

The Macon Beacon

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FRIDAY, JANUARY 15, 1915.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For District Attorney:
M. A. SAUNDERS.
For Sheriff:
W. A. PARKS.
J. T. McCLURE.
VERNON CLARK.
For Treasurer:
J. B. COTTON.
W. O. BARNES, JR.
WM. WALKER.
For Supervisor, District 3:
GEO. PAGAN.
JNO. P. HUNTER.

The Political Pot.

The 1915 political pot in Noxubee is beginning to simmer and appearances indicate that it will soon boil. It seems that there will be no lack of patriots willing to serve their country. Only a few candidates have formally announced, but many have had their ears to the ground and have been talking matters over with their friends. Taking the offices as they are put down on the ballots, the following is the present line-up:

For the Senate, Henry Minor is an avowed candidate, and J. Q. Poindexter and Walter Stokes, and possibly others, are considering making the race.

For the House, it is understood that Emmett Cavett and T. W. Brame will run for re-election and M. O'Byrne and W. R. Swindler are about decided to run. Strong calls are made on James Jenkins, of Shuqualak, who made such a splendid race before, to run again. It is said that in time there will be a dozen in this race.

For Chancery Clerk, no opposition to Jno. A. Tyson has developed.

For Circuit Clerk, C. M. Seales will be opposed by Vernon Adams.

The Sheriff race promises to be hot and heavy; W. A. Parks and J. T. McClure have already announced, and probable other candidates are Vernon Clark, A. H. Bush, U. W. Mullins and possibly B. F. Whitehead; Nelson Stevens has many friends who want him to shy his castor in the ring.

No opposition has developed to D. F. Allgood, County Attorney.

For Treasurer, William Barnes, Jr., W. A. Walker and John B. Cotton have announced, and Max Williams is only waiting to let them get a start before he announces.

The hard job of assessing taxes will be sought by the present assessor R. C. Patty and Mark Tomlinson.

No opposition has developed to J. R. Jackson for Superintendent of Education, nor to Mr. Hubbard for Surveyor.

For Supervisor, it is said that in the Macon District, W. T. Stowers will run for re-election and will be opposed by George Pagan and John P. Hunter. Elmer Sennet will run from District Four, and Leland Hines, John Bell and Wirt White are spoken of as candidates from District Five. Sam Cockrell is being strongly urged to run from District One but is undecided; no candidate has appeared for District Two.

If any names are omitted from the above lists it is in advertent. From them a Noxubee county voter can come very near getting the kind of man he wants.

Noxubee County School Children

Noxubee county has 10,924 children between the ages of 6 and 20 years, and 6,689 or 6-12 per cent of them attend school, according to a recent census bulletin. The data contained in the report relates to the year 1910 and has only recently been made public. The distribution, by age groups, and the number attending school is as follows:

| AGE | TOTAL NO. | NO. ATTENDING |
|----------|-----------|---------------|
| 6 to 9 | 3,174 | 2,176 |
| 10 to 14 | 3,398 | 3,302 |
| 15 to 17 | 1,921 | 1,071 |
| 18 to 20 | 1,863 | 339 |

Yesterday's Socialism.

We have had occasion to point out in the past and hereby we take occasion to point out in the living present, that what was "crazy socialism" yesterday is today merely conservative progress. The Hon. William Jennings Bryan could tell tales to this effect, as many of the "isms" for which he stood in the remote political past are now embodied in law and not, so far as may be ascertained, to the mortal injury of the country. But it is not Bryanism which causes us to take our typewriter in hand, but Wilsonism.

What a wail of pessimism went up when the President signified his intention to push Currency Reform! Groan after groan, sob after sob. The well-known dogs for which the country was headed were liberated once more from their kennels, and the shadow of Socialism again blotted out the sun of Joy. Now that it is all over, and the Federal Reserve act is a working fact, everybody is almost happy, including the erstwhile gloomy ones. "Prominent financier," who was thinking of going to the dogs along with the country, has decided to stay awhile. The Federal Reserve Act, that harbinger of Socialism, he announces to be "a boon to business." And yet it is what it always was—Wilson currency reform. In the language of the poet Poe, "Only this; and nothing more."—From Puck.

