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Intercollegiate Debate

The Intercollegiate Debate, a somewhat new feature, if not entirely so, brought forth one of the largest audiences despite the fact that there was an admission fee of twenty-five cents. Judging from the audience, one is forced to conclude that the public has a liking for such contests.

The affirmative of the question, "Resolved that large combinations known as trusts are detrimental to interests of the wage earning classes," was supported by Howard, which was represented by Messrs. Morton, Taylor and Tate. The negative was supported by Union, of Richmond, Va., through Messrs. Tynes, Booker and Hayes.

Perhaps the very first thing to arise in the mind of any person would be the points pro and con. To sum up the arguments briefly, one would say that the affirmative argued: (1) that trusts are not a natural evolution; (2) they dictate wages and do not lower prices; (3) they destroy competition; (4) they corrupt morals; and that the negative took the opposite ground on the first and second points set forth by the affirmative; and argued further that trusts insure constant employment, and have created what are known as trade unions, by which the laborers can protect themselves.

In the four-minute rebuttal which was allowed each speaker, the affirmative showed that prices had lowered more considerably before the existence of trusts than since; and that trusts do not insure constant employment; and that the laborers cannot protect themselves through their unions. The negative, instead of refuting their opponents' points, simply ridiculed them and went off into oratorical flights.

At this juncture, the reader is apt to say that this is a prejudiced article. But, in all fairness, it is necessary to mention a fact that has a potent bearing upon the decision rendered by the judges. This involves Union in no way, nor can Howard attribute it to any but himself. On the board of judges was Ex-Governor Atkinson, of West Virginia. This man is an avowed trust man; he has written books in defense of trusts. And he was the judge who represented Howard! It will be asked, why did Howard choose such an avowed trust man? Howard answers that he chose Representative Hughes, of West Virginia, but he being unable to come on account of sickness, it is said, sent Ex Gov. Atkinson in his place. Unfortunate for Howard! She did not know that she was to be represented by a judge so pervaded with trust principles, until 8 o'clock, the time scheduled for the debate.

Howard did succeed in convincing one of the three judges, the one who, by the agreement of the two universities, was chosen by Mr. Moorland, secretary of the Y. M. C. A.

To any cause whatsoever the defeat may be attributed, Union and her sympathizers will always claim that Howard was justly defeated. The incident will ever redound to Howard's injury, to pile injustice upon injustice as high as Mt. Etna. The far fetched anecdote and the final words of Ex Gov. Atkinson, "Old Virginia has it," will not linger in the minds of Howard students as pleasant memories, but will ever cause the tears to trickle down the cheeks of every loyal student, not because of a just defeat but because of an unjust one.

(Continued on fifth page.)

Tuskegee's Anniversary

Tuskegee has grown up like a mushroom overnight. To those who have watched the institution, and they are legion, its progress seems miraculous. Twenty-five years ago there was no Tuskegee Institute. To day the little Alabama town is known round the world.

Booker Washington has constructed a monument not only for himself but for the race of whom he is so eminent a member. The rare combination of knowing what ought to be done and when and how to do it has enabled him successfully to seize an opportunity and make himself its master. His energy, tact and resolution, his eloquence and personal magnetism have made his school famous and prosperous and himself a mighty character in the history of Negro development. Ambition untrained is often pernicious; ambition overtrained is not infrequently dangerous to its possessor. But held in check and properly guided, ambition can build and maintain a Tuskegee.

From the history of Tuskegee can and should be learned many lessons in courage and patience, in the necessity of a wise and prudent estimate of the strength of opposing circumstances and in uncompromising fidelity of purpose. Great evolutions seldom occur without great pain. The early movements of this remarkable school were not made along any royal highway; its path had to be blazed through a dark and dense wilderness.

For such schools as Tuskegee and Hampton, great need exists. Throughout the South comparatively little provision is made by state
A Lesson for Our Students

Of the many incidents connected with the debates recently held on the Hill, there is one thing which especially impresses a careful observer—viz., the fact that the students will applaud a speaker when he says absolutely nothing save that he makes a few witty remarks and goes off into some oratorical flights. For instance, at the Intercollegiate Debate, one of the negative speakers said that "if this was a case of smallpox no argument of the affirmative would catch a case." This one statement caused a regular pandemonium regardless of its insignificance. Howard has paid for this lesson, and paid dearly, too. It only remains to see what effect this will have upon the student body. The effect of this unnecessary applause upon the judges has been certainly momentous.

