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The Other Side of Christmas

By Harry R. Logan, '10

The bleak north winds their breath did lay
As the dismal night pursued the day
Of Christmastide.

The blinding snow fell thick and fast,
The needy only felt the blast.
And from its cold did hide.

The rich that night did deck their hall,
Comfort and plenty was there for all
Who in their homes did dwell.
The stinging cold could reach them not.
Peace and joy did on that spot,
Their constant visit tell.

The father of that palace fair
Had offered to his God a prayer
To feed the poor.
And from his window watched, did he;
The ill-clad children could he see
In misery at his door.

He heard their moan.
To such a scene his heart was stone—
He past them by.
Yet prayed he on that Christmas Eve,
That God their sufferings might relieve
And still their cry.

Let all who on this Christmas Day
Remember, as they sing and pray,
The other scenes,
As Christmas has its joys and gain,
It also has its share of pain.
Ah! both extremes!

Christmas in Other Lands

Customs and Legends of the Yule Tide

By E. P. Davis

Nearly all of our Christmas customs except those bearing directly on the birth of Christ are adopted from the pagans. The early statesmen of the Christian Church, in their efforts to convert the world, sagely fitted pagan observances to Christian holy-days, that the spread of Christianity might meet with as little resistance as possible.

In the British Isles the customs, as one would expect, are not very different from those of our own land. The day is welcomed with psalms and hymns and spiritual songs; family gatherings and presents and large dinners are the rule. The goose is the Christmas bird. With England we associate the burning of the Yule log and the bringing in of the boars' head. The log was brought in by the servants. Each member of the family in turn sat on the log, sang a Yule song, and drank a cup of spiced ale. With prayers for the safety and happiness of the house the log was cast on the fire after a portion was saved to start the fire of the next Christmas. Then the order of the day was disorder and boisterous jollity.

It is said that a student of Oxford was once walking in Shotover forest studying Aristotle. A boar charged upon him. He shoved the book down the boar's throat and choked him. Not being financially able to lose the book, he cut off the boar's head and recovered it. Neither
could a boar's head be wasted, and so it was taken to the college, was roasted and eaten. A boar's head was considered essential to a good Christmas dinner.

The Christmas-tree custom comes from Germany; here also arose the custom of having the children participate largely in the good cheer of the day. From the imperial palace to the poor man's cottage there is scarcely a family in Germany that has not its Christmas tree and Weihnachts Beescheerung — Christmas distribution of presents. The city of Berlin provides especially for the very poor on Christmas day.

The day passes without much notice in France. Christmas gifts and Christmas feasts are conspicuous by their absence. But for the largely attended midnight mass on Christmas Eve the festival passes unheeded by the natives.

Not so in Spain. Presents and family gatherings are the rule. The Spaniards take two days holiday. The simple folk believe that at twelve o'clock on Christmas Eve the Virgin passes along leaving blessings in every home where she can find an image or portrait of her adorable Son.

In Sweden the cleanly homes are made cleaner. A sheaf of corn is tied to a pole for the birds to eat. In Italy the people prepare great fish dinners. Churches are largely attended and men, women and children vie with one another in showing their joy. The Canadians rejoice in sleigh rides and big dinners. In Russia the day is ushered in by the singing of songs. The children go from house to house congratulating the inhabitants.

In Europe, as in America, the mistletoe is hung up and the maiden who is not kist under it will remain husbandless one year longer.

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**University Notes**

Much interest is being manifested by the members of the brass band. They are devoting their spare hours to practise and are showing marked improvement. The same may be said of the stringed orchestra. All were grateful for the fine music they gave us in chapel on the day when Mr. Coleridge-Taylor was present.

Professor Kelly Miller is giving much attention to the revision of the lists of the alumni. It is important that a complete list of the alumni of all departments be secured, and it is hoped that they will respond to this appeal. An important letter will soon be mailed to the entire list from the President's office together with documents of interest and value.

Plans are making for the serving of one of the finest Christmas dinner at the dining hall. The improvement in the board is a matter of general comment.

