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A Christmas Message

FROM JOHN SHARPE WILLIAMS
MEMBER U. S. SENATE FROM MISSISSIPPI, IN HATTIESBURG NEWS.

You have asked me for a Christmas message:

What does Christmas now indicate to the ordinary mind? A day of festivity, rejoicing, fire-crackers, and presents for the children, and, added to that, generally, a totally useless exchange of presents upon the part of the older people.

Isn't this about all? Do many of us think of it as a sacred commemoration of the birth of the Prince of Peace, Lover of the Poor and Helpless and the Meek, and the Redeemer of the World from the yoke of Pride and Hate and Greed?

The sweetest things left to us and about all that is left to us in the contemplation of Christmas that is sweet, is that it is a children's holiday, whereupon the Child Christ, just born, welcomes all the other little children. The Germans and the Dutch corrupted the tradition by substituting Santa Claus and Kris Kringle for the Child Christ. Maybe the Italians are happier in their phraseology in calling it the Festival of the Holy Babe—the Santa Bambino.

But outside of all the traditions and the legends, what does this particular Christmas in the year of our Lord's grace 1915 mean to me and to you? Does it mean that the world is as highly civilized and christianized as we thought it was three Christmases ago? Is there any justification for our egotism, national and individual, and international, about our "enlightenment"? Do the scenes in Belgium and Poland, and Serbia, and Northwestern France give us any very good reason to think that?

But the question recurs as to how best this particular Christmas can be celebrated.

Of course, like all Christian days and all other days, it ought to be celebrated by saying "Thy will be done and Thy Kingdom come on earth as in Heaven." But when we say this year, I do not feel as if God's Kingdom could come and God's will could be done on earth any more assuredly than, or quite nearly as well as it could have been even a hundred years ago. If we follow it by saying "Hallowed be Thy name," does it strike me and you that the noise that accompanies the acclamation is the noise of sweet angels' trumpets or that of death-dealing cannon, and groans of agonized victims of poison gas, and cries of little children sinking to watery graves from the decks of unarmed and unwarned merchant ships?

Does it not look to all of us as if we had no particular occasion this year to celebrate the birth of the Infant Christ as "Prince of Peace" and "Apostle of Brotherly Love," and that we have rather abundant reason instead for making the anniversary a universal repentance day—repentance for bloodshed and hatred? I do not mean by that that we are to act like little, passive, non-resident children, off in a closet forgetting to be prepared for what all the world around us is doing. I mean very much to the contrary; as long as civilized man—if we in America are civilized—and I do not know whether we are or not, because we have not been tested as the people of Europe have been tested—and is surrounded by people who obviously are not—is it a part of God's counsel to give way to them, or on the contrary, in case we should be the next sought sacrifice to be immolated on the altar while invoking "a peace in the Sun" for somebody "gone a world-powering"? It strikes me it is part of His counsel to overcome them; if necessary, to put ourselves in a position where, at any rate, if the necessity should arise we would have a reasonable hope of preventing anybody from overcoming us.

You tell me that this is a sad conclusion to arrive at with Christianity nearly two thousand years old, and I agree; but it must be remembered that amongst the other things that Christ said, was this: "I come not to bring peace into the world, but a sword."

He brought a sword of new thought and aggressive moral regeneration, which aroused the antagonism of all the then existing civilizations, because it menaced their existence, so that even Imperial Rome, which had never prescribed a religion prescribed one, and that was the religion of the Prince of Peace. Christ was at one extreme, preaching Peace and Love as the only real World Power, and Rome at the other, knowing that any other World Power than that of Might meant her destruction. She stood with both Greek and Jew, for this doctrine was to her both "foolishness" and a "stumbling block." The doctrine was a "sword" as long as Barbarism, and Hate, and Bloodshed, and Evil sought to rule the earth. However peaceable the time might be, being encumbered with the duty of self-defense and the necessity of resisting the Children of Darkness, its disciples then, and even till yet, must wear a sword.

Then what? Make the children glad as usual; tell them that the Child Christ is in the house, and that He is armed with all sorts of gifts for all sorts of other children; but do not let the grown people forget that if the only evidence of Christianity in the world be what is going on now in Europe, and added to it the treasonably-disloyal conduct and hate-filled utterances of some people here, the time has not yet quite fully come when we can sincerely believe that a present Christmas—or Christ's Day—means "Peace on earth and good will to all men." Of course, the time is now here and has always been here when Bible, "Peace on earth and good will to all men of good intent." The Bible tells us quite nice to thank

God that we are in a state of peace and enjoyment of prosperity and are not as all Europe is, in a state of recurrence to barbarism and suffering and distress and yet, in a certain sense without any reference to them, this is peculiarly a Christmas where we can thank God, without reference to anybody, for our peace and prosperity, and our still-abiding hope that we are a civilized people. But those thanks ought to be accompanied by a little touch of doubt as to whether, if sufficiently tempted by national and racial hatred, we would or would not sink to the level of those whom we are complacently pity.