To the Editor of the Journal:

I think that Howard is to be congratulated on the arrangements made for the conduct of the Intercollegiate Debate. Everything went on without a hitch in any of the proceedings, and everybody must feel that, so far as "arrangements" were concerned, the debate was a decided success.

There are however a few things of which I would like to speak. The first is on the matter of rebuttals. I think that much time could be saved, and a better showing made, if these were eliminated from the program in debates where, either from the shortness of time in preparation and study of the subject, or from the amateur or inexpert qualifications of the speakers, an attempt at rebuttal lands the speaker in inextricable difficulties, or puts him in a ridiculous position in the matter of rhetoric and delivery.

Another thing is the matter of dissensions caused in the most part by petty jealousies. In every case these should be sunk by all concerned and united efforts strenuously put forth in the common cause. The most savage and ignorant people will band themselves together to resist the common foe. If this is true, what should be the duty of men who lay claim to more than average intelligence, and are proud of distinction gained by election to representative positions on the platform of public intercollegiate debate?

Communications

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Who Ate the Ring?

Eugene was having a birthday party because he was six years old and Aunt Helen and grand-mama and Miss Nellie and ever so many big people were there, helping all the little people to have splendid time. They played games, sat in the darkened parlor to look at the magic lantern pictures till the clock struck five and Eugene knew what was coming.

Out in the dining room the table was set with Mama's prettiest china and there were candies and flowers and bon bons, just like a grown up party.

Eugene was very anxious to have all the children see the table, so he was glad when Aunt Helen said: "Now we are going to march to the dining room."

Miss Nellie played a bright little march, and the boys and girls formed a long line thru the parlor and out on the piazza. "Just like a long, white ribbon," said grandma, for most of the girls wore white dresses and the boys white waists.

The tiny sandwiches and wee pickles vanished like magic, and all the grown up people were kept busy waiting on the little folks. Playing games makes one hungry, you know, and most of the guests had been too excited to eat much dinner that day. Altogether it was a very jolly supper, and when Mama wanted to make a little speech, she had to ring the tea bell several times. "Now children," she said, "I am going to pass some little cakes, and one of them has a ring baked in it, you must eat them very slowly and carefully, so some one does not swallow it; you must not break up the cakes to find the ring, but just nibble away till some little boy or girl says, "I've got the ring."

Aunt Helen brought in ice cream made to look like dear little chickens, and the children ate the cakes and cream very slowly. At last all had been eaten, and still no one said, "I've got the ring."

"That is very strange," said Mama, "I will ask Mary if any one took one of the cakes."

"No, ma'am," said the maid, positively. "There has been no one but me in the dining room since I put the cakes on the table."

"I just know I swallowed it," sobbed a little girl. "I felt it going down."

"So did I," said a tiny boy, and he had to cry, too.

"There, there," said Mrs. Clifford, much perplexed. "Two of you couldn't have eaten it, so don't cry."

"I feel bad, too" said another little girl. "I think it must have been in my cake." I really don't know what would have happened just then if Papa hadn't come in. He was so surprised to see tears at a birthday party that he had to inquire the cause, though he was in a hurry.

"Well, well," he laughed, "I didn't know what a commotion I would cause by taking one cake. I was on my way to see a little patient who has been in bed a long time with a lame limb, and I wanted to take her some of the goodies. I slipped softly in here a little while ago and took some of the nice things without disturbing the party a bit. Even Mary didn't see me. Now, I wonder if little Bess Ryan isn't wearing that ring this minute."

"O papa, won't you go right over and see?" begged Eugene.

"I hope she did get it," cried all the children; and sure enough, in a few minutes Dr. Clifford came back to tell how happy the little girl was with her treasure.

"She is sitting propped up in her old bed, looking at the pretty green stone in the gold band," said Papa, "and I didn't go in at all. Are you all glad poor Bessie got it?"

"Yes, yes, yes!" cried all the children.

—Sunday-school Times.

Meeting of Athletic Association on Monday in Rankin chapel at 12:30.

Life's Greatest Guide

Mr. Talmaage said: "When a man builds his home he builds for eternity." The general truth of the saying requires no argument. And yet the home as the term is ordinarily accepted is only a part of the scaffolding upon which the builder for eternity is doing his work of rearing up the imperishable structure of human character. When the work of time is completed the scaffolding falls away and only the spiritual building remains, "a house not made with hands" indestructible and eternal.

Life is man's richest and most valued possession. Life is that portion of duration during which man exists as an earthly being. Life is man's ladder; life is man's sea upon which he voyages throughout time.

