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Editorial

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EDITORIAL

Vice Dean Syphax has introduced into the Academy a valuable aid to discipline by organizing a Cabinet consisting of the President of each class and the leading officers in the other organizations of the Academy.

Such a body is one more proof of the correctness of Ex-Ambassador Bryce's theory, that the world is moving towards democracy. No better idea could have been conceived for bringing the administration into close and sympathetic touch with the students.

It is our belief that the creation of this Cabinet will have most wholesome effect on the discipline of the entire student body.

The Herald wishes to express sincerest sympathy with this liberal move of our Dean and we ask the co-operation of every student in this plan for bringing student and teacher into close sympathy.

The Tariff and Currency bills, in other words the two Wilson bills, are now laws of the United States. Both bills embody in a way the Bryan idea of free silver, upon which issue the Secretary of State was repeatedly defeated. Yet both houses of Congress were pre-

sumptuous enough, or weak enough to approve these measures.

One of the noticeable things, about a Democratic administration is its consistency in regard to blunders. We can not however call these bills blunders, since they are really experiments and every citizen should do his best for the next three years to avert a nationwide embarrassment. If these bills prove to be blunders, as most of us expect they will prove to be, they will be remedied by a Replublican protective tariff and a monetary system, under which the country has already become most prosperous.

A copy of either bill may be obtained at the Document Room in the Capitol.

One of the most perplexing questions of the present day seems to be what is popularly known as, "World Peace."

Every once in a while we pick up a magazine or newspaper and read of the Peace Plan proposed by men of one nation or another and perhaps in the very next issue of the same publication we read of the very same nation's launching one or more battle ships. For instance, while Mr. Churchill is ad-

vocating a naval holiday and Mr. Bryan, total abstinence for war, the British and American governments are quietly floating new dreadnaughts. In the mean time Germany and France have not been negligent in this regard. Such a state of affairs is bound to arouse serious questions.

It does seem as if these advocates are not expressing the true sentiments of the respective countries, or that the "World Peace" is to be sought through the medium of war.

That universal peace is "a consummation devoutly to be wished" by civilized nations is unquestionable; but it seems as if the idea is being pushed far ahead of its time. And we cannot help thinking that if "World Peace" continues to be advocated so strenuously, it will of itself become a dangerous issue rather than a solution for the evils of warfare.

The speech of Mr. Watt Terry, a prosperous colored man of Brockton, Mass., delivered in Library Hall, on Tuesday, December 30, 1913, gave hope and inspiration to all those who heard it. Mr. Terry told of his rise from fifteen cents to half a million dollars within fourteen years, with the handicap of no education. All through his speech Mr. Terry emphasized the old adage, "Honesty is the best policy." We trust that Mr. Terry's words will not be disregarded by the educated class in their mad rush for success.

For the third time in her history Harvard University has elected a colored youth as class day orator. This time in the person of Mr. Jackson, of N. J. This calls to mind Edmund Burke's remarkable apothegm—"Great and acknowledged force is not impaired in sentiment or effect by an unwillingness to exert itself." Standing as she does at the head of American institutions of learning, Harvard has never allowed herself to be blinded by prejudice. And what is the result? Instead of decreasing in power and influence as most of her sister institutions feared she might in awarding justice and honor where due, Harvard has advanced in popularity, scholarship and moral tone. We wonder what President Wilson thinks about that? No! No! Not what he thinks now, but what he would have thought, were he yet at Princeton, where a colored lad dares not show his face.

Well, the Christmas holiday has passed. We trust that everyone used it in the best possible way for refreshing and strengthening his mind. We greet you at the beginning of a new year and extend our best wishes for a successful year's work. We trust that everybody has returned with a determination to cooperate with our President and Faculty, and with one another in trying to make this the best year in the history of Howard. A few suggestions as to how we may ac-

comply with this may not be amiss:—First, by being respectful to everybody; second, by observing order on the campus, in the class room and in the chapel; third, by faithful devotion to our studies. If you have not made any resolutions, try these; if you have made some, add these to them.

Professor Robertson Dead.

After a protracted illness, Prof. C. C. Robertson died at the home of his brother in Providence, R. I., a short time before the Christmas holidays.

Professor Robertson was a Howard man, having finished his college course here in 1911. Immediately after his graduation he accepted a position as teacher of Mathematics in Howard University Academy. In this position he not only proved his ability and fitness, but endeared himself to all who knew him. In the class room and on the campus he was always the same—cheerful, patient, and zealous for the success of his students.

Taken at the very beginning of a career promising great usefulness, Professor Robertson's loss cannot be fully estimated, except by his near friends and those who had the good fortune to be under his instruction. The entire student body expresses deep sorrow at his death and all connected with Howard University extend their heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family and friends of the beloved teacher.

A Tropical Sunset.

BY R. PERCY MERCURIUS. '14

Those who have never beheld the sun as it sinks beneath the Tropic horizon, cannot conceive of the grandeur and magnificence, the sublimity and bewildering beauty of the scene—a wonderful manifestation of God in his glory. What pen, directed by all the ability of genius, can find words adequate to describe this indescribable scene? What Brush, endowed with the most remarkable powers of execution, can blend tints so improbable, so intricate, so elusive? Of all the manifold ways of nature a Tropic Sunset is the most inimitable.

Towards evening the parching rays of noon tide, which reflected from arid and glittering sea have awearied the eye and the mind alike, give way to a milder and more mellow light. From over the surrounding hills of the palm-fringed bay, proudly, silently, float fleecy cumulous masses of clouds that adjust themselves as if in purposed order about the blanched blue of the heavens, reflecting the burnished splendor of their lord, the sun. A light breeze prevails that fans the face of the sea into a thousand dancing, frolicing wavelets. Skiffs and small sail boats with sails swollen with graceful pride, dart hither and thither among the crested waters of the bay. All nature seems in