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Volume VIII. APRIL 1916 Number VII.

EDITORIALS

THIS number of The Monthly will be the last for the scholastic year. We bid our readers "auf wieder sehen" until we meet again in September. We have tried to chronicle the events, and incidents of the school's life during this scholastic year. We have tried above all, to carry the spirit of the school to every quarter of the state reached by our little journal. That we have been somewhat successful is evinced by many pleasant words from those whose interests have been aroused. Words of praise always cheer and encourage.

We are conscious within ourselves, that our mission has not been wholly successful. Although our alumni have not been as responsive in the support of our little journal in the ways that editors and officials of the School enjoy, yet we are thankful for that interest, in the school, of advice and suggestion to the parents and guardians, which has aided in sending here three hundred eighty two boys and girls, irrespective of fifty seven students enrolled in our summer school.

There is yet much more to be done. We are yet working to make this the biggest and best school for the education of the Negro youth in the country.

We have presented elsewhere in these columns, a few of the papers delivered by students at the Washington Memorial Fund exercises. The complete program is printed, so that readers may be informed of the program in detail.

"BOOKER T. WASHINGTON"—A TRIBUTE

BY DR. W. W. TOMPKINS, CHARLESTON, WEST VA.



DR. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

WHEN it was announced last November that Booker T. Washington was dead it was not that a set of people at one place was distressed, but his death was felt by all people of this country irrespective of location or cast. He had not lived a long life, but he had lived a busy life; one that was filled with achievements and achievements that will be of interest and value to all people, because what he did was for the betterment of his fellow-man, to add to his comfort, his ease and material welfare. He was great in this, that he recognized what was wanted in his people by supplying it. He raised them above a place of want and forced recognition from those who had opposed them or looked on indifferently at their struggles. He obtained results, he brought out and made active gifts that were hidden and not suspected in his own people. In his visits to Northern cities he was heard and given to. Why? Because he could point to what he had done. He said, "Give me financial aid I will do more." He did not squander, but he conserved, created and added to. At no time was he recuffed or refused, men of great wealth heard him; they believed, they assisted, and the result—Tuskegee! Its students were going out each year, equipped to build up and add to the wealth, refinement and to Christianize the communities in which they were to teach. He gave to his students practical knowledge, so that they could live, and live better than ever before. He taught them that if one is honest, industrious and religious, that the high ideal and virtuous life is the one that wins respect, and is recognized and considered as a pass-port, regardless of what you have been; that life is a striving for an ideal, and the higher it is, the greater the man. He shed no tears over the past; he was active in the present and hopeful of the future. What is it we should learn from his life? That labor is dignified and ennobling, that it is the magic key that accomplishes things, that the farmer must work and work more scientifically than before, that whether a man shoves a plane or lays a brick, it counts for his uplift; that to be ignorant is to be criminal, and to be lazy is to make us a burden to others. Booker T. Washington was great in that he recognized that to rise you must educate; and, as you are educated you do better work, you have more self-respect and stand higher in the community in which you live; that to the colored man his destiny is in

his own hands, and that by doing better work and competing with his white brother he can force justice and recognition.

[The above tribute to Booker T. Washington was written by Dr. W. W. Tompkins especially for the Institute Monthly. Dr. Tompkins is a cousin of former President Ulysses S. Grant, and was a close personal friend of Dr. Booker T. Washington.]

"BOOKER T. WASHINGTON'S BOYHOOD JOURNEY FROM MALDEN TO HAMPTON"

BY MAE I. CURRY

IN 1868 while Mr. Washington was a ragged boy of ten years, he heard two men in a coal mines talking about a school in Virginia where Negro boys and girls could get an education, and where poor students were given an opportunity of working for their board. Mr. Washington said: "As soon as I heard of this institution I made up in my mind to go there". The little Negro boy lived four years longer in the family of Mrs Ruffner in Charleston, but in all those four years the resolution to go to Hampton was burning within his bosom.

By the help of his mother, kind friends, and his God, he started on the lonesome journey to Hampton in October of 1872. He did not even know where Hampton was. He only knew that beyond the forest, over the mountain walls, some where in Virginia was a place, that he had heard of would offer a chance to get an education.

Let me quote for you what he said of his purpose to get an education:

"No matter how dark the day or how discouraging the circumstances there was never a time within my youth when the firm resolution to secure an education at any cost did not remain constantly with me.

