

## Family Altar

### AUNT MARY'S PHILOSOPHY

Aunt Mary was sitting on her front porch one day when a neighbor passed by, stopped a moment and said "Hello, Aunt Mary. How you feeling today?"

"Well I specks I'm feeling better today, but you know I never feels good when I feels better 'cause I knows I'se gonna feel worse afterwards."

Now don't pity Aunt Mary. She is having the time of her dear old life. The only amusement she has is her ills and aches. She misses them when absent and looks forward to their return. She is a pessimist but enjoys her pessimism.

The world is full of persons who have Aunt Mary's philosophy. There are really lots of people who enjoy poor health. At least they enjoy parading to long-suffering neighbors and friends all of the aches and pains they can conjure up. There must be a kind of pride in the human breast at being a hero or martyr. Some people gloat over being persecuted; it gives them a degree of feeling as if they were a hero. For lack of a better excuse they adopt the scheme of claiming persecution by ill health.

Then, there are those who just naturally look on the dark side of everything. They are calamity howlers. Whenever they speak it is to find fault with something or somebody. Failing always to see the things in a child or a neighbor which deserve commendation they see always and only the things which they would have done differently.

Such persons expect the worst—and usually they are not disappointed. There are preachers who so constantly preach "hell fire and damnation" that they forget how to paint a word picture of an attractive heaven. It is entirely possible, that after years of mental training, drawing horrible pictures of eternal torment they will feel quite out of place and a stranger to the sweet harmony and happiness of heaven—when they get there.

So there are these two classes of persons who think and talk of their ills—the one who does it in an effort to gratify a longing to be a hero; and the one who does it because of a long cultivated habit to look only on the seamy side of life.

In either case it becomes a habit, and a habit mighty hard to break. If there is ever a time when "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" it is surely in this very matter. Much more good to children may be accomplished by commending the things in which they succeed than by condemning their failures.

Nothing in the Bible is more true than the one sentence "For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he." Equally true is the modern sentence that, "Nothing succeeds like success." The person who thinks he is ill, is ill. The person who thinks he is a failure in school or in life is a failure. There is no child but that sometimes succeeds and if that child is commended for that success it stimulates greater desire for greater success. Every success is the foundation upon which a later and greater success will be built. On the other hand it is equally true of a failure that the tendency is for one failure to lead to another. The wise parent or teacher is the one who will lovingly and skillfully lead the child away from failures while keeping always uppermost in the child's mind the one dominant idea of success.

The most successful physician is the one who can best divert attention from imaginary ills while he cures the real ones. Every doctor who has worked in institutions for the mentally sick knows that most imaginary ills are more unbearable than the actual bodily pains. Such mentally sick persons often have the idea that their best friends are bitter enemies who constantly torment them with acts of persecution. This imaginary enemy may be a parent, a child, a wife or husband, or even the attending physician or nurse. Such delusions often cause much embarrassment to the innocent in the eyes of persons who do not understand.

The mental anguish suffered by such persons is certainly more unbearable than would be the mental anguish of a sane person in the face of a real enemy.

By constantly thinking and talk-

ing of minor ills it is easy to "make a mountain out of a mole hill."

Don't pity Aunt Mary's pessimism for she enjoys it. Pity Aunt Mary's misfortune in not having something more pleasant to enjoy.

—The Health Bulletin.

### BEAUTIFUL MARRIAGE AT NEWBERN

Prof. and Mrs. Allen S. Meachum To Live in Warren, Ark.

E. F. Rollins

Newbern, N. C., Sept. 29, 1925—A pretty wedding of interest throughout the Carolinas occurred in Trinity A. M. E. Zion church, Tuesday 8 p. m., Sept. 29, when Miss Wheatley J. Todd, of Newbern, N. C., became the bride of Prof. Allen S. Meachum, of Warren, Ark. The vows were spoken before Rev. E. F. Rollins, pastor of St. Augustus A. M. E. Zion church, Kinston, N. C.

The church was elaborately decorated with stately palms as a background for quantities of white lilies and roses. An arch was attractively decorated with Southern smilax and ferns, under which the bride and groom stood.