Prohibition and War.

The Prohibitionists must have come to the conclusion that Mars is an ally of theirs, as he has already greatly extended the dry territory. It will be remembered that when the present war began the Czar issued a proclamation prohibiting the sale of vodka, which he had found very demoralizing to his troops. It was an easy matter for him to put this prohibition into effect, as vodka is a government monopoly; and as he owns all the shops he can close them at any time without trouble. It was argued that Russia would never do this; that it could not afford it, as it needs the money so much now, on account of the war, and could not sacrifice the five or six hundred millions it receives in revenue from this source.

The French government has reached a similar conclusion in regard to the use of absinthe. And the Cabinet has submitted to Parliament the proposition that the sale of absinthe and similar liquors be made permanent, as it finds that the military decree forbidding the sale has been beneficial to the entire population. It is well, however, to note that the French prohibition is only as to absinthe, as wines are not only permitted but are made a part of the rations of the soldiers.—Times-Picayune.

Judge Teet Quits Attala County.

A Jackson dispatch of recent date says: Judge Jas. A. Teet, who until January 1, 1915, presided over the circuit courts of the Fifth district and was succeeded by Judge H. H. Rodgers, with whom he ran an exciting and memorable runoff race in the second primary, has reached Jackson, where he will practice his profession and will make his home in the future. Judge Teet was considerably in the limelight by reason of being called in by Judge Henry to preside at the summer term of criminal court here, at which the case of Lieut. Gov. Theo. G. Bilbo was tried. It was a rather thankless undertaking but he came, sat and tried the case, the result of which is recent history. Judge Teet is a son-in-law of Judge H. C. Niles, judge of the United States district court in Mississippi, and has practiced at the Kosciusko and other bars in the Fifth judicial district for some years.

In the beginning of the distress the war brought to America, and especially in the cotton states, The Herald expressed the opinion that there was no occasion to shed tears over the small farmer of Mississippi—that it was the big cotton growers who were entitled to sympathy. To the many corroborations of that view the following from the Neshoba Democrat is added: "The Delta made more cotton this year than ever before but they can't get much for it. We have little cotton here but an abundance of peas, corn, hay, oats, molasses and meat. After all we are living in the best section of the state. Let's eschew politics this year as much as possible and make it better. There is more money in it."—Vicksburg Herald.

FROM THE PEOPLE.

Editor the Beacon:

In the present crisis in agricultural affairs in the south we are looking toward diversified farming as a preventative of a recurrence of a similar state of affairs in the future. We are practically all agreed that the one-crop system meets with disastrous sooner or later, and that in times of financial distress like the present, the farmer who practices a diversified system of farming and makes his living at home, is the one that suffers least.

The benefits of diversified farming are being able set forth in your paper by Mr. J. W. Haddon, and are too numerous to be enumerated here; but I wish to cite a concrete example as a means of comparing diversified with specialized or "one-crop" farming.

During the month of October I was one of a party of 22 men who made a farm business survey of Frederick county, Maryland. In this survey we made a record of every farm, its size, value, acreage, yield and receipt of each crop; an inventory of stock and machinery equipment, the year's expenses, taxes, etc., and from these determined the farm income, and the labor income of the farmer. Frederick county is a community of thrifty, hard-working, home living farmers. Over ninety per cent of the farmers are following the same crop rotation, namely, corn, wheat, meadow. The meadows are usually cut for hay one year and pastured the next.

Nearly every farmer operates a small dairy, but as this is a new industry for that section their dairy stock were not of a high grade; only a few had silos. Dairying with inferior animals was the weakest point in their farming system and this will be remedied as they learn to appreciate the value of good stock and silage. The only crops sold were wheat, sugar corn, clover seed and occasionally some surplus corn. Practically no feed is ever bought except some concentrates for the cows.

