THE MINIATURE

(In an informal competition held in connection with the work in English in the Sophomore class, this story was awarded the first prize.)

The city clock was striking two when Allen Smollett crept up the narrow stairway of his dingy tenement abode and entered the wretched little attic where he lived. He lighted a small piece of tallow candle stick in the mouth of an empty beer bottle, and then, moving stealthily, huddled over the dying embers in the little cracked stove which stood in the corner of the room.

His flushed face and the unnatural brightness of his eyes showed plainly that he had been drinking. Yet, aside from these indications, no one would have suspected him of being under the influence of liquor; for his step had been even and regular, and his movements since he entered the room had been made without hesitation. He was in a state possible only to a habitual toper; a state wherein the mind labors under an unaccountably gloomy depression while the body still retains absolute control of muscular action.

He looked a miserable object as lie crouched over the dying coals, with his matted, tousled hair, ragged greasy clothing, and his coarse, worn-out shoes fastened here and there with a bit of twine. Yet, despite the ravages of poverty and dissipation, there was a suggestion of education and reftinement, somewhere about the man, in the high forehead perhaps, or in the shapeliness of his slender hands.

A keen scrutiny of him would (Continued on page 2, column 2)

VESPERS

President Dason Speaks

We were favored last Sunday at vespers service with a very eloquent and strong address by the Rev. Dr. Jason, president of the State College at Dover, Delaware. His subject was "Judge not". He urged all to be fair to self, kind to men, true to God. He encouraged us to do the right.

During the Offertory, Mr. Norman Johnson rendered a beautiful tenor solo. His singing made a lasting and favorable impression on the many visitors present. The choir rendered a beautiful anthem, Te Deum C. The singing of the quartet was unusually fine. The four voices blended as one, rising and falling as the tide. The quartet was composed of Misses Wells and Thomas, and Messrs. Hodge and Johnson. The work of the choir was highly commendable.

The Y. M. C. A. Hand Book Committee at Work

The fifteen young men, appointed on the committee, have divided themselves into two teams, each having a captain, with a general in charge of the whole. The purpose of these two teams is to get advertisers for the Y. M. C. A. hand book, which will be published shortly. The General is E. B. Smith, Captains are Russel of the Senior College Class and Foster of the Academy. A great contest is anticipated.

Dr. Jason, President of the State College at Dover, Delaware, was present at Chapel last Monday.

USE THE LIBRARY

The best society to get in is the society of a library. Believing firmly in the statement, Mr. Andrew Carnegie has donated hundreds of thousands of dollars for the erection of library buildings throughout this country. To Howard University he has given one of these magnificent edifices. In its classic walls are to be found the best books, both for reading and for reference work.

We want to urge all to form a reading habit, read regularly and read for advancement. Seek the best books. Never read a book just for the sake of whiling away time, read it for a purpose. The reading of a book is of no use if you do not get an impression or derive some benefit from it.

Spend your free hours in the classic walls of the library in the "library air"—its stillness—filled with advancement. Beautiful reliefs, paintings and pictures adorn its walls to add to its enlightened atmosphere. Ruskin has timely said "Some books are for the hour, some books are for all time". Read the books that are "for all time". Good books rightly read, become great mental possessions, they cause the mind to grow and expand, they are stable food to the mind. Like the body, to keep healthy, the mind must be fed with the best foods.

When we read a good book faithfully we arrive at the source of things, and it is only by working our way back to the source of things that we really become educated and thus more efficient. Get a broad knowledge of books. Have a large bibliography in eve-
ASK AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN
Plea for the "Gym"

They say "constant dripping wears away stone". Will it ever touch a tender spot in the hearts of our alumni? You, our big brothers and sisters, seem to forget us when you go out into the world. Your mission here has not ended but just begun. You, of all others, know what we need and should be most active in giving it to us because you have trod the paths we now tread and have lived the lives we now live.

It can't be that you would withhold advantages from us because you had them not; it is doubtless you fail to realize what a responsibility rests on your shoulders. You have undertaken to erect a gymnasium. You have doubtless limited the field of activity to the Alumni Association and as a result one of two extremes is evident, you are either disinterested in it or you are not equal to the occasion.

These words are said in good faith; no discourtesy whatever enters my feeble attempts and you can but admit that my action is stimulated by the love for this dear old spot—by ambition to instill your very souls love, and enthusiasm and devotion, sentiments which our own Dwight says, "are born and nurtured into hearts of men by deeds that try the soul, quicken the pulse and warm the blood." If we ask for bread will you give us a stone?