We are fortunate in having such a beautiful chapel for daily prayer, vespers and other exercises. A recent visitor pronounced it one of the most impressive chapel interiors he had seen in any college. The oil paintings and busts of distinguished men, together with the superb stained windows, add much to their impressiveness. One of our great needs is several hundred modern hymnals with tunes. This would add greatly to the improvement of our already excellent music.

Interest attaches to the presence of the two Miss Williams at the University, because they are grand-children of Howard University. Both their father and mother are graduates and are now doing effective work in charge of the Furguson-Williams College at Abbeville, S. C. These young ladies are devoting their time to Kindergarten, Domestic Science and Music with a view to returning as teachers. This is the work that counts in the upbuilding of the people.

The new toilet rooms, with modern fixtures, in Clark Hall are highly appreciated. The young men have taken it in hand to see that the fixtures are cared for as well as they would be in any home. The new shower and tub baths will be ready shortly and are not surpassed by those in other schools.

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**Athletic Notes**

The football banquet will be given Saturday night, Dec. 22, at which time the captain for 1907 will be elected.

Manager Graves has been called home by the death of his father. We extend our deepest sympathies to the manager in his hour of bereavement.

The Athletic Council, composed of one student from each department, Preparatory, Medical and Law Departments, and five members of the faculty, will be quite an aid to the Athletic Association. It is quite a hopeful sign to see the faculty interested more directly in athletics, and no doubt will result in much good.

The manager and treasurer's report for the season will appear as soon as everything is settled and all bills paid. Almost all the bills have been paid at present and a small balance remains in the treasury. The football season was quite successful financially as well as otherwise.

It is hoped that with the approach of spring and baseball season tennis will not be forgotten. Many students who do not play baseball will have nothing in the line of sports to engage in if tennis is neglected. A little labor will put two tennis courts in condition, thereby affording students opportunity to develop themselves in one of the most skilful of games.
President Thirkield's Address before the Congregational Club

On Monday, 17 inst., President Thirkield gave an address at the Annual "Forefathers Day" Dinner of the Congregational Club of Washington, at the First Congregational Church. His theme was "The Burden of the Sons of the Forefathers." The main burden laid upon them was that they preserve, perpetuate and extend the Anglo-Saxon civilization inherited from their fathers. He made this civilization to include all peoples of whatever nationality, tongue, color or condition who have been woven into the fabric of our civilization and who are being lifted to share its ideas and ideals. The English speaking peoples face problems most serious and of far reaching extent, yet no other people have ever had such opportunities for bearing the torch of Christian civilization to the ends of the earth.

Other addresses were delivered by Justice W. P. Stafford of the District of Columbia Supreme Court on "The Making of a Puritan State" and by Rev. Geo. Bailey, Ph. D., on "The Puritan Who Stayed at Home." Excellent musical numbers were rendered.

Christmas Everywhere

Christmas in de dry goods sto' Christmas at de do'r Christmas in de pocket-book An' certainly goin' fer sho'.

Christmas in de fryin' pan, Christmas in de air, Christmas in de dinin' room, Christmas everywhere.

Bessie T. McKinney.

Poulterer: "Was that a good chicken I sold you last Saturday?"
Customer: "I don't know. We couldn't bite far enough into it to catch the flavor."

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"You're still engaged to Jack, I suppose?"
"Certainly,"
"And does he love you as much as ever?"
"Gracious! No. How could he? You know he broke his right arm the other day."

Miss Orrie B. Boyd, a graduate of Howard University who is now teaching at Kittrell College, will be home to spend the Christmas holidays and would be pleased to have her friends call to see her, at her residence, 1324 Twelfth street, N. E.
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Students and Alumni of the University are invited to contribute.

WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 21, 1906

THE JOURNAL extends to all its readers most hearty wishes for a Merry Christmas.

THE Christmas recess extends from December 21 to January 2. A large number of students will spend the holidays out of town.

At VESPERS last Sunday President Thirkield spoke eloquently on "Christian Manliness." In spite of the threatening weather a goodly crowd was present.

Basket-ball is now in the center of the athletic stage.

On Saturday several games were played. There is no reason why this game should not become quite popular, if only as a reminder of football.

