

written this lecture myself. It is original with the exceptions, of course, of the antidotes which I have seen fit to put into it. I am not giving this lecture for any selfish motive but for the benefit of your league and for a church which I have just built in a community where other attempts have failed.

The should be slogan of the twentieth century is a call to a nobler citizenship. A citizenship which has in its throbbing breast a desire for a truer patriotism. Too long have we been in a state of lethargy. Too long have we seen the snow white banner of purity trampled under our feet. We should truly raise our voices in a great war cry for better citizens, those whom love liberty and who are willing to devote time and money to the protection of the stars and stripes which once so proudly waved over a nation that was an emblem of purity. But which at this present time has to unfurl itself over a nation whose sky has become darkened by the smoke from political fraud.

What we want to do is to restore our country to the good name which it had in the time of our fathers. And in order to do this many things are necessary. We must have cooperation on the part of each state in the union. And in order that we may have cooperation on the part of each state in the union we must have cooperation on the part of each individual that goes in to make up the state. Then my appeal would naturally come to Mississippians. You who live in the state of the magnolia. And in the commonwealth which is welcome to bathe her feet in the placid waters of the Gulf, and that is the recipient of the silvery rays of the southern moon. You should love her for her vast forest and for her fertile lands. At times as I would sit and think of the grandeur of our state I have almost been moved to rise and go through out her hills and valleys proclaiming her beauty and calling her young sons to go forth pleading in the name of the state a cleaner and

a more noble citizenship. And I have craved an artist who could paint the beauty of her grand and varid hills and for a poet to sing to the tune of her clear and rippling rills andfor an orator to describe her atmosphere made fragrant by the magnolia. (I don't feel that a feww more preachers would hurt anything except the chickens*****story about the chickens entering the ministry)

But more than love for her location and for her products is necessary for you to be the kind of citizen which the twentieth is calling for. You most have christian courage.) Courage that will not fail when nearing the battle line. And courage that will stand for the right in the legislature and behind the counter the same as behind the plow. Ah if the boy would drink of the courage of the boys who wore the gray and be permitted bythe laws of nature to assimilate it into the very fiber of their beings we would once again have men that would spill their life's blood on old Mississippi's hills before they would see the good name and the high standa of our state and of our nation trodden inthe dust of rotten politics. Give us courage that makes men, then in some degree, at least, be answering the slogan of the twentieth centuary. (the story of Amzi and the cat) This kind of courage is the kind that characterizes many citizens to-day.

Another thing needful is a christian education. Something that is of real value. Something that can not be bought with silver nor gold and does not perish when the heated winds of temptation blow against it. But stands even after its possessor has gone to a better realm and bers fruit among those he taught while on this earthly ball.

Some people do not look upon anything as being of real value except those thigs which are material. (the story of the three ladies getting good for nothing). Look and see the rapid strides which education is making. See the great men that are coming from the back woods so to speak.

And no reflection on the back woods either for I am from there my own self.
(the story of the mans big feet being thought by a near sighted man to be two little boys)

Advancement is made by hard licks and great determination. Yonder is life lying out before us. It appears to be a great mountain. The road is steep and rugged. You see men of all professions as they either go up the mountain or remain at the foot. The road is dry and dusty with the exception of occasionally a little spring which is bubbling out from a rock, and the traveller who has put forth effort and determination enough to reach these watering spots enjoys that water which has so much power to overcome his thirst. What are some of these springs?

Men of various professions in looking at this immaginary mountain see men more plainly of their own profession. Well look at the preacher as he goes step by step serving perhaps eight churches. Watch him he is trying to be a good citizen. (story of, where I go you cannot come now) But he continues his upward march until he can turn and look out over the world and see the obstacles which have become his victims. He sees the ~~old~~ clouds which once shut out the light from his childish vision and which made his nights periods of doubt and fears as they now float beneath his feet. The sun now shines brighter in his sky. And as the sun shines on those clouds sprinkling them with gold the preacher sees beauty in them beauty in the things that once shut off the light. And so charmed is he as these thoughts present themselves to him that his heart is made to sing the poem: (I said let me walk in the fields etc.)

But look at the people who remain at the foot of the mountain. They care not for advancement. They add nothing to civilization. A poor man can rise if he wants to. But the class that I am speaking of whether rich or poor do not put forth any effort to benifit the nation.

(story about a coal of fire) *This woman grew to the Merga pill with*

Men are trying to dodge the questions of the day. This sometimes is caused by their not being educated sufficiently to meet the main issues. (story of the lion in the cave as big as two elephants) Men are working on your sympathy.

I can hardly tell where I stand. They ask, do you stand for Percy, NO, Do you stand for Bilbo? NO, etc. Who then? If you have to know I will tell you I stand for Sears and Roebuck.

Then comes the candidates with various platforms Viz. cattle tick and weevil.

Ah give us a citizenship with a christian education with firm and fixed purposes, and with broad characters so that we may meet and shake hands. (different kinds of hand shaking)

Love is another requisite. You take the man who does not love and you may mark him as a minus quantity. I believe that we should love one another as christ loved us for this was his command. I would swim a mill pond which was filled with red eyed alligators to do a deed for a pretty girl. The first time that I ever made love to a girl my feet played the star spangled banner and my knees knocked to the tune of Home sweet home. (the cow and the stool & the pa and ma story)

The next thing needed for a good citizenship is good old time honesty. the old axiom, "Honesty is the best policy". will never die. It is as enduring as the mountains and as everlasting as the hills. There is something attractive about honesty. (story about the old man in Tennessee who would not steal)

It is a hard matter to get all the boys to be honest but if we do our best they will finally come our way. But you can not out do a boy and there is no use. (that is all right Bill old boy I thought it was a lion myself)

Oh how beautiful was the old home of our fathers, in which hon-

esty dwelt. There upon a little hill sat a simple little cottage home. The magnolia filled the atmosphere with fragrance and the vine clambered around the door. At the foot of the little hill was the home of the bubbling spring, which sent its sparkling stream with leaps and bounds into the deep sounding hollow. The cows came home from the sweet smelling meadows and were met at the big lot gate by the fair maiden while the good old farmer filled the troughs with sweet mown hay for his horses. He loved his neighbor and did not forget his God on the Sabbath day. There was honesty. There was a man that could not be bought and that would not buy another man. He was the man who wore the gray.

And notwithstanding the fact that our state politics are in such a corrupt state now. We cherish the thought that young men are going to spring up with courage, with a christian education, with love, and with honesty who will renovate the political condition of the state. This is truly the crowning need of the twentieth century. And when this is accomplished we will have truly built a statute to our fathers, not of gold nor of bronze, but a statute of human love and respect which will pierce the rugged clouds of prejudice and shine forth to both North and South showing that there is still true patriotism in Southern sons.

These things which I have said are things which I have framed to show in some degree, at least, the crowning need of the twentieth century. And now as an example of a finished product illustrative of the kind of citizenship most needful in the twentieth century we are proud that:

to say
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