



YOUTH'S CORNER

presidency. And now as he hustled along he was whistling some army tune, which perhaps had led him into battle, as it sounded from the fife and drum.

Later, when I had gone into the ward where my old lady was, I heard another old lady crooning some melody of bygone days, and then I wondered if she had in the long ago dreamed of the time when she would be a great singer, and by her extraordinary singing bring a charmed world to her feet.

Then I saw a younger man, a veteran, perhaps of the world war, and his face looked sad, dejected and disappointed in his countenance. And I wondered if he had not dreamed of love, romance and achievement. But alas, he was now friendless, and lonely, even among all these folk. For I know that one can be lonely where there are so many people of similar circumstances.

Thus on and on I tried to fit dreams to the different ones as they passed before me, and I wished that they might live over again, and that all their dreams might come true.

But then I was faced with the stubborn fact that for all my wishing it could not be.

"For time can never wait for thee, Far less turn back its course to see A life renewed however bright. Thus time moves on from morn to night."

Then I thought of the little folks and the young people of my church and community, and I said: "I can not help to repair 'The Shattered Dreams' of these dear old people, but I can help these young people dream aright. Yes, and more, I can help them to so think and live that they will

..... 'dream. And not make dreams your master.'" But rather work, like Jesus, that their dreams may be realized. Jesus dreamed of a world redeemed and restored to the Father, but every act that He could do toward the realization, though it were only the billionth part of the dream, He did it, and thus He left for others to accomplish. In His name, what "He began both to do and to teach."

So then I learned this lesson from the Hall of Shattered Dreams: that if one would always dream and then work, work, work, and then work some more, there would be no Shattered Dreams, for Dreams would bring a fruition in finished tasks, and then there would be no county hospitals. Then there would be homes, homes of love, where always a way-faring mother or father worn and decrepit with years would find a welcome. There they would be taken care of, loved, and life would be cheerful for them.

Young man, young woman, you may dream if you choose, when the breath of spring time is in your heart, and all "the world is before you," but remember you too shall be bent with years; bye and bye your strong, youthful body will give way to the ravages of time. So prepare. Live. Work. Don't merely dream, but rather write your dream in a book, and the world will pay you for it. Build your castle on the ground and you may live in it. Paint your pictures on canvas and Rockefeller's gold will hang in the Art Gallery. Live your life, and the world will give you of its necessities in this life, and when done with this world, the Master will say: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Handy information about producing clean cream of good quality is contained in John Arey's new folder which has just been received from the printer. Ask the Agricultural Extension Service at Raleigh for a copy of F. 13.

Legumes and live stock go hand in hand to build up better soils and more lasting farm prosperity in North Carolina. Have you planned for summer legumes on that stubble and?



EVELYN JOSEPHINE CALDWELL
Miss Evelyn J. Caldwell, of Charlotte, N. C., is a daughter of the A. M. E. Zion Church. Miss Caldwell was the "Salutatorian" of the class of 1923, Livingstone College. She is a bright and cultured young lady and possesses many fine qualities.

ZION'S TRAINING CAMPAIGN.

By Jacob W. Powell.

Leadership Training Classes have been organized in various Church Schools of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Connection, in accordance with the plans approved by the Sunday School board of which Bishop P. A. Wallace, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is president; James W. Eichelberger, Jr., of 438 East 46th Street, Chicago, Ill., General Superintendent of Sunday Schools; and Dr. J. Francis Lee of 508 North Myers Street, Charlotte, N. C., Editor of Sunday School Literature. The Superintendent of Teacher Training is Rev. Jacob W. Powell, 218 Broadway, Malden, Mass.

Next to the great spiritual needs of the Sunday Schools of our Zion, our most urgent need is to increase the quantity and raise the efficiency of Zion's official and teaching forces, so that every superintendent will become a better superintendent, every officer a better officer, and every officer and teacher trained in accordance with the approved standards of the present day! Everywhere the cry of pastors and superintendents is for more and better teachers. This call is especially urgent now, when many teachers are absent from their classes because of weariness, illness or vacation.

The seven-fold training program: Training in Christian Experience, Bible Knowledge, Denominational Loyalty, Interdenominational Fellowship, Local Church Interest, Recreational Leadership, Community Betterment.

The Courses recommended under the sanction of the Sunday School Board cover all of the above and other phases of the Church School Campaign. Every Zion Church School should have a Leadership Training Class. Every pastor, officer, teacher, and Sunday School worker should be able to exhibit a certificate or diploma from some recognized school of Christian Education—local, county, state or international. State conventions and summer schools of religious education are now making it a feature to offer leadership training courses continually.

Every Zion conference, (general, annual, district or special) should offer similar opportunity.

As soon as any Leadership Training Class has been organized notice to that effect should be mailed to the General Superintendent of Sunday Schools, James W. Eichelberger, Jr., at 438 East 46th Street, Chicago, Ill., who will forward a blank to be filled out. Classes which have been enrolled in the state, county or international associations, are also requested to enroll at the Zion headquarters in Chicago, so that full information regarding every Teacher Training Class in the A. M. E. Zion Connection may be on file there. The registration fee for a teacher training class is one dollar. As soon as any enrolled Leadership Training Class has finished the prescribed course, or any book or books mentioned in the enrollment blank, a letter should be written to Rev. Jacob W. Powell, 218 Broadway, Malden, Mass., (Superintendent of Teacher Training) stating the number of members in the class who are ready to take the Leadership Training

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REVERENCE
Planted in Childhood
will
Bear Fruit in Manhood
in
BETTER LIVES
HAPPIER HOMES
NOBLER CITIZENS

HOME EDUCATION.—IS YOUR CHILD WELL-BRED.

By Helen Gregg Green.