With this determination, this little negro boy set out, in his fourteenth year, on the distant that led from his home in the Kanawha valley, over the Alleghenies, through the plains of Virginia, to the Hampton Institute. The journey from Malden to the east in 1872 was not the pleasant undertaking that it is now. Indeed, the white man's civilization had driven the wild Shawnee from his villages, from his blood hunt on the war trail, and his canoe from the Elk, the Gauley, and the beautiful Kanawha. The endless forest that in 1784 lined the

the lonesome road along which Anne Bailey rode her tired horse to bring ammunition to the waiting garrison at the mouth of the Elk, had been cleared here and there, and close to the roadside nestled the log cabin of the pioneer.

Along this road, the negro boy, who had dreamed his dreams, and had seen his visions, went sometime by stage, and sometime on foot until he reached the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad finished at that time to the White Sulphur Springs in the eastern part of our state.

His journey from thence to Richmond was filled with events that he never forgot. He arrived in Richmond tired, dirty, hungry, penniless, homeless, but still held an abiding faith in the outcome of his journey, and a trust that his God, who noticed the sparrow's fall would not desert him.

His sleeping under the board walk for several nights in the city of Richmond, while he worked at loading and unloading ships at the wharves, are episodes that are frequently spoken of as unusual hardships in the life of this great man.

He finally earned money enough to take him the remainder of his journey and he describes that morning as the happiest day of his life.

The rest of the story, the historian and biographer has told, and will tell to encourage and inspire men of all races.

"BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, MY PLAYMATE"

BY H. B. RICE, CHARLESTON, WEST VA.

I went to Hampton from Malden in 1870 when I was nearly 14 years of age. At this time Booker was probably nearly 12; and a year or two later he went to Hampton, too. Being very anxious to learn and having but half-time, he began his school life in Malden by being prompt and diligent. He was never late, I think, unless when hindered by some circumstance over which he had no control. He was obedient, studious, vivacious,

and beloved by all.

At recess, he was ready for play, and he seemed to possess a determination, in accordance with the rules of the game, always to win.

While a school boy at Malden he became a Christian, and was fond of attending Sunday School.

At Hampton, he soon enjoyed the confidence of all. Here, as at Malden, he was at once round to be intelligent, industrious, and trustworthy. Whether reciting, play-

ing, or working, he always seemed to be interested in doing his best.

He was fond of reading all kinds of useful books, and liked to de-claim and to debate.

While a student at Hampton he became deeply interested in the reading and study of the Bible.

"BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, THE PEACEMAKER"

BY AMAZA HARRIS

Abraham Lincoln, the emancipator, the philanthropist, the ruler of our nation's destinies and its most troublous times, the sainted martyr, was a lover of peace, and a firm advocate of the principles of peace.

There was no thought ever higher in his mind, than to see his country growing and happy under the existence of a wide spread peace.

The thought of war was distateful to him, although the cause for it, he recognized was justifiable.

While it was in progress he suffered as human hearts rarely suffer, when violence and war run free.

The deepest prayer from his heart was that peace and contentment should be, even at the sacrifice of some of his dearest ideals.

"Let us have peace;" This was the great prayer that went forth to the whole country from his heart.

He was fully imbued with the spirit of Christ and always tried to model the conduct of his own exalted life by that sublime pattern. In school, as out of it, his character and conduct could always be referred to as exemplary and worthy of emulation.

After he had died, the North and South recognized that he was the greatest means for the peaceful union of the sections that had ever existed.

The worth of a great man, the true merits of his life are rarely fully appreciated during his mortal life. The most deserving men of any age, lived unappreciated; dead, the world awoke to the greatness of their purpose and usefulness in life.

The man in whose honor we are striving to assist in completing an unfinished task, has passed to his reward. Few men have come from depths so low, and risen to heights so lofty. From a salable chattel to a molder of world influence, from an obscure Negro teacher to a companion of the mightiest of the earth, is indeed a great stride.

He found the south in a tumult of uneasiness on account of a

growing mistrust of the white man for the Negro and of the Negro for the white man. He found human life, as concerned his race, regarded slightly. He found crime, poverty, ignorance, and immorality carrying his people lower in the scale of life. He found his race Ishmaelites, with most every white man's hand of the south, raised against him. He labored hard to spread education through the masses of the negroes of the south, and his efforts are bearing rich reward thru the thousand of graduates that his school has sent forth.

Through his influence hundreds of good men and women, white and black have worked in the south to teach enlightenment to a backward race.

He was a loyal American; loved his country and wanted his race

and the white race to live in peace. At the great Atlantic Exposition he first had the opportunity to let the great men and women of both North and South know that he was the apostle of peace between the races. He pleaded for kind consideration, for patience, for better understanding, for a chance, for peace.

