

## The Guano Note and the Farmer

Athens, Ga., Oct. 22, 1914.

**D**EAR SIR: Your guano note is now due and this is the year of all years when you should do your part and your part is to sell enough cotton to pay off your guano note.

It looks hard to have to sell your cotton now, but what will make cotton go up? What will you gain by holding it?

When our cotton mills get what cotton they need who can take this other cotton? Europe can take some, but do you think she can take much?

The cotton you sell now to pay your guano note may be the highest price cotton you sell.

Do you realize that the farmers are suffering from the results of this WAR less than almost any other class of people? Manufacturing plants are closing down and employees are losing their positions. The railroads have had to turn off hundreds of hands and those people have not any wheat in their barns or any pigs in their pens.

Our obligations are pressing us and we need funds to meet them. Please favor us by attending to your note promptly, and oblige.

Yours very truly,  
HODGSON COTTON COMPANY.

So much for the guano note. Now comes the Farmer:

Farmington, Ga., Oct. 21, 1914.

Hodgson Cotton Co.,  
Athens, Ga.

Gentlemen: Yours of the 22nd to hand. So kind of you to condescend to tell us fool farmers just what our duty is, and what we ought to do. (Then wind up with the usual selfish thought sneaking out, "because it will benefit me.")

This spring when others were pricing lower than your people, you stated, through your agents, "that you were in the business for the money, and when you couldn't get your profit, you wouldn't sell it." Well, that was alright, good business—and I never heard of any farmer writing you to the contrary or offering any advice—you attended to your own business. Then my friends, will you not allow us the same privilege which is our just rights?

There are too many people always ready to bank on the farmer and tell him what to do. All farmers are not entirely immune from intelligence. "Every house has its black sheep."

As to the probable price of cotton, that's a question of speculation with all human beings, though there's a certainty, none of us are going without clothes, consequently, will consume cotton as heretofore. If Europe's mills cannot furnish her people these goods, they must come here for them.

As to our guano cotton bringing the best price, of course it would seem that way to you. You should recollect we are on the other side of this question, hence give us the benefit thereof.

Then you come down to the shallow question about farmers being the least sufferers. Do I realize it? No indeed, and neither do you. If you apply good hard sense to the question, even a person of ordinary intelligence should observe at a glance to the contrary.

Does not the entire South depend, to a very great extent upon her agricultural interest for her trade balance? Certainly she does, and more, cotton maintains the balance of trade for these United States.

Then certainly when the cotton producer suffers, it is passed on down through the ranks, and when it is as deep seated as this seems to be, it will go to the last man.

Even granting that these other

laborers whom you mention are deprived of their wheat in barns, and pigs in pens, is that any consolation to us? You know very well none of this was given us.

If the guano people had wanted to help us so badly, why did you not offer, as others, whose profit is smaller than your own, to take cotton at ten cents?

Again, why do you charge us higher prices for meal and hulls, and pay less for seed, the one increases as the other decreases?

In September when the ginning season opened up, some of our patriotic men took into consideration the circumstances, and cut their ginning rates to 20 cents per 100, while you stated, "we won't cut a cent, let them carry it somewhere else if they want to," (and they did.) But thanks to our leveled heads, you were forced down or quit.

Yes sir, you own a ginnyery and an oil mill within a mile of my home, and I am acquainted with these facts which I have mentioned.

Now in conclusion will say, I have always paid my guano notes. Only last season I borrowed money and am paying interest on it today, to pay you up, this time the circumstances are quite different, for which I am not responsible, and I'm going to take this into consideration, even though you do not.

I will pay you when I can.

Yours very truly,  
ROGER M. ANDERSON.

There will be a man at every County Court House in Georgia, next Saturday, Oct. 31, to give out tickets to all voters who desire to vote the Progressive Party ticket.

WANTS TO REBUKE SENATOR SMITH FOR FAILURE OF COTTON LEGISLATION.

Boneville, Ga., Oct. 19, 1914.

Editor Chronicle:

Before the late primary and during the campaign which preceded, Hoke Smith said the Southern farmer can, and must, be protected. He claimed that he had plans by which the farmer was assured a good price for cotton: and he filled our minds with visions of 12 1-2 cent cotton. He was so busy perfecting plans in the interest of the South with reference to the great emergency brought about by the European war, that he did not have time to visit his State in the interest of his candidacy, but stayed in Washington currying all the favor he could by staying on the job. After the election was over, he found time to come away from his job and manipulate the Macon convention in the interest of Hardwick, who was wisely repudiated by the people at the polls. It was discovered that he had not been perfecting any plans for the relief of his constituency, but had been buncoing, deluding, and deceiving the people in order to gain their votes and win a nomination under false pretenses. This conduct on the part of Hoke fully absolves every voter in Georgia from any moral obligation to support him in the approaching election. Not only so, but inasmuch as one cannot vote for Hoke without indorsing his reprehensible methods, every principle of good, sound morals requires that we should vote against him and thereby administer the rebuke to him which he so richly deserves. I hope that you will publish this in the interest of fairness and the public weal. The sooner such men as Hardwick and Hoke are repudiated, the better for our panic-stricken section.

