To the world at large Negro Africa is a continent without a history and its peoples the representatives of an order of men whose past is without import in the cultural history of mankind. It is beginning to appear that such an opinion is without foundation. Archaeological discoveries and anthropological studies in Africa in recent years are demonstrating that from the very beginning of human history until recent times there existed in Negro Africa, cultures and civilizations that were in many respects the equal and in some respects the superior of contemporary civilizations in other sections of the world. It has been revealed, for example, that in ancient Ethiopia a Negro folk built up and maintained a civilization in many ways equal to and in some respects superior to that of ancient Egypt and which was indeed older than the civilizations of Greece and Rome. In West Africa, particularly in Nigeria and the Gold Coast, there have been discovered evidences of the existence of Negro kingdoms and
empires with material and social cultures which surpassed that of their contemporary states of Teutonic Europe.

A little more than a year ago—January 3, 1923, the opening day of the winter quarter—Howard University made history by introducing into its curriculum courses of study traversing this most interesting field. Experiences of the past year have shown that this effort, though something of an innovation, is nevertheless no indecorous interloper in the field of academic endeavor. Under the direction of Mr. William Leo Hansberry—a graduate, and graduate student in African anthropology and archaeology at Harvard University—the courses on the Negro Civilizations of Ancient Africa have established themselves as fields worthy of the most serious attention and the highest scholastic efforts.

So far, three distinct courses have been given in which upwards of six hundred students have been enrolled.

The first course is a provisional survey of the part played by Negro peoples in the origin, development, and distribution of the cultures and civilizations of man from the beginning of the Palaeolithic age until the dawn of historic times.

The second course aims to give a general acquaintance with the remarkable Negro Civilizations of Ancient Ethiopia as revealed through the discoveries of organizations like the Coxe Expedition working at Areeka and Karanog; the Harvard-Boston Expedition at Kerma, Napata, and Meroe; the Liverpool Expedition at Meroe; and the Welcome Expedition at Gebel Moya.

The third course is a survey of political and cultural conditions in the four great Medieval Negro states of the Western Sudan—Ghana, the Mellistene, the Songhay Empire, and Yorubuland—as reflected in African and Arab chronicles and the anthropological and archaeological findings of the recent English, French and German investigations in West Africa.

In the old and well established fields of academic endeavor, the ancient paramountcy of institutions like Oxford, Cambridge, Heidelberg, and Harvard will no doubt long continue; but in the field of Negro History, Howard by nature can and ought to make itself arbiter of them all. The Bison rejoices with the University in this its supreme opportunity and wishes it every success in the achievement of this its manifest birthright.

AFRICA

Thou art not dead, although the spoiler's hand
Lies heavy as death on thee; though the wrath
Of his accursed might is in thy path
And has thy children scattered of hand.

Though yet the scourges of the monstrous band
Roam on your ruined fields, your trampled lanes,
Your ravaged homes, and desolated fames.
Thou art not dead but sleeping, thou wronged land.

O mighty country, valiant and free;
Thou shalt outlive the terror and the pain.
Call back thy scattered children unto thee—
Strong with the memory of their brothers slain—
And rise from out thy charnel house to be
Thine own immortal brilliant self again.

1924 BISON
All of which goes to prove that there are noses and noses, as Marc Anthony once remarked in passing.

The history of the question is: From the time of the venerable Adam down to the present there have always been noses. Think of it! One grand unbroken line of them through history. We do not mean to infer that no noses have been broken—but that humanity has persisted in cultivating this facial ornament.

The statistics gleaned from the last Census show that there are sufficient noses in existence to last the present population a lifetime; and the heads of the miners' and farmers' unions assure us that the supply is inexhaustible. It is reasonable to suppose then, that our children will have noses also. We have been informed, on good authority, that both Shakespeare and Brutus had noses.

The nose was the first twist-of-the-wrist tool that man possessed. The prehistoric man used his proboscis as a combination corkscrew, oyster-knife, gimlet, and spade. The paleolithic woman often bawled to her mate as he delved in the prehistoric garden, to wash off his nose and come to dinner.

At first all of man's curiosity was located in his sniffer; but his sensation fell to wandering and settled all over his body—most of it in his eyes and fingers.

