A Christmas Reverie

It is the wee hour of night and the solemn stillness like some gentle spirit hovers above the quiet and sleeping earth. High in the heavens the moon with queenly mien glides along her silver course: half hid among the golden fringed clouds, the stars are keeping watch. The whispering trees rear themselves like sentinels against the hushed darkness of the winter night. The Washington monument standing in melancholy grandeur rests its weary shadow upon the Potomac's silvered bosom. The night is a perfect one fresh from the hand of God. And to add to its witchery and charm, slowly, sadly, yet joyfully there steal upon the night air the plaintive strains of that most beautiful of all Christmas carols, Gruber's "Silent Night."

A thousand thoughts rush madly through my brain and involuntarily my mind wanders back two thousand years; when, just on such a night, and just at such a star (possibly the same one which now darts its beams through my window) a great regal star, more brilliant than its mates, paused to shed its beams upon the thatched roof of an humble stable in a manger of which there was struggling forth into this world a child. It was only a babe; a small, feeble, (Continued on Page 2)

His Temples

BY BURGLER JOHNSON

Last night, somewhere from out the dark, I heard a whisper will
Cry thrice his sharp muezzin's call, then leave the night more still.
My camp-fire was an altar flame, its lowly priest was I—
The pine-tree fingers overhead marked inscriptions on the sky.

To-night I rode in a Broadway car amid the cries and clang;
My deafened ears could not descry what call to prayer they sang.
The temple walls seemed grim and cold; the vault that yesterday
Hung close, with all its friendly stars, seemed dim and far away.

'Twas God who made the country, but God He made the town
The guard who growled, "Step lively, there" masked smiles behind a frown.

And had a ready wink and jest for me, his fellow man;
I saw the traffic stay its tides to save a child who ran.

Last night His temple was still; yet whispers stirred at whiles
To hint that other worshipers were crowding those dim aisles.

To-night so loud a symphony of harsh and strange design!
Yet who am I to say which note is less in tune than mine?

I heard a heavy-burdened lad shrill forth a gay refrain—
A frail old man sought helping hands and never groped in vain.

Yes, God He made the country and God He made the towns
I found Him there by gazing up, and here by looking down.

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Certain of us say that he compromised, that he failed in the essentials—and in all good feeling we reply these the only technical differences. "What they think of his work matters not at all; what the whites, who are the powerful majority, think of it matters tremendously. From the faith established in Dr. Washington, his character and his methods, will come benefits to the world undreamed of by his critics."

He taught the Negro ambition, and the dignity of service for humanity, and this alone kindly commends him to posterity. He made the whites appreciate the Negroes as an asset, and America is justly proud of her assets. His work will be developed along many lines. There will be specialists. There will be improvements, or should be. But every effort made must pay homage to the masterful force called Booker T. Washington, who made the Emancipation Proclamation a practical doctrine; a hard worker, an able scholar, an unusual financier, a gentleman—one who emulated the immortal poet's lines. "With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. If you would be a man, speak what you think to day, in word as hard as cannon balls; and tomorrow, speak what tomorrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradicts all you have said to-day."—"Bill," Academy '15.

Special Attention

My dear Mr. Editor: The persistent and unceasing conversation that is carried on by the young ladies of the Junior class of the College of Arts and Sciences during chapel service has led many to believe that they are contesting for a prize. If this be true kindly let the under class girls know that they too may compete in the talking contest during the exercise.

—Alice Magnard.
What, I ask, was there wrapped up in this young life that required, nay! commanded such homage? What! the secret of its marvelous influence upon the world? Who was He that from his birth men should reckon time anew? He was the Prince of Peace; He was Christ the Redeemer; He was the Son of God sent into this full pregnant womb of sin as a ransom for you and me, that through His death we might inherit life eternal. Wrapped up in his young life was the revelation of God's infinite wisdom and mercy. The secret of his power was the doctrine which. He preached and which He lived: the doctrine of love, pure, unalloyed love. Not love of family or race, of pagan or Christian, of Jew or Gentile; but love, broad as the needs of humanity, deep as the mysteries of life.

