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THE CHANGE OF PREMIER IN ENGLAND.

HE expected happened when on Friday Lord Salisbury resigned the office of Prime Minister, and when, on the following day, Mr. A. J. Balfour accepted the post, says the New York Sun. It was not to be supposed that the retiring Premier would omit to recommend his nephew, especially as the latter has been for years the leader of the Conservatives in the House of Commons, and is believed to have made no enemies among his colleagues. On the face of things the "Hotel Cecil" remains as dominant as ever in the British Government, but it will probably be found that, as a matter of fact the centre of political gravity has been materially shifted. It is true that no further changes in the Cabinet are, as yet, known to be contemplated, but from the nature of things the relative weight of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in Ministerial councils will be considerably increased.

For many reasons—some social, some political and some moral—the outgoing Premier exercised a chastening and subduing influence on the self-assertive member for West Birmingham. As the head of a historic family, the younger branch of the House of Cecil; as one who, though born in the purple, proved himself in early manhood able to earn a livelihood with the pen; as a parliamentarian of fifty years' experience and thrice Prime Minister; and, finally, as a person easy-going in small matters, but masterful and inflexible in things that seemed to him of consequence, Lord Salisbury united the qualities most likely to command respect and deference from a man of Mr. Chamberlain's antecedents and character. Insatiably ambitious as he is, and undisguisedly disdainful of some of his competitors, Mr. Chamberlain seems to have recognized that, so long as Lord Salisbury should remain in office, where MacGregor sat would be the head of the table. His relations with Mr. Balfour, the new Premier, are necessarily on a different footing, though they have been singularly cordial.

Mr. Chamberlain was twelve years older, to begin with, and he was president of the Board of Trade, with a seat in Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet when Mr. Balfour was skimming on the outskirts of the Opposition as a free lance in Lord Randolph Churchill's "fourth party of four." In the crucial month of June, 1886, when he organized the secession of Liberal-Unionists that defeated Mr. Gladstone; as the leader of the Radical Unionist's contingent in 1895; and, finally, as the contriver of the "Khaki campaign" in 1900, Mr. Chamberlain has come near to being *rara avis* in politics, the indispensable man; whereas nobody would pretend that Mr. Balfour's retirement to private life at any time during the last sixteen years would have put the Unionist coalition in jeopardy.

In respect to temperament, also, the two men differ widely. Mr. Chamberlain is a born combatant; Mr. Balfour, a philosophical spectator. The former believes that anything he wants must be got, though it should take a battle; the latter is inclined to question whether anything in this sub-lunary sphere is worth fighting for. Given the co-existence of two such men in the Cabinet, the one as nominal chief, the other as principal lieutenant in the Commons—given also the certainty that their natural tendencies, instead of being checked by friction, will obtain full play through friendship—and there can be but little doubt which will prove the dynamic factor. A man who knows precisely what he wants, and means to have it, is unlikely to give way; the man who likes nothing over-much, and hates nothing except a row, is tolerably certain to yield.

Passing to concrete and proximate results of the change in the Premiership of Britain, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, distinguished as an opponent of Mr. Chamberlain's colonial policy, has gone or is going. The others of his kind are yet to be heard from.

A WOMANLESS HEAVEN.

Hals Hammond Butts in her Clark'sdale Challenge.

CERTAIN learned Professor of Pennsylvania, drunk with the wine of a little knowledge, now proposes to prove upon Spiritual authority that there are no women in Heaven. He may or he may not be correct in his assumption; but one might wander far into speculative fields, explore a labyrinth of vexatious fables and tantalizing ologies till the heart grew sick and the brain rebelled; he might even doff the hat of familiar acquaintanceship to the cuneiform inscriptions of Assyri, or the habits of the Dinosauria, yet withal no more anomalous situation could confront him; no more paradoxical an issue be thrust upon his consideration, no more incongruous an assumption be flaunted in his face than that embodied in the idea of Heaven—without a woman. This is the situation as we see it, in a natural light. By a strict construction of scripture, the Pennsylvania man may have seen a light supernatural. We have no charitable impulse to argue women into Heaven if their Creator fashioned them for oblivion. We have no desire to reconstruct a scriptural pronoun in order to gain a point in argument, or an advantage for woman that nature and custom decreed should not be hers. It might be an advantage, the assurance that their lives of service should be re-

