

# Africo-American Presbyterian

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

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## REUNION AT JOHNSON C. SMITH UNIVERSITY AND WHAT WAS ONCE OLD BIDDLE.

Would it not be like living life over to return to the campus of what was once old Biddle to see only a landmark here and there that reminds you that this was once Biddle of the 60's, 70's and 80's, and of the 90's, but now Johnson C. Smith University making her way to her intended goal, which broadens in its range of action to accomplish the end for which it was established? This is a long question; but can any true alumnus of this institution be so evasive as to give other than an affirmative answer? Then let us return next June and have the biggest reunion that has ever been had at any Negro college in America. Others may follow and excel us in every feature of such an occasion, but we can make this the first big reunion of a real Negro college? Can this be done? As a humble alumnus, far away from the campus, I am sure it can be done by a very little sacrifice on our part. Those who have cars can use the good roads and bridges, and my group can use the railroads.

Why should we have this reunion? Is it worthwhile? These are questions that are likely to be asked by some graduate of old Biddle, who has an inclination to feel that he has outgrown the old Biddle and to look upon the Johnson C. Smith as a stepmother, divorced from another source and with no legitimate claim on him. But as President of the Alumni Association of this institution, I feel that this reunion is worthwhile from many viewpoints, but I will—I am determined—mention only a few.

(1) It will exhibit a spirit of loyalty to an institution that laid our foundations and made us what we are. If your superstructure attracts attention, invites delay, and demands respect from those of recognized ability, then are you not proud of your foundation, though it were laid in the days of small things? In the days of my group, in this old institution, many a man—there were not many boys there then—went to Biddle and remained there and graduated much cheaper than he could stay at home—and Negro homes in those days did not go into bankruptcy because of extravagant living. Old Biddle has sons, who were recipients of what she was able to give in the days of her early struggles, scattered over this country; and they are not hunting seats in the rear of the world because they came out of that institution in lamp-oil days and wood-stove years.

(2) This reunion is worthwhile because it manifests a spirit of appreciation of those hard-worked men there, who have given many years of real service as teachers, and who are on a west bound train to poverty's new-made grave. College teachers' lives are very uneventful. College teachers are scarcely known beyond the college campus; but they are hidden dynamos that set other lives in motion to accomplish great ends. This exhibition of appreciation does not stop here, but it shows to the general Church that our group is a grateful group. It will show to Mrs. Johnson C. Smith and Mr. Duke, who came down from the mountain top of wealth from among those whose ancestral extraction runs back to the brown stones of Scotland, that we appreciate their election to help raise the under man, who has never proved himself a traitor from a dead level in ignorance to a living perpendicular on a square of intelligence.

(3) This reunion is worthwhile because there is no gathering where communion is sweeter and where fellowship is stripped more completely of conventionalities and matter-of-fact formalities than at a reunion of college-mates and classmates on the old college campus. Space will not allow me to carry the reasons further, and I am convinced enough to believe there are three reasons are sufficient to convince any true alumnus

that a reunion of all men who ever attended what was once Biddle and now Johnson C. Smith is worthwhile.

Extracts from letters from some of the boys who are planning to be at this reunion read as follows: "You can expect me with my wife." "I will drive in the night of the Junior prize contest." "I am coming if my wife and I have to spend our nights in my car on the campus." "Is Goode's old hotel still operating?" "I have not seen Biddle in thirty years. Do street cars operate between Biddle and Charlotte now?" "I am on my way now."

Of course, if these boys live they will make good their determination, for they are among that group of the old guard who revere the very atmosphere of what was once Biddle.

I have more to say as soon as this receives publicity.

W. L. METZ.

President of the Alumni Association of Johnson C. Smith University.

## WOMEN'S MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.

The Women's Missionary Conference of Catawba Presbyterian, Dist. No. 1, will convene in the Biddleville church, Saturday, April 1st, 1925, at 10:30. All of the Societies in this District are earnestly requested to send a representative.

The leaders from the other Districts are cordially invited to be present. Information concerning the work for the New Year will be given by the President, Treasurer and various Secretaries. Special addresses on the need of larger interest in missions among the churches will be given by Mrs. F. J. Anderson and Dr. R. L. Douglass.

MRS. M. G. DAVIS, Pres.  
MRS. P. W. RUSSELL, Sec.  
MRS. A. L. SHUTE, District Leader.

## NO FUNDS BUT GOOD CREDIT.

An average of ninety-four per cent of the loans of the Bowery (New York City) Y. M. C. A. to jobless men are paid back. Its credit system is based not on material assets, but on manhood. Thus among the lowliest is applied the principle which the late J. Pierpont Morgan, financial leader, had in mind when he said that "character is the basis of credit."

