CHRISTMAS GREETINGS BY THE CAROL SINGERS

The first Yuletide greetings were given at the dawn of Christmas morning by the carol singers. According to previous customs about one hundred singers, led by Prof. Cook, quietly and reverently left Miner Hall. They were all of one mind and one purpose — to proclaim the birth of Christ.

Beginning at the home of the President, Mr. Curley announced the arrival of the singers by blowing on the cornet the opening strains of: “Hark! the herald angels sing, Glory to our new born King.” Immediately the chorus softly yet joyously caroled the song. After this the deep voice of Mr. E. Clayton Terry was heard saying: “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.” Again the stillness was broken by that appropriate hymn, “Silent Night,” which tells so beautifully of the birth of the Redeemer, then with the Song died on the cold midnight air.

Visiting the homes of the Deans and some of the other members of the faculty they went thru the alleys and at the homes of the orphans; for there they were welcomed by smiling faces from door and windows. In one home a party seemed to have been going on, but at the sound of carol voices the people crowded out of the doors, some standing on the steps some on the pavement, and some in the midst of the singers, all listening attentively.

It was about 3 A.M. when the singers returned to Miner Hall. There they were served to light refreshments which, through the suggestion of Dean Cook, had been so nicely prepared. Then they all happily left for their homes.

As a New Year’s Greeting to the carol singers they heard that in one instance they had given one man a better understanding of Christmas, and instead of carousing as he had planned on Christmas Day, he accompanied his wife to church. Howard is beginning to realize as never before, the great good that she can accomplish with little effort. May the Carol singers each year usher in the Christmas season with songs.

E. T. Mooms

ORATORICAL CONTEST

More than a little enthusiasm has been aroused over the Girls’ Oratorical Contests to be held on the evening of January thirteenth in the Rankin Chapel. The participants include representatives from each of the classes in the college department. This is the second contest of this kind held under the auspices of the Alpha Phi Literary society and will permit the several classes opportunity to get off their songs and yells. Present indications points to an event memorable in literary circles.

By taking revenge, a man is even with his enemies, by passing over it, he is superior.

TWO CHARACTERS

By Eugene F. Gordon

This is the narrative of two characters, of whom the first is white and the second is black. And may the increase of Divine power illuminate each thought therein expressed, each phrase and each word; and in so doing may there be brought to you, kind reader, the true import of my efforts, that you may fully act the just judge.

* * *

At nine o’clock the first character rises from a downy bed. At ten he orders his breakfast and orders his car prepared. Soon he appears smoking a fragrant cigar. The driver at his place attends his duties and the car speeds away through the town. The town thoroughfares are crowded; vehicles block the way, the auto moves slowly and the master frowns — annoyed.

* * *

At four o’clock the second character rises from a bed of straw. At five he breakfasts, and half an hour later he hitches a horse to a “brand new” buggy, places therein two bushel bags of corn and drives away.

* * *

The morning air is balmy and sweet; a ride in the country is pleasant. From every direction issue throbbing notes of feathered songsters, and in every direction are toilers hastening to the fields.

All are at peace with the world.

* * *

To the first character the beauty of the world is hidden. Singing birds affect him not, nor does anything except the work of the Negroes. “Shiftless rascals,” says he. “How slowly they
work!” He notices a buggy ahead. The road is too narrow; he cannot pass. “Blow that horn,” orders he. The driver obeys and the horse prances. “Stop!” he commands. “Who is that—a nigger? Blow, blow! no time to lose, behind a nigger. Why isn’t he at work anyhow?”

With anxiety carved in bold relief upon his countenance, the second character looks back. The machine roars noisily, the horn honks menacingly and the horse prances madly.

“Please quit blowing. Don’t you see the road is narrow and my horse afraid?”

The din continues and the horse dashes about. Its driver is angry now, and turns around facing the man in the car. He lifts his hand appealingly.

“Stop! stop! stop!” he entreats.

By the man in the car it is taken as a command—and therefore as an insult.

Sudden rage burns the face of the first character.

“Go by!” orders he.

As though to attempt an apology, the driver turns slightly to ward his master; but—

“Go!” comes the stern command.

To their ears comes the sound of splintered wood. Beyond, a short distance, the car is stopped. A horse, ears pricked, with harness dangling, comes dashing by. And, as he alights from his car, a weapon is seen gleaming in the hand of the master.

