth.

She is in form a perfect Greek— A mold from Phidias' hands, A winsomer image you need not seek In mythologic lands.

O! what a sight to see her bloom, Behind Da ne Ceres' gifts, Upon a market-day, at noon She was as hasty her raven riffs.

She's busy as the honey-bee, Bisive on Sabbath day, And then it is, she is so free To ply her magic way.

Yet Cupid has not shot his dart At this sweet personage, And I would woo her tender heart, 'Twere not for wicked age.

So all I now do ask of Fate, To give her one who will be noble, strong, and chaste, and great, As she is lovelier still.

Now let me end my feeble lines On this pure country lass, I need no music or French wines, She is my wine and mass!

Deceased 1901.

The other serenade appears on the 2d page.

WARD DEFEATS SHAW

North Carolina Team Completely Vanquished

Outplayed at every stage of the game, the boys from Raleigh, N. C., yesterday met defeat before the magnificent work of Howard's eleven. The great crowd that usually turns out on Thanksgiving day was present. The boys from the medical school, in large tally-ho's rode around the field yelling and shouting and when the game was over a thousand students over-proudly paraded the campus headed by the band. It would be impossible to describe the cheering; it was spontaneous, not in concert but every man yelling to his utmost capacity, and the effect was grand.

When the whistle blew at 3:30 p.m. and Shaw booted the ball to Howard's 15-yard line, it was known that the game was to be a hard one, and not for one moment of interest in the game flag.

When the first half was over the score stood 6 to 0 in favor of Howard. This touchdown came as a result of McGriff's 40-yard run around Shaw's left end. From the 15-yard line Howard rushed the ball down to the 1-yard line but Shaw held firm and kicked to his own 30-yard line. But Howard was not to be denied and from here without losing possession of the ball carried it over for a touchdown. The half ended without further scoring. Out into the field the crowd surged and hundreds of students locked arm in arm did the snake dance. The band played "Didn't He Ramble" and "Boola Boola".

The whistle for the second half and the field was quickly cleared. Here Shaw made her stand. Howard kicked off to Shaw's 30-yard line. Shaw was forced to kick but recovered on Howard's 50-yard line. From here a pretty forward pass was pulled off which netted just 40 yards; three plunges, by mighty Macbeth and Shaw had made a touchdown but mist the goal and the score stood 6 to 5. But Howard was not one bit discouraged; just four minutes later Howard had scored a touchdown and kicked goal, and Shaw's hopes were completely shattered.

McGriff and Davis, the Howard half backs, were towers of strength. They would make one man's chase for 5 and 9 yards. It was impossible to stop them. Perhaps the most spectacular play of the day was Whit Bruce's long run thru a broken field. Capt. Moore was always on hand to foil the quarter back and time and time again nailed him in his tracks. Every player deserves the greatest credit. The team worked as a unit and it was impossible to beat them. The final score stood 12 to 5, in favor of Howard.

[The line-up appears here.]
Cabinet changes have been occurring rapidly. The brilliant Root, the world pacifier Tilt, the sturdy Wilson will retain their old positions as heads of the Departments of State, War and Agriculture respectively.

Secretary Bonaparte of the Navy takes the post of Attorney General. He is a member of the world famous French Bonaparte family. He is a Harvard graduate and a life long Republican. He has headed the Navy Department one year.

George Bruce Cortelyou is now a familiar figure in the national eye. He has climbed thru many official positions. He has been assistant secretary, then secretary to President McKinley and later to President Roosevelt. He became Secretary of the Dept. of Commerce and Labor, Postmaster General, and now is about to hold Uncle Sam’s purse strings. He is forty-four years old. His career is a spectacular one.

Secretary Metcalf, who goes from the Department of Commerce and Labor to the Navy, is a Californian by adoption. To become head of his department he resigned from Congress. He was recently sent by the President to California to investigate the difficulties there between the Japanese and the whites. Mr. Metcalf is fifty three years old.

George von L. Meyer, now Ambassador to Russia, was previously Ambassador to Italy. He is from Massachusetts and is very wealthy.

Mr. Straus, who becomes Secretary of Commerce and Labor, is a Jew. He is well fitted for the office, being a man of wide experience in the matters which will demand his attention. He is known as a friend of labor.

Mr. Garfield, forty-one years old, is a son of former President Garfield, and becomes Secretary of the Interior to succeed Mr. Hitchcock, resigned. He is a close friend of the President and an enemy of the trusts.

Due to a lack of space we regret that Mr. Hayson’s rather full but splendid account of the Coleridge-Taylor Festival has had to be omitted from this issue of The Journal, but will appear next week.
How Noahie Lewis Won

by George Warren Frederick Oldham

FOR three weeks the dust clouds hung low about the big corral at Buffalo Run; in places it took on a bluish tint where the smoke from the branding fires cut thru. Everywhere the rank odor of burning hair and searing hide smote thru. Everywhere the rank odor of shoulders were slightly stooping, the stubby character; he was tall, muscular, and of ebony hue; his nostrils; and low keyed blats of pain and fright rent the air.  

