

THE WATSONIAN

Vol. 1

MARCH, 1927

No. 2



THOMAS E. WATSON, AUTHOR OF



RURAL FREE DELIVERY



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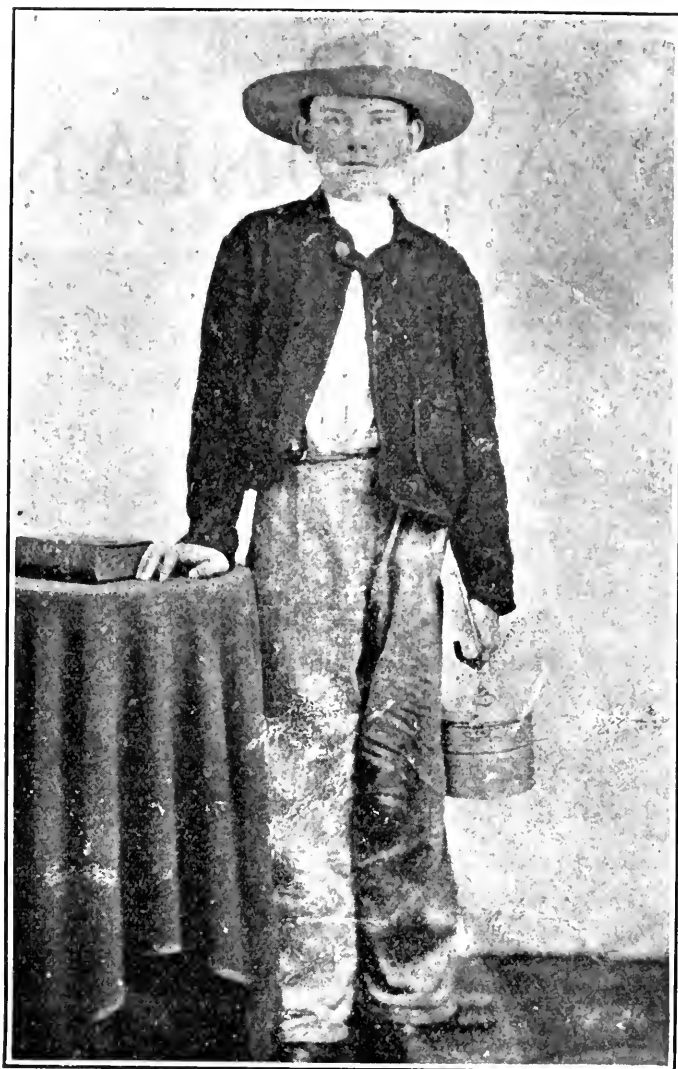
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TOM WATSON
AGE 11

(Note Dinner Pail in left hand and right hand on Bible.)

THE LIFE OF THOMAS E. WATSON

By His Granddaughter,
GEORGIA WATSON LEE

CHAPTER II.

As the war drew to its close times grew harder and harder. There was no frolicking and singing on the old plantation, for all the slaves had left, except a devoted few who would have stayed with their master till their death, and had they wished to leave would not have known where to go nor what to do.

There was no money for school, no money for clothes, no money for food sufficient to keep the small children from crying. Their grandfather was slowly but undoubtedly dying from heartbreak and bitter disappointment. Worst of all, Uncle Ralph had come home, wounded and incurably tubercular—a hopeless wreck of a once promising and light hearted young man.

They suffered as every one else suffered in that blighted land. At the cessation of the war conditions became worse instead of better. Lawlessness, hunger and strife were abroad, relentlessly haunting the families of the death-stricken Southland.

Through the utmost privation and earnest effort, Tom managed to go to school. He instinctively felt that the greater responsibility was on his shoulders. Somehow he must earn enough to keep his family together. But back of this he realized that he must first fit himself for the undertaking, which was nothing but getting a fairly good education. Alone he could not have held to this resolution, and here it was that his devoted mother came so unselfishly to his aid.

She was a gifted and resourceful woman, and together she and Tom planned a means for him to go to school. Tom worked anywhere an opportunity occurred. Often his labors were paid in food stuff or clothes; anything his employers wished to give. Occasionally he was paid in money. How happy he was to run home to his mother, and give her the money to put away for him till school time.

Another friend who aided Tom all through his young manhood was Prof. Steed. There was a strong bond between the teacher and the pupil. Prof. Steed was sympathetic and encouraging; Tom was eager and grateful. What is a better combination for the moulding of the character of the great men of today? It was to Prof. Steed that Tom turned when he wished to go to Mercer. Although only 15 years of age, Tom felt himself quite old and responsible. Desiring above all things a college education, some cherished books and a beautiful gold watch were sold, and with a half-filled purse, a defiant spirit and an ambitious and grateful heart, Tom set out for Mercer.

Of his college days there Tom kept a diary. In it are passages of eloquence from his Phi Delta speeches, passages of rollicking humor from the tales of his boyish pranks and scrapes, passages of deepest tragedy from his recital of the Menengitis Epidemic, and passages of that most noble of all manhood traits, brotherly love.

For the information and amusement the diary affords, we are printing excerpts from it for our readers' benefit, for who can tell of his experiences as entrancingly as he himself.

SEPTEMBER, 1871

George and I were hail fellows, well met. We studied hard during the day and frolicked hard during the night. And both in our classes and in our frolics we had no superiors.

One night we were returning from down town to the Mess Hall when we attempted to play a rough trick on a certain somebody. Suddenly George said two policemen were after us and started off in a run. I didn't take time to investigate, but followed him. We flew up the long hill toward the college as fast as we could click it. George was fat, and he puffed and snorted like an asthmatic steam engine. Every now and then he'd stomp his toe and tumble over. This made him almost frantic. He would scramble and kick and paw the ground and grunt and groan and bellow for me to wait. We ran fully a mile and next morning we told the boys an awful lie about our hair-breadth escape from a dozen policemen.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27

George never got into fusses, but if I didn't have one every week I was unhappy. When I got into a fight he always stood by and looked on. He never did anything else. But I was thankful to him for doing that much. The first week of the session I told a crowd of half a dozen boys that some one among them had lied. There came very near being a small earthquake. But George was not excited at all. He stood off at respectful distance and looked on.

THURSDAY 29

Last night, James Jones, a stalwart Senior, tried to create some fun by preventing George and me from going upstairs. But I couldn't comprehend the joke and struck him in the face. We closed in with good resolution and were having quite a lively little time of it when, happily for me, we were separated. George stood by as calm as a May morning. He was not ruffled in the least. But he looked on. If the fight had continued I should have been thrashed, for Jones was nearly twice my size. But as it was, I was well pleased. For a day or two Jones had a beautiful little red spot on the left of his nose where I hit him. And after that I noticed another thing; whenever George and I wished to go upstairs, there was not a single boy in the hall who cared to object.

NOVEMBER

The boys used to play rough pranks on each other; such as throwing water into his room, or taking the slats from his bed, or balancing a pan over the door to fall on the boy when he came in. McBride, a sanctimonious old gentleman, used all his endeavors to make them quit throwing water. But he couldn't do it. He asked them to stop it, begged them to stop it, implored them to stop it, prayed them to stop it, offered them inducements to stop it. But they wouldn't stop it. He ripped and reared and gritted his teeth and swore he would have them expelled if they didn't stop it. But they didn't stop it. McBride told Dr. Battle about it, and Dr. Battle lectured them and threatened to station a policeman in the Hall if they didn't stop it. But they didn't stop it. And if he had put the entire police force in the Hall they wouldn't have pretended to stop it.

When George and I went to our room after recitation hours I would always let him take the lead, for I almost knew there was a pan of water over the door. Sure enough, just as he was passing the threshold it would come down on him with a splash, and hurt his head and wet his clothes, and spoil his shirt bosom and upset his religion while I looked on and laughed at him. Then he would go around to all the rooms and try to find out who did it, but he couldn't. So he'd come back and change shirts and put on another shirt, and dry his head on the towel and sit down, feeling very sad and dejected. Every now and then he would put his hand to his head to see if the sore place was rising much.