Preceding the solemnization of the marriage vow, Miss Ruby Jones sang "I Love You Truly." The Live Wire Club, an organization gotten up by Miss Todd, rendered a bridal chorus from Lohengrin, followed by a solo, "Because," by Miss Emma E. Foreman, of Kinston, N. C.

To the strains of the wedding march from Mendelssohn, played by Mrs. Esther Hazel-Powell, accompanied by Mr. Albert Spruill, violinist, the bridal party entered.

The ushers and honor guest entered first. Miss Sadie Green with Miss Ethel Leath, Miss Alvera Bryant with Miss Clara Williams.

Miss Maggie Lloyd, of Washington, N. C., gowned in yellow chiffon embroidered in gold beads, with hat and slippers to match. Mr. William H. Bryant, by her side. Next, Miss Rosa Lloyd, of Washington, N. C., who was dressed in a girlish frock of blue crepe de chine, with white lace trimmings and crystal beads, accompanied by Mr. Harris.

Followed by Miss Doria Bell Lewis, of Bladenboro, N. C., who was dressed in a lovely blue cotton crepe, by her side was Prof. W. S. Todd, A. B., brother of the bride. The maids carried arm bouquets of maiden hair ferns and white roses.

Miss Adelaide Fisher, of Newbern, N. C., maid of honor, wore a lovely pink satin crepe dress in circular effect trimmed in white fur and carried an arm bouquet of pink roses and ferns. Following her, came two little flower girls daintily dressed in pink and blue crepe de chine, trimmed in rosebuds, who scattered rose petals in the bride's pathway.

Little Earl Davis was ring bearer. He wore a white suit and carried the ring in a white lily on a fern wreath. The bride entered on the arm of her father, Rev. J. W. Todd, who gave her in marriage. She was never more attractive than in her wedding gown of white crepe satin brocaded in designs of silver and her wedding veil of venetian lace held with orange blossoms. Her corsage was bride roses, orchids and valley lilies in shower effect. The little boy that bore the train of the bride was becomingly dressed in a white suit.

She was met at the altar by the bridegroom and his best man, Mr. Davis, of Newbern, N. C.

As the bridal party left, Mendelssohn's recessional march was rendered. Following the ceremony, a brilliant reception was held at the home of the bride's parents on Jones St., several hundred guests were present.

Mrs. Meachum is the only daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. W. J. Todd. She is graduate of Eastern N. C. Academy of Newbern, and Livingstone College. She is unusually popular, very attractive in manners, and a devout Christian.

The groom received his A. B. from Livingstone College. He possesses all the elements which speak for his greatness.

At 12:30, the evening of the 29th the bride and groom boarded a west bound train for Warren, Ark., their future home.

There's one kind of pride that never hurt anybody—pride in good work.

## The World of women.

Edited by Mary L. Mason.

"Beautiful for situation the joy of the whole earth is Mt. Zion."

Can you use your magic powers of mind and transport yourself back through the centuries and across the sea to imagine yourself a poet with the form of a peasant, trudging across gently rising ground home, from the fields at evening to seek the strong protection of your walled city? Can you imagine the walls and towers of Jerusalem gilded into gold by the setting sun, and as your eyes behold its grandeur, can you feel your exultant heart crying aloud with the peasant king of Israel, "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mt. Zion?" Can you go on with the fantasy and imagine yourself "telling the towers," marking the stolidity of the walls, and the impregnable position, as you march exultingly within the gates to a night of calm and assured sleep?

Can you turn a page in the experiences of your soul, and imagine that after centuries, you should return to earth, should hasten to your beloved Judean hills, should hunger for the site of the city, "beautiful for situation," and for the stalwart buttresses and the challenging towers, but alas, your eyes are greeted by crumbling ruins, by blackened heaps of rubbish, and by the raucous noises of night-birds-of-prey, hungry for the lives of their innocent victims?

