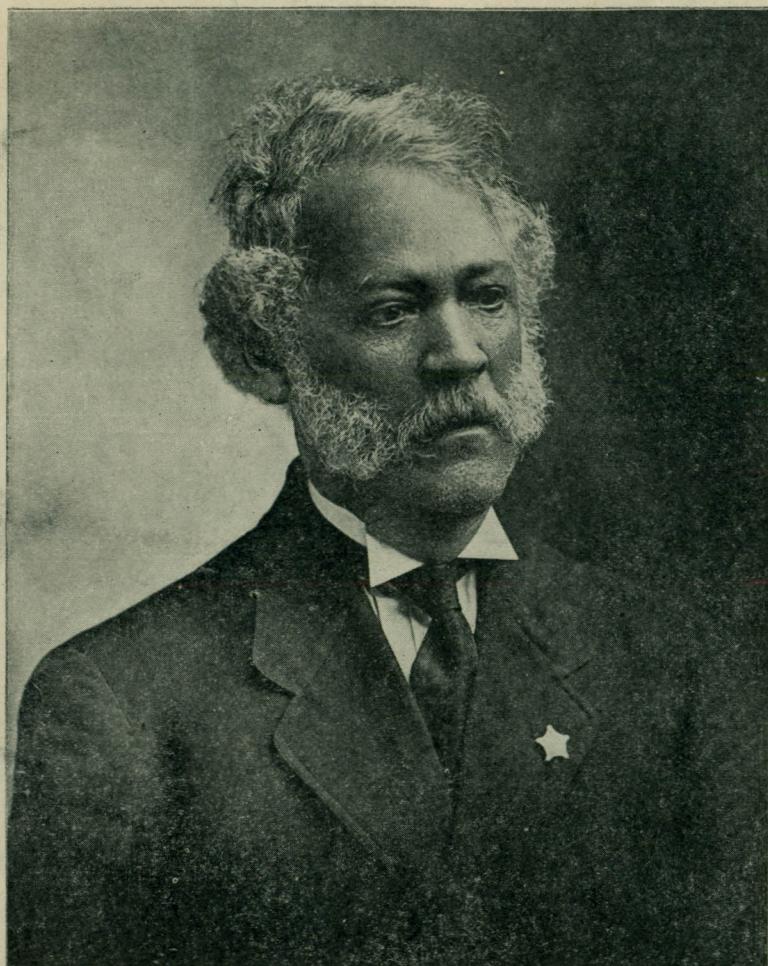


The Institute
Monthly



Gift of
Prof. W. H. Davis

Institute, West Virginia
December—January
1910 — 1911



Prof. WILLIAM H. DAVIS,
of Charleston, W. Va.

(*"Dr. Booker T. Washington's First Teacher."*—Page 8.)

VOLUME IV

The Institute Monthly

NUMBER II

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Communications for publication should be given or sent to
the Editor, or Managing Editor. All news will reach
these columns through the Editors. : : : : : : :

EDITOR

MANAGING EDITOR

BUSINESS MANAGER

BYRD PRILLERMAN

S. H. GUSS

J. M. CANTY

Editorials

THE MONTHLY ADDS ITS TRIBUTE OF RESPECT TO THE DEAD CHIEFTAIN, the incomparable Citizen, the astute statesman who sank to rest in the Nation's Capitol, and was buried Saturday the 7th inst. among the hills he loved at Elkins, W. Va. ¶ The wreath of immortelles that we humbly offer, is a tribute of gratitude from the hearts of a people whom his personal efforts have helped. ¶ It will be recalled that chiefly through his influence the battalion of our School was furnished with guns thus making it so far as we know the only body of Negro Cadets, south of the Mason and Dixon's line armed with real bayonets and guns. ¶ In other ways he showed his interest in the development of negro citizenship as attempted by this Institution.

WE PRESENT THE LIKENESS OF ONE THE PIONEERS OF NEGRO EDUCATION in West Virginia. A man who came over the line when negro schools were first started in the state and who, it is said to his credit, was the great Tuskegee's first teacher. THE MONTHLY has naught but honor for Prof. Davis, and the great good he has done.

SEVERAL PLEASING LETTERS HAVE BEEN RECEIVED FROM ALUMNI, and be it said to their credit, their subscription for the year was enclosed. As we have often said in these columns, we will gladly publish all proper articles from the Alumni and friends of the school. ¶ We want you to feel that THE MONTHLY is yours for the free expression of anything that can promote the interests of the school. *Let us hear from the Alumni.*

AGAIN! TO YOU WHO HAVE NOT PAYED YOUR SUBSCRIPTION, there is something lacking. The law requires that our subscription

list be composed of *real* subscribers who pay. Let us hear from you, or we must drop your names.