My mind again returns to earth and my thoughts to the twentieth century, with its shallow pretentions, its boasted civilization, its professed Christianity. I see the great world calamity in which the flower of Europe's young manhood is being sacrificed to foster the spirit of hate, not love, of hell not heaven, of satan not Christ. I see the pathetic sight of bleeding Mexico, torn asunder by ambition's wicked blade. I see the Jew persecuted because he is a Jew. I see the Negro staggered under oppression's cruel yoke. I see the young of millions dying for want of meat and raiment. I see men abusing the ways Providence has given him over his less fortunate brother. I see everywhere Wrong and Wickedness warmly clothed in purple and fine linen; while Right and Justice shiver in sackcloth and ashes.

As I ponder and meditate over these unchristian like things, which seems to be happening with increasing frequency, my faith faileth for a moment and my heart bursting with anguish cries unto God! Oh! Babe of Bethlehem; Oh! Christ of the ages, is Christianity after two thousand years to prove a failure; have the songs of the Angels and the lives of the Martyrs been in vain; is justice a mocking delusion, and freedom, but a taunting mirage on life's desert; I listen. The answer is returned. I hear it as it echoes and re-echoes over the hills and dales of Judea and through the ages comes down to cheer us. "And He shall judge among the nations and shall rebuke many people: and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruninghooks; nations shall not lift up sword against nation neither shall they learn war any more. The wolf shall dwell with the lamb and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice den. They shall not hurt or destroy in all the earth." Cheered by this message, which in slavery's hell had cheered my father, and my father's father before me, with renewed courage and strengthened determination I greet the new day with a smile.

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A few more days will bring to us another Christmas season. Some of us will use it in the proper way, while others will fail to realize its true meaning.

Christmas is not a season for carousals. Christmas has a true significance. It is a season in which civilized men celebrate the advent of Christ into this world; it is a season held in sacredness and reverence throughout the Christian domain.

In this season there are many opportunities for us to make many helpless and poverty-stricken souls happy. We can do this by giving a bit of our prosperity to the less fortunate. In many instances we can shower rays of sunshine and happiness into the dark lives of many people by saying a cheerful word or giving a helpful advice. Perhaps, our “next door” neighbor can be made happy by a word from us, and surely there is much that we are able to do, without self-abnegation, for the poor inhabitants of slums and alleys not so far distant from our abode. As students of Howard University we can not forget the purity and temperance of Christian lives. We should not misuse the significance of Christmas, or misappropriate its opportunities.

May each of us, then, use the season in the most Christian way. May we enjoy it by doing good and by making it a cheerful season for others. We hope that this Christmas season will hold its true meaning to everyone, and that it will not be a season of evil doing or of folly, but one of happiness and reverence for all.

An Appeal

The Students of Howard University—those of the College of Liberal Arts especially—should support the organ of free speech. The University Journal has met serious embarrassment on account of finance this year. It is necessary for The Journal to have “paid-up” subscriptions in order to continue. We have been forced—largely to our regret—to run more “ads” than we desire, even compelled to deface the front page of the Journal with an “ad.”

The Journal is not an organ for any one person, fraternity, department, or group of students to control or support. It is the organ through which any person in Howard University can express himself decently and freely.

GO TO THE MEN WHO ADVERTISE IN...
The Demand for Efficient Negro Orators

(Continued from the Last Issue)

It is a well-known fact that no race is more eager to listen to a speech than the Negro, even though that speech be poor and the speaker incompetent. The demand for speakers is very great. Colored people think that every educated Negro ought to be able to speak in public on any occasion. No one is exempted. The editor, lawyer, doctor, clergyman are all in demand. The masses look to them for guidance, information, and leadership. Since the Negro orator has an unexcelled opportunity to instruct, persuade, convince, stimulate, guide, and control his people, it is absolutely essential that he be a man, not only of unquestioned integrity, but a man who is an efficient, effective, and influential speaker.