JANUARY

The Booker boys and Tom Burdett roomed together and did not take any part in the practical jokes. They were quiet, orderly fellows and they vowed they would whip the first one who threw water into their room. Consequently they were let alone. But one night when the racket was going on worse than usual, I got a large panful of water and crept to their door. Opening it cautiously, I saw all three of them sitting at their table, studying like beavers. I dashed the water over them and slammed the door. I ran to my room, blew out the lamp and got in bed. Pretty soon Tom Burdett came down the Hall, going into every room, trying to find out the guilty party. He got madder and madder. I heard him coming toward my door fairly boiling with anger. He went to Lawton's room, jerked open the door and growled "Lawton! confound you, did you throw that water into my room?" Lawton said no. He went to Faulk

and remarked: "Faulk! Blast your ugly carcass, did you throw that water into my room?" Faulk said he did not. He came to my door then, and opened it. I pretended to be asleep. He observed, "Watson, you wretched little sinner, did you throw that water into my room?" I began to snore. "You needn't pretend to be asleep," continued he. I snored loud and deep as any horse, until the noise I made was something fearful. Burdett couldn't stand it and went back to his lessons, grumbling as he went.

* * * * *

There were many more episodes as entertaining as these, but we have neither time nor space to go into more of them at present. All these happenings occurred during his Freshman year. Naturally he had more trouble that year than any other. He was much younger than most of his class-mates, and felt the rebuffs and teasings of the older boys very keenly. He was a most impetuous lad, always ready to take offense from the treatment of other boys, as ready to forgive and forget as he was to take offense, always anxious to help those more unfortunate than he, never tolerating the abuse of anything defenseless, a little bundle of nerves and emotions, he was indeed a boy to make a man that would attract the attention of the public in some walk of life.

To illustrate a different phase of his character, and there were many, we are going to let him tell of another incident that occurred during his brief college life,—the meningitis epidemic.

DEATH OF JAMES HAMILTON.

Sunday: This morning Hamilton dressed for church, but found himself too ill to go. Late in the evening he grew worse, and wrote a letter to his mother who was in Atlanta, to let him come home. His hands trembled so he could not fold his letter, and got me to do it for him. About dark he took his bed, and from it he never rose. Prof. A. E. Steed came over to see the sick boys after supper. He sat with me and Hamilton in our room until near midnight. He told me to get Tom Burdett to sit up with me with Hamilton till daybreak. At about twelve o'clock I went to get Burdett. I found him writing a letter and he told me to wait for him in my room until he finished it. Going back to my room I could hear Frank West shouting in his delirium. We sat with Hamilton till 2 or 3 o'clock, when seeing that he was asleep, Burdett went to his room, and I got in with Hamilton and we both slept until morning.

Monday: I went for a doctor for Hamilton about nine o'clock. George was very sick, hardly conscious. When the doctor arrived he prescribed for Hamilton a medicine which seemed to make him worse instead of better. It now began to be the opinion of the doctor that George and Hamilton had the meningitis. They seemed utterly incompetent to cope with the dreaded disease.

Wednesday: George West was dead. I was there when he breathed his last. Panic was seizing the College. Hamilton, Harvey, Gwaldon, Booker, Tipp, Mott, Allen were in the dreaded folds of the meningitis. Bennett was lying dead in his room. Classes were suspended indefinitely. The members of the Faculty advised the boys to go home until the excitement was over. One of the boys, Thomas Walker, being out of money, and afraid to remain in Macon, walked to his home in Milledgeville where he, his sister and his mother died.

Thursday: I planned to leave as soon as possible, though I vowed I would not leave Hamilton until he was well or dead. He had a wonderfully good constitution, and long did it struggle with the terrible disease before it was subdued. During his suffering, he was for the most part delirious, sometimes wildly starting up in his bed and shouting at the top of his voice, sometimes resting quietly and muttering so lowly as scarcely to be heard. He had not been told of West's death, or even of Bennett's illness, yet in his wanderings he seemed to imply it. At one time he turned to those around him and said, "What is George doing with that handkerchief around his head?" And again he cried out, "Bennett, what are you sitting there looking at me in that way for?" Sometimes he would imagine that he was addressing the legislature, and make them a long speech, again he would commence with "Gentlemen of the Jury." Once as he was in bed with his eyes closed, he said with an intonation that was truly affecting. "You say ambition!" It is impossible to imagine the tone of sorrow with which the proud, wealthy, ambitious boy, deserted by his own mother in the hours of his agony, pronounced those simple words. Those of us who heard them will never forget the heartrending, despairing voice that wailed them forth. Two days later he died. He became rational for awhile and told me that he knew he could not live long. He did not say how the approach of death affected him. He died quietly and easily, and was buried in Thomason.

The moon now glances sadly upon the room where Hamilton struggled with his dark enemy as one by one the heavy hours rolled over his fevered brow. The wind howls mockingly through the pines where died West, the young eagle of the Sophomores, the pride of the Phi Delta's. And in the next room death laid his icy hand upon a heart which never knew a superior, Bennett! A hundred years may wreath my head with a snowy garland but I'll never forget the boy I loved so well. The first human being I loved as a friend and the only one as a friend I ever felt return my affection. It is one of my dearest hopes that we shall meet in heaven.

So is told in boyish pathos one of the most tragic instances of College life. In those days medical science had many steps to go. There was nothing they could use to check such a terrible disease and the doctors had to stand by helpless to watch their patients die. As Tom said, a good many of the students frightened themselves into having the Meningitis. Those who went home either had a hard case of it or else died, hardly any of the boys escaped without a scar. Tom had his share of it, too. His case must have been very light, for he makes no mention of it at all except to say that as soon

as he was sufficiently recovered from his attack, he returned to Mercer in May, heartbroken, longing for the boys he had loved so dearly.

Until the end of the year Tom passed an uneventful term. Being short of funds, he prepared himself to teach in Screven County. Thus he took his first step toward making a name and place for himself in the unsympathetic world.

* * * * *

(To be continued in the next issue).

A SURVEY OF THE WORLD

Tennessee's famous Scopes' Case will not have any further hearing in Court, according to recent press dispatches. However, the origin of man is yet a debatable, or rather a debated question. Some states are now legislating from their school curriculum any book that discusses whether man originated on earth, according to Genesis record, or is a product of evolution. If a book is immoral, indecent or tends towards vice or licentiousness, it should be suppressed. On the other hand, when an author in his search for scientific knowledge, believes he has something new or strengthening to offer, it seems that he should be permitted to publish his treatise and that the inquiring mind should be permitted to read it, the public schools not excepted. We find the science of Biology an important subject that is rapidly gaining in popularity as a course in our schools and colleges. Being a staunch believer in the Bible, we welcome everything from any source that will shed more light on the eternal truths of God.

* * * * *

What has brought about all the trouble in Nicaragua and

Mexico? At least, why is the United States so mixed up in it? One answer is—our Canal interests. That's good. Another says to protect the interests of our citizens in those regions. That's admissible, provided our property interests were acquired according to proper moral and legal standards. But, we notice that in the opinion of some writing on this subject, there is considerable doubt as to the moral, if not also to the legal rights of the property held by some of our citizens. Not until during the 90's was there a Mexican law giving land owners a title to what was beneath the surface. Now our moneyed interests own large areas of their richest oil lands. Well, we do not know how valid their titles are, but if is necessary to send an armed American force to retain their present ownership, why not let the first contingent be the millionaire owners themselves?

* * * * *

Recently, in a discussion of prevailing styles, someone said that "ladies' evening dresses came nearer being something made out of nothing than any other thing yet conceived by the ingenuity of man." This is put-

ting it rather concisely, but we must admit that this is a subject that will not bear a lengthy discussion.

* * * * *

Sunday movies, Sunday baseball and like sports, bob up occasionally and become a subject for editorial comment and pulpit discussion. Sometimes, it seems that the question really is not discussed without bias. All good people know that movies must be closely censored or their influence is quite likely to be harmful. In fact, many that have passed the censors are yet reprehensible. A like adverse criticism of baseball is extent because of the petty gambling that is so often carried on by the fans. It is more than likely that our churches and civic societies today would remove the ban everywhere from Sunday movies and Sunday sports if they were rid of these immoral and degrading features. Many of our church leaders and moralists do not see anything worse in good movies and sportsmanlike baseball for Sunday afternoons than in swimming in public or private pools, tennis, "backlot" baseball, golf, motoring, gossiping and the like. In fact, we believe that Sunday movies and baseball, purged of their bad features, are far more wholesome for the young and plastic mind, or older ones either, than devouring some of

our comics and many of the magazine sections of our Sunday papers.