About these fires always lurked a heavy character; he was tall, muscular, and of ebony hue; his shoulders were slightly stooping, his eyes were large, his blobber almost convincing that he walked on part of his legs. He had just finished a strenuous day, kicked about the burning sticks and extinguished the last bit of fire, when he stalked up to the 'Cattle King' and said, 'Boss, I's been makin' fires for three years and I come t' see if you'll give me a chance.'

Bill Blocker removed his pipe from his mouth, and as curls of smoke trailed away knitted his brow and looked at him intently and said, 'Give you a chance?'

'Yes sir, boss, I wants to be a regular puncher.'

'Well Noahie,' he said, 'I jest as soon low you a chance as any one else.

We'll leave here for Perton Allis tomorrow and you can get yourself in shape.'

Noahie was delighted with the promotion and retired early for a good night's rest to be ready for his new duty. His perfect health had always allowed him to sleep like an insensate brute, but that night he could not sleep; hope and anticipation pricked open his eyes, and he lay upon the bare earth and gazed at the starry empyrean, and listened to the yapping wolves harp on their rights and the shril notes of the night birds above. As a great stupor was coming upon him, a semi luminous line appeared along the level gray of the plains; he knew what it meant, threw off the rawhide, kicked out of his blankets and placed on his bronco a deep-seated Cheyenne saddle and joined the round-up layout.

Bill Blocker with his powerful athletic form rode in front merely to keep out of the dust; then followed Tom Shaw jogging easily in the cow puncher's 'Spanish trot,' whistling soothingly to quiet the horses, and giving a lead to a band of saddle animals trundling loosely behind him. They moved on gracefully and lightly in the manner of the unburdened plains horse, and decided to follow Tom's guidance, half inclining to break to the right or left. George Rose and Sam Lawson flanked them, while Noahie, riding in a slouch of apparent laziness, brought up the rear and always stayed near the four-man chuck wagon.

The sun mounted; the desert went silently through its changes, the wind devils raised true columns of dust a thousand feet in the air; the billows of dust from the horses and meercrapt and crawled with them like living creatures.

To Noahie, glorious colors, magnificent distances and astonishing illusions filled the world. Lured by all of these, he was gripped with the spirit of the desert and bellowed his favorite song; 'Don't you hear the cattle callin'?'

They pitched their tents on the banks of the Perton Allis because this was the central watering place for all cattle for many miles away. There was no corral there; it was all open work, a good test for horsemanship and lariat twirling accuracy. When the two weeks' work was finished, it was revealed that Noahie had lassoed and branded more cattle by five per cent than any one of the forty cowboys.

This record he continued to increase, and two years later, when the big contest for the world's championship was held at Austin, Texas, and each cattle owner was allowed to put one man in the contest, Bill Blocker selected Noahie Lewis for his representative. A man to be a crack steer roper must be quick-eyed, nimble footed, deft of hand and an expert horseman. He made the selection because in Noahie, Bill Blocker had found all of these.

The day dawned bright and the cowboys gathered from all sections of the West—from the sun baked Pan Handles to the Bad Lands of Dakota. Of the one dozen ropers, Noahie was the last. From a little corral of the park a large, red, lean steer rushed out swinging its tail. For a moment it hesitated at the mouth of the chute, then the rasp of a score of cowboys' voices blended with the blare of a brass band, sent it skeltering forward to the starting line. One hundred and fifty feet back of this line waited Noahie, on Stampede, a well-trained, slim bay horse. As the steer crossed the line, the flag fell, and the stop watches began to tick off the seconds.

Stampede went pounding heavily upon the heels of the fleeing bovine; the lariat left Noahie's hand, the horse set back on his haunches; the steer fell, the rider dismounted, and when almost instantly his black hand shot above his head, 20,000 voices rent the air; and the time-keeper announced a huge Texas steer roped and tied in 22 seconds.

Noahie went away, the hero of the day, and, as he crossed the bridge that spanned the Colorado, muttered to himself, "All I wants is a feath chance." He took a bit of tobacco from his pocket and made a cigarette; took a few puffs, then leant forward and his horse swung into a canter and he was soon lost in his own dust over the hill.

Prognose, S. C. Nov. 21, 1906.
To the University Journal.
Washington, D. C.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed you will find money order, for subscription to The Journal. Wishing Howard much success on Thanksgiving Day, I am Yours truly,

Dr. R. W. Bailey.
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Wanted
A complete file of The New York Age is wanted for the Library. Any copies sent will be gratefully acknowledged.

FLORA L. P. JOHNSON,
Librarian.
Annapolis Defeats Howard

Duke 118.

