

The University Student

(Lux et veritas.)

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

MENTAL HEALTH IN COLLEGE

Mental health is an important asset to students; yet multitudes fail to recognize it as such and are forced to spend the greater part of their college careers in some form of misery or dissatisfaction. Like the body, the mental side of an individual may be trained and strengthened through proper exercise. Mental health is not important because of its intellectual advantages, but because of its direct effects upon bodily health.

Mental ill health is a deviation from the normal mental state and is invariably overshadowed by the detrimental forces of worry. During this mental disorder, higher coordinations of the mental faculties are almost impossible. Repeated attempts to concentrate are inhibited by the student's desire to retreat from reality; thus he wastes his time by day dreaming.

While striving for intellectual betterment let us not cast aside the very foundation of our mental activity. Study, exercise and amusement in moderation assure us of healthy minds. College life is earnest, but it must be spiced with variety.

OUR DEBATING TEAM

We wonder if the student body is aware of our first inter-collegiate debate which will be held at Shaw University on the 27th of April. This promises to be a very close contest. Prof. Brown, our energetic tutor, is constantly on the alert in his never-ending effort to give to the University a competent debating team. The traveling team is composed of Messrs. McKenzie, Gilliard, Scales and Steele. They have assured us of a decisive victory. The home team, which is composed of Messrs. Dawson, Jones, Belton and Plair, will debate A. & T. College during the month of May.

THE DEATH OF MRS. MARY O. STEELE

The student body was greatly saddened on March 29th when word was received of the death of Mrs. Mary A. Steele, of Mocksville, N. C. Mrs. Steele had sent many sons to Smith University, all of whom have acquitted themselves nobly both in curriculae and extra curriculae activities.

The student body takes this method of expressing its deep sympathy to the entire family, and mainly to Messrs. Terry A. and Leon Steele, of the Junior and Sophomore classes, respectively.

"God merely loans us mothers for a period and reserves the privilege of reclaiming them at His will."

THE VALUE OF APPLICATION.

By David H. Woodbury, '28

As the rudder is to a ship or a magnetic needle is to a mariner's compass, so is application to the successful man. Unhelped by this attribute the eye of many a science had never opened and the world would be a stranger still to many a golden conquest. From the ancient dawn of savagery to the highest altitude of mental and moral evolution, one can discern the footprints of this mystic power. To understand the secret of all great results, of all grand inventions, of all reforms, of the triumph of learning, of the march of civilization, of the flights of poetry and eloquence, you have it in this very small form—Application. It led G. W. Carver from unknown labyrinths of gloomy uncertainties into the clear sunlight of scientific greatness. It conducted him to

a seat with the members of the Royal Society of Arts in London. It taught Henry W. Womack to be able to sit at one end of the wire with his typeophone and record an exact type-written message. It enabled W. H. Robinson by the means of turning a crank to define any word in the language with his mechanical dictionary.

We have often heard and even repeat the assertion, that much of what the world calls genius is a by-word of mystical meaning. Those who do not happen to be heirs of this mis-nomered possession have a great propensity for beholding it in others through exaggerating lenses. Johnson says, "To such, if there is anything that a genius has to do, it is that which good luck or smiling fortune fails to perform for him." Then he has but very little to do himself, except to sit and watch the flights of fancy or listen to the caroling of inspiring songsters saluting him with "Here we are!" Oh, the luxury of this favored offspring of geniuses. He has only to fold his arms and bask in heaven's ever greeting sunbeams. No wonder that thousands envy the genius and aspire to be geniuses.

Now, my friends, the genius himself indulges in no such revelries as these. He is an inhabitant of no such imaginary realm. If the genius knows any one thing above another it is that there is no royal road to greatness. He knows that if he has any genius at all, it is the genius of hard work, the genius of application. Every one likes to refer to Scarborough, Kelly Miller, Cullen or Henry O. Tanner as geniuses, and indeed they were, and yet their geniuses were manifest in their capacity for hard work. So also was Booker T. Washington, a stalwart in the rank of genius. Still there was no man to outrank him in mental travail, as the monuments of his work will show. There are hosts of others too numerous to mention who scaled the mount of greatness by means of application.