* * * * *

We notice that Henry Ford would abolish capital punishment. Well, we think the Holy Bible teaches, or rather justifies capital punishment. When Moses gave the Commandment—"Thou shalt not kill," he was speaking to the individual. When this Book said, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," it meant what it said and included a life for a life. Christ said He came not to do away with the law but to fulfill the law. When capital punishment is meted out, it is the State that does it and not an individual. Yet, after all, we are with Mr. Ford,—if you will substitute life imprisonment that is certain, and from which there can be no pardon or change of sentence, any more than you can change a sentence for death after the criminal has been executed. And more, make our prisons escape-proof, and our prison keepers bribe-proof. Until something of this kind is placed on our statute books, let our laws for capital punishment remain unchanged, except to make the trials more speedy and the conviction of the guilty more certain.

* * * * *

"1,500 cars to Follow Mayor Bader's Body to the Cemetery."

This procession more than four miles long to honor Atlantic City's dead mayor. When you read this, let's you and I get our heads together for a bit, and imagine who were in this throng that mourned his loss and did honor to his memory. Let me have the first guess. I'll say the family, the close relations and intimate friends. This should be and shows love and family ties that we all hold sacred and inviolable. In addition, I'll guess that his official associates as far as possible were there, another mark of respect worthy of a good man. Another large group was made up of friends, social and business, who knew this distinguished citizen more or less intimately. Now, you guess who made up the rest of this great procession. It being the last public gathering in which this foremost citizen of his city will ever take a part, we believe that an event of such gigantic proportions must have many lessons for the devoted student of humanity. All you and I can do (unless we live in Atlantic City or are familiar with the life and career of the deceased) is to await the appearance of his biography, written by someone who knows and who can and will give us the real cause for such a funeral demonstration. Biography, worthy of the name, is a branch of literature too of-

ten neglected.

* * * * *

"\$2,000,000 to be the cost occasioned by the burial of Japan's Emperor." This is incomprehensible to us, for we do not know how much money that is. We presume that it is pomp and splendor befitting for a Potentate like the Emperor of Japan. Perhaps it approaches somewhat closely to the magnificence of like occasions in ancient Egypt, barring, of course, the cost of constructing the Pyramid which was to be the silent tomb of a dead king for ages and eons, unless, perchance, modern civilization should wish to possess the relics and read the mute story told in the grave of a forgotten Egyptian Monarch. Again let your imagination stretch out over milleniums to come and tell me, will ever an unknown future race discover the resting place of this illustrious Japanese Monarch, thereby contributing much to the knowledge of the peoples then living on our globe, and bringing to light relics of a civilization then but dimly known to the earth's inhabitants.

* * * * *

A special to the *New York Times*, dated January 30th, said: "A large increase in cigarette smoking in this country was revealed tonight when the Internal Revenue Bureau issued a state-

ment on revenues derived from the manufacture of tobacco during the calendar year 1926. The taxes on tobacco products of all kinds totaled \$371,677,583, and of this \$268,444,618 represented revenue from cigarettes.

"Although the cigarette tax rate in 1926 was the same as that in 1925, the revenue was \$28,437,647 more than it was in 1925 and constituted about 72 per cent of the yield from all tobacco products.

"Just how far the use of cigarettes by women was responsible for the increased consumption the Bureau statement did not indicate, for it gave no figures on sales distribution."

* * * * *

China seems to be thoroughly aroused and now must be reckoned with as one of the great nations of the earth. Both factions in China contend for a strong central government. A recent writer said that China with such a government could change the economic map of the world. We are told that it can bring unknown prosperity to the United States. It seems that the British statesmen were right a few years ago, when they said: "The Future belongs to the Pacific." Some think that the "Yellow Peril" menaces the Occidental world. They claim that we will see in no very distant day the shrewdest Japanese part of the

Yellow Race riding on the backs, as it were, of the hosts of Chinese who today are by far the most numerous of all races and also the most prolific. Some say that the movement in China is not altogether racial in character but that this is a world-wide upheaval of the "lower man." The World War has shaken the foundations of all nations; it has not only stirred the hates of men but it has fired their ambitions. "The inferior races would not be demanding their place in the Sun were it not that the individuals of all races are also demanding their places in the Sun." A great equalizing process is under way. All the peoples of the earth are restless, and Almighty God only knows what will be the outcome of the whole matter. As yet, while England, Japan and other nations are building various war machines and China is holding something like 2,000,000 well-equipped and efficient soldiers under arms, we cannot subscribe to disarmament, President Coolidge to the contrary, for self-preservation is the first law of men and nations.

* * * * *

How we poor people have our hard earnings "extracted from us" was farcibly told in the following paragraph by Jacob Billikopf in an article touching on Advertising and High Pressure Salesmanship:

"Did you ever think of the strain to which people with small incomes are subjected by our continual pursuit of them to spend their money? Every newspaper, every magazine, every street, every railroad track, every street car, every country road is lined with advertisements carrying suggestions intended to be subtle, though often they are blatant, to buy, buy, buy. Every human impulse, good and bad, is played upon. Not only do we advertise publicly, but we send letters and agents to the homes to try to extract from any and every one what money he has. In every way we set about deliberately to make a person feel that life will be a failure unless he or she uses this soap or shaving cream, drives this automobile, owns this radio, sees this movie or play, eats this food, wears this collar, takes this trip or reads this newspaper. *This continual pressure relentlessly applied subjects our working-class population to a strain which they cannot withstand, nor could we in their places.*"

No doubt but that there is a great field here for our welfare workers to instill lessons of economy that will guard the individual against becoming a pauperized victim of such selling methods. Why do our schools not initiate a movement to counteract such reprehensible

extraction of our money? Does anyone know of a teacher who ever lectures or warns the pupils to beware of these ever-increasing efforts to have us BUY, BUY, BUY?

* * *

Astronomers have an endless field for study and reflection. With the aid of their powerful telescopes, they make wonderful excursions into constellations named and studied by their ancient predecessors. But they do not stop here. Among the interesting things which they write about is the Milky Way. They tell us that our earth, with its companions composing the solar system, is one small speck of the Milky Way. They say that the universe, as far as they have been able to fathom it, appears to be in the shape of a double-case watch. Of course none of these celestial bodies actually touch each other, but are separated by millions of miles of open space. The whole thing suspended in space like a swarm of bees on the wing, no one touching another but all moving in mass collection. Somewhere within this watch shaped universe is our sun and its planets, making one little atom of the universe. From our place in this family of stars, we look to the sides and see few stars; we look to the edges and see many stars. This is the Milky Way.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC HIERARCHY

BY
THOS. E. WATSON

The Deadliest Menace to American Liberties and Christian Civilization.

CHAPTER I.

Celebrated axiom of Fontenelle; To proclaim a truth at variance with established creed is to court persecution; A disagreeable shock to men to change their customs; Emerson's prediction unfulfilled; England and France and the opium traffic with China; The Crusades; Christian nations leagued with Infidels to keep Crete under Mohammedan rule; Superstition still occupies her ancient throne, with the cowl of a priest on her head; Nonsensical tenets of the Roman Catholic Church; Strength of the church in the United States; "America for the Holy Father;" Protestant churches blind to the danger; Cunning of the Roman Catholic priests; Conduct of the Roman Catholics toward a Baptist clergyman at Biloxi, Miss.; President Taft and Cabinet attend Roman Catholic ceremonies; Horrors practiced by priests in Philippines.

FONTENELLE was a wise man in his generation. Intelligently and intensely selfish, he resolved to conserve to the utmost his vitality, in order that he might live one hundred years. As he actually passed the age of ninety-nine, we may safely conclude that he was a ripe scholar in the school of experience. Houssaye made Fontenelle the subject of one of his inimitable essays; and while I have not read it since the summer of 1873, I recall one axiom of the French philosopher which made on me a deep impression:

"If I held my hands full of Truth, I would take good care not to open them."

In my own career, there has been many a time when the fierce attacks of entrenched error have caused me to remember the shrewd saying of Fontenelle. To be in advance of the times; to proclaim a truth which is at variance with established creed; to assault wornout institutions, methods and beliefs, in Church or

State—is to court rancorous persecution.

And this is natural. There are always so many people who are interested in keeping things as they are; so many who derive personal benefit from existing institutions; so many who are a part of the system, that an alarm sounded on the outer ramparts rouses to instant and furious resistance to those who keep the citadel.

Besides, men become accustomed to that which is established, as they do the fit of their shoes and hats. As it jostles the wagon to leave the rut, it gives men a disagreeable shock to change their customs. So universal and powerful is this feeling, that it is next to impossible to persuade the occupants of a filthy and crowded tenement to abandon the slum, and take up quarters in the model cottage.