IN OUR LIST OF WHAT THE ALUMNI OF THE NORMAL CLASS OF 1910 were doing, we assigned Miss Ella Douglass to Elm Grove. Since our last issue, we have definite information that Miss Douglass is teaching at Grant Town.



Institute Closes a Most Successful Term

Unique System is Employed and With Most Excellent Result for Students

On Wednesday, December 21, the West Virginia Colored Institute closed one of the most successful terms in the history of that institution. During the term, there were registered 253 students from ten States of the Union and Africa. Beside pursuing the ordinary literary courses common to the secondary schools, these students have courses in the various commercial branches, domestic science, agriculture, and the mechanical industries. Especial attention is given also to the training of teachers.

The system of education in this institution is unique. All students are required to take some industry, except those taking the commercial branches and the normal training work. About half of the students go to the industries each morning of the school week and to the literary department in the afternoon, while the other half goes to the literary department in the morning and to some industry in the afternoon. By this method, the student is enabled to secure a good English

education and at the same time learn some useful trade or occupation.

For the first two or three years, the girls are required to take both cooking and sewing, with the view to preparing them to become good house keepers. After that, they may specialize either in dress making, cooking, or millinery. The boys may take agriculture, printing, carpentry, blacksmithing, brick masonry, wheelwrighting, or painting. The graduates and former students of this institution are to be found employed at these occupations in the various portions of this State and country. The boys have probably been more successful in carpentry than any other occupation.

However, Roscoe C. Deans is a proficient bookkeeper in Norfolk, Va.; J. A. Booker is doing demonstration work under the U. S. Department of Agriculture in Mississippi; Miss Katherine McRoberts is teaching millinery in Wilberforce University, Ohio; C. C. Poindexter is teaching agriculture at Fisk Uni-

versity, Nashville, Tenn.; Floyd C. Price is teaching Blacksmithing at Maysville, S.C.; Rollins W. James is teaching agriculture in Lawrenceville, Va.; Solomon Brown is teaching wheelwrighting at the West Virginia Colored Institute.

Each one of the 19 persons who who finished the Normal course last year is now usefully employed as teacher.

All the dormitories have been well crowded with students this school year, and it is necessary that the next session of the legislature make provision for more room for students. One of the greatest needs is a dining hall and store room. The winter term will begin January 1, and it is expected that quite a number of new students will enter.—*Charleston Gazette*.

Recent Faculty Changes and Additions to Clerical Force

Miss Amanda Gamble, the late substitute for Miss Eubank in her absence, has been elected to the position of Sewing Teacher in the dress-making department. This gives the head of the department the necessary time for supervision.

Miss Ethel B. Spriggs, Class of '04 and stenographer to our lamented

President Jones, has been chosen to supply the position of stenographer to President Prillerman for the scholastic year, vice Miss Virginia Cleveland, resigned.

The school is to be congratulated for the two additions.

I Cannot Spell the New Way

I cannot spell the new way,
As once I use to spell;
for when I try to simplify,
I fail to do it well.
If indigestion seizes me,
Brought on by pie or cake;
I can't explain the sudden pain
Is just a common ache.
I cannot spell the old words
To match the modern whim;
If I should slip and bruise my hip
I'd hate to write it lim
And when a man is owing me,
'Twould fill me with regret
To take my pen and ask him when
He'll pay that little det.
I cannot spell the new way—
Like Brander Matthews big;
I do not choose—I must refuse—
To drop a "g" from egg.
Perhaps I'm sadly out of date,
If so I can but sigh:
I cannot spell the new way,
I will not simplify.

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Dr. Booker T. Washington's First Teacher



E take pleasure in presenting to the readers of the monthly a fine likeness of Prof. William H. Davis of Charleston, W. Va. He enjoys the distinction of being Dr. Booker T. Washington's first teacher. Mr. Davis was born in Columbus, Ohio, Nov. 27, 1848. He attended the public schools of Columbus and Chillicothe, Ohio until he was fifteen years of age. He there enlisted in an Ohio company, and spent one year and six months in the Union Army of our late civil war. He returned to his native state June 27, 1865.

Soon after this he came to West Virginia where he began to teach school at Malden in September 1865. This was the first school in the Kanawha Valley conducted by a colored teacher.

From this school have gone many prominent members of the race. Among them are Dr. Booker T. Washington, Dr. Samuel Courtney of Boston; Prof. H. B. Rice of Charleston, W. Va., and Miss. Fannie Smith, the first wife of Dr. Booker T. Washington.

Mr. Davis was for many years the principal of the public school of Charleston where he gave his longest service. He was at one time a member of the Kanawha County Board of Examiners.

Many regard him one of the best men in the state. He owns good property in Charleston, and is in comfortable circumstances. He is still actively engaged in teaching.



Among the Societies

The meetings of the Y. W. C. A. are still fraught with interest. They are the largest attended of any of the student organizations.

Mrs. Peterson delivered an address to the Society and the non-member female students the afternoon of the 12 of December on topics of interest to the young ladies.

