

The Citizen

A family newspaper for all that is right, true and interesting.

Published every Thursday at Berea, Ky.

BEREA PUBLISHING CO. (Incorporated)

J. P. Faulkner, Editor and Manager

Subscription Rates PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

One Year \$1.00 Six Months .60 Three Months .35

Send money by Post office or Express Money Order, Draft, Registered Letter, or one and two cent stamps.

The date after your name on label shows to what date your subscription is paid. If it is not changed within three weeks after renewal notify us.

Missing numbers will be gladly supplied if we are notified.

Liberal terms given to any who obtain new subscriptions for us. Any one sending us four yearly subscriptions can receive The Citizen free for himself for one year.

Advertising rates on application.



KENTUCKY PRESS ASSOCIATION.

BROTHER DUTTON.

A thin face, high brow, long beard, tousled hair, shrewd, kindly eyes—that's Brother Dutton.

For twenty-eight years he has toiled in the leper colony of Molokai.

Molokai, called by Stephenson a "bracket in the wall," is a lonely island of the Pacific huddled at the foot of a bleak peak, 2,000 feet high.

Brother Dutton was the assistant to

Father Damien, going about caring for the sick, tending, teaching, comforting during the life of the heroic priest, and when the latter died succeeded him.

For more than a quarter of a century this remarkable man has worked at his task, and now comes the news that he has at last become infected with the loathsome, deadly leprosy and must seal his devotion by a slow and lingering living death.

Dutton served through the civil war, enlisting at Janesville, Wis., and made a gallant record. He won distinction and was promoted to the rank of major.

Like his master, he saved others—himself he cannot save.

Shortly following the war he suddenly entered a monastery, where he remained for two years. Disappointment in a love affair is said to have been the reason for his withdrawal from the world.

While in the monastery he heard of the work being done by Father Damien and thereupon dedicated his life to service for the colony.

With that purpose in view he started as an emigrant for San Francisco. From there he shipped for Honolulu being registered on board ship as a "servant." He says that was "the only occupation he could state."

And appropriately.

His is a life of service.

Brother Dutton is a different type from Father Damien, who was pre-eminently a spiritual leader.

Dutton is a man of affairs, hearty, wholesome, genial and gifted as an executive, and has been of great assistance to the "butt ends of humanity" who compose the leper settlement.

In 1908 he succeeded in getting the Atlantic fleet, in its trip around the world, to pass close to the leper island and maneuver as a spectacle for the ravished eyes of the unfortunates.

That was a gracious act of our government, which granted Dutton's petition.

And now the brave, helpful brother of the outcasts, beyond the pale with his lepers, is called upon to make the final sacrifice and die the death of a martyr. He is to give the last full measure of devotion to the unclean.

Seldom in the annals of heroic renunciation is there to be found a history of self sacrifice that will match the ministry of the hero of Molokai.

Other people know your outward appearance, your actions, your deeds. You, and you alone, know your motives, your ambitions, your thoughts.

"Are you satisfied with yourself? It is your own fault if you are not. Are you satisfied that you are doing the best you can in your work, that you are making the most of your time? Are you confident that your conduct toward your family, your friends, your neighbors, your employer, cannot be improved?"

"Look yourself straight in the face this morning, in your mind's looking-glass. Ask yourself whether it is what people say about you or what you are that hurts. Analyze your own conduct in all matters."

"Put yourself in the other fellow's place and try to see your actions thru his eyes. Imagine that you are your employer instead of yourself. Answer honestly whether if he knew as much about you as you know about yourself he would discharge you or would raise your wages. If you do this conscientiously there are many things you will do differently."

"Remember this, too. Other people's opinion of you is based on your own opinion of yourself. Are you self-respecting? Other people will respect you. Are you truthful? The world will believe you. Are you honest? Everyone will trust you."

But weigh yourself carefully. Be certain that your own opinion of yourself is justified. Be satisfied with yourself."

Other people know your outward appearance, your actions, your deeds. You, and you alone, know your motives, your ambitions, your thoughts.

"Are you satisfied with yourself? It is your own fault if you are not. Are you satisfied that you are doing the best you can in your work, that you are making the most of your time? Are you confident that your conduct toward your family, your friends, your neighbors, your employer, cannot be improved?"

