Lottie Gatewood No More

SUNDAY morning Howard received intelligence of the passing of Lottie Gatewood, College, Arts and Sciences, 1911. Although knowing of her physical ailments “oft and on” during the year, and of her more recent serious illness, few, if any, thought that the spirit was so soon to take its flight. Her departure brings sorrow to those who loved her; but consolation comes through the belief that she has entered the “Life Most Beautiful.” Nor can we ever forget the life she lived while among us. Indeed, she was both by precept and example a follower of the lowly Nazarene. None worthy of help and sympathy was turned away from the door of her great soul. She was not only an idealist; she was more,—she was a Christian, a believer in God and righteousness. Nothing could shake that “faith” which seemed rooted and grounded in her very mechanism.

This is exemplified by the copy of a letter given below. The Y.W.C.A. planned to have letters from its graduate members on the occasion of its “Alumni Even- ing” in May. Miss Gatewood was informed of the plan and complied with the request immediately. She must have been in the midst of her last mortal trial, for the tenor of the letter seems to intimate that before long she would enter her reward. We can only say, “Thy Will be done.” It is only of Lottie Gatewood, as was true of the saintly woman of old, “Her good works do live after her.”

(Continued on Page 2)

The Straight Path

I said, “Let me walk in the field.”
He said, “Nay, walk in the town.”
I said, “There are no flowers there”
He said, “No flowers, but a crown.”
I said, “But the skies are black.
There is nothing but noise and din.”
But he went as he sent me back.
“There is more,” he said, “there is sin.”
I said, “But the air is thick,
And fogs are veiling the sun,”
He answered, “Yet souls are sick,
And souls in the dark undone.”
I said, “I shall miss the light.
And friends will miss me they say,”
He answered, “Choose to-night,
If I am to miss you or they.”
I pleaded for time to be given;
He said, “Is it hard to decide?
It will not seem hard in heaven
To have followed the steps of your guide.”
I cast one look on the field,
Then set my face to the town,
He said, “My child, do you yield?
Will you leave the flowers for a crown?”
Then into his hand went mine,
And in my heart came he,
And I walked in a light divine,
The path I had feared to see.
—George MacDonald.

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Eulogy of Richard Thomas Avery, Commercial College ’14.
Delivered in the Andrew Rankin Memorial Chapel, at Chapel Exercises, May 2, 1917, by David E. Wells.

MR. President, members of the Faculty, and fellow-students: I have come here today to pay a brief tribute of respect to the memory of one of whom I valued as a friend and loved as a brother,—Richard T. Avery.

When the news reached me late yesterday afternoon that “Dick” Avery had been killed in an accident, I was inexpressibly shocked. Perhaps I was more closely associated with “Dick” Avery than any other man in the University. I first became acquainted with him in the fall of 1910, when we were classmates in the Commercial College, at which time the ties of friendship between us became securely cemented and never have become severed,—not even till death. We were also fellow members of the Tau Delta Sigma Fraternity of the Law Department, of which “Dick” Avery was the leading spirit.

I remember his familiar form on the baseball field, when he used to intercept the “hot liners” that came down third base. I knew of the enthusiasm with which he entered into the work as Manager of the football team, but which Providence decreed
that he should not carry out. I know of his high hopes and aspiration and his love for the race. In every activity with which he was identified. "Dick" Avery put not seventy-five, but one hundred per cent of his energy and enthusiasm.

It is not always the length of years which determine the success of one's life; but during the few years allotted us, by "letting our light so shine before men that they may see our good works and glorify our Father which is in heaven." This was splendidly exemplified in the life of "Dick" Avery, for those who knew him could not but be impressed by his high ideals and magnetic personality.

Because of the noble principles for which he stood, the predominant factors of which were unfailing honesty and fair-play, the Commercial College honored and loved him as one of her most illustrious sons, the Tau Delta Sigma Fraternity revered him; but Howard claimed him as her own.

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"Lottie Gatewood No More"
(Continued from Page 1)

In commemoration of Miss Gatewood, the young ladies of Miner Hall have started the "Gatewood Fund." This money is to be lent to needy students and the interest accruing therefrom is to go for benevolent purposes each year.

Pauline J. Sims, Col. '18, Ex-President of Y. W. C. A.

Topeka Industrial and Educational Institute,
Topeka Kansas, March 21, 1917.

Madame President.
Dear Friends: Y. W. C. A.
I am indeed very home-sick for dear old Howard. How it did grieve me to part from that sacred spot, after residing there seven glorious years.