The Y. M. C. A. has not moved into its quarters yet, although suitable rooms for its various purposes have been set apart for the young men for the past two years. Contributions have been levied repeatedly for the furnishing of these rooms, but some hitch seems to clog matters. It would redound much to the future glory of the association if through sacrifice and energy it would locate itself in the

home that generous spirits have set aside for it.

The Jones-Dunbar Literary Society week'y meetings have not been up to the standard of the past years. It is being advanced that the society is too large, and hence has become unwieldy. The idea of separating the Society into smaller divisions has been brought to the notice of the Literary Committee of the Faculty which exercises advisory and restrictive function over the society, and some plan will be evolved to better the present condition.

The Class lyceums will devote the time allowed them this term to the memorizing and discussion of standard selections of prose and poetry of English and American authors.

The Senior Dramatics

The annual observance of the Senior Dramatics occurred the 9th, ult., in Hazlewood Hall.

The failure to secure satisfactory terms for the running of a special

train from Charleston, was responsible for the fewness of our friends from the Capital City; a few, however, came on the afternoon train, and helped to swell the number, who always attend from the vicinage.

The class attempted the rendering

of the modern college version of Shakespeare's Comedy, "The Merchant of Venice" and the change from the original to the ludicrous paraphrasing of the modern author to suit high school or college conditions, was productive of a rich humorous treat.

The climaxes were well approached and rendered in such manner as to elicit appreciation.

Among those deserving of special

mention were Tally Parrish, in the role of Gobbo; C. V. Harris, as Antonio; R. Conkling Clarkson, as Shylock; Pierce and Lee, as Bassanio and Gratiano; Myrtle Irving, as Portia; Elizabeth Evans as mother Gobbo; Amelia Lowry as Jessica, and Mable Peters as Nerissa.

Every character in the cast is to be complimented for the earnestness and precision with which their parts were enacted.

The Institute Monthly

NECROLOGY

LORAIN GIBSON

Saturday morning, December 24,
just before the midnight bells
announced the birth of Christmas
eve, little Loraine Gibson, in a
lonely ward of Charleston's General
Hospital, with no one but a silent
watchful nurse and the interne
physician to note the final struggle,
breathed her last and opened her
eyes in a brighter world.

Lorraine, aged fifteen, a member of the class 1914, suffering with typhoid fever, had by the physician's advice been removed from McCorkle Hall here when her condition seemed better, to the General Hospital at Charleston, where every facility was provided for the proper treating of her illness.

She lingered for about a week, and then floated out and over the line between life mortal, and life immortal.

On account of her loving unassuming disposition, she was a general favorite with classmates and teachers.

In a lonely grave upon the mountain side she will sleep the dreamless sleep that knows no awakening until the Galileean shall come to judge the quick and dead; but the void she has left in hall and class room will be felt as long as the class of 1914 shall hold sacred the tender memories born and reared by the intimate associations of school life.

THE MONTHLY for the President, Faculty, and Student body voices a heart felt sympathy for her beloved ones who mourn her departure.

MAMIE HALE

Tuesday morning, January 17th, the dread angel summoned Miss Mamie Hale from these to fairer shores. President Prillerman was notified by 'phone, and announced the sad news to the student body.

Miss Hale was an Alumnus of this school of the Class of 1900, and had enrolled this scholastic year as a member of 1911 Normal Class. While never robust, her state of health, causing her to be frequently

absent from her classes, was a bar against the completion of her Normal work.

She was of a modest retiring nature, and her pleasant smile and cherry words to all endeared her to her classmates.

The class passed resolutions of condolence and ordered the same to be sent to her bereaved relatives.

Interment was made at Nuttallburg her home.

THE MONTHLY, voicing sympathetic expressions of president and

faculty, tenders condolence.

The following sad letter was received by President Prillerman and read to the assembled students:

Prof. Prillerman:—

Tell my teachers, class-mates, school-mates and friends to meet me in Heaven, for my foot-steps will never be heard in the hall anymore.

Farewell, dear old Institute! I am going home to rest!

—Mamie Hale.

MAMIE HALE



Campus Christmas Happenings

Each recurring Christmas finds a number of students whose distance from home forms a barrier which prevents them from joining in the yule tide festivities around their own hearth stones. These remain in the various dormitories here under the supervision of the matrons.

Although, they naturally feel a longing for home and its cheer, be it ever so humble, yet their stay here is far from monotonous. There are usually fifty or sixty boys and girls for whom every effort is employed to make them forget the homesickness.

It is a custom of many years standing to have a Christmas tree, which, in line with the customs at home, the little tokens of respect that are joyously given at this sacred season by the students to each other, are placed on a beautifully-decorated pine tree. A Santa Claus is chosen from the teachers, and when the presents are handed out to the students attended with jocular and cheery remarks, a feeling of pleasure and gladness flows through all, and the time indeed, seems a season of good will on earth, and peace to all.

