

NOTES ON GEORGIA POLITICS.

allegiance to the Pope, in all things, temporal and spiritual.

The priest who denies it, LIES!

The Jesuit's oath is far worse, and this hellish obligation was exposed in France, in the famous Lavalette case, just previous to our Revolutionary War.

The Jesuit who denies it, LIES!

The Ancient Order of Hibernians takes an oath of murder; and that oath has been exposed repeatedly in the court proceedings in Ireland, where this hellish secret order has tortured and killed Protestants, with all the fiendishness of the Dark Ages.

This same secret order committed the horrible murders in the Pennsylvania coal fields, a few years ago; and for that reason, Priest McDermott resigned, rather than join Archbishop Prendergast, of Philadelphia, in honoring these red-handed assassins.

The A. O. H. who denies it, LIES!

The 4th degree Knights of Columbus take an oath similar in all essential respects to those of the Jesuits, and A. O. H.

These 4th degree traitors and murderers have carried out their damnable oath wherever they could.

They assaulted the Methodist preacher, Hendry, on the streets of Jacksonville, cursed him vilely, and slapped his face, because he preached a Protestant sermon in his own church.

They broke into the room of the Baptist preacher, Spurgeon, in Denver, seized his person, dragged him out of the hotel, flung him into an automobile, carried him 20-odd miles, beat him to insensibility, and left him for dead, in the ditch.

They invaded the private room of William Black, in Marshal, Texas, ordered him to quit lecturing against Rome, and to leave town on the next train, and when he stood upon his rights as an American citizen, they fell upon him—four to one—and murdered him.

Riots, boycotts, threats, beatings, murders—this is the bloody record that the 4th degree K. of C. have already made; and yet the infamous liars have the brazen effrontery to tell the public that their only oath is one which binds them to be law-abiding citizens.

Why was an oath necessary to that?

Why was an inner fourth degree, necessary to that?

Why was any secret society necessary to that?

Those Augusta 4th degree Knights assured the public, two or three years ago, that their virtuous order had no military drill, no swords, no rifles!

At the Cardinal's harliquinade, pulled off in New York recently, the 4th degree traitors appeared in full military uniform, in military array, with burnished swords, and with glittering rifles!

I have had a cut made of the war-like array of these 4th degree liars, and will present it in our October magazine.

Not only did they belie the Augusta K. of C., as to the swords, guns, and military drill, BUT THEY DISPLAYED THE POPE'S FLAG ABOVE THE STARS AND STRIPES!

Don't waste a minute listening to any priest who denies those oaths: you can get the historic evidence, if you want it.

AT the close of a political campaign, it is interesting and instructive to look back, and survey the field that we have passed over. By doing this, we better understand what was the real issue, and who were on one side, when they pretended to be upon another.

Human memory is short and faulty: we remind a friend—or he reminds us—of some recent fact, bearing upon the whole situation, and the answer takes the form of the exclamation—

"That's so! I had forgotten it."

Now, let us calmly review the gubernatorial campaign. Although this paper may not reach you until after the winners and the losers are well known, the fight over the real issue will have just begun!

When Nat Harris announced for governor in 1914, there were two currents of feeling which commenced to flow, one against him, because he was known to be the most vacillating of men, who had resigned a brief judgeship, because of his constitutional inability to decide. Some men are that way, and can't help it; just as some men are cowards, and can't help it.

The other current of feeling was one of sympathy for an old Confederate soldier, who pleaded for one term, in order that he might "round out his career" with that supreme State-honor.

This is the literal truth, and it is wrong for Nathaniel to deny it. He knows, and I know, where there is proof on him—"in black and white," Colonel!—that he said he would be satisfied with one term.

After his inauguration, his constitutional infirmity made itself manifest. He couldn't decide. He was here, one day, and yonder, the next. The last bunch of men that got around him, controlled him. Finally, when they pushed him, and pulled him, back and forth, as to what he would include in his "Emergency" call, the old man went to pieces, fairly turned tail, and ran off to his "Summer Home," in Tennessee!

You had forgotten it, hadn't you?

The whole State was talking about it. The men who had elected him were ashamed and demoralized.

After the Hegira to Tennessee was completed, the old Colonel mozed back to Atlanta, and fell supinely into the hands of those who have been the real governors ever since.

