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"AND YE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—John viii, 32.

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BY THE WAY

Looking Back at Old Biddle, 1888-98

BY UNCLE BILLIE.

(Dedicated to My Beloved Teacher, Prof. Geo. E. Davis, Pa. D.)

CHAPTER V.

October, 1893.

School opens on the first Wednesday in October. I, with many others, am back for another year's work as a junior college student. I saved a few dollars out of school teaching; and as I spent one of them it meant something. In those days the question was, How can I save this money? and not How can I spend this money? We did not have much but we tried to exercise common judgment with it.

There have been some changes in the faculty. Dr. Mabry is gone and Dr. Yorke Jones is here instead. We are about to overlook that Prof. J. D. Martin succeeded Prof. J. C. Johnson in the fall of 1892, if I am not mistaken, and Prof. Henry A. Hunt assumed charge of the Industrial Department in the fall of 1891 or very soon in 1892.

The first morning after chapel services the student body elected Wm. Haig and myself to keep Biddle before the world through the columns of the Africo-American Presbyterian. We wrote something each week. The Professors and students said we wrote "good notes." The next year they nominated me to write for another year, but I had sense enough to decline the honor.

To have the job. My classmate A. J. Jefferson and college-mate "Buck" Williams were elected. This was an eventful year to some extent. Many noted men from the North and West delivered inspiring addresses in our chapel during this scholastic year.

Through some mistake in keeping the record of Biddle the faculty celebrated the quarto-centennial of this institution the commencement of 1894. This was a mistake if 1917 was the semi-centennial. The latter is the correct date.

Some very prominent men of the Southern Presbyterian church were here on this occasion. Dr. Alexander, Biddle's first president, could not be present but sent his address to be read by some one. Prof. Geo. E. Davis read it with effectiveness.

Dr. John A. Preston, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Charlotte, spoke on this occasion. Colonel Myers, the donor of the land surrounding Biddle, was there, and many others. The first student of Biddle, the Rev. Calvin McCurdy was here and broke ground for the proposed Carter Hall.

Dr. John H. Boyd, pastor of the Second Presbyterian church of Charlotte, delivered the annual address. He was a broad young man, though born in Jackson, Miss., and graduated from the Southwestern University of Tennessee. He was all that is Princeton in theology. He died a Professor in McCormick Theological Seminary. He said: "Some say that to educate a colored man ruins a good plough hand. Perhaps so, but it has not been proven; and if it does, it makes him a better hand at something else."

It may be recalled that Dr. Samuel B. McCormick, who was pastor of a church in Pittsburgh and was, until recently, Chancellor of the University of Pittsburgh, delivered the annual address here June, 1893, on a cloudy day. He is one of the clearest speakers I have ever met before or since. I saw a man in Los Angeles, Cal., ten years afterward (1903) at the General Assembly, nominating

the late Dr. W. H. Roberts for moderator. He made the clearest speech of all. When I secured an opportunity to speak to him I inquired of him whether or not he was the Dr. McCormick who delivered the annual address at Biddle at the commencement of 1893. He said he remembered the occasion but not the time, but the class of '93 still remembers that this was the year and he was the man.

Going back to the quarto-centennial of Biddle and the commencement of '94 it might be recalled by some that the late Rev. M. G. Johnson, D. D., brought up a large excursion of people from Columbia to the quarto-centennial and commencement of Biddle. This was a great commencement. The Rev. G. T. Dillard was honored with the degree of doctor of divinity by the Board of Trustees of Biddle.

Only four of these young men studied the ministry: Shute, Gregg, Rollins, and Hood. The others divided themselves into the professions of teaching and the practice of medicine and law.

October, 1894.

Hello, boys! How did you spend your vacation? What did you do this past summer? That is the cry and the question that was heard on the morning after school opened for a month.

In the midst of the fall term one young white man came over from Charlotte and visited the class rooms and witnessed the recitations and went back to Charlotte and gave his impressions and observations to The Charlotte Observer. He was a close observer and well educated, but he seemed to have had fixed and well defined opinions as he was the first to receive such an honor from Biddle under the colored faculty.