Monday night of the 26th, ult., was chosen for the observance of our annual students' tree. The parlor of MacCorkle Hall was gaily decorated with festoons of cedar, tinsel and flowers.

The tree, placed in a corner, was the center of all eyes. No little tot of five or six years old, ever gazed with more avid eyes upon the antics of the grotesquely disguised Chris of years ago, than did the near men and women of our student body watch the denuding of their Christmas tree by Messrs. Lowry and Guss.

A committee had provided a preliminary musical and literary program, and this was highly enjoyed. The presents received were many and useful, such as loving parents delight to send to boys and girls whose necessities they know, and with whose capacities of enjoyment they are intimately acquainted.

Several receptions were held in MacCorkle Hall, and all were enjoyed.

If put to a pinch, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness.—FRA ELBERTUS.

Successful Meeting of Colored Teachers

[We take pride in these columns in reproducing the following from the current issue of *The West Virginia School Journal*, not only because we hope to give it wide circulation, but because, THE MONTHLY delights to scatter broadcast, the news of everthing meritorious, in which the West Virginia Colored Institute from its President and faculty, to its numerous bands of graduates throughout the State are concerned.—ED.]

The session of the West Virginia Teachers' Association that came to an end in the banquet hall of the Second Baptist church, November 26, at Hinton, was by far the largest, and most beneficial in inspiring results, that has ever been known in the history of the organization.

There was a bonafide enrollment of ninety-five teachers, at least five teachers who neglected to enroll, and a number of visiting teachers from Virginia swell the grand total of pedagogues to something over a hundred,

President Prillerman had used rare judgment, both in the selection of topics for discussion and person to discuss them. The stellar attractions of the program were the ad-

dresses of Prof. D. W. Working, Director of Agricultural extension work for the W. Va. U., on "The Possibilities of Agriculture in W. Va." Dr. Waitman Barbe, Assistant to the President of W. Va. U., on "Things Worth While," and Hon. J. D. Crosby, specialist in Agricultural Education for the U. S. Department of Agriculture, on "Some Features of Instruction in Agriculture." All these addresses elicited the most generous applause; but it is no reflection on the merits of the remarks of the other speakers, to comment on the Chataqua salute that the warm hearted eloquent words of Dr. Barbe caused his audience to add to its ordinary demonstrations of appreciation.

Mdme. Henrietta Vinton Davis, a dramatic reader, and Mdme. Peterson from Texas, a temperance lecturer, were also accorded hearings before the association.

Among the papers worthy of special mention were those of Principal Arter of Hill Top; Elizabeth W. G. Moore, of Charleston; Mrs. W. D. Johnson of Kimball; Miss Nina Clinton of Charleston, and C. E.

Mitchel's paper, thoughtful and showing exhaustive research, bristled with facts and figures. It laid bare elusive the fallacies that lie hidden in practical business to ensnare and ruin the novice.

The exhibits from the various schools showed careful preparation, beauty and variety. They were tastefully arranged in the basement of the church, and were visited by many. The exhibits consisted of map drawing in colors, paper cuttings, boxes, water color pictures, raphia work, and basketry, compositions, specimens of writing and number work. All the prepared in the ordinary course of school work.

The schools represented were as follows: Simmons' school, H. H. Railey, Prin; Eckman graded school Keystone, Nathaniel Wiley, Prin; Kimball graded school, W. D. Johnson, Prin; Eagle school, Eugene Page, Prin; Fayette school, Amelia McDaniel, Prin.; Hinton school, Louise Smithers Prin.; Bluefield schools, E. L. Rann, Prin.; W. Va.

Colord Institute, Byrd Prillerman, Pres.; and the Glenferris school, Mrs. Julia Wilkerson, teacher.

Kimball, was chosen at the meeting place for 1911, in preference to Wheeling, Charleston, Huntington and Institute.

Resolutions containing thanks, congratulations, and requests favorable for sane and necessarylegislation for national and state measures in behalf of teachers and schools, were unanimously adopted.

The following officers were elected by acclamation for the next year:

President, R. P. Sims, Bluefield.

First Vice President, A. W. Curis, Institute.

Second Vice President, E. A. Bolling, Lewisburg.

Third Vice President, Miss. Alfreda Smithers, Hinton.

Secretary, Miss. Fannie C. Cobb, Institue.

Treasurer, Miss. Aristis Johnson, Charleston.

Historian, S. L. Wade, Bluefield.

Around the Institute

Mr. C. E. Mitchel spent an enjoyable vacation in Richmond and Washington.

About all the students who went on their yuletide pilgrimage, have returned to school and work.

Miss J. Floyd Embry, our English and German teacher, reports a pleasant Xmas visit with her parents and friends.