If you can step apart from the drab world of today to indulge such a dream; if you can make real the strong emotions of such experiences in the life of a devout patriot, and religious zealot, you also can realize the thought and emotions of a loyal Zionite brought up to revere the Church of our fathers, bought with blood and tears, nurtured in sacrifice and loved with a devotion incalculable. You can thrill with the thought of this structure reared by hands of independent toilers, until they could stretch forth to build schools in desert wastes, to stretch hands across the sea to save souls and lives in a land consecrated as the home of our forbears? Can you thrill with pride at the mere mention of a school bearing the name of that greatest of great-souled missionaries—Livingstone? Can you rejoice in the fine and systematic working of a woman's home and foreign missionary society, always at work, always improving, always harvesting for the cherished work of missions at home and abroad?

Turn with me. Did you hear that crash? What do you tell us? Livingstone just a struggling, poverty ridden school? Missions, just a poor beginning, lacking force and effectiveness, a sneer and a derision among those to whom they are sent? Our Church, without a shelter to house its bishop in Africa, with unpaid workers stretching beseeching palms; thousands of dollars raised, and yet the disposition always in dispute? The good done a negligible quantity, while the need seems ever to loom larger and larger? Can you read with me the splendid tributes of esteem and affection and of appreciation for accomplishments which the bishops and general officers are pouring on each other? One doubts that the other knows Christ; another openly hints at exploitation of conference workers; another condemns the general conference minutes as trashy in material, and false in content; an audit shows nearly all departments conducted in an unworkmanlike way, etc. etc. ad nauseam.

Oh, Zion, how art thou fallen! Why? Thou wouldst trust glitter and tinsel, blatant rantings for the eloquence of truth, and thou hast seemed utterly incapable of detecting the wolves in sheep clothing. Thou hast even set the wolves to watch like dogs, over the yearlings of thy flock.

O Zion awake! Awake! It is not for this that thou wert born of blood and tears! Arise! Cleanse! Care not for persons, nor for feelings; have regard only for righteousness and service! So with bitter tears shalt thou purge thy garments and thou shalt be healed.

### Once Upon a Time

Once upon a time the citizens of Washington were said by the editor of a certain well-known religious paper to be so hungry for fights, that they were actually lonesome and ill at ease when there was no fight on. In the face of the fine fight that the Washington ball team is now making for the pennant; in the light of the riot history of 1919, the fight against residential segregation, etc. etc., far be it from us to deny the imputations of the aforementioned learned scribe. We merely smile at the effective inoculation of the fighting virus achieved by one polished bishop, always dociled in his beloved South, when with a lady of equal position, he could fight doggedly for three hours for a meal under equal conditions. And he and this same lady are applauded, not condemned. St. Paul well said: "Fight the good fight of faith. Its only bad to fight in a bad cause."

### More About Fighting

And while I muse on fighting, the vision of a lady who calls herself red-headed and green-eyed, looms before me. She has turned both cheeks and is ready to land a good wallop where it will do most good just between two eyes. And this lady was not born in Washington.

With no intention to jest, we merely call attention to that marvel of all times, the maternal instinct which can set a gentle dove against the beak and talons of an eagle, asking only to give its all for the protection of its beloved.

Still speaking in utmost soberness, the masterly defense of Bishop Alleyne, of his ideals, of his character, of his work, and of his rights, challenges our admiration. If we felt it were mere boasting, we should turn aside with disgust, but knowing it to be the strong defense of a good man against the machinations of evil, wherever they may rear themselves, we are reminded of a similar defense of conduct and work made by the apostle Paul, when he felt he must speak out for the good of the church.

We wish Bishop Alleyne a hearty response in his effort to secure a free, unfettered amount of money with which not merely to maintain a department, but to do something for the work for which the department was created.

Smith College, one of our foremost educational institutions, this fall institutes a department of home making, designed to scientifically coordinate the work of married women, who must also be home makers. Few of us in our hustling scurrying after gold with which to buy happiness consider the destiny of a nation, whose women are farming out their homes and children in order to become not bread, but cake earners; and whose men look on at the sacrifice of homes and children, unmoved. Let Smith College carry on. The work is much needed.

