Danger of Honorary Degrees

While American life is replete with many indisputable evidences that go far to establish a claim to highest rank among the most enlightened nations of the world, there are many evil tendencies which must be eradicated from our free institutions if we are to maintain this lofty position.

One is the willingness on the part of institutions of higher learning to confer honorary degrees promiscuously upon persons who have shown their qualification for such honors neither by previous training or merit. I firmly believe in rewarding meritorious persons by colleges to a limited extent, but they should exercise a reasonable amount of discretion in such actions.

Such hungering and thirsting after degrees has seized the people that unscrupulous persons have gone into the "degree business" by opening up shops and sending out their announcements to the would-be candidates, stating that for a certain consideration they will confer any desired degree, and make glad the heart of the candidate by return mail.

The Baptist State Convention of Virginia is empowered to confer degrees. A distinguished minister on his return from this convention was greeted by a friend who said: "Well, brother, I hear that you are a D. D. now; I is," was the prompt reply of the Doctor.

Such fraudulent institutions are springing up in many states and their mills are turning out degree persons at wholesale rate. Such honors not only disgrace the persons who receive them but they stigmatize the state that allows such evils to exist and throw a dark reflection upon its culture and training. The sooner public sentiment is aroused against such practices, the better for us, and the cause of education.

A Thrilling Experience

One day as I was walking across the river in Anacostia, I thought that, as I had never been through the grounds of St. Elizabeth's, I would stroll inside of the gates and see if strangers were permitted to enter. No one stopped me, so I went on, going up towards the buildings, and around down by the river, for the ground there slopes down to the water.

It was a beautiful day in October, the leaves were brilliant, the sun was shining brightly, making many strange lights on and across the river, and wherever there were clouds in the sky their shadows appeared the darker by contrast.

Suddenly I saw behind me a man evidently aimlessly walking among the trees and shrubbery, and at the same moment, he saw me, and started towards me. "Of course he is a patient," said I to myself, and thoughts of the mad doings of the insane, made suddenly strong by their disease, flashed across my mind, forcing the blood through my veins like a shot.

"Now if I pretend not to see him—not walk along rapidly, I can get away from him," thought I; so I started on, pretending to look at the water, at the trees, anything in order to make him think that I was merely out for a walk. But out of the corner of my eyes I saw him gaining, so I hastened my pace, finally breaking into a run. At that he started to run also, and I saw to my horror that he was gaining upon me. In order to gain the shelter of the building the quicker, I had left the road, and by this time was running across the wooded lawn; when suddenly I saw a log in front of me, felled by the storm of the previous night. There was no way of escape, but to try to jump over the log—for if I turned either to the right or left the man would catch me, as I heard his footsteps close behind me. I tried to jump over the log but as I jumped my foot caught on a projecting branch, and I stumbled, thoughts of all sorts and conditions fleeting through my brains. Just then I felt the man's hot breath—hear him raise his hand—down it came upon my shoulder, and—at the same instant a voice in my ear cried "TAG!"

The Spectre of Literary Style

There is such a thing as the literary "art of putting things." But it is possible to think so much about the art, merely as an art, as to forget whether the things to be put are really worth putting. A fresh, bright, and useful writer recently said that she was such a busy woman that she had no time to cultivate literary style, although she knew it when she saw it. Of course, there is such a thing as "literary style," but there is a good deal of a will-o'-the-wisp about it to many persons. Instead of looking for it and running after it, and never catching it, they would better wait until they had something really worth saying. And when, if without any thought of the seductive and obstructive phrase, "literary style," they would simply study how to deliver their mes-
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Students and Alumni of the University are invited to contribute.


The Blue Ribbon Magazine, published by the Sigma Kappa Tau of Howard University, is a long leap in the line of journalism in Howard. It is instinct with learning, wit and humor. The young men who stand at its head deserve great congratulation; aye, they deserve more than congratulation. They deserve each student's, each lover of the race's support. Will we not turn to its assistance? Will we not show our appreciation and give our encouragement to journalistic effort on the part of our young men by supporting it with our subscriptions and contributions? Should we hesitate to do this when we realize that journalism is to be an important factor in the solution of the so-called race problem? Full and complete emancipation will come only through the elevation of the thought life. Raise the standard of any man's thinking and you have about solved the future of that man's life. What is more conducive to the development and elevation of the thought life than journalism?

The Washington Post had an editorial to the effect that the Southerners do not consider Thomas Dixon, Jr., as one of their representatives, and that they bitterly condemn his works and lectures.

The College class in Physics, which has just completed its course in electricity, was given an interesting demonstration of the X-ray by Dr. Scurlock, of the Medical Department. The demonstration was preceded by an instructive lecture, dealing with the work of Gassiot, Hittorf, Herz, Leonard and Crookes, which led up to the discovery of the X-ray by Roentgen, and also the later discoveries by Becquerel and the Curries. Dr. Scurlock discussed briefly the physical and chemical relations involved, and, after exhibiting and explaining the apparatus, showed some of the phenomena of this wonderful form of ether radiations. All the students who came in contact with Dr. Scurlock last year as well as those of this year were greatly impressed by his instructive lectures.