Mr. Banks delivered a very timely address to the Sunday Evening Club the night of the 11th ult. It was well received.

Prof. C. E. Jones, with little Eula Fay and Maurice Jones, spent a few days with his brother, Mr. John Jones, of Rendville, Ohio.

Miss Mary Gordon, of '11 Normal, was the Christmas tide guest of Miss Beulah A. Guss, of Columbus, Ohio. Miss Gordon votes Columbus a princely city.

Miss M. E. Eubank, the head of the Department of Domestic Science and Arts has returned to resume her duties. THE MONTHLY delights to

report that Miss Eubank's health is much improved.

Miss Virginia Cleveland, the competent stenographer to the President, has resigned her position and will not return. It is rumored that Miss Cleveland has been offered a more lucrative position.

Messrs. A. G. Brown and S. H. Guss are the proud possessors respectively of a beautiful copy of Shakespeare's Poems and a valuable watch fob, the gifts of the Academic Class of 1911.

Mr. J. G. Patterson, principal of the Point Pleasant Schools, addressed the Y. M. C. A. the morning of the 11th ult. His Subject was "Clean and Unclean Things." His remarks were inspiring and highly appreciated.

The failures at the term examinations were too many for gratification; but not as many as might be expected among so large a number. The upper classes have been slightly reduced, and the lower classes have been correspondingly increased.

Miss Fannie C. Cobb, our efficient training teacher, made an extended tour of various cities in the Buckeye State. Many courtesies were extended to her by the school authorities of Cincinnati, Dayton and Wilderforce University. Miss Cobb reports glowing accounts of her visit.

Messrs. H. H. Banks and Basil Braxton, of '10, came from Red Star and Mt. Hope to see the Senior play. The nine miles between Charleston and Institute, in the absence of train or boat, was no bar sinister to these old pioneers. They simply set their faces toward Institute, and—saw the play.

THE MONTHLY gives official notification of the marriage of Mr. J. G. Patterson, Normal '10, to Miss Madeline Harris, of Cleveland, O. Miss Harris was formerly a special student here in the Domestic Science Department. The nuptials were celebrated in Romney, W. Va. Good luck and well wishes, says THE MONTHLY, to the happy young couple.

Rev. D. C. Deans, of Montgomery, was the invited guest of the committee on religious work of the Institution the 8th, inst. The Reverend preached an interesting sermon at 11:00 a. m. from the

story of Elisha, Gehazi and Naaman the leper. The benefit of obeying God; the punishment of evil; the glory of an upright life were clearly portrayed by practical illustrations.

Mrs. E. E. Peterson, of Texarkana, Texas, a national organizer of the W. C. T. U., and an active lecturer in the temperance field, spent two days, December 12 and 13, in the line of her work at Institute. Mrs. Peterson organized a large union here, which at this juncture seems in a flourishing condition. ¶ The Institute, located in a district removed and free from the vices that are attendant upon large towns and cities, is always ready to receive and perpetuate all things that tend to a higher life.

Master Lawrence Prillerman was host to about thirty-five of his youthful friends the second inst. The function was unique, as no one, save the organizer, knew exactly the nature of the gathering. Only one thing was known to the guests —there was going to be something to eat. ¶ After the spacious parlor of the President's mansion had been filled, a regular musical program was announced by the host, and responded to by the persons called upon. ¶ A very pleasant time was enjoyed by all.

A Little Child Shall Lead Them

(JAMES GARFIELD PATTERSON, '10)

Author of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Call of the Sheep," Etc.



IM DAVIS sat moodily before the fire, made from the few scant lumps of coal, cinders, and dirt that he had picked up out side the coalyard a few blocks away; his shaggy head was bowed in his big hands, while his rugged body shook with the inward mystery that he felt. From the next room came the crooning of his wife to their only baby, their baby boy that was soon to leave them; for his little body was burning up with fever, and the charity doctor had told the father but a few hours before, that unless proper food and medicine were procured for the little one, tomorrow would be his last day on earth. Food and medicine cost money, and he had not a cent to call his own.

Three months before, he had been inveigled to the Northland by the smooth tongue of a labor agent and by his own longing to be one of the army who called the great city "home." With his wife and baby he had left his old employer, the employer who had made him the finished engineer that he was, and, drawing his scant savings from the village bank, had made his way to the land of higher pay and opportunity. Landing in New York, he had received his first setback, he had been hired to break a strike. Then misfortune seemed to have perched on his banner in dead earnest; for, after three days in his new position, he was told that the strike had been settled and that his service would no longer be required.

