

# The Howard University Record

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Take thou Oh Lord! the reins in hand,  
Assume our Master's room;  
Vouchsafe thou at our helm to stand,  
And pilot to become.  
Trim thou the sails, and let good speed  
Accompany our haste;  
Sound thou the channels at our need  
And anchor for us cast.

*George Wither.*



**CLARK HALL, Men's Dormitory**



**MINER HALL, Women's Dormitory**

# The Howard University Record

VOL. XIII

JUNE 1919

No. 6

## EDITORIALS

### SUPERIOR ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY HOWARD.

THIS is the season of the year when the aspiring Negro youth raises the query, "What college shall I attend next year?" Friends volunteer opinions as plentiful and varied as the interpretations of a masterpiece of literature. Every man, in fact, points to his own college, with the suppressed optimistic reflection,—“See what a great man it made of me!” Perhaps it is but natural that every man should be somewhat dogmatic about his own college; for he knows that one college intimately, and is virtually ignorant of all others. The prospective college student, therefore, cannot depend wholly upon such prejudicial advice. At least three fundamental qualities of an institution ought to be considered before a choice is made: first, the institution's reputation for high standards; second, its facilities for maintaining high standards; third, its means of encouraging initiative in its students. In these three essentials, Howard offers superior advantages to Negro students.

Realizing that the chief responsibility for the Negro's college, university, and professional training must be borne by the colored institutions, and, further, that hardly more than three large colored institutions of really university rank can be maintained, Howard University has eliminated her secondary departments and raised her standards to compare most favorably with those of the best institutions. With the exception of two or three conservative colleges, no American college has stricter requirements for admission than Howard. In fact, many of the reputable colleges allow considerably more latitude than Howard. The requirements for the Bachelor's Degree and the general character of the curriculum show Howard to be modern, progressive, and representative.

Howard, moreover, maintains a well-trained faculty of sufficient size to give adequately the courses offered. Already, men of recognized scholarly attainments have been attracted to the University, and others are to follow. The policy of the University is to attract as many scholars as available funds will permit. High standards, therefore, are maintained by men of broad university training. The federal appropriations, though not sufficiently large to support the University, help to give Howard an obvious advantage in attracting the best colored talent. Graduates of the college are accepted for graduate work in all the larger institutions. Howard is the only colored institution from which graduates are now accepted at Harvard for advanced degrees.

In addition to Howard's high standards and her facilities for maintaining such standards, means of fostering initiative in the students are numerous. The student body numbers over 1,500. Student organizations are open to all alike. If a student has the germ of leadership, he has every opportunity and encouragement to develop it. For example, he has a chance to lead one of the numerous teams, or to be president of one of the numerous societies, or become manager of one of the clubs. There is every outlet for his talent. The policy of the University is to encourage the kind of freedom that is conducive to manly development. Fraternities, therefore, are not discouraged at Howard, but rather encouraged; for thus

far they have proved their worth by helping to solve the home-life problem, as well as helping to develop manly virtues. A student has not only an academic life, but a social life as well.

Furthermore, Washington is a veritable university city, with advantages unsurpassed by those of any other city in the land. The Library of Congress, the Smithsonian Institution, the Bureau of Education, the Corcoran Art Gallery, the Army Medical Museum, the Naval Observatory, and a number of other buildings of educational importance, may be visited freely; and facilities for research in any one are made accessible to Howard students. Then, too, on the floors of the Senate and the House of Representatives, leaders in national thought and statesmanship may be heard on vital questions. Lectures and concerts in the city are usually open to all. The very atmosphere of Washington is that of a liberal education.

Finally, there is greater opportunity for students to earn money in Washington than in any other city in the Union. Through certification by the Civil Service Commission, students may secure desirable work in the several departments, while they are attending college. The chiefs of the various departments are usually willing to arrange a student's hours to accommodate his studies. Other kinds of work are open to students who want to earn money. Preference in many establishments is given to Howard students. No energetic student ever leaves Howard for want of funds.

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#### A PARTING WORD TO THE SENIORS.

HOWARD UNIVERSITY graduates the Class of 1919 with the same indescribable pride with which she has sent forth all previous classes. May this class emulate its predecessors in rendering real service to the country! Howard expects all to be *men* and *women*, standing on the vantage ground of Truth, and fighting to the last breath for right, for justice, and for honesty. The class will realize more and more, as they face the cold, cruel competition of a busy, bustling world, that here in America, the vaunted "land of the free and the home of the brave," the virtues of the Negro are dimmed into obscurity and his vices illuminated to a dazzling brightness. They will notice how generous the American press is with space when a Negro commits a crime, or is sentenced for any misdemeanor; and how miserly, when a Negro accomplishes a feat of unusual difficulty.

The soul of every educated person yearns for the ideals which God has granted him the power to visualize. The Negro college graduate is no exception. Providence never meant to send any race into the world, booted and spurred to ride, and another race ready saddled and bridled to be ridden. The pernicious doctrine of race inferiority is spent. Only now and then a demagogue of the "old school" ventures the heresy. The black man took his place along side of the white man in their combined effort to save the world's democracy. The black man's bullet was as accurate and as deadly as any fired in that colossal struggle.

The educated Negro must not cringe or voluntarily accept less than a man's portion. He must realize that he will have to do three times as much as the uneducated white American to get any kind of recognition, but he must tackle his job with the hope of ultimate victory. It is for the university graduate to take the initiative in reviving America's conscience. It is for the thinking man, not the demagogue, to do the talking and the writing. Speaking and writing for popular approval may not be compatible with the righteousness of the cause. Herbert Spencer has wisely said, "Desire of approbation overrides the desire of comfort and convenience." The parting word, therefore, to the Class of 1919 is to *stand up like men and women for right, for justice, and for honesty*. Howard expects no less of you.

## RETROSPECTION.

As we glance back over the college year just ended, we look upon one of the most momentous years in the history of Howard University. The incoming of our vigorous President, with his high ideals of educating the Negro youth capable of pursuing a college course and his optimistic vision of the greater Howard, gave the year an appropriate beginning. Then followed the establishment of the S. A. T. C., with its ponderous program of five or six subjects and an incredibly short time allotted to study. Not an instructor, even of the most rigorous type, had the heart to molest a sleepy soldier in the classroom. The influenza followed, closing the University for a month, but not being able to do worse damage on the Hill. Shortly after the resumption of the classes, the Germans took a notion to call off their engagement to dine every holiday in Paris. Their abrupt decision returned the S. A. T. C. to civilian life, much to the chagrin of the boys who wanted an excursion into *No Man's Land*, and of those who had bought expensive uniforms subject to Uncle Sam's monthly payments. Then the real joy came when our Howard heroes, wearing Buffaloes, Red Hands, and various other emblems on their arms, returned, accepting modestly their share in preventing the kaiser from wearing the coveted crown of the world. Before we finished shaking hands with our heroes, the Commencement bells began to ring, and here we are at the end of the college year, almost forgetful of war, except for the ever soaring cost of living which reminds us that something has happened.

The year has had its sadness with its joys and thrills. Seven of our Howard boys gave their lives that democracy might live. We bow in reverence to the memories of Lieutenant Norwood C. Fairfax, Sergeant Julius E. Proctor, Mitchell Davis, Morgan Simmons, Leon Cork, Marcus Hanna Carter, and Prince Algernon Johnson. Another sadness was brought to us through the death of John Ephraim Williams, one of the most popular and most beloved students in the University. Though he did not die in the service, he had been in the S. A. T. C.

Thus the college year of 1918-'19, with its many vicissitudes, now passes into history, and we look with welcoming eyes to a much needed summer vacation. In the twinkling of an eye, another college year will be with us.

## NOTICE!

THE RECORD is not published during the months of July, August, September, and October. The next number, therefore, will be published in November. Beginning with the November number, the publication will be released from the press not later than the tenth of each month. Every effort will be exerted to give Howard University a representative publication, edited by the faculty and students. Thanks to the many kind friends who have loyally supported the RECORD this year!





## BACCALAUREATE SERMON

*J. Stanley Durkee, A. M., Ph. D., President of Howard University.*

"Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."—II Timothy, 2:15.

WE have arrived at a date in history when to be selfish, unjust, unrighteous, were a shame and a crime greater than at any other period since history began. Never before has humanity felt its oneness, its unity, as now. Never before have might and right fought each other while the whole world joins in. Never before have Caesar and Christ drawn swords upon a world battle field. Never before have autocracy and democracy been pitted against each other, the fight to be to the death. Never before have right and righteousness been so vindicated that a wayfaring man, though a fool, need make no mistake in reading.

From this world conflict emerges a truth so clearly taught that humanity deserves to be annihilated in some future world conflagration, if it does not accept that truth now as a foundation on which it shall ever build. The truth is this,—autocracy cannot live with Christianity and democracy cannot live without it. "Autocracy is built upon the control of the many by the selfish forces of the few. Democracy is built upon the consent of the many and the common service of all." It is selfishness versus service. It is Caesar versus Christ. It is autocracy versus democracy. Christianity condemns selfishness and glorifies service. The tenets of the Christian faith are love and service, love prompting to service, and love and service leading the way to the highest ideals of life. Therefore, Christianity and democracy shall endure. Jesus Christ shall be the democratic Leader and the world's Saviour.

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem  
And crown Him Lord of all."

Our text is a portion of a dispatch from one of the greatest generals who ever fought under the supreme command of Jesus Christ. It was sent by that general to a young captain. In that dispatch—and we may read it in full from this old Record Book—the old general sketches the opposing forces, the plan of battle, the fierceness of the conflict, and the assurance of victory, providing every leader implicitly obeys the orders of the commander-in-chief. Then follow the words we have chosen as the text of today,—“Study to show thyself approved of God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.”

You are in the front lines. Your Commander knows your every move. If you fail, He knows it, and your failure jeopardizes the success of all. If you succeed, He knows it, and your success heartens all. Some day you will be back from the front lines. The victory will have been won. You will meet your Commander face to face. Your skill, your bravery, your faith, will draw from Him a medal and an encomium such as to tint your whole future life with glory. "O young captain," cries the great St. Paul, "study to show thyself approved unto God."

May I keep the spirit but change the figure of speech to its literary interpretation, and inquire what constitutes a really trained workman, what are the materials with which he shall work, and what is the structure to be erected? In discussing these topics, we may find the esoteric meaning of this old warrior, Paul the Apostle.

## A TRAINED WORKMAN.

There are two great systems of education battling for supremacy today. The <https://dh.howard.edu/hurecord/vol13/iss6/1> then do": the other says,—“Learn by doing.” The 8nc

is hoary with age and tradition: the other is young and of ruddy complexion. Take, for instance, language study. The older system calls for a grammar, and sentences the student to learn words and rules and conjugations. It's a hard, thankless, grinding task for the student, but a flowery bed of ease to the mere book teacher. What professorial ignorance has been hidden behind this array of seeming knowledge! Under that system I myself studied a modern language in school for two years, and never was required nor expected to converse in it. I now believe that the Professor himself could not speak the language. The younger system calls for a teacher who speaks and thinks and dreams in the language he would teach. The first lesson is one of conversation. Familiar objects in the mother tongue are named in the new language studied. Interest is aroused for new words, reasons are demanded for variations in the **verbs**, and before the student realizes it, he is becoming more or less fluent in that formerly strange tongue. The law should be not theory and then practice, but, rather, practice calling for the theory.

The same rule holds in all study. Give a student a dry-cell battery. What is this strange something called electricity? How is it produced? How does this peculiar battery substance store it up? How is it transmitted? By the time these practical problems are worked out, all the theories have been reviewed, not as a mere student grind, but, rather, as an eager delight. No longer is it text books to learn, but, rather, text books to explain.

The war has taught us that we can learn in two years about all our colleges have been taking four years to teach. We now know how to speed up and use hitherto untaxed energies for greater results.

This new sense of mastery gained by the student brings a strange new joy. Instead of a numbing discouragement, often intensified by a **thoughtless** or ignorant teacher, the student is conscious of a great desire to know. Knowledge becomes an allurements. Drudgery is transformed into pleasure. The student now becomes a member of that great fraternity, the highest joy of **which is to acquire new mental and spiritual heights of vision.** To the real student, it is not the prize, but the ability to win the prize, that makes the heart sing. "**I can**" is the mastering cry of conquering souls.

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,  
So near is God to man.  
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must,*  
The youth replies, *I can.*"

There are master builders who will ever be inspirations to those who are pushing their way up through the crowds and seeking the top. Wordsworth speaks of one in his great poem, "The Happy Warrior:"

"Who is the happy warrior? Who is he  
That every man in arms should wish to be?"

Wordsworth was speaking of Lord Nelson, the hero of Trafalgar. Naturally, the soldier's thought now turns to our world hero, General Foch; and those who know, see him kneeling in that little shell-torn church in prayer, while the fierce battles rage on at the front. What an inspiration for ambitious young men is the career of Lloyd George of England, or our own son of the manse, Woodrow Wilson! Or, turn to those even greater master builders—greater, because of such cruel handicaps—Douglass and Dunbar, Coleridge-Taylor and Booker Washington! These, together with those scores of living men, are race builders, pioneers, pillars of cloud by day and fire by night leading on a mighty host to God's promised land of universal right and justice and brotherhood.

I say to you, there is no greater challenge offered to men than to the race builders of this age. O young ladies and gentlemen, what a kingdom to gain in such a time as this! "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

#### MATERIALS WITH WHICH WE WORK.

I have sometimes almost envied the sculptor his power of making cold stone pulsate with life.

One of life's thrilling moments was that one when first I stood beside Michel Angelo's "Moses" in the old church at Rome. I recalled how the great creator is said to have struck the finished statue, crying,—*"Speak, Moses, for thou can'st speak."* I walked around that marvelous marble. I stood gazing into that face until it seemed as though the lashes moved, and the lips would speak. I stood aside to see him looking out through the great doors of the church, out across the city, while the Tiber flowed on unnoticed, out across Italy, out across the world, out across the infinite centuries, waiting, waiting, waiting, for that final day when the heavens should be rolled together as a scroll, the earth melted with fervent heat, and the nations be called to judgment. I thought of that night at Kadesh-Barnea; of the awful soul struggle and the glorious soul victory which gave birth to his great poem, the Ninetieth Psalm. Standing there beside that almost breathing marble, I repeated to myself,—

"Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.  
Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst  
formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to ever-  
lasting, Thou art God. Thou turnest man to dust; and sayest,  
Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is  
past, and as a watch in the night.

\* \* \* \* \*

Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants, and Thy glory unto their  
children.

And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish  
Thou the work of our hands upon us: yea, the work of our hands  
establish Thou it."

But marble is not our material. We work with nobler stuff.

I have in my study, painted on canvas, the life dream of a great artist who has just gone away from this world to that other world of greater possibilities. I speak of my own personal friend, Mr. Darius Cobb. His story of the painting of "The Master" is one of the most entrancing in all the long history of art. For thirty years he painted on that face of Christ before another eye save his own saw it. For sixty-five years he dreamed of the face he would paint. On his knees in prayer he painted. With a little harmonica in hand, from which he drew rare and beautiful music, he painted. All the love, all the hopes, all the suffering, and all the prayer of eighty-two years of living went into that portrait face which now hangs upon my study wall. It is an immortal picture. Never again can the face of a weak or effeminate Jesus attract the world after the masterful face which Mr. Cobb has portrayed.

But the artist's brush and beauty are not our materials. We work in more lasting stuff than these.

Do you recall Wordsworth's poem, "To Toussaint L'Ouverture"?

"Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,  
Live and take comfort. Thou hast left behind  
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and skies;  
There's not a breathing of the common wind  
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;  
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
And love, and man's unconquerable mind."

Ah! that leads us nearer to our working materials.

"Exultations!" Yes, we must learn to work in this material. Instead of ever feeling the weight of life, we must learn to feel the lift of life. A song is more effective than a sigh. Laughter will accomplish more than tears. The salvation of the colored race has been its laughter and its singing. The full salvation of the race will come through its songs, for songs rule the nations. I look with great fear upon that education which robs the race of its God-given power to sing. When her songs die, the race dies. We must work with exultations and rejoice that we are allied with God for whom the morning stars sing together.

"Agonies!" Yes, this also is our material. The great Italian composer, Verdi, translated the blows of the blacksmith's hammer into marvelous music. It is the Anvil Chorus in *Il Trovatore*. What we need today is inspired prophets who will translate these world agonies of ours into new racial and political brotherhood,—men who will translate the cries of breaking hearts, the sobs of childhood, the sounds of falling tears, and the death agonies of these millions slain, into justice in the courts, where every man is held innocent until he is actually proven guilty; justice in trade, where the poor shall no longer be hungry or shrunken, while capital coins the sweat of labor into the gold of indulgence and luxury; justice in government, where every man shall have his right of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, without reference to race, color, or creed. Truly, truly, "unless civilization collects its pay in the coin of a new world conscience that shall compel the ascendancy of spirituality over materiality, it has squandered its life and treasure in vain."

"Man's unconquerable mind!" You can never defeat a man until you defeat his mind. A man is never beaten until he gives up mentally. What stories come out of the war to prove this assertion! By all the rules of reason and war, France was crushed and England defeated three months after the war opened. Only a single line of Canadians, and the men five yards apart, lay between the German hordes and victory. The will, unbroken, undefeated, in that single line of men saved Europe and the world.

A young man came to me for assistance in securing a job. He must support a mother and five children while he put himself through college. And he is doing it today!

He who works in marble is great! He who paints for immortality, endures! He who interprets life's loves and tears in song is inspired! But he who moulds a life, who inspires a child, who cheers one on the worthy attainment for God and the good, is greater than they all!

This leads me to say that every right thing is sure to win; for exultations, and agonies, and loves, and man's unconquerable mind are allied with God for final victory.

The accursed liquor traffic thought itself all powerful to withstand the might of right. But right has won and this friend of demons dies.

Near-sighted and self-encrusted mortals cry against a League of Nations, a United States of the World. But a League of Nations will control the world in spite of gun factories and narrow-minded politicians.

Justice and liberty for all races is still a dream for the Christian Church and humanity lovers. In America we use the terms of justice and liberty, but we show ghastly faces in the flare of night lights and lynchings. We sprinkle rose water over our words while our nostrils are smitten with the stench of burning human flesh. Justice and liberty! Ah, Columbia, turn away your head and weep!

But will it ever be—ever be? Listen,—

“On yon far reef the breakers recoil in shattered foam,  
Yet still the sea behind them urges its forces home.  
Its song of triumph rises o'er all the thunderous din,  
The wave may break in failure, but the tide is sure to win.

“The reef is strong and cruel, against its jagged wall  
One wave, a score, a hundred broken and beaten fall;  
Yet in defeat they conquer, the sea comes sweeping in,  
Wave upon wave is routed, but the tide is sure to win.

“O mighty sea, thy message in clanging spray is cast;  
Within God's plan the progress, it matters not at last  
How wide the shores of evil, how strong the reefs of sin,  
The wave may be defeated, but the tide is sure to win.”

#### THE STRUCTURE TO BE ERECTED.

A world Christian democracy, as outlined by Jesus in His great manifesto called “The Sermon on the Mount,” is the structure. This only is the ideal and rational building. The foundations, as laid by Jesus Christ, are the only foundations that can carry the strain of a world democracy. All other foundations have been tried and have been found wanting. When the rains have descended, the floods have come and the winds have blown,—all other structures built upon a lesser foundation than that of Christian democracy have been overthrown. Open your histories to read of the days gone by. Stop to allow the last four years of national life the world over to unfold before you,—Turkey goes—Bulgaria goes—Russia destroyed—Germany collapses. The powers that work for permanency are the powers at work with God.

Standing on this side of the terrible conflict, our muscles still aquiver and our nerves slowly relaxing, is it not the hour for us to determine what the future shall be? Has not the time come when we must have a new accession of moral vision and power? Is not the hour here when we may well say to ourselves with all the assurance of an inspired prophet,—unless God shall build with us now, our structure shall crumble and go down and our nation be destroyed in the future as nations have been destroyed in the past?

We must have a reappraisal of human and divine values. We must recognize that a nation is strong only as her individual citizens are strong. Some of us have learned that it is necessary for every individual to be educated in the English language and in those moral and spiritual verities upon which character must endure and the nation's greatness be won. We have come to the turning of the way. Shall we now release Christ as Leader in America and in the world, or shall we release Barabbas? It is the time to choose God or mammon.

The United States comes out of this war weighted with gold and vaster gold mines are opening at her very feet.

Twenty-five millions of men have been killed and wounded during the awful struggle of the past four years. Out of that appalling number America loses only about three hundred thousand. Our man power is intact. We are told that Great Britain has lost one man out of every four or five of her population; France has lost one man out of every three or four of her population; Germany has lost one man out of every two or three of her population. The man power of America

has not even been touched. Only a few of our noble, heroic souls have laid down their lives for our new world destiny. While the other nations are quivering with their own weakness, America is strong today, and stronger than ever before.

Our material strength is so vast! The war speeded our manufacturing. We mined more coal; we built more machinery; we launched more ships; we pushed forward industry to a point that seems to us now as miraculous. It is hard for the common thinker to imagine the vitality, the throb, the eagerness, the might of America today. Gold will be pouring in upon us like a yellow flood. America will grow rich and richer with every passing month.

Hence, the greatest concern of those who love America is in the asking,—shall she serve God or mammon? In other words, shall it be an America growing stable and free and divine, waxing greater and greater in the things that forever abide, or shall it be an America faltering, failing, decaying, and at last falling to destruction because luxury has sapped her vitality, and riotous living has rotted her soul?

The foundations for this Christian democracy will ever be three,—the home, the church, the school.

The home must be free. The future wife and mother must not be the slave as in the past. The future wife and mother will not develop that helpless dependence on the whims of a husband for her support. She will have her independence and her moral, legal and operative rights in the money earned by the household, and in the freedom from drudgery by the many labor saving devices which are now being brought to the home. I need not picture the old days, when the wife had somehow become a servant to the capricious will of a husband and her support was grudgingly given in a few dollars now and again outside the running expenses of the home. The future wife and mother will become partner in all the economic values created by husband and wife and family together.

The church will take her place, united as a church, as queen of all the emotional and soul life of man as well as woman. It is written in the eternal laws of God that His Church shall be a united church. The prayer of Jesus "that they may be one as we are" was but a prophecy. Jesus could well foresee how the long years must pass when men found their way through the incidental and the narrow out to the universal and the broad. He well could foresee those centuries of growth ere men would come to lay by the incidental and give their lives untediously to the one great cause which challenges humanity.

How long have we been coming to the place where all the religious forces of the world may be guided as an individual city is guided, as an individual nation is guided? Why shall there not be an election (in the proper interpretation of the word) for the head of the church? Why should not the forces of Christianity be guided by democracy as the politics of the world shall be guided by democracy? Great men have ever turned to the church as the greatest regenerative agency at work in this sin-cursed world. It has been inspiring to those who love the church to see how the whole world and the demonstrative forces in every nation, turned to the church as the steadying influence during this war. Why were England and America, from the political standpoint, ever seeking to interchange their master minds in religious thinking, to steady these nations while the terrible war was on? Little men have ever scoffed the church and gone aside to live their ungodly lives, cloaking them by their scoffing. Great souls have always turned to this greatest agency for man's uplift and regeneration.

The school must come to her rightful place. There are about six hundred thousand teachers in America for our public schools. Three hundred thousand of them have never been educated beyond the secondary grades! Three hundred thousand of them have had no special training for teaching! The salaries of teachers are so poor that their monthly check would insult a street sweeper!

Shame on American meanness, American littleness, American short-sightedness, when her destinies are in the hands of her public school teachers! Surely the war has revealed to us as never before the necessity of banishing illiteracy from America and making her citizenship more stable.

Into that structure to be erected must go ourselves as living stones of building. "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are."

Yourself and myself must be built into that new Christian democracy, but we cannot be dead stones lying lifeless where some master workman may desire to put us. We must be living stones. The building must be growing and expanding constantly. Should we be weak stones and crumbling, we weaken the building. Should we be the strong and noble and persevering lives called for by our country and by our God, we will be strengthening the building and cheering the hearts of the workmen who are relying upon us for that new day of God and truth.

If you are not a Christian man, a Christian woman, then you become a weakness to the building, a weakness to America, a weakness to the world democracy. See to it that your lives are consecrated in the most real way.

Christian workmen are ever building better than they know. The structures they rear are somehow framed from immortal timber. The plans from which they work are part of the plan of the Eternal.

Little did Washington dream of this great America we now behold! Little did he know of the eternal destinies at stake, when, at Valley Forge, he prayed! Little could he see, far-visions though he was, of the vast futures to be moulded by his virile young republic in the West! Yet, all this vast development and the infinite vaster yet to be, were enfolded in his victories. His victories then were precursor of the hour when America would arise in her might and save the world. To Washington they built a monument on the Potomac shore. Tall, straight, mysterious, grand, it has for many years spoken his glory and the strength and grandeur of this young nation. During the evenings of the Victory Loan drive, searchlights flashed and played upon that granite shaft, tipping the point with fire until it became a mighty pen to write across the heavens once more,—

"I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:  
As ye deal with my contempters, so with you my grace shall deal;  
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with His heel,  
Since God is marching on.

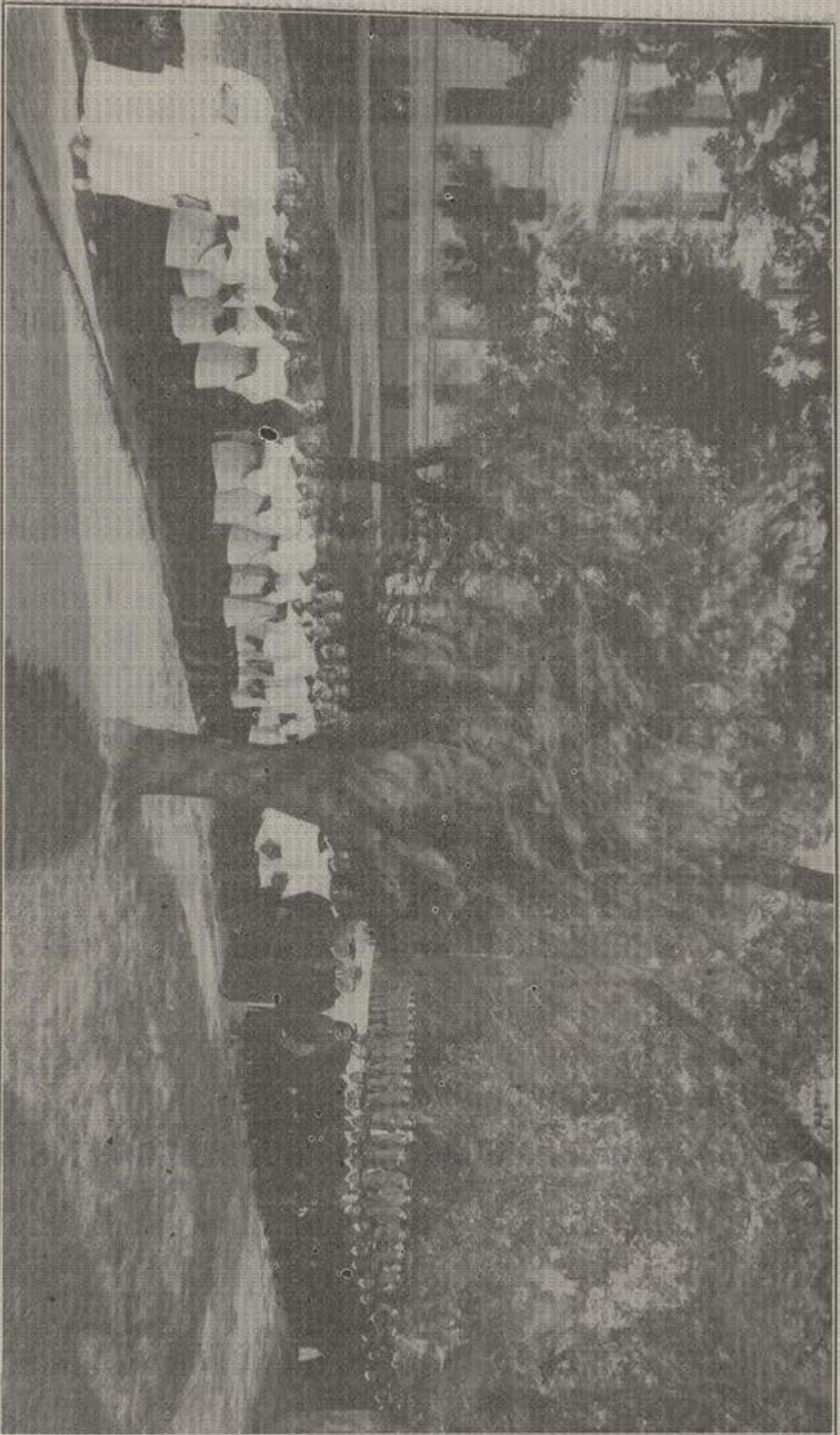
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"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,  
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:  
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,  
While God is marching on."

All around us materials for building lie scattered, materials which are temporal, materials which are eternal. Shall we build with wood, hay, stubble? Shame! Shame! The fire of fate will try every man's work, of what sort it is. Shall we build with gold, silver, precious stones? True! True! This alone is worthy of our eternal being.

God help us to choose well and build well, studying to show ourselves approved of God, workmen that need not be ashamed.

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free;  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"



Baccalaureate Procession



## CLASS OF 1919

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1919, SCHOOL OF LIBERAL ARTS.

*Emily May Harper.*

Four years ago, we entered Howard as so many separate individuals with as many different destinies. Gradually we became amalgamated and unified into one great and glorious class under the black and gold banner of '19. It seemed away in the distant future then, but now we realize that 1919 was only too near, and we have run our course to a sad, triumphant close, and now look back on many happy memories.

Our first year was our most enthusiastic. We rallied from our first defeat in the Rush and came back strong for the football game, sending the "mighty Sophomores" down into the dust, beaten 12—0. We were all so happy, so exuberant that we wanted to be together to sing of our victory. And here was the beginning of the social life that has characterized us and been a mainstay of our unity. We entertained for our football boys; we did well to be proud of them, for many of them appeared later as "Varsity Stars." At this first get-together, there began the numerous flames of '19, and we continued through at least three years to be a class of couples.

