

THE CITIZEN

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MARSHALL E. VAUGHN, Editor JAMES M. REINHARDT, Managing Editor

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Welcome, Neighbors

As The Citizen goes to press, the Madison County School and Agricultural Fair opens on the College campus. The interior of the old Tabernacle presents an interesting sight. The ten best ears of corn from 40 cribs in this section seem actually to be taking pride this morning in the hand that grew them; canned goods, cooking, handiwork, and the exhibits of the school children are being so artistically arranged that the judges will hesitate long before awarding a prize, and then will wish they had a prize for each exhibitor.

You are welcome, neighbors. Stay thru the three days of the fair if you can, and don't fail to meet us at the Tabernacle Saturday night to see the big farm play, "Between Two Lives."

The Franchise Privilege

We live in a democracy, and we are proud of it. Thoughtful people are not always puffed up over the conduct of our government and the efficiency with which it renders service to the people as a whole, but we hold the inviolable privilege of making it what it should be.

How do we know that things are not going right in the county, state and nation? Are we ascertaining the facts for ourselves from honest and truthful sources, or are we getting our information thru coached and trained politicians who hand out "stock stuff" made in political headquarters? How often do good people ask where they can get the truth about a political question that is disturbing the minds of the voters? How often do we see some whippersnapper come into a community and be dined at the best hotel and waited upon by a committee of distinguished citizens before he gives an important political address at the opera house. He rises, takes a drink of water and then removes his handkerchief to attend to his nose before delving into the fundamental issues of his party's platform. He lugs in a joke that has no bearing on the subject, merely to get the goodwill of his audience. The more ardent adherents to his political persuasion laugh heartily even tho it is not funny. Much of his speech is devoted to some aspect of our international relationships, with the great probability that he will utter more absurdities than Ring Lardner in his syndicated humorous stories. He will often go so far as to declare and offer proof that if certain candidates are elected and a certain party put in power, the egg production on the farms will be cut in half.

We are glad to announce that in most enlightened communities the above picture of the stump politician is fading. People are demanding facts; and if they are not forthcoming, they will ignore the claims of the professional politician and do as they please. We are having numerous examples of political disturbances every year. Some people say it is the creeping in of radicalism. We deny the charge. They are evidences of a growing intelligence on the part of the people and an enlargement of suffrage rights to include that great unprejudiced, liberal minded element in our body politic, the women voters.

The radical is not a dangerous element in our national life, nor will he ever become such if our processes of education keep pace with the progress of the nation and the needs of the times. Our great need today is brave champions of clean government and honesty in public affairs. They must rely on the integrity of the unbrided voters to hold up their hands while they fight the battles.

Next Tuesday is the annual election day, and the political furore of many states will subside for the present. We must vote, and vote with a conscience. It is the bounden duty of every loyal American citizen to exercise the greatest privilege that is granted him by the Constitution of the United States.

There is a world of wise philosophy in this stanza from a Japanese poet: For seventy years Obosh, the sage, Sat on the mountain side Swallowing sunshine; But he never became illuminated.

"You say," said Mrs. Rawlins to the Woman's Club secretary, "that I am responsible for an intelligent vote. But my real worry is that I happen to be responsible for an intelligent voter."

Without at all disparaging autos and movies, both so worthy in their way. I sometimes think it would be a wonderful thing if we could have a week or so of old time nights, with all the family at home, around one table, with someone reading from Dickens or Bunyan or Scott; and then, before bedtime, a half hour of singing by the old melodeon, and a family prayer before the lights went out.

A lot of Christian nations seem to be forgetting right now the supreme precept of the founder of Christianity: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

How few of the names given to immortality in the history of mankind represent activities of hatred. The word revolves around memories of affection and nobility.

Emerson, once in his younger years rushing madly from a meeting that distressed him, and feeling a mighty anger in his heart, said that after a brief walk through the night, he suddenly felt that the quiet stars were laughing at him and saying, "Why so hot, little man?" It would be well if all of us, now and then, might cool our distempered thoughts "against the eternal amplitudes." Our sudden passions and violences seldom change the moral order of the universe—which is well.

