Under the Verdict of Democracy

Editor's Note: The following concludes the story which was awarded the prize offered by the Delta Sigma Theta Sorority. The story was written by (Mrs.) Emma S. Rose and not by (Mrs.) Edna S. Rose as announced by the JOURNAL in last issue.

HER training, which the prosperous little farm of her father had afforded, had taught her that such moments were not times of fear, but of action. Quickly dismounting, in pitiful tones she asked, 

"Young man, can't I assist you, aren't you hurt?"

"I am indeed," responded Carter who was glad to see some human being beside himself. "Come," said she, taking him gently by the arm, "And I will take you home with me." And Carter without answering, but limping toward the restless beast, climbed upon his back, and Leda, took her seat behind him. Just a few yards before them, Leda caught sight of the wrecked car. She knew her without a question what had happened.

It was just twilight when Leda rode up to the doorway of her cozy, but modest little home, where Clayton, an old farmhand and her father were awaiting her.

"Ah!" exclaimed her father as he saw the stranger, "Has something happened?"

"Yes," said Leda excitedly, "This young man has had an accident with his car. I found him all alone on the road. Help him, father, to a comfortable bed, and send for a physician, for I fear he is seriously injured."

"Certainly, I will," answered her father, a man of gentle disposition, but not at all times congenial with strangers. Nevertheless, his productive little farm, his wonderful knowledge of the world and its people, and his good will to all made him one of the most highly esteemed residents of a suburban district of Yonkers. Carter was placed in a cozy bedroom and a hasty summons brought one whom he didn't expect, Doctor Ward.

"Hello, Morchlieu," said he as he beheld his patient, "What are you doing here? Were you at the Game to-day?"

"No," said Carter faintly. "I started, but I had an accident on the road."

"Well, well," replied the Doctor as he began examining his bruises. Carter, though not seriously injured, had suffered a severe nervous shock.

The night brought peaceful sleep to the patient, but restless-ness to Leda, who was ever watchful. The next morning broke with a clear sky as Carter's eyes opened upon his strange environment; for there was that absence of costly draperies and furniture, but a neat and simple little bedroom, so comfortable that even a king could not complain of being housed within its walls. He was just thinking of his ill-luck and of his disappointment, when a door opened, and in walked a young woman with flowing locks and a form and gait so stately and impressive. She gave him a hearty good morning and expressed hope for his improvement. She left the room only to return again with a familiar face, and one which he had known all of his life, his father. Carter gazed in silence and the tears, however hard he tried to restrain them, came in his eyes. For two long weeks, he remained at the home of George Merrill enjoying the good-natured chatting of the proprietor, his wife and daughter.

His stay had not been unpleasant, but one which he spent observing with the keenest interest. He knew that they lacked wealth, but they possessed such a rich supply of insight, knowledge, refinement and culture. Carter had been in the homes of many young women, beautiful, refined and cultured, but never had they impressed him as did the plain simple Leda. Her innocent but pleasing countenance, her plain and simple costume as well as her great personality captivated him, and her wonderful art and skill in the care of her home inspired him. The time had come when he should leave for home, but he mortally hated the idea of leaving. Nevertheless, he bade her good bye as the big passenger car set out upon the highway.

The day was a sad one for Leda Merrill as she sat by the window gazing at the last traces of the heavy passenger car. She would cry but it seemed so silly to cry about a stranger. Surely she did not love him even if she missed him. His manly and chivalrous conduct, his affectionate and sympathetic nature had deeply affected her, and his presence by all means the most delightful was one that was hard to be deprived of. The days came and passed, but all the more she missed him; and she longed for those moments when she might sit once more and tie his hands to see him release them, or wander.
through the meadows arm in arm. Gazing wildly into the future, she sat there overwhelmed with emotion and unconscious of love’s meshes that were weaving themselves about her.

Carter, on the other hand arrived home midst greetings and congratulations at home and abroad. But the disappointment of that one eventful day hung like a shadow over him.

"Well," said elder Morchlieu, jokingly addressing his son, "You didn’t get much luck at East Side that day."

"Yes, I did," replied Carter pertly, "And I suppose a great deal more than you think."

"Ah," exclaimed his father, "Is that what you were seeking?"

Carter gave no reply to this question, because it appeared to him a bit of sarcasm, and still, why should he accuse his father. Perhaps it was his own conscience that condemned him.