C. H. G.

THE MINIATURE
Continued from Page 1, Column 1

inevitably have led a student of human nature to observe that he had seen better days; and he had. Five years before Allen Smollett had been one of the most prosperous young brokers in Pittsburg. But the panic of '07 had swept away every vestige of his fortune, and had brought him to the lowest stage of city life. For months and months he had vainly sought steady employment. His weekly earnings—picked up here and there—had scarcely sufficed to provide food for himself and his wife, who, unaccustomed to hardship, made his burden doubly heavy by her recriminations. Finally, completely discouraged, he had taken to drink.

With his chin resting in his hands he sat looking furtively around the dingy room; at the bare, smoke-discolored walls, and at the old rickety bed in the opposite corner, upon which his wife Denis lay asleep. His morbid brain wrestled wearily with the why and wherefore of his destitute condition. Why did he have to live this way? Why had his lot been cast in this miserable sphere? Why had he been singled out to writhe in this earthly hell, while others, far more unscrupulous, rolled in the lap of luxury? On his way home he had narrowly escaped being run over by a large touring car containing a party of God's or the devil's elect. He hated, he envied them.

His restless eyes wandered once more to the rickety bed in the corner just under the tiny window. The dim flame of the sputtering candle lit up in hazy outline the haggard face and disheveled hair of his sleeping wife. His gaze fixed itself on her sallow countenance.

Yes, she was aging fast! Poverty had traced its deadly stamp upon her face. She had never cared for him anyway and now!—He smiled bitterly as he thought of how unceasingly she upbraided him with his poverty and his dissolute habits. She was only a burden—a dead weight crushing him down! He hated her! He would be glad when she died! But suppose! and then a thought swept into his brain so suddenly that it chilled his veins.

Why not kill her? His heart beat uppouriously, and he turned quickly with a searching glance as if to spy out the agent of this insidious thought. But he was alone, en- shrouded in the silence of the night. His clenched fingers clutched his matted hair convulsively, while the dim flame of the candle flared up in a despairing blaze, tracing a fantastic shadow upon the opposite wall.

Yes, he would kill her! No one ever visited their wretched hovel—he would have ample time to escape!

He cast a sinister glance at the sleeping woman—his thin lips compressed in a cruel line. Close by the stove lay a battered Indian club. Seizing it, he crept toward the bed. The floor seemed to cry under his guilty tread. He paused.

What was that noise behind him? Only a gust of wind shaking the loosely hung door. He crept on.

Theodore H. Etz
Optician
1005 G Street, Northwest

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Would she cry out? No! One heavy blow would crush her.

As his fingers tightened on the club; a wandering moonbeam strayed through the solitary window, shedding a tiny pencil of light upon the ragged quilt. The woman moved. He drew back.

Was she waking? No, only shifting her arm under her head and bringing it to her side.

He raised the club quickly, but at the same instant a gleam from the drowsy candle stole upon her outstretched hand. It illuminated a shining object. What could it be? He leaned lower—his breath came quickly and a rush of recollection surged rioting through his brain as he beheld a faded miniature of two bright-eyed children in pinafores.

There rose a vision of childhood days—a tiny cottage— a shady porch upon which two children played. A boy was carefully supporting a little dark-haired girl who sat gingerly astride the narrow banister. She cried out timidly, but he gently soothed her fears. Her name was Denise. The cottage faded—a lighted church loomed up—it was his wedding night, and the solemn strains of the bridal march swelled upon his ears. The bride entered—it was again Denise—how sweet she looked all robed in white!

His brain whirled—the picture vanished—and he was left alone the night, and his bride of twelve years ago.

A distant clock struck three, its droning chimes reverberating mournfully in the tense silence. A gleam from the dying candle traced a gentle kiss upon the pallid forehead of the sleeper.

Bang! the club dropped with a clatter.

"Allen! Allen!" shrieked the startled woman, awaking from her dream with his name upon her lips.

"Don't be afraid, I'm here!" was the half inarticulate reply; "and Denise?" headed, stooping lower, "I've cut the drink for good."—Caldwell H. Jones.