TENDER MEAT

Good to Eat and Easy to Buy

Everything usually kept in a high grade market is sold here at close prices.

The Best Meats are none too good for the people of this town. The Best Meats are what they will get at this meat market.

Wilder's Market and Grocery A. J. WILDER, Proprietor

UNCLE TIP ON ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS

I ain't right bright in learnin' an' I've never traveled much. But then I have opinions an' I pas 'em on as such. For I do read the papers an' I hear the people talk, An' I know what folks are thinkin' of in ev'ry sort of walk.

Now there ain't no use of talkin', boys, I tell you mighty true. This war with England business is all nonsense thru and thru. There is no more important thing the public ought-a know Than this war-with-England matter is a tale of long ago. I've lived four ginyrations, an' I see with both my eyes, An' I know the smoke of Hades from the gleam of parydise, An' I'm tellin' you right now, sir, that you ought-a be ashamed To listen to this twaddle when old England is defamed. She's been our good old mother for these many, many years, She's always stood beside us when an enemy appears, We know jest where to find her an' she knows jest where we are, An' we'll both be right together if there comes another war.

I'm thinkin' now of Waterloo an' how old England's son Grewed into his full stature in the Duke of Wellington, An' when Verony asked him to show jest where he stood He spoke right out in meefin' for the Saxon brotherhood, An' then there was Manily, an' Napoleon's affair, An' Spain, an' Venezuely, an' Samoa over there, An' Newfoundland, an' Canidy, an' Cuby, an' the rest Which looked jest like we'd poked our nose into a hornet's nest, But somehow ev'ry time the clouds begun to color black Old England showed her colors an' they had to skelter back. She never has forsook us, an' I'm mighty glad to say She's kept us out of trouble in a mighty friendly way, She's helped us when we needed help an' showed us how to live An' give us lots of wisdom which she always had to give.

Of course she has her notions, an' they ain't always our own, But then we have our failin's too, which England would disown. She has her dukes an' princes an' her lords and ladies, too, But then we have our lynchins that's a shame to me an' you. I've never cared for emperors, an' when it comes to kings, (Exceptin' George an' Albert) they're a pesky lot of things, They don't take much to simple folk that work like you an' me, But they wont cause much trouble while old England holds the sea. An' then she holds her colonies an' has her fightin' men, An' we hold to our money bags thru ev'ry thick an' thin, She also has her navy, an' she's mistress of the sea, But wouldn't we be mistress, too, if Congress would agree? I'm glad she has her navy for it helps me sleep at night An' it cews the other feller when there's any talk of fight, An' to my way of thinkin', when you come right down to facts, It's fifty her and fifty us in all of these attacks.

Of course I love Ameriky an' all her hustlin' ways, An' I've been for Ameriky thru all my many days, An' when it come the time for me to take my gun an' sword I've gone an' fit her battles an' I've never said a word. An' I'd take my gun an' sword agin an' march off with a shout An' wade right thru the swamps of hell to drive the devil out, But when it comes to England, let me tell you here an' now, I'll never take a weapon for to kick up any row, But I'll lick the foremost feller if he starts to drivin' me To fight against my kinsmen over there across the sea.

We love old Mother England an' we honor her today, We like her laws an' justice an' we like her winnin' way, We never shall forsake her for we know we never must, We'll always stand beside her with an Anglo-Saxon trust, We'll share her woes an' triumphs, an' we'll evermore agree When England dons her colors an' her sons put out to sea. For when we go alone, you see, we git on party well, But when we stand together, why we ain't afeared of hell!

—John F. Smith

Berea College, Berea, Ky.

"FORGET-ME-NOT DAY" NOV. 4 BERE A STUDENTS BUILD ROADS

The value of good roads is now universally recognized, but the knowledge of how to make and maintain them is not so general. It is evident that this knowledge would be especially useful to Berea students; so the announcement that the Vocational school was to be excused from regular classes and to spend a day on practical road-making met with definite commendation.

