

## The Hog-Eye Man, the Nigger in the Wood-Pile, the County-Unit Plan, and the Collar-less Hardwick.

IN Hoke Smith's virtuous and veracious account of his Stewardship, there are 300 words, 37 of which are "I," "me," and "my."

That's the Hog-eye man, all over.

When he came bally-hooting down to Georgia, last year, to address the legislature, it was the same way.

Smith's speech consisted of "myself," "I," "me," "my," "and a few others."

This year, we didnt seem to be able to prevail on him to leave Washington.

Goliath suddenly grew timid, and fond of staying inside the bomb-proof.

If the superior population of the big cities could rule the country counties (as they could and would do if the county-unit system were abolished,) *the State-wide prohibition law could be repealed; the educated negroes of the city could register, and kill that number of white votes in the country, and thus the bugaboo of NEGRO DOMINATION MIGHT BECOME AN ACTUAL FACT.*

Why did President Wilson, W. J. Bryan and other Democratic leaders surrender to the negro leaders in the campaign of 1912?

They confess the surrender, and are putting negroes in office, over white men and women, as a consequence of the secret surrender.

*Why was the surrender considered necessary?*

Because in Ohio, Illinois, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York, where they go by the popular vote plan, *instead of the county-unit plan, the negro vote of the big cities is the balance of power.*

The negro leaders are organized, and they maintain headquarters in Washington City. They can throw the negro vote either way, Republican, or Democratic.

Therefore, in each campaign they get up on the political auction-block and offer themselves for sale.

How much will the Republicans bid for the negro vote?

How much will the Democrats bid?

The highest bid having been received, the auction closes; and the head leaders in Washington send out their orders to the negro leaders of the States.

The Democratic leaders bought these negro leaders, in 1912, and *you are now paying the price.*

The Carpet-baggers of Reconstruction times did no worse than to put negroes in office, over the whites.

We got our County-unit plan by the Constitution of 1877. *Six of the biggest counties were given three times as much political power, apiece, as any small county was to have.*

Twenty-six of the next largest counties were to have, apiece, twice as much power as any small county should have. But after these 32 counties had been given that advantage, all the other counties should be equal.

**THAT'S THE COUNTY-UNIT PLAN.**

It is ours by law. It was given to us by our wisest law-makers, who made us a new Constitution to take the place of the one which the Carpet-baggers and the Negroes had put on us in 1868.

Under that new Constitution of 1877, the country counties had enjoyed the County-unit plan for more than 30 years, when Hoke Smith, a Carpet-bagger, stealthily knifed it, *by a Rule of his Executive Committee.*

The very day that I saw what Smith had done, I opened up the fight against him, and we beat him out of his boots in 1908.

After that he swore that he considered the County-unit plan settled; and he sent J. J. Brown to my house, on June 23, 1910, to

assure me most positively that he would never again attack the County-unit plan, but would respect the people's verdict as delivered at the polls in 1908.

Smith did not fool me in the least; and I told my friend Brown—who was ardently supporting Smith—that no man on earth could trust Smith; and that he, Brown, would find it out, in due time.

But I added that Smith would certainly have sense enough to let the County-unit plan alone, *after he had felt its strength, as he had done in 1908.*

It seemed to me that any man of ordinary intelligence would see the folly of *again attacking the country counties, and trying to rob them of political rights which they peacefully enjoyed for 30 years.*

I knew that Hoke Smith was an overrated saw-dust bag; but I *did* think he had sense enough to know a stone-wall, when he had *once* butted his thick head against it.

It never occurred to me that he would be conceited enough, and stupid enough, to butt the same head against the same wall, *twice.*

Therefore, as I had promised J. J. Brown, James K. Vardaman, and many others, to "hands off," in 1910, I kept my word, in spite of the asinine "break" that Smith made in attacking me at the eleventh hour of the campaign.

The attack was ignored.

The James K. Hines letter perfidiously deceived my friends, without my knowing that a man for whom we old Pops had done so much was betraying us to the Atlanta Journal crowd.

The candidacy of Mr. Walker drew off from us a few thousand votes.

The complicated pro-rata rules which the Hewlette-Hall Committee laboriously framed—God knows why! confused our people, and lost us many a vote.

In spite of all these disadvantages, Smith's "come back" rested upon the narrow margin of 1,600 votes.