And as a ship upon the boundless deep requires a pilot to insure a safe voyage, so must man have a guide that his course through life may be properly directed.

Every object that the eye can behold is controlled by some invisible power. The stars in the depth of azure blue, the sun in its radiant course across the heavens, the earth as it wings its way through space, all, each is guided by the force of gravitation. And yet back of that force is a still "Greater Power" that gives it efficiency in directing the heavenly bodies.

Earth is not altogether involved in rayless gloom, it yet is shrouded in a darkness that may be felt; and men, like the Sodomites at Lot's door on the night of doom, are groping about in spiritual blindness. The most important questions on which the mind may engage itself are, Whence am I? Whence am I? Whither am I bound? What is my duty? My danger? My destiny? These are questions before which all the oracles of earth are dumb.

In the inmost recesses of the human soul a faint light is glimmering which we call conscience, but it is like the smoking lamp in the Lap.
People are getting strong nowadays. I saw two men go out in a boat and pull up the river.

Are you married?
Yes, I have been married three times. Next July I am going to celebrate the Fourth. My last wife has black yes. I give them to her fresh every morning.

A friend of mine got part of his hand cut off the other day. He has a good job now. He is doing shorthand.

"The wolf is at the door!" he wailed. "And I know how to keep him out."

"Why not try giving the janitor a quarter?" suggested the unpractical feminine.

"Saved!" he shrieked, exultantly, "Saved by a woman's wit!"

"Oh, spare me!" screamed the actress Slim, as in the play we viewed her. "You're spare enough." sneered Ugly Jim—And the villain still pursued her.

Some girls so very stupid are, (So they who claim to know insist) They can not think of aught to say, (When they're playing whist.

"It was a violent collision, I am to understand?"

"Violent? Well, I should say it was violent. Everybody in the car, including the porter, was rendered unconscious by the shock, except, of course, the couple who were on their wedding tour, and even they seemed to be rather less conscious than they were before it happened."—Pack.

Suppose you were out in a boat with your wife and mother, and the boat should strike a snag and sink. Who would you save, your wife or mother? (In that case I would save my mother. Why?

The world is full of women—you could easily get another wife, but where, could you ever get a good kind and loving mother?

"Did you ever hear the story about the bed?" "No, I never did." "That's where you lie."
and municipal authorities for the secondary education of the Negro. It is, therefore, in schools like these that the masses of the colored population of the South must be trained. Often youths of promise and ability in attendance at such institutions are seized with fire and enthusiasm to secure an education that will enable them also to manage great enterprises. These seek the institutions of higher learning of which our own University is so illustrous an example. Among any people, schools of collegiate standing are necessary for the favored youth. And likewise, schools of secondary and industrial training are necessary for the youth at large.

With all of the printed statements of Mr. Washington we do not agree, but we appreciate his work and his innate ability to the fullest extent and congratulate Tuskegee on its splendid advancement.

Uncle John’s Dissertation on “The Clansman”

Ah dat hy-dee-bred hon’ Thomas Dixon
An his nigger-later play,
Dat de noes all call de Clansman.
It in hy-dee de aider day.
Thomas he done got de idyer,
Dat de niggers av ter day
An jes a day’s trash fun slavery!
But you kno dat’s jes his way.
He doan wanter kno no hettah,
Dat woul spile his hod! It’s task,
Culin’ foles! Jas keep tergether
We gwine mic im move dat mask.
Cee he kno de culid pople
’Ef de nashion nev a day
Git active minds dat am not veela,
Ful! It was an little play
Cee day k.o. er day’s kontented
An wad only pow de groom
Don de tie wad be evacuated;
Bettah fokes cud not be found.
But dees is always sumpin in den
Loud a upward an ahead!
Dob hard trials fun between en
Nattin stop on tell day’s dead
Dat woul raze up our nashion
Mecs no d funce wha dey fun.
So more tom fule fun creasion.
Tom cant set it with a plum.
Let him praise de ole time darkey,
Hate de equated soon;
But he’ll change, jis watch it, mark ye.
He ma gue sure contess it same.
Conse he sirs up all his meanness
Butt equal rights in social airs.
An all dat, wid all his keenness
An contadose black fokes prayers.
We doan want de white fokes easy,
Mix up in dere so dal airs.
Leave us on our own propriety
Tet mek an open cash anywhere.
Howard University.

Incorporated by Act of Congress March 2, 1867.

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This University was founded in 1867, "for the education of the youth in liberal arts and sciences." It stands for educational opportunity for all men and all women of all races and all climes.

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