

CITIZENSHIP AND LAW.

Topical Program for February.

Theme—Citizenship and Law. "No true civilization can be expected permanently to continue which is not based upon the principles of Christianity."—Edwards.

Discussion—My Citizenship: What Does it Mean to My Country? Study of Federal and State laws and local ordinances concerning qualifications for citizenship, conduct of elections, etc. Questions and answers on civics for women. Reading, "Lincoln's Political Religion."

Slogan—"Righteousness Exalteth a Nation."

The law is the standard and the guardian of our liberty; it circumscribes and defends it; but to imagine liberty without a law, is to imagine every man with a sword in his hand to destroy him who is weaker than himself; and that would be no pleasant prospect to those who cry out most for liberty.—Clarendon.

In all governments there must of necessity be both the law and the sword; laws without arms would give us not liberty but licentiousness; and arms without laws would produce not subjection but slavery. The law, therefore, should be unto the sword what the handle is to the hatchet; it should direct the stroke and temper the force.—Colton.

To make an empire durable, the magistrate must obey the laws, and the people the magistrates.—Solon.

With us, law is nothing unless close beside it stands a warm, living public opinion. Let that die or grow indifferent, and statutes are waste paper, lacking all executive force.—Wendell Phillips.

Laws are the very bulwarks of liberty; they define every man's rights, and defend the individual liberties of all men.—J. G. Holland.

Where law ends tyranny begins.—William Pitt.

Unless one expects to live a Crusoe and dwell remote from his kind, he must consent to some form of government and submit to some code of laws or regulations both for the sake of his own safety and the promotion of the common good. The more complex and involved does civilization become, the less may one boast of a personal liberty.

In a democracy there is no personal liberty only as one's own desires and preferences are brought into harmony with the popular will, and self-will surrendered in order to secure the greater good to the larger number. Alone in some unpopulated domain one might say, "today shall I do thus and so." Surrounded by others endowed with equal unalienable rights as himself, one must order his day with a decent respect for the rights of these others and compel himself to conform to the rules and regulations of the unit in which he dwells.

Law is a rule of action established by authority and in a democracy expresses the concrete sentiment of a majority of the people. Especially is this the case when a law is enacted in response to a direct demand of the people signified by ballot either in the election of legislatures pledged to the enactment of certain measures, or by the direct vote of the people for the measure itself as exemplified in the initiative. Law, therefore, is primarily the protector of all the people and must be supreme. Without law the theory of individual liberty prevails and anarchy rules. Even imperfectly administered as it sometimes is, the supremacy of properly constituted authority is infinitely to be preferred to the rule of individual passion and will.

In return for the protection afforded him by the laws under which he lives the citizen assumes certain obligations, duties and responsibilities. It is within the province of the citizen through the prescribed forms to enact, amend, execute, or repeal laws, ordinances or regulations extending from the most circumscribed limits to matters of national and international moment. Taken in the concrete the citizen is supreme. In his hands he holds the government of his country.

"Of what quality, then, is my citizenship?" should become a question of supreme concern to each individual. "What measure and character of service do I render my country?" "Am I obedient to the law, which, while it curtails in some respects my personal liberty, also protects me in life, in property and in the pursuit of just and lawful occupations and pleasures?"

To make a democracy durable, magistrates and people must obey the laws, which they themselves have created. Those who refuse obedience and defy authority have no lawful place in a democracy. They are ene-

mies to good order, inimical to the peace of the people and breeders of anarchy. Law should be supreme even at the price of great loss and inconvenience to those who defy it and under the plea of personal liberty, strike at the foundations of government.

By virtue of his privilege as a citizen the humblest voter in our land becomes a partner in the government of his country; not merely is he a partner in the sense of governing by proxy through those individuals and bodies which have been by him clothed with authority, but also in the responsibility of representing to the world some measure of the dignity and majesty of the government of which he is a part. What does my citizenship represent to my country?

Put the question to the rum runners, the brewers, the saloon-keepers et al., and to the citizen who determines that by any means, no matter how foul, he will gratify his personal taste or passion in defiance of all law and decency and at the sacrifice of the welfare of the many, setting for others an example that should shame the denizens of darkest Africa. What does his citizenship mean to one who, invested with authority, makes common cause with criminals and himself tramples under foot the law whose supremacy he is sworn to maintain?

That "government of the people, by the people and for the people," may not perish from our country we will do well to heed and put into action the words of the immortal Lincoln who said: "Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, in seminaries and in colleges, let it be written in primers, spelling books, and in almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpits, proclaimed in legislative halls and enforced in Courts of Justice and in short let it become the political religion of the nation, and let the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay, of all sexes and tongues and colors and conditions sacrifice unceasingly upon its altars."

It is a time for every citizen to question gravely, "What does my citizenship mean to my country?" "Is my country better or worse because of my contribution in service?" "Does my citizenship in all its details make for the common weal or the common ill of my people?" Let each one ponder the question and make answer to his own conscience and before the bar of the Eternal Judge.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN NEVER SMOKED OR CHEWED TOBACCO.

