

## BOOKS HERE AND THERE

### A PREFACE TO BOOKWORMS

Should it be necessary to defend the habit of wide reading in a university? Unfortunately, it is, in some instances. And the situation is often so anomalous a story demand some examination.

Of course, there are those who, either through laziness, or pure sensual abandonment or mental bewilderment over the multitudinous outpouring of books, good and bad, in this machine age, find no use for books other than those which they are bound to read by the demands of their respective courses. For these there is no pleasure in books; reading and the exercise of their mentality is a drudgery to be rushed through and put aside as soon as possible.

There is a more legitimate objection, however, which is aimed, not at the habit of reading, but of reading inordinately. It takes very little reason to see that the end of life is action, and that the accumulation of knowledge (excluding purely recreative reading) is valuable only in so far as it contributes to success and happiness. Unfortunately, however, the vision of the critics here must be doubted, for the simple reason that we as a group are blamable, not for too much reading, but for the lack of it. We are not as much liable to physical stagnation as to mental torpor.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamed of in your philosophy," said Elizabethan Hamlet. What these things are we can never learn entirely; the less so if we are to depend on pure experience. But there are books—purveyors of the best—that have been said and thought and done by other peoples in other places and at other times. The best books enrich our lives, set free our imaginations, ennoble us. They save us from the sin of obsession.

The individual who undertakes to make himself well read, however, needs to be warned against a most fawning hypocritical monster, who seeks to lull to sleep his victim's mental alertness and personal values. Against this tendency, the reader must fortify himself with the critical sense. "Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." Nor does it require much wisdom to see that many are to be tossed into the ash-can.

A word may well be added against the tyranny of fiction. Just as it would be folly for a man to rely on apple pie and ice-cream for sustenance, so it would be folly to attempt to nurture your mind on fiction alone. The brain needs coarser food: it needs to have a bone tossed to it once in a while.

It should be admitted at the outset that this column is not intended for formal criticism. True, it may attempt to preen its wings now and again; but it is only an ugly duckling. So it will stay on the ground and confine itself to random comments, made with a view (a very humble one) to stimulating the habit of wider and more intelligent reading among us.

Are you familiar with the Harvard Classics, gentle reader? If not, look over the set in the library and take one of the volumes home for serious reading. It is a storehouse of wisdom and joy and poignant delight in the search for truth. "What is truth?" asked jesting Pilate; but the poor, lazy fellow would not stay for an answer.

N—C.

## JAMES SHOE SHOP

Have your shoes repaired at R. E. James' Shoe Shop.

602½ East First Street,

## THE JUNIORS

B. J. Hayes, 29.

The dignified "Juniors" launched upon their second semester's work with poise, peace and efficiency. They are full of joy, hope, health, optimism and good cheer.

They have been in the most remote recesses of shadowland, yet they have found the way to cinch up their mental and physical equipment and come into the natural atmosphere of college life. Now the educational blood is in their veins, their eyes are bright, their digestion is good, they have joy in their heavy hearts and a song on their trembling lips.

They have been studying the ways and means of a better education and have spent quite a bit of time sizing up things together in order that they could understand their problems which seem to be whizzing by with much speed and whispering the word, "Future."

Messrs. Chavis, L. Steele, Wm. Byrd and 'Spud' Williams motored to Chesterfield, S. C., Sunday, January 29th, to spend the day with their???. Mr. Williams was so exultant over his trip that he has developed the habit of calling a name in his sleep.

Mr. Chavis, who was assistant to the assistant book-keeper to the Vice-Grand Mogul of the "Nappy Chin Society," has been promoted to the position of Editor of The University Student. We hope he won't lose too much time in trying to catch a certain fellow off his guard and forget to shave.

Prof. G. W. Brown has succeeded in working up enough interest among the students for them to realize the importance of an Annual. Now they are working at top speed with J. H. Whiteman and Leon Steele as leaders. We feel that praise and honor should go to one who is laboring night and day in order to make the University a better one; and this person is Prof. G. W. Brown.

(Cannady): Bill, why is it we do not have many girls to come out to some of the plays or programs which are given on the campus?

(Bill): Well, J. O., after the most of the Charlotte girls finish dressing to go out it is either too late or they are too tired. This includes the use of powder puffs, too.

Mr. V. H. Chavis spent last week-end in Winston-Salem as guest of Mr. Leander Hill. He was present at the A. K. A. Dance which he says was "choo bad."

### GLEE CLUB NOTES

By W. L. Byrd '29

The University Glee Club, composed of 35 or more young men, under the supervision of our most competent director, Prof. W. S. Peyton, met on the evening of February 9th to elect officers for the coming year. The following officers were elected: Messrs. A. A. Jones, President; C. A. Evans, Vice-President; Leon L. Adams, Secretary, and J. A. Jones, Treasurer.