The present uses for noses are promiscuous. The first and chief is, to decorate the phiz; second, to locate the wily and overgrowing, willier hooch; third, to hold on glasses; fourth, to wear powder; fifth, to separate the eyes, and act as a balcony for the mouth; and sixthly, lastly, but not leastly, to administer snubs. No snub is so snubbish as a snub administered with the proper organ of snubbing, the nose.

I have a great acquaintance in noses, and let me say right here that the looks of noses are even more promiscuous than the noses. Take for a case in point the Anglo-Saxon nose. There are several varieties of this type, but for the greater part it is a long, pokey nose. Managerial in its disposition and hard to satisfy. Just loves to make laws for others to obey.

Then there is the Grecian nose, that generally leads the owners and admirers to the movies and divorce courts. Helen of Troy, for instance.

The Roman nose, like all Gaul, is divided into three parts—the start, the bend, the drop. It is twin brother to the Anglo-Saxon and functions accordingly.

And now let me pause before the nasal appendage of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Ah, this a bounteous, a voluptuous nose that droopeth like the gentle dew of heaven upon the lip beneath, and leads its owner directly to Wall Street.

Then comes the nasal expanse of Ethiopia. No prying, inquisitive nose is this. No conquest-seeking snout. No here-loving beak. It calmly and broadly settles itself upon the face of its owner; and sleeps and dreams himself a tuneful singer, a laughing dancer.

The nose of the Irish is small, but sufficient. He can scent a fight a mile away and pry himself into it in less time than it takes to say this. Some scientists say it is a nose; others contend it is a sort of buffer to prevent his upper lip from running up to his eyes.

From all these facts it can be seen that noses are necessary. We need not plead with you more to preserve them. Keep them for old time's sake if for nothing more. Wear them, use them, make a pal of your nose, and take it into your confidence. No matter what your style of nose is, be kind to it. Whether it is the angular Anglo-Saxon or the low-squatting Ethiopian nose, thank God it is a nose to sniff cellars with and go to it. What if your beak does hang upon the brim of your mouth as if it were bent upon falling in! Let it! After all, it is your mouth as well as your nose. Suppose your nose parks itself to one side of where noses usually park? Let it! Kissing will be more convenient.

I have now proven to you conclusively that the noses have it. Long live the nose!

ZORA NELSON HURSTON.
Almost on the Eve of Graduation

My four college years were virtually ended, and I was tremblingly nearing the threshold of life. The rapidly approaching end of my undergraduate college days set me to thinking seriously. My first impulse was to look backward; not to regret that the time had passed, not to regret the way in which it had been spent, but to make a serious comparison and see whether or not the result of my college days compared favorably with my original purpose in coming. I had come with my wagon hitched to a star; my dreams had been fanciful, mad, impossible. I had an ideal of acquiring a vast store of knowledge; I had dreamed of hoarding facts, mere theories; but in this dream I had forgotten to correlate the aim of my college years with some definite aim in life. I had decided to major in the study of English—specialize in English, I called it then—and feasted on a feeling of absolute certainty that when I had finished my course of study, I should know at least this one subject well. I was content to feel small and insignificant as a Freshman, and consoled myself with the idea that I should feel bigger as a Sophomore, and bigger still as a Junior, and so on until I should reach my graduation full grown. Here I was brought to realize that none of my dreams had come true. My study of English had done but little more than point out to me the many things to which I must apply myself diligently, if I would know the subject only fairly. Instead of growing bigger each year, as I had told myself I should do, I had felt smaller and smaller as the time passed on. However, I was not discouraged, nor ready to commit suicide, for contact at college had long ago modified that distorted view of what college should do for me. I was made to feel that after all, whatever my aspirations might be, my education is primarily supposed to prepare me to adjust myself to many and varied kinds of environments.

The time had passed swiftly. Four years ago I had sighed “Ah, four long years of this ere I shall be able to call a halt on the task of studying.” I had looked forward all the time, and this was the first time I had played Janus and looked both ways with seriousness. I had felt that whatever should be the requirements for graduation, there was ample time in which to meet them. Now that the occasion was drawing closer, yes, very close indeed, I realized that what would be accomplished must be accomplished very soon.

“But what is the use of worrying now?” I asked myself. I was not worrying exactly, but I was thinking about the outcome of the final examinations. What if there should be a slip somewhere and I, by five-tenths of a unit should miss the opportunity of marching in the procession on Commencement day? I gritted my teeth and resolved that only serious illness or death should come between me and the coveted accomplishment.