In the heart of the second character arises a dread, painful and weighty. He knows that a terrible accident is inevitable. With locked hands and averted face, he stares upon two crushed wheels, a broken swingle-tree and yellow corn scattered in all directions. He sees far ahead his horse cantering on. And a few paces ahead he sees approaching an angry man with a cruel weapon.

The first character continues to advance, and neither speaks nor shifts his gaze, but centers it upon his victim. Now he pauses shortly— and fires. He fires at a breast, at a stomach, and a shoulder. The world smiles on.

After all, the second character is human; he flees. The rail fence that skirts the way on the left is leapt, and he dashes in one of its corners. Through a crevice he sees his antagonist still approaching. Suddenly his courage comes to him and he calls calmly, “Is this the game you play?” and loads an automatic revolver.

Another step comes the first character, saying, approaching, “Yes, damn you; this is the game I play.”

But he is halted and shocked by a succession of flashes and reports. Once, twice, thrice, came the deadly sound. And he falls with three wounds, one for the breast, the shoulder and the stomach.

The second feels a great burden as he crawls away, leaving a trail of blood. He seeks the white man’s house in the distance. At length it is reached and the tale is told. The man replies in one word, “Come,” and the wounded man crawls after. The man pauses before a small house, above which is a loft.

“Can you reach that loft?” asks he. “Crawl among the fodder and be still.”

And he lies still, thinking bitterly, in a dark, cold world.

And here he has a vision. Through the gloom he discerns the face of a woman, sweet and homely and anxious; of six small children, curious and sad. He sees the stern, cold face of death.

The first character crawls along until assisted to his car by the frightened driver, who hastens them back to town. As the car flies and shrieks through the streets, the populace standing, staring, stupified at the cry, “Mr. James is shot! A nigger shot Mr. James!”

He is lifted tenderly from his car, carried and placed upon his downy bed. Physicians come, look solemnly puzzled, shake their heads and depart. Then a surgeon comes to probe for the bullets.

His world is filled with bitterness and pain. And up through the thickening gloom he discerns the vague outlines of weeping women and children and the calm, pallid face of Death.

The trail of clotted blood reveals the secret of the second character. They drag him out and the atmosphere is polluted with vile words. Someone tosses a rope about him, the other end of which is eagerly grabbed by score of hands. Now they hasten toward the wood, dragging him after. He groans and pleads, but they are all unreceived.

They circle about a large oak, with great branches close to the earth, and drag their victim through the circle to the base. Someone urges them to action ere he dies upon the ground.

“Did you shoot Mr. James?” demands one standing above with a Winchester.

“Yes-s-s, sir; but I did it in self—”

He is interrupted by an angry howl and swung clear of the earth.

“Let the damn nigger pray his last prayer,” says someone. He is lowered until he kneels upon the ground, and is commanded to pray.

But, by a return of strength he answers firmly: “I have attended to the welfare of my soul. You may—and I urge you to hasten—destroy this old body.”

Instantly he is pulled up once more and his body torn into bits with lead.

The first character is dead,
the multitude weeps. They place him tenderly in a great black coffin and bear it away to the family burial ground. And of the long, slowly moving procession every one bears a solemn aspect. With a last look at the white face, they suffer the body to be sunk into the clasp of the earth.

* * *

The tale is told. The atmosphere is laden with it. Every breeze whispers it as it passes. And the family of the second character is dumbfounded. Throughout the day and night they weep and moan, but no one comes to offer solace now.

* * *

The splendid mansion of the dead character is crowded with sympathizing friends. They come all day long, and some sit, looking sad, and others leave a card and go away.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CHARITIES AND CORRECTIONS

The National Conference of Charities and Corrections—Mrs. Florence Kelley, Chairman—will be held in Boston, June seventh to fourteenth, 1911. During this time many world-lights will appear on the program. Col. Roosevelt, Mr. Paul Kellog, Mrs. Raymond Robbins, Miss Josephine Goldmark, Mr. Peter Joseph Mead, will speak on the labor and social questions. Mr. R. R. Wright will speak on the "Standards of Employment among Negroes in the North." Professor Miller has been asked by the Chairman to present to the conference a paper on the "Standards of Employment among Negroes in the South." This conference is one of great significance, being a national one, and it would be well for us to keep an open eye for its results. The papers by Mr. R. R. Wright and Prof. Kelly Miller will be of especial importance to us and we should benefit much by the information they will furnish.