In what is considered the most
ragged exhibition of football ever
seen on Howard campus, the An-
apolis boys defeated Howard last
Saturday. Fumbling at critical
times lost the game. Howard
kicked off to Annapolis, the kick-
off was returned, and while the
ball was being juggled the boys
from Navytown fell on it. A quar-
terback kick, and again the juggling
was resorted to, with the same
result. Annapolis' ball on
Howard's 25 yard line: from here a
prettV field goal was executed just
six minutes after the kickoff. Be-
fore the half ended, however, the
home team had rushed the ball
over for a touchdown, having come
over 60 yards by hammering the
line. This made the score 6 to 4,
over for a touchdown, having come
over 60 yards by hammering the
line. Again Annapolis tried goal
from field, but mist it. Herein
come the flukey part of the game.
The hall struck a foot over the
goal line and under ordinary cir-
cumstances would have gone on
a few yards behind the goal line
for a touchback, but this one time
it jumped back on the field; here
the ball was toyed with for a couple
of minutes by four or five players;
when the ball was declared dead
there lay an Annapolis man on it,
between Howard's goal. A fierce
punting duel ensued and then How-
ard braced up and started down the
field. Whit Bruce made a 40 yard
end run; Davis and McGriff went
the line for 5 and 7 yards, and
Buck Hunt made 20 yards on a
pretty forward pass, the only one
of the game. But the fatal whistle
blew with the ball on Annapolis'
5 yard line in Howard's possession:
the score 10 to 6, in favor of Annapolis.

Young Sports vs. Second Team

An intensely interesting football
game was played last Friday be-
tween the Scrubs and a team picked
from everywhere calling them-
theselves the "Young Sports." Altho
the game was played almost wholly
in the Young Sports' territory, they
put up a plucky fight and repulsed
the enemy more than once when
their goal was in danger. Not un-
til the latter part of the second half
could the Scrubs score, and then
it was thru a goal kicked from the
field by Pollard. The sympathy
of Miner Hall was with the Young
Sports. Score, Second Team 4,
Young Sports 0.

Second Team LINE UP Young Sports
Giles E. B Steele
Taylor L T Brown, R. I.
Pollard L G Kyle
Boll C Scott, H. T.
York, Gordon, C. R. G. Dagler, Cowan
Boyd R F Junior
Scott, H. I. R E Williams, Capt
Miller Q B Bowles
Pleming, Capt. L H Cook
Francis R H Young
W. I on F B Thomas

Societies

ALPHA PHI

The Alpha Phi Literary Society
held its weekly meeting last Friday
evening. The committee on Inter-
collegiate Debating reported plans
well under way for at least one
intercollegiate debate. To choose
disputants several preliminary de-
bates will be held before the society
and the winners of these will defend
the honor of the University. All de-
siring to enter should present their
names at once to Mr. M. A. Morris
and the winners of these will defend
the honor of the University. All de-
siring to enter should present their
names at once to Mr. M. A. Morris
on, the chairman of the committee.
After the program was rendered,
the Rev. D. E. Wiseman, a former
member of the society, extended a
few words of greeting.

CULTURE CLUB

The Culture Club of Miner Hall
held its first public meeting of the
year on last Friday evening.
There was quite a large atten-
dance of visitors. Mrs. Thirkield
spoke to the young ladies and im-
pressed upon them the importance of
their powers and the best use of
them.

P E S T A L O Z Z I - P R O E B E L

The P e s t a l o z z i - P roebel Literary
Society of the Teachers' College
held its weekly meeting on last Fri-
day at 3 p. m. The program ren-
dered was good. Visitors are always
welcome to these meetings.

EUREKA

The Eureka held its usual meet-
ing last Friday evening and was
favored with an exceedingly large
attendance. The resignation of
Mr. W. W. Williamson as Journal-
ist was received and accepted Mr.
Clarence Curley of the Commer-
cial Department was elected to his
office. The following program was
rendered:

Oration - Mr. W. W. Williamson
Declamation - Mr. L. C. Bode
Paper - Mr. Clarence Curley
Then a lively debate ensued. Re-
solved: That the disbanding of the
Negro troops at Brownsville, Tex.,
was justifiable. Mr. S. D. McCree,
speaking in behalf of the judges,
told how well the subject
was handled by each side, and
awarded the decision to the affirma-
tive.

To a Classmate

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRESHMAN
CLASS

On that cold and dreary November day,
When death did steal thy father away,
You thought it hard that you should be
marked
By such sad hours gloomy and dark.
Yes and think, the world around
You, Has this lonely gate to enter thru,
And at the bidding of 'tis call
Each must go to mourned by all.
Weep not for him whose voice is still
Altho he sleeps, neath yonder hill
One great hope brings joy and peace
To meet him at that glorious feast.
If thy sad fate seems too hard to bear,
Turn thy dear thoughts to Heaven above
Where all saints dwell in peace and
love.
Howard University

Rev. Wilbur P. Thirkield, D. D., LL. D.,
President.

Mr. Geo. H. Safford,
Secretary and Treasurer.

Rev. Isaac Clark, D. D.,
Dean of Theological Department.

Robert Reyburn, A. M., M. D.,
Dean of Medical Department, including Medical, Dental, and
Pharmaceutical Colleges.

B. F. Leighton, LL. D.
Dean of Law Department.

Rev. F. W. Fairfield, D. D.,
Dean of College of Arts and Sciences.

Rev. Lewis B. Moore, A. M., Ph. D.,
Dean of Teachers' College.

George J. Cummings, A. M.,
Dean of Preparatory Department.

George William Cook, A. M.,
Dean of Commercial Department.

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