Base Ball 1906

Perhaps, not in the history of the University has there been an earlier and more extensive preparation for Base Ball season than that which on its face, is now manifest. Enthusiasm, which previously has seemed to be dormant along this line, has suddenly budded out most beautifully and is blooming with renewed life and vigor.

While Base Ball of this year will still mean physical culture and sharp and friendly competition, it purports to do more. It aims to act as a missionary. Its object will be to carry Howard with her niceties of the development of the arts and sciences have not been established, by the exhibition of clean manly sport, the attitude of Christian moral gentlemen, bring back to Howard results that must tell in point of increased number in attendance, and further herald to the world the end for which our institution is established.

We have material galore. We have enthusiasm by the barrel. We feel that our trip thru the state of West Virginia will mean at least fifty new students for Howard next year. The interest that attaches itself to this, our initiatory project, is not local, not selfish, not individual, but unifies and ramifies about the student life of every man and woman here and every member of our faculty. We are making an incessant and strenuous effort to raise sufficient funds to meet the expense that will necessarily attach itself to the trip and, in the very near future will submit plans, whereby every student may aid us in the accomplishment of this new and untired project, which must most ignominiously fail, or gloriously succeed.

We are making an especial appeal to candidates, whose intentions are to try out for the Varsity team, to be present at the meeting March 9th, preliminary to the date on which we go in training, which will be March the 12th.

At this time, we hope to be able to formulate plans, that will without any doubt crown our effort with success. Manager F. Douglass Morton, not only has the West Virginia schedule in hand but is in communication with each place. How assiduously he is laboring, will only be known when he submits his tabulated schedule in the near future, which will consist of games with some of the best colleges in the land.

Paul Laurence Dunbar

Once more we are reminded of the fact that death is not only the most natural and inevitable occurrence in our existence, but, looking at it from that angle of fatalistic optimism from which it should be viewed, it is an event fraught with a solemn and ineffable joy which should be looked forward to not with dread and tears, but bravely and with smiles. No one has expressed this with greater truth and beauty than our late illustrious singer in those four lines of his which for swing of lyric excellence and sweet dignified resignation cannot be surpassed in the whole range of elegiac poetry—

"When all is done say not my day is o'er,
And that by night I seek a dimmer shore.
Say rather that my morn has just begun;
I greet the dawn and not a setting sun
When all is done."

Again for those who have faithfully discharged the duties of their offices as priests of beauty and happiness, death with its mysterious quietus, erases as if by magic all qualities of a valuable human personality that tend to mar its splendor and leaves only the essence of that splendor; for life not unseldom among men of genius, has a lot of baser metal mixed with fine gold, but death mercifully removes the former that the latter may shine unalloyed through the ages. So shines with ever increasing brilliancy and effulgence "at gold of Paul Laurence Dunbar."

Paul Laurence Dunbar was the greatest Negro poet. He truly illustrated the dictum that poets are born not made. An offering of slavery but an inspired son of the Muse; filled with a quenchless fire of genius and stirred by a deathless ambition, he rose, towering above his lowly environment to that sublime sphere the Muse had ordained for him, and from that lofty height issued a continued stream of rhythm until that grim boatman who comes to all, the excited and the lowly alike, with his icy hand chilled its flow at his home, in Dayton, Ohio, February 9th.

I do not think it too much to say that Mr. Dunbar's place is assured among the greatest lyrists of all time—with Anacreon, with Villon and Burns. We are apt to think of him as being at his best in dialect only, but some of his very finest pieces are in English. In the Soliloquy of an Oak, thru a display of profound nature symbolism he gives forth the poignant wailing of a tree from whose branches one of the many innocent victims of mob vio-

(Continued on third page.)
alone is not able to successfully cope with difficulties and problems raised by intercollegiate athletics and especially the problem of properly and adequately financing athletics without the aid of even a graduate manager they offer to assume this responsibility. They propose to finance athletics and by so doing assure us more and better games. The offer, as we have said, is generous and we cannot doubt that the very best intention actuated it and the Athletic Association is truly grateful. But when these gentlemen are to be responsible for guarantees, will they not to a great extent decide what games we shall play? For must not authority ever accompany responsibility? Then, since it is a fact that our chiefest problem in the Association is to decide what games to play and how to pay for these games, it follows that the chief authority and therefore the chief responsibility is being taken from us. And it is responsibility that makes men.