In giving the qualification that an efficient orator should have, Cicero says: “No man can deserve the title of a perfectator unless he has acquired a knowledge of all important things and of all the arts, for it is out of knowledge that oratory must blossom and expand, and if it is not found on matter which the orator has fully mastered and understood, it is idle talk and must be called puerile.” Edmund Burke thought that oratory should be as elaborate as written discourse, but he discovered his mistake when his style frequently emptied the House of Commons. To be an orator, then, one must be well-informed and able to speak with ease, flexibility, simplicity, and naturalness.

Since the literary and debating societies in Howard University afford ample opportunities for every student to attain excellence in the art of public speaking, there is absolutely no excuse for any one who fails to avail himself of the opportunities to be graduated from this institution unprepared to do his duty as a speaker whenever called upon.

But one might say “I have no native ability.” This indeed, is no serious handicap. Horace has said; “Poets are born, orators are made.” If this be true, it is possible for everyone to train himself into an orator. Cicero became a great orator only by hard labor. Demonstrations possessed, for many years, a weak voice. His lungs were also weak. He could not even express himself in ordinary conversation, without stammering; but having once determined to become an orator, he strove incessantly to overcome his weakness, and finally succeeded.

Another speaker might give up the idea of becoming a speaker because of the nervous sensation which seizes him whenever he appears before an audience. Such an embarrassment, however, is not a serious handicap. Many great speakers have had a similar experience. Owing to nervousness, Daniel Webster failed repeatedly in attempting to address his class-mates at Exeter Academy. A biographer relates that his voice showed signs of trembling in that memorable address at the dedication of the Bunker Hill Monument. William McKinley could not deliver a speech of five minutes’ duration without trembling.

Dr. Booker T. Washington says, in his “Up from Slavery,” “I always suffer intensely from nervousness before speaking. More than once this nervous strain has been so great that I have resolved never again to speak in public.” Nervousness is perfectly natural. Almost every speaker will admit this. In fact, on many occasions, it has added beauty and effectiveness to the speech.

There are numerous disadvantages, however, which must be overcome by careful training in order to acquire oratorical skill.

Howard University has several societies where this training may be obtained. The Academy has its Eureka Literary Society; the Commercial College, its Commercial Club; the School of Liberal Arts, its Alpha Phi Literary Society, and its Kappa Sigma Debating Society.

Therefore, let every Howard student thoroughly prepare himself to supply the demand of his race for efficient orators.

**Uzziah Miner, Col. ’18.**

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Colored All-American Football Team

By George E. Treyer, Head Coach of the Howard Academy Team.

The following article was in our hands for publication in the last issue of the Journal, but on account of the lack of space we were forced to withhold it for this issue.—The Editor.

In choosing an All American Team, I have carefully considered and selected the following men to play on the Mythical Eleven.

Green  L. E.  Howard
Procter  L. T.  Lincoln
Randall  L. G.  Howard
Dabney  C.  Hampton
Puryear  R. G.  Union
McCain  R. T.  Howard
Dorsey  R. E.  Hampton
Stratton  L. H. B.  Howard
Harvey  Q. B.  Hampton
Mundy  R. H. B.  Hampton
Pinderhughes  F. B.  Howard

The selecting of an All-American Team is a difficult matter. One should be well versed in football and especially should he thoroughly know the duties of each player in respect to his position. The person who undertakes to choose such team should also be a man who is on the scene of action and actually study the players as they perform in their particular positions. Unless one has such knowledge and experience, one cannot justly and competently make such a choice.

No person can with justice to all other participants place a man on an All-American Eleven by having seen that player perform in one contest only. Such men as Brewer of Fisk and Hughes of West Virginia Institute were placed on an All-American Team by the “First Assistant Coach” of Howard University in a recent issue of the Journal. These may be good men but I do not believe the gentleman who selected them could determine their ability to play on an All-American Team by seeing them in one game only. If I were to make up my team of men who had played a star game in one contest. Colemon of Howard would be my first choice, for he played the best ball of any of Howard’s backs when Howard met Lincoln. A man should be judged by his work for the season. Banks of Hampton had his collar bone broken early in the season and was not seen in action the whole year or in one game by the “First Assistant Coach,” yet Banks was given a place on Mr. Carter’s Mythical eleven. To choose a man on such a small basis is not fair to those who labor and fight all the season.