The class that graduated this year numbered only ten: A. P. Allison, of Laurens, S. C.; J. E. Bowman, Neyles, S. C.; Junius Gregg, Sumter county, S. C.; W. D. Hood, Laurens county, S. C.; H. H. Muldrow, Sumter county, S. C.; Anderson James, Sumter county, S. C.; S. M. Plair, Fairfield county, S. C.; J. A. Rollins, Charleston, S. C.; C. H. Shute, I think, from somewhere Shute, I think, from somewhere J. M. Vaughan, Nottoway, Va. to a real Negro's ability to comprehend and master college subjects; yet he was open to convictions. Here is his report in the Observer, as near as I can recall it; I will present it in the indirect discourse. He said that he visited a class reading Caesar, and after hearing the boys read and stumble over Caesar's difficult construction, etc., he concluded that they did about as well as white boys did when he was in college. He said that the teacher of this subject exhibited such a thorough knowledge of Latin and the gerund and gerundive and the supine, etc., that he attributed his knowledge to the Anglo-Saxon blood in his (the professor's) veins. This teacher was Professor J. D. Martin. He came to the same conclusion in Prof. Davis' room in Science and in Prof. Pride's room in mathematics. When he visited Dr. Hargrave's room in Mental and Moral Science and Logic he said that had he, Dr. Hargrave, kept his tongue and not evinced such a knowledge in these subjects one would be justified in mistaking Dr. Hargrave for "Uncle Remus," but, he said, from his complexion you could see that a few generations back, one could find white blood in Dr. Hargrave's veins. Here are his

exact words: "When I entered the class in Greek my prejudice left me, and my theory was completely exploded; for I saw a man teaching and mastering Greek, with all of its peculiar constructions and its many genitives, who resembled one who was in the number with the first ship load that landed at Jamestown, Va., 1619. There is no question about his knowing the Greek language." Dr. A. U. Frierson knows Greek.

Truly these men were not ashamed for any scholar to enter their class rooms. They were small-college men but strong college men and who went to school to study and saw that others studied.

Merry Christmas!

Quite a number of boys just in their teens are making things lively today. They do not know what to get at next. And when night fell so as to conceal one's identity some of these fun-seeking chaps turned their coats wrong side out and took the big farm wagon and ran through the yard and around the main building with it, following to the top of their voices. The principal of the Boarding Department, Rev. George Carson, got his double barrel shotgun and pursued the fellows, thinking some one was stealing his wagon. But realizing what an angry or a frightened man might do they left the wagon near Dr. Sanders' office and some flew east, some flew west, and some showed the capability of flying over the cuckoo's nest if such obstructed their flight.

Late in the night the boys tried to locate each other by whistling one for the other. Some one responded down by Stewart's pond to the West of Biddle; but when one of these fun-loving young fellows on his

to his whistle, recognized that it was Rev. Carson, the head of affairs on the campus and in the Boarding Department, with his gun primed—but he learned that they were some of the students later in the flight—the youngster threw up his hands and said: "We just playing!" Of course that broke up that kind of sport for the remainder of the holidays of 1894. They quit, "We just playing."

Time pass edo nand78\$----- Time passed on and commencement came and my class was the class to graduate June, 1895. The road had been long, difficult, and rugged. Twelve graduated. There were thirteen, but on account of some misunderstanding in the marks of one of the men in the class only twelve of us graduated. This was the largest number at that time, in his history of the institution, to graduate.

Dr. Sanders preached the baccalaureate sermon from Mark 8:37: "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" It was a great sermon, but I think nobody enjoyed it or entered fully into and neither did Dr. Sanders, for at that time his eldest daughter was lying at the point of death. He preached under great mental strain. Everybody in the audience was expecting him to break down in the midst of his sermon. She died, I think, that Sunday night or Monday, I am not sure, but I am sure she died in the midst of the commencement week of 1895.

On the commencement of 1894, he preached a sermon which I do not think the class of 1894 has forgotten. It was preached from Prov. 4:23, "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." This was one of the best sermons I ever heard Dr. Sanders preach at a baccalaureate occasion.

On June the 5th, 1895, when Dr. Sanders gave me my diploma in Latin, I felt that the world was ready for me but I was not ready for the world. I felt like Moses felt when called to lead the Israelites. I was not only slow of speech but I felt that I had no speech to deliver to a waiting world. I felt empty in mind. I could then sympathize

with Peter who wanted to remain on the mountain of transfiguration. I wanted to linger. But I soon came to myself and realized that such was not the idea of a college commencement. But I remained there three years more in theology.