We grant that in some respects, the scheme proposed by the Alumni is more in keeping with the athletic institutions in vogue in the leading colleges, yet it will not be affirmed that those institutions either offer or yield more opportunity for development than our unperfected system. And, after all, the end of athletics is development. If then the result of accepting this proposal be loss of responsibility, loss of development, let us refuse it at once and emphatically. But, if it can be so arranged that by allying ourselves with this body of Alumni, we may with their wholesome advice and financial aid arrange “more and better games” and yet by so doing offer greater facilities for development let us accept their offer, gratefully and at once.

Debating

There is nothing which arouses more enthusiasm in student life during the long interim between football and baseball, than debating. This form of public speaking appeals to us most perhaps, since ‘tis distinctly American, as it receives little attention in the European countries, while in the lives of the American people, it has held always a prominent place; and if its interest tends to increase, we may predict that eventually it will be one of the foremost activities of American institutions. We note with pride, the place which debating holds in Howard University, and feel confident that all earnest and intelligent efforts in this line will make stronger and more clear-headed men of its followers: men, more completely equipped to follow their chosen vocations when they shall have gone forth from their Alma Mater; men, who will not only reflect credit upon themselves, but, upon the Alma Mater whose training they represent.

Is the Fool-killer Asleep?

Were we to notice each and every indignity and injustice done us we would have no time for anything else. But sometimes, we must; lest we be estopped from gaining the right—take a tall out of some harmful night-prowler whose very madness will, unless put an end to, do us hurt.

An unnamed biped, from Oklahoma, with more or less reasoning power, jabbering and raving for the New York Independent, says “If the gentleman who so strenuously objects to separate waiting rooms for negroes had passed the long hours of a winter night in an Oklahoma station, as I have done; if he had seen the depot filled with burly negro loungers, seen them crowd the white women from the stove and fill the fetid air with a ceaseless babble of ‘what! what! what!’ he would find some reason for separate waiting rooms.”

(Continued on fifth page.)
Paul Laurence Dunbar

(Continued from first page.)

Tolerance is suspended. Many of his poems, themes of love, have a Provençal ardor and exhale a delicate perfume of sentiment reminding one in their exquisite limpidity of Lamartine and De Musset. However, in negro dialect he was supreme. What Burns was to Scotch peasantry Dunbar was to the cotton hands of the South. He knew his people to the last hidden recess of their souls, their affability, their hates and their loves; he had an ironical perception of their limitations but still a tenderness for their strivings—all his own. He was equally happy in delineation of cabin and field life and in the morbid and often tragic fate of unsophisticated Negroes, who drawn on by the will'o'wisp came up from the South only to find themselves unequal to the complex and heartless conditions of the large cities of the North, whither they turned as toward a polar star.

No one knew better how to read his words than he himself; for, when read by him they flashed forth an intense meaning. Gifted as he was with a deep sonorous voice, he seemed to have had an instinctive appreciation for dynamics, instinctive because he had had not the slightest training in rhetoric. Though he had a warmth of indignation against certain oppressive institutions, he was conservative always, with a peace and calm, marks of innate culture. Having known them, personally, in life, I was impressed with his dignified but unreserved good fellowship and his refinement of manner. His wide and intimate acquaintance with the emotional arts was delightfully evidenced in his observations which he made in faultless English in the different schools of music, poetry and painting, on Wagner, Shelley and Géricault. Tho' of a gypsy temperament, wherever he went, he diffused in his home an atmosphere of easy culture and comfort.

Short as was his life, he has left us a volume of verse which shows that he was a richly inspired son of the Muse and endowed with the true lyric ring. However, he would not have us say, "Oh! weep for Adonis, for he is dead," but rather he would have us think of him, as having gone to these clear seats in the undiscovered west around which the strong stream of a sacred sea rolls without end forever.