Qualifying for graduation was not the only thing that gave me concern, nor was it the thing that gave me most concern. I was just conceited enough to believe that under normal conditions, I could make it, and would make it; but this did not mean that under normal conditions I should succeed in life. Life would take me out to work where my efforts would not
be watched by sympathetic teachers, who would strive to point out my mistakes in each case so that I might avoid making the same ones again. If there were serious errors, I should not be questioned and given a chance to explain just why they occurred. I had already made up my mind about the beginning of my Junior year, that I would like to write. I did not wish to be a journalist, nor do any kind of writing that savored of propaganda as such. I wished to be an artist, feeling that if a Negro should produce a good short story, a good novel, or a good drama—those things in themselves should be a form of propaganda that is just as effective as a thesis on Race Relationships, or Democracy, or Equal Rights, or any similar subject. Indeed I felt that all of these things could be quite cleverly incorporated in the story or play. While musing over what should happen to me out in the world, I pictured myself starting out timidly in the field of writing. I reveled in the characters I would create, the exciting events I would depict, the beautiful scenes I would paint. The situation then turned its darker side and I remembered that before the success of these things could be determined, I must run the gauntlet of many exacting critics; and regardless of the time, energy, anxiety put into a production, if it did not come up to the mark set for the acceptable it should be unhesitatingly condemned.

Wishing to connect these thoughts with something more pleasing, I began to think of that blissful summer at home. I had been gone from there these four years with only occasional visits, which never lasted more than a week. Even here a dark side presented itself. Many things would happen that would tend to make me feel satisfied with the place I had reached. I would be told that there is no need for further advancement. The lack of library facilities, and other educational mediums, the low intellectual status of the majority of the people—all these things would combine to make my home town just the place where I could not afford to spend the first few years of my career. In my course of reasoning then, it naturally followed that I must seek a new environment, where I could be able to depend on nothing to carry me through but God and the calibre of work I am able to do. Even this, I finally brought myself to believe, could be a very fortunate circumstance. No other condition could be such a good incentive to real hard work, no other condition could be as valuable in making each mistake I make, each adverse criticism I receive, stepping stones to the desired goal.

Real service and hard work must of necessity be my choice. Plenty of courage to attack the same thing again if necessary, when once I had apparently failed, must be included in my equipment. Moral integrity and intellectual efficiency must be my constant companions from the bottom of life's ladder to its topmost round. I must accept the theory that;

"Heaven is not reached by a single bound.  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies;  
And mount to its summit round by round."
SOCIAL PROGRAM 1923-1924

Oct. 20—Student Council Reception
Oct. 20—Social in Miner Hall
Oct. 20—Senior Class Reception
Nov. 2—R.O.T.C. Reception
Nov. 24—Student Council Reception
Dec. 12—Student Council Reception
Dec. 21—Howard Players
Jan. 1—Student Council Reception
Jan. 18—Junior College Prom
Feb. 1—Student Council Reception
Feb. 8—Senior-Junior Medical Reception
Feb. 22—Student Council Reception
Feb. 25—Phi Beta Sigma Reception
Feb. 29—Chamber of Commerce Reception
Mar. 3—Senior-Junior Banquet
Mar. 7—Sophomore Class Reception
Mar. 28—Freshman Class Reception
Mar. 29—Howard Players
Apr. 4—Delta Sigma Theta Reception
Apr. 12—Employees’ Dinner
Apr. 21—Middle Law School Reception
Apr. 21—Howard Players at Dunbar
Apr. 25—Womens’ Reception to College Women
Apr. 29—Student Council Reception
May 2—Alpha Kappa Alpha Reception
May 3—Howard Players
May 9—Senior College Prom
May 10—Reception to Visitors
May 16—Zeta Phi Beta Reception
May 17—Glee Club Reception
May 22—Banquet—Theology Students
May 23—Junior-Senior Prom
May 23—Student Council Reception

LITERARY AND MUSICAL

Nov. 14—Honor Day
Nov. 14—Piano Recital by Miss Goldie Guy
Dec. 14—Sophomore and Freshman Debate

