

THE CITIZEN

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MARSHALL E. VAUGHN, Editor J. O. LEHMAN, Associate Editor and Business Manager

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The Spirit of the New Year

Every normal healthy citizen should approach the new year with a thrill of joy, not because he has succeeded in slipping one more year into the past, nor because he is one year nearer the grave, but because he has reached the natural place in the on-going of time for closing a well-worn page and opening a new sheet. It is this opportunity of beginning a new page in the record of life that should give the thrill. The honest, thoughtful person will ponder these things in his mind. What has been my record the past year? What kind of mistakes have I made? Have I practiced economy in living? Have I been just to my fellowman in business? Have I contributed liberally of my earnings to the causes of humanity? Have I rendered my share of unselfish service to mankind? If mistakes have been made, they should form the foundation for success during the coming year and not lead to despair and greater failure. Let each one of us write the following motto in letters of gold and pray God to give us strength to live up to every letter of it: **I will do my share towards lightening the burdens of the world and spreading sunshine in the wake of sorrow.**

The Cabinet Makers' Union

This seems to be a bad season for unions. The labor unions are having a hard time sticking together. The supreme chiefs do not agree with the subordinate heads, and the "pork" does not extend in great enough quantity to all members. The unions always get into a state of internal disquiet when they have things going their way completely.

There seems to be an unsettled condition of affairs within the cabinet makers' union. There is the demand for "pork" coming from over a wide area.

This, of course, will be dispensed through political leaders in different sections, but that is not enough; there is the making of the cabinet. New York wants two drawers in the cabinet while the West declares that it will never do. The West rolled up too large a vote in the last election to allow New York to have that many compartments. You see, Tennessee did an unusual thing this year, and she is entitled to a place, if it is nothing more than a pin tray on top of the cabinet. Kentucky is entitled to half a compartment, for the Senator was saved, even if the electoral vote was lost. Not only are there several geographical sections to satisfy, but there are the types of minds within the several sections. There are the ultra-conservatives who will demand, in view of their recent victories, the main door to the cabinet as well as the central compartment. There are the temperate voters who want only a modest share. They are not the domineering fellows, but simply want "good times" and have voted for a "change" because they have been assured that the good times with which they have been blessed for the last few years will cease if they do not get a "change." Then there are the progressives, those awful progressives, who played so much havoc eight years ago; they must have at least one compartment for their splendid work in the recent campaign.

President-elect Harding is getting plenty of advice on all his appointments and the variety of opinions that are being handed in reach an impossible scale. Here is a bit of advice from a country editor which will be of untold value to President-elect Harding, if he sees fit to take it. He should take the reins of this cabinet making business into his own hands. He should be the official head of the cabinet makers' union. He should call into conference the leading sectional heads and the heads of the types-of-mind groups to get their reaction, but he cannot do the impossible by trying to do what they all want done. He must keep in mind the fate of the administration of President Taft, who, from the beginning, was a "large body entirely surrounded by men who knew exactly what they wanted," and he must not forget President Wilson's cabinet, which, from the beginning, was a piece of "knock-down" furniture, that was moved at will. President Harding must take the middle course between these two men if his cabinet is to stand and his administration not come to ruin. He must fill the positions with men of ability and not cater to the cries of sectional political bosses who desire to push the "spoils system" to the extreme. If New York can produce the two men who are best fitted for two important posts, those places should not be allowed to suffer because of the necessity of spreading out over a larger area the perquisites of political triumph. There is brewing a factional fight among the union leaders, and it is to be desired that President Harding will take charge and control the situation.

THE PARABLE OF THE TOMCAT AND THE BUMBLE BEES

Now "tomcat" is the vulgar appellation of the felis tomcatatus of science. Therefore, whenas I employ the designation, tomcat, I do so that I may be understood of the ignorant as well as of the learned, who will make no difficulty of my discourse. And I hold that all writing should be either for the instruction of the backward who lack wisdom, or for the entertainment of the wise who need no instruction.

It came to pass when that the tomcat had arrived at the age of maturity and discretion (which is fifteen months) that he bathed himself and perfumed his body with cataria, and girded up his loins and said, "Yea, why tarry I here? I am of a goodly weight and stature, and withal a valiant disposition. Have I not caught and eaten two young robins and a striped lizard? Have I not overcome Jones' pup, and marked his tender countenance as the lines are marked upon a sheet of music? Go to, I will leave the house of my fathers and the land of my birth, and go into a far country and seek my fortune and high adventure."

And he shook the dust of that place from his feet and took the way along the garden fence and through the barn lot and across the pasture, and he came unto a creek. And his steps were stayed for a little space. But after that he had turned aside for the matter of half of a bowshot, he found a fallen tree above the water, and passed over dry shod. And he departed from the house of his fathers and his place knew him no more.

Now after that he had gone an hour's journey into the new land beyond the creek, he looked round about him and he beheld an oak of the girdle of a man's body and about ten cubits in height. When that he beheld the tree he said, "Yea, I will abide here for a little season and refresh myself in this grateful shade. And, peradventure, a chipmunk or other small animal will stir abroad, that I may fall upon him and slay him, and he shall be a spoil unto me, and I will devour him straightway, for the emptiness of my belly tormenteth me sorely."

And he approached the tree and raised himself upon his hinder legs and sharpened his claws upon the body thereof. And while he sharpened, a strange sound, like unto the sound of drops of water in hot embers, issued forth from the bowels of the tree. Whereupon, the tomcat marveled, and sought diligently for the cause thereof. And, behold, there was a small hole in the tree, half a cubit above the ground, and from the hole there issued forth the strange noise.