M. H.

St. Valentine's Last Best Greeting

Raymond Wright a prominent young lawyer in the city of Deboit sat at his desk, entirely oblivious of the large pack of letters before him awaiting his attention. Twas the thirteenth of February, but he had been so engrossed in his business affairs that time had passed unheeded and had it not been for the street urchins calling to him with their:"Please buy sir; they're pretty and cheap; just the thing to please," and many other words of inducement such as are heard daily in business thoroughfares had reminded him of the nearness of St. Valentine's Day, he would not have realized that the New Year had grown so old. It was in thoughts of this day that he sat absorbed. This day, which, besides being his birthday, had witnessed his life's one climax, his admittance to the bar and his first separation from his childhood's playmate, his youth's idol and his manhood's sweetheart.

The morrow would end the fourth year of his practice and his separation. As he reviewed these four years and the increase they had brought him to his treasure-store, he resolved that with the morrow, the separation should end; he would look over his letters, arrange work for his stenographer, and, on the morrow, since no business claimed his immediate attention go home to take unto himself her whom God had ordained for him.

All! how bright and easy seemed his work now, but how slowly the hours crept by ere the time came when he might leave his office. At last he was free; quickly he hastened to his lodgings, gathered a few things together and caught the 5:35 for home. The sun was just sending forth its first rays over the drowsy little village smugled among the hills when the train pulled into the station.

His birthday and the morning of St. Valentine's Day! He went home, breakfasted lightly hastily, and then at the hour when, for the last three years, the postman had rung the bell at the home of his loved one and delivered St. Valentine's greeting, he rang the bell. Its summons was answered by her whom he sought. This living, breathing greeting was the last and best of all.

Frederick Douglass

While the nation is celebrating the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, that great star, whose brilliancy shineth brighter and brighter as the years go by, we would recall to mind the birthday of one, a satellite, if you will, whom this great man was pleased to call his friend.

Frederick Douglass, negro and slave who, despite his lowly origin and menial environment, overcame and towered above the seemingly insurmountable obstacles that encompassed him, an eternal monument, to belie the oft asserted fact that all achievements, intellectual and moral are of Anglo-Saxon origin.

To Frederick Douglass was given that divine lover, for humanity which allowed him to falter not, nor rest until his people were free; which made him noble, heroic, patient, forgiving and strong, a man whose memory will never never die.

Wrote Theodore Tilton at Mr. Douglass' death:

"Proud is the happy grief with which I sing:

For, O my country! in the paths of men

There never walked a grander man

than he!

He was a peer of princes—yea a king!

Crowned in the shambles and the prison pen

The noblest slave that ever God set free!

The noblest slave that ever God set free!
Educational News

Fund for Poor Students

According to the provisions of the will of the late Mrs. Mary C. Daniels of Litchfield, Conn., the sum of $6,000 is bequeathed to Trinity College, in Hartford, the income from which is to be devoted to the founding of a scholarship for poor worthy students of that institution. The minor arrangements are left in the hands of the college trustees.

Smith College Appeal

President Seelye, Professor H. M. Tyler, Professor William F. Ganong and Professor Mary A. Jordan, a committee of the Smith College Faculty, have issued a circular in which the need of funds for a new library and a biological building for the college are set forth. Each of these buildings is to cost $125,000.

For a Chair of Civilization

Among a number of gifts announced at the annual meeting of Columbia University trustees Monday the largest was that of $150,000 from Mrs. Maria H. Williamson, of New York, to establish a professorship on the origin and growth of civilization, in memory of Edward R. Carpenter. George Blumenthal, a banker, gave $100,000 for the endowment of a chair of politics, with the object of giving instruction in government and citizenship.

It was announced that the university and the National Academy of Design have come to an agreement to co-operate in the establishment of a fine arts faculty, including schools of architecture, music and design.

