The Henry A. Brown Prize Debate

The ninth Henry A. Brown Prize Debate under the auspices of the Alpha Phi Literary Society was held in the Andrew Rankin chapel last Friday March 16. As usual the chapel was literally crowded. The various classes which had representatives on the rostrum turned out in full. There is one thing however which was conspicuously absent, namely class spirit. There was a time when classes vied with each other to see which one could arouse the greatest enthusiasm. At a debate of this kind such demonstration is always in order and a lack of such demonstration only tends to make the debate somewhat tame, which was a characteristic of the one held last Friday evening. Aside from this one feature the debate as a whole was a success. The judges in rendering the decision spoke very highly of the manner in which the disputants handled the facts bearing on the resolution. The subject, "Resolved, that wealth transferable by inheritance should be limited by statute," was supported by three affirmative and three negative speakers. The judges in their wisdom saw fit to award the medal to Mr. B. H. Oxley, a member of the Senior class of the College of Arts and Sciences.

Mr. Oxley argued the adoption of the measure on social, political and economic grounds. On social grounds the speaker argued there is a clash between the rich and poor at present, because the rich having the upper hand, run affairs at such a rapid rate as to exclude the poor; on political grounds, the money king can make legislatures subservient. (Continued on fifth page.)

The University Journal

PRAESTANTIA NON SINE LABORE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MARCH 23, 1906.

No. 18

The Henry A. Brown Prize Debate

by Coralie Franklin Cook.

"When a child is to be well born you must begin with its grandfather," wrote a modern sage. Happily born, indeed, then, must be the child who can trace an ancestry back through generations of well-born grandfathers.

Susan B. Anthony was never known to boast of her antecedents, tho' on her father's side the family tree was rooted in one William Anthony, an officer in the Royal Mint of England during the reigns of Edward and Mary and a part of that of "the good queen Bess," from whom she was entitled to a "coat of arms." She was likewise entitled to the arms of Sir Brianus de Kede of whom her mother's father was a lineal descendant. Her maternal grandfather, Daniel Read, a distinguished revolutionary soldier, assisted in the capture of Quebec and fought under Ethan Allen at Ticonderoga. Her own father, Daniel Anthony, and her mother, Lucy Read, were of that stanch, true fibre that is woven into the warp and woof of New England character, creating a priceless fabric for our country's history.

Susan was the second in a family of nine children, and tho' her father was a rich man for that day and time she was born to a strenuous life. In her girlhood the to be great woman was a practical demonstrator of domestic science and domestic art as well, for the spinning wheel and loom were still in use in all thrifty families. Very different from the events recorded in the diaries of girls of today are those set down by the young Quakeress during the years 1839-40. Some of them are like this: "Did a large washing today. . . . Spent today at the spinning wheel. . . . Baked 12 loaves of bread. . . . Wove three yards of carpet yesterday."

But all the time of this industrious maiden was not given to drudgery. Daniel Anthony was a man of broad views. He not only gave his daughters a liberal education, but encouraged them to make practical use of their talents. The members of the Anthony family, parents and children, were all strongly marked characters. Susan's pronounced tendency to think for herself was an inheritance, not an acquisition. When her father had the misfortune to see the accumulated wealth of years swept away at one blow, his daughters felt it no misfortune to set about self support. As teaching was at that time about the only professional employment open to women, they engaged in it. Had she continued to follow that vocation, Susan would doubtless have been as distinguished an educator as she was a reformer.

Miss Anthony was not disposed to talk overmuch of herself. It is from her journal and letters that we get glimpses of character that reveal the woman before she came into such great prominence.

She was never a man hater but it is evident from her journal that she expected a man to live up to some of the qualities which men are prone to appropriate to themselves. One entry in her journal reads: "He is a most noble-hearted fellow. I have respected him highly since our first acquaintance." On another occasion when a bachelor had been paying her attention the discriminating maiden writes, "These old (Continued on third page.)
The University Journal
Published Weekly by The Journal Publishing Company.