After the commencement had gone down in history and the people had scattered, we went to our rooms and translated our diplomas, for we felt that it was a shame to have a Latin diploma with an unknown message before you.

URBAN LEAGUE OFFERS FELLOWSHIPS.

Announces Social Service Training Opportunities for Next School Year.

The National Urban League announces that applications may now be filed for its social service fellowships for the school year 1933-34. These fellowships are available for colored graduates of recognized colleges or persons who can present evidence of equivalent training. These fellowships provide for monthly payments of \$50.00 for living expenses during the school year in addition to scholarships covering tuition at the leading schools of social service, such as the New York School of Social Work, New York City; the Graduate School of Social Administration, of Chicago University, Chicago, Ill.; the Simmons College of Social Work, Boston, Mass.; the Pennsylvania School for Social Service, Philadelphia, Pa.; and the Carnegie School of Technology, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Already some of the most successful colored social workers have received training in these fellowships and authorities assure that the League are endeavoring to give the growth in standards of social service among colored people resulting in the past from these fellowship awards. The candidates are selected on the basis of personality, training, physical condition and a competitive examination showing the student's knowledge of current affairs and social service problems of the day.

Special attention is called to the Ella Sachs Plotz Memorial Fellowship which is provided by the income from a fund of \$10,000 donated by twenty-eight friends of Mrs. Plotz at the last Annual Meeting of the League. Successful candidates, of course, are formally awarded the fellowships on qualifying for admission to the school to which they are assigned. Persons interested whether north or south, should file their applications with Eugene Kinckle Jones, Executive Secretary, National Urban League, 127 East 23rd Street, New York City.

HIGHLAND GRADED SCHOOL AT GASTONIA.

A recent visit to the Highland Graded school, Gastonia, by the quartet of J. C. S. University, revealed the fact that it is one of the best—if not the best—buildings for colored children in the State of North Carolina. Rev. J. A. Rollins is indeed a source from whence many radiating and wholesome influences upon the children are flowing. Rev. Rollins, with his fine corps of teachers will eventually make Highland School a high school. We were entertained at the home of Rev. and Mrs. Rollins and certainly one cannot help from saying that our homes are the chalk which mark us for life, and make lasting impressions.

We appeared at the school auditorium in a concert of melodies. The chapel of the spacious edifice was filled mainly with the children and they all seemed to have inculcated in their system an appreciation for music. One inevitably must say after visiting and seeing the splendid work at this school that it is commendable; and Rev. Rollins is the vigilant sentinel for the promotion of the education of the youth.

A. H. P.

JUNIOR ENDEAVOR DEPARTMENT

(By Annie A. Chresfield.)

Helen's Visit to the Junior Meeting.

"And you never have been to a Junior meeting?" asked Bertha.

"Well, no, I never have," replied Helen.

"Didn't you ever go to church? Seems to me you could have gotten there in time for some part of it."

"Oh, it wasn't that, we just didn't have any," said Helen.

"Well, Junior meetings are nice and very instructive," mama says. "Why I memorized the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments and the Creed. I know the 23rd Psalm, the first and the one hundredth, but of course I have been a member of the Junior society for a long time. Let us walk faster, we don't want to be late."

While they are hurrying on their way to church, let me introduce to my reader Bertha Carter, a beautiful black girl of nine, and Helen Davis, a fair girl of ten years. Helen's parents had recently moved to Glenwood. Bertha had called on Helen and invited her to attend the Junior Christian Endeavor meeting. Bertha was a very-much-alive member of the Lookout Committee.

A good number of boys and girls were present when Bertha and Helen arrived at the church. The first song, "Try to Carry Sunshine," was sung, then they all repeated the one hundredth Psalm; after which a prayer was offered by Miss Hill, an elderly lady with beautiful gray hair and the sweetest face. The girls and boys dearly loved Miss Hill. Her prayer was simple and earnest. Each one understood, and all felt the presence of the Friend to whom she was talking. At the conclusion of her prayer Benny Williams repeated the Lord's Prayer, all present repeating it with him. "I'll lead it, next Sabbath," whispered Bertha. They now sang, "Work Away With Happy Heart."