To the contestant for life's shining prizes, I say, "Toil on and wait." Yet let him rest not upon the oars too long. The strokes must be more constant than hard if one would pull for the shore. It is not the spiritual impetus, nor the native exertion alone that toil in the race of life. How often has it been said that the race is not for the swiftest nor the battle to the strongest? Who, then, waves the flag of victory or bears the palm of triumph? It is he that endureth to the end. The man composed of such stout materials as will stand wear and tear of life will find the rough places to smooth, the threatening clouds to fade, the valleys to rise, and the mountains to bow at the majestic approach of his foot-steps. Tortoise-like, he may be slow, but let him be sure, and at the stake he will have arrived first and be earliest in the rank of those to congratulate his more agile companion whom he has outdistanced in life's journey through application.

THE MATTOON LITERARY SOCIETY

By L. L. Blakeney, '29.

The beginning of the term found the Mattoon Literary Society of Johnson C. Smith University facing a great program. It was the busy task of the old members to influence new students to join them in fostering the literary side of the University, and also to help them bring out their potential talents which are so necessary in the development of real manhood. Having this interesting view in mind, we are making some progress toward bringing the Mattoon into its own. We believe it has made some progress along that line and we feel quite sure that under competent leadership of the present officials, a deeper enthusiasm will be demonstrated by the members of the Society.

The officers of the Society for 1927, beginning with February, are:

W. W. Jones, President.
C. A. Evans, Vice-President.
J. A. Jones, Secretary.
H. B. Lane, Assistant Secretary.
A. W. Waddell, Treasurer.
A. A. Jones, Chaplain.
D. A. Costner, critic.
B. E. Lowe, Assistant Critic.
J. M. Alston, Sergeant-at-arms.
L. L. Blakeney, Representative.

FRATERNITY IN ANNUAL BANQUET

S. E. Harris, '29.

Amid a setting of grandeur and splendor Rho Chapter of Omega Psi Phi Fraternity on Friday evening, March 25, 1927, held its annual banquet in the Refectory of Johnson C. Smith University.

No effort or time was spared in making the event one long to be remembered by those present. The dining hall being gay with Omega colors, and aided by mother nature in all her glory, who furnished floral beauty for the occasion. Lovely and fragrant flowers, along with beaming shrubbery adorned the grill. Every known device was evoked to bring out the artistic beauty befitting Omega.

The lofty portals of Omega extended invitations to men and women prominent in life's great achievements. Conspicuous with their presence were a number of visitors from distant realms. Six Fraternities and six Sororities were represented, each resplendent in their matchless glory.

It was truly an evening of formality. Men clothed in evening attire, beaming with the chivalry of old; ladies with pulchritudinous effects, attired in bright evening gowns of shades and hues worthy of regard. The aged became young.

Basileus Bro. A. R. Dawson and his various committees were untiring in their efforts to have a complete and successful program.

Bro. C. G. Goore, acting as toastmaster of the evening, creditably filled the bill. The program was not void of bright, entertaining fettaures. Among the high lights was the annual address to Omega, Brother A. R. Dawson being the speaker. His euphonic eulogies were profound, pointing out some of the achievements and advances of Omega. Toasts and responses came in for an equally full amount of praise. Good music swelled the air.

During the course of the program an elaborate and delightful menu was served, one that would fairly cause the most exact palate to blush with delight.

Guests of the Fraternity were: Prof. T. S. Jackson, Kappa Alpha Psi, and Mrs. Jackson; Prof. W. J. Knox, Alpha Phi Alpha, and Miss Bessie Watkins; Mr. G. R. Dockery, President Omicron Chapter, Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity, and Miss Eliza Murray; Dr. and Mrs. Thos. Watkins, Dr. A. J. Williams, Alpha Phi Alpha, and Mrs. Williams; Dr. F. Tyson, Sigma Psi Phi, and Mrs. Tyson; Dr. E. E. Blackman, Phi Beta Sigma, and Mrs. Blackman; Dr. T. A. Long, Pi Gamma Mu; Mrs. M. Spaulding, Mr. L. H. Miller and Miss Viola Lee; Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Alexander, Mr. J. E. Newby and Miss C. Martin; Dr. F. L. Lander, Jr.; Mr. and Mrs. Q. T. Shelton, Mr. W. H. Moreland, Phi Beta Sigma, and Mrs. Doretha Williamson.