---

**Basket Ball Team Again Victorious**

"St. Malachy Hall in Philadelphia was the scene of some classy basket-ball last Saturday evening when the 'Varsity' managed to draw the big end of a 26 to 8 score from the Wissahicken School Club of Germantown, Pa. A large and enthusiastic crowd turned out to witness the game and the College boys had quite a number of rooters. Wissahicken made the first basket, but this only angered the College boys and after the first mixup the score stood 10 to 2 in their favor.

In the second half M. Curtis replaced Winthrop at guard and Nixon replaced "Doc" Curtis at forward. The Germantown boys came back strong in this half, but the College boys, though handicapped by new rules, extension baskets, and a strange court, easily outplayed them. Both teams played in great style and took advantage of all the openings that the game presented.

Gilmore, Winthrop and M. Curtis starred for the 'Varsity, while Limmons, C. Smith, Gould, and Robinson starred for the Germantown boys.

**Line Up**

Howard Position Wissahicken
Gray R. G. Robinson W. Smith
Winthrop L. G. C. Smith
M. Curtis (Capt.)
Gilmore C. Gould
Oliver R. F. Simmons

(acting capt.)

"Doc" Curtis L. F. Yance
Goals from floor, Simmons, Gilmore 5, Oliver 3, "Doc" Curtis 2, Nixon 1.
Fouls tossed, Oliver 2, Gilmore 2, Simmons 2, Yance 2.

Knicko.

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**CAMPUS JOTS**

The Varsity Basket Ball team went to Philadelphia last Saturday. They met and defeated the Wissahicken School Club team of Germantown, Pa. The score was 26 to 8.

The Y. M. C. A. was to have been addressed last Sunday by Professor Wilkinson, but owing to some disability the speaker did not show up. Secretary Marchant gave a short talk.

Rev. Anthony Deane of the Teachers College preached at the First Baptist Church of Steelton, Pa., last Sunday. This is the largest Baptist Church in Steelton.

W. J. Banks, class '10 Howard University Commercial College, has recently purchased a building on 25th St., near Jefferson Ave., Newport News, Virginia. The house has eight rooms, and is in a splendid business locality.

Professor William Tunnell of the History Department spent the week's end in New York. He was present at the Dedicatory Exercises of the new St. Phillips Episcopal Church of that city and preached the Dedicatory Sermon.

The Negro Teachers of Washington County held an Industrial Conference at Hagerstown, Md., March 15th. Nimon L. Williams of the Academy '07 delivered an address entitled "That Rainy Day." He is still teaching at Hancock, Md., and is getting results. At the conference, his school took first place in free hand drawing.

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Howard University Journal
Howard University
Washington, D. C.

Friday, March 31, 1911

EDITORIALS

One robin and low shoes do not make Spring. Beware of pneumonia during these post-winter days.

Many have the Howard Spirit but they don’t have enough of it to make them pay their subscriptions.

Howard Academy has reason to feel proud of the manner in which she is being represented at Minnesota University by Mr. Gale P. Hillyer. He has made his presence felt there and has won quite an enviable record.

“'The Pledge,” a short story contributed by Miss M. Edna jarvis, will appear in next week’s issue of the JOURNAL. This story was awarded the second prize in an informal competition held in short story writing.

Mr. Jas. T. Dagler, last year’s Editor to the JOURNAL, and who is now studying law in the University of Michigan, writes us that he is doing well in his work there. He finds the work stiff, but we feel sure that any man with the staying qualities he possesses will make good.

The columns of the JOURNAL are always open to contributors. We must give current news the precedence, but literary articles of merit will be published in the order in which they are received. Do not be disappointed because your article does not occur in the next issue. Vacancies on the present staff are to be filled, and they will be filled by men whose energy, ambition and ability merit the position. If you can write but do not, blame only yourself when you become aware that nobody knows your ability and that the knowledge of your existence does not abide in many minds. Try yourself on short story writing. Do not put it off, but write something for the JOURNAL now.

Thoroughness in Our Colleges

Thoroughness and efficiency are the highest standards of fitness. He who has only a smattering of any kind of learning ought not to expect the best results, nor can the best results be obtained from him. He may indeed fool the masses for a while, but a time comes when he is shown up in his true colors and he must "show down". This applies to every path of life. It is true in the religious world and it is true in the college world. The students seeking admission to a college as well as the ones seeking graduation, all come under this operation.

We sometimes think that our American colleges and universities, catering to large numbers, sacrifice thoroughness. There are some schools that wish to display their large numbers to the world that are not so strict as they should be in admitting students and in graduating students.