After that came the old story, the hunt for a job. Day after day he had walked the streets, begging to be allowed to grasp a throttle valve once more. But everywhere the union reigned supreme; and the union would not receive a black man. With firing it was the same; nobody kept an open shop. He tried waiting table, portering, and at last, blacking boots. But, as he had said so often, there were only "wheels" in his head, and the big hands that were so at home when stuffing a box

or trueing a shaft, were clearly out of place at anything else. And from every place he received the same plaint, "very sorry, but we can't keep you." Jealously had he guarded his little savings, but they had steadily grown less; until yesterday, he had bartered his last quarter for a beef bone and a loaf of bread for his wife and sick baby. And now his child must die! for tomorrow the doctor said he must have food and medicine or die; and tomorrow, unless he could pay the rent for his two shabby little rooms, he would be evicted. In his mind's eve he could see his little Jimmie cold in death, ill-used by the city authorities, then carelessly dropped into an unnamed hole in the Potter's field. Scalding tears trickled thru his gnarled fingers as he thought of his home in the sunny southland, his kind employer, and his many friends. There he had all his simple soul could wish; here, he had nothing but his wife and baby boy, and even the battle was to be taken from him.

He did not look up as his wife came softly thru the door, and lay her trembling hands on his heaving shoulders. He dared not look up, lest, in her eyes he read condemnation. He had brought her to this, and now he was powerless to help her.

"Jim", she said, "Jim, this is Christmas Eve. Did you remember dear? Christmas Eve, when others are so happy, and we so miserable—Jimmie dying and we on the verge of starving to death! Oh God! what have we done to merit this?"

Slowly he raised his head, stretched his great body to its full height, and, in a voice husky with emotion, he thundered, "God! God! There is no God, else He would not have deserted us. I have served him a life; prayed to him and sung his praise; now I'm done. He has deserted us, left us to die for all our prayers; now I'm done praying. I'm going to get the things our baby needs."

Unheeding the agonizing cry of his wife, he flung himself blindly out of the door. His brain was seething as he struck the snowcovered street, and, with hands tightly clinched with the agony of his heart, he stumbled blindly forward. Money, money, he must have money. His little Jim must be saved. Christmas! what was Christmas to him? Surely the meek and lowly One whose birth the world would celebrate on the morrow must have seen his distress. And He had not helped him. He had turned His face from him; and now he must steal. Yes, steal! His honest soul revolted, he must steal that his boy might live.

The cries of the merry Christmas shoppers fell discordantly on his ears, and the sight of the food in the restaurants so nauseated him—he had eaten nothing since the day before—that he turned into a resident street to escape them. Later on, when the last shopper had gone home, he would return and get the things his Jimmie needed; but, now he must walk. He must walk to keep from going mad; to silence the awful gnawings in the stomach that had not known a full meal for many a day.

And so he plodded on, slowly, laboredly, until his mind was awakened by a few words that fell on his ear. A man and woman were about to enter an automobile, when they had paused. As Jim listened, he heard the woman say, "I forgot I had them on. I can't wear them shopping and I'm afraid to leave them in the house. What shall I do?"

"O! put them under the baby's pillow," spoke the man, "Celeste is reading. No one will know. And who would look in a baby's bed for diamonds?"

Diamonds! had he heard aright? Jim shivered as he plodded steadily on. Diamonds! with them he could buy food and medicine; with them he could save his little Jimmie. Possibly he could even get enough to take him back to his sunny south and friends. Gone was his listlessness; and but one idea filled his mind, he must get them.

He cautiously approached the house. The auto was gone, the way clear. Stealthily he crept into the yard, from there thru the parlor curtain, he could see a woman reading. This must be the Celeste the woman had mentioned. How was he to get in? He decided to try the door; rich folks were sometimes very careless. Noiselessly he crossed the porch and slowly turned the knob; it yielded, the woman had neglected to lock the door. Slowly the door swung open on its well oiled hinges, and he entered, closing it softly behind him. There was but a crack in the sliding doors of the parlor; he could easily slip past. The nursery must be on the second floor, so he silently crept up the wide staircase and opened the first door at the top. The room was a bedroom and so was the next, but the third was the nursery.

A low fire burned in the wire screened grate, and by its feeble light, he could see the little brass bed with its sleeping occupant. Panting with suppressed excitement, he crossed the floor and bent to push his hand under the pillow, when the child slowly opened its eyes and gazed steadily

into his. A snarl escaped Jim's lips, and his huge fist was drawn back to crush the child, when the little cheeks dimpled, the blue eyes danced, and the cherubic face of the little one broke into a beatific smile. Jim's breath came in with a rush, his fist slowly unclasped, and like one in a trance, he gazed at the child. The little one drew itself to sitting posture and slowly asked, "Has Tanty Tause tum yet?" Jim's face was ashened, and his lips moved several times before he could gasp: "no baby."

"Den," whispered the little one, "I mus' do back to seep, tause muvver said he won't tum if I stay wake. Won't you wock me to seep, big mans?"

Like one in a dream Jim tenderly lifted the child in his arms. Crossing to the fire he seated himself, the baby on his lap.

"Muvver says dat Tanty Tause tums down de timney wiv a gaet big pack," cooed the child. Jim said nothing.

