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**Vacations Are a Necessity
of Present Conditions**
By BISHOP SAMUEL FALLOWS.



THESE days of school and college commencements bring forcibly before us the truth that human life is a school. For intellectual, social, moral, business and spiritual ends this school exists. Nothing in its teachers, instructions, means or methods can be valueless or purposeless. A power above ourselves has placed us in school even as we send our children to school by a power beyond themselves.

That power very largely determines for us the agencies and instruments of instruction as we determine those of our children. Where and how we were born and what the nature of our environment in which our life was first unfolded was not ours to settle. But we were at school. The very air we breathed, the changes of the atmosphere and a thousand other things connected with nature and man have been shaping our lives. But organism and environment have thus been potent factors. Environment may be credited with nine-tenths of our education and heredity with a scant one-tenth. A change in environment has changed a carnivorous bird into a granivorous one and the latter into the former.

As in school there must be moments of play, so must there be in the school of life. Vacations are needed in the one, so are they also in the other, Russell Sage to the contrary notwithstanding. One Sage is enough to a million of ordinary men. Too many of us older children do not know the meaning of relaxation in our restless weariness and the unrelenting, joylessness of our consuming, strenuous American life.

A wise physician of our city placed his daughter in one of our best public schools and solemnly forbade the teachers from imposing any lessons which should require more than one hour's study at home. And now in full bloom and beauty and healthful vigor she is able to assume the duties of responsible womanhood. Every teacher should be placed under bonds to do likewise.

The school of life is crowded with hard lessons. Trials, sorrows, disappointments, bereavements come. But the divine Providence which has permitted them will help us solve them. The great Teacher, with His heart filled with sympathy and love, never gets out of patience with us. If he cannot give us the meaning of them here he will make good his promise to each of us, "What thou knowest not now thou shalt know hereafter."

Strength of Love

By REV. W. J. MCKITTRICK,
Pastor First Presbyterian Church, St. Louis.

The roots of love are buried in unselfishness. Nobody can love anybody or anything until he gets out of himself. Any other conception of the contents of this im-

mense world is a degradation, and a shaving down of its divine meaning. Melodrama in life and in literature has strung along its rows of gew-gaws and balls of red fire, and tinselled it with spangles of flashing little starts that have no legitimate place in its neighborhood.

The two things from which it is remotest at the foundation are often foolishly poured into it on the surface, and they are passion and self-interest. Love is unacquainted with either of them. Both of them are centered in and draw their nourishment from that region of our human nature that knows least and cares least about the divine altruisms of grace.

Passion is a moral sickness. When it is weak it is the weakness of a baby. When it is strong it is the strength of the devil. It never rises to any supernatural altitude. It creeps and crawls along the lower levels of our personality and feeds itself on the hot breaths of the desert, or the malarial poisons of the swamp.

Passion burns us and greed dries us because neither of them stretches its roots down to the depths where the waters of life are. In the attempt to drive our lives into peace we break them into pieces. When love comes there is a new horizon and a new flush of color, and the light that never was on sea or land. We die and we rise again. Old things pass away before the expulsive power of a new affection under the blessedly destructive breath of a new spirit.

Then we get hold of the key of life. Then we are strong. Then we see its glory glowing around us, and we hear the choirs of another Heaven chanting their great Te Deum over our souls.

Love is stronger than death, because it is stronger than life. Vanity is sensitive. It cries before it is hurt.

Pride is always ready for a clash, and foams and tosses in a cataract of unloosened greed.

Envy runs into vice and crime at a gallop.

What is it that makes a man stand as still as a rock and let storm after storm of freezing hail pour into his bosom without bringing a curse to his lips, and without sending despair into his soul? What will enable him to endure uncomplainingly the woes of isolation, where there is no comradeship for him save the roar of the storm? What is it that will make him dumb with the dumbness of a red Indian at the stake when calumnies are piling their fagots about his feet? It is love, the love that suffers long, that can live on a crumb of hope, that can live and grow without hope at all, that keeps a woman clinging to her son when she sees him careening down toward hell, that ties a child to a father when that father is beating it with blows, and staggering into a drunkard's grave, the love that is mightier than anything that is born of man, because it is born of God, and is clothed, and shielded and armored with the all-prevailing, all-conquering power of God.

Achieving Freedom

By DR. FRANK W. GUNSAULUS,
President Armour Institute, Chicago.

There was never a more interesting falsehood than "All men are created free and equal." The Declaration of Independence was the work of an hour of intense excitement, and on every national anniversary this phrase is misquoted because when it is taken from its context it is false.