He pleaded in such a manner that the heart of South was touched as it had never been before. Lynchings have grown less, thrift has become greater, efforts to give the Negro a chance, to understand and help his condition are seen on every hand, and the peace that he prayed and worked for will come.

Booker T. Washington will live as the peacemaker, as Lincoln lives as the Emancipator.

"THE MAN FARTHEST DOWN"

BY ESTELLA B. ARTHUR

To those who have made any study at all, of the life of the man whom this service recalls one thing stands out prominently; he was ever working to benefit and uplift "the man farthest down".

In this respect, Mr. Washington was most concerned with the people of his own race; but as it is well known, he who works to uplift his own race, uplifts humanity,

his life and work concerned the people of every race with whom his own came in contact.

The story of his birth, his slave-life, his early ambitions, his bitter struggles, and the gradual realization of his visions, are facts of history, eagerly read and rehearsed to inspire and to encourage. His death is too recent to view yet with calmness his passage. Our

memories have not fully returned from the valley and the shadow of death; the scent of the lilies of the valley, of the roses, that covered with tender profusion his casket, has not ceased to be breathed on the air.

His activities were chiefly confined to Tuskegee and the people of the South. As he more closely began to understand the causes that bound his people to a wretched condition, he found that these causes were so closely allied to those things that touched the welfare of the race with whom the Negro lived in daily contact, that in order to render the best service, he had to make a study of people who relied mainly upon industrial pursuits for a living.

His last trip to Europe was undertaken chiefly with this end in view.

Contrary to the plans of his first visit, he made it his business to come into close contact with the working classes, with "The man

farthest down".

From Liverpool to Edinburg, to London, to Paris and its suburbs, he made his tour of inspection thru Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Western Russia, parts of Austria Hungary, Italy and some of the neighboring islands.

Here he found information, and observed conditions, that gave him strength and encouragement to keep up the work for racial uplift along the lines of industrialism that he had so well developed.

The result of his trip has been published serially and in book form, and from this study, the breadth of design and the great heart of the man is seen more clearly.

It is for the purpose of reaching the man farthest down, that he dreamed of a \$2,000,000 endowment fund. In helping his race by the use of such a fund, he would have helped, and Tuskegee will help the man farthest down, be he black or white.

"ADAM NEVER HAD NO MAMMY"

BY ETHEL HUNT

The warm and tender love that the late Dr. Washington had for his race, in particular and for the lowly part of his race in general, perhaps is not known to the masses, nor will it be until Time, the great teacher has had a chance to im-

press his lesson.

To those who had the good fortune to come in close contact with him, who had the privilege of sharing his rare confidences, it was a well known fact that few men have had a deeper or more sympa-

thetic affection for his race.

He lived among the lowly, he made his home among the rude cabins, he daily associated with the crude and ignorant of his race in order that he might better understand and be able to help them.

To the manly man or womanly woman of his race he offered encouragement and help. To the ambitious he was an inspiration. To the wayward he was a reprov-er and a helper.

He attributed the early success of his life to the influence of his mother, who supported him in his efforts to advance himself.

In speaking of this he was fond of quoting the quaint old song: "Adam never had no mammy, to take him on her knee, to warn him and gently tell him for to let them apples be; I believe down in my heart he'd let dem apples be if Adam had a' had a good old mammy."

This quaint little chorus of a very ordinary song, seemed to contain for Mr. Washington a sermon whose truths manifested themselves very much in his dealings with his fellowman.

The more he studied his race, and in fact mankind, the more he recognized the fact that many of the faults of individuals existed because, the unfortunates had never had the tender teachings, the protecting care of a mother's wonder-

ful love.

His love for such was as deep as his love for life. He lived for them, and not for those who were fortunate; he wore out his life for them, he died for them;

No "greater love has no man this, that he will lay down his life or his friend."

THE ANNUAL CELEBRATION OF MORRILL DAY,

April 14, 1916

Students, representing the various departments of the school, delivered orations before the student body and patrons, beginning at 1:30 in the afternoon.

Principal A. S. Thorn of the Montgomery Preparatory School, was the main speaker. Among many truthful utterances, he said, "It is generally conceded by educators, that the West Virginia Institute is delivering more efficiency for the amount of money spent toward its support, than any other state-supported institution."

The oration of Miss Cundiff was well composed and well rendered. Miss Morgan, and Mister Cunningham were listened to with interest.