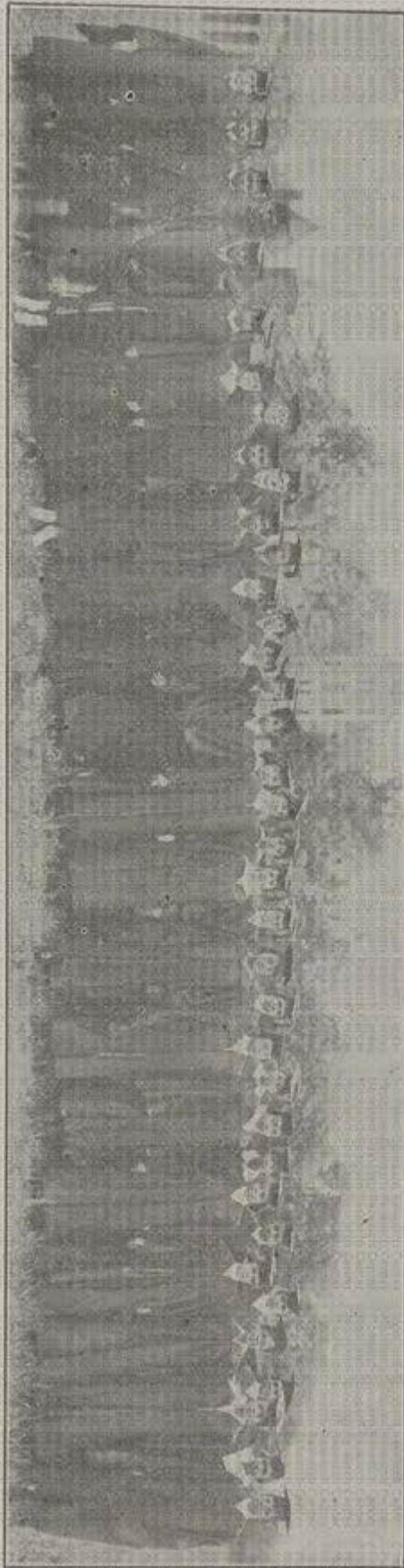
Our next royal appearance was in the interclass debate for which we all put forth every effort. How marvelously we were repaid when the judges announced a unanimous decision for the Freshmen! The defeat in our Sophomore year was not so much a blow as a reminder of the year before, and we enjoyed our social after it without regret and with much pleasure.

Our Sophomore year marked the entrance of the United States into the great war, and we gave freely of ours to the cause. In the first place, members of '19 composed four-fifths of the cast of *Disraeli*, which was presented to raise funds for the Colored Officers' Training Camp. And then when the call came, eleven of our men were commissioned at Des Moines and many more at a later period. Our ranks have been sadly depleted these last two years because of the men we have sent over seas. What Nineteener will ever forget the night we sent them off at the farewell get-together? *Alma Mater* has never been sung with more pathos than we sang it for the last time as

"Sophomores of dear old Howard, loyal and true,  
Fighting, striving onward for the white and blue."

Our Junior and Senior years have seen us small in numbers but still the same in spirit. Indeed, we have been a singular class in that we have been able to assume all the dignity, depth, and managership of upper classmen without losing the joyousness and sociability that have characterized our career. We are Seniors who are capable of enjoying to the utmost any good time. Even caps and gowns have failed to put in our faces the long lines which usually typify Seniority.

We write the last chapter of Nineteen's life with sad hearts; but we close the book with a feeling of "well done." We have a pride in our originality which has furnished us many a good time. We do not boast of these things; we rather express our joy at having initiated things which we hope our successors will enjoy. Ours was the first class hike, and how many happy days have followed for ourselves and others on such hikes! Who but Nineteen could have conceived and carried out a Camouflage Cabaret Banquet or such a successful Frivolity Day? We have been pleased to see other classes follow our example in giving class numerals to their athletes and pins to their debaters. We have been, from our entrance, the first class unified under the school of Liberal Arts; and now the first class to be



Class of 1919, School of Liberal Arts

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graduated under our new President. We are the stepping stone to a greater Howard. As we have gained so much in these four years, we have contributed some small something to the glory of our Alma Mater; and it is the desire of every Nineteener—

“That we may go on and upward,  
Lifting as we rise;  
Raising the name of Howard  
Up unto the skies.”

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#### HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1919, SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.

*Lawrence W. Jackson.*

THE present Senior Class of the Howard University Medical School is composed of twenty-three members, all of whom are hopeful of being graduated in toto. Twenty-two of this number are men; one is a woman. Ten of these are degree men from Howard, and seven hold degrees from Lincoln, Biddle, Western Reserve, Atlanta, and Cornell. The contingent of Howard men formed a part of the College class of '16, which was the instigator and promoter of the movement which resulted in the “combination” courses in Howard University.

This class embarked on its medical career in the fall of 1915, with twenty-five students. Weathering the usual elimination, it has finally arrived at the termination of a successful Senior year with twenty-three members.

The class has had no unusual experiences that might make especially interesting reading. It might, however, be well to note that the members of the class represent fifteen different States, the District of Columbia, and the British West Indies, thus indicating the Medical School's influence as a national and international institution.

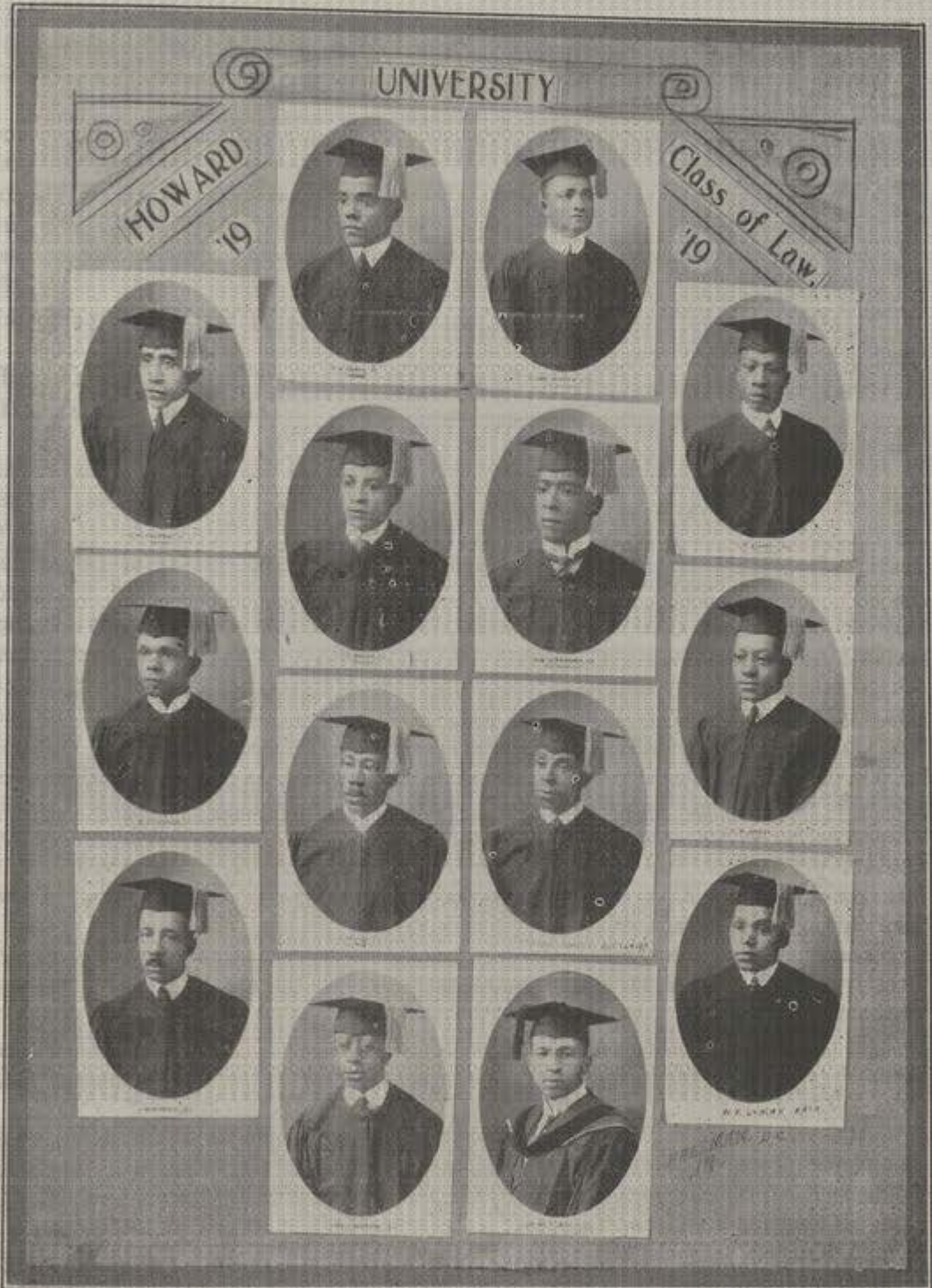
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#### HISTORY OF THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1919, SCHOOL OF LAW.

*George A. Parker.*

WHEN the Howard University School of Law opened its portals for the session of 1916-17, it found thirty-two young people eagerly waiting to embark upon a preparation which would fit them for places among the leaders of men. They came from the North, the East, the South and the West, and several from the District of Columbia. With only a very few exceptions they came depending for their tuition and other necessary expenses upon the sweat of their respective brows. With stern determination they entered the Law School to become lawyers. Early they were impressed with the fact that he who would know the science of jurisprudence, must know at great cost. The world war was on and it was evident that the intense strain upon man everywhere would in some unknown degree affect the men of the class. Yet they struggled amid this and other difficulties with no uncertain air of optimism. Dingle, Robinson, and Smith brought with them the air of Howard, while Brandon and Bright gave to us that of Howard and Hampton. There was Morgan from the State College of North Carolina, Dyson from Oberlin, Lyman from Wilberforce, Kitchen from Kansas State University, and later Graves from Shaw, and Dunning from Mission College of Virginia, all contributing their bit as to the making of the life in Howard Law what it should be in all years.

These boys soon put things into motion. During the early spring of the season, the Law School was invited to present a program before the Y. M. C. A.



of the University. Parker and Tansil were selected to represent the class. Parker addressed the august body, selecting as a subject—"The Lawyer in the Community." Tansil followed with a musical number which brought much notice to him as a "Sweet Singer." The class then initiated a movement to create a greater spirit of co-operation among the student body of the Law School. A committee was appointed to confer with the other classes to this aim, and thus began a movement the fruits of which are now obvious.

As time rolled around, it gave rise to the examinations which necessarily meant that the contest for honors started early. Contracts being the first, Parker set the pace for the class and was followed closely by Mehlinger, Smith, Tansil, Kitchen, Dyson, Paters and Morgan. The season for the year of 1916-17 closed with the contest for first honors being a very tight one among several members of the class.

The officers for the first semester were A. L. Dingle, Pres.; A. E. Tansil, V. Pres.; W. S. Lyman, Sec.; Robt. W. Robinson, Treas.; Jas. S. Winfrey, Chap.; Emory B. Smith, Parliamentarian.

For the second semester, A. E. Tansil, Pres.; W. C. Kitchens, V. Pres.; Carl R. Johnson, Sec.; Geo. A. Parker, Treas.; W. S. Lyman, Chap.; S. Morgan, Parliamentarian.

The opening of the session of 1917-18 found the membership reduced to nineteen. Some because of conditions of which they had no control had fallen on the wayside. Others had laid aside their study of the law to enter upon a course of military instruction at Camp Ft. Des Moines to qualify as officers in the U. S. Army. Those that were fortunate enough to return showed the same Old Howard Spirit, quickened, however, by the fact that Howard was playing such a large part in the training camp for Colored Officers. The class demonstrated a keen interest in everything that meant a greater Howard. A greater demonstration was shown by the response and pledges made by the class to the call of the Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. on the student body. A get-together meeting, fostered by this class, a prominent part in the annual Mock Trial, as well as the reception given the graduating class of 1918 give a conception of the social spirit maintained. The same old contest for honors manifested itself. By this time Melhinger, in an unobtrusive manner, had received a commission as Captain in the Army. This left those who were close contenders in the former year only to push forward and give rise to a closer race.

The officers for the year were W. C. Kitchens, Pres.; J. Beckton Bright, V. Pres.; John D. Redmond, Sec.; James S. Winfrey, Treas.; George A. Parker, Parliamentarian.

As go the horrors of war, our dear classmate, Carl R. Johnson, was the first member to be called from us by the draft. But to the credit of the class he was soon followed by nearly sixty per cent of the members of the class.

And alas the year of 1918-19 dawned upon us, although not intact as we were at our beginning. The Senior year brought with it a further reduction in members. Some had by the operation of the selective draft act responded to our country's call. Among those who were gone at the opening of school were Brandon, Bright, Lyman, Kitchen, Johnson, Peters, and Tansil, some of whom were fortunate enough to return in time for the opening of school after the epidemic on October 1st, 1918. Nearly every representative of the class that had the pleasure of remaining with the colors in America or in France came home with some distinction. Those that were unable to obtain commissions were successful in receiving non-commissionships, as Gunners in the Artillery, and Non-Coms in the Infantry.

Every one of the men that made up the Senior Class manifested that degree of dignity and professional style which should mark Seniors. President Durkee brought to the class much inspiration because of his new policies for a Greater

somewhat affected the order of the men. The Armistice was an occasion for much joy. Dyson had received his call for Nov. 13th, and others would have soon been following. In a few days Bright, Brandon, Lyman, and Dunning returned to the fold from the Colors.

Our highly esteemed classmate, Emory B. Smith, was selected by the Trustee Board to tour the country in behalf of the Alumni Association and by so doing foretell the plans of our President as to a Greater Howard. This was the year for supreme effort and every member went to it with greater determination. No social functions were given during the year, but in their stead it was, WORK! WORK! WORK!

This class is distinguished in the Fraternal Circles of the University by having so many of its members capable of being elected to a seat in the Council Chambers of the Tau Delta Sigma Fraternity of the Howard University School of Law. Among those who were able to enjoy this exceptional honor are Brandon, Bright, Dunning, Lyman, Graves, Redmond, Parker, Robinson, Tansil, and Winfrey.

The officers for the first semester were George A. Parker, Pres.; A. E. Tansil, V. Pres.; John D. Redmond, Sec.; Robert W. Robinson, Treas.; Harry A. Dyson, Parliamentarian. This administration was marked with much success, but time passed swiftly and the time came for the organization of the graduating class. The officers were elected as follows: A. E. Tansil, Pres.; Harry A. Dyson, V. Pres.; Robert W. Robinson, Sec.; J. Beckton Bright, Treas.; Jas. S. Winfrey, Chap.; W. B. Brandon, Parliamentarian; George A. Parker, Historian, and Shadrack Morgan, Clerk of the Moot Court.

Now that the day is done so far as the University is concerned, we are to return to our respective homes or other fields that are patiently awaiting our arrival and put forth every effort to make good.

The Members of the class are:

W. B. Brandon, Va.	J. Beckton Bright, Va.
Harry A. Dyson, D. C.	Willis M. Graves, N. C.
Benj. F. Dunning, Va.	Webster S. Lyman, Ohio.
Shadrack Morgan, S. C.	George A. Parker, Va.
Roscoe D. Price, Md.	John D. Redmond, Ark.
Robert W. Robinson, D. C.	James S. Winfrey, Ills.
Emory B. Smith, D. C.	Alonzo E. Tansil, Ills.

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#### THE CLASS OF 1919, FREEDMEN'S HOSPITAL TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES.

##### *The Nurses' Scribe.*

We view with pleasure the three years spent in active service in Freedmen's Hospital,—not a cynical, dilatory existence, but an enjoyable sojourn in the wards of our Alma Mater. We, the Graduating Class of 1919, of the Freedmen's Hospital Training School for Nurses, about to leave, sketch our membership as follows:

George Frank Byrd: "Little Birdie" from the Tropics, always serene in her classroom work and clever, but she stands alone in one respect, and that is as a fine "Baker."

Ruthana Genevieve Bell: A pretty tyrant, willful, and kind to all; hails from Missouri—you have to tell her what might have been because we think "old coals might kindle."