"Look yourself straight in the face this morning, in your mind's looking-glass. Ask yourself whether it is what people say about you or what you are that hurts. Analyze your own conduct in all matters."

"Put yourself in the other fellow's place and try to see your actions thru his eyes. Imagine that you are your employer instead of yourself. Answer honestly whether if he knew as much about you as you know about yourself he would discharge you or would raise your wages. If you do this conscientiously there are many things you will do differently."

"Remember this, too. Other people's opinion of you is based on your own opinion of yourself. Are you self-respecting? Other people will respect you. Are you truthful? The world will believe you. Are you honest? Everyone will trust you."

But weigh yourself carefully. Be certain that your own opinion of yourself is justified. Be satisfied with yourself."

TONY DONATO, HERO.

Tony Donato, an Italian section man, was in the employ of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad.

For nearly twenty years he had rendered faithful service.

A wife and six little girls were entirely dependent upon his labors.

One day last May with others he was working on the tracks near the New Haven depot. An express train was coming in over the freight tracks.

Donato saw that a heavy tie was lying upon the tracks.

Quickly the Italian leaped down and threw off the tie. Before he could jump back to safety the engine caught him and crushed out his life.

He had averted a catastrophe.

At first the railroad company refused to pay more than the funeral expense and a month's wages to Donato's family. Charitable persons intervened and the company finally paid the destitute family \$3,000.

The sum should have been \$5,000, the minimum pay for the loss of a human life.

Now there is a movement to secure the Carnegie hero fund, a fund that is distributed to the survivors of those who distinguish themselves for bravery in the saving of human lives. No far is this attempt has been unsuccessful.

This is the objection offered: Donato, it is claimed by the trustees of the fund, was killed while in the discharge of his duty and therefore is not entitled to recognition.

Forsooth!

Cannot a man be a hero in the performance of his duty? Is not the brave engineer who goes down with his engine in order to save his passengers merely doing his duty? And is he any the less a hero?

But—

In this case the objection cannot hold. Donato was not engaged in the mere performance of his duty. He was not paid to remove ties from the track at the risk of his life.

Donato did this gracious deed solely from an unselfish impulse. He wanted to save the train and the people.

He was only an Italian workman—but a hero nevertheless.

Can there be anything in the fact that Donato happened to be an Italian? Is there prejudice because the hero was a "dago?"

Only a dago, but—

His family was as dear to him as yours is to you, and he desired to live, as do you. In obedience to a merciful impulse he died to save others.

The Carnegie hero fund trustees will wait long before they receive an application so worthy.

An Experiment With Hops.

In Wisconsin two tests of the value of rape for growing hops were made. The first with Poland Chinas and the second with Chester Whites. In each case the pigs were divided into two lots, one of which received grain with rape pasture and the other grain alone.

In the first trial the pigs on rape consumed 710 pounds less of corn and 352 pounds less of middlings in making 850 pounds of gain. In the second trial the rape hogs consumed 884 pounds less of corn and 414 pounds less of middlings in making 1,066 pounds of gain. Summarizing the results, it was found that an acre of rape for hog pasture is equivalent to 2,600 pounds of grain for pig feeding, and the pigs do their own harvesting.

The Good Shepherd.

"The Lord is thy keeper."—Ps. cxvii, 8. We may lie down in peace, and sleep in safety, because the Shepherd of Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps. No foe or thing of evil can ever surprise our ever-watchful Guardian, or overcome our Almighty Deliverer. He has once laid down his life for the sheep; but now he ever liveth to care for them, and to insure to them all that is needful for this life and for that which is to come.—Rev. J. H. Taylor.

Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good.—Wm. Penn.

The Boys' Corn Club Boys Are Getting Busy Testing Their Seed Corn

It does seem odd that more farmers and their sons have not done seed testing in the years that have passed and saved themselves any amount of worry and bother and loss of time and money. Last season a number of the boys in the club used shelled seed corn that was bought or furnished them and learned to their sorrow that it was poor seed. Their stand of corn was miserable, and at the very outset of the contest their chances for a prize were gone.