Ames O'Neill, writing in Printers' Ink of the Bowery Y. M. C. A. says, "Since it is known that the Y. M. C. A. gives credit and not charity, those who want charity and not self-supporting work are not likely to seek its aid. The Y's whole credit system is predicated on the willingness of the applicant to work. All it agrees to do is to find him a job and to give him credit for board and lodging until the first pay day."

The Bowery Y. M. C. A. extends the services of its credit department just as does any other well-managed business. The only difference is that the commercial credit man must be assured that the applicant has financial responsibility. The only asset the Y. M. C. A. insists on is that spark of manhood which, somehow, it is able to find smoldering in the depths of the soul of the down-and-out-er.

During 1924, 6,024 needy men were given relief at the Bowery Branch, 6,091 were examined by doctors and 2,163 were placed in jobs by the employment department. Nearly 700,000 meals were served at the restaurant where a bowl of coffee and three slices of bread, or soup and bread or hash or baked-beans or pie, may be had for a nickel.

"I was impressed," writes Mr. O'Neill of his visit to the restaurant, "with the fact that pie was missing from only two trays that passed under my observation. It speaks well for the popularity of New England's favorite breakfast food that these humble diners are willing to squander a nickel of their precious hoard to partake of a wedge of the toothsome sweet."

## Reminiscences of Egypt, the Land of the Pharaohs.

By T. A. Lewellyn Daley.

In Johnson C. Smith University High School Messenger.

Part I.

It is an ill wind that blows no one any good. Had there not been a world war, I have not been here to tell my story. But the war came and with it the opportunity of satisfying a fond desire that had been cherished from early childhood—to see that ancient land of Egypt, the wonders of which I had heard so much. For it was not in Egypt that the plot of the story of Joseph was laid? Was it not there that Moses wrought ten plagues to the discomfiture of Pharaoh? Was it not there, too, that Jesus was carried by Mary and Joseph to escape Herod's hangmen? And finally, were not the Sphinx and Pyramids, those marvelous structures, still to be seen in that enchanted land of the Pharaohs?

And to all this the fact that for about six months I had been almost a cripple through a fearful attack of rheumatism, and you will readily see that a long sea voyage was also highly necessary for me!

I decided, therefore, much to the astonishment of every one, I admit, to volunteer for active service in the British West Indies Regiment leaving for Egypt in March, 1916.

The war happily is now ended; one has no longer to fear the Military Censor; one may, therefore, mention the movement of troops and their destination without fear of giving valuation to the enemy!

Our itinerary included a call at Halifax, Canada; and a short stay at Plymouth, England, before going on to Egypt. My dreams came near being shattered on arriving at Halifax. We ran into one of the worst blizzards imaginable, for which, coming from the tropics, we were wholly unprepared. Badly frostbitten, along with many others, I was almost invalided home, notwithstanding we had spent six weeks convalescing at Bermuda. It was only through the kind offices of an influential friend whom I met at Plymouth that the authorities finally consented to my going to Egypt. At least if the blizzard had put me hors de combat, I could still be of some service as a clerk.

I rather liked the arrangement, I must confess. For one thing, I found that I was able to get hold of valuable information that I might not have been able to secure otherwise. The destination of troops is often unknown to the troops themselves; it was an advantage to know that our immediate destination was not Egypt, but that we were scheduled to call at Malta and to sail through the Aegean Archipelago to Salonica, where soldiers and ammunition were to be landed, before our landing at Alexandria. On the other hand, this inside information was not at all reassuring; here was the increased risk of encountering more submarines in an extended voyage of the Mediterranean, especially in the North-eastern corner of that sea. You will remember that it was in 1916 that the German submarines were particularly industrious in dispatching folks to Davy Jones Locker! The reports that came to us at this period seemed to say that the submarines were more active in that "small enclosed Mediterranean" than any where else.

Well, we sailed from Plymouth, called at Gibraltar, halted at Malta, went on to Salonica, and finally reached Alexandria, all on scheduled time and—would you believe it?—without the thrill of even glimpsing a single submarine out on the horizon!

Of course nearly every morning there was the usual rumor: we had just missed a submarine that night; that had it not been for the able seamanship of the vessel we would have been sunk; that we were taking an unusual zig-zag course; just ahead of us a vessel had been sunk. But what mattered all these rumors whilst our two British anti-submarine chasers, like two faithful watch dogs, were still to be seen, one on each side, every morning? And did we not have each a life-belt to which we clung in our waking hours and in which we slept at night?