Mae Brown Brandford: A charming debutante who indulges in T(ea) that is Price(less).

Eugenia Mae Culberson: Kind, cunning, and alert—the delight of her class and is equal to all situations.

Rachel Esther Bell Culberson: Tall and stately in carriage, wins with the "er—a" in the classroom always—jolly and spry, always evading officialdom.

Bertha May Davis: Our sinister class sister—comes from Connecticut, exemplary to all her class.

Marie E. V. Davis: One of our balmy members—loves church better than all else, but is equally popular in the official eye.

Ruth Helen Freeman: Dons the togs from the Central States, is elusive and kind, and really gets by, but has had real "Luck" since her arrival at Freedmen.

Amelia Jackson Gears: Our New England classmate—admires the sunshine of the "Tropics."

O. Ruth Johnson: Joyful and even sweet, does her work with a joy, never failing—all will be sorry at her departure.

Marcena Josephine Lezall: Our only British subject is the delight of her fellowmen—always with a smile that lasts; she is a mender of "soles" with much success.

R. Arena White: A timid, little southern girl, full of the glory of her kindness, and an ever-loving classmate, May God bless her!

Edna Josephine Wooten: The youngest class member, quite popular; she loves a "long shady lane," to which we attribute her extreme youthfulness.

Isabelle Hotus Worsham: Hails from Ohio, the state of wealth and beauty. She is kind and ever congenial, but always in water to her neck.

Lillie May Wymys: Stout, smiling, and kind, with always a word of cheer to the helpless; admires manhood, but there is a long rope between.

May this class ever have success, profit by its past associations and experiences, and live up to the ideals of its Alma Mater! May every passing season bring a garland fresh and new, and entwine its wreath around each member!

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## CLASS DAY PARTS

### CLASS POEM.

*Jessie F. Hailstalk.*

O Mother, grant thy blessings to thy sons  
 And daughters who now leave thy tender care!  
 Filled with the spirit of those former ones,  
 Who have brought glory to thy name so fair.  
 Gird with the truths, which 'neath the chastening rod  
 Of toil and pain, we've gathered at thy feet;  
 We go to tread the paths the great have trod,  
 Halting not, onward—heeding not defeat—  
 Our faces toward the sun.

Clear in the distance sounds the clarion's call  
 For noble champions of the cause of Right,  
 And we thy children, men and women, all  
 Stand ready waiting, eager for the fight.  
 Be thou our leader now as in the past,  
 Guiding us till we sing the victor's song;  
 Till happiness and peace shall reign at last,  
 And righteousness shall triumph over wrong;  
 Then will our quest be won.





Wher through the darkness of despair we grope,  
 Bent with the weight of misery and grief,  
 We'll make thy love our guiding star of hope,  
 And in its sweet remembrance find relief.  
 Whate'er betide us on our upward way—  
 Sunshine or tempest, fortunes good or ill—  
 We'll not forget thee, no, not for a day,  
 But ever love and honor thee until  
 Our pilgrimage is done.

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JOURNAL OF THE CLASS.

*J. Newton Miller.*

EXTRA!!!

EXTRA!!!

EXTRA!!!

THE STINGLESS BEE

HOWARD UNIVERSITY WASHINGTON, D. C.

JUNE 2, 1919.

I. NEWTON MILLER—OWNER.

I. NEWTON MILLER—PUBLISHER PRICE: ON THE CAMPUS—FREE

I. NEWTON MILLER—MANAGER IN THE CITY—PRICELESS

I. NEWTON MILLER—EDITOR.

WEATHER: WEATHER COLD, WEATHER HOT; WE'LL HAVE THIS  
 WEATHER WHETHER OR NOT.

TEMPERATURE: NORMAL BUT WILL SOON RISE.

THE WAR

THE BOLSHIEVIKS ARE RAGING.

THE REDS STILL UNCHECKED.

TROUBLE IN SIGHT.

A NEW MEMBER TO THE PEACE CONFERENCE

Mr. George Henry Hill, a radical, will sail this week for Versailles to join the Peace Conference. Mr. Hill speaks French fluently and has a very slight knowledge of public speaking.

CASUALTY LIST

The Stingless Bee wishes to announce to its readers that it has just received the complete casualty list which it herewith publishes:

Killed in action

One S. A. T. C.

Severely wounded and not expected to recover

One R. O. T. C.

Died of exposure

One Original League of Nations.

Died of disease

14 Vague and Obscure Points.

EDITORIAL

THE VERDANT FRESHMEN.

The slogan is, "A place for everything and everything in its place." This slogan always takes a long time to penetrate the craniums of Freshmen and sometimes never. Another year will see this slogan changed to a compulsion. There

is a place provided for the Freshmen and they will be compelled to stay in their place. How ridiculous it is to see a measly Freshman, a "peanie," if you please, trying to assert himself. Not only does he try to be foremost in all the activities of the University, but also in the social world. Hereafter, all the Freshmen's activities, including social, will be controlled and regulated by the upper classmen. Then, Freshmen, let me repeat, there is a place provided for you and stay in your place lest the iron hand of compulsion descends upon your head.

My dear Mr. Editor:

Will you please publish the following jingle:

#### FRIVOLITY DAY.

The Senior Class had frivolity day,  
 The best in years, some folks say;  
 Everything was up to date,  
 And the success was simply great.  
 The ladies dressed as little girls,  
 With real short frocks and hair in curls.  
 The men were dressed as little boys,  
 With knee-high pants and lots of toys.  
 There was "Hank," who took off ma,  
 While "Ben" Johnson played the pa;  
 Mabel Thomas was old Aunt Sue,  
 And Melvin Davis Uncle Zeik, the Jew.  
 The children did most everything,  
 Until the bell for twelve did ring;  
 Then lunch was served out on the green,  
 Around the table queer sights were seen.  
 The most we had was lemonade,  
 That by unseasoned cooks was made.  
 The grand review was held at one,  
 Then the people had some fun;  
 Some of the kids were very smart,  
 Passing review on horse and cart.  
 The review broke up when Ma "Hank"  
 Turned up little "Newt" and gave him a spank.  
 Then at three came the best of the day,  
 And that was the staging of a play.  
 The play—"The Follies of Nineteen,"  
 Made a very spectacular scene.  
 So the merriest day of all  
 Ended with dancing in Spaulding Hall.

#### SOCIETY.

The upper classmen's branch of "The League of 13" entertained the under classmen's branch. Every member turned out and the entertainment was a grand success. The upper class members had their corresponding underclass members as company. Among those present were: President Birneisis Mott and her company, Phillip Johnson and Willie Andrews; Vice President Vernon C. Riddick and Marie Starks; Secretary and Treasurer Emily Mae Harper and Maynard Garner; Ethel Parnell and Harry Jackson; Norma Clayton and Arthur Richardson; William Reese and Thelma Patten.

Miss Hazel Crice wishes to announce a change as to her calling hour and place. She will receive all callers at the desk in the library daily from 5:30 to 6:00.

Miss Lucy Cash is still keeping up with the Jones's, but Mr. Arnett Lindsay has given it up as a hopeless job.

The classmates and friends of Miss Joberta DesMukes wish to congratulate her on her speedy recovery from death.

"Ben" Johnson has deserted his old party to become a Bolshevist. He is stirring up trouble in the Freshman Class.

Mrs. Roberta Cohran Dent, the first war bride of Howard University, should be awarded the Croix de Guerre for bravery.

Miss Mary Hawkins, thinking that she will find a "Chase" in Baltimore, has decided to study medicine.

Miss Manila Darden was the guest of Mr. Richard Reed yesterday at lunch under The Spreading Oak.

Miss Dorothy Robinson will entertain to-night in honor of her returned hero, Sergeant-Major W. Arvey Wood. At this time an announcement will be made.

#### "THE OLD MAIDS' UNION" ELECTS OFFICERS.

At the regular monthly meeting of "The Old Maids' Union," the following officers were chosen: president Margaret Bugg; vice president, Consuello Cooper; secretary, Jessie Hailstalk; and treasurer, Jessie Parkhurst.

#### "BACHELOR CLUB" ELECTIONS POSTPONED.

The election of officers for the Bachelor Club was postponed, as Mr. William Nowlin was the only member present, and he did not quite form a quorum.

#### ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN.

(Newton Isaac—Editor.)

My dear Mr. Isaac:

I am in an awful predicament. Last fall I fell in love with a girl I have known for two years. My love was returned. The girl had been keeping company with a young man, a friend of mine, who was called to France. She has always said that she can never forget him. Now he has returned. The girl is eighteen and very attractive and I love her very much. I am twenty-one and still in school. What must I do?

(Signed) "HANK" R. (Puzzled.)

Dear "Hank" R.:

Stick around. You have had an advantage in being right on the spot while the other fellow was away.

Editor.

Dear Editor:

I am a young college girl and find it difficult to keep up a conversation with any of my gentleman friends. Other girls, I have noticed, keep them amused and laughing. I never know what to say. What should one do when at a loss for words?  
(Signed) Helen Norman. (Grieved.)

Dear Miss Norman:

The only thing that I can advise you to do is to find out what interests the gentlemen. What do you know about the war? About the Bolsheviki? Are you posted about your own college activities? Do you know anything about baseball or anything under the sun outside of your own personal sphere? You can't talk unless you have something to talk about.  
Editor.

STOP!!!

READ!!!

HEED!!!

\$10.00 REWARD

for

The correct answer to the following questions:

1. Why do members of the Senior Class have to go to the under classes to select company?
2. Why does Norma Clayton wear her engagement ring on a finger of her right hand and sometimes on her bracelet?
3. When will Henry Giddens pass childhood?
4. Who told Jennie Mustapha she had no emotions?
5. Where did Juanita Byrd lose her marriage license?
6. What is drawing Alice Yoncey to Africa to do social service work?
7. Will Marian LaCour ever cut the apron strings?
8. Is Julia Craft married or single?
9. How did Ruth Stephenson ever get serious?
10. If Carrie Long recovers from her defeat, will she ever look the same?
11. Can Mabel Gibson stop giggling?
12. Which one does Birneisis think she is fooling, "Phil" or "Bill"?

HEARD HERE AND THERE AROUND THE CAMPUS.

1. Sing 'em—they're your blues.
2. I'll say she does.
3. Deed so.
4. Ain't that a knock out!
5. That ain't got 'em!
6. Sing out or I'll mark you absent.

FACULTY FAVORITES.

Pres. Durkee: "Are you big enough to accept the challenge?"

Treas. Parks: "Now—how much are you prepared to pay to-day?"

(soft)

(loud)

Sec'y. Cook: "I haven't time to see you now."

Dean Miller: "Rapidly, please."

Prof. Tunnell: "I'll give you 20 years to understand that."

Prof. Lightfoot: "Clear-cut and close to the ground."

Prof. Bauduit: "Your knowledge of mathematics is vague and obscure."  
Prof. Locke: "Oh! dear!"  
Prof. Gregory: "Now when I was at Harvard."  
Mr. Lochar: "Brother, you're late," and "ees 'dat' so?"  
Sec'y. Thompson: "Come on—come on—come on."

THEATRICAL NEWS.

H. U. THEATRE

TO-NIGHT, 8:30.  
MATS. THURS. & SAT.

"ONE DAY"

With a brilliant cast, including

EMILY MAE HARPER  
RUTH LYDIA STEPHENSON  
LUCY CARR CASH  
AND MANY OTHER FAVORITES

PRICES: \$1.00

\$2.00

\$3.00

(Note) Secure seats in advance.

Next week—"Nan Day"—the only comedienne—Same Prices.

Miss Caroline Grant sang herself not only into the heart of Howard University, but also into the heart of Washington.

COURT NEWS.

Howard University was granted an absolute divorce from the Academy on the grounds of incompatibility of temperament.

Mr. Frank Rankin has brought suit against The Stingless Bee for offending his model state—Georgia.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

The Junior Class received the keys of the University to-day.

The Freshmen and Sophomore classes are kept busy collecting funds to pay the fines imposed upon them by their presidents.

ADVERTISEMENT.

(NOTE):

IF YOU WANT YOUR "ADS" ANSWERED, ADVERTISE IN THE STINGLESS BEE.

Lost:

Lost, strayed or stolen—Somewhere in the city—one girl—by watchful waiting. Finder please return the same to M. R. Davis and receive a liberal reward.

Lost—One horsehoe magnet that draws "Luck." Of no value to anyone except the owner. Reward if returned to Josephine Scott.

Lost—Somewhere in Uncle Sam's army—one religion. If found return to Walter Mazyck.

FOUND:

Found—One treatise entitled, "GOOD SENSE," bearing the name "Nan Day." Owner can obtain same by applying at box 1, this office, and proving her proper identity.

## FOR SALE:

For sale—One Latin Pony, apply to Miss Ethel Parnell, Miner Hall.

For sale—One complete army uniform, almost worn out. Will fit almost any-boy scout; cheap; apply at the office of the editor.

## SITUATION WANTED:

Preceptress of a boys' school, Miss Jane Lee, Box 1, this office.

## WANTED:

A little poodle dog to keep the company of an old maid,—Miss Jane Lee, same address as above.

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 NONSENSE.

After the bell in the belfry of the University melted, a witty Senior asked Secretary Cook, "Why don't you place one of the 'belles' of Miner Hall in the belfry?" Secretary Cook quickly responded: "Because a dumb bell won't ring."

## MISS MAE HARPER'S ZOOLOGY CLASS.

Freshman: "Miss Harper, can you imagine how a giraffe with a sore throat looks?"

Miss Harper: "Yes—but can you imagine how a thousand legs look with a corn on each toe?"

## (NOTE).

The editor wishes to apologize to its many readers for not allowing more space to levity.

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 CLASS PROPHECY.

*Josephine E. Scott.*

THEN "I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,"  
Saw the Howard Class of '19 working out its destiny.

It happened about the eleventh hour of the morning, one day in early May, as I sat in my class in philosophy buried in thought and trying to solve the ponderous problem of "What a woman attired in one of the new tight skirts would do should a mouse cross her path," that I suddenly became possessed of the gift of prophecy, and clearly before me lay the first ten years of the future of the class of 1919.

In the midst of my musings I suddenly became transferred to the deck of a mighty leviathan. Cool breezes brushed my cheek and in the midst of my musings the cool, playful breeze brought to my ears faint chords of a familiar air—so I thought, but when I listened hard to catch the tune, it was gone and I decided that it was only the music of the waves as they lapped gently against the sides of the boat, and mused on. But again I heard the strains and this time still more clearly. To the starboard of our ship I soon discerned a smaller vessel, which, it was evident as the ship drew nearer and from the ever-increasing volume and bursts of melody, carried an orchestra or a band. My interest was aroused particularly because the tune was an air that had long been tucked away safely in my memory, and of course I was anxious to know who it was that was playing it so beautifully out upon the high seas. An inquiry and request from a passing seaman brought back the sem-

the renowned scientist, May Harper, who had risen to world fame from a mere teacher in the high schools of Washington, and was now sailing around the globe on a biological research for the International League of Biologists.

The now distinct strains of the "Alma Mater," played by the band aboard, caused a peculiar tugging at my heart-strings, but imagine my joy and great surprise, when the vessel drew alongside, at seeing Carolyn Grant standing in the midst of two-score or more uniformed women swinging a baton vigorously, directing the music. A streamer strung across the masts informed all inquiring eyes that this was the famous "Grant's Original Women's Band." At the close of the "Alma Mater" the sound of a familiar voice saying, "Let's play 'Till We Meet Again," drew my attention to Manila Darden, barely visible behind a big bass drum and its attendant paraphernalia. I soon discovered Mabel Thomas, who was the leading cornetist, and Carrie Long, who piped a flute, 'tis said, sweeter than the Pied Piper himself. Jane Lee shook a new instrument called the Rattle, which harmonized with any tune played, and Helena Norman was assistant directress when not playing the trombone. Little wonder the "Alma Mater" was rendered with such feeling!