Parting is but a word for pain,
But absence now a fondness brings;
Our work of love was not in vain,
From friendship like green ivy clings.

I have been very, very ill all winter long, but my Heavenly Father's promises, "Never to leave me," "To go with me always," have been my stay. Say, girls, I am insured in The King's Life Insurance Company. I hope all of you are also. Let me tell you about that company. It is the oldest life insurance company in the whole universe.

God the Father is President,
Jesus Christ is General Manager.
The Holy Ghost is sole Agent.
The Capital stock is Eternal Riches.
The assets are riches unknown.
It insures for Temporal Life and Life Eternal.
The terms are very reasonable.
To secure a policy only requires the forsaking of all sin.
To retain a policy simply requires to follow the meek and lowly One daily.

Your sister,
(Signed): Lottie Gatewood.

Howard Man Receives Signal Honor and Distinction

Mr. Kelly Miller Jr., A. & S. '16, who is pursuing graduate work at Clark University, Worcester, Mass., has been appointed Fellow in Physics at Clark.

This appointment is one of the highest academic distinction that has come to a Howard Man, and speaks louder than we can relate of "Kelly's" ability and merit. We extend to him our heartiest congratulations, and wish for him the very highest degree of success in his great work.

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Under the direction of Professor DeWitt C. Croissant, the dramatic club staged one of its most notable performances in the history of dramatics at Howard last Saturday night. The great play "Disraeli" is not of historical importance, but an attempt to show a picture of the days in which Disraeli lived and some of the social and political struggles with which the great genius struggled and mastered. The work was admirably done. Each member of the cast "came up to the scratch." Principal and minor characters alike endeavored and succeeded in giving to the Washington public and the student body a delightful treat. The usual stiffness and timidity attendant upon amateur performances, were absent, and the entire performance can best be epitomized in the words of Merrill H. Curtis, "It was a clever play, and exceptionally well acted."

The leading character was Mr. Maxey Jackson, who not only gave a good account of himself, and a most admirable interpretation of Disraeli, but placed his name on the roll of honor occupied by Howard, Curtis and former "stars" of the club. The impersonation of the bizarre figure of English political life was both difficult and complex, but "Maxey" measured up to the task in an efficient manner and succeeded in thrilling his audience with his exceptional ability. At all times clear and natural, he maintained a perfect harmony of action and expression, and wrung from even the severest critic enviable encomiums.

Miss E. Mae Harper, as Lady Clarissa, contests with Mr. Jackson for the palm. Her work was a decided improvement upon her former performances, and as has been said, she seemed "fitted by nature" for her part. "Mae" not only heightened the production with her brilliancy and sincerity, but added intelligent interpretation to make her performance of the Duchess. "Lena's" debut in college dramatics in the role of the Duchess. "Lena's" undertaking was a most successful accomplishment. Her interpretation was characterized by such unusual grace and clever ease, that she has not only become a favorite of the cast, but a worthy contender for first honors among the "headliners" for next year.

Miss Roberta Cohran gave a most delicate and sympathetic rendering of Lady Beconsfield. "Bert" exhibited a poise and effectiveness seldom equaled by amateurs. Her performance was characterized by such charm and grace that could be supplied only by her gentle qualities.

Mr. Charles Howard portrayed the character of Viscount Deford with a response that thrilled his audience and demonstrated his ability in dramatics. More than once Charlie rivalled the leaders and was greeted with well-deserved applause.

Mr. P. Howard Steele, as Sir Michael Probert and Mr. Frank Jones as Mr. Hugh Meyers, added skill to a well balanced self-possession as they played the role of the stern and headstrong bankers, and merit unstinted praise for their masterful and unique rendering.

Miss Lillian Skinker, as Mrs. Travers, was called upon to play the part of a Russian spy and a genuine slyth, and she manifested both qualities with rare skill and exceptional ability. Witty and resourceful as "Lil" is, she added interest and delight to the great play in a manner that will linger in the minds of the audience.

Miss Lena Dorsey made her debut in college dramatics in the role of the Duchess. "Lena's" undertaking was a most successful accomplishment. Her interpretation was characterized by such unusual grace and clever ease, that she has not only become a favorite of the cast, but a worthy contender for first honors among the "headliners" for next year.

Mr. R. R. Penn, the manager of the club, cannot receive due praise for want of space. Over disappointments and handicaps he climbed with a steadiness and zeal that has set a high record for those to follow. At all times congenial, he worked for the sole interest of the cast, and the success of the play was due in general to all, but in particular to "Bob" and his staff. The entire performance was not only worthy of the reputation of the dramatic club but creditable to the University. With every gesture, movement, act and expression in harmony with the sense and meaning of the play, with clarity and delight existing throughout, the Washington public, and the student body were presented with a production, noble in motive, excellent in presentation, superb in finish, and well worth the attendance of all who witnessed the play "Disraeli."