TERMS:
50 cents per year Single copy, 5 cts

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Address all communications to The University Journal, Howard University, Washington, D. C.

Students and Alumni of the University are invited to contribute.


The Seniors of the College of Arts and Sciences appeared in their caps and gowns for the first time at the Henry A. Brown Prize Debate.

It is thought best by almost everyone that the Alpha Phi should impress upon the disputants the necessity of closing their arguments within the limit set by the society.

The Debate as a whole was a success, but because of the long arguments, it became monotonous. This, however, may be accounted for by the fact that a new feature was introduced—the rebuttals some of the disputants made. This is all very good, but the disputants should be kept within the limit.

As is usual, there seems to be no consensus of opinion as to the awarding of the medal at the Henry A. Brown prize debate. All of the Seniors, however, agree to the decision rendered, and are like the judges, sorry that there was not a prize for each of the speakers.

The Intercollegiate Debate

The much-talked-of intercollegiate debate between Union and Howard has been at last decided upon. It is scheduled for the second of April. This is a peculiar feature at Howard, and shall receive the attention and support of each and every student. There should be no less interest shown in this debate on the part of the student-body than is shown by it on Thanksgiving Day on campus.

The subject to be discussed is that "Industrial combinations known as trusts are detrimental to the best interests of the wage earning classes." Tickets for the debate will be on sale in a few days, and it is hoped that the students and their friends will patronize this debate.

Devoid of Selfishness

They say that the University Classes for four years have not been what they used to be. Their motto was: "We will pass or punch." If there is such a thing as unity they surely possessed it. There was this oneness of thought, determination and effort. Pure "class spirit" was general. Here the weaker ones were given the greatest attention because they were weaker, not laughed at, cast aside and forgotten by the stronger because they were stronger. Their joy and sorrow were the joy and sorrow of the stronger. We do not doubt this to be true of the classes prior to four years ago, but he who says that this pure brotherly spirit has not existed among the members of the separate classes since that time, is either blind, ignorant or an absolute falsifier.

As an example look at the present Senior College class. Here is a perfect, concrete example of "Love thy neighbor as thyself." The joy and sorrow of one member affect the other twelve. Here the atmosphere is not conducive to the life of the "egotist."

The very best example of unity is most evident. And after the first of June the succeeding classes can but say:

Lives of great men have reminded us. We should make our lives sublime.

When departing leave behind us Footprints on the bank of time.

An Evening with Paul Laurence Dunbar

A special program will be rendered by the Alpha Phi Literary Society in honor of Paul Laurence Dunbar, this evening. The following program will be rendered:

PART I

Invocation
Remarks, President Alpha Phi
Solo Paper, "Dunbar's Life," M. S. Walton Recitation, Miss Oceola Birl Recitation, "Colored Soldiers,"
Gleanings from the Press, A. H. Fleming Solo, "Lit'l Gal," Miss M. A. Murray

PART II


The words to all the solos used were composed by Dunbar; music by S. Col- eridge-Taylor and Ethelbert Nevin.
Susan B. Anthony

(Continued from first page.)

bachelors are perfect nuisances to society.”

At the age when many girls think only of dress and beaux Susan seems to have been given to serious thought and reflection. Two firm convictions early fastened themselves upon her mind. She decided in favor of temperance and she looked upon slavery as an abhorrent evil. The first platform address of the distinguished reformer was made in the cause of temperance. Her first journey on a public mission was to go as delegate from the Daughters of Temperance to a mass meeting of the Sons of Temperance held in Albany in 1852. In that benighted period of time it was considered indecorous for a woman to speak in public, and so when she rose to take part in the discussion she was told by the chairman that women were not expected to speak but to listen. Such absurd and overbearing action but served to add inspiration to the oratory, to which two continents have since listened and which has left an indelible stamp upon the thought and action of the age.