Professor Harper informed me that she carried only two passengers worthy of mention: Marian LaCour, philanthropist and ardent social worker, and her colleague and co-worker, Hazel Crice. This was Miss LaCour's tenth trip abroad and having exhausted the social field in France, she and Miss Crice were now en route to Bulgaria. Miss Crice very tritely informed me that she "was so tired of going abroad on ordinary steamers that I decided to make this trip with May, just for the change, y'know."

A little dash of spray roused me slightly and I noticed the sea seething under a much stronger wind, as I felt a little fairy hand tuck my steamer rug warmly about me.

I gazed off into the distance, ruminating on the dear old class of '19, and as I looked, there seemed to be rolling toward me a peculiar cloud—a mist, no, it was a mirage. Intently I peered until I could clearly discern the familiar streets of Washington again. My eye passed slowly up You Street until it reached the corner of 12th, where it was arrested by a big, blinking, electric display indicating "Rankin's Ratskellar and Cabaret," occupying the building once the True Reformers' Hall and the Pythian Temple. Fancy and curiosity led me up the mirrored stairways, at the top of which I was greeted by Rankin himself, who told me that he would first take me into his grand grill room that was run in first class cafeteria style by our old friend, Norma Clayton, who had been with him for eight years, before offering me the surprise and treat of my lifetime. The sumptuous repast was enjoyed only in anticipation of the big surprise that was to follow. He then escorted me into the cabaret proper, where little sign cards on each side of the stage announced the fact that the next number was "The Inimitable Wanser." Only one Wanser had I known in my life and naturally my anxiety was great to see if this were the same; and surely it was, for soon a most graceful figure clad artistically in the costume of a ballet girl glided on the stage in one of the most rhythmic interpretations of Terpsichore I have ever seen. Wanser actually dancing! "Yes," Rankin informed me, "Wanser Bagnall and Jessie Parkhurst went to South Africa as missionaries. Wanser soon recognized in the nightly pow-wows of the natives a new and alluring type of dancing, returned to America, translated the dance to the American stage, revolutionized the American ballet, incidentally made millions, and is now known as the 'Inimitable Wanser.' Jessie Parkhurst is still in South Africa and doing a wonderful work."

Conversation with Wanser later revealed the fact that her initial appearance on the stage had been made in conjunction with Milton Johnson, whose silver-toned

tenor voice had won him an enviable, widespread reputation. But during the earlier days of her career Johnson had deserted her, averring as an excuse that he could not get enough individual attention when teaming with Wañser.

My visit now completed, I was taken further up You Street, while I marvelled upon the many new and wonderful changes. My mental excursions to the "Had Beens" in 1919 were interrupted by a voice, caressing in its smoothness and deep in its feeling; a voice, pathetically sympathetic and sorrowful as it spoke: "Now, my dear daughter, spend not thy tears so profusely; thou art at fault. Thou shouldst have been on time; but if he truly love thee, my child, he will return to thee, and if he doth not love thee, then art thou well blessed without him." There at 13th Street where the St. Luke's Home used to stand years back, had been erected a most wonderful little chapel known as the Liberty Temple, as famous as The Little Church Around the Corner for tying bonds of matrimony. Standing upon the steps, stately and dignified in apostolic garb, stood Father Mayzck, attempting in his priestly goodness to console Joberta, who it seemed was to have been married by the Rt. Reverend Mayzck, but had reached the altar only one day late and was now tearfully lamenting the fact that the groom had not waited for her. My consolation, however, was more beneficial than was the priest's, for Joberta was actually so glad to see me and to hear about some of the folks in the class of Nineteen that she forgot that she had merely missed being a wife by a very short margin, and admonished me to be sure to stop at the apartments on the corner of 13th and Tea to see Vernon Riddick, who maintained bachelor quarters there. I took advantage of the suggestion, particularly because I knew that Riddick could at least tell me the whereabouts and occupations of all of the *female* members of the class. I found him esconced in a comfortable morris chair, feet propped high on his library table, deeply engrossed in a newspaper which he informed me was the "Nowlin News," nothing more than the resurrected JOURNAL, edited by Nowlin of the Class of '19, and now a daily paper of dead political news and advertisements. A glance at the head lines showed that Lawyer Lindsay had eloquently pleaded and won the suit of Mrs. Juanita Knight, nee Byrd, against Miss Mabel Gibson for the alienation of her husband's affections. Miss Gibson greatly deplored the fact that her maidenly life of single-blessedness should thus be marred by such an outrageous charge, and positively *knew* that no such thing would have occurred had *she* been married. The front page carried a very clever cartoon portraying a perplexed young lady standing between two handsome chaps whose names were indicated as Phil and Bill. The title of the picture was "Birneisis' Dilemma," or "Still Trying to Decide Which."

A hasty perusal of the marriage list revealed the fact that Miss Julia Craft had been married since 1919 but was just feeling at liberty to make the announcement of the wedding; also that Miss Ruth Stephenson, famous in the moving picture world as an actress of exceptional emotion, would retire from the public eye to assume marital responsibilities as wife to the learned Dr. Herbert Marshall.

The advertising columns admonished and exhorted all gentle readers to patronize Dr. Kill-Me-Quick Hawkins, whose pills were guaranteed to bring better and quicker results than "Gets-It" corn cure. The cut accompanying this advertisement assured me that it was none other than my old classmate Mary Hawkins, so I inwardly resolved to see her if I should have any ailments and wish an immediate riddance of them at any cost.

Having digested all of interest in the paper, I was persuaded to remain and chat a little, through which I learned that a book had recently been issued from the press entitled "The Joys of Being a Farmer's Wife," by Mrs. Jennie Mustapha Freeman. Jennie's reason for writing the book, I am told, was that she found



of the day. I decided that I must have the book, but where to get it? "At Buggs," replied Riddick. I 'phoned right then for a copy. "Hello," I said, after getting my number, "is this Buggs' Book Store?" "Yes," came the reply. I put down the receiver. "Well, if this isn't Margaret!" I forgot all about asking for the book and just told her that I would be down in about an hour's time.

Hastily I drew my call to an end and boarded a car for the book store. There she was, herself and her store, as neat as two new pins. Looking over her shelves, I found not only "Joys of Being a Farmer's Wife," but a booklet of poems, most of which were love verses by Jessie Hailstalk. This is one of the most touching:

"Oh, Love, why art thou so cruel,  
I've been waiting, oh, so long,  
Waiting for the love that's due me  
From the Knight who's in the throng.  
But I guess when o'er the ocean  
Went our soldiers to the war,  
One among them was my lover,  
So for him I'll wear a star."

After purchasing the two books I bade Buggs adieu.

Day dreams, you know, are easily interrupted, and it seemed that the mere parting aroused me, but it was not long before I found myself again in the same stupor.

I saw before me a man dressed in a red Turkish attire and standing on a soap box for a platform, extolling the virtues of his cure-all medicines and herbs. His audience was so slim, none being there but myself and a barking dog, that I had little trouble in reading the inscription on the bottom of the box: "Dr. M. Davis, Homeopathic Physician." When I held out my hand and the lecturer grinned, I knew it was Melvin. After listening to the awful struggles and failings that he had undergone for five years in an attempt to get his prescriptions before the public, I suggested that he adopt the swallow-tail attire because I believed that people, like the dog, were afraid of him.

At that instant I must have been taken by a wind to another city, because there is no spot in Washington like the one on which I was placed. Sauntering along a beautifully green hillside, which overlooked a lake, whose waters were as still and clear as the sky, I spied a bungalow magnificent in appearance, built just on the edge of the precipice. As I neared I saw two objects seated on the veranda. One I recognized as Ben, the other's face I could not see. Stopping for a second I recalled the many times I had heard him rave about his ideal house on the side of the lake. The two seemed so happy—another craving of his—that I crept through the miniature forest and disappeared without even disturbing them. I ran in an attempt to find my way out of the woods, when whom should I meet but Ruth, clad in a bungalow apron. She had not changed one bit. I asked her what she was doing here and I learned that she and the Doctor had their summer home up in this locality. She had run away from the house to get a moment's rest.

I had had a glimpse into the future of nearly all of my classmates but there was Leah and George, Newt and Ethel, and I just had to get a peep into their lives. I was just thinking this when Ruth took me in her yacht and motored me across the lake to the station at which I bought a ticket for Richmond. I had never visited Union and as School was to open the following week I decided to remain to look the University over. I was carried through the buildings and into some of the recitation rooms. Subsequently I was told that the room in which I was about to go was that of the Professor of Modern Languages. Before entering I

me not, for when I walked in, there stood the learned linguist, our own George Hill. Not only the students were enjoying themselves thus, but the teacher was so much engrossed in a humorous conversation with one of the young ladies, that he did not become aware of my entry until I spoke.

"Why, Miss Scott," he said, "sitez-vous down;" and midst a continuance of this hilarious uproar we attempted to talk of old times. I asked about Leah because Richmond was her home town. She, I learned, growing tired of teaching Latin, had accepted a position as matron of the girls' dormitory at Hartshorn. George, or rather Prof. Hill, suggested that we walk over to see her.

Dismissing his pupils, who jumped at the opportunity, we started, still happily recalling school days, when our conversation was interrupted by "Hyah, Scottie, and George Hill." He turned around to see Newt, who had passed us unnoticed. In fact, we had seen what we thought were two children coming up the street, but paid them no attention. After exchanging familiar greetings he introduced us to the little sixteen-year-old by his side as Mrs. Miller. I was not surprised, because Newt always did believe in bringing up a kindergarten. I asked him what he was doing for himself and as he told me in 1919: "He was still continuing"—what, I don't know. Newt was about to turn away when suddenly he burst out with: "By the way, Scottie, have you seen your other half?"

"My other half?" I inquired. "Why, what do you mean; I'm not married—yet!"

"Oh, Doctor Dottie Robinson. She is lecturing tonight at the Negro Academy on the 'Mathematical Mightiness of Mistaken Matrimonial Missions.' You must hear her by all means." My query to Newt concerning the "Doctor" part caused the explanation that Miss Robinson had been awarded her Ph.D. by the University of Kansas for having written "A Dissertation on Osculation, and Its Attendant Evils." I always did say that Dot would outdo me some day and although I knew that I would feel a bit chagrined in her intellectual presence, life would not be worth living if I should miss the chance to see my old chum.

Leaving Newt, I asked George had he seen, heard of, or had any sort of touch with Ethel since 1919; whereupon I received the second surprise of my life when he told me that some years ago Ethel had married a wealthy old man who died soon afterwards and that she was now planning for her second debutante ball for the purpose of "looking 'em over."

This shock was enough to arouse completely my day dreams, so suddenly I found myself alone in the class-room with a note pinned to my dress, saying, "Sleep and take thy rest."—Signed by all the villains I had been dreaming of.

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## REVIEW OF STUDENT ORGANIZATIONS

### ALPHA PHI ALPHA FRATERNITY

#### BETA CHAPTER

THE Beta Chapter of Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity is a Chapter of an inter-collegiate Greek letter fraternity which was organized at Cornell University in 1906. The growth of Alpha Phi Alpha has been unusual. From one Chapter, with a membership of less than ten, it has grown into a nationally chartered organization which now has nineteen Chapters, and a membership exceeding twelve hundred.

#### ROLL OF CHAPTERS

Alpha .....	Cornell University
Beta .....	Howard University

Gamma .....	Virginia Union University
Epsilon .....	University of Michigan
Zeta .....	Yale University
Theta .....	Chicago and Northwestern Universities



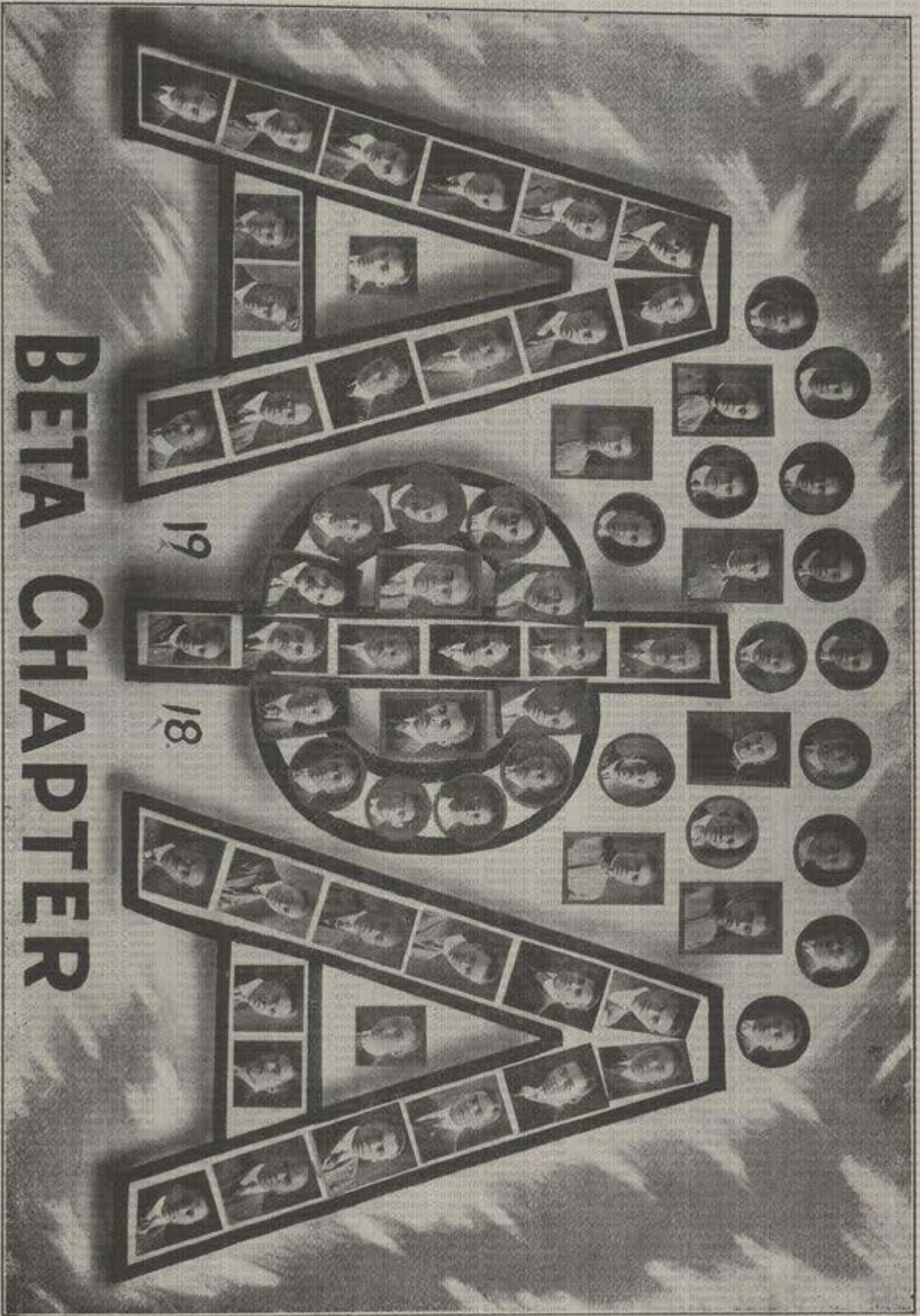
Kappa .....	Ohio State University
Mu .....	University of Minnesota
Nu .....	Lincoln University
Xi .....	Wilberforce University
Omicron .....	University of Pittsburgh and Carnegie Tech
Pi .....	Case School of Science and Western Reserve University
Rho.....	Medico-Chi, Phila. School of Pharmacy, Jefferson Medical College, and University of Pennsylvania.
Sigma.....	Harvard University, Mass. Tech., and Boston University
Tau .....	University of Illinois
Upsilon .....	University of Kansas
Beta-Lambda (Graduate Chapter).....	Kansas City, Mo.
Gamma-Lambda (Graduate Chapter) .....	Detroit, Mich.