C. ROSS WALL.

There will be a man at every County Court House in Georgia, next Saturday, Oct. 31, to give out tickets to all voters who desire to vote the Progressive Party ticket.

Read Foreign Missions Exposed, by Thos. E. Watson. Beautifully printed. Profusely illustrated. Price 30 cents. The Jeffs, Thomson, Ga.

## His Father Owned Atlanta, and Swapped It For a Blaze-Faced Pony.

**D**EAR SIR: Here comes a few lines from an old Texas Cow Puncher. You will find it badly composed, as Cow Punchers as a rule don't understand using the pen and ink and the dictionary like the people of the present date do, but we do know how to handle the lariat rope and a broncho horse, the branding iron and Winchester.

Bro. Watson, I won't attempt to write how well I appreciate reading the Jeffersonian. I get it once a week and only wish it was a daily paper. I certainly enjoy reading the correspondence you get from different points in Georgia. I love to hear the name Georgia. My father was born and raised in Dekalb County, Georgia. He came to Texas in the thirties, leaving Atlanta.

At the time he left there, it was a very small town. He owned 135 acres, and as I understand, the heart of Atlanta is located on it. He gave the 135 acres for a little blaze-face pony, mare, and tied her behind a tar pole wagon and pulled out for Texas, he landed in Henderson, Ruck County, Texas, settling there and raising a family of eight children. I am the third youngest and am sixty years old.

My history of Texas would make a pretty good book, but I will not venture at this writing to tell you my experience in Texas, however, I will tell you why I began taking the Jeffersonian. I have a dear old friend here named J. O. Wiggins, who was born in Alabama sixty-two years ago, coming to Texas when quite a lad and gained the title of an old Cow Puncher; he was taking the Jeffersonian and about eight months ago gave me two or three copies, and I read them and became so delighted over your way and method of handling the political pot in general and the Leo. Frank case, and the Roman Catholics and the Hog-eye Man, in fact, your method of handling everything just suits me to a T. I argue and talk Tom Watson so much that my friends call me Tom Watson. I tell them I consider it a great honor; for I consider you the greatest man I know of in the United States, and only wish today you were President of our United States.

I wish you were here in San Antonio with your press, as this is a splendid field to gather Catholic dope, as you no doubt know, this is a great Catholic town, as we have a great many Mexicans; especially since the Mexican war broke out. The town is also full of priests and nuns coming from Mexico here. They go in droves here and remind

me of a drove of Jacks and Jennies.

Bro. Watson, advise through your paper what they have done with the Frank case; as I am very anxious to know that that brutal murderer gets justice. I am enclosing you a clipping from the San Antonio Daily Light giving an account of a preliminary trial of Victor Innes and his wife charged with killing the two Nelms sisters of Atlanta. What do you think of such a trial? It sounds funny to me, in a civilized country. Well, I will ring off, but I could fill the Jeffersonian.

Wishing you much success and a long life.  
Yours very truly,  
Texas. W. M. CROW.

(Comment.)

Mr. Crow's letter is very interesting. Texas has so many Georgians who love our good old State that when I was out there on a speaking tour in 1896 I felt quite at home.

It's mighty pleasant to have such a testimonial to our paper, on which we do at least six days' work every week.

When my beloved pastor gets after me about not coming to church, my excuse is that I am a preacher myself, and some of my Halleluyah licks are hammered out on Sunday.

The swapping of the 135 acres of land for the blaze-face pony reminds me that the land on which Nashville, Tennessee, is built was exchanged for a cow-bell.

In those days when cattle roamed at large in the woods, a bell was valuable property: it advertised the whereabouts of the herd.

I hope that Mr. Crow never grieved much over his trade. If all that the newspapers are saying about certain parts of Atlanta is true, I'd rather own a decent pony now, than to own those parts of Atlanta.

What's especially queer is, that some of the most eminently respectable people in the cities are the owners of these vice dens, which are the plague spots of Christian civilization.

Need I say that the eminently respectable Pharisees go to church regularly, sit close to the pulpit, and speak out loud for Foreign Missions?

The Pharisee type is about the same that it was in the days of Christ.