In the last few years Howard University has grown at an enormous rate. But we hope in its desire to grow and to enlarge it will not sacrifice thoroughness and efficiency. It is a great thing to have a Freshman class of 170, but it is not well to have a large number of unprepared Freshmen. It is well to have a graduating class of nearly forty, but be sure that these have met the requirements. Inquire where the Fresmen come from; for there are many of our southern fitting schools that fall far below the standard. Reject their standard or force them to raise their standards. Many students enter the collegiate department in advanced standing. These are the ones to look out for, they often gain a year. Find out if their tales of "how much they have had" coincide with that of the authorities of the school from which they come. Some of the records, we dare say, would not bear inspection.

Howard is in the place to say who shall enter. We want only the best. Reject the unfit and select best. It is better to have a class of thirty who have done four years of hard work than one of

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ties," giving here and there does democracy is growing stronger and stronger each day." That the poverty line. This is best im-
proved by the "Organized Charities," giving here and there does not better the condition of affairs, but organized and scientific giving will.

Perhaps we are a little radical, but we think we ought have a rule as they do in many of the Eastern universities, requiring a student to be connected with the university for at least two years before he can become a candidate for a degree in any of its graduate schools.

This article is not meant as an attack or as a reflection on any department of this university. It is only a warning lest we forget that thoroughness counts. Be sure that all who enter are prepared and all who finish have truly come up to the standards.—C. H. G.

**DR. THOMAS JONES LECTURES**

At the regular Chapel service last Tuesday we were favored with an eloquent lecture by Dr. Thomas Jesse Jones, Professor of Applied Sociology, on the subject: "Organized Charities." His talk was along practical lines. He brought out clearly that the world was turning gradually, but directly toward democracy. "Democracy is growing stronger and stronger each day." That the world is more clearly realizing its duty of alleviating the suffering of the many thousands below the poverty line. This is best improved by the "Organized Charities," giving here and there does not better the condition of affairs, but organized and scientific giving will.

He spoke concerning the large number below the poverty line in Washington. There are more than 20,000, including both races. It was the duty of "Organized Charities" to decrease this number. He brought out in a very practical way that modern democracy is concerned with human rights rather than property rights.

His address was forceful and was well received by students and teachers alike. Dr. Jones is thoroughly imbued with the sociological spirit.

**DR. MOORE'S LECTURES**

On Friday evening, March 24 at the regular monthly meeting of the Home and School Association held in Summer School Building, Dr. L. B. Moore, Dean of the Teachers' College, Howard University, delivered a lecture on "The Moral and Intellectual Qualifications of a Teacher." The value of the cooperation of parents, teachers and students was emphasized and the necessity of the support of civic bodies and the masses in upholding administrative policies of the school authorities was pointed out. Supplementary talks were made by Assistant Superintendent R. C. Bruce, Dr. M. W. D. Norman and Dr. M. W. Clair.

**Baseball and Gambling**

We are glad to note the recent action taken by Chairman Herrman in trying to prevent gambling from entering baseball. He wants the game to stand as it should, without the gambling element entering into it. He has secured the promise of both telegraph companies to deliver no telegrams of this nature, and also the promise of the Express Companies to deliver no such package. Then they can use the mail.

It is the same stand that we should use against commercialism and professionalism from entering into our college athletics.

As long as these elements are kept out athletics should hold a prominent place in our colleges, but when they secure a hold, athletics must depart.—C. H. G.

**HOWARD ATLANTA DEBATE**

Tickets for the Howard—Atlanta Debate, April 7th, may be had at the University book store or at Napper's Drug Store or from Mr. Thomas B. Noely. Get your seats early and avoid the inconvenience of standing.

Dean Kelly Miller spoke in New York City last Sunday under the auspices of the Episcopal Church in the interest of the Negro in the South. He was present on the special invitation of Bishop Grier of the Diocese of New York. Many prominent educators were present.