The Fraternity has held eleven successful conventions, and the twelfth convention will be held at the seat of Theta Chapter, Chicago, Ill.

THE CONVENTIONS

First—1908 .....	Washington, D. C.
Second—1909 .....	New York City
Third—1910 .....	Philadelphia, Pa.
Fourth—1911 .....	Ann Arbor, Mich.
Fifth—1912 .....	Columbus, Ohio
Sixth—1913 .....	Washington, D. C.
Seventh—1914 .....	Chicago, Ill.
Eighth—1915 .....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Ninth—1916 .....	Richmond, Va.
Tenth—1917 .....	Philadelphia, Pa.
Eleventh—1918 .....	Cleveland, Ohio

Beta Chapter was established December 20th, 1907, as the first Greek letter Fraternity to be set apart at Howard. The initiative and example of this Chapter have largely paved the way for six other fraternities at the University. From a membership of eighteen Beta has grown to a total of one hundred and seventy-one, which number includes exalted honorary members. The Chapter has a comfortable fraternity home, adjoining the University Campus, with a well-equipped dining department. There are spacious grounds and tennis courts.



**BETA  
CHI  
PSI  
CHAPTER**

## THE OMEGA PSI PHI FRATERNITY

## ALPHA CHAPTER

THE Omega Psi Phi Fraternity is the second oldest fraternity at Howard University and claims the distinction of being the first Greek letter order to find its origin in a Negro institution. It was founded in 1911 by Messrs. E. A. Love, O. J. Cooper, and Frank Coleman. These young men were ably assisted by Professor E. E. Just. It was the aim of the founders to establish a brotherhood of men who would prepare themselves for future race leadership by cultivating its most essential qualities embodied in the four great principles: Manhood, Scholarship, Perseverance, and Uplift.



Up to the present time, the fraternity has established five chapters, located as follows: Boston, Mass.; Washington, D. C.; Nashville, Tenn.; Lincoln, Pa., and New York City.

The power of the Omega Psi Phi Fraternity resides not in numbers, but in men. Among those who have contributed to its honor are two "Spingarn Medal" winners, the highest ranking colored officer in the American army, our most famous colored tenor, and the Principals of the two largest colored High Schools in the country.

Owing to the great effect produced upon fraternity life by the war, it would be only appropriate to mention the contribution of the Omega Psi Phi Fraternity to Democracy's cause. In its service flag are thirty-three stars, representing its members who saw service, either in the cantonments, or overseas. Of this number twenty-three went abroad, and twenty-two out of the total number were commissioned officers. On several occasions Captain T. M. Dent reflected credit upon the race by being cited for bravery on the firing line, and by being subsequently promoted on the field.

Never before in the history of its brief past has the outlook for the Omega Psi Phi been so promising. It is preparing itself for the great new day which is not far off, and the direction of its movement is ever onward and upward.

## PHI BETA SIGMA FRATERNITY

## ALPHA CHAPTER

ALPHA CHAPTER of the Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity was organized at Howard University on January 7, 1914. It was recognized by the University later on and its charter granted on April 16, 1914. Although one of the youngest fraternities at



**The Double Quartet  
Who Recently  
Toured the  
North**



Howard, it has done much to elevate the standards of both university and fraternity life. Phi Beta Sigma is purely a college fraternity and admits to its membership only those of good morals and with a good scholarship who are pursuing a college course leading to a degree.

In the fall of 1914, the Fraternity secured a chapter house located at 1907 3rd Street, N.W. Since that time the Fraternity has outgrown its old quarters and taken possession of a magnificent chapter house at 325 Tea Street, N. W. This



house has dormitory accommodations for 25 of its members, dining accommodations together with rooms for social and recreational purposes.

Phi Beta Sigma stands for "Culture and Service for Humanity." It fosters the spirit of brotherly love and helpfulness. Phi Beta Sigma was the only fraternity at Howard to lose one of its members in the World War. Lieut. N. C. Fairfax, of the class of 1920, was killed in action in the Argonne Forest, on the 28th of September, 1918. The membership at present includes about 100 active and 25 honorary members. It will be through such agencies as the fraternities that Howard will be helped to gain her rightful place among the great institutions of learning, and Phi Beta Sigma will give her most hearty co-operation at all times.

## ALPHA KAPPA ALPHA SORORITY

### ALPHA CHAPTER

IN 1908 when the Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority chose as its emblem the "Ivy Leaf," it knew only of the Ivy's significance—simplicity, fidelity, and friendship. There was then no record of the fact that the ivy which entwines itself about "The little chapel on the hillside" and which was planted by a former president of the University, came from Abbotsford, Scotland, the famous county seat of Sir Walter Scott; also another piece from Kenilworth Castle, now an ivy-covered ruin, built during the reign of Henry I, where the Earl of Leicester is supposed to have entertained Queen Elizabeth. It has also been discovered that John Harvard, founder of the oldest American University, planted a clipping of this bit of nature which today covers the oldest building on Harvard's campus.





Symbolic of the growth of this historic plant is the growth of the Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority. Through the agency of this oldest Negro Sorority, closer union has been brought about among colored college women; making them more able to fill places of leadership. Among the notable women with whom the girls of the Alpha Chapter of Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority have been associated are



Mrs. Kelly Miller, Dr. Sarah Brown, Mrs. J. Stanley Durkee, Miss Nellie Quander, Miss Lucy D. Slowe, Miss Catherine Lealted, Miss Otelia Cromwell, Miss Sadie N. Meriweather, and Miss Jane Addams, all of whom are either graduate or honorary members of the Sorority.

Following is a list of the chapters of Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority at the leading Universities:

Alpha	Chapter.....	Howard University
Beta	" .....	University of Chicago
Gamma	" .....	University of Illinois
Delta	" .....	University of Kansas
Epsilon	" .....	University of Michigan
Zeta	" .....	Wilberforce University
Eta	" .....	Cleveland, Ohio
Theta	" .....	Temple University

**DELTA SIGMA THETA SORORITY.**

**ALPHA CHAPTER**

The Alpha Chapter of the Delta Sigma Theta Sorority was established at Howard University in 1913 by a number of conscientious and earnest young women of the College of Liberal Arts, who felt the need for an organization which would inspire high ideals of womanhood and scholarship. Established with such a lofty purpose, the growth of the Delta Sigma Theta Sorority has been rapid, and its influence has spread to other colleges. Since its founding in 1913, other chapters have been formed. The Sisterhood now comprises:

Alpha	Chapter.....	Howard University
Beta	" .....	University of Pennsylvania
Gamma	" .....	Wilberforce University
Delta	" .....	University of Iowa

The ideals and aims of the Delta Sigma Theta Sorority, which are so deeply imbedded in the members during their school life, are successfully carried out by



them in their chosen careers. Among the graduate members are Miss Eva Dykes, the second girl in the history of the University to receive the honor of a "*summa cum laude*" degree, who has been doing remarkable graduate work at Radcliffe; Miss Annie McCary, who completed the college course in three years and who is now Dean of Women at the State Normal School in Orangeburg, S. C.; and Miss Nannie Board, who recently won a prize for composing the words and music of a patriotic song in a state-wide contest. The honorary membership of the Delta Sigma Theta Sorority is composed of such leaders as Mrs. Mary Church Terrell, Miss Nannie Burroughs, Mrs. Coralie Cook, Mrs. Alice Dunbar Nelson, and Mrs. Gabrielle Pelham. The spirit of the Sorority is summed up in its "Creed," which was composed by Mrs. Terrell, and which reads in part:

"I would not shrink from undertaking what seems wise and good, because I labor under the double handicap of race and sex; but striving to preserve a calm mind with a courageous and cheerful spirit, I will struggle all the more earnestly to reach the goal."

### ALUMNI NOTES

W. JUSTIN CARTER, LL.B.

W. JUSTIN CARTER was born in Richmond, Va., May 28, 1866, and educated in the public schools of Virginia and Howard University. He was graduated from the Law School in 1892. From 1892 to 1894, he was first Assistant Principal of the Stanton Public School of Annapolis, Md. He began to practice law in Harrisburg, Pa., in July 1894, where he has been in continuous practice since. He has been given mention in the Biographical Section of the "Bench and Bar of Pennsylvania," and in the "History of Dauphin County."

Mr. Carter is attorney for some of the largest business houses in Harrisburg, and has tried some of the most important cases at the Dauphin County bar. He is regarded by the Bench and Bar as one of the leading lawyers of that county.

Mr. Carter is also an orator of recognized ability. He is often invited to address important meetings and to lecture on various subjects. He was chosen with Dr. DuBois and others as a delegate to the International Race Congress in London, England, in 1911, during which time he traveled throughout Europe. During his sojourn abroad, he was the guest of the Countess of Warwick at Warwick Castle.

The American Academy of Political and Social Science and the National Geographic Society are among the organizations to which Attorney Carter belongs.

His recognized importance in his state has won him mention in "Who's Who in Pennsylvania."



W. Justin Carter, LL.B.



Mrs. Julia Caldwell-Frazier, A.B.

MRS. JULIA CALDWELL-FRAZIER, A.B.

JULIA CALDWELL-FRAZIER was born in the little village of Summersville, Alabama—a quaint country site overlooking the beautiful Chattahoochie River. When she was a little girl her parents, Joseph and Matilda Caldwell, moved to Columbus, Ga., where she began her education under teachers from the North, and finally she was graduated from the public schools of that city.

After graduation she taught in the public schools of that city, from which position she resigned to take a college course at Howard University, being graduated from the University in 1888.

Since graduation she taught first at Morris Brown College, Atlanta, Ga., and resigned that position to go to Texas—a state large in area and great in possibilities. She has been teaching in the Dallas city schools for twenty-five years, the last ten years of which she has been the head of the Latin Department.

Mrs. Frazier is quite a student and has always been striving to improve along all lines. She has taken courses in the following Summer Schools: Chicago Institute in 1894; Martha's Vineyard Summer School in 1897; Clark University in 1901; Tuskegee Summer School in 1903; Howard University Summer School, 1904; Columbia University in 1916. In these schools she specialized in Pedagogy, Psychology, English, Latin and German.

From 1905 to 1909, she was a member of the faculty in the State School of Methods, at Austin, Texas. In 1907 she took a Correspondence Course in the Chicago Interstate School (affiliated with Northwestern University). This course in English comprised Literary Criticism, Interpretation and History.

At these various Summer Schools it has been her good fortune to number among her teachers the late Col. Francis Parker, Dr. Emerson E. White, and Dr. G. Stanley Hall.

Superintendent J. L. Long, under whom Mrs. Frazier taught for fifteen years, wrote as follows: "Miss Julia L. Caldwell has been a teacher of English and Latin in the Colored High School of this city for a good many years and her services have been distinguished for faithfulness, thoroughness and efficiency. We consider Miss Caldwell one of the most successful teachers in the entire corps of the city, and she has the unqualified endorsement of the management of the Dallas schools, both as a teacher of unusual merit, and as a woman of great integrity and worth."

Professor J. F. Kimball, her present Superintendent, testifies as follows: "Mrs. Julia C. Frazier is the ablest and best colored teacher that I know anywhere. She is scholarly, progressive, an excellent instructress, splendid in discipline, a woman of sterling character, who stands for the best in her race in every phase of life. I know of no more worthy teacher than she."

Mrs. Frazier is active in fraternal circles and in church work, being superintendent of Bethel A. M. E. Sunday School (one of the largest churches in Dallas). She is the president of the Ladies' Reading Circle; vice president of the Dallas Branch of the Howard University Alumni Association; on the Advisory Board of the War Community Service; and one of the committee for the Day Nursery and Milk Station Department at Dallas.

On March 28, 1919, upon the death of the Principal of the Dallas High School, the Board of Education appointed Mrs. Frazier as acting principal to fill out the unexpired term. Mrs. Frazier is thoroughly imbued with the Howard Spirit and since her stay in Dallas she has been instrumental in sending more than forty pupils as students to Howard University, who have entered the various departments. The majority of these students have been graduated from the University and are filling positions of honor and trust.

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### WORKING FOR HIS ALMA MATER

EMORY B. SMITH, President of the General Alumni Association, is touring the South and Southwest sections for the purpose of visiting Howard graduates and undergraduates to express personally Howard's interest in them, and to intensify their interest in Howard. He has delivered numerous addresses and has had heart-to-heart talks with Howard men and women. He has told them of Howard's ideals and of the changes which are being made to bring about these ideals.

Important among the changes are the creating of the School of Business and Finance, and of the School of Journalism, and the closing of the Academy. The abolishing of the Academy, which did the work of a secondary school, means that the students who enter the University hereafter must be prepared to take up the work of the Freshman year. Heretofore students who found themselves unprepared for college work had the privilege of dropping into the Academy to supplement their preparation there.

This new situation has opened up an avenue through which the loyal sons and daughters of Howard can direct worthy and ambitious students to their Alma Mater. If the graduates and undergraduates will offer, through secondary schools, scholarships of \$50.00 a year, or \$200.00 a course, what a service they will have rendered not only their University, but their community as well!

It is just this thought that the President of the General Alumni Association has been putting before Howard men and women on his trip. He writes encouragingly of his visits among the Howardites, and feels that they will respond heartily to his plea for scholarships. His trip has had a most propitious beginning. He has been able to report thus far the pledges of over sixty scholarships. Have not these donors a right to sing: "Howard, I love old Howard"?

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### APROPOS OF THE ALUMNI PRESIDENT'S TRIP.

MR. CECIL L. WARD, College, '18, Head of the Department of English in the Edward Waters College, of Jacksonville, Fla., writes as follows:

"On Wednesday night, April 30, a splendid audience gathered in the main auditorium of the Mt. Zion A. M. E. Church to listen to an address delivered by the Rev. Emory B. Smith, President of the General Alumni Association of Howard University, on the subject of "Race Loyalty and Consolidation in Reconstruction." The speaker handled his subject in a masterly way, and was roundly applauded upon reaching the close. After the public meeting, the members of the local Alumni Association assured him that they would subscribe at least one scholarship annually. The following alumni were present: Rev. D. M. Baxter, president; Cecil L. Ward, secretary; Dr. J. H. Shaw, treasurer; Drs. R. L. Brown, Jr., R. A. Hightower, C. V. Freeman, S. D. Daniel, T. G. Freeland, Miss W. L. Cargyle, and Attorney R. P. Crawford."

THE meeting in Atlanta was very successful. Mr. H. E. Perry, President of the Standard Life Insurance Company, pledged four scholarships annually for the School of Commerce and Finance, and said that he can give employment to all the graduates of such a school. The demand already in Negro business far exceeds trained and efficient men and women. The Atlanta Alumni Association pledged eight scholarships to be given annually.

SAVANNAH was all in readiness for the illustrious President of the General Alumni Association. In fact, Savannah has one of the best organizations in the country. Four scholarships were pledged.

CHARLESTON, S. C., also gave a warm reception to Howard's ambassador. Eight graduates in the city and one from Orangeburg, all prosperous, pledged four scholarships.