Many of the boys in the boys' corn clubs have learned their lesson and are busy these winter days. Some of them are prize winners of other seasons; others are the fellows that have shut their teeth hard and are going to try again. Both kinds are going to test their corn so that there will be no chance of a stand that will have to be replanted.

The boys are using old boxes that can be cut down to the required size or they are tacking boxes from any old lumber that is lying about the farm to use for their testing boxes. Nothing finer or especially good looking is necessary. Just a shallow box about 10 by 15 inches is all that is needed to test from 100 to 150 ears of corn. These boxes can be made and the corn tested now, while there is no danger of its getting in the way of any of the spring rush work.

The nails which are driven into the edge of the box are an inch apart, so that string may be drawn across from both directions. Each square inch



SPROUTED SEED CORN.

outlined by the strings is enough space in which to plant six grains of corn, and that is enough to determine whether an ear of corn will do for seed or not.

In selecting the grains from each ear of corn that is to be tested remember that a grain should be taken from each of the different parts of the ear. This of course means running from butt to tip and around the entire circumference. As the six grains selected from the ear are placed in the moist earth or sand, mark the square and the ear with the same number so you will know which ears to keep and which to discard.

When your testing box looks as far advanced as the one in the photo it will be an easy matter for you to decide which ears to keep for seed. If six strong, healthy plants come from the six grains planted you have a perfect ear of seed corn. If four have come it is questionable. Less than four means only half a stand at planting time, and the ear must be discarded.

The boys who are members of the boys' corn clubs of Kentucky have made their fathers and their big brothers who thought they knew everything about corn growing sit up and take notice. There is still a chance to teach them the value of the corn tester, so let each and every corn club boy test his seed corn this spring. IF THE BOYS WHO GREW ONE HUNDRED BUSHELS TO THE ACRE THINK IT PAYS TO TEST THEIR SEED CORN, HOW ABOUT YOU?

THE WEST PORTLAND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

A TRUE STORY By Chas. S. Knight

Near an old-brick church in western New York, there once lived a boy who looked forward to the hour following prayer meeting on Wednesday night, as the happiest hour of the week, for at this hour his father would read aloud to the assembled family from The Youth's Companion, whose weekly arrival was hailed with delight.

On the particular night on which our story begins the paper contained a thrilling account of a boy's telegraph line; how it was used by the son of a desperado to save a train from being wrecked and robbed by his father's gang. This story, which was entitled "The Spring Hill Telegraph," made so deep an impression on the

boy that he determined to build just such a line whenever the opportunity should present itself.

Years passed, but the idea never left him. Soon a new neighbor moved into a near-by house, and when he discovered that this neighbor had some knowledge of telegraphy, and possessed two sets of instruments, they were not long in becoming fast friends. Before many days a wire was stretched connecting the two homes, and the little brass instruments were kept merrily clattering during every spare minute by day and by night.

Soon another boy living not far away wished to connect with this line, and before many weeks had passed several others applied. Before his friends had done with ridicule and objection, a wire some two miles in length stretched along the road and across the fields, connecting five or six farm homes. Presently it was noised about that certain people were having a splendid time sending and receiving messages, and carrying on interesting conversation during the long winter evenings, while the icy winds piled the drifting snows along the country roads. This was too much for those who were not included on the line, and the boys were soon besieged with requests from others, who



Rev. Chas. Spurgeon Knight

were eager to connect.

And so it came about that the sight of men and boys busily engaged in digging holes into the half-frozen ground through the snow and the rapid erection of a long extension to the line, awakened no great surprise among the good people of the neighborhood, who were fast coming to look upon the line with a certain degree of civic pride.

