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Poem: A Song of the Seniors

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On going out into life, there is one thing to be observed by all. If we have anything to contribute to the uplift of mankind, any support to render to the unfortunate, let us give it where it is most needed, regardless of color, race or public sentiment. If we are to be philanthropists, we must possess the philanthropic spirit, and the true philanthropic spirit is to love and help mankind.

In closing, I again lay stress upon the social settlement work as a great philanthropic and an ennobling vocation. Although, on the one hand, it very often requires the person who truly engages in it to go among the worst and lowest; nevertheless, on the other hand, the work more often leads one before the throne of a mighty God. And it is this close and frequent association with that great and mysterious Being that gives one strength and courage to endure the storms of life.

A SONG OF THE SENIORS.

A. M. SMITH (College '09).

Sing a song of Seniors proud,
The class of nineteen nine.
Paenies, Subs and Middlers tell,
Left 'way back behind.

The time does seem so long ago
We scarcely can recall
Those days so insignificant
When we were "Paenies" small.

The other "preps" would shun us
When passing in the hall
As if we had no right to be
On Howard Hill at all.

38.

But when we passed our "paenic" year
And entered into "Sub,"
Then we would walk with heads up high
And little "paenies" snub.

We waxed so powerful and great
That "paenies" quaked with fear
Whene'er a big voice signalized
A Sub was coming near.

O how we yelled, triumphant
When our exams were o'er;
For with a few exceptions
We all were Middlers sure.

Middlers? Yes, we were Middlers proud.
How grand the name did sound;
And we were looked upon with awe
As we did "strut" around.

But O, it took out all our starch
When examinations came,
For these would tell who those would be
To bear the Senior's name.

O, happy class we were, when we
At last our marks received,
For when we found that we had passed
O how we felt relieved.

For we had reached the longed-for goal
Where all our hopes were turning:
The prize for which our hearts always,
With fond desire were burning.

And now we are the Senior Class
We long have sought to be,
Possessed of wisdom, strength and power,
Of ease and dignity.

Our time to spend on Howard Hill,
Is of but short duration,
But here we'll work as Senior's should
Until our graduation.

WHAT IS GENIUS ?

BY FRED F. DURRAH

Many a man who has shown extraordinary ability along some particular phase of work in life and has arrested the attention of the whole world by his remarkable deeds, has been called a genius. The question is often asked, What is this genius or extraordinary power that is so marked in some and is so lacking in others?

Webster says that genius is exalted intellectual power, capable of operating independently of tuition and training, and is marked by extraordinary faculty for original creation, interpretation, expression, invention, discovery, production or achievement; as a poet, orator, inventor or soldier of genius. Dr. Johnson's idea of genius was an infinite capacity for taking pains. The favorite idea of a genius among us, is one who never studies, or who studies nobody can tell when—at midnight or at odd times and intervals—and now and then strikes out “at a heat,” as the saying is, some wonderful production. “But the genius always does study; for he has that in his mind which makes him study.” “Attention is the very soul of genius,” says Dr. Dew, and it is not the fixed eye nor the poring over a book, but the fixed thought. It is in fact the action of the mind which is steadily concentrated upon one idea or series of ideas which collects in one point the rays of the soul till they search, penetrate, and fire the whole train of thoughts. It is no doubt true that a child of genius is born to do but one set of things in an excellent way. Although there are