

# Okolona Messenger.

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OUR AIM: To Tell the Truth, Obey the Law, and Make Money.

OUR MOTTO: Talk for Home, Work for Home, and Fight for Home.

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## OBSERVATIONS.

Written for The Messenger by Col. J. S. Felter, Springfield, Ill.

Goodness is the child of patience. Unpaid efforts breed discontent and discontent leads to crime.

Class legislation is the monumental crime of all governments.

If you can make men rich by law, can't you keep them poor by law?

A province of civil government is to prohibit that which is uncivil.

True patriotism never did, indeed never can, live in the brain of a miser.

Class legislation in America is an heir apparent, being a bastard Prince of monopoly.

Ignorance is the chain that binds the producers of wealth to the chariots of monopoly.

A political fool is a poor man always greatly concerned in and voting for the rich man's business.

That community wherein crime flourishes most is where the spoils of office have the greatest division.

It is said "it is an ill wind that blows no man good;" if you don't believe it, behold how the vegetarian smiles.

Brains and money, has, does and will ever rule the world either to perpetuate the liberties of man or to destroy the Government.

Society is a sort of a hypodrome where dishonor and cupidity drives for the prize, and the impoverished multitude cheer the performance.

1902. All manner of slavery in this age is traceable to ignorance in some form, for ignorance will ever occupy the smoker on the train of progress.

In all the ages past a very few men have been willing to do the thinking for the masses, and they still, like dogfennel exist under the hoof of travel.

The kind of politics that teaches that for the Government to uphold the rich, and the rich will take care of the poor, is a fine scheme for hawks, but hard on the doves.

When justice is ignored and the voice of pity is stifled, and virtue becomes an article of commerce, then it is that conscience is made to attend the funeral of the soul.

The suggestion that "the masses have not independence enough to do their own thinking" is a good one, provided proof of the existence of the "thinker" can be produced.

Science discovers truth through the known fact that one truth will fit every other truth; and a lie is made manifest by its inability to fit another lie, however ingenious its author.

Some reform movements, after they have made up their committees, remind us that there are too many Generals and Colonels for the number of privates—they seem to be class conscious.

Liberty, Freedom and "Free Trade" depends on the word "free" for an advertisement for scraps left over after trusts, combines, monopolies and mergers get through working for the "dear people."

The laborer and the capitalist were never friends, for greed recognizes no law. Cupidity sheds no tears of sympathy, being heartless and soulless; it thrives best when pale faced want makes its sacrifice for bread.

Ignorance and superstition are twins, born of the same parents, who lived along the dark horizon that hung over the chaotic period when confusion peopled the earth and sky with evil spirits and warped the brain of the infant world.

Poverty often leads to drunkenness, but drunkenness is the highway to poverty: want opens the door and want closes it, leaving behind a cemetery through which the ghosts of the damned nightly howl their anathema to the unhumanity of man.

A private soldier is very private: he retires in private to the Soldiers home, draws a private pension and is privately buried; while the General gets big pay and a big pension and his widow draws five thousand per year, dresses in silks and travels in Europe: thus do things private make public things, and things public.

Our republic has the ballot box for the Ark of the Covenant, and here we must meet God and man and build for the future, or else take up the march and hasten back to barbaric night where lost liberty sinks into oblivion and hope drops into the ocean of dead thought, and the howling winds sweep over and over the ashes of a dead republic.

A lie is the evidence of weakness, and is a full blooded child of theft; lives in a clouded brain; struts in ignorance; weeds on the waste matter of civilization and is often found in high places clad in the robes of piety; it flourishes best during the political campaign. The politician is its daddy, the party devotee its agent, the fool its victim, violence its fruit, and hell its reward.

Monopoly, combines, mergers and trusts are all children of cupidity born of the harlot of greed, schooled in violence. They laugh at the tear on the cheek of unpaid labor; they defy all law; they fear not God, neither consider the rights of man. "Partisan spirit" their foundation, political idolaters their means to an end, and the continual ignorance of the masses their hope of perpetuity.

## LOVE IS A POISON TO SOME.

Comtesse D'Alencourt in Paris, France, by Telegraph.