"Peace on Earth."

BEHOLD, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord."

To the shepherds keeping watch over their flock by night came the angelic messengers bearing news of a wonderful event. Moved by the inspiration they sought out the young child that they might worship him. The wise men from the east came bearing costly gifts in honor of the birth of the Redeemer. This first Christmas day was the dawn of the age of grace.

All Christendom unites in commemorating Christmas as the greatest feast day of the year. Poets wax eloquent, painters are moved to execute noble conceptions, musicians are transported with sublime ecstasy in portraying the divine occurrence.

No world movement ever had, none is having the marvellous success which attends the spread of the Christian religion. The benighted continents, the islands of the sea, all the by-ways of the world are joining in the chorus of Alleluias which is surely destined to sweep all creation before it. A gospel founded on love will conquer everything.

May the day speed when all men shall join to "praise Him who cometh to bring us salvation."

Prof. Miller's Lecture

On last Friday evening, Prof. Kelly Miller delivered his lecture entitled "Some Phases of the Race Problem" in the Andrew Rankin Chapel, for the benefit of the Athletic Association. The speaker held the undivided attention of his audience from start to finish. His sound logic and brilliant wit created interest and novelty in a much discuss question. Prof. Miller is an optimist and brought many over to his way of regarding the subject. He expresses a belief that religion will prove a large factor in the solution of the problem.

Strong Drink

Living organisms do not produce alcohol; dissolving decaying nature produces it. The drinker of spirituous liquors imbibes the extract of decaying vegetables. We become angry when putrid meat or rancid butter or decaying potatoes are placed before us. But why, if we are wine drinkers? We might as rationally eat decaying food as drink decaying fluids.

Alcohol is not food. It supplies no nourishment, but, arrived at the stomach, burns and sears that sensitive organ. The blood has been adulterated, not enriched; the tissues destroyed, not built up; the heat of the body dissipated, not increased. Scientists tell how the nerves are benumbed, the senses lost, the skin blotched, the whole body paralyzed by the use of alcohol. The staggering drunkard is a beast in action; he has lost the image of God.

Cassio has well said, "O God, that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains!" and again, "O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil."

The country has an amazing number of drunkards. They commit three-fourths of the crimes, fill the prisons, and send their relatives to the poorhouses. The daily papers chronicle incident after incident where drunkenness causes wrecks and loss of life, loss of position and loss of honor. And yet the fool persists to his destruction.

J. Francis Vanderhorst.
Sermonette

The Shepherds on the Hills

BY CLEMENT C. GILL

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And there was a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to all men."

TRODUCTION has it that St. Luke from whom we have quoted the verses above, was not only a physician but a painter. Whether this be true or not, the vision given us is singularly poetic and exceedingly fascinating. Of such picturesque beauty is the description that it were folly to attempt to improve on it. Even to recall the facts is unnecessary.

The narrative on the whole is brimful of suggestiveness, but at present our thoughts are centered on the shepherds. And we ask, first of all, who they were. A poor, unlettered company of peasant herdsmen, having neither social nor political position. Yet to these men it was given to hear the first tidings of gospel joy, to have the first announcement of a Savior's birth. It might reasonably have been expected that a message of such weighty import would have been delivered first to a more worthy gathering. In the royal palaces of Europe, when a prince is born, the announcement is first made to those nearest the throne. Now that Israel's future king comes into the world, to restore the glory of the nation and establish a kingdom of which there should be no end, why not summon priests and doctors of the law, and announce to them the joyful message, as they sit in the solemn dignity of a learned conclave? Why not? Because this is not God's way. Christ, preaching the Sermon on the Mount to the company of fishermen, Christ, uttering the greatest words of his earthly ministry to a lone despised woman at the well of Sychar, repeats this Christmas enigma, makes yet more difficult this Christmas puzzle. It is the mystery of the distribution of privilege.