This second extension worked so well and the line immediately became so popular, that it was still farther extended to connect with no less a person than the telegraph expert who handled the Western Union wires in the great hotel at Chautauqua, N. Y., during the summer assembly, and gave his attention to the culture of grapes during the rest of the year. Before long some one proposed that they hold monthly meetings in the different homes along the line. This proposition, meeting with universal approval, the meetings were accordingly begun, and were carried on for several years to the entire satisfaction of the whole telegraph fraternity, for those meetings not only afforded an opportunity to transact the necessary business in connection with the line, but were made an occasion for social intercourse, and the exercise of whatever musical and literary talents the different members possessed. One of these social gatherings held at New Year's time in a convenient house, with a program consisting of songs, recitations, original poems and essays, oyster soup and toasts, together with a most interesting and rather remarkable prophecy of the Chautauqua operator of the changing scenes in the lives of the different members. This marked the high tide of the line's popularity. But what is perhaps more remarkable, the prophecy was fulfilled; at least in the case of one boy, who after a successful career as a railroad operator, did become the head of a real live telegraph school that has already attracted some attention in one of our Southern States.

For a number of years the old line continued to prosper, until one by one the boys left home to enter the battle of life for themselves. Then the old instruments that had clicked away so many happy hours were taken out and telephones put in their places to accommodate those who had never learned the telegrapher's art. And for years it served this purpose well. But with the advent of the telephone line that connected the farmers with their friends and business associates in the towns, the old line fell into disuse.

As one of those boys, I must sincerely hope that this little narrative may encourage other boys to invest their energy and time in a similar way, and if the resulting lines afford one half the satisfaction and joy that ours did to us, I shall be very glad indeed that I have told this simple story.

Temperance

Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union

AFTER YOUR BOY AND MINE

Wolf of Strong Drink is Crouching Beside Cradle of Sleeping Blue-Eyed Darling.

"The liquor people are after your boy and mine, and you cannot settle this question on the principle of high or low license. It is a principle that does not settle anything by the standard of right and wrong and until it is settled this way the liquor people will continue to be after you, after your boys and girls and after mine. And I want to say to you fathers and mothers, that you have not in your midst tonight a single cradle wherein is sleeping a blue-eyed darling, but that over it cradles is crouching the wolf of strong drink, said Judge J. C. McWhorter of West Virginia in a recent speech. 'You have not a child that runs romping and playing, but that over it hovers the vulture of the saloon. You cannot send one of your children upon an errand upon the street tonight, but that the serpent of strong drink is following upon his trail. From out the shadows and darkness all about you, there is reaching the gaunt and bony hand of the saloon after your boys and girls, and the saloon must have these boys and girls for the money it pays the state, or go out of business. The question is whether you want to supply the children or whether you want somebody else to supply them.'"

During the time that intervened between this and last week's lesson we read of Abram's journey "down into Egypt," a story that is rich with suggestive typical lessons. Abram's deceit is discovered by Pharaoh and he is driven from Egypt. Fear is the root of unbelief, and when we fall we are sure to carry some one with us. But a man's sin is sure to be discovered, so it was that "Pharaoh commanded his men, and they sent him away, and his wife, and all that he had." Egypt, a type of the world, turned Abram out (12:20) when he tried the "good Lord good devil" mode of life. Compromise and separation are not compatible.

Lesson's Picture. I. "Up Out of Egypt," vv. 1-5. Again we have presented the lesson of separation. This portion is a great picture of repentance. Abram carried with him not only his own possessions but also those of his nephew Lot. Notice, Abram's wealth did not make him acceptable in Egypt. The world desires not alone the wealth of a man, but also the man back of the wealth.

Again Abram turns from conflict unto Bethel, the house of God, that place of confession, of consecration, and of encouragement.

These returning pilgrims were not ordinary men, no more is the man who is in Christ, and God was already given evidence of the blessing promised to Abram (12:2) and of that material blessing so definitely promised to the descendants of Jacob. We read (v. 6) "their substance was great." But there is far greater danger however in material prosperity than in adversity. This was a greater danger to these pilgrims than that of the Canaanites who dwelt in the land.

II. "And There Was Strife," vv. 5-9. The evidence of this danger manifested itself when it was found that the land could not support both Abram and Lot (v. 6). Paul calls Timothy's attention to this same danger (1 Tim. 6:9), and we are constantly seeing it illustrated all about us.