### AUTHORS OF "ALMA MATER" CONGRATULATED.

May 13, 1919.

Mr. Fred D. Malone,  
2002 12th St., N.W.,  
Washington, D. C.

My dear Mr. Malone:

I received yesterday card of copyright for words and music of Alma Mater.

I read to the Executive Committee your former communication, stating that you and Mr. Brooks would give to the University a copyright of the Alma Mater. They instructed me to write you a personal word of thanks for such a gift. I shall bring the matter to the Board of Trustees at its meeting in June, and they, too, I am sure, will order a hearty vote of thanks to you because of this gift.

You will be interested in an extract from a letter I received from Massachusetts, dated May 8th of this year. Our Glee Club has been singing in and around Boston as you probably know. This is the paragraph—written by a Yale man: "I have asked them to see to it that I receive a copy of the Howard Alma Mater. It is certainly one of the best college songs I have ever heard and contains more of true Christian idealism than all the other college songs combined. I think it is immense."

Such words as that, I am sure, will do you good.

With kind personal regards, I am,

Most sincerely yours,

(Signed) J. Stanley Durlace,



F. D. Malone, '16, who wrote the music

J. H. Brooks, '16, who wrote the words.

ALMA MATER

Reared against the eastern sky,  
Proudly there on hilltop high,  
Far above the lake so blue,  
Stands old Howard firm and true.  
There she stands for truth and right,  
Sending forth her rays of light,  
Clad in robes of majesty—  
Old Howard, we think of thee!

Be Thou still our guide and stay,  
Leading us from day to day;  
Make us true and leal and strong,  
Ever bold to battle wrong.  
When from Thee we've gone away,  
May we strive for Thee each day;  
As we sail life's rugged sea—  
O Howard, we'll sing of Thee!

HOWARD MEN IN THE CANAL ZONE.

W. H. CARRINGTON, a native of Barbadoes, B. W. I., and a graduate of the Law School, is licensed to practise in the Canal Zone and Oklahoma.

**W. A. HUSKERSON**, a native of St. Vincent, B. W. I., and a graduate of the School of Science and Civil Engineer Department, is the only licensed colored engineer in the Republic of Panama. He is the official surveyor of the Municipality of Colon. He successfully surveyed the West Indian Colony of New Providence.

**V. G. DeSUZE**, a native of Grenada, B. W. I., and a graduate of the Law School, is a licensed practitioner in the Canal Zone and the Republic of Panama.

**E. A. REID**, a native of Jamaica, B. W. I., and a graduate of the Law School, is a licensed practitioner in the Canal Zone and the Republic of Panama.

**WILLIAM CROSBIE**, a native of Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I., was graduated in dentistry, in the Class of 1903. He practised for a short time in St. Louis, Mo.,



**William Crosbie, D.D.S.**

after which he went to the Isthmus, where he has enjoyed an exceptionally good practice since 1904.

**AUSTIN G. CORNELL**, a native of Jamaica, B. W. I., attended Rusea's High School, Lucea, Ja., B. W. I. He was licensed as a druggist in Jamaica, but subsequently entered the Dental School of Howard University, from which he was graduated in 1908. He was licensed to practise in South Carolina, the Canal Zone, and the Republic of Panama. He is a member of the Odd Fellows, Foresters, Mechanics, and Masons. His office is situated at 175 Central Ave., Panama City. His practice is very good.

**G. M. GITTENS, M.D., D.D.S.**, a native of Trinidad, B. W. I., and a graduate of the Medical and Dental Schools, is practising in the Canal Zone and the Republic of Panama. His office is at 125 Central Ave., Panama City.

D. W. O'GILVIE, M.D., a native of Jamaica, B. W. I., and a graduate of the Medical School, is practising in the Canal Zone and the Republic of Panama. His office is at Chorilla, R. de P.

H. A. WILLIAMS, D.D.S., a native of Jamaica, B. W. I., and a graduate of the Dental School, in 1914, has a very successful practice in the Canal Zone.

L. S. CARRINGTON, LL.B., a native of Barbadoes, and a graduate of the Law School, in 1915, practises exclusively in all the courts of the Canal Zone. His office is at 125 Central Ave., R. de P.

DR. S. O. G. JOHNSON, Surgeon-Dentist, was graduated from the Dental School in 1906. He passed the State Board examination of Maryland, in 1907, and practised in Maryland for four years, after which he began to practice in the Republic of Panama. He practised in Bocas del Toro for six years. He is now situated in Panama City.

A BLANCHEFIELD THOMPSON, LL.B., a graduate in law, in the Class of 1911, practises in all the Canal Zone courts. His office is at 159 Central Ave., R. de P.

T. B. NEELY was graduated in 1912 from the College of Arts and Sciences. He entered the Y. M. C. A. work the same year. In 1914, he opened the first Y. M. C. A. for colored men in the Canal Zone. At present, he is Supervising Secretary for the five Y. M. C. A. club-houses for colored men in the Canal Zone.

PETER McDONALD MILLIARD, Phar.D. (1907), M.D. (1911), a native of British Guiana, S. A., formerly Clinician of Tuberculosis Department, Medical Out Patient, Assistant Clinician to Skin Department, Assistant to Medical Wards, Freedmen's Hospital, was licensed to practise in the State of Maryland, District of Columbia, Republic of Panama, and the Canal Zone. He was recently Official Municipal Physician for the City of Colon, Republic of Panama.

#### HOWARD MEN IN TOLEDO, OHIO.

ALBERTUS BROWN, a graduate in law, has beyond doubt the largest and most lucrative criminal practice in Toledo, white or colored. He has been able to accumulate a comfortable fortune. Mr. Brown is also doing excellent work for the advancement of the colored people.

DR. ROBERT F. PULLEY, Dental '13, has a large and selected practice in Toledo. He was the first colored dentist in the city. Dr. Pulley has been the cause of attracting two other colored dentists to Toledo. He is the only Negro member of the Toledo Dental Society. Dr. Pulley gave a clinical demonstration before members of this Association, at their annual Clinical Convention in April. The members are elected to the association when they have demonstrated by two or more years of practice their ability.

FATHER ROBERT BAGNALL, Rector of the All Saints Episcopal Church, attended Howard's School of Theology, in the earliest days of its existence. He is now about 65 or 70 years of age, but still remembers with pride the prize which he won for oratory, when he was at Howard.

ELMER WARD, formerly a student in the College, was forced to give up his



studies on account of ill-health. He has been with the Colors, and has apparently regained his health. He hopes to enter the Howard Medical School, in the fall.

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DR. WALTER G. GARVIN, better known by Howardites as "Fish," Dental '18, has just completed a post course at the University of Pennsylvania, and is now practising in Cleveland, Ohio, along with his brother, Captain Charles Garvin.

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#### MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

ROBERT PERCY CRAWFORD, B.S., '14, LL.B., '17, has been admitted to practice law at the Florida bar.

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I. SIMMONS, College '17, entered the Army Y. M. C. A. in 1918. He spent six months at Camp Alexander and five months at Hampton, with the S. A. T. C., where he rendered invaluable services to the soldiers. He is now at Norfolk, Va., doing exceptionally good work among the sailors and soldiers.

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ROBERT LEE BROKENBURN, Law '09, has been appointed Second Prosecuting Attorney for the Judicial Circuit of Indiana. He is the first man of color to hold such a position in that state.

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W. T. ANDREWS, Law '92, is running a successful daily paper in Baltimore, His office is at 1127 Druid Hill Ave.

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DR. ANDREW MAXWELL, Dental '18, is one of the most successful dentists in South Carolina. He is situated on Oakland Ave., Sumpter, S. C.

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SEYMOUR S. HILL, Dental '18, was appointed Dental Interne in the Old General Hospital of Kansas City, Mo., October, 1918. He enjoys the honor of being the first Dental Interne ever appointed in a colored hospital.

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STEWART COOPER and WILLIAM BUCKNER, both graduates of the College, are still in France. They hope to return to their professional duties in the fall.

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AMONG the sons of whom Howard University has a right to be proud, is the Rev. James E. Rose, College '13, pastor of the Second Baptist Church, LeRoy, New York. Mr. Rose has recently been awarded the honorary degree of Bachelor of Divinity by the Rochester Theological Seminary in recognition of a theme he wrote on "Christian Mysticism; Its Strength and Its Weakness." This is the first time that a Negro has been thus honored by the Rochester Theological Seminary.

After leaving Howard Mr. Rose entered the Rochester Theological Seminary in the fall of 1913. He was graduated in 1916 and went to LeRoy, where he established the Second Baptist Church for Negroes. Under his aggressive leadership, the congregation has acquired a church building and a parsonage, both of which are practically paid for.

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MISS ANNIE McCARY, College '16, Dean of Women of the State School at Orangeburg, S. C., has been given a scholarship for Columbia University, for next year. Miss McCary is a product of the public schools of Washington and a *Magna cum Laude* graduate of Howard.

## UNIVERSITY NOTES

## WAR AND MUSIC: AFTER THE FRENCH OF MONTESQUIEU.

*Professor Martha MacLear.*

WHILE browsing around, the other day, in the fields of polite literature, pursuing that elusive sprite, culture, I happened on this choice bit in Montesquieu. It expressed so delightfully my own feelings and seemed so germane to conditions in the world today, that the temptation to translate it proved irresistible.

It seems hardly probable that the War Camp Community Service harked back to Plutarch or Xenophon for its inspiration in the establishment of camp and community singing, or, more improbable still, that they philosophized their idea as did Plato and Aristotle. However, whether conscious or not, their goal was the same—to soften and touch the souls of those enduring the hardships of war.

Again, if for Montesquieu's reference to those folk who, in the 17th century France, were addicted to the chase, one might substitute, as applicable to the 20th century America, those unduely devoted to athletics, the chapter might well be commended to the careful attention of all athletic directors. For the Greeks were a hardy race, yet not above the worship of the Muses, a combination of physical development with spiritual grace rarely found in any people.

But let Montesquieu speak for himself—chapter eight, book 4, in the *De L'Esprit des Lois*, summarizes the views of the ancients as follows:—"Polybius, the judicious Polybius, tells us that music was necessary to soften the manners of the Arcadians, who inhabited a country where the air is sad and cold; and those of Cynete, who neglected music, surpassed in cruelty all the Greeks and that there was no city where one saw so many crimes. Plato was not afraid to say that one was not able to make a change in music without effecting a change in the condition of the state. Aristotle, who seems to have written his policies only to oppose his sentiment to those of Plato, is, nevertheless, at one with him touching the power of music on manners. Theophrastus, Plutarch, Strabo, all the ancients had the same thought. It is not an opinion thrown out without reflection; it is one of the principles of their politics. It is thus that they give laws; it is thus that they govern cities.

"I believe that I can explain it. It is necessary to understand that, in the Greek cities, above all those which had war for their chief object, all the works and all the professions which would enable one to gain money were regarded as unworthy a free man. The majority of the arts, said Xenophon, corrupt the body of those who pursue them; they oblige them to sit in the shadow, or near the fire; one has no time for his friends nor for the republic. It was only in the corruption of some democracies that the artisans attained citizenship. This is what Aristotle teaches us; and he maintains that a good republic will never give them the right of citizenship.

"It was then very embarrassing in the Greek republics. One did not wish the citizens to work at commerce, at agriculture or at the arts; on the other hand, one did not wish that they should be idle. They found an occupation in the exercises which pertained to the gymnasium and in those which were en rapport with war. The state did not give them any other. It is then necessary to regard the Greeks as a society of athletes and of combatants. Their exercises, so fit to make people hard and savage, had need to be tempered by others which were able to soften the manners. Music, which holds the spirit through the organ of the body, is very proper for this. It is middle ground between the exercises of the body which make men hard and the science of speculation which makes them savage. One cannot say that music inspires virtue; that is inconceivable, but it hinders the effect of the ferocity of institutions and makes the soul have a part in education which it would not otherwise have.

I suppose that there is among us a society so enthusiastic for hunting that they occupy themselves exclusively in this manner; it is certain that in doing this they contract a certain rudeness. If these same people were to acquire a taste for music, one would soon find a difference in their manners and in their customs. In short, the exercises of the Greeks excited in them only a kind of passion, rudeness, anger and cruelty. Music excites them all and can make them feel, in their souls, sweetness, pity, tenderness, and pleasure. Our authors of morals, who outlaw so strongly the theatre, make us feel the power which music has on our souls.

"If the society, of which I have spoken, gave me only drums and the airs of the trumpets, is it not true that one would attain less of his goal than if one gave tender music? The ancients were, then, right when, in certain circumstances they preferred, for customs, one mood rather than another.

"But, one may say, why choose music by preference? Because of all the pleasures of the senses, it is the one which corrupts the soul least."

To labor the argument further would be invidious. One can only wait and hope that some day the Greeks will not be so far in advance of the 20th century.

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#### MISS PINKNEY'S RECITAL.

A RARE musical treat was enjoyed by those who heard Miss Estelle Etelka Pinkney, a teacher in the Howard University Conservatory, in song recital on the evening of Monday, May 19. Miss Pinkney presented a comprehensive program, singing in Italian, French, and English. She was assisted by Miss Madeline V. Coleman at the piano, and Miss Katherine Perry in a violin obligato.

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#### "HIAWATHA."

THE HOWARD UNIVERSITY CHORAL SOCIETY, under the direction of Miss Lula V. Childers, presented Coleridge-Taylor's *Hiawatha* at the First Congregational Church, Wednesday, May 21.

The soloists were Mrs. Florence Cole-Talbert, soprano; Mr. William Simmons, baritone; and Mr. Roland Hayes, tenor. Their singing was a delight to the large and critical audience that filled the church. Mrs. Cole-Talbert and Mr. Hayes had long ago captivated the hearts of the Washington public, and Mr. Simmons has now won a permanent place therein.

The correct work done by the chorus in placing tones, observing modulations and time, and enunciating clearly is a testimonial to Miss Childers' ability as director.

Dr. William Stansfield, who presided at the organ for the presentation of the Hallelujah Chorus, consented to play the organ accompaniment. Dr. Stansfield is a musician of skill and temperament and has succeeded in finding the soul of the organ.

Miss C. Beatrice Lewis of the Howard University Conservatory played the piano accompaniment with her usual excellent degree of technique and temperament.

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#### THE TAU DELTA SIGMA BANQUET.

ONE of the most elaborate social events in fraternity circles took place when Tau Delta Sigma Fraternity of the Howard University School of Law gave its annual Post-Lenten reception and banquet at the Chapter House, 1820 9th Street, N. W., on Friday evening, April 25.

The fraternity takes great pride in this annual event and exerts every effort to make the Chapter House pleasing to the eye. The decorations were beautiful throughout the house. The moment one entered the door one was greeted by a profusion of palms, and ferns, and cut flowers of every description. These, against a blackground of pennants and fraternity colors on the walls, gave the rooms a decidedly gala appearance.

Music for the dancing was furnished by Duke Ellington's Society Orchestra. The orchestra played its best and latest music; and the beautifully gowned ladies and smartly attired gentlemen executed the Terpsichorean Art under the witchery of softly shaded lights.

After the guests had danced for some time, the doors of the banquet hall swung open and to the accompaniment of music the company repaired to the banquet table and enjoyed a delicious repast of three courses. The tables were beautifully and artistically decorated with carnations, ferns, and cherry leaves.

Short addresses were delivered by Messrs. W. M. Graves, President and Toastmaster, and W. S. Lyman in behalf of the Senior Class of Nineteen-nineteen; while Mr. Robert W. Herndon, President-elect, delivered the welcome address. Miss Pearl Flagg responded to this address.