warded by an eternity of rest such as only Heaven can give. But when the scripture says "Let the women be in subjection to their husbands" or, despairing knowledge, let them ask it of their masculine companion, we do not question the meaning of so palpable an injunction. We simply reserve to ourselves the right of "personal privilege" and cease to thirst for knowledge. So in the case of the Evesless Eden presumption. Recognizing the fact that women, so long esteemed unworthy to do other than menial service in the temple, were not by ecclesiastical authority even invested with souls at a not very remote period in the church's history, we are constrained to believe that the investigating Pennsylvania has deduced logical conclusions from the premises at hand. That women are unclean is taught by the celibacy of the priest hood, that they are not on a spiritual plane with man is voiced, in the furor that is being raised in some of the so-called christian churches of today in which they are not accounted meet to sing in the choirs, to appear in the sanctuary with uncovered heads, nor to conduct a prayer meeting. The farcical plea put forth by the godly Bishops who would have them eliminated from the choir service is that they are a snare and a temptation in the choir loft, diverting the attention of the would-be worshipper from the true intent of worship. The same old objection that was raised in the days of witches and blue law heresies, to the men and women being seated together in the congregation. It is a comforting thought however with which Mr. Kinsman further regales us, that there are no women in Hell.

Just what this startling discovery will have upon the already reluctant masculine church-goer, requires no tax on the imagination. It abounds too, in encouragement to the sinner, inasmuch as he, a member of the world's great callous majority, will see therein a hope proportioned to his numbers. If the church falls short of the requisite number of elect, the world alone can spring to the breach. Whither would this would-be sage lead us?

REPUBLICAN DOUBLE DEALING.

SENATOR Burton, of Kansas, says the New York Post, explicitly confirmed, in his speech in Topeka, the suspicion that the Republican leaders in the senate did not really wish to pass the Cuban reciprocity bill. "They came to us," he asserts, "and encouraged us to keep up the fight." We do not see how Senator Aldrich can pass by this challenge in silence. Was he playing a double game? Did he deceive the president? Was it dread that the sugar trust's differential might be stricken off which led the senatorial managers secretly to encourage the "insurgents" to persist? It is a woeful tale of Republican insincerity and trickery upon which Senator Burton puts the seal of authenticity. If his assertions remain uncontradicted, we have an unparalleled case of party betrayal, and of deliberate and calculated cheating and humiliation of the president. If there is to be no punishment for such duplicity, then the blackest political crimes may hope to go unwhipped. Already, we observe those Republican newspapers which were saying two weeks ago that the people would rebuke the Republican recreants at the polls, are changing their tone, as of course they were bound to, and remarking that the issue will be, after all, whether the policies for which the Republican party stands shall be "wrecked." But how if your chief wreckers are in that party? How can a party be trusted to keep any pledge if it would not redeem its pledge to Cuba? The real issue, we should say, is whether a party shall or shall not be made to smart for acting in what its own president has affirmed to be a dishonorable manner. Will the people renew a vote of confidence in confessed double-dealers?

There is a growing conviction in the mind of some nervous lovers of plain living and its intellectual accompaniment that America is fast reaching that point in luxurious living that must result in ultimate downfall. "Nobody living outside New York," writes the author of an editorial article in the July Century, "knows how difficult it has become here for people of moderate means to bring up their children in the love of genuine things. It is still done by many, but with increasing effort and only by dint of a strong will and an inheritance of the truest graces of life—simplicity, the domestic affections, and the love of nature and one's kind. It is the cultivation of these graces that we must look for a rescue from the artificiality of the vulgarity of the pitiable circle in every American city known as the 'smart set.'" And along this same line Mrs. Henry Wade Rogers, in the July number of the House Beautiful, makes a plea for "the simplification of life." Mrs. Rogers quotes the remark of one of Kipling's characters, who says that "in America things own the man," and she regrets the fact that such trivial things as "superfluous plated ware, over-ornate table linen, beribboned and pink edged food" should have so firm a hold upon modern life. Neither of these writers is pessimistic concerning American society, but other critics with eyes fixed rigidly upon the goings on of the "smart set" and ears open only to tales of drinking and smoking women declare that America is going to the dogs. But there is another side to the story and another set to society. There never was a time when there were so many people devoting their energies to the