What student is there on the Hill who did not think that Friday would be a holiday?

The Alumni are urgently asked to communicate with The Journal. Often requests come concerning the whereabouts of different members of that body. We believe that the Journal is the instrumentality through which the Alumni of Howard are to be linked and bound together as a body and kept in touch with their beloved Alma Mater. Several requests have gone out through the editorial columns of this our common instrument but no response has come from many in whom we are especially interested.

A Death Song

Lay me down beneath de williers in de grass,
What de branch'll go a singin' as it pass.
An' w'en I's a layin' low
I kin hyeal it as it go
Singin' "Sleep my honey tek yo' res' at las'."

Lay me nigh to whar hit nicks a little pool,
An' de watah stan's so quiet lak an' cool,
Whar de little birds in spring
Use to com an' drink an' sing,
An' de chillen waded on dey way to school.

Let me settle w'en my shoulder's drap de laod
Nigh 'nough to heaal de noises; in de road;
Po' I tink de las long res'
Gwine to soothe my spirit bes'
If I's layin' 'mong de things I's allus knewed.

—Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an honest man.—Washington.

Associate with men of good quality if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company.—Washington.

It is a wise woman who can smile at a compliment, appreciate it and forget it.

The discerning man is not he who sees the difficulty, but he who sees through it.

If you see a fault in others, that of two of your own, and do not add a third one by your hasty judgment.—Plummer.

Fame is very easily acquired. All you have to do is to be in the right place at the right time and do the right thing in the right way—and then advertise it properly.—Anonymous.

"I'd rather laugh with a man a hundred times than laugh at him once."—Robert Burdette.
The Spectre of Literary Style

(Continued from first page.)

sage in the very best way, they would probably find that they had acquired a literary style without knowing it. This does not mean to say that every person who tries to say exactly what is in his mind—or what he is pleased to call his mind—can become a literary stylist, but it does mean to say that literary style is not worth cultivating unless the writer has something to say worthy of being clothed in literary style. Moreover, if he has such a thing to say, the first thing for him to do is to be sure that he knows exactly what it is to himself, and then say exactly, and appropriately, that thing, or at least say it so as to produce exactly the right impression.—Exchange.

Lines on the Congressional Library

Oh! mighty edifice of quarried stone, Commanding with the wealth of ages' lore, What sacred treasures numberless are thine! There seeks his level on the sheeted dome, The lavish glory of a nation ever strong, The golden sun in central bloom, In simple wonder from his fertile fields, Along suburban banks of flowing streams, And driving city ward his laboring team, The farmer this majestic structure sees Abundant with the toil of absent years. Those men who wrote, perchance unconscious of perpetual fame, In this new world review the home of man, Again, in peaceful bust, an honored throng: Lo! Dante from a quiet granite nook, His silent glance casts on the open world, As if to breathe upon his slumbering time, The life and spirit of those alien days, Amidst impressive chimes of noon-day bells, Which bring melodiously on iron tongues, An incantation as the thought rolls back, Huge Neptune stern in mythologic calm.

The towering symbol to the fountain place, And everywhere displayed by hand of art, The emblematic good of knowledge great, Too, all the lovely forms of fabled realms. Within the readers' marble-circled room, The vivid light from heaven softened is, And in the hushed mellowness is seen, Complacent in the tranquil brine, The majestic image of the wise Shakespeare, With all his lofty conjoins gathered round.

A splendid palace for the living dead! Ah! but the period now distant will exist, When the owl's moss-tempered melancholy song Among the mellow archives shall resound, Profile with the notes of grand decay, Of our for some enchanted Byron's pen On this, as on the Coliseum scene, To trace another few immortal lines, Then generations yet unborn will view In monndering and gray magnificence, The crowning labor of a sleeping age.

—MAXWELL HAYSON, '88.

Effect of Lectures

As everybody knows, there are two kinds of lectures—good and bad. By good lectures is meant those that are practical, inspiring and instructive; by bad lectures those that are absolutely meaningless and void of all good and potent results. It is useless to say that almost everybody has experienced such lectures as have been mentioned. The question, however, may be asked: How are we to tell beforehand whether a lecture will be good or bad? The answer is: a little trouble and a great deal of experience. We have to put ourselves to the trouble of studying the lecturer's character—and his type of lectures; we must know by experience that his lectures are always good. Now, if we fail to do these two requisites, we shall find that our negligence will be harmful and hurtful. By way of illustration, take some of the lectures we have had at the University in the past two and a half years. They came off as a matter of course. Nobody exerted himself or herself to attend. Now what may be the result of such a thing? The result may be fatal, for a student may miss a lecture which may be the means of making a man of him, or the means of pointing out his life work. Further, the students will cultivate a cold indifference for lectures, and it will be hard to arouse their enthusiasm. But, fortunately, the recent lectures have been of such an excellent type as to arouse the students from their state of cold indifference and lethargy. Never before, in the past five or six years, have the students assembled in chapel as they have recently. It has been almost impossible to get standing room, for not only have the academic departments been represented, but all of the professional departments of the University as well. Now they look forward to lectures with great anxiety and eagerness, for they feel as certain as is possible, that they will be inspired and instructed. It is the earnest desire of the students that future lectures will be of the same type that the last two or three have been.