Early in the morning of Thursday, October 19, trucks took men in relays to Pigg Hollow, where they immediately fell to work on the road leading to the dam. The girls, in the meantime, were putting into practice their training in domestic science by preparing the lunch which they brought later.

In the task there was place for skilled and unskilled labor. It was interesting to see members of the faculty, accustomed to words and books as implements, wielding the spade and mattock. It was gratifying to see the skillful hands and intelligent activity of the students, some of whom perhaps have at times not had great success in the classroom.

The incomparable beauty of the day, with its glory of light and warmth, and wonder of color contributed its part, adding zest and incentive to the energy of the toilers, making a complete and perfect thing of a day of effective work.

On Friday and Saturday the work was continued by the students of the College and of the Normal School.

Walter R. White, Local Commander

Etowah Monument Co.

Atlanta, Georgia
Georgia White Marble
Georgia Cream Marble
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The "Stone Eternal"
A. E. ORR, Representative, Berea, Kentucky
Reasonable prices on Grave Work and Family Memorials

DOMESTIC NOTE

"Poor Mrs. Jones!" sighed the sympathetic neighbor. "She must lead an awful life. She tells me her husband hasn't a single fault; he is a perfect man."
"But that should make her happy!"
"Not any. Why, what on earth could she have to keep up a conversation with him?"

WHICH COMBINATION

It is our privilege to offer THE CITIZEN with any of the following publications at a much reduced price:

	Regular Price	Clubbing Offer Both
The National Republican THE CITIZEN	\$1.50 1.50	\$1.80
The National Republican is an illustrated weekly review of public affairs.		
	Regular Price	Clubbing Offer Both
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Lexington Leader—daily THE CITIZEN	\$5.00 1.50	\$5.00
The Lexington Herald—daily THE CITIZEN	\$6.00 1.50	\$6.00
Southern Agriculturist—bi-mo. THE CITIZEN	\$.50 1.50	\$1.50
St. Louis Globe Democrat—bi-wk. THE CITIZEN		\$1.55
Cincinnati Enquirer THE CITIZEN	\$6.00 \$1.50	\$4.50

THE CITIZEN

BEREA,

KENTUCKY

SNAKES UPSET CAR

They Were Killed and the Driver Escaped Without Injury. John Sapleton, a salesman, driving from Goshen, N. J., on the Bayshore road, to Swanton, on the seashore road, through a densely wooded spot, saw two snakes apparently in deadly combat.

Thinking he could kill both snakes by running over them, he turned his car toward them. In some manner the snakes got entangled in the steering gear and before Sapleton could stop, the car had run off the road and turned turtle.

Sapleton was not injured and passing automobilists helped him right the car. The reptiles were found to be king snakes that measured nearly seven feet each in length.

Influenza Killing Indians.

Trappers on the trading posts on Lake Athabasca report that the Indians are dying in large numbers, due to the influenza scourge, which has played havoc with the aborigines since last winter. The present population of Fond du Lac is said to be about 400, with many bands still in the hunting grounds. The recent death of 74 natives there, with losses from influenza at other posts, indicate, said the trappers, that the Indians in that section rapidly are being wiped out.

Hailstones Break Watermelons.

Hailstones big enough to break watermelons wide open, with a fall of 12 inches deep in some places caused considerable crop damage in the Piedmont section of North Carolina. The heaviest fall was in Iredell county. Around Concord, where it beat down growing crops, a thin coating of ice was reported after daylight.

More Like It.

"A scientist claims he 'can weigh one's conscience."
"By the ounce?"
"No; by the scruple, I imagine."

OFFERS CALIFORNIA RANCH TO 200 EX-SERVICE MEN



A home on a beautiful mountain ranch in California is the offer made to 200 ex-service men by Miss Ella N. Van Fossen, an employee in the United States veterans' bureau in Washington. On this ranch they must establish a tent colony and work for one another's good, and there will be no obligation to her except that of keeping the proposed tent colony in good repute. The farm is in Riverside county, California, and consists of 120 acres.

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SOUTHERN AGRICULTURIST, Nashville, Tenn.
The Giant of the South