Somebody once asked, "Is Christianity a failure?" The reply came quickly, "How do I know, it has nowhere been sufficiently tried yet." Suppose we carry at least one pregnant thought into this Christmas. Suppose we make of the thought a resolution. Suppose the resolution be that we will try as citizens and as public servants to do each his part in seeking to advance thought and sentiment of the world to a stage where the barbarous actualities and possibilities of today may become psychologically and ethnically the impossibilities of another and a better day.

This is not much of a message, my friend, but such as it is, take it.

Educating Citizens.

Good schools, good churches and good roads are a grand thing to have in the community. In order to have these things people must be educated to take pride in all these. Your home paper can and will do more to encourage all these things than any other agency. The school children read with pleasure the home happenings, as they grow up become interested and make useful citizens. Give the children the home paper to read. It costs you but a trifle.—Exchange.

"Is dem you-all's chickens?"
"Cohse dey's my-all's chickens. Who's chickens did you 'spose dey was?"
"I was s'posedn' nuffin' about 'em. But I will say dat it's mighty lucky dat a chicken won't come a runnin' an' a waggin' its tail when its regular owner whistles, same as a dog."

Mr. Wilson and Mexico.

President Wilson's allusion to the Mexican problem in his address at Columbus, O., last Friday night, was not altogether just to himself, nor fair to those who have criticized his Mexican policy. "When things were perhaps more debatable than they are now," he said, "about our immediate neighbor to the south of us, I do not know how many men came to me and suggested that the government of Mexico should be altered as we thought that it ought to be altered."

We do not question the statement that men urged the President to "alter" the government of Mexico as they thought it "ought to be altered." We do, however, challenge the very plain inference that Mr. Wilson leaves to be drawn from his remarks. Readers who have not followed the discussions of his Mexican policy closely naturally would infer from what he said at Columbus that the Washington government was forced to choose between two courses—the policy of "hands-off" and forcible intervention to set up a government in Mexico to suit American ideas and interests—and that the latter alternative was advocated by the main body of his critics. That impression is, of course, wholly mistaken.

No considerable or influential body of American opinion counseled the President to "butt in" and alter the government of Mexico "as we thought it should be altered." Many Americans, however, did believe and urge that the United States should send to Mexico and to the same business as we do that it rendered to Cuba. They believed, and still believe, that the Mexican majority should be given free and fair opportunity to set up the kind of government that it wants by the means prescribed in Mexico's own constitution. They urged an intervention for this purpose which would have served humanity and civilization as well as Mexico. The precedent had been provided already in Cuba's case where the factional bickering and anarchy which has drenched Mexico with blood was averted by American aid and a Cuban government by, for and of the Cubans was set up.

They believed that the tolerance of Mexico anarchy, of the outrages upon foreigners, of the progressive degeneration of warfare between factions, invited grave dangers of its own. As it turned out, the sudden and violent quarrel beyond the seas prevented the European powers from moving to protect and redress the wrongs of their nationals in Mexico. The international complications invited by the Mexican factionists' flagrant breaches of treaty obligations and civilized usage were thus avoided or at least postponed. But the prospect of the establishment of a Mexican government upon the basis of the Mexican constitution remains, to our way of thinking, remote.

As for "butting in" the President has found it necessary to "butt in" on the Mexican squabble more than once. The ascendant faction in that troubled country owes its recent successes very largely to his "butting in." His defense of his Mexican policy, it may be hoped for his own sake, will be based upon better and stronger grounds than the implication of his Columbus address that its opponents were urging something which most of them never dreamed of urging, and would not sanction. That sort of unfairness is apt to react to the injury of his own cause. It may lead well-informed folks to the reflection that a genuinely sound and strong cause would be provided with a much better defense.—Times-Picayune.

Carry to work with you of a morning the realization that no one is ever so wholly right that his opponent is wholly wrong.

We wish everybody
A Merry Christmas
and a
Happy and Prosperous
New Year
A. Klaus & Co.

I Remember.

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born;
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn.
You'd hardly know the old place now,
For dad is up to date,
And the farm is scientific
From the back lot to the gate.
The jacks and barn are lighted
With bright acetylene
Engines in the laundry
Run by batteries.
A telephone for croak,
And a phonograph that sings.
The hired man has left us,
We miss his homely face;
A lot of college graduates
Are working in his place,
There's an engineer and fireman,
A chauffeur and a vet.,
A lecturer and mechanic—
Oh, the far's run right, you bet.
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn
Now brightens up a bathroom
That cost a car of corn.
Our milkmaid is pneumatic
And she's sanitary, too;
But dad gets 15 cents a quart
For milk that once brought 2.
—Canadian Courier.