Emerson predicted that a Thinker would rise among us, some day, and that when he did, there would be a convulsion and re-adjustment. There are those who rate Emerson himself as a Thinker, but the revolution has not materialized. Perhaps, he was too much of a generalizer, without the nerve or the faculty to lay his dynamite underneath anything in particular. He was of the Erasmus type, willing to lay eggs, but not to raise chickens: willing to dream and write, but not to march and fight.

At all events, the Philosophers have had their say; and the world wags onward, without having undergone substantial change.

Carlyle delivered his loud, discordant, unintelligible message: poor Ruskin grappled with problems much too difficult for him: Spencer solved everything, to his own infinite satisfaction: Mill and Huxley and Darwin toiled mightily at the veil of the Sphinx; German sages, French savants, English mystics and American ideologists have explored every corridor in the labyrinth of the human mystery—and the net result is, NOTHING.

Not a step have we advanced into the Unknown World which baffled Aristotle, Plato and Socrates. Pliny and Cicero might join the class of Kant and Schopenhauer: what the two Romans were unable to explain, the two Germans leave unsolved. At the altitude where a confusion of tongues halted the Tower of Babel, the upward construction ceases, even now.

In London, the elaborate ceremonial attending the burial of King Edward VII. drew together the monarchs of the Christian world. It is said that the King of Greece spoke to his nephew, the King of

Denmark; but that, with this single exception, not one of these potentates took any notice of the existence of the others.

The fact would be unimportant, were it not typical. Every Christian nation is armed to the teeth against its Christian neighbors. With tremendous energy, and a prodigal waste of money, every government in Christendom is increasing its capacity to destroy human life. More acclaimed than the discoverer of a marvellous Cure, is the inventor of a new way to Kill. Loudly as we celebrate the founding of some magnificent cathedral, the rejoicing bears no comparison to that which breaks out when we launch a monster battle-ship.

He who concocts a specific which will check a dreaded pestilence is honored in the Academy and commended by the press: but he who invents an airship which promises to give one Christian nation the power to annihilate the fleets and armies of its neighbors in Christ Jesus, is the pampered favorite of Kings.

It has not been so long, historically speaking, since Christendom sent armies into Pagandom to impose the opium traffic upon the disciples of Confucius and Buddha. With ruthless butchery, the militant Christians established the domination of Lucre, over the moralities. Just how many souls have been sent to Hell by this concert of action between Protestant England and Catholic France, God only knows.

Did his "grace" the Archbishop of Canterbury, interpose a protest against the diabolical action of the British government? No.

Did his "Holiness," the Pope, use his influence with the French monarch, or his priest-ruled wife, to prevent that horrible outrage upon helpless China? No.

It wasn't a matter which menaced the pride and power of the Church of England: it wasn't a question of papal authority and revenues; hence the representatives of Jesus Christ witnessed the preparations for a fearful crime against humanity and good morals, without one word of remonstrance!

Even now, after China has suffered more than half a century from the accursed opium trade, she pleads in vain for release. With a passionate fervor which ought to arouse the conscience of all Christendom, she is praying that she be allowed to banish the frightful enemy that has desolated so many millions of her homes. And her prayers remain unanswered!

With a hypocrisy that might shame Satan himself, we are clamoring for additional millions of dollars to "save souls" in China—and we refuse to allow her to release herself from the fatal coils of the opium traffic!

For hundreds of years, the Christians of Europe poured armies into the Infidel world, to wrest the empty Sepulchre of Christ from the disciples of Mahomet. Rivers of treasure and precious blood were poured out in this vain endeavor. In spite of priest and soldier, in spite of prayer and sword, the Infidels held their ground, beating back, in hopeless failure, the vast exertions of Christendom. Even to this day, the followers of the Nazarene gain access to the Holy Places of Judea by gracious permission of the Infidels; and battalions of Mohammedan troops are constantly on guard, to prevent the rival sects of Christians from butchering one another before the shrines at which they worship. Such passionate hatreds; such rancorous rivalries; such mingling of greed, tolerance and ferocity was never seen on this earth, as can be witnessed any day among the European Christians in Jerusalem.

From the Crusades to the present situation in Crete, what a far cry it is! Godfrey of Boulogne, Tancred, Guy of Lusignan, Bohemund, Richard Coeur de Lion, Barbarossa, Saint Louis, the first Edward of England—how mightily they strove to break the power of Islam! In our day and time, the successors of the royal Crusaders are in league with the Infidel, to keep the Christians of Crete under the Mohammedan "rod of iron and sword of blood."

Laymen movements sweep over the Christian world, fomenting and intensifying missionary fervor in behalf of the fuzzy-wuzzies of the Congo; but no Pope or Mission Board hears the piteous cries of the Christians of Crete. The Bryans, Roosevelts, Tafts, and What-nots can glorify the attempts to substitute our own civilization for that of India, China and bapan; but never a thought is given to this Christian people—the Greeks of Crete—who are held in the cruel bondage of the Turks. Were the Christian government but acquiescent, Crete could escape the hateful yoke. Greece and Crete combined could resist the Mohammedans, torn as they are by internal dissensions. But Christian Europe will not allow Crete to revolt. Christian Europe threatens to come to the aid of the Infidel—as was done a few years ago, when Christian soldiers, sent by Catholic and Protestant governments, butchered thousands of fellow Christians, in order that the Infidel heel should again rest on Christian necks. Well-nigh incredible, isn't it?

With a shocking spectacle like this before our eyes, what must we think of those who now control the Christian churches?

No Buddhist ever fought Buddhist to make him the slave of a Mohammedan or Christian. No Mohammedan ever waged war on Mohammedan to impose upon him the chains of Christian or Buddhist. But the Christians of Europe united to shed the life-blood of fellow-Christians in Crete, to prevent them from escaping the atrocious oppression of the Infidel Turks!

Can you lay your hand on your heart, and say, with a clear conscience, that Christianity is a living, moving, controlling fact, nationally, when such hideous crimes are committed by the concerted action of a Christian government?

Beneath the surface of the seas, men are busy in the wonderful submarines. Thought speeds over the cable, thousands of miles along the ocean's bed. The diver works as securely under the vessel, as the engineer does in the hold of the ship.

On the surface of the earth, travel skins at bird-like speed: overhead, flies the airship. Marvelous inventions have recreated the physical world; and a man who died fifty years ago would hardly recognize the habitat which he left, were he to return.

In science and art, in literature and journalism, the human mind has scouted antiquated forms and dogmas, boldly dashing onward to higher and better standards. Yet in this age of colored photography, of the talking machine, of the electric light, of the motor-car, of the airship, of the printing press, of the moving picture, Superstition is seated upon her ancient throne, 'with the cowl of the monk on her head, the silly gibberish of the Dark Ages on her tongue, and the implacable ferocity of the Inquisition in her soul.

We see men—sane in all other respects—degrading their intellectual manhood by subscribing to tenets that a ten-year-old boy ought to reject. We see women—sensible in every other way—lowering their mental standards to a plane which ought to be repellant to a clear-minded savage.

In the radiance of the Twentieth Century, we see paganism in full bloom, encouraged by Presidents and Kings. We see educated white people flopping down on their knees, to the Pope and kissing his foot. We see clerical functionaries going through the performance of eating and drinking Jesus Christ! We see nasty old human

bones reverently appealed to for cures. We see "miracles" worked; rings and bells "blessed"; saints created and adored. We hear men say, "My priest cannot commit sin." We listen as the bull-necked brute in the Confessional turns a woman wrongside-outwards, plying her with one obscene question after another, until her whole consciousness has been sown with impure suggestions. We see the survival of the ancient Temple Girls, in the cloister Convent; and it is but too well known that the priestly brothel of paganism has its survival in the Retreat Parlor. Hellwards have gone, are going, and will continue to go thousands of our most lovely girls by this infernal route.

We see the priest identifying himself with God, and worshipped as the Vicar of the Most High. We see him sign passports to Heaven—for a valuable consideration. We hear him lift souls out of Purgatory by prayer, at so much per prayer. In the year 1910, we see two hundred soldiers save the lives of Italian Baptists from the furious mob of five thousand Italian Catholics—who have been told by their priests that the Baptists are responsible for the earthquakes

We heard Cardinal Gibbons declare that the flood on the Seine was a "Judgment," sent upon the French because their government had divorced the Catholic Church from the State.