Thomas B. D. Dyett.
EDITORIAL
Howard's Determination

The special efforts that the Howard men are putting forth to secure a military training camp for colored men are bound to have effect and good result. This determination is not lukewarm; it is boiling hot. The committee, which is headed by Messrs. Brice, Curtis, and Goodloe, is putting forth every effort to meet and converse with the Congressmen on this issue. They have started the work in the right way and have the support of every Howardite. The Howard men are fighting and pleading for a name or for personal honor. They are fighting for the cause of humanity and for the rights of a suppressed race. That is why their determination is boiling hot. Howard is aroused by the spirit of justice.

It is the duty of every Howard man and woman to encourage the work and the fight. The young women and the faculty are doing their part. The young men must do theirs. We must not be satisfied with simply making a small monetary contribution; we must add our names to the list as men ready to enter the military training camp for any period regardless of its length.

We wish to have it known that the men and women of Howard are seeking for the cooperation of other Negro institutions. This fight is not for Howard but for all Negro colleges. It behooves all to take on the determination to wage a successful battle for a just and human cause. The success or failure of our efforts will determine whether colored college men are to be given an opportunity to qualify for army officers or to be denied the right and forced into menial labor regardless of their ability. It must be remembered that every race and nationality that has sworn allegiance to the flag is permitted to the training camp with the exception of the Negro. Now we are pleading for the opportunity that others have. We hope that no one will falter in aiding us to receive that which is just, and honorable, and surely the rights of men.

An Old Guard

Another of the the "Old Guards" of Howard University has been touched by death. This time it is Mr. Lindsay Taylor, better known to Howardites as "Pop" Taylor. Truly his death is regretted by the host of friends that he had among the faculty, alumni, and students. He had been connected with the University in the capacity of a watchman for almost forty years. This was forty years of real service based upon those unfaltering principles—fidelity and honesty.

"Pop" Taylor was true to every trust, and as the President and Secretary of the university said, "He was a friend to Howard."

This "Old Guard" was born a slave more than seventy years ago. He held tenaciously to the sacred ideals of truth and honor. It will be well to know that he had made preparation for his own burial including expenses and all other arrangements. Secretary Cook fulfilled the last wish of the deceased, when he had the body laid to rest beside that of the deceased's wife in Albemarle county, Virginia—the place of his birth.

COMMENCEMENT Time

The special efforts that the Howard men are putting forth to secure a military training camp for colored men are bound to have effect and good result. This determination is not lukewarm; it is boiling hot. The committee, which is headed by Messrs. Brice, Curtis, and Goodloe, is putting forth every effort to meet and converse with the Congressmen on this issue. They have started the work in the right way and have the support of every Howardite. The Howard men are fighting and pleading for a name or for personal honor. They are fighting for the cause of humanity and for the rights of a suppressed race. That is why their determination is boiling hot. Howard is aroused by the spirit of justice.

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COMMENCEMENT! At this season that word puts a thrill of "awful" joy between the shoulderblades of ten thousand prospective "graduates." Most of them, however, are longing not for a real commencement but for an end—ment, not for a time to start work but for a time to quit work. But in either case it is the most pleasant bewitchery

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of life to have “something to look forward to.”

Did you ever have a “commencement time”? If not, you have never stood at the proudest summit of life. It is the time when one knows most: he never knew so much before, and never knows so much afterwards, as he knows at “commencement time.” His knowledge is then of the most dogmatic, positive and self-assertive sort.

Take the young graduating “orator,” for example. He is the greatest product of all this complex commencement psychology. There is no question which he will not boldly discuss, no problem which he can not readily solve, and no moral, social or political issue which he may not settle with one gesture of his eloquent hand. Great questions that have puzzled all the sages of all the ages, from Aristotle to Edison and from Moses to Roosevelt, are solved with ease and simplicity on the eloquent tongue of the “commencement orator.” And the proud mother and sister and brother sit on the front seats and simply marvel at the genius which their humble family has produced. In fact he always astonishes the whole audience—excepting only his teachers, who have been previously fortified against astonishment.

We suggest that if President Wilson wishes to give Mr. Balfour and Monsieur Viviani and the other allied representatives the most abundant suggestions about how to conduct war, he had better send them around to a few of our 1917 commencements.