Some Changed Definitions of College Life

President Finley of the College of the City of New York in a recent address on "Some Changed Definitions of College Life," says: "A college—Andrew Carnegie says it is a place to prevent rich men from dying a shameful death. It is a monastery, mitigated by football, and, according to President Butler, culture is what is left after you forget what you have learned in college. A professor is a man with a minuscule name who is greatly beloved by his pupils after they leave college. The affection is inversely proportionate to the distance. Football is a game played by the students in the fall on the gridiron and by the president and the faculty in the winter around a table."

College Text Books.

New and Second Hand, Books Bought and Sold.

1424 F Street, N. W.
Washington, D. C.

Let The JUNIOR PRESSING CLUB Do Your Work.
Room 30 Clarke Hall.
Benjamin H. Junior, Mgr.

A. GLANZMAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR
Suits to order $14.00 Up.
Pants to order $3.00 Up.

Perfect Fit Guaranteed. Cleaning and Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done. All work done by First Class Tailors.

1014 Seventh Street N. W.
Washington, D. C.

READ

The Blue Ribbon Magazine
Howard's Literary Periodical

FEBRUARY ISSUE NOW OUT
Subscribers Wanted
Address

Blue Ribbon Magazine
1424 12th Street N. W.
Washington, D. C.
Is the Fool-killer Asleep?

(Continued from second page.)

its logical profundity that he must allow it to be published in the Independent, to enlighten a benighted world. We regret that we are not equally impressed with this unknown correspondent's logic as he himself appears to have been; for upon a minute analysis of his argument, it is difficult to see how the conditions of which he complains, if such conditions as obtain might be remedied, by the establishment of separate waiting rooms. The first question that suggests itself is, "Why did he find it necessary to spend the 'long hours of a winter night' in a waiting room?" If it were necessary for him, might it not have been also necessary for the "burly negroes" to do likewise? If not necessary he must be placed in the same category with the offensive "negro loungers," and it would seem that the most effective way of dealing with tramps of all races is the enactment and enforcement of stringent vagrancy laws and not the providing of separate waiting rooms for the comfort of each race of "weary Willies".

We are not surprised that the Oklahoma hobo correspondent should manifest some resentment on seeing the other "loungers" crowd the women from the stove; such acts of ungalantry should not be tolerated even in Oklahoma. It is not recorded how our chivalric Knight of Dusty Roads championed the cause of the fair sex on that momentous occasion.

We attribute this to his modesty, a characteristic of tramps. But why separate waiting rooms? Would not the installation of efficient heating apparatus be cheaper than building a new waiting room? As to the "fetid air," we are curious to learn how the learned tramp fixed the responsibility; at any rate, surely judicious ventilation, a certain remedy, would entail less expense than the separation of races, which may not bring about the desired effect.

The Fool-killer is an institution invaluable to the world's progress. Owing to his protracted absence from these parts, we can make no statement as to the field of his present labor; but it certainly is not Oklahoma. Indeed, it would appear, from the rapidity of the increase of his native prey, he is either dead or vying with Rip Van Winkle in his devotion to Morpheus. We would beg him awake, proceed with the greatest dispatch to Oklahoma and mete out justice to an archfool lest he contaminate the unwary citizenry of what promises to be one of the greatest commonwealths of the American Union.

Booker T. Washington

Great indeed have been times this week at Howard.

Not only does this week contain the anniversaries of two great, great men, but it is also a week when the literary world and indeed all of that world which we of Howard represent, mourns the loss of one whose place for a long time must remain unfilled—Paul Laurence Dunbar.

The address, "Lincoln as a Lawyer" delivered by Mr. D. K. Watson, formerly M. C., Ex Attorney for the State of Ohio, and present Head of the Commission for Revision of the Statutes of the U.S. was masterly, superb and finished. That "man of sorrows" must indeed hearafter be to us greater than ever.

Time, too, but adds to that reverence and appreciation for the immortal Frederick Douglass.

But, chieferst, best, most superb, came the living leader, Washington—Booker T. Washington. If Mr. Washington had any enemies in the audience they took to the band-wagon and joined in that veritable pandemonium of applause. If any took issue with him in his remarks they, too, wonderfully concealed their disagreement.