Certain conditions of birth give to some many advantages denied others. This is certified in actual experience. But how often in compensation for the lack of temporal we have spiritual privilege. And it requires no mathematical calculation to tell which is the greater blessing. And so, if we have placed a high estimate upon wealth or social position, and if, because we have not these, we have been led to think that in the great divine distribution of privileges we have been neglected, let the reflections of this Christmas season correct our ideals, let us learn a lesson from the shepherds.

But turning from the objective to the subjective side, turning from the idea of receiving to that of giving, let us ask ourselves the question To whom shall the first-fruits of our lives be given? To some of us this is the last Christmas we shall spend in college or seminary. We are doubtless going out with great desires and aspirations, and these youthful ambitions lead us to hope that we shall revolutionize the world. We may do it or we may not. But where shall we begin? Shall we seek proud hearing or unfailing patronage from the learned and influential in large cities and crowded communities, or are we going to the shepherds on the hills—the flock feeding, herd-watching shepherds, men who have never seen a college, ignorant, obscure? Think what God did on the first Christmas day. He went to the shepherds. For them the glory of the Lord shone on Judean hills in the darkness of the night, to them archangels preached, and for them a heavenly choir sang. For them, because they were the only ones there. Shall the shepherds be worthy of our message, shall they hear our song? Many a mother at this time will give Christmas gifts to her children. We have met these mothers on the street, carrying packages in their arms, and a motherly smile upon their faces. To which of her children, do you think, the mother will give her best gift—the one with tenderest thought? Is it not the smallest, the humblest? This is the way of the Heavenly Parent. And shall we despise the "least of these," the shepherds, thinking them too small and insignificant in the human family for our tenderest thought, too unimportant for our most earnest effort? Or shall we despise them—Great God, could it ever be!—because the physician may not always get his fee, or the minister his salary? Let us endeavor to catch the Christmas spirit of the angels, let us emulate the heavenly choir, let the shepherds on the hills hear our message, let the peasant herdsmen listen to our song. Thus shall we apply the principles of heaven to our human life, and, going to the poor and the desolate with our message and our song, bring into their lives a light and a blessedness which otherwise might not have been.
Country Couple Sees Football

By S. D. McCree

WHAT'S that?" ejaculated uncle Jerry to his aged spouse Aunt Maria, who had been his companion in holy wedlock for two score years or more. These two had come all the way from a certain town in Maryland to witness the football game between Howard and Shaw. At the time of this impulsive expression they had just begun to climb the hill leading up Howard avenue.

"Looks to me like they's fightin' up there."

"Show your tickets," courteously demanded a well-drest young man. "What for," wistfully inquired uncle Jerry. The gate keeper explained the expenses they had to meet and said that unless they had tickets it would be impossible for them to enter.

"Well if that don't beat all! Why, we both of us jus' paid two dollars to come here all der way from home!"

"I am very sorry," truthfully replied the gate keeper, "but it is the rule, and you see I am held responsible." "Yes, that's so," replied the old man, and away he went to secure the necessary passports.

During his absence Aunt Maria, being a very close observer, recognized something in the young man who had caused their halt—a familiar sign which many years of absence had failed to erase—and before the young man could realize the situation she had rained upon him a shower of kisses. "Well, if this ain't George! Well! Well! Lord bless me! Come here Jerry! Does you know who this is?" The old man in response to this inquiry carefully scrutinized the object under consideration, and before George could duck the blow the old man had caught him in a masculine embrace equaled only by that of a bear.

"Why, how well you look? Are you done graduated?" It is needless to say that long before this time George had recognized his old acquaintances. And in reply to these questions he modestly informed them that he was still a student prosecuting studies leading to a certain degree.

The game had begun and the startling "Rah, Rah's" awakened the old couple to a realization of their prime purpose in taking such a long journey, and with a "We'll see you again before we leave" they hurriedly placed themselves in the body of yelling spectators.

"For the Lord's sake, what's they doin' all piled up upon one another?" Howard had made a touch down.

The old man being unconsciously inspired by the wave of enthusiasm had wandered from his wife. And to the tune of "Did'ut he ramble" was marching in line with his hands and arms extended on a youth's broad shoulders. Not until the referee blew the whistle, which announced the beginning of the second half, did uncle Jerry observe that the playing had begun.