This "close call" taught him nothing.

This purely accidental victory carried no warning.

His monumental conceit blinded him to the facts; and all of the malice, the vindictiveness, the Judas-traits of his nature, *which he had held in check for two years,* broke out with redoubled violence.

Because he had been compelled to wear the mask of meek hypocrisy, his arrogance at last was all the more haughty and intolerant.

The 93,000 Joe Brown Democrats had no rights: Smith rode over them like a regular Carpet-bag Czar.

The Convention was denied the right to offer an amendment to the platform, or to debate any question whatever unless Reub Arnold, the Chairman, consented.

The Smith delegates from the country counties were made to strike down their own County-unit plan, *without knowing what they were doing.*

Not until after the Convention adjourned, did those Smith delegates realize how Smith had misused their blind confidence in him.

Then Smith followed up his intoxicated arrogance by *sending the Atlanta Journal gang, HEADED BY SMITH'S CAMPAIGN MANAGER, H. Y. McCORD, to co-operate with Hardwick and the Sheriff of Washington County, to break up the magnificent meeting of ladies and gentlemen who had come at my invitation to hear my address in the Auditorium.*

I had paid the City of Atlanta \$75.00 for the hall, for that night, *it was my house.*

*If H. Y. McCord felt that he could not behave like a gentleman, THAT NIGHT, what business did he have at my house?*

The fact that Hardwick sneaked into that hall, under covering of Sheriff Moye and other half-drunken desperadoes, proves con-

clusively to any unprejudiced mind that *assassination was intended that night.*

The Carmack case was recent; and the position in Georgia was similar in some respects to the situation in Tennessee.

Carmack was the one man whom whom the Machine wanted out of the way.

And, as they could not get him out, any other way, they *shot* him out.

*Let H. Y. McCord explain why he co-operated with Hardwick that night!*

**LET HARDWICK EXPLAIN WHY HE CAME INTO MY HOUSE, THAT NIGHT, AND HID HIMSELF BEHIND TOBE MOYE AND HIS PALS.**

Had a row started, there is no telling how many innocent men and women, boys and girls, *my invited guests,* would have lost their lives in trying to escape from that enormous audience, through those few narrow doors.

*Let H. Y. McCord, Hoke Smith's campaign manager, explain why he co-operated with Hardwick that night!*

Let the Atlanta Journal—the Leo Frank champion—explain why it sent its gang to that meeting.

Let Hardwick, the fearless candidate for the United States Senate, explain why he was there!

He "never dodges an issue," he says: *let him meet this one.*

He "never trims his sails," he says: let us see whether he will, *on this.*

Do the people of Georgia want to elect a man to the highest House of the greatest law-making body the world ever saw, *when that man stealthily crept into another man's house, TO COMMIT MURDER?*

If cowardly assassination was not Hardwick's purpose, what *was* his purpose that night?

Only two or three men recognized him, and I had no idea that the dissipated little creature, *desperate from the exposure of his vices,* would come into a hall which I had hired.

He was wearing Hoke Smith's collar *then:* he is wearing it, *now.*

When he slunk into the Auditorium on the night of Sept. 2, 1910, he was co-conspirator with Hoke Smith, eager to do dirty work for the man whose collar he wears.

When he attacked the Parcels Post at the bidding of the Express Companiese, he was obeying the commands of his owners—Smith and the corporations.

When he assaulted the County-unit plan, in all the early speeches of this campaign, he was doing what his Boss had ordered him to do.

Georgians! Stand by your County-unit plan!

Don't let the political desperadoes, Smith and Hardwick, put the Big Cities in control over you.

Don't give the educated Negro the chance to register, and establish Negro Domination. **MAINTAIN WHITE SUPREMACY!**

And the bed-rock of White Supremacy in Georgia is

*The County-unit system.*

Your Uncle T. E. W. has no axe to grind, is not a candidate, and is not asking anything for himself.

His only purpose is, to serve the great mass of the common people, who have so often been deceived, cheated, chained, or made the football of greedy office-seekers.

When I supported Smith in 1906, my object was to disfranchise the Negro, and give white men the privilege to differ among themselves, without fearing that the Negro vote would umpire the dispute.

Life and Speeches of Thos. E. Watson will encourage every ambitious young man who has to struggle for success. Price 50c. The Jeffersonian Publishing Company, Thomson, Ga.