Now as to profits from this kind of farming. The farms are small, ranging from 60 to 100 acres. Land value runs from \$75 to \$200 per acre, and taxes were very high. In spite of high priced land, high taxes, etc., these farmers were making labor incomes from \$1,000 to \$3,000 a year. By labor income, I mean the amount a farmer has left for his labor after deducting all of his expenses and interest on his capital from the farm income.

A volume could be written on the agriculture of this community, but the few points mentioned will show what a well diversified system of farming has done for one section. Is there any logical reason why it would not do as much more for this section? We have many advantages in long growing season, climate, cheap land, etc. over Maryland, but how many farmers here who are following the one-crop system, can show an annual net income of from \$1,000 to \$3,000 on 60 to 100 acres. M. A. CROSSBY, Agriculturist.

Our Diminishing Death Rate.

A recent Washington dispatch says the Census Bureau has recently published some very encouraging figures showing that the death rate is steadily falling in the registration area of the United States, a pretty fair test of the whole, as it includes 65 per cent of the population.

In 1913 the death rate was 14.1 for each thousand of the estimated population, which is a decrease of 13 per cent, or one death in eight, from 16.2, the average from 1891 to 1905. If the same rate had prevailed in 1913 as in the years 1901-1905, there would have been 1,025,446 deaths instead of 898,823, an excess of 124,623.

The death rate in the rural districts was 12.7 and 15 in the cities.

Farm Facts.

Give the agriculturist ample working capital and you increase the national stability.

The world is one great corporation of which the farmers are the largest shareholders.

The farmers can never hope to become a factor in public affairs unless they work through organized channels.

The average farm yields a net income on the investment of 4 per cent and the average business 10 to 30 per cent.

The selfish days of the independent farmer are rapidly passing and we are beginning to catch the vision and share the profits of organized efforts.

The problem of organizing and systematizing agriculture is one which the farmers invite assistance of all lines of industry friendly to their interests.

Cantata at Baptist Church.

An unusually elaborate and beautiful musical programme was splendidly carried out at the First Baptist church last Friday evening. The choir assisted by other local talent gave Gabriel's beautiful cantata "The Nazarene," twenty voices taking part.

An audience that filled the church to overflowing heard the music and many expressions of pleasure and appreciation heard since testify to the success of the evening.

The cantata starts with the ancient prophecies of the coming of Christ and after depicting various scenes of His life, closes with the Resurrection. Mr. Wyatt Jones' excellent rendition of the "Prophecy" was greatly enjoyed. He has a voice of marked sweetness of tone and it was excellently suited to this solo. Dr. Barclay gave an artistic interpretation of his trained solo work in "Blessed Is He," which called for triumphant notes, and again in pathos when he sang, "The Man of Sorrow." Mrs. McMillin sang with her usual skill and taste "Be Not Afrighted" and "Thou Art The King." Her voice and stage presence are both attractive and always please Macon audiences. This was followed up by a pleasing tenor solo, "The Great Commandment," by Mr. Joe J. Scott. Mr. George Richmond finely rendered "The Graves Are Opened" and "The God of Abraham," both songs exhibiting the organ-like richness of his voice. Mrs. Herzberg, always a favorite, sang splendidly a solo depicting the death on the cross, and in a quintette, took the solo part. Solos were also excellently sung by Mrs. Dunn and Miss Bonita Purser. There were duets by Mrs. McMillin and Dr. Barclay, and Mr. Richmond and Dr. Barclay. Another solo much enjoyed was "Gethsemane" by Major Boyd. "The Watered Lilies" by Misses Yates and Jordan and Mrs. Dunn, and "Faith, Hope and Love" by Misses Holt, Purser and Dorroh were trios finely rendered and much enjoyed, as was "Rock of Ages" by Misses Clemens, Bonita and Mattie Purser. There were many other features that deserve mention that lack space denies.