Freedom is something to be won. Men are not born free. Every power into whose control a man comes is a conquered freedom. There are no equals in this universe of God's. God is no socialist.

The problem of problems is to get a humanity that is energetic and militant—that is restful. The world needs men who can observe the approach of tremendous coming events as the engineer does the engine and still remain placid in the face of this force. Get the utmost efficiency into life with the least waste just as in the principles of physics. Put your methods into life so as to make the engine of life go ahead accurately and with power. The young man of to-day has an errand unto the world and must make himself a captain.

THE SUNDAY BIBLE SCHOOL.

Lesson in the International Series
for July 10, 1904—"Jereboam's Idolatry."

(Prepared by the "Highway and Byway" Preacher.)
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LESSON TEXT.

(1 Kings 12:25-33; Memory Verses, 28-30.)
25. Then Jereboam built Shechem in Mount Ephraim, and dwelt therein; and went out from thence, and built Peniel.
26. And Jereboam said in his heart: Now shall the kingdom return to the house of David:
27. If this people go up to do sacrifice in the house of the Lord at Jerusalem, then shall the heart of this people turn again unto their lord, even unto Rehoboam, king of Judah, and they shall kill me, and go again to Rehoboam king of Judah:
28. Whereupon the king took counsel, and made two calves of gold, and said unto them: It is too much for you to go up to Jerusalem; behold thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt.
29. And he set the one in Beth-el and the other put he in Dan.
30. And this thing became a sin; for the people went to worship before the one, even unto Dan.
31. And he made an house of high places, and made priests of the lowest of the people, which were not of the sons of Levi.
32. And Jereboam ordained a feast in the eighth month, on the fifteenth day of the month, like unto the feast that is in Judah, and he offered upon the altar. So did he in Beth-el, sacrificing unto the calves that he had made; and he placed in Beth-el the priests of the high places which he had made.
33. So he offered upon the altar which he had made in Beth-el the fifteenth day of the eighth month, even in the month which he had devised of his own heart, and ordained a feast unto the children of Israel; and he offered upon the altar, and burnt incense.

THE LESSON includes besides the lesson text the thirteenth and fourteenth chapters of 1 Kings, wherein are recorded God's warning and retribution upon Jereboam. The fulfillment of the prophecies of the prophet of Judah against the altar at Beth-el, and that of Ahijah the prophet against Jereboam and his family, recorded in 2 Kings 23:15-16 and 1 Kings 15:25-30, should be read.

GOLDEN TEXT—"Keep yourselves from idols."—1 John 5:21.

TIME.—Common Chronology, 95 B. C. PLACES.—Jereboam's capital, at first Shechem, and later Tirzah, among the hills a few miles north of Shechem, and Beth-el, and Dan, where the two golden calves were placed.

Events in Israel During Jereboam's Reign.
Prophecy against altar at Beth-el—1 Kings 12.

Ahijah's prophecy against Jereboam and Jereboam's house.—1 Kings 14:1-20.
Defeat of Jereboam by Ahijah, king of Judah.—2 Chron. 12.

Events in Judah During Jereboam's Reign.
Death of Rehoboam, in about the eighteenth year of Jereboam's reign.—1 Kings 14:31.

Ahijah recalled Ahijah in parallel passages in 2 Chronicles, son of Rehoboam, made king.—1 Kings 14:1-7.

Death of Ahijah in twentieth year of Jereboam's reign and beginning of reign of good King Asa.—1 Kings 15:8.

Comparing Scripture with Scripture.
"Jereboam said in his heart."—Compare words in verse 33. Instead of taking counsel of God he searched in his own heart for the solution of problems of his kingdom.

"Now shall the kingdom return to the house of David."—Compare prophecy of Ahijah in 1 Kings 11:31, 38. Had Jereboam believed God's word from what sin would he have been kept and what punishment he would have been spared. Jereboam acted on expediency, but expediency is worse than folly if it be at the sacrifice of righteousness and truth. "He who trusts in his own heart and takes his own way, is a fool. To run before God is to sink knee-deep into the swamp. We must make all things after the pattern shown us on the mount, and take our time from God's almanac. What a contrast to the course of Jereboam was that of the Son of Man! He would do nothing of Himself. His eye was always on His Father's dial plate, and thus He knew when His time was not yet fulfilled. He was always consulting the movement of His Father's will, and did only those things which He saw His Father doing. Similarly make God's will and way thy pole-star. Oh, to be able to say with our blessed Lord: 'I seek not mine own will, but the will of Him that sent Me!'"—Meyer.

Jereboam's Three-Fold Iniquity.
"Made two calves of gold."—Idolatry.
"Made priests of the lowest of the people."—Sacrilege.
"Ordained a feast."—Godless Presumption.