We had arrived at Alexandria at last. But was this the Alexandria founded by Alexander the Great, enlarged and beautified by his general Ptolemy, that once boasted of its famous lighthouse 300 feet high, of its huge library and Museum in which those brilliant company of scholars gathered from time to time? Was this the Alexandria that produced the great astronomer, Ptolemy,

the mathematician, Euclid, the geographer, Eratosthenes, and the host of other scientists in so much so that the city eventually outstripped Athens itself as a center of learning? How changed!

When one enters New York Harbor one cannot but be immensely impressed by the beautiful green sward and palatial houses which fringe its shores, with the Statue of Liberty whose outstretched arms holds aloft the torch of Liberty and Freedom, with the usual crowd which seems to move about concerned in nothing but its own affairs; when one enters an English harbor one is impressed by the beautiful landscape, the massive structures and the bustling crowd of bright, smiling faces which plainly bid you welcome; when one enters the harbor of Alexandria one has a curious feeling of depression, a feeling little short of dreariness and desolation. In place of that freshness of vegetation so pleasing to the eye, one sees nothing but scorched shrubs, and dry, barren, sandy wastes. Instead of neat, beautiful buildings, one sees only squalid, dark-brown mud-huts, closely clustered together, not unlike some huge mole-hills. Strolling or standing idly around the pier are a few native Egyptian men, bare-footed and squalid, eking out what appears to be a sordid existence by whatever food refuse chance to be thrown out from the ship.

(To be Continued.)

## DEATH OF AN AGED AND BELOVED WOMAN.

Mrs. Jennie Armstrong was born at Richmond, Va., in the year of 1819 or '20. Was removed from Richmond to Rogersville, Tenn., by her young mistress, Mrs. Crawford W. Hall, before the Civil War, living in Rogersville continually except for a few years spent with her daughters in Knoxville, Tenn., and Chicago, Ill., after the death of her husband, Edmund Armstrong.

For many years she was an earnest, zealous and consistent member of St. Marks Presbyterian church, ever faithful and responsive to every appeal from the church.

She was the mother of thirteen children, five of whom are living—four daughters and one son, and had sixteen grandchildren, thirteen great-grandchildren, and five great-great-grandchildren. She was always a devoted and generous mother and grandmother, especially devoted to children.

On leaving the State of Virginia she left an infant son with her grandmother, of whom she has not heard since.

She was a woman favored of God. She had passed the century mark, and had lived to see the beginning of the fifth generation. She was a woman of sterling worth and strong physique, although small of stature; very few were as active and energetic as she, even in her declining years. For only a few months, even at her advanced age, was she to any degree incapacitated for her active pursuits.

She was submissive and patient in her suffering and expressed her desire that she should soon enter heaven where all suffering would end. As regularly as we assemble in our homes, equally so is our attention called to the unoccupied places and the faces that are missing.

No year can fly by swift enough to escape the dread summons of death. Yet may we ever be willing to say, "Thy will be done." Let us heed the warning given us by death and let us prepare, while yet time and opportunity are ours, for the fate which ere long must overtake us all.

"One by one we lose the hand clasps

That so warm a welcome gave;  
One by one the voices silence  
In the stillness of the grave.  
One by one we miss the faces  
Of the forms we once caressed;  
One by one their names are  
written,

Cease to labor; Home; At Rest."

This beautiful and impressive obituary is a tribute to one of

God's noble women who had been faithful unto death and has fallen asleep in Jesus, and has gone to receive her crown. It is fitting that the Church which she so nobly and gloriously represented should have the benefit, the encouragement, and the inspiration which will bring joy, peace and happiness to the saints which are soon to join her in her eternal home.

The funeral services of "Aunt Jennie" were held in the chapel of Swift Memorial College, in the presence of more than a capacity audience. White and colored were there to pay the last tribute of respect to the noble "Mother in Israel" who had so serenely fallen asleep in Jesus.

The preliminaries were conducted by Rev. C. A. Edington, her minister; and the sermon was preached by President Franklin of Swift Memorial College.

She has gone where there shall be no more tears, nor sorrow, nor pain, nor no more death.

Farewell, dear sister, until the resurrection morn!

W. H. F.  
Rogersville, Tenn.

## NATIONAL INTER-RACIAL CONFERENCE.

Race problems will be discussed at the National Interracial Conference to be held in Cincinnati, O., March 25-27. It is believed to be the first national conference of this character ever held in America.

The meeting is being called by the Commission on Race Relations of the Federal Council of Churches, with headquarters in New York, and the Commission on Interracial Co-operation, with headquarters in Atlanta. Actively assisting are the Cincinnati Council of Social Agencies through its Negro Welfare Association and the Cincinnati Federation of Churches.

The meeting will be mainly a conference of white and Negro representatives from the North and South and not a convention of addresses from noted speakers. With few exceptions the delegates will represent organizations that have undertaken community interracial activities.