Elsewhere, I answer Mr. Crow's inquiry about the Frank case.

T. E. W.

## ECZEMA

IS CURABLE. Write me today and I will send you a free trial of my mild, soothing guaranteed treatment that will prove it. Stops the itching and heals permanently. DR. CANNADAY, 793 Park Square, Sedalia, Missouri.



DROPSY TREATED, usually gives quick relief, soon removes swelling & short breath, often gives entire relief in 15 to 25 days. Trial treatment sent Free. Dr. THOMAS E. GREEN, Successor to Dr. H. H. Greens Sons, Box 6, Atlanta, Ga.

## The Roman Catholic Hierarchy

A book which is the result of years of study

By Thos. E. Watson

Contains historical data showing the evolution of the Papacy, and its adoption of Pagan ceremonies and rites.

It cites Roman Catholic theological authorities, whose instructions to priests as to questions to be asked women caused Mr. Watson to be indicted.

Richly illustrated

Third Edition

PRICE, \$1.00

The Jeffersonian Publishing Company

Thomson, - Georgia



### The Frank Case and the Innes-Nelms Cases.

IN the very interesting letter which my Texas friend W. M. Crow writes to The Jeffersonian (see another page) he asks about the Frank case and encloses a clipping which tells of the Innes-Nelms cases.

The Supreme Court has not yet passed upon the motion to set aside the verdict, on the ground that Frank was not present when the verdict was brought into court by the jury.

There is no law that regulates the details of criminal trials. Much is left to the discretion of the court, and more is left to custom.

The trial must be public, and the accused has a right to be confronted with the witnesses who testify against him: therefore by necessary implication, rather than by statutory enactment, it is his right to be present at all stages of the trial.

But suppose the accused were to retire temporarily from the court room, for some necessary purpose, while one of his own witnesses was on the stand, or one of his attorneys addressing the court, would that absence of the defendant nullify a verdict? Certainly not.

He could not take advantage of a *voluntary act* of that sort. Just as a defendant can waive a preliminary trial, and waive arraignment, he can waive his right to *twelve* jurors. He can waive jury trial, itself; and he can waive a legal objection to any juror who has qualified on the usual examination (*voir dire*.)

In the olden times, it was not the right of the accused to face the witnesses against him, nor to have compulsory process to bring his own witnesses to court, nor to be represented by a lawyer.

In Crown cases, the defendant was not always present. He made his statement, and was taken back to the Tower, or to whatever prison he was being held in.

The statutes and constitutional provisions now made in behalf of defendants were intended to soften the old law.

There used to be 114 crimes, some of which were trivial, that were punished by death.

At that time, a prisoner could be tortured to force a confession. Our law now goes to the opposite extreme, and does not allow the State to even ask him a question concerning his own statement to the jury.

This is absurd. No innocent man could possibly object to being questioned, when he volunteers to make a statement about the case.

To allow a guilty man to fabricate a statement which he knows cannot be picked to pieces with questions, is a privilege which screens crime and defeats justice.

By being present when the jury returns its verdict into the court-room, the defendant reaps but one benefit: he can "poll the jury." That is, he can demand that each of the twelve be asked if *that is his* verdict. *There is no statute law for this.* It is a custom coming to us by common law.

In a practise extending over 25 years, I have known the jury polled but *once*, and I have never even heard of a juror that repudiated the verdict. In other words the polling of the jury is not considered worth the time it takes to do it. Else, it would be done, often.

Now, in my judgment, a defendant can waive his right to poll the jury, just as he can waive his right to be tried by a jury.

He can do this by his silence, when present; and he can do it by a *voluntary* absence, when he knows that the verdict is about to be handed in. Of course, he can do it by express agreement.

As a general rule, and where the law does not say to the contrary, the attorneys of record can make any waiver for their client that he

himself can make. Just as the attorneys waive the arraignment, copy of the indictment, &c., they waive the polling of the jury, when they are present and do not exercise that right.

The attorneys decide whether the defendant is to make a statement, and they decide whether they will poll the jury. In fact, it is considered so useless, that the formality is almost obsolete, like the prisoner's dock, the kissing of the Bible, the black cap of the judge, and the sword of the sheriff.

If Frank's absence was due to his own voluntary act, or to that of his attorneys, who then represented him and who continued to represent him, then in my judgment he waived his right to be present.

The fact that a different firm of lawyers was employed to make this point, after his regular counsel, Arnold and Rosser, had exhausted their resources in two motions for a new trial, is another ugly feature of this extremely horrible case.

Another view of the matter is this:

Before sentence is passed upon the defendant found guilty, the judge asks him to stand up—although there is no law for making him rise from his seat.