A correspondent of the Boston Herald expressing curiosity as to whether Abraham Lincoln used tobacco, William Sloane Kennedy volunteered the following information:

"I felt sure that in my valued copy of Herndon's Lincoln the answer would be found, and here it is, on p. 302 of vol. 1: Lincoln was one day riding in a stage coach, the only other occupant of which was a Kentuckian. The latter offered Abraham a chew of tobacco. With a plain 'No, sir, thank you, I never chew,' Lincoln declined. Later in the day the stranger, pulling from his pocket a leather covered case, offered Lincoln a cigar, which he also politely declined on the ground that he never smoked. When they separated, the Kentuckian, who had also offered Abe a drink from his brandy flask, with the same negative result, shook his head, but frankly told him that, in his experience, he had found that 'a man who has no vices has d—d few virtues.' Lincoln often told this anecdote on himself, says Herndon."

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CHRISTMAS DAY IN AFRICA

Pretty Picture of a Charming Abode in the Hills Above the Old Town of Algiers.

Christmas day in Africa! And what a dream of beauty and color, blue sea, blue sky, groves of eucalyptus and olive trees, climbing roses, white-robed Arab women closely veiled, their eyes only showing, bare brown legs and feet, sometimes a silver bracelet on one leg, donkey boys with a nondescript, flowing garment, a red fez on their heads; color everywhere. Our villa is charming, stands in a little wood of eucalyptus trees, with a big garden, balconies, terraces and marble steps, large, high rooms and lovely views on all sides, Mme. Waddington writes from Algiers to Scribner's. It is quite in the country, five or six kilometers from Algiers, very high up in the hills. Very few people live in the town and the whole hillside is studded with villas. Moorish almost all, dazzling white, flat roofs and narrow windows. Quite at the top, where we are, there are some very comfortable Eastern modern houses. I am writing at my window, which gives on a terrace, from which there is a divine view of the sea and the snow mountains of the Djurjura, miles away in Kabylie, and from one corner through the faded drooping leaves of the eucalyptus I have a glimpse of the town of Algiers, lying a long, white streak far below.

The drawing-room is a delightful room—runs all the width of the house, with windows on three sides, so that we always have the sun. The furniture is sketchy, not much of it, and what there is is very ugly, but when the Paris cases arrive, with a few tables and chairs and silver, the room will look very different. There are some carpets in the house, which are absolutely necessary, as all the floors are tiled. However, Charlotte has done wonders with the meager material she has.

NATION'S DEBT TO PILGRIMS

Their Famous Compact of Government Rightly Treasured as a Great State Document.

In the harbor at the tip of Cape Cod occurred the first birth and the first death among the Pilgrims in America. On board the Mayflower, as she lay at anchor, was born Peregrine, son of William and Susanna White. Here was another child for the ship's nursery, already occupied by little Oceanus Hopkins, who first saw the light of day far out at sea.

The death was that of Dorothy May, wife of William Bradford, future governor of Plymouth colony. She was drowned.

First of importance, however, of all that occurred here, and also of the sequence of events, was the drawing up and signing of the famous compact of government, originally designated by Bradford in his history as "a combination." And so it was, in the most literal sense, a combination.

This agreement, made in writing by a little group of Englishmen who had been dismissed by their mother country as "good riddance to bad rubbish," is now treasured by the nation in America, to which they contributed as much as one of three great documents. The other two are the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States.

Begone Dull Facts.

Two friendly little neighbors, aged respectively 4½ and 5 years, recently seated themselves on the curbstone near my windows for a religious discussion. It seemed they had overheard some grown-ups repeating a recent prophecy of a certain sect as to the imminent end of the world and were greatly exercised at the report. The elder child, a fair-haired skeptic from a northern state, scornfully declared that he didn't believe the story; but the swarthy, dark-eyed little Texan solemnly asserted: "Yes, it's true; I know it's true; for this mornin' I read it in mah Bible." The midget doesn't know one letter of the alphabet from another, but he refuses to be pinned down to vulgar facts when his spirit wishes to soar. Are children of the period brighter than their predecessors? At his age I am sure I could not have fibbed with so solemn and convincing an air.—Los Angeles Times.

Malignant Ghost.

Last Christmas, a house in Leeds was visited by an amazing ghost.

A woman, returning home, went into the kitchen to warm herself at the fire. Suddenly she was startled to see two long white arms emerge from the flames. Nearer and nearer they came, until they gripped her arms above the elbow.

The touch was like red hot iron, and she fell fainting to the ground. When she recovered she was surprised to find that there had been no fire in the grate. She visited a doctor, who examined her arms and found distinct signs of burns. This was afterward corroborated by another doctor.—London Mail.

"The Right Kind of Child."

Give a little love to a child, and you get a great deal back. It loves everything near it, when it is the right kind of child—would hurt nothing, would give the best it has away, always, if you need it—does not lay plans for getting everything in the house for itself, and delights in helping people; you cannot please it so much as by giving it a chance of being useful, in ever so little a way.—John Ruskin.

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