The whole programme was gotten up by Mrs. L'Estelle Barclay, who trained the singers and directed the music and presided at the organ. The performance reflected the greatest credit on her. Mrs. Barclay is a graduate of the Milwaukee Conservatory and has studied also in New York and abroad. Her coming here has been a great addition to musical circles and her work is markedly affecting music in Macon.

Hon. Frank Foote

Address Rotarians.

The federal reserve banks are not being besieged with requests for loans, according to Hon. F. W. Foote, of Hattiesburg, director of the federal reserve bank for this district.

In an address before the Rotary club, of Jackson, at its meeting yesterday, Mr. Foote stated that the reserve bank for this district has resources of about \$9,000,000 and the loans thus far made do not exceed \$700,000.

At some length Mr. Foote discussed general financial conditions in the United States, and his views were of a hopeful nature. Enforced economy, he said, is going to have a wholesome effect on the public generally, while the crippling of European industries as a result of the war will give American manufacturers a decided advantage in the fight for foreign trade.

Mr. Foote also spoke of the plan of operation adopted by the federal reserve banks, referring especially to the character of security required. The bank will consider only "liquid paper" as collateral, and under no circumstances will it accept mercantile paper that has been renewed from year to year.

"It's a good idea to make every man pay his debts occasionally," said Mr. Foote. "The man who is careless about paying up, even though he may be perfectly solvent, is usually the fellow who does not require others to pay him, and that class of mercantile paper will not be accepted by the reserve banks."—Clarion-Ledger.

To the Voters of District Three:

I am a candidate for Justice of the Peace in place of I. W. Smith, resigned. Election to be held January 29, 1915. Your vote will be appreciated.

Respectfully,
Jan. 14th. W. O. BARNES, SR.

Notice! Notice!
When in need of
Plumbing
Pipe Fitting
Sanitary Sewer Work
Jno. S. McDavid
He will do it for less

A FAMOUS NOXUBEEAN.

Few people of Noxubee know that this county has produced so eminent a scholar and noted a poet as the author of the lines accompanying this article.

Thomas Albert Smith Adams was born in Noxubee county in 1839, and educated at Salem school. He was a brother of John E. Adams and the late Mr. Lem Adams.

He early showed marked literary tastes and ability, and was sent to the University of Mississippi. He later graduated with high honors from Emory and Henry College in Virginia. He then entered the Methodist ministry, Mobile conference. Later he was transferred to the North Mississippi conference. He was chaplain of the 11th Mississippi Regiment, volunteers.

Mr. Adams early won eminence in his church, filling important stations, and serving at the head of church educational institutions, notably Centenary college. He was made a Doctor of Divinity by Oxford. He died suddenly of apoplexy in Jackson, in 1889.

As a preacher, Mr. Adams was brilliant and profound. Poetical, philosophical, spiritual and logical, scholarly and original, as a teacher and preacher he was distinguished. He knew Greek, Latin and Hebrew, and several modern languages. He was an able controversialist. But poetry was his passion and his luxury. "Encotidion, or the Shadow of Death" was his chief work, though he wrote much short verse of great excellence.

In Encotidion there are approaches to Dantean realism and suggestions of Miltonic sweep and grandeur. The poem received high praise from able critics. It was published in 1876. It is believed that only the unpropitious times in the south prevented the poems receiving the fame it deserved and the author the literary honors due him.

The excerpt from the poem is taken from the Library of Southern Literature and from the biographical and critical review in that publication the above sketch is gathered. His genius and ability is given high praise and prominence. The description of war and its evils is timely just now and aptly pictures present scenes in Europe.

ENSCOTIDION, or SHADOW OF DEATH

"And art thou ignorant," Ambition said,
"Of all my mighty deeds, despotic Death?
Go ask you spectral armies of the dead
Who sent them hither. Yes, I wear a wreath,
In winning which I dared thee to thy death;
And having won, I wear. No boasting vain
Has ever once been uttered by my breath.
To truckle to the proudest I disdain,
And here hurl back defiance to thy teeth again."