The next was responsive reading from Matt. 5:1-10. This was led by Mabel Evans, a pretty brown girl of twelve years. The memory verse, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God," was soon committed and recited. Miss Hill talked a few minutes about the beauty of being peacemakers. Then all stood for the sentence prayers. Some said, "Lord, make me good, for Christ's sake," but nearly every one said, "Lord help me to be a peacemaker, for Christ's sake." Miss Hill closed the series of prayers with a sentence of prayer and "Amen." After this all reverently joined in a prayer song:

"Jesus from thy throne on high,
Far above the bright blue sky,
Look on us with loving eye;
Hear us, Holy Jesus."

Miss Hill then told the boys and girls about the little girl in Africa, who wanted to go to school, but had to wait a long, long time until the people in America sent money to build more rooms to the school building.

Minnie Irving spoke of two sick members of the society. Charlie Morrow made the report for the Lookout Committee.

The offering was taken after which Robert Laney announced the subject for next Sabbath, which was "Bible Trades." Different girls and boys were put on the program to tell about the carpenters, tent-makers, shepherd, merchant, lawyer, fisherman, etc.

After singing, "Are You a Hero for Jesus?" all repeated the Mizpah benediction and the meeting was over.

"How did you like it?" asked Bertha, as the girls were walk-

ing homeward. "Oh! ever so much," exclaimed Helen. "I am going to ask mother if I may join." "Oh, I'll be so glad," Bertha joyfully exclaimed. Then she added, "I have been wondering how your church could do without a Junior society." "Yes, I wonder how we could," replied Helen.

NEWS OF ABBEVILLE, S. C.

Sunday morning, March 4, we listened to a wonderful sermon by Rev. Kennedy from the text: "Come and let us build up the walls of Jerusalem that we be no more a reproach," Nehemiah 2:17.

Miss Lucinda H. White attended the Atlantic Synodical Sunday school committee meeting at Haines Institute, Augusta, Ga., February 28th.

Mrs. Mary L. Pope, of 71 Seclusion Avenue, who has been on the sick list for several days, is out again to the delight of her many friends.

Mr. Howard Kennedy, of Due West, was in the city Monday visiting his cousin, Rev. H. Y. Kennedy.

Mr. L. A. Richie, Mrs. Jennie Rapley and Rev. Rhodes, attended the funeral of Mr. Nelson Morton, at Due West, last Thursday.

Mrs. Minnie L. Brown, a faithful and loyal member of Washington Street Presbyterian church, died at her home on Greenville street, Friday morning, March 2, 1933, after an illness of a few days. She is survived by her mother, three sons, one daughter, one niece, one brother-in-law, and several other relatives and friends. The funeral service was conducted by her pastor, Rev. Kennedy, Sunday afternoon at 3:30 P. M., March 4th. Rev. Kennedy's text was I. Chronicles 29:15. "For we are strangers before thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers; our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding?"

Mrs. Maggie Wright made a strong talk in behalf of the Court of Calanthe.

There was a large number of floral offerings. The body was laid to rest in Mt. Olin cemetery beside her husband who preceded her to the grave about four years ago.

The Court of Calanthe, of which Mrs. Brown was a member, turned out and officiated at the grave.

"Death's but a path taht must be trod,

If man would ever pass to God;
A port of calm, a state of ease,
From the rough rage of swelling seas."

Those who attended the funeral from out of the city were Mr. J. H. Bogan and Mrs. Minnie Taylor, of Birmingham, Ala.; Mesdames Susie Ellis, and Addie Ellis, Messrs. Lawrence McAdams, Ollie McAdams, Robert Pratt, Sr., Ed Jones, Ralph Ellis, and Robert Pratt, Jr., Miss Cleo Ellis and Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Wright.

NOTICE.

To the pastors of the churches in Fairfield Presbytery:

I would like very much to send literature to the Young People's Society that they may learn more of the work and also be able to give such information as is requested by the Boards. I have made strenuous efforts to get the officer's names but have failed.

Will you assist me by sending to me at once all names and addresses of all officers in all of your Young People's Societies?

Thanking you in advance for your cooperation, I am,

Sincerely yours,
Miss G. E. Pearson.
Coulter M. Academy, Cheraw, S. C., Young People's Presbyterian Secretary.