Miss Anthony’s father’s house was an Underground Railroad Station, where many a fugitive slave was passed on the way to freedom. It was the logical sequence of what she witnessed there that drew her to the abolition struggle. No more courageous speaker ever faced an angry mob. Garrison, Fred’k Douglass and Phillips were associated with her during her active campaign for emancipation, nor was she ever one whit less brave than they. Many times have I looked into her strong, beautiful face and felt the tears spring to my eyes at the thought of bowing drunken men—men! flourishing knives and pistols and throwing rotten eggs while she pleaded for freedom for the slave.

All reform, all philanthropy appealed to her, for while she was brought to regard it her duty to make the woman’s suffrage cause her life’s work, she was a friend to whatever was made for the uplift of humanity. Not alone the three great reforms, temperance, abolition and suffrage, but co-education, the conflict between capital and labor, class legislation—all these laid claims to her abundant sympathies.

Susan B. Anthony’s life and work are too close to us to be properly estimated. Even now we can speak of her as a great woman. It is not improbable that coming generations will call her the greatest woman who has ever lived. She has been accused of masculinity because, forsooth, she spoke logically and organized systematically, but those who were permitted to come within the “aura” of her bracing personality knew her only as an ideal woman. In her home in Rochester, N. Y., where she and her sister, Miss Mary Anthony, lived together the two dispensed a gracious hospitality. Things dear to the feminine heart were everywhere in evidence, luxurious rugs, books, pictures, dainty drapery delicately china and fine silver. Pervading it all an “atmosphere” of business, of comradeship without discord of an Adamless Eden, made the home unique and enchanting.

No woman’s heart ever held more tender sympathy than dwelt in the heart of this brave warrior. She had infinite tact and patience and deep love for children and the home. If in addition to these avowedly womanly characteristics, she could make a clean cut, persuasive speech, preside over a great convention without losing her temper and never apologize for doing the right, as she saw the right. I know not why she should have been dubbed masculine, for there are many men who cannot do all or even one of these things.

Miss Anthony had a large brain and she was a student to the very last. The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States were as familiar to her as the alphabet. When she took up a question she studied it from all sides until she arrived at the truth. “Ye shall know the Truth and the Truth shall make you free.” She was as heroic as Luther, as self-sacrificing as John Brown. She believed that the highest good can never be attained by society until woman is accorded her proper place, in the home, in the church and in the State. She believed it “impossible for any government to protect a disfranchised class in equality of opportunity” and believing these things she consecrated all her powers of mind and body to securing political freedom for women.

Women the world over are, and generations of women yet unborn are to be indebted to her for much of their freedom. Wherever women receive equal wages with men for equal work, wherever they may cast a ballot in municipal or state election, wherever youth is protected from infancy, wherever married women may have a legal right to their property, their own wages or their children, there they are, wholly or in part, enjoying the fruits of the labor of the great pioneer.

It would seem that the meanest man on earth would feel ashamed and grieved that this noble woman only a few hours before her death said to her friend and co-worker, Rev. Anna Shaw, “I have had more than 66 years of hard struggle for a little liberty, and then to die without it seems so cruel.” Alas! it is cruel, but it is the way of the world. Few great reformers ever live to see the complete triumph of the thing for which they give their lives. It is the old story of “Right on the scaffold, Wrong on the throne.” The cause to which Susan B. Anthony gave her all will yet triumph. Thousands of torches lighted in her hand will yet blaze the way to woman’s political emancipation.

Some one has expressed the idea, and justly too, that Miss Anthony and Mrs. Stanton could have
served their country far better as lawmakers or cabinet officers, than in wearing out their magnificent intellects, pleading for rights which should never have been denied them.

In so small a space it is impossible to speak sufficiently upon so large a subject, but for what I have left unsaid respecting this great and good woman, I refer the readers of The Journal to "Life and work of Susan B. Anthony" by Ida Husted Harper, and for a good account of the work of which she was pioneer and champion to "The History of Woman’s Suffrage" in four volumes a gift to the library of Howard University by Miss Anthony herself.

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**WIT AND FUN**

The Freshmen and Teacher’s College had their sections elaborately decorated at the debate last Friday evening, but—

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**INNUMERABLE**

For every shooting star a kiss
He claimed, and now would like to know,
When Papa rudely marred his bliss,
How many kisses did he owe?