HUS say Professors Fere and Fleury, two well known Paris hospital doctors, who, like Dr. Emila Laurent, medical superintendent of prisons, made love their special study for many years. With ten thousand patients to practice on—lovesick people from all classes of society and of all ages—they diagnosed the case to a certainty and at last, having gathered all needed facts and proofs, are ready to submit their discovery to the scientific world according to Aesculapian practice.

Love is caused by a bacillus—it's in the atmosphere, the water, the soil, but, like other bacilli, it attacks people only when they have reached a certain, or rather uncertain, age.

As one may have measles at 16 or at 55, so one may "catch" love while in short frocks and knickerbockers, or when the hair is white and the step uncertain. When old folks take a disease like measles, that, in the nature of things, is a malady for youngsters, it generally goes hard with them; some die, others become morally or mentally crippled for the rest of their life. That the poison of love prevailing ancient hulks usually has similarly deplorable after-effects needs no argument in this age.

MM. Fere and Fleury have incorporated their findings and opinions in two remarkable books called (in French) "The Pathology of the Emotions" and "The Medical Side of the Passion of Love," respectively. The volumes are announced to appear within a fortnight and are sure to make a profound sensation the world over.

While the ethics of the profession forbid the issuing of advance sheets of medical books, Prof. Fleury was good enough to grant your correspondent a lengthy interview, in which he explained his discovery fully.

"Love is a poison, a slow, seductive, malignant poison. I say so despite the fact that poets and others, have called love nectar and ambrosia for time immemorial," said the professor by way of introduction.

"According to my investigations, in which I am backed up by Prof. Fere, poets and romancers have no business with love whatever—love is simply a pathological subject which was treated altogether too long from its emotional, tragical or comical side, or from its moral or immoral aspects.

"That in this Twentieth century of ours love is still regarded as a harmless, or harmful diversion, is one our most dangerous inheritances fostered and kept alive by polite literature. As a matter of fact, love should be under the control of the health board, possessing full police authority, for, in the contradiction of all previous writings on the subject, M. Fere and myself, after investigating love from every conceivable standpoint, found it to be nothing short of a disease.

"It's undoubtedly caused by a poison—that the individual organism or bacillus that does the destructive work has not yet been found, does not count for much from the standpoint of medical science. Medical science has not produced the cancer bacillus either, yet no one doubts that cancer is a poisonous growth and disease.

"The 'Pathology of Emotions' and 'The Medical Side of the Passion of Love' treat this new-old disease entirely from the medical standpoint, giving an analysis of its sources, and describing the mechanism of the disease, diagnosis, prognosis and possible cure—the whole process."

Your correspondent reminded the professor that some poets do not refer to love as a disease.

"My colleague and I read and re-read everything written on the subject by great thinkers and by polite writers," replied M. Fleury. "The nearest poets ever got to the truth was in Stendhal's 'Coup de Foudre' and in Alphonse Daudet's 'Sappho.' Stendhal, with rare medical acumen, likens love to the physical process of crystallization, a process that under certain conditions, may be terminated by a sudden impulse.

"Daudet's picture gives still more pathological aspects. His Hero's passion for an unworthy creature exhibits all the symptoms of a case of poisoning; like a malignant fever, the disease steadily increases and finally kills both parties.

"Here is the pathological side of the case in a nutshell:

"At first Sappho displeases him, just as initial doses of nicotine poison are rejected by the healthy stomach.

"But he gets used to her—as the stomach gets used to the tobacco poison; her charms embrace him, as, etc., etc.

"He gets used to her and finally can't do without her—just as the smoker can't do without his cigar or pipe. Sappho and her lover despise each other, their life is spent in constant fighting and nagging. So, in his heart of hearts, the smoker despises the weed that enslaves him and makes him obnoxious to his wife or lady-love perhaps.

"Daudet's hero is ready to commit any act of indecency, to lower himself in his own eyes in order to possess Sappho, while he knows that she will poison his life, just as the cigarette fiend knows that the poison he puts in his stomach and introduces into his lungs will eventually kill him.

"But why carry the comparison further? Any-one taking up Daudet's great book and reading the

features pointed out alongside a medical report on cases of alcoholism or morphinism, will be convinced of the perfect identity of the poisons of love and alcohol and morphine.