Jan. 31—Lecture by Mr. John Erskine
Mar. 2—Charter Day
Mar. 5—Recital by Mr. Tourgee Dubose
Mar. 13—Lecture by Mr. Clement Wood Johnson
Apr. 10—Lecture by Mr. James Weldon Johnson
Apr. 11—Recital by Mr. Frank Harrison
Apr. 22—Glee Club Recital
Apr. 23—Howard-Atlanta Debate
May 2—Howard-Lincoln-Union Triangular Debate

FRATERNITIES

Kappa Alpha Psi
Oct. 17—Smoker
Oct. 21—“At Home”
Nov. 29—Dance at Fraternity House
Dec. 31—Dance at Fraternity House
Feb. 21—Pledgee Dance
Feb. 28—Kappa-Omega Basketball Game
Apr. 5—Card Tournament and Smoker

Omega Psi Phi
Oct. 5—Fall Smoker and “Get Together”
Nov. 3—Fall Initiation
Nov. 17—Founder’s Day Banquet at Chapter House
Dec. 14—Smoker to Freshmen guests
Jan. 18—Smoker, Graduate Chapter as hosts
Feb. 23—Basketball Game and Dance (Kappa Alpha Psi)
Mar. 8—Basketball Game and Dance (Phi Beta Sigma)
Mar. 16—Memorial Service, Col. Chas. Young—University Chapel
March 29—Basketball Game and Dance
(Alpha Phi Alpha)
April 5—Basketball Game and Dance
(Alpha Phi Alpha)
April 5—Informal Dance at Chapter House
May 2—Annual Spring Dance at Lincoln Colonnade

Phi Beta Sigma
October 5—Reunion Smoker
October 19—Smoker in Honor of Dr. Davis
November 2—House Reception and Dance
November 17—Smoker
December 21—Smoker
January 2—Reception at Home
February 8—Smoker
February 29—Formal Ball in New Dining Hall
April 10—Smoker
April 18—Pre-Easter Dance at Home
May 9—Sanhedrin Dance
May 30—Smoker

SORORITIES

Alpha Kappa Alpha
October 27—Halloween Party
January 6—“At Home” to visiting Sorors and Friends
January 16—Birthday Party of Sorority

Delta Sigma Theta
December 31—New Year’s Party
February 15—Valentine Party
April 4—A Formal Dance

Zeta Phi Beta
November 14—Informal Reception
February 13—Tea Party
March 1—Whist Party
March 1—Informal Reception for National President
April 21—Informal Reception
April 25—Spiderweb Party
May 16—Annual Spring Party
May 30—Sorority Hike

Campus Cafeteria, operated by Home Economics Department
GET THE SPIRIT

Did you notice when you first arrived on the campus that the atmosphere was permeated with something unusual? That unusual something was The Howard Spirit. In years gone by The Howard Spirit was impressed upon the new student by THE FRESHMEAT GANG with sticks and clubs. That method is now obsolete and it is optional how one gets it. Whether you assimilate it, absorb it, contract it, soak it in by the principle of osmosis, or be infected by it, is immaterial; but you must get it. You are supposed to have the Nth degree of Howard Spirit in your blood and if you have a less amount you are a nonentity here.

ATTENTION!
1. Stick together.
2. Stay behind the line assigned and by no means let your enthusiasm take you across it.
3. Give the cheer leaders your attention when they call for it.
4. Sing and yell like it—ward when such is in order.
5. Keep quiet when Howard has the ball in order that the team may hear the signals.
6. Be on the alert to give a cheer for any man who might be taken out of the game.
7. Should Howard lose, don’t be ashamed to let your grief be noticeable.
8. When Howard wins everyone should go wild for a certain period.

HOWARD VARSITY YELL

Howard! Howard! Howard!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Howard! Howard! Howard!
H-O-W-A-R-D—Howard!
Howard! Howard!

Cheering them on to victory
"OLD HOWARD LOVE"
(Tune: "Old-Fashioned Love")
(Exclusive privilege granted Howard Alumni and Student Body by Mack and Johnson, Miller and Lyle)

Most folks nowadays, say Old Howard ways
Should give place to things that are new.
But somehow I hold to things that are old.
Perhaps it's an old Howard view.
I love my old books, the corners and nooks
Of my old school and the old friends:
Old memories too, one love that is true,
Lasting all thru' life until it ends.