Members of Omega and guests: (Rho Chapter). Bro. A. R. Dawson, Basileus, Miss Madeline Hudson, Kinston, N. C.; Bro. W. E. Bailey, Miss L. Young; Bro. A. C. Caviness, Miss Corrie Hart; Bro. J. O. Canady, Miss L. T. Smith, Georgetown, S. C.; Bro. J. B. Davis, Miss Grace Crawford; Bro. J. T. Douglass, Miss W. G. Garrett; Bro. H. L. Foster, Miss Helena Lynn; Bro. H. L. Forbes, Miss Rosalie Shelton, Hickory, N. C.; Bro. T. L. Gunn, Miss Floretta Douglass; Bro. C. G. Goore, Miss Katie Poykin, Camden, S. C.; Bro. S. E. Harris, Miss Alice Mae Hawkins; Bro. B. J. Hayes, Miss Ogeechee Perrins; Bro. J. T. Jones, Miss C. H. Williams, Zeta Phi Beta Sorority; Bro. R. P. McKenzie, Miss Ionia Shute; Bro. G. E. McKeithan, Miss Edna Gaddy; Bro. J. O. Pope, Miss Maude Mitchell, Hickory, N. C.; Bro. J. J. Spearman, Miss H. L. Andrews; Bro. R. R. Anderson, Psi Phi Chapter, Miss O. H. Hunter, Oxford, N. C.; Bro. H. O. Walker, Miss M. E. Hines, Rocky Mount, N. C.; Bro. C. A. Elue, Pi Phi Chapter, Miss Hattie Russell.

The musical side of the University has been very enthusiastic during this term which marks the trend of thought and feeling along that line.

P O E M S

SPRING

By L. L. Ramseur

The gentle breezes waft the fragrant breath of coming Spring;
On hill and dale resplendent hues are seen;
Above, the birds and insects hover blithely on the wing,
Below, the waking earth is decked with green.

Dame Nature sweetly smiles on every earthly living thing;
She greets each bird and leaf and bee and flower;
And through the pleasant woodlands those who stroll can hear the ring
Of fairy notes from every nook and bow-er.

Sweet zephyr breaths make soft the languid perfume-laden air;
We fill our lungs with all its healthful balm;
'Tis good to feel new life pulsating 'round us everywhere;
And breathe a silent, fervid, thankful psalm.

We'd fain forget grim Winter's chilling reign when it is past,
And welcome coming Spring with open arms;
Forgetting falling snow and sleet and cutting, icy blast.
In Spring's sweet, smiling face and winning charm.

Let's gather information from this fact to lead us on,
And keep our courage when the world is chill:
Remember though the sunlight often seemingly is gone,
Its rays will soon return to dale and hill.

TWO LITTLE SHOES

By L. L. Ramseur

Two little shoes all daubed with clay
From two little feet both tired with play,
Stand side by side at the close of day
While the owner rests.
Splattered with mud and badly torn,
With run-down heels to one side worn;
Into many a scrape was the wearer borne,
And many a quest.

Of the countless tracks that the baby feet
Make here and yon on their ceaseless beat
In house and yard and busy street,
You may guess the score:
But the small, tired feet and the baby shoes
Are still for a while and slumber woos
The reluctant eyes which still refuse
The ardent wooer.

We ne'er may scan the allotted path
These shoes must tread; nor the aftermath
Whether to joy or the vials of wrath
From the hands of God:
We can only hope and softly pray
That the tiny feet may never stray
From the narrow path, and the better way
May safely plod.

THE SPHINX CLUB

By A. J. Clement, Jr., '30

Silent and ever enduring does it stand on the plains of a sandy desert. A milestone to the persevering traveler as he pushes on diligently to the "long-hoped-for" folds of Mecca.

A few weeks ago the Sphinx Club was reorganized by the Alpha Omicron Chapter of the Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity. Officers elected at the reorganization are H. L. Barksdale, Pres.; A. J. Clement, Jr., Sec.; and A. A. Jones, Treasurer. The Club, under the gentle and wise counselship of Alpha Omicron, hopes to foster all that tends for the best in the hearts, minds and actions of its members, and thereby become an aid to the students here, for betterment to a part is betterment to the whole.

Thus does the massive figure stand on the sand-swept desert as a shelter from the howling, sandy wind for the wayfarer and as a shadow to save pilgrims to Mecca from the burning rays of the desert sun.