The Glee Club was organized in the fall of 1926 and has made rapid progress ever since the formation.

During the spring of 1927 the Glee Club broadcast two concerts over radio station WBT of Charlotte. In recognition of these concerts letters of commendation were received from different parts of the country.

The University Quintette is formed from the Glee Club. The Quintette went to San Francisco, California, last Spring to sing for the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A. Those who made that trip were: Messrs. F. D. Curry, A. H. Prince, J. T. Jones, George McKeithan and J. T. Young.

The Glee Club, so far this school year, has given six concerts and the Quintette has given eight. There are three broadcasting engagements already booked for the Glee Club.

## I WONDER WHY

By Try N. Findout

I wonder why Cannady prefers association of "preps" rather than upper class men?

I wonder why "Bun" Hayes dances with a certain high school teacher only during the absence of a certain principal?

I wonder why Van and Klem are trying to grow a beard like W. E. Dubois?

I wonder why "Fats" chooses his G. F's from those having the architectural lines of a bath tub to that of a bean pole?

I wonder why B. J. H. remains on the hill when the Buick roadster comes to town?

I wonder why W. A. Perry did not keep his oath and stay away from Greenville?

I wonder why John, Al, Naps and other Sophs clamor for one girl?

I wonder why B. E. Lowe is so loquacious?

I wonder if B. J. ever received his Xmas diary?

I wonder how F. M. Beaver can have a blanket to protect his car and deprive his colleagues of one for their bed?

I wonder why Joe Davis never tells a lie?

I wonder why A. S. Powe thinks everybody will steal but himself?

I wonder why "Matt" still decorates his dresser with one long ago betrothed?

I wonder why a certain man thinks he can run the Glee Club and the Annual Staff also?

I wonder why a certain group of college men cannot conduct themselves decently at social functions?

I wonder why W. W. J. and C. R. T. gives no one else a chance to trip a light fantastic toe with their girl friends?

I wonder why Van got so weak for a certain Eleanor in the Twin City.

**AGENT FOR NEGRO PERIODICALS.**  
The "Opportunity" Magazine, "Messenger" Magazine, and "The New York Age."  
J. A. Jones, Room 3, Smith Hall.  
Johnson C. Smith University.

**SALESMEN FOR "THE UNIVERSITY STUDENT."**

J. A. Jones, Room 3, Smith Hall.  
W. S. Brinkley, Room 38, Berry Hall.  
G. W. Jones, Room 12, Carter Hall.  
Johnson C. Smith University.

## EAVES DROPPING A BULL SESSION.

Time 1 G. M.: Place, Smith Hall, Room 1313.  
Slick: "Well, Kid, how'd you make out in the exams?"

Jim: "Not so swell. I only made a D in Chemistry and Logic. However, I got an A in Economics 102 and Education 107. How's yours?"

Slick: "O, well, don't s'pose I can kick. Got an average of about C. Boy, if it was not for that snap course in Ec. I don't know what I'd do. That darn Prof. in Anatomy is a knockout."

Slim: "I thought he was good."  
Slick: "Good is right—good to flunk you." He only punched two-thirds of the class. From now on I'm off his courses like I am a dirty shirt—no lie."

Runt: "But why take a gang o'courses that won't do you no good? I say get what you need and work hard if you don't do nothing but pass."

Jim—"That's bunk you are talking, brother. Who wants to study all the time? All I want is the hours for graduation and the science or what not can go to—."

Runt: "I hear Pale came through with an A general average. Smart kind!"

Slick: "But ye gods, a man like that should. He never goes out to dances, doesn't participate in any extra curricula activities."

Jim: "Plus that he is a regular book worm—never does any outside reading or ever sees a show. I bet he thinks Theata Bara is a cousin of Wheel Barrow and brother of Paul Bearer."

Slick: "Anyways, these here A students in school very seldom do any good in life. A bunch of theory is all bunk. Wait till he hits the broad arena."

Runt: "Well, they're offin' a course in advanced organic. Whos' taking it?"

Jim: "Not me. Never no chem, especially under dat guy. He'd flunk his pa."

Slick: "Quiet as it's kept, I am taking all the social sciences where I can expatiate more and study less."

Runt: "Can the argument. Let's go see Rose Marie tonight."

Jim: "Where's she live?"  
Runt: Ah-h, you dumbell; its no girl, it's a show."

All: "Les go."

By—

VAN.

WILLIAM H. FLETCHER,  
Sign Painter, Designer and  
Interior Decorator.  
Room 33, Berry Hall  
Johnson C. Smith University

# For College Men

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