We find a Papal Delegate among the diplomats who represent foreign nations at our national capital: we find this man everlastingly taking a sly, under-hand part in our political affairs. We can see the cunning Cardinal pussy-footing about the corridors of our State Department.

We hear the Declaration of War against our Public Schools. We see gigantic sums of our money taken for that seed bed of Superstition, the parochial school. We see in the Papal attitude of this year—particularly the denial of a papal audience to the Episcopal Bishop of Maryland—a reaffirmation of the intolerant Romish dogma:

"There is no Christian religion save that of the Catholic Church!"

We have heard the potentates of this faith in America confess that, on an issue between our Government and the Pope, they would adhere to Papa. We have heard the Vatican in the Encyclical of 1910, refer to the Reformation, and all its beneficent changes, as the works of the Devil.

In the United States, the Catholics have grown to 12,000,000: they exultantly exclaim that they "have the Protestants on the run", they have established the Inquisition here: they boycott, because they dare not, as yet, kill: they are in secret league with the head-chiefs of both the old political parties: they have shackled the press; and the cowardly politicians are in deadly fear of them. They have promised their Papa that the United States shall be his within the next few years!

Misguided Protestants are crying, "Africa for Christ!" or "Korea for Christ!" or, "China for Christ!" But the American Catholics are shouting, "America for the Holy Father!"

And they are not only concentrating missionary effort on the whites, but are reaching out for the Negro. Already there are black brutes who can, ex-officio, command access to the Temple Girls. Already, they have given these lustful negroes a taste of what it is to be a Roman Catholic priest!

Rolling upon the horizon are these appalling storm clouds, and few there be who will take warning. The Protestant Churches are blind to the awful danger. The State authorities are indulging a fatal security. The general public is strangely apathetic—indifferent at the growth of a religion which openly denounces freedom of thought, freedom of speech, freedom of conscience and freedom of education—a religion which is implacably antagonistic to the very principles upon which our Republic stands.

The priest makes sure of the Mother. On the mind of the child two impressions will be made, as indelibly as mother and priest can make them. One is Fear; the other, Faith. The utmost exertions are put forth to make the child a mental and moral coward. He must be so frightened about Death and the Devil that he will cling tremblingly to the priest for protection. His self-confidence must be destroyed: he must be saturated with a sense of weakness and dependence. He must be made to feel that he needs a friend at the Court of God Almighty; and that the priest is the only man who can supply that need. Let him be brave in every other respect; let him be fearless in the march and the battle of life; let him be self-reliant in dealing with the actualities of the visible world; let him conquer Nature and other men. So far, good. But in his relation to the unseen world, let him remain a mental imbecile, a shrinking slave, a helpless child, a pitiful coward! Let him be his own master and defender, his own sword and buckler, in the hard

fight of real life; but let him fly to the priest, for safety and support when confronted by the problems of an existence beyond the grave. Let him regard Courage as an indispensable element of manly character, in everything pertaining to this life; but let him learn that pusillanimous servility is a radiant jewel in the crown of the Catholic who is bound for the Kingdom of Heaven.

The Mother got this precious Faith by inheritance, environment and education; her children will get it in the same way; and those will, in turn, pass it on down to future generations. Thus the endless chain is forged. And thus the owl of superstition persists.

Broad daylight reigns everywhere else; but in this matter of Fear and Faith, medieval gloom darkens the Catholic world. There isn't a monstrosity of belief or practice that has been voluntarily abandoned. The Papa would burn heretics right now, if he could. From Biloxi, Mississippi, the furious Catholics banished a Baptist preacher, a few months ago, because he dared to express his honest opinion concerning their creed and their morals. Under threats of death, he had to leave.

Tell a Catholic that it is a manifest absurdity to hold that the word of a priest can turn dough into flesh, and wine into blood—if you want to be insulted. He would rather die than give up the belief that Catholics eat and drink Jesus Christ.

When the child is ready for school, the priest enthrones himself within its mind and heart and soul. The priest teaches the child how to see things. Thus trained, the child will see through the eyes of the priest. The child will recognize no paganism in the idolatries of his Church. The child can see for himself that *the heathen* are worshipping idols, when they kneel to them or offer sacrifice. But the same child, witnessing the prostrations of Catholics before shrines and images, will see no idol-worship *in that*. The priest has taught him how to "distinguish the case."

The child can see for himself how the Oriental and pagan priesthood fatten upon the lavish offerings of their fanatical followers; live in sensual luxury; make a jest among themselves of the ease with which they impose upon the ignorance and the superstition of their disciples! and prostitute their powers for the exclusive benefit of the religious hierarchy. The child can see for himself that *papan celibacy* is an impudent shame; and his lip curls with scorn when "the temple girl" is mentioned. But the same child,

using the same eyes, never sees that *Roman Catholic celibacy* is an impudent shame; and that the Confessional is a way-station to the Retreat Parlor, to which the cloistered nun is bound to go, when summoned by the licentious priest.

The child can see for himself what the devilish purpose is, when the Oriental temple girl is taught that the pagan priest, dedicated to God, can do no wrong; and that the serving of him is the serving of God. The child can readily understand the hideous purpose of such teaching, and the loathsome results of it. But the same child never sees that the same doctrine taught to the Catholic girls, by Catholic priests and nuns, is equally polluting and deadly. The priest has taught him to "distinguish the case."

The child will instantly agree that it is damnable for pagan priests to inculcate in youthful minds the belief that the priest cannot sin; and that whatever he asks of the temple girls will be right in the eyes of his gods. But if you ask him what he thinks of the same doctrine when sown in plastic brains, by plausible *Catholic* priests, he will answer, not from his own mind, but from that of his mother, or his confessor.

Show such a child the gorgeous riches and splendors of Oriental temples, the wealth of the pagan hierarchy, the pride and arrogance of the priesthood, the vast revenues which they exact from the pious—and the child will recognize immediately the hypocrisy, the fraud, the greed, the vanity, the imposture. "Oh, that I could overthrow that cruel, that putrid, that tyrannical enemy to the freedom of the human mind, that foe to the progress of the human race!" would be the language of his first impulse.

But were you to endeavor to get the same child to fix his eyes, and his thoughts, upon the boundless riches and the insatiable greed of the Roman Hierarchy, you would meet, not the natural ideas of the child, but the implanted ideas of the priest.

Were you to ask the child what his opinion is of a Dalai Lama who would prate about his "august poverty," while occupying the most elaborately magnificent palace on the face of the earth, the child would involuntarily exclaim—"He's a monstrous hypocrite!"

But when you ask the same child what he thinks of his Papa, lending out at usury, and through a firm of Jewish bankers, the sum of four million dollars, belonging to the Vicar of Christ, you won't get a reply that is disrespectful to Papa. Whatever Papa

does is right, no matter how great the contrast to Christ. Whatever the proud, purple-clad, palace-lodged, sumptuously-fed princes of the Church may do, is right—be it ever so opposite to the manner of life of the Twelve.

God in Heaven! To what incredible lengths may not cultivated and organized Blindness be led. We men claim to be men, and claim the right to assert our manhood in all directions, but one. We brook no interference with our freedom of thought upon any subject under the sun—with a single exception. But when we approach the subject of religion, our knees begin to knock, and our spines to bend, like warm sperm candles.

We lay down the royal diadem of our own intellectual independence; we grovel at the feet of another man, possibly our inferior; and we humbly ask that he replace our common-sense ideas of things, by a lot of hoary drivel that was a disgrace even to the men of the Dark Ages.

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(Chapter 2 in April issue.)

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Editorial Notes



THE RESPONSE:

That there is room and demand in the field of journalism for a periodical patterned after Watson's Jeffersonian is no longer a doubt to the promoters of The Watsonian. The public's response to the first edition (or Volume 1, Number 1) has been more than we expected. Considering the condition of the Southern States, we had our doubts as to the possibility of putting over a new publication. These doubts have been removed and we are going forward with new zeal, new life, and new ambitions. Of course there are many of Mr. Watson's old readers that have not voiced their approval but we feel sure that as the months go by they

will. We can not let those principles so dear to all of us, the principles that Mr. Watson treasured above life itself, follow him to the grave. No, they will not die, not until The Watsonian has hit a rock so hard that we will be shattered to the four corners of the earth.

We would not be grateful if we did not thank our subscribers from the bottom of our heart for the splendid push-off they have given us. So to our friends in conclusion we can only say, "WATCH THE WATSONIAN GROW."