TO PROFESSOR KELLY MILLER
By H. J. Ferguson, Charleston, S. C.

If trophies belong to the victor,
If wreaths are the laurels of fame,
If spoils are the meeds of the victor,
And plaudit attendeth a name,
Then twine we a garland of beauty,
To crown you a prince among men,
Recollect it be, to our duty,
Did our efforts we fail to commend.

Your cry, in defence of the brother
Encompassed by present and past:
The manhood, you seek to discover
May win in a triumph at last.

Your masterly strokes for equation,
With voice and the powerful pen,
Proclaim that you seek no evasion
From fighting the causes of men.

Fight on, nor surrender the conflict,
Though battle be bitter and long,
Relent not, 'till issues the edict,
Defeat cometh not to the strong.

A man with a splendid equipment,
Your weapons are polished and true.
Each victory added enlistment;
And thousands are looking to you.

Place high on the breast your escutcheon,
Emblazoned with letters of gold.
Your voice in this noble discussion
Is heard when this story is told.

Speak out, 'till the echo repeateth:
Write on, 'till America's sun
Declines in the west, and retrofeth
In glory on what you have done.

Courageous, with a bold demeanor
As ancient Rome's stalwart athlete,
You stand in the present arena.
Defenders, forsooth to defeat.

With eloquence suave and pacific
The "problem" you strike in the face,
Or, hurling a brilliant philippic,
You aim for uplift of the race.

We hail you, a proud acquisition.
The effort we fervently laud.
May witness the Negro's transition:
His gratitude be your reward.

PESTALOZZI-FROEBEL NOTES

Mrs. Coralie F. Cook, by leaving her sick bed and her dear little boy, has placed the Pestalozzi—Froebel Society under a never-to-be-forgotten obligation for such heroic exhibition of the high sense of duty, in filling her engagement to read her excellent paper on Dumas Pere which was enjoyed by all. Other delightful selections were rendered by Misses L. J. Taylor, C. A. Cooper and Mr. R. G. Doggett.

The Society will be favored this week by short addresses by Messrs. T. B. Livingston, M. F. Hayling and D. O. Walker, on their respective homes, Central America, Grenada, British West Indies, and St. Vincent.

The only real failure, is the failure to try again.

All men are equal before the law but some are more than equal to the task of getting around it.

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Friday, January 6, 1911

Editorials

* With pleasure we note the article "Two Characters," published in the Atlanta Independent, Saturday, December 17th, 1910. This article written by Mr. Eugene F. Gordon, of Howard University, is one of much merit and deserves the attention of careful readers. It pictures an incident similar to which many happen to the unfortunate and helpless Negro. Mr. Gordon is a young man of literary promise and we wish him an abundance of success.

* The elevated tone of the Alpha Phi Literary Society places it among the most favored societies in the University. Mr. Harry L. Scott has made a first-class president. He has done much to elevate the work of the Alpha Phi. Since he has been in the Chair, the society has been free from parliamentary bickerings and has taken on a true literary tone. May the good work go on and maintain the dignity of a number one university, literary society.

* Mr. George Lyle, College '09, formerly Editor-in-chief of the Howard University Journal, is employed in social settlement work in Philadelphia. He is located at the Eighth Ward Social Settlement where he is doing a great work for the people in the alleys and slums. Mr. Lyle is also pursuing a post course in the University of Pennsylvania. In the near future we hope to say something more in detail about his work in Philadelphia.

* After ten days of vacation we open our doors again for business. We have before us the long stretch of five months with no intermission except one extra day at Easter. It seems that all over the eastern section of the country the clouds hung heavy and dark during the holidays, the snow and rain fell almost continually, but we trust all our hearts were light and joyous. Let us begin our work with a new vigor and an increased determination to excel in all that we undertake. May the new year bring you many blessings.

* Some wild-eyed, green fellows who entered this school four years ago banded themselves together as soon as they could ally their sympathies and composed a "1911, Rah! Rah! Rah!" The four years have almost passed; 1911 is here. That wonderful year to bring their certificates and sheep-skins. The yell for 1911 has almost died out and one may see the numbers only on a small class pin or printed on the fly-leaf of some textbook. The fact is we do not want to leave in 1911. We have caught a new ideal and new spirit during the years here and are no more anxious to hurry through life.