"Muvver says dat Dod is de big folkses' Tanty Tause, an' dat he brings dem every ting dey needs. Does he?"

Jim's heart was thumping mighty, as he answered, "Certainly he does," and as the words escaped his lips, somehow he knew them to be true.

"But now you must go to sleep or Santa will be awfully angry."

Then he nestled the child in his arms and began to croon softly, as he was wont to do for his own little Jimmie.

The child reached a warm little arm to his ebony face, and with an "I-like-you-big-mans," dropped to peaceful slumber.

Crossing to the little bed, he gently lay the little form between the white sheets, and softly tucked the covers around it. Then with tears in his eyes, he gazed down upon the sleeping boy. Forgotten were the diamonds under his head, forgotten was all save that this was a likeness of Him whose cradle had been a manger, and of that other angel in bronze that was tossing in his little bed at home; and with tears falling fast, he began tiptoeing softly away.

He had almost reached the door when a chill struck his heart as he heard a noise in the hall below. He had forgotten where he was. He must get away. Quickly he ran to the window, only to find it barred to keep baby from falling out. Back to the door only to hear foot steps already ascending the stairs. Looking quickly around, he espied a screen standing by the bed, and in an instant he was behind it breathing

like a wild animal at bay. Along the hall came the sound of footsteps, and thru a hole in the screen he saw a most disreputable face peer around the door; then with shifting eyes and slinking steps it rounded the door; followed an instant later by another person, equally as disreputable. Inside the door, they halted.

Looking around, the first one said: "It's all clear, kiddo, de nurse wuz de only one. Now le's git de kid and clear out."

"Say kid dis is easy money," exclaimed the other, "on Christmas eve, too. Won't de old duffer be too glad to shell out to git dis kid back on Christmas?"

Quickly they came to the bed while Jim waited behind the screen, fearing that his loudly beating heart might warn him of his presence.

"Better give him the quietus, cully," whispered one. "He might yelp."

Jim watched him as he extracted a bottle from his pocket and poured something on his handkerchief. Then Jim awoke. He must save the baby. His cheek was still warm from his little caress; the words "I like you, big mans" still rang in his ears. He would save him. What cared he for two of them? For what was he "a big mans"? What if they were armed? His magnificent strength would even it. Gathering his legs beneath him, he turned his muscles until it seemed they must part, and with the cry of a maddened bull, he launched himself at the one who was bending over the bed. With a mighty heave, he flung him against the other; and as they struck the floor together, he was upon them. Fighting, snarling' cursing, they tore at each other as they rolled over and over on the floor. Jim heard as from a distance a revolver crack, and hot iron seared his head; but with a savage lunge he tore the revolver from his enemy and brought it crashing down upon his head. With scarce a pause, he served the other likewise, and rose staggering as the man fell senseless beside his pal. Quickly searching them, he found another revolver, and stowed it in his pocket. Having bound a towel around his bleeding head, he picked up the frightened child and soothed it with gentle words, while he watched the two kidnappers return to consciousness. When they had fully recovered, they found themselves looking into the frowning mouth of their own revolver, held by the black giant, whose eyes were flashing fire, even while he crooned a sweet plantation melody to the child. And there the father found

them a half hour later, when he came bounding up the stairs crazed with anxiety for his child, had found the nurse chloroformed in the hall where the kidnappers had left her.

Let us pass swiftly over the joyful union of parents and child; and come to the part that concerns Jim Davis.

The officers quickly removed the two crooks both of whom were well known in police circles. After they had gone the man turned to Jim and said:

"My dear sir, you have tonight done me a great favor that I can never repay. Would you mind telling me how came to be here so opportunely?"

"I came, sir," said Jim "to steal your wife's diamonds."

"Impossible" cried the man.

"No, not impossible, but true. Listen;" and Jim told him of the many trials of his sick boy and of his resolve to steal to save him

Then he told of his change of heart when the smile on the baby's face ironed all the wrinkles of wrong from his heart; of how he had thought of the Christ-Child and of His will to care for his sick child, and of how he had relented and tried to escape, only to have the kidnappers walk into his arms. When he had finished the father crossed to him, silently wrung h's hand, and when he had found his voice, said, My man, your troubles are over. I am Dr. Watson, the fever specialist, and if any one can save your boy, I can. When I have dressed this cut in your head, you will take a note, I shall give, to the places my chauffeur will take you in my automobile. I will go directly to your place in another. Get the things and come home as quickly as you can, and we'll save that boy."

Quickly closing the slight wound with court plaster, Dr. Watson wrote a few words hastily on a slip of paper, and handed it to Jim going with him to give some instructions to the chauffeur. The auto rolled swiftly away bearing Jim, whose heart was beating a paeon of praise and thanksgiving.