President Fairfield is certainly adding to that high regard and esteem in which he is held by the entire University, in bringing to us such men. For there was not one of us who did not think it a high honor to hear Mr. Watson and a lasting inspiration to see and to hear and to shake hands with the acknowledged leader—Booker T. Washington.

Mr. Washington contended that no laws can make a weak people strong, that he who is stronger—stronger because he is more aggressive and diligent—both advances and reaps the fruits of civilization.

The speaker said, "educate—but apply that education—put your brains into the soil, create—lead, don't follow."

SOCIETIES

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The Athletic Association is preparing to award football H's. It is thought that thirteen men will receive this coveted mark of gridiron distinction. For the last fortnight the Association has been deliberating over the alumni offer to finance and supervise athletics. Coming at this time, as it does, the proposition, which on its face seems to be both innocent and in good faith, merits and is receiving careful and we believe intelligent consideration. Much praise is due to the Ways and Means Committee. That it is now putting forth to raise money for baseball are commendable. Because of the ten day trip on the manager's schedule, base ball this spring will be more expensive than before; but the stimulat that it will give to athletics, the inducement that it will offer to keen, clean competition and hard study and the good which will accrue to the University, we believe, make an outlay worth while.

The Council

Enthusiasm is now at the boiling point in the Council. The constitution has been drafted, eligibles are rapidly becoming members and the committee on the "Prom" has everything in readiness for the great event.

The personnel of the committee on invitations is not made public, but requests for invitations will reach the proper hands if handed to any member of the Council.

Mr. J. C. Waters Jr., '04 C., the first president of the C. U. C., has been a welcome visitor at a few meetings.
Howard University.

Incorporated by Act of Congress March 2, 1867.

THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR, HON.
E. A. HITCHCOCK,
Patron Ex-Officio.

THE REV. TEUNIS S. HAMLIN, D. D.,
President of the Board of Trustees.

REV. F. W. FAIRFIELD, D. D.,
Acting President.

MR. GEO. A. SAFFORD,
Secretary and Treasurer.

REV. ISAAC CLARK, D. D.,
Dean of Theological Department.

ROBERT REVHURN, 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.

OBJECT.

This University was founded in 1867, “for the education of the youth in liberal arts and sciences.” It stands distinctively for the higher education of the colored race but educates men and women of all races from all the continents and from many islands.

DEPARTMENTS.

It has seven distinct departments: Theological, Medical, including Dentistry and Pharmacy, Law, the College of Arts and Sciences, the Teachers’ College, including the School of Manual Arts, Preparatory, and Commercial, which are conducted by a corps of nearly a hundred competent professors and instructors.

For Catalogue or information address—

THE PRESIDENT,
Howard University,
Washington, D. C.

NOT HOW CHEAP
BUT HOW PURE.

Everything in drugs the best that can be had.
Special Prices in Clinical and Thermometers to Physicians, Nurses and Medical Students.

F. M. CRISWELL, Pharmacist,
1901 & 1903 7th St., Cor. T, N. W., Washington.

GO TO

MRS. ADAMS-KEYS,
1808 Seventh St. N. W.

For Everything the best and cheapest in School Supplies and Stationery. You will be treated right.

Special Notice to University Students.

For Up to date Sporting and Athletic Goods you will find that we are headquarters. Nothing you ask for in this line we cannot furnish you on the shortest possible notice. We make it a special point to give quick delivery. University Hats and Caps.

WALFORD’S

625 and 909 Pennsylvania Ave.

BROWN’S CORNER,
Seventh and T Sts., N. W.

Men’s Furnishings,
Boots and Shoes.

ONE PRICE STORE.

E. Morrison Paper Co.
Wholesale and Retail.
Salesroom, 1009 Penn. Ave.
Warehouse, 425, 427, 429, 11th St., N. W.

SUBSCRIBE FOR

The Howard University Journal.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
The Journal Pub Co. of Howard University.
50 cents per year Single copy 5 cents

C. H. Burgess Sons Co.
Dealers in COAL and WOOD

Main Office: Corner Eighth and O Streets, N. W.
Depot: First and N Streets, N. E.
Telephone connections.