REMEMBER:
I've got that old Howard love in my heart.
And there it shall always remain.
My love is like the ivy vine,
Clinging little closer all the time.
Thru' the years, joy and tears, just the same.
I've got that old Howard faith in my heart:
No changes can tear it apart.
If all the dry land changed to sea,
It would never make any change in me.
I've got that old Howard love in my heart." 

HOWARD, I LOVE OLD HOWARD
Howard, I love Old Howard!
I love her halls and campus green
Boys there are strong and sturdy;
Girls the fairest that I have seen.
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Sun there is always shining
Skies there are always blue;
Howard: I love old Howard!
And I'll always love to love her, too.

FIGHT FOR OLD HOWARD
Fight for Old Howard,
For the Blue and White,
Take that ball onward.
Smash 'em right and left.
Fight for Old Howard
In the same old way.
Fight, fight, fight boys—
For, Howard must win to-day
Rah! Rah! Rah!
(Repeat)

HOWARD
Words and Music by Miss Florence Dykes.

Boys when we play our great game of fate,
Please bring back joy to those hearts that wait.
Girls here are waiting
With their hearts aching
For you to win.
We know you've done it in times of yore,
Now show them that you've that same strong gore:
Break through the line, boys,
Strike for the goal, boys.
Bring laurels true.

CHORUS:
Howard, Old Howard, your sons love you so.
Rah! Rah! Rah! Howard, Old Howard, wherever they go.
So, strike for your Mate.
Fight, fight, boys;
Strike for Old Howard.
Fight, Fight, Old Howard,
Die for Old Howard, dear.

LOYAL SONS OF HOWARD
We are loyal sons of dear Old Howard
And we bow to her White and Blue
We will fight with cheer
Through our career
To raise the name of Howard, dear,
A school that sits upon the hill
Bidding all come to her if they will.
We are loyal sons of dear old Howard,
And we bow to her White and Blue.

TEAM YELL
Leader: T-E T-E T-E
Rabble: A-M A-M A-M
TEAM! TEAM! TEAM!
H-O-W-A-R-D, HOWARD!
Team! Team! Team!

RAILROAD YELL
Hi - - - SSSSS BOOM - - - AH
Howard! Howard! Howard!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
(Ending slowly and gradually becoming faster)
YE - - - OW (Everyone yells)
Howard! Howard! Howard!

1924 BISON
The Book of Funology

"THE MIRRORS OF FACULTY AVENUE"

Harvard has its number 47 workshop but Prof. Gregory has his dreams and his office. Who knows what may happen?

Dean Holmes, after careful consideration, appointed himself a committee of three to determine the greatest athlete to have graced our fair campus. The committee was impartial in every respect and after due deliberation unanimously decided that a young chap by the name of Oliver Dwight Wendel Holmes was alone deserving of that high honor.

Nothing but a saint could violate the smoking ordinance of Howard University and get away with it. Isn't that true Prof. Brady?

Prof. Cooper, why not take Socrates' advice and be yourself? It isn't necessary to smoke a pipe two sizes too large to be identified with the Chemistry Department.

Prof. Schuh is one of the most versatile men on the faculty. He has taught botany, is teaching geology and gives evidence of being one of the best lawyers on the college staff.

People who live in glass houses should not throw stones in the daytime. For instance Dean Miller in referring to other people from South Carolina, seems to forget that that is the place where he first saw a hen house.

It thundered during a snow storm and many are wondering at the more or less unusual phenomenon and its cause. Don't look far. On that day Prof. Lochard made his eight o'clock class just 5 minutes late.

No wonder the fellows are so shy of that physics course. It is so hot it singed one instructor's hair, and burned another's completely off.
You would think that Chemistry One is a dangerous course the way the hydrogen explodes, the atoms shoot off and one thing and another but the fellows don’t seem to mind it. Beauty must have the beasts under perfect control.

The history Prof. was speaking of superstition and said it was bad luck for a black cat to cross one’s path. Hoffman said that wasn’t nothing to brag about. Down in South Carolina it was bad luck for a black man to hit a white mule.

Jeanette Whitaker broke down and confessed that she might not be so much in the crowd but when she gets you alone—oh boy. See Mr. Goff the fresh medic for references.

Many of the old landmarks will disappear with the graduation of this class. Old Howard won’t look like she used to with Joe Moore gone.