But the young orator usually begins by destroying Greece and Rome. He may also burn Troy and ruthlessly wipe out Carthage. But poor Greece and Rome are never spared; they have suffered more downfalls and destructions on commencement days than any mathematician since Archimedes could ever calculate. “Greece decayed;” and “Rome fell!” How it all comes thundering from within that cap and gown, and out over the heads of the bewildered audience. Other favorite tragedies of the commencement orator are the murder of Caesar and the battle of Waterloo. All the cats in Rome added together could not have had half as many lives as Julius Caesar, judging from the number of times every June he gets murdered and re-murdered. And Napoleon Bonaparte would feel like a simple cad if he could be waked up to hear how uselessly he lost the great battle at Waterloo, “where crowns were wagered and empires staked.”

Now, we do not envy the graduating orator, for we shared his glory in bygone days. We also burned Troy and murdered Caesar, and if one could be executed for oratorical incendiarism and academic murder, we should be one of the very first to be dragged to the electric chair. But we have lived a dozen years since that time, and we have found out that one can actually know all about Rome and still know little of his own home town. The present is ten times as important as the past. In fact we have come into a conviction that history should be studied in this order: first the history of today, then the history of yesterday, then the history of Day-before-yesterday, then the history of Last Week, then of Last Month, then Last Year, Last Decade, Last Century—and so on, beginning with the present and going as far back into the past as possible, or as far as the school curriculum will permit. For the most important time is the present time, and the next important time is that which is nearest to the present.

Now for a few suggestions from one of the uncultured Philistines who have to do the listening at Commencement time:

1. Peace to the ashes of Troy and of Nineveh!
2. Instead of describing a Roman galley describe a modern submarine. Tell us about modern civilization: for where can we get the better chance to make a living anyhow, in dead Carthage or in live New York? And do the battles of 2,000 years ago still affect us more than do battles of the present? Which has had more to do with the price of our eggs, the war in Gaul or the war in Flanders?—Tell us first about the world in which we live, which by the way is the greatest world that ever was,—tell us of its natural wonders, its science, its airships, its social problems, its passions and its sins, its love and its hate, its beauty and its God!

Win. Pickens Yale ’04.
Morgan College, Baltimore, Md.

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In the field of athletics, this has been a unique year for Howard. She has descended from the highest plains to the lowest depths, by leaps and bounds which have snatched many of us from our feet.

Her descent began with football and ended with baseball. Last season, the football management attempted the heaviest schedule ever essayed by Howard, and was successful. I say successful, because I do not think that the loss of one game out of eight or ten is sufficient to merit the term "unsuccessful." Then came basketball in which Howard won one game and lost all the others. Baseball followed, and Howard distinguished herself by losing every game with scores which were unworthy of a Montessori school in similar contests.

Unquestionably, Howard is now in a serious plight; but it is useless to bemoan our fate unless we do so obtain a closer appreciation of the depths to which we have sunk, and arouse within ourselves a desire and a determination to rise superior to our present handicaps and to regain our former prestige. We must do something definite, telling, and effectual. Athletics must be restored to their former dignity, and, must cease to be a joke in the hearts of the students.

To this end the managements of the various sports are directing their efforts. Captain Pincherhughes of the football team has inaugurated spring training, hoping to produce an efficient combination of speed, power, and brains. Manager Perkins of the tennis activities is raising the standard for admission to his teams, thus weeding out the inefficient. Manager Morgan of the cricket teams says that he will not play a single game unless he has a team that measures up to his standards efficiency.

This insistence upon efficiency, if strictly adhered to, must produce winning aggregations, and again render contests between Howard and other schools interesting and attractive.

Marvels of the track have sprung up and developed into full glory, only to be succeeded by greater marvels and greater glory. Apparent permanent records of yesterday have been hung up, only to be taken down and supplanted by greater ones of today. Thus, each year has brought with it newer and greater impetus than that of the preceding year.

The educational boards of the country have seen the tremendous advantages which accrue from track activities in the schools, and have greatly encouraged them. Whereas, in other athletic activities, the benefits have been limited to a few, these of track are open to all. There is no specific number in track as in football, basketball, and baseball, but any number can enter the games.