"As thousands of hospital cases and cases in daily life show, to be in love is to be ill, to be poisoned. The person in love is 'crazy' to be forever in the society of the loved one; he suffers most acutely under the effects of the poison when she is absent, and when she comes, doesn't feel much better. His logging isn't filled; he doesn't feel free to act as good sense and his interests dictate.

"Generally speaking, the symptoms of the poison of love are almost identical with those called forth by morphine. The morphinist, like the love-poisoned man or woman, cannot live without the drug; in his eyes the drug is the dearest thing in the wide, wide world. He is unhappy without it, and unhappier still after applying it. The drug exercises ever increasing power over him, it's a most exacting mistress, though no less exacting than the girl we love.

"Love robs us of our will power; so does morphine; so does alcohol. Morphine kills many a man or woman, but its poison is no more dangerous, albeit more apparent, than love's.

"Indeed, the ways of the love-poison are analogous to those of many diseases treated in clinical lectures day by day.

"Like alcoholism, ether-mania and morphine-mania, love frequently leads to maniacal intoxication; the criminal columns of the daily newspaper tells its story. I recall the cigarette-fiend-murders, of which you had quite a lot in the United States in late years. Undeveloped medical science and still more undeveloped newspaper and public opinion, laid the blame on nicotine—our discoveries point to the fact that love, in conjunction with nicotine or alcohol, is the very hotbed of crimes of passion.

"There is good wine, calling forth pleasant sensations, wine that gives wings to genius; there is fusel that drives men and women mad, brutalizes them. There are also two kinds of love."

"A joyous and healthy love, the young love that makes life worth living, and the sorry, degenerate love, that doesn't know smiles and is productive only of tears and trouble.

But it is not the prohibitionists alone who say that good wine, like bad wine, is a poison. The bacillus of love, if it strikes at the right season, under favorable circumstances as to bodily health, age and fortune, may confer incalculable benefits. In a good many cases, it does, thank the Lord. The trouble is we doctors see little of such. "Genuine love is happiness; to conceive a mere animal passion for another person is to be unhappy. The first is good wine, the other vile, maddening fusel.

"A victim of alcohol poison who had lost the sense of hearing by the misuse of stimulants said to his physician: 'To hear was good, it gave me wonderful joy to hear the birds sing and my friends talk, to listen to plays and operas, but it wasn't as good as the bottles I used to drain.

"After the victim of alcohol poison, let the love-poisoned person speak. The following is from one of Bourget's novels: 'I know I will be unhappy with her, but prefer to be unhappy with her to being happy with another.'

"Long-haired musicians have always exercised a certain influence over womankind. As far as his female audiences are concerned, Paderewski, for instance, draws certainly as many dollars by the length of his hair as by the ends of his fingers. Why?

Long hair is a most efficient disease carrier, so much so, that in some countries physicians are required to wear their hair and short beard to minimize the danger of transferring bacilli of contagion from one sick room to another.

"As to our virtuosos, they are, one and all, excellent business men, even if they don't look it. They affect, or feel, warm sentiments for their chief supporters, women; it's easy to see how the love bacillus may be transferred from them to their female admirers by way of the long hair.

"Here is a case of sudden poisoning by love:

"Not so many years ago I was required, as medical director of the Paris hospitals, to attend to the case of a beautiful American girl, who, in broad daylight, had thrown herself upon the neck of Pranzini, the strong man, the same who was executed for murder.

"The pair met in a crowd at a street corner, flirted, exchanged a few words, and the thing was done. Embracing him, she cried: 'Take me away; I love you.'

"Her father brought her to me without delay, and after a week or so of kind treatment she returned to America as the promised bride of one of her countrymen, to whom she had become engaged soon after leaving my institute. Their married life is a model one I hear, founded on genuine love, love not due to a poisonous growth like that Pranzini incident.

"The ways of love-bacillus are many. Look at the outward demonstrations of love-making: Pressing of hands, kisses. The parties dine together, drink and eat ice cream together, sing together, closely sit together, nothing easier but that the bacillus of love wanders from one to the other.

In my hospital experiences, I listen to many a lover's tale of woe that reads like the confession of an opium-eater," continued Prof. Fleury.

