



YOUTH'S CORNER

EDUCATION
is
The First Step
to
Being Somebody
Doing Something
Helping Someone
Getting Somewhere

RED-TIME STORIES IN A PULL-MAN SMOKER.

THE REMEDY

(The Lincoln News Service)

"Trade follows the flag, you know, and all this talk about the trouble we are having in building up our South American export trade is, in my opinion, simply a matter of credit extension, packing and delivery." This is what an elderly gentleman of prosperous mien, typical of "Big Business," was saying to a keen-cut "go-it" type of man, as I entered the smoker for a final puff before retiring.

"That's just where you and the rest of our business men are all wrong. Trade does not follow the flag down there, and the sooner our exporters get wise to that the sooner they'll increase their sales in Mexico, Central and South America, Cuba, Haiti, San Domingo, Porto Rico, Virgin Islands, and the Philippine Islands," replied the "go-getter" with a deal of emphasis.

"I don't quite get you. Our goods are superior and our prices are right. What do you mean?" asked "Big Business."

"Exactly what I said," replied the other, and I think you'll agree with me when I relate a recent experience that was an eye-opener to me.

"I represent," he said, "one of the largest manufacturers of heavy mining and milling machinery in this country. As a mechanical engineer and salesman I have visited many parts of the world on business for the company, and I rather pride myself on knowing as much about the psychology of salesmanship as I do about the mechanics of intricate machinery. So, when the President of my company told me to go over some specification and he prepared to sail for Brazil within eight days, to land a big sales contract with a Brazilian firm, I felt equal to tackling anything. He gave me a pretty good expense fund and told me not to be afraid to buy a few cigars and dinners in order to land the contract, which, he was sure, would not be difficult on account of my not having a compete with "made-in-Germany" salesmen. Arriving at my destination, I spent a couple of days sight-seeing and incidentally giving out several interviews to the daily papers concerning the strong bond of friendship that exists between the people of the western hemisphere. I arranged an appointment with the President of the big mining and milling corporation whose business we were after, and when I called and was being ushered into his private office I noticed, in the general office, forty or fifty white and colored clerks. This did not strike me with any particular force, because, I had observed a general mixing on the streets, in the hotels, and other public places; but I was surprised and almost shocked when the private office door opened and I saw a colored man of fine appearance sitting at a mahogany desk dictating in Portuguese to a handsome and neatly attired colored female. Although I had heard something about the racial situation in Brazil, I was for a moment nonplussed when it occurred to me that here was a Negro whose final word stood between me and a \$2,500,000 contract."

Quiet reigned in the smoker for a moment and then the "Big Business" man asked: "But where did color or racial identity enter into the awarding of a contract as long as the company was in the market for goods that

you had to sell?"

"That's just the point," replied the salesman. "After dismissing his stenographer, the President relaxed, handed me a perfecto, lighted one himself, and, when after a few preliminaries I asked him about the contract, he politely but firmly informed me that it would be useless for me to bid because under no circumstances would an American firm receive the contract. He admitted that possibly he was wrong; but when he told his story to me at the Club that evening, where I met him as his guest, I could understand just why he felt as he did. It appears that several years ago he and his wife, accompanied by her maid, were on a pleasure and sight-seeing trip around the world. When they reached the United States they were "Jim Crowed" everywhere they went in the South, and in Washington after; the taxi-driver tried to get accommodations for them in all the large hotels where they were refused, he took them to a small colored hotel, where their 38 pieces of baggage greatly interfered with the hotel's accommodations. He stated that his party was even humiliated in travelling to the home of George Washington and that in other ways they were embarrassed more than at any time in their lives. Remaining in Washington only three days, and without visiting the middle west, continued the salesman, "of this colored South American millionaire and the similar experiences of others, combined with the exhibitions of racial prejudices displayed by the commercial representatives we send there, have all but ruined our export trade with Brazil. All of this was an astounding revelation to me, and knocked into smithereens my idea just expressed by you that 'Trade follows the flag.' That's all bunk. This alarming situation must be remedied or we shall lose the bulk of our trade with Brazil."

"But how can we remedy it?" asked the "Big Business" man.

"My solution of the problem," replied the salesman, "would be to train colored graduates from our technical schools for salesmanship, and let them cover Central America, Haiti, San Domingo, Porto Rico, Virgin Islands, Brazil, and other South American countries."

Just then the porter told me that my berth was ready, and I climbed into Upper 9 thinking of the opportunities that are opening up for the colored youth:

A WORD FROM CROSSETT.

By Rev. W. Lewis.

It has been my good pleasure to be a resident of the beautiful little city of Crossett for about four years, and a pastor of the Montrose district for the same number of years, and I can truthfully say that the work is in a prosperous condition, and is moving along.