Miss Maud Smothers of Howard Conservatory graciously consented to give a vocal selection and charmed everyone with her singing.

When the last dance had ended, and regretful good-nights had been said, our guests glided away in their glittering and shining limousines, serene in the realization that "parting is sweet sorrow."

Much of the success of the evening is due to the kindness of Mrs. Albert Hopkins, who not only chaperoned the young ladies from Miner Hall but also took a motherly interest in the whole entertainment.

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#### ALPHA KAPPA ALPHA "SPRING FROLIQUE."

THE ALPHA KAPPA ALPHA SORORITY held its formal "Spring Frolique" on Friday evening, May, the sixteenth, in Spaulding Hall. The hall was converted into a beautiful summer garden. In each corner stood an attractive summer house, up the lattice work of which climbed vines and roses. Here the guests and members of the Sorority, tired from dancing, rested and chatted. The Japanese lanterns, which hung from the canopy of greenery and delicate pink roses, gave a soft, rosy glow to the garden; and the music of the fountain, which leaped and played amid ferns and mosses, was delightful to the ear.

As the guests danced to the excellent music of Mr. Louis Brown's orchestra, Mr. Kelly Miller, Jr., flashed vari-colored lights upon them. Especially beautiful was the moonlight waltz, during which the dancers were bathed in a flood of silvery moonlight. Another interesting feature of the evening was the dance of the sparklers. Each girl was provided with a sparkler, which was lighted at the beginning of the dance. The bright sparkles flew in every direction. A dance was dedicated to each chapter of the Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority, of which there are nine, one having been recently formed at the University of Pittsburgh; to the Delta Sigma Theta Sorority; to each of the Fraternities of the University; to the guests; and to the University.

Mr. A. Johnson, professional entertainer, delighted the company throughout the evening with his excellent singing. Refreshments were served during intermission, but everyone was served with cool, refreshing punch as often as he wished it. This added much to the comfort of all.

The end of the evening was really the "end of a perfect day," and everyone went away with the memory of it painted on his mind in colors that will never fade.

## HOWARD UNIVERSITY RECORD

## PHI BETA SIGMA SMOKER.

THE ALPHA CHAPTER of the Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity held its fifth annual smoker at the chapter house, 325 Tea Street, N. W., on Friday evening, April 25. The occasion this year was in honor of the members of the fraternity who served with the American Expeditionary Force.

Phi Beta Sigma furnished 70 men who served in the World War. This number includes 1 captain, 10 lieutenants and 13 sergeants. Lieut. N. C. Fairfax, of the class of 1920, was the only member who made the supreme sacrifice. Many of the returned heroes made inspiring addresses, telling of their wonderful experiences and the glorious work of the 92nd division. Many friendships were renewed and a spirit of brotherly love prevailed throughout. The Phi Beta Sigma quartet rendered various selections, which helped to enliven the occasion, after which refreshments were served. The following honorary members were in attendance, Prof. E. P. Davis, Dr. C. C. Lathers, Prof. A. L. Locke, Mr. Smith Wormley, and Lawyer C. P. Ford.

The evening was, indeed, an enjoyable one, and served to bring the members, both active and honorary, into closer relationship, and to foster the spirit of altruism.

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 THE DRAMATIC CLUB SCORES A SUCCESS.

THE UNIVERSITY DRAMATIC CLUB presented "*The Truth*," by Clyde Fitch, to a large and appreciative audience on Saturday evening, May the seventeenth, at Howard Theatre. The play was first presented in America, and later in London. Each performance created a sensation and won renown for the author.

In the leading role, Becky Warder, Miss E. May Harper, '19, had a chance to display her marked dramatic talent. From the moment she appeared upon the stage she held the audience under the spell of her acting, for she was capable of talking with her eyes as well as with her tongue. Miss Harper has been the leading lady in several of the Dramatic Club plays and has won the admiration of Washington play lovers.

As Eve Lindon, Miss May Miller, '20, proved herself a capable actress and left the audience satisfied that in truth a woman's tongue is the only two-edged instrument that grows keener with constant use.

Miss Harriett Dorsey, '21, as Mrs. Genevieve Crespigny, a boarding house mistress, was a decided success. Her "course of true love" was running far from smooth, and she, with the aid of her "adored one," kept the audience convulsed with laughter.

Miss Thelma Patten, '21, as Laura Fraser, acted perfectly her part as peacemaker.

As Tom Warder, husband to Becky, Mr. Herbert Marshall, '20, creditably played the part of the confident husband.

Mr. N. P. Andrews, '22, acted the part of Fred Lindon, Eve's wayward husband, quite satisfactorily.

Mr. W. A. Thomas, '20, as Mr. Roland, a broken-down sport living off money obtained from his daughter Becky's husband and the generosity of his infatuated landlady, left nothing to be desired.

Mr. S. Cheevers, '22, took the part of the Servant at Warder's.

The play was strong in characterization and the element of suspense was well handled throughout the performance.

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 "O CHA-NO-YU."

ACCORDING to the time-honored custom and tradition, the Junior Class gave

a reception in honor of the graduating class on May 15, in Miner Hall. Though formal, the reception was one of the most unique affairs given on the hill. It was in the form of a Japanese tea, "O Cha-No-Yu," and the entire entertainment was distinctly Japanese. The guests were received by "geisha" girls who led them into the reception room, which was charmingly decorated with Japanese hangings. While the guests sipped tea in true Japanese fashion, the Juniors, who were picturesquely attired, gave an interesting program.

"Welcome".....	William A. Thomas
"Garden of My Dreams".....	Arliner Young
"Japanese Ballet".....	Junior Girls
"Tokio".....	Helen Lawrence
"Solo Dance".....	May Miller
"Japanese Blues".....	Herbert Marshall
"Fan Dance".....	Florence Murray
"Song".....	Zenobia Gilpin
"Spirit of '20".....	Grace Cousins
"Class Song".....	Class of '20

The president of '19, Mr. Melvin Davis, gave a short address in response to the "Welcome"; and Mr. Jesse Lawrence, the president of '21, also spoke a word for the Sophomore Class, which he was representing. Throughout the evening, the two classes, which have formerly been the strongest rivals, mingled in all the merriment of good fellowship and cheer. The "Grand Marches" were an especial success. Late in the evening the guests were served with salad, cake and ice cream. At the end of the reception the Senior class sang their song, "Old Nineteen," and gave a rousing "Howard Clap" with "Juniors" on the end.

FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE BASEBALL GAME.

ALTHOUGH Monday afternoon is what "fans" call a "regular" baseball day, the game between the Freshmen and Sophomores, on May 19, was a rather desultory affair. The Freshies did very good fielding but rather poor batting; whereas the Sophs did excellent stick work but sad fielding.

"Bob" Pollard was a stellar light both in the box and at the bat. He humbled the mighty Thompson and others of his ilk, besides getting in a circuit clout for the first two scores the Sophs made. Long, on the other hand, pitched a little hard at the start, but had to hold up near the end, thus fattening a few Sophomore batting averages.

The line-up was as follows:

Freshmen.	Sophomores.
Keene (C.)	Madison (S.S.)
Carter (S.S.)	Lawrence (C.)
Gibbs (2B.)	Wells (L.F.)
Thompson (1B.)	Nurse (2B)
Paine (3B.)	Jones (R.F.)
Collins (R.F.)	Rice (C.F.)
Long (P.)	Pollard (P.)
Frazier (L.F.)	Bingham (1B.)
Hauser (C.F.)	Borden (3B.)

THE GAME BY INNINGS.

First Inning.

Madison led off with a hit through Hauser, but the latter recovered in time to

## HOWARD UNIVERSITY RECORD

nip him at third. Lawrence was put out, Carter to Thompson. Wells lined one to second, and the Sophs' half ended, Gibbs to Thompson.

Keene hit an easy one to Nurse, who promptly threw it away, allowing Keene to make second. Carter stepped up; and, after Keene stole third, poled out a three bagger. Gibbs met the next one that Pollard served, and sped to first. "Long Boy" Thompson received free transportation. Paine rolled one down the first base line, and Gibbs romped home as Lawrence threw Paine out. Collins popped up to Madison. With Long at the bat, Thompson tried to steal home on a wild pitch, but Pollard nailed him at the plate, closing the session.

*Second Inning.*

Nurse reached first on a liner to second and Thompson's error. Nurse stole second and went to third on Keene's wild throw. Jones popped out. Rice did not see the ball. "Bob" Pollard rose to the emergency and "encouraged" Long by clouting the ball for a homer. Bingham rolled one to Long, and expired at the initial sack, retiring the side.

Long drove a Texas Leaguer to Madison, and reached second on the latter's error. Frazier sacrificed Long to second. Hauser whiffed. Jones misjudged Keene's fly, but caught the little giant at the keystone sack.

*Third Inning.*

Borden's liner "pained" Paine so much that he let it drop. Borden stole second and made third on Madison's hit. Lawrence hit into a double, Paine putting both Lawrence and Borden out. Wells flied out to Frazier, thus settling the argument.

Carter was unable to solve Pollard's delivery and fanned. Gibbs was out on an infield fly to Madison, and Thompson fouled to Lawrence.

*Fourth Inning.*

Nurse raised one to Gibbs for the first out. Jones lifted to Hauser, and Long picked up Rice's roller and tossed him out via of the Thompson route.

Paine tried to stretch a double into a triple and Borden trapped him between the bases. Collins struck out. Long singled to centre, then stole second. Frazier lifted to left, and Wells fell all over himself while Long scored. Hauser grounded to Bingham for the third out.

*Fifth Inning.*

Carter robbed Pollard of a short field hit. Long lost Bingham. Borden beat out a bunt. Madison hit into a double, and the side went out, Carter to Gibbs to Thompson.

Keene's bingle to centre netted him one base. Carter got on for nothing. Gibbs' grounded puzzled Borden so much that he just held it while the bases filled. Thompson raised a fly to Rice, and Keene scored. Paine's hit scored Carter and Gibbs. Paine rested on third, while Collins walked. Paine was nipped trying to pilfer home as Collins stole second. Collins continued purloining until he swiped home. Long failed to connect, so the misery ended.

*Sixth Inning.*

Lawrence grounded and was thrown out by Gibbs. Wells and Thompson tangled up at first, after the former had hit to Paine. Nurse churned the atmosphere, and Jones lifted another one, this time to Thompson.

Frazier walked. Hauser ran out a bunt. Pollard handled Keene's liner in fine style, and put Frazier out at third. Carter whipped the ether. Gibbs' wallop

scored Hauser and Keene. Lawrence gathered Thompson in at home, when he tried to score on Paine's single.

*Seventh Inning.*

Rice grounded. Pollard hit to centre. Bingham forced Pollard at second, stole the keystone sack, and went home on a wild throw. Borden dived into first and stole second. Madison's double scored Borden. Madison took third on Lawrence's roller and Long's error. Lawrence stole and Wells arrived at first. With the bases choked, Nurse's drive to deep right cleaned up things, while he slowed up at third. Jones became acquainted with first and Nurse scored. Jones died at first. Rice went out on a fly, ending an exciting inning. The agreement called for seven innings in case of the ringing of the supper bell.

"Prof" Houston did some very good umpiring. There were two or three doubtful decisions, but that's what we need an umpire for. Both sides were satisfied for the most part. The final score was 11-8 in favor of the Freshmen. Better luck next time, Sops!

W. A. THOMAS.

**OBITUARY**

**OUR DEPARTED SON.**

THE death of John "Eph" Williams, on May 16, marks a sudden and tragic passing of one of Howard's most illustrious and promising sons. The shock of his untimely death was most distressing because of his fine personal attributes and attractive qualities, but even more because of his youth and future possibilities.



**John Ephraim Williams**

Barely 22 years old, he had finished the 4th District School in Milwaukee, Wendell Phillips High School in Chicago, and had entered Howard after spending three years at Lincoln. Within two weeks he would have received his degree of Bachelor of Science from our College of Arts and Sciences, and completed his Freshman year in medicine, of which was he was president at the time of his



death. A member of the varsity basketball team, and an ardent tennis enthusiast, he at all times gave the best that was in him for his Alma Mater.

His unusual capacity for making friends was one of his distinct characteristics. Though he was, at all times, popular and successful, his head was never turned by his achievements.

"Eph," as he was affectionately known by his friends and schoolmates, was the hope of his father and the pride of his sisters. As a member of Beta Chapter, Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity, he was the "pal" of every brother, and his life a practical crystallization of the ideals of his organization which loved him so dearly, and to which he gave a life of unselfish devotion.

His memory will remain immortal, not any more on account of his sterling character, than for his clean and exemplary life. His death leaves a pall of gloom over his schoolmates, friends, fraternity and family, all of whom mourn his loss with profound sorrow.

May Eighteenth,

1919.

#### IN SACRED MEMORY.

How glorious is the life of well spent youth! Though it passes, yet its influence remains. It has pleased God to take from us this our dear brother; he has been enrolled in the chapter eternal. He played only in the ascending beams of the eastern light; he drank only of the youthful fountain. He has been taken in the morning of his life. His abbreviated career but reminds us that a life need not be long in order to be great. In thought, deed, and character, he represented the loftiest ideals of American manhood.

He fell asleep ere he reached the noon-tide of life; his coming in he did not know, his going out he could not control; but he leaves the indelible impress of a faithful son, a devoted brother, a sincere friend. He gave the world a heart as pure as a child's, tender as a mother's, strong as a man's.

As co-workers with him in our mutual development—physical, moral, spiritual, we do hereby make known the irreparable loss we sustain, as we extend our sympathy to the members of his loving and devoted family.

It is the wish of his brothers that a copy of this memorial be presented to his bereaved family, that a copy be published in the University Record, and that a copy be recorded upon the minutes of his beloved Fraternity,

BETA CHAPTER, ALPHA PHI ALPHA FRATERNITY,  
Howard University.

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#### HOWARD'S SEVEN GOLD STARS.

AMONG the sons of Howard to die in the service of the country is Corporal Mitchell A. Davis of Trenton, N. J. He was educated in the public schools of Trenton, and was graduated from the Howard University Law School. Corporal Davis was an ambitious young man, and gave promise of a useful future. He was an ardent admirer of the virtues of his race, and lost no opportunity to bring its good qualities to view. In 1917 he published a pamphlet entitled "One Hundred Choice Quotations," which he compiled from the writings of prominent men and women of the race. He embarked for France June 15, 1918, with the Headquarters Company, 349th Field Artillery, 91st Division. On November sixteen, he fell a victim to pneumonia.



Prince Algernon Johnson, Arts and Science '20, Dental '21, chief petty officer on the S. S. Lake Moor, died in Scotland from exposure when his ship sank on April 11, 1918.

Sergeant Julius E. Proctor died of pneumonia at Camp Logan, Houston, Texas, on December 5, 1917.

Morgan Summons died of pneumonia at the base hospital, Toul, December 20, 1918.

Leon Cork died of pneumonia while serving his country in France late in the year 1918.



Marcus Hanna Carter, College of Arts and Sciences '18, died of influenza at Camp Merritt, October 2, 1918.



Second Lieutenant Norwood C. Fairfax died in action on September 28,

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"Crossing the Bar"		Tennyson
	Glee Club	
Prayer		
Sermon, "A Wreath and a Star"		
	President Durkee	
Memorial Tributes		
	"Abide With Me," by Glee Club	
"Victory"		Burleigh
	(Written by Mr. Burleigh in memory of those who gave their lives in the World War)	
Benediction		

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MANY of the sermons preached during the last year by  
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