And when at length he declared his purpose to run again, he meandered around for weeks, making speeches that were as lacking in definite expression or vital issues, as the arid desert is of watermelons.

Where did he stand on the Ten Commandments? He favored them. Where did he stand on the Lord's Prayer? He was for it. Where did he stand on the Law of Georgia? He demanded its enforcement, to the end that mobs, riots, and lynchings be left without provocation or excuse, forever and forever.

Where did he stand on the sale of the State's railroad?

He didn't stand, at all. He didn't even sit down, and stay "sot." He wobbled and he floundered; he winked and he blinked; he said some things against the sale and some things for it; he saw two sides to the question, and didn't know which was which; he watched the cat, to see how it would jump, and thought hard of the cat, because it was so long in jumping.

Not until Hugh Dorsey shot his bolt, declaring against either sale, or parallel, and in favor of running the line to deep water at

both ends, did Nat Harris quit carrying pails on both shoulders.

The moment the L. & N. crowd heard that dynamic proposition, to run a State-owned Railroad to the Tennessee River at one end, and to the St. Mary's at the other, the Hamp McWhorters, the King and Spaldings, the Milton Smiths, the Asa Candler, and the tax-dodging patriots of the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce, realized that commerce could be controlled and freight rates reduced, by governmental ownership, vested in the State, and tapping the vast traffic on the Northwestern Rivers, on the Great Lakes, in the imperial Mississippi Valley, in the Gulf of Mexico, and in both Oceans.

It is a gorgeous, inspiring prospect and possibility; and I am working toward it, as I have been doing for 26 years—GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP of Rivers, Harbors, and National railways!

Now, when Dorsey got into the race, with me behind him, there wasn't a railroad manager, from New York to Savannah, who didn't realize that he had a fight on his hands!

Milton Smith, of the L. & N. realized it—AND ASA CANDLER IS THE L. & N. BOSS, IN GEORGIA.

Controlling Director in the Nashville, Chattanooga, & St. Louis Railroad, Asa Candler is virtually the present Lessee of the State Road. But the L. & N. owns the N. C. & St. Louis, and therefore Asa Candler is right in with the sharks who want your State Road.

Mayor of Atlanta—at a cost of not less than \$100,000—Asa Candler bosses the Democratic machinery through his advertising manager, Mr. St. Elmo Massengale.

Boss of Atlanta, boss of the Democratic machinery, boss of the Lessees, uncle to the controlling member that Governor Harris put upon the W. & A. Commission, and one of the L. & N. bosses who are hell-bent on sharking your State Road, ASA CANDLER'S POSITION IN THE GUBERNATORIAL CAMPAIGN becomes a point of vast importance.

Who is he for?

He is for Nat Harris!

And yet the L. & N. papers and speakers flooded the State with lies, trying to convince the people, that Dorsey was the L. & N. man!

What L. & N. man is for Hugh Dorsey? Not one.

Where is the L. & N. man that is not for Harris—who, according to Joe Pottle, "is in his dotage?"

If Cousin Joe doesn't know the mental condition of John Slaton's "Uncle Nat," nobody does. Judging from some of Slaton's uncle's speeches, I think Hardwick's cousin's estimate of Nathaniel's mind, is about correct.

Any lawyer who soberly tells the people of Georgia that Stripling had the right to hunt for a man "all day long," and then shoot him in the back, because of an alleged insulting letter, must be "in his dotage."

And to make the thing more comical—if tragedy can be comical—old Nat says that Stripling's lawyer got drunk, and lost the letter!

The letter, of course, would have fully justified the cold, premeditated, dastardly, mid-night assassination.

Slaton should not allow his Uncle Nat to flutter his tongue in that feeble manner: it argues dotage, advancing rapidly.

Still, I wouldn't have said it, if Cousin Joe hadn't first expressed his opinion. Being so close to Slaton's "Uncle," Joseph confirmed my own suspicions.

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THOMSON, GA., SEPTEMBER 14, 1916.

"Watch the line-up!"

Where are *all* the L. & N. sharks?

They are all trying to devour Dorsey.

Why? BECAUSE THEY CAN'T DEVOUR THE STATE ROAD, IF DORSEY IS GOVERNOR!