The purpose of the Conference will be to enable white and colored people in different communities who are wrestling with problems of organization, methods and programs for improvement of interracial relations and for community welfare which involve white and colored people to exchange experiences.

While more than three-fourths of the time of the sessions will be taken up with discussions, there will be a short address on each topic given by some one competent to deliver it. Among the speakers expected are: Dr. Alva W. Taylor, Indianapolis, Ind.; Dr. Will W. Alexander, Atlanta, Ga.; Dr. George E. Haynes, New York City; Dr. John Hope, Atlanta, Ga.; Mr. Bleecker Marquette, Cincinnati, Ohio; Prof. Herbert A. Miller, Ohio State University; Miss Mary Vanleeck, Russell Sage Foundation; and Forrester B. Washington, Philadelphia.

At the public mass meeting, Sherwood Eddy, of New York, will be the main speaker. Two other speakers will be Dr. Will W. Alexander, Atlanta, Ga., and an outstanding Negro speaker. —The Presbyterian Advance.

## JOTTINGS FROM AMELIA CO., VA.

By Mrs. J. E. Scott.

On Sunday, Mar. 8, the Woman's Missionary Union met at Mt. Hermon church, Chula, Va.

The meeting was full of enthusiasm from beginning to end. Only three societies reported: Oak Grove, Albright's and Mt. Hermon. Each Society had the requirements of the Presbyterian.

Owing to the much regretted illness of our beloved president, Mrs. S. J. Wright, our Vice-President, Mrs. Daisy S. Scott, presided. Mrs. Scott was at her best on this occasion, and her open-

ing remarks were an inspiration to all who heard her.

Interesting remarks were made by the following ladies: Mrs. Sarah Thompkins, Mrs. Kate McNeil Robinson, Mrs. Lackland, Mrs. Oscar Scott, and Mrs. Daisy Scott.

The welcome address was made by Mrs. Kate Archer, President of the Mt. Hermon Missionary Society.

Mrs. Thompkins will represent the Union at the Presbytery, which meets at Bracey, Va., April 7.

Mrs. Kate Robinson read a very interesting paper, entitled, "Japan."

The next meeting will be held at Albright's church the 2nd Sunday in April.

The meeting closed with the benediction by Rev. T. H. Lackland.

There will be communion at Mt. Hermon church March 15, also the ordination of one of our young men as an elder—Bro. Willie Archer.

Miss Annie Vaughan, one of our popular young teachers, and a product of Ingleside Seminary, is now teaching in Huntington Mission school, near Mannsboro, with Mrs. S. V. Thompkins as principal.

Mrs. Sadie Archer Taylor, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Junius F. Archer, lost her husband in Atlantic City, February 22. We extend to her our sympathy.

Rev. Henry was at his best on the 3rd Sunday when he so beautifully portrayed the life of David, "a man after God's own heart."

Prof. I. M. Martin, the Sabbath School Missionary, spent a few days in the county last week, stopping at the residence of O. C. Scott.

## REVIVAL IN LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

Please grant us space in your valuable columns to speak of our work in Ferguson Memorial church.

Our Synodical Evangelist, Rev. W. W. Mayle, has just closed one of the best evangelistic meetings ever held in Louisville. Fate seemed to be against us, for on the arrival of Dr. Mayle, the family of our pastor, Rev. P. J. Cox, was in the grip of sickness which terminated in the loss of their precious baby, James. The evangelist called the church to her knees in prayer and laid a plan of work before the Lord for His approval. The City was divided into four neighborhood groups with an elder and a consecrated woman as group leaders. Cottage meetings were held each day from 5 to 6 o'clock. The effort of these meetings was rapidly seen in each evening's service at the church. The entire membership was quickened with spiritual life and prepared for the message as they were so powerfully delivered by the evangelist.

The Lincoln Presbytery in particular and the entire East Tennessee Synod in general should pray a special prayer of Thanksgiving to God for Dr. Mayle.

The neighborhood groups designated for work have been permanently organized with the following presidents: Group No. 1, Mrs. Margaret Nance; group No. 2, Mrs. J. E. Smith; group No. 3, Mrs. E. Lang; group No. 4, Mrs. Tyndal Bailey.

The every-member canvass for the entire church budget was made under the direction of the groups and the budget fully subscribed.

Dr. Cox, our well beloved pastor, is much pleased with the present outlook for our church. Besides the new members added during the revival, the chief benefit has been the spiritual awakening of Ferguson Memorial Presbyterian church.

MRS. S. T. BAILEY.

The New York Young Men's Hebrew Association, in message to the New York City Y. M. C. A. on the occasion of its recent annual dinner, conveyed "felicitous greetings to its sister institution," expressed desire to cooperate in every way possible.