The Passing of a Notable

CHAS. A. MANN

With a life well spent, with an everlasting monument erected in the hearts of his fellowmen, another soul has been taken from the scene of activity to join in the mysteries of an unknown land.

It has been said by one poet that there is no death, while other men of equally great talent have said that in the great cosmic dance life and death are equal partners. But however valid or invalid these statements may be, it is a fact, and a sad one, that the great, the wise and the good beings must succumb to the same decomposing forces as the small, the unwise and the most worthless.

In the death of Paul Lawrence Dunbar which occurred on last Fri-

(Continued on fifth page.)
The Passing of a Notable

(Continued from third page.)

day at his home in Dayton, Ohio, the race has lost its most famous poet.

Born as he was at Dayton in 1872, Paul Lawrence Dunbar received all of his school training there in the graded and high schools. On the completion of his high school education, he desired to enter college, but owing to his financial condition was unable to do so. Notwithstanding this fact, the works he has given, not only to his race, but also to the whole world, demonstrate that he was a man of broad education.

When a mere child, unlike other children, he did not care for play. He devoted his time to reading, writing and debating in which he is said to have excelled all of his mates.

It was not in the school at Dayton that he learned the lessons which made him the articulate voice of the race. He looked upon the whole country around as his schoolhouse, and regarded the whole world as his workshop. No matter where he was, he brought himself into relationship with every living thing.

Although his initial fame was won through his wonderful mastery of the Negro dialect in verse, yet he was equally skilled in prose. Of the stories he has produced are: The Planter, Poems from Dixie, The Uncalled, The Strength of Gideon, and The Love of Landry. His volumes in verse are: Lyrics of Lowly Life, Lyrics of the Hearthside, Poems of Cabin Fields, Li'l Gal, Candle Lighting Time, When Melindy Sings, and Lyrics of Love and Laughter.

When one carefully studies the poetical works of Paul Lawrence Dunbar, he is forced to give greater credence to the adage, Poet nascitur non fit. This phrase may be appropriately applied to him. He was truly blest, in a very marked degree, with this rare gift bestowed upon him by the Almighty.

The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh, so be it unto Him. Let all the world join in saying that the great Dunbar is not dead but sleepest.

SOCIETIES

EUREKA IN MOCK CONGRESS

The Mock Congress met in Room 12 of main building last Friday evening at eight o'clock. The session was well attended and full of interest. After preliminary matters had been settled the remaining time was given to free discussion in which many members participated but mostly republicans.

THEOLOGICAL LITERARY

The meeting of the Society on Wednesday, 14th, was for the installation of the officers elected at the previous meeting. As usual the President delivered an inaugural address, and immediately after did what was very unusual--resigned. While the situation actually demanded such an act, Mr. Tyler is to be commended for the magnanimous spirit which led him to give up a position which doubtless he would have filled with credit, and to which he was legally entitled, but the holding of which would have caused a reasonable split in the society. The whole matter is to be regretted, particularly as he is one of the best men in the department, and the sympathy of upper classmen is given to him as the victim of an ambitious scheme by his Junior classmen, of which scheme it may be said he disclaimed all guilty knowledge. All's well that ends well: and the society will now resume the "even tenor of its way," having taught a signal lesson to the Juniors which it is hoped will be used to good account.

THE ALPHA PHI

On Friday of last week the Alpha Phi Society held its usual weekly meeting. Mr. Morrison, chairman of the Junior class committee, reported that the necessary arrangements are being made for the debate, which will come off March 16.

The excellent program for the evening was the taken up. Mr. Bowler entertained the society with two piano solos. Mr. Overton in delivering his declamation gave us a little knowledge of his oratorical ability. The paper read by Miss Slowey on education should be thought and high literary ability of the writer. Miss Baxter favored the society with a piano solo. The question: "Resolved that a four year preparatory training should be required of students entering the Theological, Law and Medical departments," was then taken up.

Mr. Fleming argued the affirmative side; Mr. Lyle the negative. The two St. Louis boys seem to have, the subject very well in hand. After the discussion by the two principal speakers, the subject was open for discussion by the house. Immediately after the discussion, Mr. Randolph, chairman of the Intercollegiate Debate Committee stated that all preparations have been made for the debate and that the disputants of said debate have begun to burn their midnight oil.

OBITUARY

Mrs. Glassell Ruddock departed this life, Tuesday Feb. 13th, 1906. The deceased was the beloved wife of Mr. Edward Ruddock, formerly a student of the Preparatory and Theological Departments of Howard University, and who is now pursuing a course of study in the Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J.

NOTICES

Regular meeting of the Alpha Phi this evening at 8:15.

Vesper Services as usual on Sunday at 4:30.

The Eureka meets in Mock Congress this evening. All invited.

Rehearsal for Elijah Chorus this afternoon at 3 o'clock.

The Annual Informal Reception of the Council of Upper Classmen next Thursday evening.
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