That's the key to the campaign, and that's the real bone of contention.

The *Catholic Chronicle*, of Augusta, is rabidly against Dorsey, foaming with hydrophobia, as it denounces him; and the *Catholic Chronicle* is for Slaton, and his "Uncle Nat."

The *Catholic Telegraph* is hysterically wrought up against Hugh Dorsey, and declares that Hugh "*will never be governor of Georgia.*"

When a Canadian comes down among us crackers, to escape military duty in the service of his King and Country, he should measure his words more carefully.

The L. & N. Railroad organ, engaged in the Slaton "come back," states that "*Dorsey will never be governor of Georgia,*" and it reminds us painfully of the fact that the same thing was said by the L. & N. papers of Kentucky, when Goebel was the Democratic candidate.

Those L. & N. papers prophesied that "Goebel will never be governor of Kentucky," and he never was.

Why? Because as he passed along the street, on his way to be inaugurated, he was foully shot down, by L. & N. partisans, *conceded in the rooms of the capitol building.*

If anything like that should happen to Dorsey, it will be wise in George Long to run out of this State, at least as fast as he left Canada.

It would also be discreet for Slaton to go on to New York, and take that place they hold for him in the law-offices of Kuhn, Loeb & Co.

John Slaton and his friend Hearst will not accomplish any good result by their repeated efforts to foist a rotten Jew-money renegade upon the people of this Commonwealth.

The L. & N. threats against Dorsey, remind us of another painful tragedy: it recalls how two L. & N. partisans in Nashville deliberately armed themselves with automatic revolvers, sleuthed Senator Carmack as he was going home to dinner, came up behind him as he was in the act of lifting his hat to a lady, and opened fire upon him, *from behind*; and continued to pump lead into the unsuspecting man, *until he fell dead at their feet.*

The cigar which the gallant gentleman removed from his mouth, as he spoke to his lady friend, was still in his fingers, when he lay bathed in his life-blood at the feet of the Cooper assassins.

And young Cooper soon afterwards married the daughter of Milton Smith, the criminal President of the L. & N. Railroad.

Why do I say "criminal?"

Because Judson Clements, of Georgia, and the other Commissioners on the Interstate Commerce Commission, have said it.

Milton Smith and his insatiable Railroad stand today, *arraigned by the U. S. Government, as bribers, corrupters, enemies to private and public morality,* which they have spent millions to debauch.

The Georgia partisans of this criminal gang are those who now dare to tell the 200,000 white voters of this old Commonwealth, that "*Dorsey will never be governor of Georgia!*"

Well, we will see them about that.

Judge Reagan said—and I can prove it!—that "*Hugh Dorsey will get the votes, but WE WILL PUT THE STEAM-ROLLER TO HIM, AT THE CONVENTION!*"

Will you? Are you quite sure of it, Reagan? We saw you do it in 1914, but even the wonderful "She" went into the fire once too often.

Be careful E. J.

If Dorsey gets the votes, Dorsey is going to be governor!

Don't you doubt it, E. J.

Take care of your chest, my son, and don't try to use that steam-roller, *twice.*

One of the cruellest things ever done in politics was the way Nat Harris' Atlanta managers tried to use Grover Edmondson.

Canadian George, of the *Telegraph*, and Slaton, of the *Georgian*, believed that they had played a trump-card, had driven a wedge betwixt me and Dorsey, and had slain a multitude of bears, wild-cats, and whang-doodles.

Prompt action on my part derailed that nice little game; and, while the episode was intensely painful to me, my duty was never doubtful.

Now read this penitent letter which comes to me from the bright and promising young disciple, who was temporarily led astray by those Atlanta schemers; and after you have read what Grover says, *forgive him*, for his mis-step, as freely as I do.

Not only forgive him, but take him back into your good-wishes, and give the boy another chance:

Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 6, 1916.

My Dear Mr. Watson:

I have just read this week's Jeffersonian. Sent porter after it, last night.

To prove to you that I AM LOYAL to you, I am going to leave my bed next Monday night, go home, vote for Dorsey, McLendon, Brown, Keese and Henslee, and return to hospital on next train.

You have been too good to me for me to withhold anything, even personal convictions. Dorsey insulted me, but I am going to vote for him, on your account, although I never expect to speak to him again, unless he will apologize as a gentleman should.