* The New Year, 1911, is here. What events will it bring? Every year brings its sorrows and its joys, its problems and its inventions. No doubt this year will produce many new problems and many solutions to old ones. Things that men have heretofore considered impossible will come to pass this year. All things difficult are considered impossible until some one renders a solution. Some modern Columbus who is now at the finger-points of men will, before the passing of the year, become the idol of the century. If we could but penetrate the veil and see what there is in store for us we could, perhaps, build a life more worthy; but the gift is not to us. We must do the work of the day and take in the short vision of the present. To few it is given dimly to see the future and then only in the light of the past. If at the end of this year you would reap joy, sow the seeds of happiness; if you would get the most out of this year put it into at most of your life and energy.

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From Book News Monthly

The above is one of the many favorable reviews of Professor Ruediger's book that is used in Howard's Teachers College. It was brought to the attention of the editor by Mr. Doggett. Professor Ruediger aside from being Assistant Professor of Educational Psychology in the Teachers College of George Washington University is also Acting Professor in the Teachers College of Howard.

THAT MEMORABLE NIGHT
December 26, 1910

There is no event in the past Christmas, or, perhaps it may be said more broadly, none in all our transactions from our early college days, when we were freshmen, to the present time, of more "moment and pith," than the banquet just held by the Junior College Class. The event is scarcely enounced in the third epoch of our class history.

The place for this banquet was made possible by the kindness of Messrs. R. G. Doggett, P. F. Mowbray and G. H. Mowbray, who so willingly consented to act in this sphere. The goods for this banquet were made possible by the generosity of Mr. W. H. Pleasants, who received such a rich and rare gift as a Christmas present, was not content to enjoy it all alone, but chose rather to enjoy it on a special occasion with his friends, than to enjoy the pleasure of eating turkey the whole Christmas season.

About 9:30 P.M. the boys began to gather from all quarters. When we arrived at the room we found everything beautifully arranged and the reception committee ready to receive. Upon entering the room the sight to meet our gaze was a beautiful bouquet made of the choice flowers of the season, for each one. These beautiful flowers were contributed by Mr. D. A. Davis. Soon, through the north door came Mr. T. B. Neely with the bottle of milk and a freezer of ice cream; thru the south door came Messrs. Charles Washington and Christopher C. Cook with a generous contribution; through the west door came Mr. W. H. Pleasants assisted by a worthy second with a large china platter upon which was a famous bird, one of the largest and finest ever bred on the soil of Virginia. The sight amazed us all. "Tab" Howard said, "the bird is too noble to be mutilated until we take a picture of him." The next thing in order was to look up the photographer. To our sore disappointment there was none to be found on the hill and those in the city were enjoying Christmas. With each man in his shirt-sleeves and seated on a chair or bench, the deck was considered cleared for action. "Tab" was unanimously chosen to wield the blade. For more than an hour the battle waged strong; finally each one felt that he had fought nobly and the battle was ended. The bird that was a short while ago a spec-tacle of awe and amazement, now lay razed to the platter.

"Pat" Henry and George Mowbray arrived just in time to see what might have been regarded the monument of a departed glory.

We are glad to say, however that "Pat", saw that the papers were all signed correctly.

The following were present:


VISITORS

Among recent visitors to the Chapel and Vesper Service have been Lord Eustace Percy, of the British Embassy, Earl Percy, Aide to the Gov. General of Canada, Dr. Barker, physician to President Taft, Mr. Ellis Barker of London, an author and a writer of distinction, Dr. and Mrs. Reed of London, Mr. Manilal B. Nanavati of Baroda, India, Chancellor Day of Syracuse University, the Rev. Dr. Phillips Moxon of Springfield, Mass.

These are all in addition to the distinguished company of visitors who honored the University with their presence at the exercises in connection with the dedication of the Science Hall. This illustrates the fact that Howard University is more and more coming before the attention not only of the Nation, but of the world.

The Basket Ball team has returned from New York.

Many of the teachers spent their vacation at their respective homes.

Don't take your friend's or brother's girl, it isn't just right.