Being of a cautious mind, the tomcat sat upon the ground and considered earnestly what he should do. There being nothing in his previous experience to go upon, he consulted his present inclinations and desires and the emptiness of his belly, and he said, "Yea, though something telleth me that I should flee from this place and look not back, something else urgeth me to thrust my paw into this hole and discover what is concealed therein. Peradventure I will pluck a music box with a mouse in it, or in any event, gain some useful knowledge."

And he thrust in his paw, and he felt that which had all the outward seeming of a rat's nest that is filled with callow sucklings. And his spirit was lifted up so that he stirred the nest bravely. And as the noise came again to his ears, he felt that a legion of devils had laid hold of his paw, and he drew it forth. And, behold! seventeen bumble bees of mature age, and sound mind and members sate thereon. Then he lifted up his voice and cried with an exceeding great and bitter wail.

And he fled. And six hundred other bumble bees came forth from the nest and arose up and pursued after him and smote him hip and thigh. And one alighted upon his back and stuck there even as D'Annunzio, or a case of influenza, or a wart on a mule's nose, and stung with exceeding fury and drove him forward, even to the water's edge. He looked neither to the right nor to the left for the foot log, but plunged in, and the waters closed above him forever, and the eyes of men saw him no more.

This parable hath a twofold application. It sheweth that home is not a bad place, and that it is not wise to thrust in the paw where the eyes can not see.

—Alson Baker

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In order to close out my stock of good, used sewing machines, I will let the purchaser select any used machine I now have in stock and make their own selection at prices from \$4 up to \$15, for the next ten days. Ask Mr. VanWinkle, Chrisman's Furniture Store, Phone 26.—Adv.

MR. RAT

An uninvited guest, an unprofitable boarder, a dangerous lodger. Yet he is with us in numbers; on the average, equal to two for every person in this land. The United States Public Health Service estimates the number of rats in our cities as equal to their population, and in the country three or four times as many. We supply them with good food, furnish the best material for their nests and put up with their nasty habits, with only now and then a feeble protest. I once had occasion to renew the kitchen ceiling in an old country house. When the old plaster and lath were removed, quantities of fertilizer fell to the floor and the stench was unspeakable and filled the house.

They feed upon all kinds of vegetable and animal matter. They devour grains planted in the ground, growing above ground and lying in shocks and bins. They carry off and consume eggs and young poultry in large quantities. They help themselves in grocery stores, pantries and cellars, polluting and wasting more than they eat. In one instance, in two weeks, they made a hole in a tub containing 100 dozen eggs and carried off 70 dozen without leaving a trace of a broken egg. In a part of Virginia they were estimated to have destroyed 75 percent of the young poultry. A farmer in Iowa says he lost 25 percent of 2,000 bushels of corn in cribs. One of our Berea citizens last spring lost 300 chickens out of a hatch of 400, some of them nearly large enough for frying.

They destroy other kinds of merchandise besides food. A department store in Washington lost \$30 a night in damaged goods. A hotel in the same city lost \$75 a month in damaged linen. A merchant had 50 dozen brooms destroyed. Another had \$500 worth of china broken in a single night. A harness dealer lost \$400 in horse collars in a season.

Buildings are injured by their gnawing the foundations, doors and walls. Chests, wardrobes and clothing are injured and destroyed.

Investigations indicate that the direct annual losses in the United States from these rodents equal or exceed \$200,000,000, with a great additional sum in indirect losses.

What do you know about that?
—Geo. H. Felton
(To be Continued)

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CHANGE IN RATES

Beginning March 1, the rates for board and room of private patients will be \$15 to \$18 per week. The rates for patients cared for in the wards will remain the same—\$4 per day.

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So What's the Use?

Sunday-school Teacher: "Now boys, there is a wonderful lesson in the life of the ant. Every day the ant goes to work and works all day. Every day the ant is busy. And in the end what happens?"

Willie: "Somebody steps on him."
—American Legion Weekly.

Don't stare up the steps of success; step up the stairs.

A hen doesn't quit scratching because the worms are scarce.

Silence may sometimes be foolish before the wise, but it is always wise before the foolish.

Be looking for something more to do FOR Christ and you will keep receiving more FROM Christ.

The Pope's calendar only makes saints of the dead, but the Bible requires saintliness in the living.

Some people are under the delusion that they can be better to themselves than God would be.

CLEAN UP UNSIGHTLY SPOTS

Rubbish Piles Are Very Much Out of Place in Any City of High Aspirations.

In the good old days before we got so absorbed in running the universe and contemplating the cost of living, we used to pay more attention to such homely matters as cleaning the streets and tidying up the yards, remarks the Kansas City Star. Dr. E. H. Bullock, health director, has called attention to our deficiencies in his appeal for a clean-up.

Of course premises ought to be kept

tidy all the time. There is no excuse for accumulating piles of ashes and tin cans. Still, in this frail world such things as rubbish piles do exist. That being the case, it is better to clean up spring and fall than never to clean up at all.

Most persons who get about town will testify to the general tidiness of yards. The average family takes pride in the appearance of a well-kept lawn. But an occasional slacker may disgrace a whole block. One unkempt place will nullify the efforts of the entire neighborhood.

Let's not be a black spot on the neighborhood map. Let's clean up!

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