Your friend always,
GROVER EDMONDSON.

My young friend marked his letter "Personal," but I know better than he does what is best for him, and what will soonest set him right, with our friends throughout the State.

Dorsey never meant to insult the boy; but Grover was to have made the introduction, when Dorsey spoke at Alma; and, after Dorsey got there, it was suggested that some middle-aged farmer, introduce him.

Dorsey understood that the change was perfectly agreeable to Grover.

That was the whole trouble—just a misunderstanding which made hard feelings, as is the case with most quarrels.

It will give Dorsey the greatest pleasure, I am sure, to apologize, if mutual friends, knowing all the circumstances, tell him that an apology is due to the young man; and personally I will do all in my power to see to it that speaking relations and friendship are restored.

Life is too short to waste on these little fallings out about nothing.

What sad words, phrases, and language do I hear from Tennessee, about that regrettable Buy-a-Bale movement, which deprived H. Y. McCord of public utterance?

It grieves me with exceeding sorrow to peruse the following:

Franklin, Tenn., Aug. 30, 1916.

Dear Mr. Watson:

In 1914, when the Buy-a-Bale Movement was on, we purchased one bale of cotton for \$51.00 from Mr. G. W. Dozier, Chairman of the Buy-a-Bale Committee, Dawson, Ga., and honored draft for same.

Several months ago, we wrote Mr. Dozier, asking for further information regarding our bale of cotton. Mr. Dozier made various excuses, and we then asked Mr. Bell, Chairman of the Nashville Buy-a-Bale movement, at whose request, we bought the bale, to take the matter up with Mr. Dozier. Mr. Bell and Mr. Dozier carried on an extensive correspondence, in which Mr. Dozier made various excuses. The last one was that there were about 2,000 bales ricked up in his warehouse, and it was impossible to tell whether our bale was in this rick or not until the rick is torn down.

We then instructed our attorneys to take the matter up, and they report that they have sent a Dawson attorney the papers in the case, trying to recover the bale, but have received no reply from the Dawson lawyer. The Dawson attorney kept the papers, and did not answer the letters of our attorneys.

This may be an interesting sidelight on the Buy-a-Bale Movement, and the men behind it.

Very truly,
FLEMING & ENGLISH.

Mr. Dozier is far ahead of Mr. McCord, in that Mr. D. "makes various excuses." Mr. McC. doesn't make any. Mr. Dozier, it is true, appears to swing on to the cotton, but he softens the situation with excuses, and by saying that it is "ricked up."

Henry McCord does not even tell us that his is ricked.

Is Mr. Dozier the Treasurer of the South Georgia Conference of the M. E. Church?

That's the religious office filled by H. Y. McCord in the North Georgia Conference.

The Franklin factors allege that the lawyers at Dawson won't do anything. That is sad, but not unusual.

Possibly Dozier has distributed the beef. Send the case to M. J. Yeomans: I'll bet you he has that bale "ricked down."

Cousin Joe Pottle wound up his alleged campaign at Columbus, close to all that Chattahoochee and Alabama liquor. To the very last, Joseph wept over "the Widow Nelms." He could not get her out of his mind, whatever. He says, in effect, that he deserves a monument for "exposing Dorsey." He says that he has made "a hard, arduous campaign" at his own expense. He says, however, that these expenses have been "legitimate."

Of course. They all are.

They say that Nat Harris was 18 years old when he went to the Confederate Army, but that he is in the very prime of life, fit as a fiddle, and able to hold his own, in fight or footrace; but the same papers which say this for Nat Harris, claim that Dr. Keese, who is 12 years younger than Harris, and who has personally covered the State in his canvass, is too old to be School Commissioner.

Oh no, he isn't! Florida's re-elected School Commissioner is very much older.

Dr. Keese can out run, out jump, out talk, and out teach M. L. Brittain, any old day.

Brittain and Sam Adams published a card in the papers, saying that our Constitution of 1877 does not apply to the Savannah Board of Education, because the Board is older than the law!

Sam and Brittain must have been rattled when they put that fool card in the Atlanta Constitution.

Of course you have heard of the old truly rural Justice of the Peace who dismissed the levy on the mule, because the mule was older than the *fi fa*.