* * * * *

MURDER:

Dr. Frank Norris has been acquitted for killing Chipps. The press as a whole has given quite a bit of space in poking fun at the court which acquitted him. We feel that the jury who heard this case should be the judge and not a bunch of pen pushers thousands of miles away. Therefore, we will not comment on the legal side of the question. But there is one side that has been overlooked by all of the paragraphs, and that is the fear of life. To have been at Hickory Hill and experienced the many frightening episodes in the many attempts to take the life of Tom Watson causes you to have a more kindly feeling for Dr. Norris. It will be remembered that Mr. Watson carried on a

similar attack concerning certain officials of Georgia as well as on the Catholic Church. There is no greater misery than to go to bed thinking that on your own plantation there is an effort in progress to take your life. If these editorial writers would take into consideration the hazards Dr. Norris labored under then we do not see how they could be so very hard on the man. Committing murder is an awful act and from now until his death, Dr. Norris will suffer in his own mind. And when that day comes when he must face Supreme Court" of all the universe, we hope that this higher court will sustain the decision of the lower court.

* * * * *

HENRY FORD:

News dispatches out of Washington say that Henry Ford refused a billion dollars for his business on three occasions. Did you laymen ever stop to think how much a billion dollars is? Here is an illustration: A thousand dollars seems like plenty of money to us and no doubt it does to our reader. A person with a billion dollars could have begun spending a thousand dollars a day 800 years before Christ and continued this expenditure every day until 1927 and then he would have \$4,645,000.00 to his credit. We would like to know with what modest amount Mr.

Ford intends to retire.

* * * * *

BRYAN AND WATSON:

Benjamin Decasseres' writings in *The American Mercury* commenting on eight men who incarnate the American Spirit to his mind had this to say relative to Wm. J. Bryan. "The fear of God gave America its Thanksgiving Day, and I believe that the one and only motive for Bryan's life-long Presidential ambition was his desire to write each year, the Thanksgiving Day Proclamation." If this be true there is no question that his ambition would have been fulfilled if he had accepted the Populist nomination for Vice-President, Watson, instead of Sewald, the Democratic nominee.

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THE HEIRARCHY:

Elsewhere in this issue you will find Chapter I of *The Roman Catholic Hierarchy* by Thos. E. Watson, written in 1912. It is a revelation to read carefully this book and compare the statements and predictions made then (1912) by Mr. Watson with conditions as they exist today.

For instance, we quote from Chapter I: "In the United States the Catholics have grown to 12,000,000; they exultingly exclaim that they 'have the Protestants on the run'; they have established the Inquisition here; they

boycott, because they dare not, as yet, kill: they are in secret league with the head-chiefs of both the old political parties: they have shackled the press; and the cowardly politicians are in deadly fear of them. They have promised their Papa that the United States shall be his within the next few years! What is the significance:

"Boycott! Today it is an undisputed fact that many of our large Companies with Catholic heads will not employ anyone unless he is a Catholic. In some instances they employ a Protestant, but these Catholic heads see to it that they get no promotion.

"Who was Chairman of the last Democratic Convention? Senator Walsh, a Catholic, of Montana. Who was it that trampled over the feet of the Georgia women in the Georgia Delegation? A bunch of Catholic East-siders who were supporting Al Smith, a Catholic, for President. It will be remembered that the Georgia delegation stood pat for McAdoo and that these two factions almost split the party. The effort to place Al Smith in the White House is the final step to turn our Government over to the Pope of Rome."

We trust that our readers will get the message that Mr. Watson has so plainly given to us in this book.

HEFLIN VS. CATHOLICISM:

Did your blood ever boil? It must have if you have been reading the Congressional Record of late. It seems that we have one man in the highest law-making body in the land who has the nerve and who has the strength of his conviction. We refer to Senator Tom Heflin. As we all know, the Catholics have usurped the press, and this attack by Mr. Heflin on the Catholic Religion has kept them busy. Their last move was not to carry any stories relative to Mr. Heflin's attack. When Senator Heflin would rise in the Senate chamber, many of the newspaper reporters would simultaneously leave the press box. Is this not sufficient warning for us Americans, who believe as our forefathers believed, to wake up and combat this sinister movement? A Frenchman, Mirabeau, I think, said the wisest man would come to believe the silliest thing if his valet repeated it to him every morning while dressing. Human nature is so constituted that a reader of a daily paper, seeing the same thing written day after day, and nobody allowed to deny, finally takes it to be the truth. All of this cry of Tolerance which they are feeding us through the daily press is just putting the same thing before us all the time

until they think we will just believe it. We cannot ever see the other side. Senator Heflin gave the people the other side and it was having such an effect against the tolerance cry that they had to devise some plan to stop it. The Catholic controlled press boycotted Senator Heflin from further space in the daily press, and this was their solution of the problem. But they did not solve it until Senator Heflin had put his message over to the American people.

If the United States Senate had more members like the senior Senator from Alabama, this country would be in much better condition. Keep the good work up, Senator!

* * * * *

FARM RELIEF:

It now seems that a Farm Relief measure is about to pass Congress and in turn will be placed before the President for signing or vetoing. If the President follows his past positions, he will veto the bill. He is between the devil and the deep blue sea. If he vetoes the bill, there is no chance for him to get the next Republican nomination; if he approves it, New England will be after his scalp.

We do not care to discuss the merits and demerits of the McNary-Haugen bill, only to say that if it contains one ounce of

relief for the farmers of this nation we hope that it will become a law.

When you destroy Agriculture in this country you have destroyed the vein that has made it the greatest republic on earth. No class of people have suffered more for the past several decades than our farmers. The United States protects its manufactured products by a tariff which keeps the prices up on these products. Thus the farmers buy their implements, clothes, etc., in a protected market, but when they sell their products we all know they are sold in an unprotected market. The farmers have been bled by the hands of Wall Street Industries until it is absolutely necessary that something be done for their welfare. The mortgaged indebtedness of our farm lands is astounding. Unless conditions are remedied so that the farmer will receive cost plus a reasonable profit for his products, this country is headed for a condition not yet experienced since its establishment.

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THE SCRAP BOOK

Ed. Note. Each month we will carry extracts from Mr. Watson's scrap books. We think that this will be very interesting to our readers as it will uncover new information probably never published.

Below we will give news clippings from press on Mr. Watson's first big move in Georgia politics, that is, the Gubernatorial Convention of 1880. It was his speech in this convention that gave birth to his political life in Georgia politics.

THE SPEECH.

Mr. Chairman, for the sake of answering the gentleman from Richmond, I have moved you the appointment of six delegates from each faction of this convention, Colquitt and anti-Colquitt, as a committee of conference who shall retire and select a candidate other than before the body for nomination as Governor.

I have called over a list of Georgians whose names would sound a rally cry through all the ranks of State Democracy.

Not only these, Mr. Chairman, but—look among all their fellow-citizens and select a leader.

Sir, I am tired of hearing the cry of generosity, when I see no generosity (applause); I am tired of this cry of harmony when I see no harmony. (Applause). I have not come here to be fattened on chaff, nor filled with taffy. You might as well attempt to gain flesh on corn cob soup in January. (Laughter).

A Member—"I will ask the gentleman from McDuffie if the adoption of the two-third rule was generosity on the part of Colquitt supporters?"

Mr. Watson—No, sir! You adopted it because you knew your own men wouldn't stick to you in an attempt to pull it down. (Great applause).

Mr. Chairman, I have said, I now say, that I am here with no bitterness of party rancor. I have fought this much-named gentleman, A. H. Colquitt. I have fought him honestly. I have advocated Rufus Lester. I have advocated him honestly. But high and serene above them both, above my opposition to Colquitt, above my support of Lester, arise my love, my devotion to my State, like the tranquil star that burns and gleams beyond the reath of the drift-

ing clouds. (Cheers). But, sir, under the course of the gentleman from Richmond, I am debarred from this privilege. He tells us that we must yield to him, and that unless we nominate Colquitt that this party will permit no nomination. Mr. Chairman, this is not the language which a friend addresses to a friend. It is not the language a brother addresses to a brother. It is the language of a master to a slave. (Cheers).

We are the Slaves of no man. We haven't come here to bulldoze anybody and haven't come here to be bulldozed. (Cheers).

Sir, a silken cord might draw me, but all the cables of all the ships that walk the waters of all the seas cannot drag me. (Cheers).

A Member—Will the gentleman allow me to interrupt him?

Mr. Watson—No, sir; I will not.

