

# 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 you 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 Halleluyahs 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.

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