Rev. N. T. Hunter, D. D., the presiding elder, is pushing the work to the front. He is a great preacher and a sweet singer. He is deep and profound. Great is Dr. Hunter.

Simpson chapel of Crossett, the leading church on the district, pastored by the logical and scholarly pastor in the person of Rev. W. J. Black, is in its highest pitch. He is swaying the city of Crossett by his master sermons and his logical reasoning. Everybody says, Great is Rev. Black.

He was the first local pastor to preach a baccalaureate sermon for the city high school.

In a two weeks rally in November he marshalled his forces together and raised the neat sum of \$443.49.

Dr. W. J. Black is the first pastor to carry a round report from Simpson chapel up to the annual conference without borrowing the money, which was a record breaker for the churches of Crossett.

Christmas day he gave \$12.00 to the poor and needy.

Revs. Mrs. E. C. Gray, Rev. E. D. Moseley, Rev. D. T. Singleton,

"HOW CAN CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR HELP OUR CHURCH AND DENOMINATION?"

By Rev. R. T. Hunter.

(Read before the V. C. E. Society of Moore's chapel A. M. E. Zion church, Lincolnton, N. C., by Mr. Hubert Ijames.)

On Sunday afternoon, Jan. 27, we deviated from the ordinary procedure in our V. C. E. program.

Our president, Bro. John A. Holland, turned the discussion of the subject into a prize essay contest.

The papers read were sent to Rev. J. J. Wells, B. D., of Sanford, N. C., who was kind enough to "pass upon them," and render a just decision.

Among those whose names were mentioned as having commendable papers were Miss Mary Helen Ramseur and Mrs. Annie Ramseur. Mr. Hubert Ijames was adjudged the winning contestant and his essay follows:

"The subject for discussion today throughout the Church wherever persons are assembled for the purpose of carrying out the great work of the Varick Christian Endeavor is: How Can Christian Endeavor Help our Church and Denomination. No subject should be of greater interest nor could be of greater benefit. Christian Endeavor can help our Church, both locally and generally, by applying itself to its fundamental aim which is the elevation of manhood and of womanhood through the principles of Christianity. Through this auxiliary young men and women are brought into closer touch with the church, and by it they are taught the habit of working for Christ. One is interested in anything in accounting as he contribute towards it. In the Christian Endeavor the youthful mind finds opportunity to exert itself in the discussion of topics from Sunday to Sunday. This in itself develops interest.

"Again we must regard the youth as the future church, and their fitness for the service of tomorrow depends upon their training of today.

"The V. C. E. is a Company wishing stockholders, and it costs no great deal to take stock. As a company with which you may take shares it affords the finest dividends.

"It is a power that is able to take a drunkard and convert him into a sober man,—take a thief and cause him to steal no more,—take a disagreeable sinner and make of him a praying Christian. It holds out the gospel of Jesus Christ. It represents the real and lasting religion. Buy these shares and by sodoing you bless three,—yourself, your church and denomination."

Lincolnton, N. C.

DEATH OF N. T. VAUGHON.

Mr. N. T. Vaughon, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Vaughon, died January 27th. Mr. Vaughon was a member of the St. Andrew chapel of which Rev. M. S. Cooper is pastor. Mr. Vaughon was a young man of thirteen years and was very active and an interested member of the church. The church has lost a shining light and his parents a promising young man. He leaves father, mother, two brothers and a host of friends to mourn their loss.

Falcon, Miss.

Rev. C. D. Dumas, Rev. M. Meachem are alive on their job.

Rev. Dr. J. M. Mitchell, the profound scholar, the pulpiteer and the equal of any man, is holding the fort at Slaters chapel with ease.

The writer, who is pastor at Harlow, is moving along with ease and working to make things pleasant for the district conference which shall convene at this place.

The pastor, who was stationed at this place, served only for a short while and left. The church went for the remainder of the year without a pastor. But when we reached this place and preached one sermon the people gladly welcomed us with warm hearts and sang loud praise for us as their pastor.

And whoever is my bishop may look for a round report from this place. Crossett, Ark.



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

A NEW USE FOR EARS.

One minister says that he reaches his older folks through talks to boys and girls and brings home truths that would not be quite as acceptable if he were preaching right at his grown-ups.

A few Sundays ago we heard one of these juvenile sermons and we intend to pass a little of it to you. The preacher was describing the grating on the sluicges to the mills in a New England town. These iron gratings are placed there to keep rubbish from getting into the water wheel and thus stopping the mill. Workmen come along at intervals with rakes and lift the collected sticks and straws and pile them along the canal, and later they are collected and burned.