The Christmas recess is over and the students have returned to get ready for the mid-year exams.
ALPHA PHI ALPHA FRATERNITY
IN CONVENTION

THE Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity, the only Negro intercollegiate Greek letter Fraternity held its Third Annual Convention at the eighth street Settlement House in Philadelphia on December, 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th. The convention was a grand success, delegates coming from the chapters at Cornell, Columbia, Syracuse, Howard and the University of Michigan, besides many alumni members. The chapters at Virginia, Union University, Yale, Toronto, and Chicago School of Physicians and Surgeons did not send delegates because of the great distance. Among the Alumni present were Messrs. Geo. B. Kelley, Cornell, 1907, H. A. Callis, Cornell, 1909, Moses Morrison, Medical, 1910, and Geo. Lytle, Howard, 1909. Every session was interesting and inspiring and much good was accomplished. The annual address was delivered by Mr. Geo. Kelley, alumni member of the Alpha Chapter at Cornell.

The Fraternity has passed from the formative and constructive stage into an organization based upon fundamental ideals and universal truths. It has grown in five years from an organization of one chapter at Cornell to an organization of nine chapters in the most representative colleges and universities of this country and the time is not far when its influence will have spread over the sea.

At the last session the following officers were elected: President, Frederick Miller, Michigan Law School, 1913; Vice-president, Geo. Scott, Columbia College, 1911; General Secretary, Charles H. Garvin, Howard 1911; Treasurer, Jos. Fugett, Cornell 1912. The General organization will hold its next convention on Dec. 28th, 29th, and 30th at the Epsilon Chapter, the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

The Beta Chapter was represented by Messrs. Charles Garvin and Daniel Bowles as delegates and by Num P. G. Adams; ex treasurer.

CAMPUS JOTS

Mr. Welford Wilson, Howard College, 1910, spent his holidays at his Alma Mater.

Dr. Moses Morrison, Howard College, 1908, and Howard Dental College, 1910, recently visited the campus.

A very large number of the students spent their holidays at their homes or visiting friends in nearby cities.

There were many sad hearts, and off side fellows in Clark Hall last Saturday. The loved ones were far away.

Quite a number of students have matriculated for the rest of the year, among them are Miss Grace Lee of Boston and Miss Inez Clemmens of Richmond.

If after long years of waiting to make good you are "chased" away on the last lap, it is certainly cruel. You are never too strong to "lose out" in the Miner Hall line up.

Prof. Joiner, a former teacher in the Teachers College, but now of Wilberforce University, was present at Chapel service last Wednesday and gave us a short but pointed address.

We are glad to hear through Mr. C. C. Cook that Mr. James Lewis Titus, Academy 1908, is in the senior class in College of Pharmacy, University of Minnesota. He has made good thus far.

It is to be deeply regretted that the young ladies of Miner Hall can't call on the young men of Clark Hall daily. The rooms would always be presentable then. Saturday morning was an extremely busy morning in Clark Hall.

Fred Miller, a graduate of Howard Academy 1906, and of the University of Michigan college department, now a student in the University of Michigan law school was a delegate to the recent Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity Convention at Philadelphia.

On the night of December 23rd the Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity gave an informal reception at the Eight Street Orphan Home. The affair was very largely attended and every one spent a most enjoyable evening. The Lyric Orchestra furnished music throughout the evening.

The young men of Clark Hall were "at home" last Saturday to the young ladies. The affair was quite an enjoyable one. After inspecting all of the young men's rooms, the young ladies were escorted to the Y. M. C. A. rooms where a delightful repast was served. Many of the rooms presented a cozy and homelike air, on the whole the condition of the rooms was commendable.

Attorney Isaac Nutter, a graduate of Howard University Law School, class of 1900, and now attorney before the Atlantic City Bar, has covered himself with fame and glory by winning a famous murder case which came under that court. For a long time Mr. Nutter has been recognized as a lawyer of great ability but his masterly defense in this case has won him distinction far and wide. He is a loyal alumnus of this University and comes here annually to the Alumni Meeting in which he always figures prominently. We have the confidence that Mr. Nutter will keep up the good work. We congratulate him and wish him an abundance of success. Better things always come to a good man, in other words, you just can't keep a good man down.

Success never consists in making blunders but in never making the same one twice.