### KEEP SOME THINGS IN THE FAMILY

By Rev. N. S. Harris, D. D.

Mr. Editor:

I have been following the articles of some of our prelates in The Star for several weeks; and wish to give vent to my (soul's) sincerity, upon what I have read, as a humble trenchman upon the battlefield of our Lord. These expressions are not intended for criticisms; but for the protection of our Zion against the shallow reasoner.

The deplorable and despicable financial condition of our Zion in the great city of Philadelphia, Pa., as Bishop E. D. W. Jones explains it, would be of a great deal more profit to its experience, to keep it in the family. I never have seen how a man, a firm, a corporation, or a business of any kind, could help itself, by publishing its own defects and faults to the unconcerned world. These articles are opening wide gaps for insinuating criticisms from our own group. The laity of our Zion has not got much confidence in its ministry now, and still less in its general management. And such news as is brought to their ears and eyes from our bishops, is making it doubly hard for us to collect the General Church's support. Keep some things in the family.

I strive to be a law-abiding citizen of our great country and a

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## Youth's Corner.

### THE STORY OF TOBY

By Orien W. Fifer

Toby is a dog—just pure dog—living in Jerusalem. He belongs to Mr. E. W. Blatchford, Near East Relief Director for Palestine. Toby was first a British army dog. When the British soldiers left Egypt and Palestine, Toby was given to Mr. Blatchford, and now he is a Near East dog. He is colored like a hound but has the form of an Airedale. He does some funny and some very serious things.

First he jumped upon a chair, sat up and waved his front paws, which meant that he was glad to see us. When he barked it meant "How do you do?" Then his master blindfolded Toby and hid a rubber ball. When he took the handkerchief from his eyes, Toby searched that office over until he found the ball and brought it to his master.

Then Toby was asked if he wanted a lump of sugar. He jumped into the chair again, sat up, begged for it politely and received it. His master then placed a lump on the chair between Toby's paws and said: "Now Toby, this sugar belongs to the orphans—do you want it?" Toby just shut his eyes and turned his head away—meaning no. His master said: "Toby if I pay for that sugar and give the money to the Near East orphans, will you eat it then?" Toby waited until his master took a piece of money and placed it upon his desk—then Toby ate the sugar.

"Toby, come say your prayers!" said his master. Toby came over and put his fore-paws upon the chair with his head between his paws and closed his eyes. He kept perfectly still until his master said "Amen." Then Toby opened his eyes and romped around the room.

### Y. M. C. A. AMONG COLORED PEOPLE

As a result of 72 years of intensive effort to meet the needs of the 10,463,000 Negroes in the United States, the colored work of the Young Men's Christian Association has at last achieved a place in the sun.

In his address before the recent National Staff Conference at Atlantic City, Dr. John R. Mott, General Secretary of the American Y. M. C. A., listed the expansion of colored work among the principal needs of the next three years, thus, in the opinion of officials of the Colored Work Department of the National Council here, giving it an importance never before recognized. This followed by only a few days, an appeal for enlarged activities among Negroes, made before the National Secretarial Cabinet by Channing H. Tobias, Senior Secretary of the Colored Work Department.

"It has been fourteen years since there was a forward movement in Association work among colored men and boys," Mr. Tobias declared, "and the Association did not initiate that movement. It was forced upon the Association by a Jew, Julius Rosenwald, whom some of us regard as more really Christian than thousands who bear the name."

"I appeal to you gentlemen who represent the state committees and the National Council to urge local associations to think of the Association field as embracing all the men and boys in a community instead of one race or one group, as is often the case today. Dr. Mott has mentioned as a test, whereby a cause may be listed as a priority in the coming three-year program, that the field be 'white unto harvest.' I plead for consideration of the colored work on that score."

Because of this new development, it is considered probable that fresh importance will attach to the National Conference on Colored Work, which is to be held at Washington, D. C., October 21 to 23. Both white and Negro delegates, many of them nationally prominent in the Y. M. C. A., will attend, in an effort not only to solve the problems of expansion resulting from the rapidly increasing Negro population, but also to bring about better feeling between the two races in this country."