Reaching home a half-hour later, he was met at the door by the doctor, who, as he gripped his hand, said just two words, "He'll live." Then the faithful heart overflowed and sinking into a chair, Jim gave way to his joy in happy tears.

"Jim" the doctor said, after waiting until the man's sobs had subsided

ed, "your wife has shown me your license and your recommendations, and they are all right. This evening we discharged the night engineer at the hospital where I am head physician, for drunkenness; and if you wish it, his position is open to you, as we don't bother about the union. Now wait," as Jim tried to speak, "I am not done; I will not insult you by offering you money, for money can't pay the debt I owe you, and besides, you will have plenty of your own, for there is a reward \$1,000 on each of those men you caught. But I do want you to accept a Christmas present of \$1,000 from my boy to yours, and to consider me your doctor, without pay, as long as we both live. Will you take it?"

"Doctor said Jim, "will it hurt my boy if I sing?"

The doctor looked surprised, but said, "not if you sing low."

Then Jim rose to his feet in the same spot where he had doubted the existence of God, lifted his head, and, with hands clasped in the attitude of prayer, his eyes looking up to the Master's throne, began to sing. His wife joined him, and a moment later, the doctor added his mellow tenor to their thankful melody. And while the bells rang joyfully as the anniversary of the birth of the Christ Child was ushered in, the squalid room resounded to throbbing melody as the three thankful hearts reverently sang,

"Praise God from whom all blessing flow."



The Age of College Presidents

Almost without exception the great educators who have brought name and fame to the leading colleges and universities in the United States were in the prime of life when called to assume executive control, says the *Omaha Bee*.

Taking up the names most quickly recognized by the general public and coupling with them their age at the beginning of their incumbency we have this table:

Institution	President	Age
City of N. Y.	John H. Finley	40
California	Benj. I. Wheeler	45
Columbia	Nicholas M. Butler	40
Cornell	N.G. Schurman	37
Harvard	Chas. W. Elliot	35
Illinois	E.J. James	49
Iowa	George McLean	49
John Hopkins	Daniel C. Gilman	44
Michigan	James C. Angell	42
Minnesota	Cyrus Northrop	50
Missouri	A. Ross Hill	38
Princeton	Woodrow Wilson	46
Standford	Davis S. Jordan	40
Williams	Harry A. Garfield	45
Wilson	C.R. VanHise	46
Yale	Arthur T. Hadley	43

While every rule has its exception the successful college president and the one who proves of most service to the institution over which he presides is, according to the records, the man who starts in with a good academic setting and some

tested educational experience before he has passed much beyond the forty year mark.

Our Exchanges

The *Aurora*—Knoxville—is to be complimented for its new cover design. The sun over the top of the low lying hills, is certainly an adaptation of the scene to the name.

Among the other welcome visitors to our table, are *Sodalian*, *Scio*, *Collegian*, *The Pharos*, *Mountain Leader*, *McDowell Times*, *Tuskegee Student*, *The Courier*, *A. & M. College Register* and *The Radical*.

The Missouri College of Agriculture has demonstrated by actual experience in Southwest Missouri that the yield of corn in that section may be considerably increased by proper method of farming.

Missouri is one of our leading corn growing states and has 8,000,000 acres in corn. If the increase in the producing of corn per acre were but one bushel this would mean an additional yield of 8,000,000 bushels, and at the price of fifty cents per bushel, an increased annual income of \$4,000,000.

This is a strong argument in favor of liberal appropriations for agricultural education.

The Week at Institute

THE DAILY SCHEDULE

Rising Bugle	5:30 a. m.
Breakfast	6:30
Study Period	7:00-8:00
Chapel	8:15
Recitations	8:30-12:00
Dinner	12:15
Library	12:45-1:16
Recitations	1:30-4-10
Military Drill	4:15-4:45
Supper	5:00
Evening Study Period	6:30-9:30
Lights Out	10:00
WEDNESDAY EVENING PRAYER MEETING	6:30
LITERARY SOCIETY FRIDAY EVENING	6:30

THE SABBATH DAY

Young Men's Christian Association	8:15 A. M.
Sabbath School	9:30
Young Women's Christian Association	1:30 P. M.
Song and Prayer Service.....	6:30

Notice to Parents or Guardians:

Hereafter, Report Cards of the student's standing in school will be sent to parent or guardian at the close of each term, instead of monthly as formerly.

Parents and guardians should carefully examine these cards as they indicate the progress the student is making in school.

State Summer School For Teachers

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June 19th, 1911
And Lasts
Six Weeks

253 STUDENTS
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Ten States and Africa Were Represented

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Is the largest and best equipped school in the state for the education of the Negro Youth.

14 courses offered. The school is in the most flourishing Negro Community in the state. Healthful climate. No Saloons. *

For further information, address

BYRD PRILLERMAN, Pres.,
Institute, West Virginia.

THE WINTER TERM BEGINS JAN. 4th, 1911