Sir, the gentleman from Richmond cannot drive us out by this threat. We have a right to be here; we have a purpose to serve here, and planting ourselves upon this right, and wedding ourselves to this honorable purpose, we shall stay in this hall unawed by threats and undiscouraged by gags. (Cheers).

A Member—I want to ask the gentleman a question.

Mr. Watson—I do not yield the floor.

Sir, the gentleman's position means that we must take Colquitt or the party shall be disrupted. Sir, if it must come, let it come. We love the party, honor it, are devoted to it, but we will not yield when the gentleman's speech has made it a loss of self-respect to surrender.

If they will split this convention, we will be here to the end (applause); if they will sink the ship, we will remain in her shadow to the last. (Applause). We would deprecate it. We would deplore it. But if she can only be saved on terms as unmanly as these, then—

Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every thread-bare sail,
And give her to the God of storms,
The lightning and the gale.

(Long, continued and enthusiastic cheers).

A REMARKABLE YOUNG MAN MAKES A FINE SPEECH

MACON HERALD.

Mr. Thomas E. Watson, a Lester delegate from McDuffie County, who is taking such a prominent part in the gubernatorial convention and whose reply to Walsh of Richmond, as appears in today's Constitution, is one of the finest specimens of spontaneous eloquence and stinging rebuke we ever read, was a college class-mate of ours at Mercer University, and at that time bade fair to crown his name with honor at no distant day.

Mr. Watson left college at the end of his sophomore term. He was a *protege*, so to speak, of Prof. Steed, of Mercer University, that gentleman having shaped the course of his early training, and now witnesses with pride the result of his labors. We are glad to record the fame of our friend and class-mate.

AUGUSTA NEWS.

Thomas E. Watson, Esq., of McDuffie, one of the prominent young lawyers of the State, is in town. It was Mr. Watson who made such a brilliant reputation in the late convention, and who gave so many black eyes to the bulldozing majority and its arrogant leader. Perhaps it is the suffering from these very blows that causes the political air and countenance to appear so blue to some people in Augusta.

WARRENTON CLIPPERS.

We are proud of our young class-mate, Mr. Watson, of Thomson, Ga. His speech may be found elsewhere. We have been aware for some time that he was capable of giving burning words to the world's literature if ever a proper opportunity offered itself to him. Friend Watson will soon take a place among the law-makers of our land.

SOME AFTERMATH OF THE CIVIL WAR

(The following gives some account of the conditions following the Civil War and was written to form the conclusion of Mr. Watson's book, "Bethany." For reasons not worth mentioning, it was omitted.—Ed.)

The cruel War was over. Southern soldiers, putting trust in fair promises, laid down their arms. Had we been fighting any other antagonist than the Union, we would never have given up so soon. We were not exhausted. We had soldiers enough in the field to have kept up the strife indefinitely.

With such a vast territory as ours, abounding in positions of such enormous natural strength, a guerilla-band warfare could have been waged forever. But our people were divided in opinion as to the necessity for the war; a large percentage of the population felt the strife to be unnatural: they yearned for their old place in the house of our fathers; they believed that brotherly love would come again when the family fight was ended.

This was the feeling and the sentiment which had more to do with conquering the South than all the armies marshalled against her. Had we felt towards Grant's soldiers and the Northern people as we had felt toward Cornwallis and Great Britain, we would have contin-

ued to struggle in the sixties, as we did in the Revolutionary war—till the land was a desert and its last man in the saddle. But we wanted to be at peace again with our brethren; old associations appealed to us; the old flag, which our fathers had helped to make glorious, was dear to us; we wanted to go back home—to our old place in the Union.

This, *this* was the sentiment which, more than all others, made the South grow weary of the war.

Nobody doubted that a sincere, fraternal reconciliation would follow Appomattox. The flag was furled and the musket stacked in that belief. Grant had been magnanimous to Lee's veterans; and when the soldiers of the two armies lowered their guns they had clasped hands. The individual "Yank" did not hate the individual "Johnnie." They had proved each others pluck; they knew each other to be brave and kind; they were ready to be the best of friends.

Shame forever upon the professional place-hunters who dangled "the bloody shirt" before the eyes of these brave men for twenty years after the war, and, for partisan purposes, kept alive the passion of the Civil War!

But nobody dreamed of that in 1865. "Let us have peace!" said the big-hearted Grant; and he meant it. "You will need your horses to make your crops; take them."

Generous conqueror—greatest in that he was considerate and compassionate in the hour of supreme victory!

Yes. Let us have peace. Let us forget the awful past. Let us cure the ghastly wounds of war. Let us beat the swords into ploughshares, and cover the land once more with the splendor of harvests. Let the peaceful hum of industry shame the war bugle into eternal silence.

Who dreamed of the horrors of reconstruction?

Who dreamed of the deliberate, vindictive crusade against Southern civilization? What prophet warned us of Loyal Leagues and carpet-bag hosts bearing down upon us to destroy the white man's pride and purity of race and system, to plant upon its ruins the foulest negro domination?

We had understood that all that was required of us was to lay down our arms. That done, our place in the house of our fathers was again open to us. That done, we were to be treated as brethren who had erred, but who had repented. In this spirit, we had understood Abraham Lincoln to speak at Hamp-

ton Roads. In this spirit, we had understood Grant to speak at Appomattox. We never dreamed that when the sword of the brave, generous Northern soldier was sheathed, and we were disarmed, that the vindictive and cowardly and utterly selfish politician would be permitted to wreak his vengeance upon us with legislative pen.

Had that ghastly program of Thad Stevens and Charles Sumner been suspected, had it flashed through the minds of Southern leaders that Appomattox was to be followed by the most rancorous and persistent efforts to debase, degrade and destroy everything which the white people of the South held sacred, no power on earth would ever had lowered the flag of the Confederacy while a brigade could be mustered to defend it. If Lee had proven too much of a gentleman-soldier, too much of a West-Pointer, to organize guerilla warfare throughout the mountain fastnesses and the swamps of the South, he would have been discarded, and the despair of the South would have found its leaders in such men as N. B. Forrest.

Rather than have ingloriously permitted the coming of the day when whites were to be disarmed and negroes armed, whites disfranchised and negroes vested with the ballot, the doors

of office closed to the representative whites of the South and opened to the most ignorant negroes, a war of extermination would have been fought in comparison with which the heroic struggle of the South African Republics against Great Britain would have been child's play.

In spite of all that England could do against those weak republics they utterly refused every offer of peace which did not include the stipulation that the Boers themselves should deal with the blacks. The awful experience of the Southern States, whose leaders had fatally neglected that precaution, had made its impression throughout the world; and the men, the boys, the women, and even the girls of the South African Republic were found fighting in the ranks, determined to die with guns in their hands, rather than submit to the horrible treatment of the North inflicted upon the South after Lee's surrender.

Great God! What Southern man or woman can forget it? General Grant did not do it. The brave soldiers who fought us did not do it. No! The monstrous crime of putting black heels upon white necks was the deed of cowardly politicians who had never smelt gun powder. They had ridden into office upon the wave of sectional hatred, they devised the infamous Reconstruction policy to keep alive

that hate and their own supremacy.

Beaten in the open field; misled into a surrender of their cause; mocked, outlawed, pillaged, and nigger-ruled, what was the white man of the South to do? Should partisan hatred be allowed to reverse the order of nature? Should the blacks dominate the Southern people, debauching the South to the level of Hayti and San Domingo? Should the white men of the Southern States be the sole exception to the law of nature that the superior race shall dominate its inferior?

Against such an idea every instinct of Anglo-Saxon manhood revolted. It never had been so. It should not ever be so.

Death were better than such unbearable degradation. We had been duped, betrayed, disarmed by fair promises—but we were not remediless.

Almost within the compass of a night, an invisible empire sprang to life; and the very best minds and hearts of the South were its sworn subjects.

The order of the White Camellia, and the Ku Klux Klan sprang fullarmed and desperately determined, into the crisis; and against these secret societies negro domination and carpet-bag dictation went down, never to rise again.

General Forrest did the South immense service during the war,

but his chief glory is that when the Knightly Lee had disbanded the troops, he reorganized them in a secret league against which the North was utterly powerless.

John B. Gordon was a magnificent soldier in the field, and his star shone with unceasing lustre to the very last; but he was even more effective after Appomattox when he was directing the resistless energies of the Klans which had sworn to redeem Georgia, or die!