I remarked to a friend the other day, "Do you think it well-bred for Jimsy to sit in the house with his hat on?"

"Oh, my dear, you are perfectly absurd! Jimsy's only five and a half."

Which was the prologue to a rather lengthy, and a bit hectic discussion of when, where, and how a child should acquire good breeding.

My friend contended that a parent need not bother with "such little things" until the child is old enough to become interested himself.

"When he is interested enough, he'll pick it up," she declared.

Good breeding is not picked up. It is either learned in childhood, or not at all. Of course a certain superficial type of good breeding may be acquired, but not the way-down-deep, always-have-had-it kind that is really

FAMILY ALTAR

charming and worth while. A young banker in our town, a chap about twenty-one, has passed me repeatedly on the street, and spoken without so much as touching his hat. It seems unbelievable.

It should be as natural for a small boy to lift his hat at the proper time, to stand when a woman enters the room, and to do the hundred and one other little things that are so charming, as it is for him to eat three meals a day, and go to Dreamland at night. If these habits are inculcated in youngsters at an early age, they will never be forgotten.

Then there are the many little things that children should be taught not to do, except in privacy.

I was calling at a friend's home the other day, when the son and heir of the household joined us on the porch. He was a handsome youngster, just ready for high school. He had no sooner sat down, than it was apparent he had tarried only long enough for a first class manicure. I could see his mother was very much embarrassed. Personally, I think she deserved to be.

She asked, "John, isn't your bedroom the place for that?"

John was unimpressed. His mother had spoken eight years too late. The manicure was completed with flying colors.

You can tell a well-bred child, one taught the many little niceties of life when quite young, by his lack of self-consciousness. This is the beauty of it all. This and his thoughtfulness.

And, after all, courtesy, charming manners and good breeding are synonymous of forgetfulness of self.



PROF. J. E. WOODYARD.

Prof. W. E. Woodyard, mathematician and administrator. Mr. Woodyard as president of Dinwiddie Institute, one of the schools of the A. M. E. Zion Church, has raised the record and it is accepted in northern schools as an A-grade high school.

PETER SALEM LEAFLET FREE.

History of Black Heroes of 1st Battle of the American Revolution to be Distributed to Further June 17th Observance.—Colored Speakers to Follow Southern Congressman at Monument in Boston.

Boston, Mass., June 4, 1923: Final arrangements for Boston's official celebration of the 148th anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill, June 17th, and those in honor of the colored men who fought valiantly that June 17, 1775, will enable the colored orators, including Hon. Wm. H. Lewis, to follow Congressman Garrett of Tennessee, who will be the city's orator. The National Equal Rights League will honor Peter Salem.

At this first regular battle for American Independence, Peter Salem killed the British commander,

Salem fought so well he was commended by the legislature, and Lew, the fier, was colored. His descendants will be guests of honor. Representative Garrett is the democratic floor leader and opposed the anti-Ku Klux bill.

The League urges colored civic bodies and especially citizens of Equal Rights Committees organized for Race Day Observances, in every place to call for equal rights in view of the soldier heroes of the race in every war, to be held Sunday, June 17th, "Salem Sunday," or Monday night, June 18. It will send a historical leaflet free from National headquarters, 103 Court St., Rm. 9, Boston, upon request.

Timber is the one best bet to make poor land pay a profit. It is slow but sure and should receive more attention, suggests H. M. Curran, farm forestry specialist for the Agricultural Extension Service.



Mr. Ernest M. Norris of Norman, Texas, was the "Salutatorian" of the class of 1923 at Tuskegee Institute. This class numbered 218 young men and women, representing 31 states, the British West Indies, Cuba and Central America. Mr. Norris showed unusual oratorical talent and is destined to become one of the leaders of our race. He is a brilliant young man.

SHATTERED DREAMS.

Walter Raleigh Lovell.

A few days ago my telephone rang, and answering the call I was told by a very interested member of our church that a sick friend at the county hospital wanted me to visit her and have a prayer with her. Thus I hurried through my very busy day until 3 o'clock, the hour for visitors.

As I sped over the beautiful highway leading to San Leandro, Hayward and on to Southern California, I had a splendid view of the surrounding hills, which are not greatly different from the foothills of the mountains of Western North Carolina, from whence I had so recently come. Then I thought how wonderfully God had endowed this lovely country. Here, I thought, the people ought to be very good, and I find that they are not nearly so "godless" as I had sometimes been told they were.

But soon I was at the large hospital maintained by Alameda County for all the sick and infirm, who are not financially able to care for themselves. The lady whom I came to see was just having her supper, and the very courteous nurse told me to wait, that though it was now past four o'clock, since I was a minister, I might see the patient whose name I gave.

Accordingly, I sat down by the driveway and incidentally fell to talking to one of the patients.

"How many patients are here?" I asked of him.

"Oh, I'd judge there are several thousand," he replied, cheerfully.

When, just at this time I saw a small army of them going to the dining room for supper, I asked again, "How is the food they give you?"

The old man smiled, not ironically, but rather disappointedly, and said, "Well, it aint, nothing extra, though I guess it is as good as they can afford to give us."

I rather liked him for putting it like that, but at the same time I wondered why it wasn't possible, with all the wealth which California boasts, that these old people could have all the food, and as many kinds as they wanted. But after all it might not be best for them, and at any rate there are millions outside I thought, who don't have all they want. So they were blessed.

Then as I stood and watched them pass, some crippled, some blind, others maimed otherwise and many bent and worn from years of struggle and unknown disappointment, I wondered what dreams these people had had when they were young. There was one old man who passed, walking briskly on one wooden leg, a veteran of some war. No doubt he had read of the heroes of war, and as he went away to join the army he had thought of fame, honor, promotion and perhaps rising to the