Idolatry.—Jereboam broke the second of the ten commandments and paved the way for the breaking of the first and third, under later kings, notably Ahab. In this day we need to remember that covetousness is idolatry (Col. 3:5), that idolatry is one of the works of the flesh or the natural man (Gal. 5:20), and that we must flee from idolatry if we would escape this sin (1 Cor. 10:14, and 1 John 5:21).

Sacrilege.—The Levites had been set apart by God for the priestly office (Num. 3:10, 12), and for Jereboam to assign to the sacred function those from among "the lowest of the people" was a great and awful sin.

Godless Presumption.—Jereboam changed the feast of Tabernacles from the fifteenth of the seventh to the fifteenth of the eighth month. God's appointments cannot be lightly set aside.—See Mk. 7:13.

Seed Thoughts.
Unbelief lay at the root of Jereboam's mistakes, and it lies at the root of all sin.

Jereboam's scheme of worship was off "he devised in his own heart," and the very same thing may be said of many of the modern schemes of worship. "God is a Spirit and they that worship Him must worship Him in Spirit and in truth."

Jereboam sought self-glory rather than God's glory.

A ministry purely man-appointed will never prove anything but an abomination in the sight of God.



GAME THE BURRS PLAYED.

How the Children of a Drinking Father Compassed His Reformation.

"Say, Phoebe, is it a game, honest?" Rob asked the question, but as he spoke five pairs of eager eyes looked into the face of the older sister.

"Yes, it's a really, truly game, and if you'll all sit down, I'll tell you 'bout it."

Obediently the five small Burrs crowded on the steps, for well they knew that a game out of Phoebe's head was worth hearing.

"Now, listen! Pa's to play it with us every night when the factory lets out," Phoebe explained, "and pa's to be the president, and we're to be his bodyguard. Now, 'course you're too little to understand all at once, but the president, he has some men—sort of police like—who all the time stick close beside him when he goes out walkin' and I guess when he comes home from work at night, 'cause you see there's wicked folks all the time trying to hurt him."

"Say!" It was Rob's eager voice in hoarse whisper. "Say, is there fellers a-tryin' to hurt our papa?"

"Yes, Rob," answered Phoebe, "I'm awfully 'fraid there is just that." The boy's grimy hands clenched, as he cried: "Jess let me catch 'em at it, an' I'll show 'em."

"It wouldn't do a bit of good, Robby," said his wiser sister. "You're too little, and they're too big, and then it ain't always men. It's just places, too."

The children's eyes grew large with amazement. "Yes, it's beer and whisky places what's trying to catch

him and make him spend all the money he earns for stuff that'll make him cross and wicked, and by an' by, ma says, it'll kill him. Now, I guess we love our pa as much as the government loves the president, and we six'll just play we're his bodyguard, and, mind you, you must make pa think it's all a game, or maybe he won't play, and there's just five saloons 'twixt here and the factory that we must always get him past, surely."

At the ringing of the six o'clock bell that evening a bright-faced group of children stood at the factory entrance waiting for William Burr.

"Hello, pa, it's a new game we're playin', and you're the president," was Jess' merry greeting. "We forgotten the carriage fer you to ride," chirped Rob, "but seeing as you're Mr. Roosevelt, we guess you'd ruther walk."

Many a fellow workman of Burr's glanced enviously at the children, and one said to another: "Blest if I'd go wrong with liquor if I was father of them."

Happily and successfully the little Burrs played their game for many weeks, and Mamma Burr's eyes grew bright from smiling, and Papa Burr walked erect as became the father of such children, writes Julia F. Deane, in Union Signal. Early in January the measles broke out in the neighborhood, and all the little Burrs, except frail Nannie, were sick in bed. For the first five nights that the children could not meet their father Mamma Burr watched the clock anxiously as the supper hour approached, and for five nights Papa Burr, with steady step, walked in promptly at half-past six. Then for three other nights the supper stood upon the table until it was cold, and Mamma Burr's heart grew sick with waiting, and little Nannie listened until midnight for the loved footstep, for Papa Burr had somehow failed to "play the game alone." "It's all 'cause there wasn't no bodyguard," thought Nannie, sleepily. "I wonder if I could play it all alone in the dark, jess by myself, ay! but I'm awfully 'fraid 'bout Phoebe along. But if the wicked folks should get him—I guess I better," and she fell asleep.

It was after nine by the big clock in Tim Delaney's saloon the next night, when the shouting, noisy, drinking company of men were interrupted by a messenger. "Say! Is Bill Burr here? If he is, and there's any father left in him, he'd better stir himself. His Nannie's lost since six to-night."

