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OLD MAIDS AND MATRIMONY.

IN search of a reason with which to account for the reluctance of so many "educated and cultured" women to enter the state of matrimony, the Outlook magazine appealed to a bachelor woman, "an attractive and able young professor in one of our universities."

This attractive and able young woman replied with the story of her own experiences—a sort of confession of her dalliance with love and the problems of matrimony.

She starts with the statement that her studies among married women have convinced her that the only way to be a truly happy wife is to be a fool. By analogy she evidently regards every married woman who is not a fool as unhappy. It will be interesting therefore to explore the foolishness which she regards as necessary for happiness, and the degree of intelligence which is bound to result in a sorrowful married life for the woman.

As a result of her education and thought on the subject this bachelor maid says she finds herself unpossessed of every quality commonly recommended in the ideal wife, and that she is glad of it. "I am not," she says, "attracted by the triumphs of that art which manages a husband and yet leaves him in the unshaken conviction that he is managing you; I do not thrill with tender delight at the thought of being taken care of; I even lack that traditional instinct universally declared to be essential a part of woman as any of her physical organs—the imperative need of a husband of such superior intelligence that he may be 'looked-up to.' It is altogether heterodox, I know, but, honestly, if one of us has got to be a fool, I should enjoy a good deal more complacency in the feeling that my husband was that one."

Any maid who confesses to the instincts or opinions here disowned by this able and attractive young college professor must also confess to being a fool. The one who has intelligence enough to discover that these instincts and opinions do not make for matrimonial happiness should never marry, for she is bound to be unhappy. But we are only at the beginning of the analysis. Our attractive young bachelor maid confesses that she has been engaged to several men and that she broke off the engagements one by one as she discovered that the man did not expect to treat her as an "equal"; that is, did not expect to yield his place at the head of the household and, to quote a familiar expression, let the wife wear the breeches. Of two of these men she discourses as follows:

"Howard Moore assured me that he had selected me as the object of his addresses because he felt that certain of my accomplishments would be of great assistance to a man of his profession. Since the young woman in whom he later (not much later, either, considering how disconsolate he was) found consolation has made her most conspicuous contribution to his advancement in the form of an annual infant, I am at a loss to discover just what place for the display of intellectual grace is provided for in his scheme of marrying existence. Very different was Harry Merrill, who admitted that he was jealous not only of what I wished to be but the little that I was. "The trouble with you," he sneered, in the quarrel which marked the close of our highly cyclonic betrothal, 'is that you know too much. I can never excuse you, if you are my wife, from the domestic and maternal duties that you were made for; I had had quite a little experience previous to Harry, but never before in my life had the revolting consciousness been forced upon me as I forced it of what some men want a wife for. The married life of which I have permitted myself to dream contains a husband who may be an intellectual companion; what my various lovers have desired in me is, as it appears, a mother for their children."

The attractive young college professor pursues her thought into the relations of married life in a manner quite unprintable. We have no desire to follow, beyond the simple statement that she insists upon the inalienable right of a wife to impose a childless married life if she wishes. But there is no doubt whatever of the fact that a woman educated into the beliefs declared by this bachelor maid would be doomed to an unhappy life if she married. In her intellectual egotism she calmly brushes aside the fact that marriage without children is seldom happy. She prates of "intellectual companionship" in apparent ignorance of the fact that it almost inevitably leads to wretchedness unless attended by the instinctive love, the sexual love, the love of parentage.

But even if we doubted the certainty of unhappiness in the married life of a woman like this, there could be no question of the blighted life of the man who married her. A woman with so little conception of the modesty and delicacy of true womanhood as to confess that she has been cheapened in the embrace of a multitude of lovers, and that she discussed with them the size of the prospective family, would promise nothing of happiness to a husband. Rather, she should be avoided as unfit to form a partner in a matrimonial union.

But what we would like to know is whether or not this attractive young college professor is giving expression to the trend of so-called higher education for women. Are these the things put into the minds of our girls at the colleges and seminaries by old

maid instructors? If so a reform is sorely needed, for the teaching is false and filled with danger. Against the opening premise, for example, what is the record? Are the millions of happy wives in this country, surrounded by their children, deterring to the man at the head of the household, preserving the sacredness and purity of the home and fireside, only fools to be sneered at by college females with protuberant foreheads?