"The man of principle approaches the woman without principles, out of curiosity first he doesn't feel exactly right when he seeks the introduction.

"It's the same with the first pipe of opium. It causes nausea, headaches; the would-be fiend is half inclined to give up, just like the man suffering from the initial stages of love-sickness. But they have told him so much of her wit and charms; she is 'such a good fellow,' the pipe has such wonderful delights in store for him. He visits the lady a second time, he tries again. And he is again disappointed. Still it is not so bad as he thought at first. He can understand now why others succumbed to the fascination of the woman and of the pipe.

"After that the woman and the pipe have half won the battle. The poison quiets his nerves and again excites them; he is experiencing new, heretofore unknown sensations. A strange power has taken hold of him; the woman (and the drug) triumph over his will power; they assume to lead him, to determine his future, to play Providence and smile away his troubles.

"The poor fool thinks himself supremely happy because he has become irresponsible; fortune empties the horn of plenty into his lap, he need only to stretch out his hand to become a Croesus."

"Some unbidden friend or relative offers interference. 'Take a care, we know what such passions lead to! This woman will drag you down—the pipe will be your ruin.'

"Of course the lover, the dreamer, gets angry. As if he wasn't man enough to throw off a passion at the right moment, when it threatens to become overpowering.

"Our hero determines to hide his infatuation, to henceforth deceive his friends and himself. The beloved girl is spirited away to some secure nook where intruders need not be feared. The opium fiend no longer visits the well-known haunts, he takes the drug home and smokes it in secret.

"Moments of disillusion are now frequent. The woman is no longer the angel she first seemed; a little research shows that all authorities agree, that opium is the stuff that crazes and kills. But never mind, he will get rid of her tomorrow—this is positively the last pipe.

"Tomorrow never comes, for inclination has gradually developed into a habit—a habit which is fatal to the will—a disease and a master at the same time.

"The infatuated man (the opium-eater, respectively) neglects his friends and his family, he invents daily new excuses for avoiding those who have claims upon his love or society. Ah, at last he is alone, no annoying visitors, no disturbing conversation, no impertinent questions. Now a pipe—in a few minutes its smoke will make him forget all troubles that ever beset him. But yesterday's dose will no longer suffice. To forget, to enjoy, he must increase it day by day.

"Love's poison works similar havoc: The passion which seemed insignificant at the beginning, little by little undermined the foundation of his natural instincts. At first he was content with an hour per week; now he must see her daily, hourly.

"This opium, love's passion, becomes the great necessity of many a man's life. He cannot do without it, he must see her or die. He can neither eat nor drink, nor sleep, without the stimulant; he has no other ambition than to be her slave.

"Will power is dead, memory is dying, family, love has evaporated. 'How he is aging,' says his friends.

"The end—everybody knows that. All poisons, taken in sufficient quantities, produce death."

Prof. Fleury concluded as follows: "A hundred years ago Hufeland said: 'The question of sex is the most important of all social problems.' Tolstoi recently warned the world against love's poison. It behooves medical science to furnish the facts."

Much surprise is expressed that Senator Morgan, who delivered a speech upon the Philippine bill on Thursday and in favor of its passage, voted on Tuesday against its passage. The surprise was greater because the senator voted with the Republicans first, last and all the way through, upon all the amendments to the bill. We have seen no explanation of this conduct, but can imagine that the senator, knowing the bill would pass anyway, preferred to align himself with his party associates, the Democrats, on the final vote. There is very little doubt that Morgan, as the defender of the civil government, was the strutsman; Morgan, as the voter against that bill, was the party man.—Mobile Register.

Now that Edgar S. Wilson has made his wife a deputy in his office (United States marshal for the southern district of Mississippi) he should make haste to apologize to Anse McLauria for criticizing his acts of nepotism during the latter's incumbency of the governor's office.—Greenwood Commonwealth.

The present strength of the army in the Philippines is about 31,700 men. The changes made by a new order will reduce it to about 25,000 men, or rather more than one-third of the entire army. Regiments now there are to be brought home shortly, however, so that the strength in the islands may be placed at about one-third of the force.

England is receiving much praise for the generosity of her peace terms regardless of the fact that the terms were made by the Boers.