After seeing Hampton, Union and Lincoln play three times each, and Howard five times, and after making a careful study of each team and player, I have chosen those men who in my opinion deserve to be members of the Honor eleven.

In choosing Fisk and West Virginia men, the writer who selected the team in last week’s issue went outside of the locality from which he should have picked his team. Morehouse, Morris Brown, Atlanta University, and Talladega have good men, but since he has not seen them play, he is unable to ascertain their real ability. The same holds good with regard to Fisk and West Virginia.

I pick Green of Howard cause of his keen conception in diagnosing the opponents’ plays and his ability to smash their interference. He is also good at handling forward passes. His all around work has stood more prominent than that of any other of this year’s ends.

Dorsey of Hampton is an all around player but a typical end and in my opinion measures up to Gale of last year. His ability to handle forward passes and his deliberateness in breaking up the opponents’ plays stamp him one of the best players Hampton has ever developed. Dorsey is a wonderful ground gainer and could be called upon at any time to advance the ball. With two ends of this caliber it would be almost impossible to circle the right or left flanks of a line.

McCain of Howard is first choice for tackle. Matthews of Howard played his usual steady and strong game, and could easily have made any team in the country; but the playing of McCain was phenomenal. As a leader of interference for the man carrying the ball he was marvelous and on the defense outplayed every opponent who faced him this year.

Proctor of Lincoln who is my second choice for tackle was one of the best linesmen of the season. He was strong and aggressive. In every contest in which I have seen him this year, he has played a star game and not until he was carried off the field at Howard and Hampton was either

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of these teams able to gain through the right side of Lin­
coln's line. With McCain so won­
derful on the offense and Proctor so strong on the defense they
would make an ideal pair.

Puryear was the best guard for
1916. It is seldom that a lines­
man shows up as a bright star, but Puryear was such a strong player that he always loomed up
as a bright player in every con­
test.

Randall of Howard has always
had something to spare in mak­
ing the All-American Team for he was the fastest man for his
size in the game. He was so strong that he not only played his own man successfully but
would always aid his center.

Stratton at Halfback for How­
ard is without a peer in that po­

sition. He is the best punter in the game and can drop kick as
well; for these reasons I place him above Dorsey of Hampton as a back. Besides being able to
kick, he is the best broken field
runners of them all and in running back kicks and handling punts has no equals and not since I
have witnessed colored Institutions play has he, in my opinion, had a superior in that particular
line of action. He is fast runner, clever dodger, and possesses all
the other qualities that go to
make up a star halfback. He has played in seven games this sea­
son and in each has been point­
ed out as the star of the game. Why “Jimmie” was not chosen as an All-American back by the
former selector of that team, I
cannot say, but in my opinion he
should have been after having seen him play as long and as of­
ten as the writer chanced to see him in action. The criticism that he was weak at quarterback is
no justification for not placing him as halfback on the All-Amer­
ican eleven. How sad and dis­
tressing it was to realize this, and then play him at quarter.

When one realizes the “First
Assistant Coach” made this un­
called for criticism, the reflec­
tion is on the coach and not the
player, for he plays according to orders and direction rather than will. Such criticisms coming
from home do not help the house­
hold, but have a tendency to weaken and destroy the existing
unification of things.

Mundy of Hampton played a
star game all through the season,
winding up in a blaze of glory on
Thanksgiving Day when he dem­
onstrated versatility as a player at end as well as halfback. His
alertness and ability to judge and receiv­forward passes stamp him the type of player to
use in a machine. On Thanksgiv­ing Day he demonstrated this by running 45 yard after receiv­
ing a long forward pass from
“Midget” Harvey, only to be stopped by Stratton after a most
spectacular tackle.

So much could be said about
Harvey of Hampton that space
will not permit. He is a great
field general and knows how to
take advantage of his opponents
at all time. In handling punts and running back kicks he shows
rare ability, possessing both
cleverness and a cool head. He
is the unanimous choice of all cri­
tics for the All American Quar­
terback.