establishment of summer schools, to providing out-ings, play-grounds and bathing places for the poor, and to a hundred other philanthropic and scientific enterprises of their kind. And there never was a time when mere riches counted for so little and character and mind counted for so much. That "pitiable circle known as the smart set" may be increasing, but it is more than outnumbered by that commendable class known as the philanthropic set. The historian who is to write "The Decline and Fall of the American Republic" need not yet prepare to take notes.

GIVE US A REST.

HAT was a rather unusual decision rendered by Judge Parker, of the New York Court of Appeals, in which he held that there is no such thing as privacy, says the Birmingham News. It is quite true that the average man does entertain some aversion to the idea of flocking by himself, and yet there are times when nearly every man feels like giving utterance to an emphatic amen when contemplating the little office sign a busy man once displayed to the effect that "There Are Moments When We Would Be Alone, and These Are Those." By the same principle of legal argument the New York court would probably deny the right of silence to the individual who occasionally prefers that beneficent condition of life. But when we recall some of the concerts or dramatic performances of which we found ourselves a sad victim we cannot refrain from dissenting. Every man has the inalienable right of silence. He may be peculiarly constituted in his relation to that species of sound which goes under the general term of music, but which sometimes reminds one of one's latest impressions of such forms of solo as are rendered by the peacock or the familiar quadruped with long ears. The fact is there should be a law of protection guaranteeing the lover of silence against his neighbor's thirty-three Sunday school organ as an accompaniment to the pathetic little song entitled "There is a Happy Land Not Far Away," on a hot Sunday afternoon between the hours of 3 and 5 o'clock when the peaceful citizen is endeavoring to snatch a few moments of well-earned rest. Then, too, there's really a sad need for protection against the street hand organ accompanied by the crack and the monkey, not to speak of the soprano solo on the part of the young lady whose parents are unmindful of the fact that the public has some rights of its own.

Silence is a rich heritage handed down to us by our forefathers, and neither a brass band with a brass tooter three quarters of a note below the concert pitch nor the multitudinous congregation of bridle cur dogs assembled together at night for the express purpose of honoring the moon with a chorus serenade, have any right to interfere with this great privilege. True, some men may prefer a reasonable degree of deafness, but even that would not put them in position to escape the dreadful strain of discords upon their shattered nerves. The tired city man run down with business cares, and longing for a quiet place where he can enjoy a silence unbroken by the twanging musical instrument, or the positive squeak, comparative squeal, superlative squall of the blushing soprano who kindly consented to sing after fidgeting about on a chair for an hour and itching to be begged, is ever ready to patronize the summer hotel man who prohibits all discordant noises about his premises. And especially the hotel man who protects his weary guests with a club or a shotgun from the usual ridiculous family chorus on Sunday afternoons in their rendition of "Sweet Beulah Land," or other abnormal airs built for the express purpose of depriving one of his natural right of silence.

A MANLY SPEECH.

O southern man retains the respect of his own people or gains the confidence of the people of the north who adopts an apologetic or cringing tone when he speaks to a northern audience about conditions in the south.

We have had some southern men to go north and misrepresent this section in a way that would have been very irritating but for the fact that the north has already learned that such pretended exponents of southern sentiment misrepresent grossly the people of this section.