The high schools, colleges, and universities also have recognized this fact and have played a prominent part in track development. The University of Pennsylvania, through her relay games, each year brings together in active...
keen, and wholesome competition the best material from the best white schools and colleges of the country. Colored athletes, generally registered in these colleges, have played their part as well in the furthering of track athletics. In the year of 1908, the name of John Taylor, the crack quarter miler of the University of Pennsylvania, range from coast to coast with unstinted praise and even penetrated to the dusty and mudy shores of the Old World. To-day the performances of Howard P. Drew, formerly of the University of Southern California, Binga Dismonds, of the University of Chicago, Roy Morse, Sol Bultit, Irvin Howe of Colby College, and Harry Martin of the University of Pittsburg, attest the fact that the colored athlete is doing a big share in the swift developments of the cinder path.

Yet what of the prominent colored colleges and schools as such? Have they done toward pushing forward this great American sport? True they have done something toward it, but not as much as they should do. Some of them have played a passive part at the most. Howard University with the rest has not done her full part. It is not for the fact that she has not had the material, for she had Binga Dismonds long before the University of Chicago obtained him; she had Harry Martin long before the University of Pittsburg ever placed eyes upon him. Drews, J. Taylor's, Martins, Howes, and Dismonds are even now lying dormant within her walls, awaiting that stimulus which will arouse them into activity and carry their names linked with that of their school to the altars of fame and immortality. It is, then, Howard's duty to blaze the path. Howard has recognized this and has decided to make this a new and great epoch in the development of track activities among colored institutions. It is significant that she, in the flickering lights and trembling shadows of the evening tide of her Semi-Centennial, should give birth to a movement, the Howard University Relay Games, which promises to be momentous in the history of track athletics.

The University, awakening to its possibilities, has decided upon the staging of Howard University Relay Games. They are to be similar to those of Pennsylvania and will bring together the best talent of the best colored high schools, colleges, and universities of the country. This is the most gigantic venture of this sort which the University has ever undertaken. The University realizes its great undertaking of the task, but intends to make it a success for this and future years to come. These games will take place upon May the 30th upon the campus of the University. Extensive preparations have already been entered into and finance to carry them out has already been appropriated. It is now up to the students to make their part a success. Every male student who has any possibilities or ability whatever along the lines of track athletics should start to work at once to get himself in fit condition. The plans of this event call for a large number of men in all departments of the games. It is the incumbent upon us that we author and director of the games, creditably maintain our high place in the athletic world.

—J. E. T. Camper, '17.
Campus Dots

By I. C. Owl

Wanted: A square meal—Inge.

The folly of Koger will not get him a girl.

Booker is a generous host to all lady guests.

Has Cavassa found a companion in Butts or Bennett?

If war was "hell" in Sherman's time, what can it be now?

The "younger" Dingle has finally found friendship in Miner Hall.

Goodloe is really out of the barrel. Some of his mates need attention.

Merrill Curtis has not flirted at all this year. His whole time is divided between his studies and Pearle.

An English student wanted to know if English was made to write or speak. He said that he hadn't decided just what to do with his.

Lost! A friend wearing the name "tin can." Liberal reward for his safe return, he is absolutely harmless and human—Nannie G.

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Nobody knows of the work it makes To keep the home together,

Nobody knows of the steps it takes, Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes Which only kisses smoother,

Nobody's pained by naughty blows, Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care Bestowed on baby brother;

Nobody knows of the tender prayer, Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught Of loving one another;

Nobody knows of the patience sought, Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears Lost darlings may not weather

The storm of life in after years, Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above To thank the Heavenly Father

For that sweetest gift—a mother's love; Nobody can—but mother.

—Author Unknown.

"Sage Sayings"

Character is felt as well as seen.

"Charge is the word, not retreat."

"Use simple terms when you speak."

"Doctor, give your patient what you can take!"

"Whiskey must go. We need the corn and rye for bread."

"The people that will not do right are human devils."

"An honest man is always known; the dishonest man is always caught."

"Too much of our time is spent in gossip, and too little of it in good thinking."

"Women must be cheerful and sweet and at the same time positive and chaste—for success."

Commercial Debate

On Wednesday evening, May 9th, at eight o'clock Dean Cook's Commercials journey to the Dunbar High School Auditorium to debate with the Dunbar boys the proposition, "Resolved, That the Federal Government should Subsidize the American Merchant Marine." The Commercials are going to attack the proposition from a new angle, admitting that our present merchant marine is in an unsatisfactory condition; while the Dunbar boys are going to do their best to establish the proposition.

There are several extra features on the program; but the most unique is a "syncopated concert" by the Commercial College Orchestra from 7:15 until the debate begins. The orchestra is working hard on its minor chords; and the Commercial rabble is going to fill out the intervals between selections with much rauous noise.

Admission is free; and the whole University is invited to come down and help the Commercials win over Dunbar.

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