At this the monarch smiled a ghastly smile,
And, in exulting accents, thus replied:
"Hold, noble spirit! but reflect awhile
How honors scatter in a storm of pride.
Pause now, and all resentment lay aside,
And say not what thou wilt, but what thou hast
Accomplished. Mark, thy worth is not denied;
But show thy trophies of achievements past,
And let all know the worth of them, from first to last."

Pleased at his speech, Ambition took his crown
Of flowers from his brow, and, bending low
Beside the monarch's throne, he laid it down;
Then next his armor proffered to bestow.
He then proceeded pompously to show
What meant the various marks and scars it bore;
These served to let a race of dastards know
The matchless prowess of the man that wore,
And those were made by fools who ne'er should battle more.

"And, lo!" said he, "where I have been and hurled
Princes and palaces together down,
And wrought the ruin of a peaceful world,
To build a temple or gain a crown.
Are nations haughty or luxurious grown?
I give them up a war, rapine, and sack;
The people's household gods are overthrown;
Their pillaged homes and temples, charred and black,
Are guide-posts to Diseases and Eamine on my track."

"My trophies thou wouldst see? Lo, yonder lie
Ten thousand putrefying carcases!
Breathe their sweet odor, reeking to the sky,
And feel the gnawing of thy hunger less!
Go to that mother, in her deep distress,
And marked her tears, as I have often done;
Go heal her broken heart, her wrongs redress,
By telling her of the valor of that son
Whose face divine she never more shall look upon."

"Ask yonder wretch, whom unrelenting Fate
Has dragged from wealth to utter penury,
Why now he wanders homeless, desolate,
Begging his bread of earth's cold charity.
Ask of that broken-hearted maid if he
She loved returned, but, base, betrayed her trust.
Her sobs will answer 'No,' most bitterly;
He fell a victim to Ambition's lust,
And in a nameless grave he moulders back to dust."

"Ask of the sorrowing father, whom rude Time
Has left but hoary looks, and furrowed cheeks,
And tottering steps, and withered hopes, behind;
Aspiring manhood's miserable wreck;
And if he heave a sigh, and fail to speak,
Ask of that pale-faced widow why that child
Ne'er looks for father now; and she will break
Her silence with the voice of wailing wild—
The wail of heart once happy in a land that smiled."

"The ruthless steel my right hand steeped in blood,
The left the fagot brandishes on high;
With one I pour on earth a crimson flood,
And with the other light the midnight sky
With horrid conflagration. Hark! a cry
Rises amid you ruins, as they fall;
It is a hopeless people there that die
To leave a niche within some temple's wall
For such as Alexander, Caesar, Hannibal."

"The blooming earth becomes a wilderness
Where'er I tread. Behold you distant skies,
Where Lucifer, disdainful to be less,
Dared e'en against Omnipotence to rise!
There first confusion in the symphonies
Of seraph-harps I made, and angels fell;
Down came the host, and, passing paradise,
Dragged man along, with all his seed, to swell
The mighty avalanche, upon its way to hell."

"Mercy weeps sadly o'er her daughter, Peace,
Who, murdered by my hand, before her lies;
Love the last rite performs at her decease,
Then lifts the dewy curtains of her eyes
Cerulean, drops a tear, and heavenward flies,
To join her sisters in that region where
No bitter enmities, nor tears, nor sighs,
Nor blasted hopes, nor comfortless despair,
Waits on the wretched race whose heritage is care."

He ceased and proudly waved his hand, and War
Called up his millions in a serried host;
And Famine led a train extending far
O'er many a weary league of that drear coast;
Murder came up, and then the pallid ghost
Of Pestilence breathed foulest odors o'er
The moving multitude. "These I can boast
As mine, O Death! I thou demandest more,
My honors and my sword I here to thee restore."