While the number of these flouters of false colors is decreasing, the men who by reason of knowledge and character, are really qualified to speak for the south anywhere are finding more opportunities to tell the truth in the north about our people, and are using them with good effect. An admirable address of the kind that deserves and wins admiration from all sections of the country was that which President Alderman, of Tulane university, delivered at the Fourth of July celebration of the University of Chicago. His subject was the "The Southern Boy and His Opportunity." The Chicago newspapers characterize the address as one of the most notable that has been made in that city by any southern man. It should be circulated throughout the country generally, for it is a candid and correct report of sentiment that prevails here on questions that have been much discussed—often very unrea-

sonably. Nobody can controvert the truth of these utterances of President Alderman:

"The South is today the most American part of the country and the most conservative. By conservatism is not meant ignorance, for the passion for education in the south is far reaching and the results already felt. The little towns where the inhabitants used to doze under the trees and hotly discuss states rights are now busy, thrifty and happy. The glory of having fought nobly for a lost cause has given dignity to the south just as it will give strength to the Boers for generations to come.

"The negro question was a hard one to dispose of, but the south has acted in a wise way in insisting that the negro as a political factor should not be recognized. The south realizes that the negro is a human factor. It was a piece of folly to thrust the franchise upon the negro in the first place. Socially, the southerner will never recognize the negro as his equal, but he will recognize him as an American, justly entitled to rights of training and education which is being given everywhere to the youth of the south."

If the people of the north want to know how the people of the south really stand on the negro question they can find the desired information in the Chicago university address of this truly representative southern man.

His candid and courageous address from which we have quoted only a very few of its many impressive thoughts, does him honor and will do good in the north as well as the south.

AN IMPRESSIVE LESSON.



MONTH ago corn was 62 1-2 cents a bushel in Chicago, last Wednesday corn was 90 cents a bushel in that city. It has fallen some little since then, but is still at a price in the west that keeps it at a dollar a bushel in most parts of the south.

Within a few weeks one man has increased the price of corn more than 27 cents a bushel, and pocketed more than \$5,000,000 by doing so.

The present high price of corn falls severe on the south, which is still a very large purchaser of that article.

The south is paying a heavy penalty for her failure to provide her own corn supply, as she might do.

Mississippi could raise all the corn she needs and still produce almost, if not quite, as much cotton as she does now. There are other southern states that have a like possibility, and lose heavily every year by not availing themselves of it.

Cotton will continue, at least for a long time, to be the chief crop of the south, but this section should raise much more corn than it does.

That it would pay to do so is proved by the experience and condition of southern farmers who make their own corn. As a rule, they are much more prosperous than their neighbors who depend upon the west for their corn supply. It is a misfortune to the south that many more of our people do not increase their food crops.

Whenever crops are short in the west the effect is felt almost as much in the south as in that section. When the yield of corn and other cereals is abundant in the west their prices are comparatively high here, because of the distance over which they have to be brought and the several profits that must be paid on them before they reach our farmers. Another thing to be considered is that the south is constantly at the mercy of speculators who get control of the supply of food crops and run up prices enormously, as one of them and his fellow conspirators have done recently.

The south could do nothing that would contribute so much to its independence and so well insure an increase of its wealth and prosperity as would an increase of its corn crop.

The folly of not proceeding in that direction has been demonstrated often by bitter experience.

Another impressive lesson of this kind is before us now.

Let us hope that it will not be unheeded.

The candidacy of Tom Johnson for the Democratic nomination to the presidency is now positively announced by those who claim to know what they are talking about. The alacrity with which the situation appears to be accepted by Colonel Bryan indicates that the Nebraskan is in sympathy with the movement. If Bryan desires Johnson's nomination, there seems little doubt that he can bring it about as matters now stand, but there is always danger that the early birding business may be overdone. For a case in point see David B. Hill.

Democratic leaders are preparing for defeat in the congressional elections by announcing that control of the next house would not be of any especial advantage to the party.

The outlook for a bumper corn crop is said to be causing Republican politicians who believe in the proverbial affinity between corn and Democrats, much worry.

The Oregon officers have succeeded in catching Merrill who escaped with Tracy. He had been dead some days when captured.

The Washington Post prints the following query: "Has the junior senator from Kansas turned state's evidence on his political pal?"