I imagine that *the reason* of the old custom was one of identification, similar to standing while being arraigned.

Having caused the convicted person to stand up in open court, the judge asks him—"What have you to say why sentence should not now be passed upon you?"

There is no law for this question: it is a custom handed down from generation to generation.

What was the original purpose of the formality? Undoubtedly, it was to allow the defendant to make any point *that would arrest the judgment*, or lighten the sentence.

Our law governing motions for new trials is broad and liberal: the defendant is not estopped by his silence (when called up for sentence) from basing his motion on anything in the record: it is assumed that all parties are aware of such errors as may be in the record.

But it seems to me that a plea personal to the defendant—such as his not being present when the verdict was brought in—would be waived by his failing to make it when the judge asked him if "he had anything to say *why* sentence should not be pronounced."

The law annuls a verdict where one juror is tainted, but does it upon the idea that *his* vote may have caused the verdict, or that his influence may have tainted the whole panel. The law never voids a trial without something having been done which may have caused the final result, and without which the result might have been different.

Some substantial right must have been denied the defendant—something which, being denied him, *deprived him of the due process of law*.

In the Frank case, his lawyers could have asked that the jury be polled, and it would necessarily have been done. Frank's presence was not essential. Neither Frank nor his lawyers could have questioned the jurors. The judge himself usually does it. The clerk calls each name, and the judge asks the juror, as he responds to his name,

"Is that your verdict?"

The juror answers, "Yes," and that is all—unless one of them should say, "No."

In that event there would be a pretty kettle of fish, calling for more talk, and further procedure.

### The Innes-Nelms Cases.

In the San Antonio Daily Light, there is an account of the agreement between District Attorney Linden and Innes' lawyer, Judge Ward.

There are four indictments for murder against Victor Innes, and four against his wife. Yet the agreed bonds will be \$1,000

in each case for Innes, and \$500 for his wife.

Bonds amounting to \$6,000 for two white people, charged in eight indictments with conspiracy to murder two white girls, and with actually murdering them, seems incredible to a Georgia lawyer.

The San Antonio paper makes no mention of Sanguinary Smith, the Atlanta lawyer and rapid-fire expert—whose wife and children were sent off as a stern preparation for the slaughter of the Atlanta mob.

Nor does the San Antonio paper mention Burns, the Great Detective, of the Automatic pistol.

I must say that the beginning of the Innes-Nelms case strikes me as peculiar, and I will endeavor to keep up with it—if Sanguinary Smith has no serious objections.

As Burns got Smith's help in the Frank case by promising to help Smith on the Nelms case, the question begins to arise as to whether either Burns or Smith accomplished anything by the trade.

When the blind lead the blind, and one broken reed leans on another, &c.

### Here Is Where I Demand the Use of a U. S. Battleship.

IT never occurred to me, until a few days ago, that The Jeffersonian Publishing Company needed a battleship in its business.

"Live and learn," as the old saying is; and I am trying to do both. Never intend to quit either, until I am obliged to.

Last week I read in the New York World—a great Democratic daily paper—where the managers of that enterprising periodical had applied to Josephine Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, for the use of a war vessel.

The World wants it for the purpose of sending Christmas presents to Europe.

The circulation of the World is not what it once was, and the brilliant idea suggested itself to the management that a nation-wide movement for Christmas presents, with a U. S. battleship to carry them across the pool, would stimulate renewals and new subscriptions.

So the World began to make the usual Loud Noise which American charity is so fond of. It beat the tom-toms, blew the trumpets, clashed the cymbals, and turned the current on to the Calliope.

The din was deafening, but the object was attained. The World got co-operations, donations, congratulations, as per the custom when we Americans please the Grand Stand.

Instead of modestly chartering a tramp steamer, or paying freight in a British ship, the New York World looked Uncle Sam in the face, and requested the loan of a battleship.

Did you ever have a neighbor to ask you to lend him your automobile, or your milch cow, or your yard dog, or your grandfather's clock, or your kitchen stove, or your seed peas, or your favorite pipe?

Well, anyway, the New York World wrote a nice note to Josephine Daniels, requesting the loan of a war ship.

Without any hesitation whatever, Josephine wrote a nice note to the World, gladly promising the vessel.

What's the Constitution between friends? What has the law to do with it?

Ain't we all Democrats?

Hoots! Toots! What's the fun of having the Government in your hands, unless you can put it to some good use?

O what a glorious sight it will be to see one of our battleships loaded down with China dolls, pink-eyed stuffed dogs, pink balloons, little tin horns, little tin horses running away with little tin wagons, miniature airships, passenger trains and such.

I hope Admiral Dewey will be specially