THE WORST PEST.

SINCE the day of old Pharaoh and the pests of frogs, flees and lice, mankind has been suffering from the attacks of some kind of vermin. The locusts have had their day, flies, flees, ticks, chiggers and other lesser tormentors have appeared at intervals more or less frequent, but the greatest pest ever sent upon the horny handed producer is the "bale weevil." Let him may not be recognized under this title, we give a description of him by a correspondent of the Paso-Word, the official paper of the Farmers Union of Texas:

"Unlike the boll weevil, this pest seldom, if ever, touches the cotton furrows or bolls, he gets in his destructive work after the cotton is picked, ginned, baled, loaded onto a wagon and taken to market.

and then ask yourself the question, "How can you ever get the products of your labor while you continue to swap two months' work on the farm for 48 hours' in the factory?" Most farmers know that something is very wrong; that there is a great injustice being perpetrated on them somehow or somehow else, but where that injustice comes in is in making these swaps in labor time. How much time on the farm do you have to give up for a three tine steel pitchfork, which labor in the factory receives 434 cents for making, or a 13 tooth steel garden rake, which costs the "bale weevil" 934 cents?

I hear you say, "Oh, the cost of material is not included in the figures given." That's true enough, but the cost of materials are no more than they pay the laborers for producing them. There is no cost but the labor cost to any article tongue can mention. Your cotton is sold by the pound and you buy the cloth by the yard. There is today 2,000 yards of gingham or calico made out of one bale of cotton, and you have to pay about \$150 for the cloth, while laborers on the railroads and in factories get \$22 for shipping it to the factories, making it into cloth and shipping it back to you.

We might arrive at a cost of materials when we remember the prices paid us for cow hides. It costs 11 cents per hid to tan them; what do you pay for a hide after it is tanned?

A Catholic minister at Allegheny, Pa., was chased and mobbed by members of his congregation be-

THE TIME FOR SOMETHING TO BE DOING.



AMERICAN men who are not willing to see the entire affairs of the government of the United States turned over to Wall Street and the grafter of New York ought to realize that the hour is at hand for them to get together and be doing something. That crowd of New York bosses have dominated the nomination of both of the old party tickets, and the people are given the choice between a crust and crum.

The election of either Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Parker means that the trusts and money sharks of Wall Street will have things exactly as they want them. Some grand stand plays may be made to delude the masses, but this is the plain facts in the premises.

Perhaps it is not possible to defeat this intention. Partisan spirit is a great thing to hold men in line to vote for the very things they do not want, simply because the party to which they belong is whooping up things for the candidate.

There is a way in which a citizen can vote and retain his manhood. He can vote for the brainiest, cleanest and most deserving man before the country, and no matter if he is elected, those who support him will have the proud satisfaction of knowing that they voted for what they wanted. Then they will be justified in kicking if one of the others is elected and abuses the trust.

Tom Watson is the peer of any man the nation has produced in fifty years, the superior of any man now before the country for president. Every honest man in the nation should lend his assistance to a perfect organization for Mr. Watson's election. Let the old farmers and toilers, who have been robbed by the infamous trickery of Wall Street come out into the opening and stand up to be counted.

If those who are oppressed by the gang behind both the old party nominees will stand up for Watson, he will be elected.

WORLD'S FAIR PAYMENTS.



THE Louisiana Purchase exposition at St. Louis is by no means a local institution. Interest in the great fair is not even confined to the Mississippi valley, and there is daily and growing evidence of a widening stream of visitors toward the Missouri metropolis. The whole country will rejoice, therefore, in the sign of prosperity afforded by the prompt payment of the fortnight instalments, due to the government by the exposition management, toward the liquidation of the federal loan of \$4,600,000.

These payments, under the terms of the appropriation act, represent a definite percentage of the admission revenues of the fair, and indicate an income from this source of considerably more than a million dollars a month. Considering the handicaps in the early days of a great enterprise of this sort, and allowing for the effect of the impression which went out from St. Louis that many exhibits were not yet in place in June, this showing is very satisfactory.