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Nay, even her birth contrasted with his own was nothing to scoff at. She was better than some in his own circle, and one may say, most of them. Young Morchlieu sauntered off to his room to spend a few moments in contemplation. As he lay back up on his couch, fond remembrances of the primitive woman loomed up before him. He thought of her womanly grace, her broad intellect, her sweet voice and pleasing speech. He tried to compose himself to read, but more and more she haunted him, until he began to ponder in his mind, why was he so impressed; why did this frail and strange woman captivate him? Cleo Du Preisse and many others whom he considered his equal in wealth and intellect had never wrought such indelible impression upon his mind. Was it love or was it passion? Perhaps she was thinking of him. He would write her and then he would go to her.

A month had elapsed since Carter left East Side; and Leda was preparing for her early morning ride as Clayton gave her a letter. She recognized the writing at once, for during his short stay, they had often scribbled notes to each other in order to arrest the interest of the adults. She could but smile as she read these lines:

"I can not shut you out of my memory; you have been my daily thoughts and seriously so. Will see you soon.

Yours,

Carter.

Now she was happy; she tried in vain to suppress her emotions.

On the beginning of another week, a car bearing a clean faced, but handsome young man, Carter Morchlieu, stopped at Leda’s doorway, and she found herself face to face with her expected guest.

"I am very glad to see you," spoke Leda affectionately.

"You are?" replied Carter, "Then we are glad to see each other;" and forthwith taking her by the arm, he seated himself beside her on a convenient bench of the broad porch.

"Leda," said Carter, when he had found nerve to speak, "Don’t you love me just a little?" Leda made no reply, and still she believed that she did.

"I believe I love you, Leda," spoke Carter, more confidential than before, "But I will know for sure in a short while."

"How can you tell that you will," said Leda laughingly.

"I will know," replied Carter earnestly; "I am sure every man is certain about such conditions after six months, at least I think so."

"Well, I guess you are right," said Leda, not wishing to reveal too much of herself to him. But the noon day sun was slipping westward as the passenger car went spinning from East Side to Yonkers. Leda was even more

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The next thought that entered his mind was, what about father? He knew his mother's kind and submissive nature and that she was easily won over to please him. In fact she seldom opposed any of their plans. But how would his father take it? He next remembered his expression after his first visit at East Side. Was he referring to her or to the accident and his disappointment? He would know.

Six months had gone by since Carter's last visit to East Side, and now he was about to return to settle his last claim. "Father," said he as he approached him, sitting in the library. "I am in love with a girl and I think she is in love with me. I must marry her." The words seemed to shock the father who on his recovering from his surprise said,

"Well, son, that is for you to decide. But be careful in the selection of your choice. Consider thoughtfully that women are merited not for their beauty or wealth, but for their qualities as well; while I dare say that those of means generally stick to their circle."

"Very well," answered Carter. "but cutting a long story short, do you think that I should marry Leda Merrill, if I love her?"

Mr. Morchlieu did not know what to say to this question and yet it was not his policy to discourage his son.

"Carter," said he, "you surprise me in speaking as you do, but come to me later on and I will tell you." But his son with no response retired to his room and wrote a long letter to Leda, with his proposal.

The chilly winds of a Christmas tide were sweeping the woods and fields of East Side as Leda sat by the fireside awaiting the last decision. Six months had passed; there should be no delay of an answer from Carter. The outer door opened and Clayton placed in her hands the much desired letter. She broke the seal, and read its contents joyfully for she loved Carter with all her heart and here was an affirmation that her love was reciprocated. But one obstacle stood in her way, his rich parents. She was asking herself, "Would his parents consent?"

She was doubtful of this. She had heard of their wide reputation and untold wealth. She likewise was conscious of the great prejudice of those of higher social life. He had intimated in his letter that he would set the date and she was sure from this that he was awaiting his father's decision.

The time went by; and Carter wearied by the great strain of his father's final decision, a few days later sought the decree. What would he do? Leda was waiting and so was he. He knew that his strong manhood and independent resources were sufficient to sustain him, but he hated a disapproval. His father had always been purely democratic in his views of life, valuing things for their worth and not their appearances.

(Continued on Page 6)
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Students and Alumni of the University are invited to contribute. Address all communications to

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Friday, March 27, 1914

**A "Gym"**

*"In the recent meet at New York City, the Varsity Relay Team showed the lack of indoor training. An argument for a "gym", eh?"

*The following note has been received from "Leniency" the forerunner of "Necessity."

Dear Editor;

Every year the lawn of the campus has been protected very well by the students; for each student desires that the lawn be beautiful. But, as the pretty days come on, the temptation comes to one to disfigure the lawn by undue trampling and by cutting cross-riot; and, too, very soon the University authorities might call attention to this very temptation. However, the students should overcome this temptation and not make the counsel from the authorities unnecessary. Will this be done?