And it wasn't John Slaton's venerable mule, either.

I have no idea that Slaton's mule is subject to the Constitution of 1877; and, according to Sam Adams and M. L. Brittain, *I'm not*, because I am older than the Constitution, myself.

Sam and Brittain stated in their silly card, that the State merely used the Catholic buildings; but *The Telegraph* says that "some Catholic Schools in Savannah use some PUBLIC MONEY."

Which is true. The Catholics have been teaching their religion at Protestant expense, not only in Savannah, but in Atlanta.

We made a dead case on Brittain, in both cities.

And last of all came Senator Smith! He couldn't stand it any longer. He had to give vent to his jealousy of the rising sun, or bust.

The Senator says that Dorsey *abused HIM*, two years ago.

Well, that was only a misdemeanor, and the Statute of Limitations applies. While it is a crime to abuse a Senator, it is not a felony; and as the two-year limit has expired, we can't bring in a True Bill against Hugh, even if he did violate the Law of Majesty by making derogatory remarks about Smith.

The people who gave Smith the Senatorship, don't want his dictation about the governorship; and his personal spite against Dorsey looks *small*.

But he says that the L. & N. Railroad wants the W. & A., and he dilates on the relations of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis R. R. *with the State*, and with the L. & N.

Ah yes! But the Senator did *not* dilate on Asa Candler's relations with both the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis, and the L. & N.

Queer oversight, wasn't it?

The Senator says that Hugh Dorsey's ability is "limited."

Thank the Lord! Then, he's a human, and not a demi-god.

These men whose minds are not "limited," are entirely *too* smart.

For instance, in 1914, when cotton went down to 6 cents, we had a Senator, of unlimited mind, who published his opinions broadcast; and in those opinions, he said that the price of cotton could not possibly advance, until the farmers agreed to quit planting so much.

He said that the law ought to limit the number of acres the farmer should put in cotton.

He said that a Federal tax of 3 cents a pound should be placed on all cotton, "over and above a certain limit."

Wasn't that fine? Wasn't it long-headed? Wasn't it a reminder of Solomon?

That's what you get by having a mind that isn't "limited."

Suppose those wise-acres could have made the laws they said you needed: suppose they had forbidden the farmers to plant more than 5 acres in cotton: suppose they had put a tax of 3 cents a pound on all cotton over and above an arbitrary limit set by the city farmers—*where would you now be?*

YOU'D BE RUINED!

It was bad enough, God knows! to have these Senators passing laws to give cheap money and cheap insurance to cotton gamblers, so that they could rob the South of four hundred million dollars on one crop; but to have shackled the Cotton Belt, with a tax of 3 cents a pound on cotton, as Senator Smith proposed, would have been irretrievable ruin.

Hugh Dorsey, being a man whose mind is "limited," has never made any such breaks as *that*.

Yes, the old set of politicians are jealous of Dorsey. THEY HAVE DOUBLE-TEAMED ON HIM.

He not only stands between the wolves and our State Road, but he stands in the way of the Slaton "come back."

Besides, he impersonates a new issue, *that of antagonism to the political aims of the foreign church which has recently threatened our laws and institutions with their 3,000,000 Catholic voters.*

The old, smooth-bore party hacks would rather talk meaningless jabber-gabble about the Tariff, about the unparalleled achievements of the Democratic party, about fake Rural Credits, and about Good Roads.

This Roman Catholic issue falls upon their ears like the fire-bell at night.

Nevertheless, the issue has been forced upon us by Roman Catholic threats, and we are ready to meet it.

The spavined hacks of party, who dread the new issue, *had better clear the track!*

The threats, yelled at us in that New York meeting of the Papal Ambassador and the three Irish Cardinals, have fired this whole continent as never before; and against the three million votes, controlled in the country from Rome and for Rome, we will array twelve million American voters, *who will fight and die*, before the heels of a lecherous foreign priesthood shall press our necks to the ground.

Representative Ayer of Bibb was one of the speakers against the Veazey bill: her's hoping he gets left.

We have other measures along the same lines, to offer to the next legislature, and if Mr. Ayer is in the House, he will be a decided obstruction to Americanism, and a great advantage to Romanism.