When Secretary Shaw's formal notice to the exposition company was delivered a little more than a month ago, inviting prompt payments and conveying an intimation that in the event of default the United States government would be obliged to attach the gate receipts, a most unpleasant impression was created. Perhaps a blunder was made in interpreting this as a note of want of confidence on the part of the United States treasury in the ability of the St. Louis world's fair to pay, but in any event, in the light of the subsequent explanations, the publication of the notice was clearly a mistake. It has emphasized for one thing the necessity of a revision of the national policy with respect to loans of this sort, which are usually negotiated by means of all sorts of congressional logrolling. The spectacle of the government of the United States in the role of a preferred creditor, with an anxious eye on the revenues of an exposition held to mark a great epoch in the national expansion, is not an edifying one. The very possibility of a default and a consequent foreclosure or seizure is a scandal and disgrace, and it is to be hoped that the government will not again be put in such a position.

The kingdoms of Greece, Norway, Serbia and Denmark, the principality of Bulgaria and the Republic of Switzerland have each a smaller population than that of New York City, which was estimated at the beginning of the year at 3,750,000. Bulgaria runs closest with about 3,745,000 people, and Switzerland next, with 3,320,000. The others do not reach the three million mark.

The Japanese have no bands, no drum major, and no war music except hymns, and while this may make them a little less like a circus parade, it does not interfere with the real circus.

The Land of Pretty Soon.

I know of a land where the streets are paved
With the things we meant to achieve;
It is walled with the money we meant to have saved,
And the pleasures for which we grieve.

The kind words unspoken, the promises broken
And many a coveted boon
Are stowed away there in that land somewhere—
The land of "Pretty Soon."

There are uncut jewels of possible fame,
Lying about in the dust,
And many a noble and lofty aim
Covered with mold and rust.

And oh, this place, while it seems so near,
Is further away than the moon!
Though our purpose is fair, yet we never get there—
To the land of "Pretty Soon."

It is farther at noon than it is at dawn,
Further at night than at noon;
O, let us beware of that land down there—
The land of "Pretty Soon."

The bale weevil walks erect on his two hind legs and actually, so closely does he resemble a man that the casual farmer often mistakes him for one. The body of this bale weevil is usually about 650,821 times larger than that of the boll weevil, and his method of depredating is much more extensive and destructive. He is governed neither by seasons or conditions. For 365 days in every year he plies his art on everything the farmer produces or consumes.

He owns the equivalent of many millions of bales of cotton, which he has transferred the ownership of by the game explained later in this article.

He owns the railroads, mines, mills, factories, oil and gas wells and refineries, while the free American wage slaves compete for jobs at wages upon which they can only exist. He can, with modern machinery manufacture an ordinary farm wagon in 48 hours. By this I mean that all the work of the different men required to make one wagon when put together aggregates 48 hours and some minutes, for which the manufacturer gets \$6.19. Now, brother Farmer, how long do you have to work to produce a bale and a half or two bales of cotton which is required to pay for one of those wagons?

Can you, by using modern machinery in raising cotton count only 48 hours' work necessary to make one and a half bales of cotton?

It takes the average farmer all of two months to produce the cotton that he has to give the "bale weevil" tribe for the wagon. Now, Brother Farmer, rub the wool from over your eyes long enough to calculate the difference in 48 hours and two months,

and then ask yourself the question, "How can you ever get the products of your labor while you continue to swap two months' work on the farm for 48 hours' in the factory?"

"Give me \$10 worth of fish hooks, and I will carry West Virginia for the Democratic party," said a well known Texan who had fished in the state. "The West Virginians love their country and their state," he continued, "but they love a fish hook better than their children. When I went into West Virginia after a few shiners every man I met learned up against me, and after a moment's conversation on the weather, inquired: 'Neighbor, have you got a real, sure enough fish hook?' When I produced one the state was mine, and the fullness thereof. If I can persuade the chairman of the Democratic national committee to give me \$10 worth of fish hooks, a lot of bait, and pay expenses, I can carry the state."

Since the decree of the Czar in 1899, depriving the people of Finland of their constitutional liberty, 150,000 Finns have come to the United States. Newcomers are looked out for by the Finnish Exiles' club, at Battery Park, New York. Ten per cent of Finland's population of 2,000,000 is now in America.

A woman's idea of the way to make a good bargain is when she wants to sell a thing to pretend it isn't worth having, and when she wants to buy it that she couldn't live without it.

At the end of this campaign "Rooseveltism" will be as odious to American patriots as treason.