That romance of Elnora Macintyre and Freddie French looks like Much Ado About Nothing more than it does a Mid-Summer’s Night Dream.

Evelyn Mance is so light and airy she should be glad that her head is thick and solid. Something had to hold her down.

Bill Edelin would make a first class officer if he were a little taller. It’s a shame his head is so close to the ground.

Dewey Jackson is one of the proudest men in the class; he always has his head up in the air. It must be cloudy so high up.

Elizabeth Parr doesn’t care who knows she likes Gathings. He is in right kissing height, and it is seldom they match up so well.

Theo. Spaulding, you shouldn’t be so conceited after all these years. Ain’t you ashamed? Not a steady girl during your entire stay.

When Thelma Duncan arrived on the campus she said it looked so small she had to go over on Georgia Ave. to change her mind, but that was before she attended one of these old class meetings.

R. D. Moore, the great secret has been discovered. That R. D. means real dumb.
Cheer up fellows it can't be so hard to get in the Medical School, Pauline Parker's rippling Brooks did it.

Irene Harris should make a wonderful baseball pitcher. She has a neat curve, great form, perfect control and a wind-up that is patented.

Dot Gillam, the girl with such a deer face, sighed for her peeny pill-pusher in vain so she took the next best thing and got the Jewish chemist, Tulane, who thought he could stop his watch to save time.

This class has seen the passing of a great landmark of dear old Howard—the old grandstand. Tho it was old and dilapidated, many a beautiful romance has blossomed forth there; many an engagement had its start there, even if it did not end up so well. Even Fanny Smith, the short vamp of the class, still talks of her Minnie now up in the wilds of Penn State.

Many of us fail to find ourselves until we have left our Alma Mater behind. However “Slam” Kennedy and Dr. Scott have about agreed that journalism is the field for Howard. After reading some of “Slam’s” letters of protest on the average of one a day—Dr. Scott was very emphatic in his opinion.

It has been observed that men of great genius have unusually large feet. If this be true Alpheus Hunton should have graduated in two years instead of three.

Arthur Burke certainly must have missed Bob Mance when Bob went up to New England to visit the elms of fair Harvard. The change did Bob good however for he picked up weight and was thus able to follow Frances Walker around a longer time between meals.

After looking at the long list of discarded lovers we wonder if there be anyone left capable of filling the slippers of the “College Widow,” Miss Virginia Ruffin, Laud.

When Evelyn Lewis went down to the Medical School she took such a prominent part in her class the good Dean allotted her two seats.
When Rucker became cheer-leader he demonstrated without a doubt that a bow-legged man can be strong and sturdy but that grace was something foreign to his make-up.

After specializing in Chemistry Three for two years “Country” Townes took the fifty thousand text books and went in for engineering.

It has always been a puzzle to account for that dainty walk of Nelson’s. Perhaps that is due to the esthetic impulse too. You’ve got to blame it on something besides his feet.

Ethel Jones should make a wonderful school teacher; glasses have made her look so intelligent for a change.
On Frivolity Day the grand reversion to type took place. Joe “Bumpsy” Dodson came out as a Georgetown bootlegger; Elbert Beard looked what he is to be—a jackleg preacher. All the maidens who had been complimented on the turn of their ankle came out as little girls and some of the fellows began to wonder about that wonderful love.

Minnie Carwin looked very nice as a poroed Indian maid.

Norborne Bacchus is our most consistent athlete. He went out for every sport and never played in a game. He was almost as good as Downing, the baseball pitcher, who never gave a hit. He walked the men.

Speaking of athletes reminds us of Joce who went out for the football team and wanted to know where the bases were.

On Frivolity Day Ramey washed his ears, came up on the campus, and no one knew him.

Linwood being a pretty boy with nice hair couldn’t keep Martha. As Priscilla said to Miles; you got to know something. See Mel Green.

Old fires still burn. At the breakdown and struggle at Spaulding Casino, Cliff Clarkson and Ellen Maury were together so much they looked like twins.

Roberta Yancy went to New York for a change but she didn’t make any gains so she came back to look over our Medical School once more.
Who had no intention of giving him the air
She heaved a sigh and looked up in bliss
T'was plain to be seen she wanted a kiss.
But the moment came and went
And fully a year was spent
Before Charlie realized the gift of the deed
And that, my children, is how Dorsey came by the name of
"Speed."