Through the long hours of a cold, stormy night Papa Burr, now thoroughly sobered, searched for the child. Not until after 11 o'clock did they find her crouched in the dark entrance way of a great building, which she had mistaken for the factory. As the father laid the precious burden in



CROUCHED IN THE DARK ENTRANCE WAY OF A GREAT BUILDING.

Mamma Burr's arms, the child murmured, restlessly: "O, Phoebe, I tried to play it all alone, but pa he never came, and 'twas awful cold and dark, but I tried—I—" and the weary little voice trailed off into a sigh of exhaustion.

"Wife," Papa Burr's voice trembled, "if the God that guarded our Nannie will help me—and I know He will—we'll play this game another way after to-night, and these blessed children shall have a father who'll protect every hair of their precious heads from harm, instead of them having to take care of him."

A LEGEND.

It Illustrates in a Striking Way the Facts Regarding the Liqueur Curse.

There is an old legend of a man who sold his soul to Satan. The conditions were: For a certain number of years this man was to have all his desires gratified, at the expiration of which his soul was to be forfeited.

When the time agreed upon had expired, this man was unwilling to fulfill his part of the contract, and asked Satan upon what terms he could be released. The reply was:

"If you will curse your God I will release you."

"No," said the man, "I cannot curse the Being whose nature is love. Give me something less fearfully wicked."

"Then kill your father," replied Satan, "and you go free."

"No," answered the man, "that is too horrible to think of. I will not commit so great a crime. Are there no other conditions?"

"One more," replied the tempter. "You must get drunk."

"That is a very easy thing to do," the man answered, "and I accept your proposition. I cannot kill my father, I will not curse my God, but I can get drunk, and when I become sober all will be well."

Accordingly he got drunk, and when in this condition he happened to meet his father, who upbraided him, which so excited the ire of the drunken and half-crazed man, that he slew his father, cursed his God, then fell down dead, and Satan had him without fail.

Only a legend, this particular case, but how true to the facts regarding the liqueur curse.—National Advocate.

SOME STATISTICS.

Figures Which Reveal the Enormity of the Drink Evil in England.

In the year 1903 there was poured down the throats of the public in Great Britain \$848,937,908 worth of alcoholic drinks. Nearly \$849,000,000.

The money spent for liquor in Great Britain would have supported during the year 1,658,000 families, allowing \$500 to each family.

It would have given \$100 each to 8,490,000 boys and girls for the purpose of education.

It would have built 8,490 hospitals at \$100,000 each.

The things that might have been done with \$849,000,000 would make a list of indefinite length, but the fact remains that the vast sum went trickling down 42,000,000 or more throats to tickle the palates of the British people. If the harm which it did could be tabulated the statistics would be even more astounding than the financial figures quoted.

A Chicago paper, commenting on these figures, says:

"It is from such facts as these occasionally coming before us, that we gain fitting impressions of the tremendous folly of the drink habit. With \$849,000,000 diverted to legitimate channels of trade and to family necessities, poverty would be well-nigh abolished in civilized countries, and the moral and physical standards would be revolutionized."

—Union Signal.

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

Only brainless men can drink without suffering mental injury.—National Advocate.

Intoxicated persons will no longer be permitted to ride on the state railroads of Denmark.

The minister of inland revenue has refused to permit cigarette slot machines in Canada.

Some say that, though moderate drinkers, they are loyal followers of the Saviour of mankind. Can this be true if they continue to drink that which ruins many thousands of those for whom He died?—National Advocate.

Out of the 2,391 rural communities of Sweden, less than 150 are left to the spirit shops. In Norway every rural district save 15 has driven them out, while the traffic remains in only about one-half of the 59 towns and cities.

By a decree of divorce granted recently to Mrs. Daisy Hayes, of Kansas City, Mo., James A. Hayes, the defendant, is restrained from visiting their two children within 48 hours after he has taken a drink of liquor or beer. A law to this effect duly enforced in many cases would be a strong factor in favor of temperance.

The finding of a 15-year old boy unconscious from the effects of liquor it is said has caused a new crusade to be inaugurated in Chicago. Hereafter a saloon keeper found selling liquor to any minor will lose his license in addition to being prosecuted in the courts.

Drunken Soldiers.

In addition to 61 old soldiers who were placed in the Danville (Ill.) city prison one night in January, following pay day at the soldiers' home, 150 were picked up on the streets in various stages of intoxication and sent home on the cars, one officer alone so assisting 47. This is said to break all previous records in Danville debauchery.—American Issue.