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THE INITIATION

It was a dreary night in the last part of chilly February, the moon was shedding its effluent rays upon the cheerless earth; not a sound was heard save the bay of the deep-mouthed bull-dog over the melancholy old Clark Hall across the way was glossy. It was about the hour of save the bay of the deep-mouthed Initiation night of the Haifa Top-pa rays upon the cheerless earth; not a sound was heard to rest behind a western cloud, the Aurora had buried her face to rest behind a western cloud, and all was dark and silent as the Aurora had buried her face to rest behind a western cloud, the Aurora had buried her face to rest behind a western cloud, the Aurora had buried her face to rest behind a western cloud, the Aurora had buried her face to rest behind a western cloud, the Aurora had buried her face to rest behind a western cloud, the Aurora had buried her face to rest behind a western cloud, the Aurora had buried her face to rest behind a western cloud, the Aurora had buried her face to rest behind a western cloud, the Aurora had buried her face to rest behind a western cloud, the Aurora had buried her face to rest behind a western cloud, the Aurora had buried her face to rest behind a western cloud, the Aurora had buried her face to 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THE EUREKA DEBATE

The time is here and the Preps have done their best to make their first debate a success. The speakers have lost no time and energy in their preparation to win honors, not only for their department, but also for the University at large. If the members of the other departments will stand by the Preps this one night, as the Preps do when the University is represented by the other departments, then we feel sure of a great night.

Metropolitan Church is large, but we have a large student body and can easily fill it. Let all Howard turn out, and the city will see that we are a great force. If you have not secured your ticket, do so at once; for no student-ticket will be issued at the church.

Dismond, the yell master, has composed some good songs and yells for us. Come, let us sing and yell, and cheer the boys to victory. Take your pennants with you and urge the Preps along. Remember, Friday, March 31st, you are supposed to be at the Metropolitan Church. Show your Howard spirit.

-T. C. Brown '11

On the second Sunday in April the Y. M. C. A. will be addressed by Judge Norris of the Department of Justice. His subject will be "The Immortal Man." It is expected a large number will be present to hear this noted speaker.

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LETTER FROM AN ALUMNI

Oberlin, Ohio,
February 20, 1911.
Dr. Wihur P. Thirkield,
Pres. Howard University,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:— I thought I would write you a letter to let you know that I still remember my Alma Mater. In this splendid institution of consecrated teachers I could not help but be well pleased. Yet I would have you know that I feel it my duty not only to do credit to Oberlin but to be an honor to Howard.

My class consists of a fine set of young men coming from the best institutions of the land. Several of the brightest of them come from noted institutions in other lands. It may be of interest to you to know the different nationalities represented in the class. There is one Turk, two Chinese, three Japanese, one Australian, one Bulgarian, one Mexican, one Negro (Summers), and a host of Anglo-Saxons. Surely you have been the principal source of young men coming from the best institutions in the world. No one could be prouder of the new life and inspiration that has been infused into the institution within the last few years. And may God give you strength and courage and life to continue this good work. You are lifting a race, you are disentangling the difficulties of a nation.

The students and professors here have treated me very kindly. I feel as much at home as I did at Howard. As to my expenses I have had no trouble whatever. I am acting as assistant pastor of the Second Baptist Church.

I hope you will excuse me for writing this long letter to one so busy. It is my interest and love for the institution and those who have consecrated their lives to its service that has induced me to write it.

Respectfully yours,
Howard H. Summers,
Council Hall,
Oberlin, Ohio

DEBARRED BECAUSE OF COLOR
Michigan Draws Color Line


To the JOURNAL: One of the most down right acts of discrimination in athletics of the present day was perpetrated in the recent selection of the University of Michigan track team, which is to represent the "Orange and Blue" this season, that has come to the notice of the public for many years.

Lorenzo Lapsley, a colored youth of the Sophomore "Lit" class, who is judged by the Western critics, and even by the athletic authorities here in the University, to be the best thirty-five yard dash man in the country, was entirely ignored in the selection of the track team which left here last night for a dual meet with Syracuse.

On two occasions at indoor meets held at University of Michigan, this winter Lapsley has beaten Creig, the holder of the world's record for the thirty-yard dash.

This act on the part of the athletic directors has afforded a considerable bit of discussion for the Chicago and Detroit papers for the past two weeks, and has settled once for all the probability of a colored man's chances in athletics at Michigan. The question has been asked a dozen times or more why Lapsley was not picked as one of the fourteen men who compose Michigan's team but no satisfactory reason has yet been given, and I fear we shall hear the sounding of Christ's second coming before we hear a good reason. If Lapsley had been deficient or back in his studies, we could have satisfied ourselves as to a reason, but that is not the case. The managers of athletics have heretofore and even now do make bold to announce that a fair and equal chance will be given alike to all students, but their actions in the case under consideration negatives their word. The fact of the whole matter may be stated in a single sentence—Prejudice is so deeply rooted in the mind of somebody that they would rather see the University go down in utter defeat than see a colored man on the team.

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