Yours for a beautiful lawn,

"Leniency."

P. S. I would say something about the tennis courts, but, "Necessity", I think, will do that.

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**Evidence**

That the Negro possesses natural and significant ability in the art of music is becoming more evident each day. The noted Cleff Club Orchestra, while on its tour last November, revealed almost conclusive evidence supporting the fact. In its matchless concert of music, composed and rendered exclusively by colored musicians, the Club presented not only light and characteristic melodies but also heavy and intricate works; for among the productions were such works as, Tyler's "Maori" and "Contentment", Cook's "Exhortation", and Dixon's "Thoughts" and "Strength of the Nation." Indeed, in the superb as well as versatile character of its works and presentations, the Cleff Club Orchestra brought increased confidence to those who believed in the Negro's ability in music and conviction to those who doubted.

However, more recent evidence of the Negro's exceptional ability in music is revealed in the concert, given the other week in New York City at the Carnegie Hall in behalf of the Music School Settlement for Colored people. A large orchestra, a chorus of singers from the Music School Settlement, the "Afro-American Folk Song Singers," a number of vocal soloists, and several other musicians who rendered their own works, all, blended their splendid talents in the presentation of this concert. Among those who took part were J. Rosamond Johnson, H. T. Burleigh, James Reese Europe, Will Scissors and Razors Sharpened Tel. Main 1245

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H. Dixon, William H. Tyers, E. E. Thompson and Will Marion Cook; and the significance of the concert has been liberally heralded by the leading New York dailies and several prominent periodicals. The March 21 Outlook said, in addition to other things, of the concert: "In the history of musical art this concert was highly significant. It not only marked the emergence of the Negro race into a land of musical freedom; but, what is most significant, it proved that this race could bring into this free domain its rich racial treasuries. No one who knows anything about the Negro people has doubted his musical gifts." To be true, the evidence of the marked ability of the Negro in music revealed in this concert is convincing to say the least.

Campus Briefs

The cricket players are very busy in practice at the South end of the athletic field.

The proof of the 1914-15 catalogue has been returned by the University to the publishers.

On the resignation of Mr. Daniels, Mr. Guy S. Ruffin has been elected President of the Alpha Phi.

To the delight of all, Professor Alain L. Locke who has been ill has returned to school and resumed his work.

On Tuesday, Bishop Harris of the M. E. Church, who has spent forty years in Japan, gave an impressive talk at Chapel.

The Livingston Missionary Society held last week a public meeting at which Bishop Chope-
Loyalty and the Journal
The Business Side

Now that the circulation and the method of contribution to the JOURNAL have been discussed, it remains for us to present the business side of the situation. This feature will prove as alarming, we think, as the facts already presented.

As previously stated there are in all 360 subscribers to the JOURNAL. Out of this number only 118 have paid their subscription fees to date; or less than half the total number. Out of the student subscriptions, 108 in number, only 81 have been paid to date; or less than half the total number. All these subscribers are receiving the JOURNAL regularly, however, thanks to the ingenuity and industry of the business manager. Now let us consider how he gets the money to pay for the JOURNAL.

The weekly cost of the JOURNAL, besides incidentals, is $12.25 which must be paid every week before the paper leaves the press; this amount times four, for a month, is $49.00. The total amount received from advertisements printed per month is $25.75. The difference between these two figures ($22.50) must, therefore, be furnished through the payment of subscriptions already due, and it becomes the unfortunate duty of the staff, especially the business manager, to go about like tax collectors, seeking whom they may collect from in order to give you the JOURNAL regularly. Do you wonder, that the paper sometimes comes out late? Then furthermore, do you think that any such duties should be placed upon a body of students, who, at great sacrifices to themselves and their work, give their time and labor to the University publication for your sakes? Why cannot these subscriptions be paid at once and relieve the whole situation? You may answer for yourselves.

Under the Verdict of Democracy

(Continued From Page 3)

"Father," said he one morning when he could bear the strain no longer.

"Should I marry Leda if I love her?"

"Marry Leda?" answered the father abruptly. "Why, yes, marry any one whom you wish. You must remember that the life of this union depends upon what you two shall make it and not what I shall say. Leda seems worthy of humble birth. If she possesses those qualities which are essential in life, the pleasure is yours; and you please your mother and me by pleasing yourself."

While Carter wished this decision it came as a surprise not only to him but to all who knew him. A few months had passed away ere he realized that his father was right and just in rendering the Verdict: That it was not so much her beauty, her wealth or her birth that loved as it was her womanly ideals, her lofty principles, her personality, herself.