Professor Thorn was introduced by President Prillerman.

"Life is the search after power."

THE BOOKER WASHINGTON MEMORIAL FUND PROGRAM

Members of the class of 1918 presented the following program in commemoration of the Natal day, and Memorial Fund of the late Dr. Washington in the chapel on the night of the fifth of April. A large crowd gathered to do honor to the dead educator, and each number of the program was listened to with rapt attention. The admirable performance of each one on the program was highly praised.

President Prillerman closed the program with brief, timely remarks on the life and character of Mr. Washington.

PROGRAM

Music "America"
"The Call" Walter Clarkson
"In Memoriam" Ruth Leftwich
Music "My Rosary"
"His Journey to Hampton" Mae Curry
"Adam Never Had no Mammy"
Ethel Hunt
"The Man Farthest Down"
Estella Arthur
Music } a "Every Time I Feel the Spirit"
 } b "If You Want to see Jesus"
"Dr. Washington, The Peacemaker"
Amaza Harris
The Atlanta Exposition Speech
Amy Walker
Announcement of collection

JUS' IN FUN

"Are these umbrellas any good

for a dollar?"

"Yes, mum, dey would be not better for a dollar and a half."

NOT SO CLASSY

First Old Friend: "Hullo, old chap, how are you?"

Second Old Friend: "First class; how are you?"

First Old Friend: "Steerage."

Hearing a scream from little Johnny, she asked: "What's the matter, Johnny?"

"I've been sitting on a hornet," was the tearful response, "and I'm afraid I've hurt the poor thing."

—*Good Fixtures* by "mac"

"THE PINAFORE"

The most enjoyable comic opera of the school's history was listened to the night of the seventh of April, when the school chorus, under the supervision of Mrs. C. E. Mitchell presented *The Pinafore*, the once famous production of Sir Arthur Sullivan, to a crowded house.

There was a charm and an airiness to the piece which kept the spirits of the audience bubbling with merited appreciation, while the action by a well balanced cast reflected more than usual credit upon the student amateurs and their manager.

It was the opinion of critics,

THE DOER OF THE IMPOSSIBLE

"It is generally the man who doesn't know any better who does the things that can't be done. You see the blamed fool doesn't know that it can't be done, so he goes ahead and does it."—

Some of the famous charges in history have been made and victories won by men who had not the faintest notion that they were attempting the impossible and whose very ignorance was the inspiration to their success.

Everywhere men are setting up milestones of achievement, amid the gasping admiration of their fellows, simply because they followed where they felt their duty lay. They never knew that others ranked far wiser had pronounced the goal they reached unattainable. It was no concern of theirs that they had revolutionized theories with their deeds or made treasured traditions valueless.

Deep indeed is the world's debt to such valiant souls. Brave they surely are, for their rashness and foolhardiness are mingled with an ennobling courage.

How poor small and paltry would be the record of the years, if it had not been for the few who did not know that certain things were impossible and went ahead and did them! They have given us the great, the worth-while things in

who had witnessed this production of Gilbert and Sullivan by professional performers, that the difference of pleasure experienced, portrayal of characters, and rendering of music, was the difference that arises from a fine opera house, a skilled orchestra, and the reputation of hired performers.

The lyric tenor of Huling Lewis, as Ralph Rackstraw and the dulcet soprano of Mable Johnson, as Josephine, formed a pleasing combination in duet numbers, and were applauded in their various solos.

The characterization of Sir Joseph Porter by Philip Johnson Jr., and Little Buttercup, by Miss Eva Green, in voice and impersonation, judged by amateur standards, were excellent to the nth degree.

The whole cast deserved special mention, but space forbids further comment of any but the leading characters. Jervis Woodley, drew favorable comment as the Captain of *The Pinafore*. Dick Deadeye's, by Leon Kincaid, greatest compliment for histrionic ability, was the jeers and hisses, and laughter that his appearance, actions and role elicited.

The scenery, painted by instructor H. S. Davis and his students, was a work of art.

every nook and corner of human activity, and the world is infinitely stronger, richer and better because of their life and deeds.

What would be the status to-day of any industry, if every one connected with it in the past generation had cautiously accepted the opinions of the majority and left machines and methods unimproved because improvement was impossible! Some may have been

oversanguine and overhasty in their performance, but their efforts and zeal were not wholly lost. More than once have their very failures proved a lesson and a spur to their comrades, and made the seemingly impossible an actual fact. And to-day the same spirit is with us, urging us to vanquish the impossible and raise still higher our standards.—*Personality.*