"God Made the Country, Mam Made the Town."

The drift of population from the country to the city is the most marked social transformation of the age. And one considered the most deplorable, says the Vicksburg Herald. Yet despite all that has been said and sung of the beauties of the former and the banalities of the latter, there is no perceptible check of the outward flow from the farm. Nevertheless it is not to be doubted that disappointments of the change have caused many to look longingly backward from the man made city to the God made country. But while it is easier for those who have made the change to regret than to retreat, the experience of many failures must have a deterrent effect on neighbors who have resisted the allurements of the seemingly easy way. In Farm and Fireside, one farmer who was moved by the surface charms—the white ways, the electric car lines, the movies, etc., show of easy money—to sell his farm and become a city dweller, tells this story that may warn others from injudiciously taking so seriously a step: "We came to know," he said, "that it was just as hard for the city man to get up at seven o'clock in the morning as it was for the country man to get up at five. Why so? Because he must not relax; he is ever on duty. He must smile at this person and that person. He dares not notice anyone's peculiarities, or oddities, or unreasonableness. The result is he must find his relaxation in the evening; therefore the family rarely gets to bed before ten or eleven o'clock, and seven in

Clean-up Sale of Groceries

As it is my intention to go out of the grocery business, the following "Clean-up Sale" prices will be made on all groceries in my stock, which contains many items not mentioned in this list, that will sold at a very low prices.

These goods are standard brands and will be sold at prices that should be attractive to all.

Former price	Sale	Former price	Sale		
Richelieu Roly Poly	35c	25c	Richelieu Jams	25c	15c
Cherries	35c	25c	Blackberry, Red Cherry		
Rosedale Lemon Cling	30c	20c	Quince; Strawberry, Etc		
Peaches	30c	20c	Gander Oil	35c	25c
Heinz Chow Chow Pickle	25c	15c	Jack Frost Bak. Powder	25c	15c
Heinz Chow Chow Pickle	15c	9c	Banner Coffee, 4-lb.		
Richelieu Pimento	25c	15c	bucket	\$1.00	50c
Stuffed Olives	25c	15c	Suteyu Coffee, large		
Heinz Pimento Stuffed	25c	15c	bucket	1.00	65c
Olives	25c	15c	Arbuckle coffee	25c	15c
Durkees Salad Dressing	35c	25c	Eggs per dozen		20c
Richelieu "	35c	20c	Soap, 8 up to 12 bars		25c
Snyder's "	30c	15c	Cottolene 10 lb. buckets		\$1.30
Heinz Sweet Midget			Richelieu Ceylon Ind. Tea	25c	15c
Jerkens	35c	25c	Grand Dame Tea	20c	15c
Richelieu Preserves	35c	25c	Tetty's Tea	20c	10c
Pear, Peach, Cherry			Black Tea in bulk, per pound	25c	25c
Strawberry, Raspberry, Etc.			Guupowder tea in bulk		25c

GEORGE B. RICHMOND.

the morning finds him just as sleepy and far less refreshed than five found him on the farm. We found going to work to somebody else every day in the year, except Sunday and perhaps a two-weeks' vacation, a real somebody else as manager, not exactly so, but we can't take it of freed m. We can't take that our friends are not content; and that we couldn't exactly say we were extra lazy. It seems a little like a separate lecture.

When he was in the ports of Genoa, in the situation of a commercial man, he began, one day, to jump from a \$1,000,000 year to \$20,000,000.

True courage is not the absence of fear, but the absence of fear, but the presence of it.

Pecans In any quantity at 12 1/2c a pound. Phone 120, MRS. W. T. O'CONNOR.

Diamond Operations.

Machinery and barbed wire have supplanted the crude methods of breaking up diamond-bearing blue earth and protecting the valuable finds employed 20 years ago in the South African diamond mines. The depths of the strange crater shaped holes in which the peculiar diamond-bearing earth is confined are now penetrated by shafts, reaching hundreds of feet down into the earth with 40-foot levels. The broken earth is removed in closed trucks to the surface, where, after a season of exposure to sun and atmosphere, strown on the ground, it is hauled to the mills. Here pulsators finally locate the diamonds on grease-covered inclined tables, to which the diamonds adhere, while loose sand, earth and gravel are washed away by water. Acres of ground, covered by broken earth brought up from the mines, contain, possibly millions of dollars' worth of gems, and these treasure-troves are protected by high fences of barbed wire, with intricate arrangements at the corners and at the gates. About four thousand miles of wire are used in the defenses about the Kimberley mines.