He suggested that each of us should use our ears as grating to our minds and memories. When some rubbish comes to hand, stop it before it makes an impression and before you unwittingly pass it along perhaps to the detriment of some friend. Many unkind things are said, many untrue words are passed during a day, and not a few of these come to each and every one of us. A rather good idea, we think, to have a "grating" and stop all that is unworthy to enter. At the end of a day one can make his pile of rubbish and "burn" it and the next day face a fresh world without thought of the sticks and straws of yesterday—New York Christian Advocate.

A CLASS WITH A UNIQUE RECORD.

By J. M. Williams.

Class: Motto: Nous Travallon de Mener.

We, the class of '25, embarked on our scholastic voyage some four years ago to achieve and to accomplish the necessary things in order to steer through the sea of life. For many years we have sought this coveted goal which we have nearly reached, and today we stand upon a precipice overlooking an end and a means to a greater and nobler achievement.

The class boasting of nineteen stalwart and energetic specimens of man and womanhood, is serving its purpose well and its noble record of truth, honesty and tenacity of purpose which has been established beneath the shadows of the maples and the oaks will ever be remembered by the succeeding classes.

Not a particle, not even an infinitesimal blemish is recorded in the office of the registrar against any member of our union, which is a record any class might be proud of.

In the field of athletics we have contributed our share. On the grid-iron alone, Messrs. Thomas, McCorkle, Lattimore, Potter, Lee, Alexander and Houston form a set of pigskin chasers who have for years terrorized the opposing teams. On the diamond where many a promising flower has budded and withered in a day, Messrs. Lee, Houston, McCorkle, and Foster have tendered their bit towards defending the honor of the class, as well as preventing the dust from polluting the modest black and blue. On the basket-ball court where might is right and only the fittest can survive, we have also been prominent factors, being represented by superb activities of Messrs. Lee, McCorkle and Houston. Livingstone's foremost representative at the inter-

FAMILY ALTAR

scholastic track meet, which was at Hampton last year, was a member of this class in the person of Mr. R. A. G. Foster.

There are those of us who cannot distinguish ourselves on the field of athletics, yet there are none of us who cannot in some particular line do something: Messrs. Nelson, Costian and Carden, excel in scholarship, which after all is the prime object of our being here. Mr. Lattimore, our never tiring president, who has performed the task of filling the presidential chair for the scholastic year, is perhaps the best parliamentarian in the school, and is especially noted for his aggressiveness.

The young ladies of the class, Misses Davenport, Coleman and Williams, our sisters, form a very wonderful trio, graced with all the beauty and dignity that mother nature could bestow upon them; their cordiality of nature, strength and perseverance and amazing scholarship, make them stand out prominently as the social leaders of the fair sex of the campus. We are intensely proud of our achievements as a class, though the dark cold hand of death took away one of our number during our brief stay here.

We are pressing forward with an unflinching trust that we can and we must. Tomorrow we shall leave this phase of preparation, still pursuing, still achieving, till we at last reach our goal.

Our ambitions vary; some will enter the field of medical science, where they can best serve humanity by administering to the sick. Some will enter the field to train the coming generations in literature and art, that they may become useful citizens. Some will adopt their lives to the cause of the gospel, that Zion may spread throughout the universe. And yet, there may be some of our number, who restlessly wander through the field of activity and become stranded at the gates of never. Messrs. McCorkle, Dawkins, Alexander, Foster and Thomas, very brilliant young men with vast opportunities, will enter the higher branches of science. Messrs. Houston, Johnson and Steele are the business men. Messrs. Nelson and Lee are the ministers. Those of us who will teach the young are as follows: Messrs. Williams, Kemp, Carden, Costian and Misses Davenport, Williams and Coleman. With these amazing prospects of future accomplishments blooming forth to give to the world the fruits of their labor rightfully, the institution will be proud, and the immortal Price who sleeps in yonder moslem, will smile in recognition of the glorious achievements of the sons and daughters of Livingstone.

We, the class of '25 have arranged an annual, a feat which has never before been attempted by any preceding class. Tomorrow we shall conclude our work here and reach out into the field of action for greater fields to conquer. We shall strive to extinguish the vast whirlpools of illiteracy which seems to engulf the masses of our people. Thus we shall improve the world by virtue of our residence here.

Tomorrow, we shall enter the school of life whose lesson we'll never forget.

Livingstone College,
Salisbury, N. C.

"MY MOTHER."

By Mrs. Mayme H. McDonald.

Somewhere I have a mother,
Somewhere she waits for me;
Somewhere I hear her calling,
Some day I soon shall greet.
Sometimes I hear her calling,
So tenderly and sweet,
Oh! How my heart rejoices,
To think we soon shall meet.
Sometimes my heart is heavy laden,
I feel sad and lone,
But through her smiling vision,
I stay serene and sweet.
Sometimes I feel like crying,
Sometimes I feel oppressed,
But oh! how happy I shall be
To rest on Jesus' breast.
Braddock, Va.