"Now that fat one's got der ball. How's that?" inquired uncle Jerry of an agreeable gentleman who was standing near. He kindly informed him that Howard lost the ball on a fumble and that it belonged to the other side.

"Jus' look how that little one with Injun hair flung that ball."

"Is that Howard?" "No," responded the gentleman, "that's Shaw, and they have made a touch down." This was too much for uncle Jerry. But he realized that it meant anxiety to Howard from the lack of enthusiasm that was manifested. "Now them blue shirt ones got the ball." "Run sir." "That's it, give it to that fat one" "This is certainly great."

Howard had made another touch down. And her true sons were giving vent to their enthusiasm. Uncle Jerry was just on the verge of standing on his head when, he was rudely interrupted by his angry wife. "You ugly skaller wagger, you! I'm goin' to report you to Deacon Johnson for your unholy doings. Come on here you uncleanly spirit." Uncle Jerry with a contrite heart picked up his bed and walked. Their march to the depot was characterized by an oppressive silence save a mild rebuke every now and then from Aunt Maria for his deportment on the field. All the way on the cars Uncle Jerry seemed to be in a deep reverie. And just before reaching home he came to this conclusion, "I'm going to see 'em play again, but I'm certainly going to leave Ria behind."

The Boston Congregational Club

On January 28, at Boston, the Congregational Club will consider "Southern Problems." These will be discusby Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart, of Harvard University, and Prof. Kelly Miller, of Howard University.

A Coming Attraction

On December 26th, in the Lower Chapel of the Main Hall of Howard University, the Negro Academy will meet. The subject for discussion is "Economic Problems." There will be three sessions, morning at 10, afternoon at 2, and evening at 8. The speakers on the program are Prof. Kelly Miller, Prof. Wm. E. Burghardt DuBois, of Atlanta University, Prof. Roscoe Conkling Bruce, Hon. Archibald H. Grimke and Prof. W. H. Ferris.

This is a rare privilege to hear these eminent and distinguished speakers.

"He is very extravagant"

"Extravagant! Why, he never spends a penny."

"I know; but he says you are beautiful."
The Holiday Goers of Miner Hall

Misses Lucy D. Slowe and Anna Powell will spend the latter part of their holidays in Baltimore.

Misses Bessie Davage and Mary Ellis will spend Christmas at their homes in Baltimore.

Miss Florence I. Payne will spend Christmas in New York City.

Miss Hawkins in Mount Holly, Pa.

Miss Hilda Cunningham in Philadelphia.

Miss Estella Frye in West Chester, Pa.

Miss Elizabeth Carr in Annapolis, Md.

Miss Blanche Wallace in Richmond, Va.

Miss Jimmie Buggs in Lynchburg, Va.

Miss Rosa Vassar in Lynchburg, Va.

Miss L. Ruddock in Bowldergreen, Va.

Miss Alice West in Charlottesville, Va.

Miss Ollie Houston in Staunton, Va.

Miss Charlie Jones in the city.

Miss Georgia Boltz in the city.

Miss Irene H. Cooper in the city.

With deep regret The Journal learns of the death of Mr. G. W. Oates, a former student of the College of Arts and Sciences. Mr. Oates died in Asheville, N. C., where he had gone for the benefit of his health. He will be remembered for his loyalty and service to his alma mater.

Mr. Wynn C. Fairfield, Prep. ’03, Oberlin College ’07, arrived yesterday morning to spend the holidays among old familiar scenes.

The meeting of the Pestalozzi-Froebel Literary Society today will be “An Afternoon with Shakespeare.” You are invited to attend.

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They smile at fair Patti’s continued farewells,
And jesters make sport without stint.
But the smiling is all on the sweet singer’s side;
For when she is making a mint
With some thousands or so every time that she sings,
Her money all “make,” clear and pure,
’Tis plain that no matter how often renewed.
’Tis to Patti a real fare well tour.
Balto. American.

President.

Wanted

A complete file The Voice of the Negro is wanted for the Library. Any copies sent will be gratefully acknowledged.

FLORA L. P. JOHNSON,
Librarian.
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