In his Sunday *American*, John M. Slaton says, on the front page, *as an excuse for not reporting Dorsey's speech Saturday evening in Atlanta:*

The *American* does not care to print a copy of the Dorsey address prepared in the office of his Atlanta law firm and given an official O. K. by Thomas E. Watson, as the Dorsey speeches thus written and the Dorsey speeches spoken have borne slight resemblance to each other in many instances in the past.

It is hardly worth while for me to say that when "the famous Detective" W. J. Burns, quit associating with John Slaton, in the Frank case, he had acquired a proficiency in the noble art of lying, such as even Burns had never expected to attain.

Dorsey has never consulted me, directly or indirectly, about his speeches, and I have never O. K.'d one of them, or been asked to do so. What I know of them was learned from newspaper reports, after the speeches were made.

If Dorsey's firm writes his speeches, it might pay Slaton to employ them to write editorials for his jackass Catholic-Germanist paper.

I presume you are aware of the fact, that the Harvester Trust, Manufacturing Trust, Meat Trust and Steel Trust sell their tariff-protected products to foreign countries *cheaper than they sell them to you.*

Foreigners in foreign lands pay about one-third less for American cloth, plows, wagons, harvesters, mowers, rakes, etc., than we Americans have to pay.

But Congress at the recent session enacted a law which says, that foreign manufacturers shall not send their goods into our country and sell them to you, for *less* than they charge their own people.

That's a queer law, isn't it?

If Dorsey had been in the U. S. Senate, he would not have voted for any such bill, because *his* mind is limited, and he wouldn't have been able to see the advantage *to you*, in forbidding the foreigner to cheapen his goods to you.

But Smith and Hardwick are blessed with minds that are not limited: consequently, they prohibit England, France, and Germany from selling anything to you, at a lower price than they charge their own people.

This is the first time I ever heard of a Government denying the people the right to buy foreign products, as cheaply as the foreigner is willing to sell them; and, being a person of limited mind myself, I cannot understand why our people should be *compelled by law* to pay as much as foreign nations pay.

What was Senator Smith's reason for voting for such a law? Why shouldn't you, for \$10, buy something which sells in Russia or Germany for \$20, *if the owner offers it to you at the lower price?*

This isn't abuse: it's a question.

In justice to a harassed fellow-citizen, I must say that James Price's explanation of why he was put in the calaboose at Marietta, appears on the surface to be reassuring.

The only wonder is that James hasn't been in the calaboose at other times and places.

James is a bird. If he had been at his post of duty in Atlanta, it stands to reason that he wouldn't have been in the calaboose, in Marietta.

It seems to me I remember something about Burns having *his* troubles at the same place. Marietta must be a real, live town.

Is Bahnsen, the compulsory cow-dipper, a naturalized citizen? When and where did the Prussian compulsionist take out his papers?

I am told that James Price appointed this Prussian to an *indefinite term*. Is that so, James? And how did you happen to become so ravenously fond of this Prussian?

Our two Senators cut a fine figure in the Railroad crisis, and must have been a source of great encouragement to William Slippery Howard's "unparalleled President."

Hardwick blazed away against the demands of the Labor Unions, and Smith dodged behind a "pair."

If you'll notice, Smith is nearly always "paired," when some doubtful and dangerous issue is up.

When Adamson was helping the President out of a hole, and adopting the delightfully simple method of giving the laborers larger wages, the railroads larger freight-rates, and the unorganized public larger freight-bills to pay, *where was Smith?*

He was "paired."

With whom?

With Henry Cabot Lodge, the man whose Force Bill proposed to keep Federal bayonets at Southern polls.

In looking over the Sunday papers, I find that every candidate is going to be elected.

Even John Graham, the Catholic clerk who wants to be Supreme Judge, has a tail-holt on the job. Everybody, almost, is running for something, and nobody expects to get beat. This fact imparts a cheerful fire-side glow to the closing hours; and the general bouyancy of the situation would be pleasantly promoted, if all the candidates will continue to make speeches on Tuesday, until, say, 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when the returns will begin to sift in.

"Socialists and Socialism" by Thos. E. Watson, has a vast amount of information of interest and value to those who think they know what Socialism stands for. Price 25c. The Jeffersonian Pub. Co., Thomson, Ga.