---

**Little Willie**

Sister Jane sat with a caller
Who was trying to enthral her
Willie with the incandescent
(Willie’s scientist incessant)
Turned the lights on (on the quiet);
Said “I only wished to try it,
And I think from that commotion
I have proved that light is motion.”
—Harvard Lampoon.

---

Little Willie, cutest lad,
Chloroformed his aged dad;
He’s the smartest little man—
So quick to grasp at Osier’s plan.
—Amherst Student.

---

Willie and two others brats
Licked up all the rough-on-rats.
Papa said, when Mamma cried,
“Don’t you care, they’ll die outside”.

---

**V. M. C. A. Notes.**

The meeting last Sunday evening was addressed by Mr. F. D. Whithby, of the College of Arts and Sciences. His subject was "The Bible the Test of Conduct." Mr. Whithby said in part: The Bible is an infallible test of our conduct, because God is infallible. Its origin is not from man, for it condemns man, and it is not natural for man to produce something to condemn himself. Compare this test with conscience. Conscience is elastic, is changeable. It cannot be the same in a heathen land as in a Christian one. But the Bible is the same in all places and under all conditions, it is unchangeable—hence no instability of character.

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As the dress is suggestive of character, and since this is so, the best possible appearance of the minister is highly in order. Now concerning his library. Every preacher should have a good working stock of books, but he should also see to it that he secures the same in no surreptitious or dishonorable manner. A good mechanic finds his tools an indispensable outfit and condition of success. The same is equally true of the pulpit workman or sermon builder. Such a person must have a well ordered tool chest and make use of the same if he would indulge the slightest dream of becoming a master of assemblies of workmen that needeth not be ashamed.

It is to be noted however that unless he lives in the inside rather than on the outside of his books the best stored library will do its ministerial owner no more good than an amply supplied larder or pantry will do the digestive organs of him who only looks thereon or is contented with the nominal possession of such blessing. But it must be remembered however that the library maker who gathers his volumes by friendly borrowing is not a highway robber, but a rather sleek customer after all, and entitle to no little pity and a great deal of watching. The book case of his honest neighbor or friend may become scanty, but since his swells out in fatness the odds are the differences. He will beg here, borrow there and appropriate from ond quarter until his stock of volumes might advertise his literary width and professional depth. If such mortals be more than book misers, they are not missed far in denomination of book pilferers or literary sneak thieves. If any such have crossed the reader's pathway may Heaven forgive them.

J. F. VANDERHORST,
Theology '06.

Here's the Reason
I work quite hard, but often I have asked myself the reason why.

Why should I rise with dawn's first blush
And eat my breakfast in a rush?
With boiling coffee scald my throat
While bustling on my overcoat?

Then like an indigestive fool
Run like the dickens to school?

Why in the school-room I should stay
From nine to twelve my lessons to say.

Just taking time enough to munch
A sandwich and some pie for lunch?
And why I should from school set free
Hasten to my work with glue?

Then after work and having fed
I rush away as I have said?
Why reaching home at half past eight
I study Greek and Latin quite late?

Then all my lessons having said
Slink off at twelve o'clock to bed?

My whole existence I protest
Is but to work and eat and rest.

To lead a life that's so intense
Would not appear to show much sense.

It isn't really to my taste
I'd like to have some time to waste.

Why do I do it? What's the use?
Where is my logical excuse?

The only reason I can see
A genius I, some day, will be.

Another reason I might say
Is, if I stop, they'd stop my pay.

C. A. LANE.

The Tuskegee Institute will celebrate its 25th anniversary on the 3d, 4th, and 5th of April, to which all the leading educators of the various universities are invited. Acting President Fairfield has accepted an invitation and will leave for Tuskegee on the 2nd of April.

When the alarm clock turns itself loose most of us would rather sleep a little while longer than wake up even to find ourselves fawning.

Life is a procession; most of us spend our time in sitting on a fence and seeing it pass by.

Rest is not quitting
The busy career.
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.
Howard University.

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50 cents per year - Single copy, 3 cents

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