ANOTHER INTERVIEW

I heard so much of Dean——that his name had become a by-word,
and I longed to see him. I had read his "Choice of a Profession" and his
"Out of the House of Bondage" and had long ago pictured in my mind the
sort of person I should like to find him. I sauntered into his office and
broke into a trot.
"Good morning Dean," I finally managed to get it out.
"Well, what can I do for you?"
"I—or—"
"Where did you come from, the tobacco fields of Connecticut or the
ranches of Texas?"
"Neither, Dean. I came from the Death Valley region."
"And you thought that you would get away before you died also.
Well, why did you come to Howard?"
I had been at Howard just one day, was much bewildered and becoming more and more so all the time. I entered one class room where there were many pictures on the wall; so many that I thought I had been walking in my sleep and bumped into a museum. The instructor was clad in the styles of '76 with one or two additional shawls. The class was as quiet as could be; the hands were clasped above the breasts, all eyes were turned Heavenward, and though the whisper was low, I caught these words:

"Notre Pere qui est aux cieux," etc.

Feeling that I had made a terrible violation of some of Howard's cherished customs and disturbed an hour of devotions, I eased myself out of the room. I told my experience to another student whom I met in the hall. He laughed until he shook. I was beginning to think that I must be a very comical figure, and was about to repent my bargain for having told this huge joke on myself. When he recovered his composure, he informed me that I had neither been in a museum nor disturbed an hour of devotions; but I had been to Miss C——'s French class.

"Ugh," said I "fan me with a brick."

I sauntered on and entered another class room. A very enthusiastic teacher was busily explaining a chart that hung in front of the blackboard. Suddenly he turned and pointed to a student in the rear of the room with the question

"Now what does this mean, Miss——?"

"That means -er -er"  

"Yes, that's right, little louder."

No answer

"What did I say Miss C——?" pointing to another lass on whose face he had noticed a dreamy look.

"I didn't get the question."

"Now listen class this one thing you will have to watch when you get to be teachers; your pupils will sleep on you if you let them."

"My," said I, "This teacher really knows his business, guess I'll register for a course where they train teachers."
IN PHILOSOPHY CLASS

(The class is seated waiting the arrival of the Professor, who is about fifteen minutes late, the professor hurries in excitedly)

Er-er, Good morning class, -er-er I am terribly sorry that I am tardy this morning, but I have just returned from New York, having spoken to the Philosophic Society there and er-er- I am (Mr. Jones enters tardy and looks around bewildered for a seat), er- come right in Mr. Jones, here is a seat. Now er- a- as I was saying, I am very fatigued and crave your pardon for my attitude if it is a little boresome.

Now er-er just where were we in the discussion yesterday when the bell rang—oh yes, we were speaking of the matter of Institutions. Now er-er we will take the institution of marriage, goodness, its terribly warm in here, couldn’t we have that window lowered just a trifle, Mr. Barnes? Thank you. Marriage is an institution which has for its objectives, (1) The propagation of the species under some form of racial or social group. (At this time some careless student unconsciously drops a pencil on the floor) And er-er, Oh thunder, Miss Miles, can’t you hold such a small thing as a pencil in your hands for a short time? My nerves are all unstrung as it is, now where was I? Oh yes, marriage is an economic institution.

The sentiments are love and the converting of sex-conditions into respectibility er- (Mr. Bowie, the clerk to the Dean enters and hands the professor a slip of paper regarding a lecture in Chapel) Thank you Mr. Bowie, er-there will be an important lecture in Chapel today by Professor Gregory on “Public speaking as an essential aid to the drama.”

It seems that I will never get to the main point of my lecture this morning, for these awful interruptions, they say it never rains unless it pours (Ha-uh-uh-ha-ha-ha) (dry chuckling laugh)

Well er- to get on with the discussion, the ideals of “Chastity” then are presented as canons for the social institution of marriage.

Now er-er as to the er- symbols of the institution (The Bell for the close of the hour rings) Oh dear me the bell is ringing and I have only begun my lecture—we will er— continue to morrow from this same point, I would like to see you for just a moment Mr. Smith. Excused.
Class in Modeling

View in the North Studio
Class in Plane Surveying

Class in Alternating Current Laboratory