Lot's History. Lot was journeying with Abram rather than with Jehovah (12:3), doubtless in a great measure he was governed by cupidity and selfishness when he beheld Abram's prosperity. Millions in America profit by the security and the prosperity of this which so nearly approaches a Christian nation and yet in scorn or in neglect refuse to believe in or to serve the God who sends the blessing. The whole history of Lot is one of selfishness, which later resulted in sorrow and sadness and in his being shorn of all of his selfishly acquired prosperity. Lot had no particular claim upon Abram nor have we in our own right, or because of our own merit, upon God, or because of our own merit, upon God. There is so little that divides most of us and so much that we hold in common that it is but little short of criminal to waste our energy upon that which is ephemeral or of slight importance. What a difference in the choice of Lot and that of Abram. One entered into the path of the wicked, Prov. 4:14, 15, while the other into the path that "shineth more and more unto the perfect day," Prov. 4:18.

III. "And Lot . . . Beheld All the Plain of Jordan," vv. 10-13. Lacking the counsel and guidance of Jehovah Lot followed the choice that which was pleasing to the eyes and made a sorry mess of it, for in the end he was a great loser. Already the land was doomed (v. 10) and so today the man who chooses the world in preference to Christ makes a bad bargain (1 John 2:17) and the greater condemnation is his for he makes his choice in the blinding light of nearly twenty centuries of the Gospel. Lot made a willing compromise, a superficial choice and came near losing his own soul, Matt. 16:26, 6:23. He deliberately entered into danger when he "pitched his tent towards Sodom." The believers' peril is worldliness. Lot's journey (v. 11) led at last to Sodom v. 12.

Abram aspired to know God. Lot had an ambition to possess the things of time and sense. Abram coveted righteousness (Matt. 5). Lot coveted success in this life only. Well has Goethe exclaimed, "Choose well; your choice is brief and yet it is endless." Eternity alone will reveal the results of our choice of surroundings, upon ourselves, upon our families and upon our friends.

IV. "Lift Up Thine Eyes," vv. 14-18. After separation comes fellowship and fruitfulness. God invited Abram to arise and to inspect his promised possessions. So may we contemplate the vast possessions God has promised us in Christ Jesus, Rom. 8:17, 2 Cor. 4:18. After our separation and our fellowship comes true fruitfulness and prosperity, 1 Tim. 4:18. Abram went to Hebron (which means fellowship), and there in the midst of Mamre (which means fatness) he built an altar unto God. Worship and sacrifice go hand in hand today as they did in ages past.

Is It Right? Is it right to build churches to save men, and at the same time license shops that destroy men? Is it right to license a man to sell that which will make a man drunk, and then punish the man for being drunk? Is it right to license a man to make paupers, and then to tax sober men to take care of them? Is it right to license a saloon to teach vice and then to tax people for schools to teach virtue? Is it right to derive a revenue out of a traffic which no decent man defends? Is it right to teach your boy to be honest, and then vote to license a place where he may be taught to gamble? Is it right to take care of your own boy, and vote to license a place which will ruin your neighbor's boy? Is it right to preach justice and charity, and then vote to license a thing which robs the widows and orphans of their bread?—Exchange.

No Government Bar. The Canadian government, following the lead of the United States, recently prohibited the sale of intoxicating liquors in the army canteens. The liquor dealers have been making subtle attempts to restore the army grogeries, but Colonel Hughes, minister of militia, has put a quietus on the movement, stating that the "government will not act as bartender to serve drinks to fellows who are foolish enough to be addicted to the habit."

THE DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION FOR A STINGY MAN

In the January Woman's Home Companion appears a story in which is related an account of a prescription given to an exceedingly stingy farmer by a doctor. The farmer took the prescription to the druggist. The druggist told the farmer that he could not fill the prescription and said to the farmer: "If you will read it yourself you will see why." Whereupon the farmer adjusted his glasses and read to his astonishment:

"One hired girl to be taken as soon as you can get her, and kept constantly on hand thereafter.

"A few new dresses that the wives of your hired men wouldn't be ashamed to wear, and a new hat and wrap to replace those you bought her last—thirteen years ago.

"All to be fractured with at least as much daily consideration as you bestow upon your cattle."

SATISFY YOURSELF

In a little article in the January American Magazine William Johnston says:

"It is not what people say about you—it's what you are that counts. The one person in all this world whom you should aim to satisfy is yourself. You alone know yourself.