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The Y. M. C. A. in special service: Mr. Wm. Knowles Cooper will speak at Chapel 4:30 P. M. Sunday.

The Fisk-Howard Debate
A Great Event Is Looked For

Many of the students of the University are looking forward with great interest to the coming debate with Fisk University. This important inter-collegiate combat will take place on Howard's campus, on the evening of April 3rd. Howard and Fisk have met several times in debate and the clashes have been full of vigor and enthusiasm.

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The Kappa Sigma Debating Club under whose auspices the debate is given, is making extensive preparations for the affair. Mr. J. P. Harrison, an ex-Fiskite now attending Howard, has been appointed chairman of a committee to work up and organize the Fisk graduates and "rooters" in Washington for this occasion, and a large number of the alumni and alumnae of Howard from Baltimore, Richmond and other nearby cities are planning to attend. The event promises to be one of the best functions of the season.

Hints

"One who is frugally careful about small things, is a lady or gentleman."—(Dean Miller)

A gentleman should always rise from his seat when a lady or distinguished person enters or leaves the room, and should not resume his seat until the visitor has taken a seat or passed out as the case may be.

It is hardly necessary to say that the young man should enter a vehicle last and alight first. But it might be necessary to remind many of our taxi-cab adventures, that the lady should never be allowed to sit with her back turned towards the driver.

No self-respecting gentleman would sit quietly and allow a lady to perform a task that calls for the exercise of physical strength such as raising a window, moving a table, chair, or the like. On the other hand, a lady cannot be excused for making the attempts yet it shows a lack of courtesy on her part to refuse aid when offered in the spirit of chivalry.

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HOWARD UNIVERSITY JOURNAL

Now that we have given you some light upon the Journal question, what is your conclusion? And what do you propose to do? Will it be so much time and effort on our part thrown away? Will you read it, say "that's too bad," and continue, as previously, to disregard its existence, discredit its honest and sacrificing effort and fail to make amends for your unconcern? This you must answer for yourselves.

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Ronald Tavernier was dining on Eleventh Street recently, and when asked what drink he preferred with his dinner, wishing to appear the learned Manager that he is, he said: "Thank you, I will have a small demi-tasse of black coffee."

"Rube" Foster has had a birthday and the necessary delights which make it a real thing. Even the big "icen" cake was there; and upon its broad surface sat 18 tiny candles. His girl (who sent this delicious remembrance) had forgotten his age and simply put on as many candles as he looks to her to be. (This is one possible explanation of the number 18). Here's to the girl and "Rube" also—likewise that cake!

Samuel Allen read about the mace which was lost the other day in Congress, and wanted to know what it was. A member of the class (History III) explained to him that it is one of Colonel George Washington's shoes which is now a curiosity and which is the symbol of authority in Congress. He said he thought it must be something like that but he didn't see anything historic about an old shoe even if it is George Washington's.

Junior "Medic" Symposium
The Junior Class of the Medical Department held its annual Symposium Wednesday, March 18th. With practically all the members present, the class set aside the usual cares and came together for an evening of social pleasure.

President J. H. McMorris appointed as toast master Mr. T. C. Brown, by virtue of his office as President of the Shadd Medical Society, who presided, as usual with enthusiasm, proposing a toast to each member present and also replying to each in his own inimitable way. The toasts ranged from grave to gay and from wise to otherwise, each member impressing upon his hearers the idea of unity and community of interest on the part of the members of the Class. These speeches were interspersed with music and song, ranging from classical selections to the most popular lyrics. Then, a splendid repast was served, and after each course wit, folly, and friendliest repartee reigned.

Every member entered heartily into the delightful and unique occasion; and displayed interest and bountiful enthusiasm characteristic of the serious work in the Shadd Medical Society. When the "wee sma" hours of the morning came, the Juniors withdrew to their homes, having spent an evening long to be remembered.

Watch !!!!
For announcement of coming recital of Glee Club assisted by Messrs. Tibbs and Wesley.

Schedule of Debates
Class in Argumentation
The class in Argumentation, under Professor T. M. Gregory, gives out the following schedule for class debates which will occur as follows:
April 10—Resolved: That Federal Judges should be Elected by Popular Vote.
April 22—Resolved: That the United States should Disclaim the Monroe Doctrine as a part of its Foreign Policy.
May 6—Resolved: That the United States should Own and Operate the Telegraph and Telephone Systems.

The public is cordially invited to attend these debates, which will occur in Library Hall. Professor Gregory wishes also to announce that every Saturday at 10 o'clock, original orations are presented in Library Hall by the members of the Public Speaking Class. Visitors will be welcome here as well.

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