Pinderhughs is the greatest
fullback that Howard has ever
seen, in fact, the greatest ever
seen in action on a Colored
eleven. He can do everything in excellent style and possesses
every quality that goes to make up a par-excellent player. His
ability to plough through the line
is wonderful to behold and his
power to hold his feet is phe­
nomenal. Often I have seen this
little giant carry players almost
twice his size upon his back for five and six yards. He is a
great field general and knows the
game from end to end. As an offensive player he is great,
but as a defensive man he stands
in a class by himself. Not even
Hampton’s heavy men could
break through him. For three years “Pendy” has been playing
on the Howard Varsity Team and
each year he has been chosen by
the critics as fullback on the All-
American Eleven.

The Girls’ Varsity Five Lose
to the Baltimore High
Quint. Score 7—3

In a fast, well contested and
exciting game, the Girls’ Var­
sity Five of Howard met and lost
to the Baltimore High Girls’
Quint, by a score of 7—3. Both
teams fought well, and both dis­
played the effects of good, hard
training. Howard was ex­
ceptionally speedy, but some­what weak in shooting baskets,
and maintaining a formidable
guard.

Baltimore High was also very
speedy, but was comparatively
weak in keeping the ball in her
territory. Their floor work and
general team work were good.
The work of Miss Carter and
Miss Spriggs and Miss Whyte
was especially commendable.

On the Howard team one finds
it difficult to pick out the excep­
tional star, for they all starred.
But the work of Misses Harper,
Coleman, and Byrd was very
fine. Good team work was dis­
played, and a general knowledge
of the game made itself evident
from to start finish.

Infraction of the rules were
frequent, but, this being How­
ard’s first game of the season,
one can expect no more. As the season older, the team will grow
more accustomed to meeting
new teams, and all general de­
fect and weakness will be rem­
edied.

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THE HOWARD UNIVERSITY JOURNAL

Christmas Giving

Since "Christmas comes but once a year"
'Tis well worth special mention.
And to the birth of Saviour dear
I invite your attention.

Of humble birth, the Christ was born
'Twas in the oxen's manger.
The time was on a Sabbath morn,
When He appeared, a Stranger.

But now, He's known in every land;
His followers are many;
His precepts are a guiding hand;
But faults, He hadn't any.

A wondrous life our Christ did live,
A life that's well worth living
Let us, as God His Son did give,
Adopt the mode of giving.

As He, let's give our all and best;
Let's give our lives for others;
Let's sacrifice our joy and rest,
To help fathers and mothers.

And when we're through we'll dwell above
In that sweet land of Heaven
We'll dwell with Them, Whom all should love
The God and Savior. Amen.

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Penn is really a crafty fellow.
"I lose my appetite each Sab­
bath evening"—Etta.

Wilson wants to know how long
will he suffer with this Payne.

This is what he said to her last
week: "Love me and the world is
yours"—Brooks.

A certain occupant in Miner
Hall has purchased an engage­
ment ring for any aspirant.

In a game of checkers played
at the Senior table last Sunday
evening, Butts succeeded in mak­
ing the king row.

Heslip eats at the Senior table,
and then feeds his Byrd at the
Junior table. Wonder if the Doc­
tor objects to having his Byrd fed?

The Freshmen boys defeated
the Sophomore fellows in debat­
ing, and on the football field; now
they are attacking them success­
fully in Miner Hall. There is
no foul play.

There was a general conster­
nation among the students from
the Islands, who are spending
their first winter in the United
States, when they awoke and
saw the snow last week for the
first time. One said: "The world
has changed." The other said:
"No it is showing its age."

A young man in the Political
Science class last Tuesday in
making reference to Queen Eliza­
beth, said "During the reign of
St. Elizabeth, democracy was su­
preme in England." He was in­
formed that the starving of thirty
thousand Irishmen did not make
any one a Saint. This same young
man asked two days later "How
old a man is Tammany; when
did he die?" He really didn't
know that Tammany was the
name of a hall.

Subscibe to The Journal

Howard Men