Toombs had been forceful in the Senate, and valiant in the field, but he was not less a power when, through his son-in-law, (Gen. DuBose) he was an active counsellor of the Ku Klux Klan.

Hampton, of South Carolina, was great at Manassas, when, with blood blinding his eyes, he refused to obey Beauregard's order to retreat, sending back the answer "We did not come here to retreat;" but the noblest service he ever rendered the Southern people was when he led the fight to re-instate white people in the control of their own land.

And the work of such soldiers as these was splendidly supplemented by the fiery eloquence of tongue and pen of Ben Hill.

At last, the fearful ordeal was ended. At last, the South shook off alien rule and negro domination.

And the odds against which she struggled, and the complete-

ness with which she triumphed, constitute the most resplendently glorious chapter in her history.

The danger passed. Negroes ceased to vote. The white man had it all his own way. Democracy and the Solid South were fixed facts. Republican delegates from Southern States could dictate the choice of presidential candidates in national conventions—but could never give them a vote in the electoral colleges. A queer situation, for which no remedy has been found; a gruesome legacy of war. True, these Republican delegations from the South are regularly bought; but that is not a remedy. Perhaps it is an aggravation of the disease. Upon the other hand, the Democratic party at the South holds its own in local matters by surrendering its body and its soul to the Northern wing of the party. No matter who is nominated, no matter what is the platform, the South must vote the Democratic ticket—for fear of the negro.

Out of this anomalous state of things has grown as corrupt a political situation as the world ever knew.

Once, and once only, in the long history of Rome the imperial purple was put up at public auction, and sold to the highest bidder. The very Preterians who did this thing grew ashamed of the act; and the wretched Julianus had to wipe off the disgrace

with his blood. With us, the process of barter and sale occurs regularly every four years; and we have passed the point where we are ashamed. It has become a custom, and, like all customs, has achieved respectability. Where royal concubinage is the practice, royal bastards are peers of the realm; and the strumpets of the kings set fashions for "Society."

The Solid South presenting an unbroken front in national politics, found causes of difference, locally, in the distribution of the spoils. Feuds, factions, bitter antagonisms arose. As a balance of power, the negro was called in to decide the contest. By whom? Southern Democrats. Thus in their greed for office, the Democrats opened up a new chapter in Southern politics—a chapter which my friend Dr. Thomas Dixon seems to have skipped.

Let us tell the truth and shame the devil! It was the Southern Democrat who lugged the negro back into politics from which the Ku Kux Klan had driven him. So far as the State of Georgia is concerned, this momentous event occurred in 1880, when the mischief-making two-thirds rule spit the Democratic Convention; and two Democratic candidates were running for the governorship. In this campaign followers of one of the candidates declared over and over again that no race

had ever, in the same space of time, made such wonderful progress in civilization as the negro race had done since the Civil War—a ludicrously false statement which did enormous harm. The other candidate had taken the position that the whites ought to rule, and that negro suffrage was a failure. He was overwhelmingly beaten at the polls, for all the blacks voted against him.

Georgia, by her "White Primary," and other Southern States by Constitutional amendments have made strenuous endeavors to put the negro back where the Ku Klax Klan left him; but the success of the effort is far from complete.

It was a bad day for the whites of the South when her office-hungry politicians took the sacred nigger by the hand and led him, with flattering words, back to the polls to decide the issue of the campaign.

It was a bad day for the South when this same greedy political element permitted the negro leaders to play one faction of the whites against the other—thus securing from Southern Democrats what Northern Republicans could never have given. In this manner, they again entered the doors of office; in this manner, they have educated themselves at our expense; in this manner, they secured political recognition.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

The Watsonian,
Thomson, Georgia.
Dear Sirs:

Enclosed you will find check for \$2.00. Please send me The Watsonian for one year and the seven booklets you advertise for \$1.00. Your magazine is wonderful and I hope that the Protestants of this good old U. S. A. will help you in putting forth Protestantism before the people.

Yours truly,
E. B. ROBBINS.

Tomah, Wisconsin.

* * *

The Tom Watson Book Co.,
Thomson, Georgia.
Gentlemen:

You will please find enclosed check for \$1.00 for one year's subscription to The Watsonian.

Hope you all the success in the world.

Yours very truly,
S. T. BEATON.

Waycross, Ga.

* * *

To the Editor,
The Watsonian,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

I am enclosing check for one dollar, for which please enter my name to your subscription list. I would like to get the first number.

Hoping you success in your new Magazine, I am,

Yours respectfully,
H. E. PARKER.

Birmingham, Ala.

The February number has been mailed Mr. Parker and all the late subscribers who desire the first numbers advise us and we will mail same to you.—Ed.

* * *

The Tom Watson Book Co.,
Thomson, Georgia.
Kind friends:

Will you please tell me who composes this so-called Tom Watson Book Company? However, it can be made the greatest Book Company in the world if the right kind of brains and honesty are behind it; understand, I do not claim to be able to pass on these two points. I am much pleased with the February issue (Vol. 1, No. 1). I have no special desire to be a book agent, but books of this class need to be read by all who desire to be good American citizens. Page 18, some one commented on the crime of 1926, which was good; but the bank robbery was overlooked. If the Hon. Sage of McDuffie had been living, in reasonable health, some thieves would already have gone as Leo Frank.

Now, friends, if the writings of Mr. Watson can be kept pure and before the public, much good can be accomplished in the name of a better Georgia and better America.

I wish I had one million dollars to put in this book company. Let's rally our friends together and carry on as best we can the work of Georgia's greatest son,

the word's greatest writer.

I have been a worker for Mr. Watson for 32 years.

Yours sincerely,

R. H. SIVELL.

Chipley, Ga.

The grand-daughter of the late Senator Watson controls the majority of the stock in The Tom Watson Book Company.

We will guarantee the honesty, but not the brains.

Have no fear that Mr. Watson's writings will not be kept pure.

We had rather have your good will than your million dollars.

—Ed.

* * *

The Tom Watson Book Co.,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear friend:

I have been informed that you have started a new paper, if so, I want a copy for I always read The Jeffersonian and I have a child named after T. E. W., the Greatest of All Men.

Hoping to hear from you soon,
I am,

Yours very truly,

H. T. McCoy.

Graymont, Ga.

Sample copies will be gladly mailed any one making request.

—Ed.

* * *

The Watsonian,
Thomson, Georgia

I received The Watsonian that was sent me and was glad to get it. Tom Watson was as great man as ever lived in this world. A true man of God, he fought the fight, he kept the faith, he was ready to be offered up. I love the place and day that he

was born in this world; I loved the life that he lived; I love the place where his body lies, I love his people, I love his name, and I love all that he did, worked and stood for.

As for me, he never said, did or thought one thing wrong, and may God bless his name and works for ever.

Yours very truly,

A. P. USURY.

Augusta, Ga.

* * *

The Tom Watson Book Co.,
Thomson, Georgia.
Gentlemen:

I think The Watsonian Magazine is great and I am very much pleased with it. While I know that no man in America can fill the chair left vacant by the late Sen. Thos. E. Watson. He was many years ahead of his time and your magazine will be a great power for good and to help perfect his ideals of Jeffersonian Democracy.

I wish for The Watsonian much success. Enclosed find \$2.00 for one year's subscription for me and one year's subscription for Mrs. J. H. Venning, Greer, S. C. Your friend,

E. B. BETTS.

Washington, D. C.

* * *

The Watsonian,
Thomson, Ga.

Please send me a copy of The Watsonian, and subscription price as I want the magazine each month. I am a great admirer of the late Senator.

WILTON C. HALL.

Editor of The Anderson Independent-Tribune,
Anderson, S. C.

FROM THE PRESS

SHRDLU ETAOIN

BY BEN B. JOHNSTON

(Macon Telegraph—Editorial Page, Feb. 10, 1927)

Since Col. William Joseph Simmon's book, *America's Menace*, or *The Enemy Within*, and Capt. Billy Fawcett's *Smokehouse Poetry* were recently reviewed in this space, it is perhaps somewhat a risk to review here the first issue of a new magazine, *The Watsonian*, published by the Tom Watson Book Company, Thomson, Ga. It would be a pity to be recorded as a reader of such slop exclusively. It just happens that these three publications come to notice in a short space of time and that each of them is important enough in its way to draw some comment. With this apology shielding the reputation of this column, let us proceed.

* * *

Volume 1, Number 1, of *The Watsonian* is dated February, 1927, and wears a bright red dress. The letter which accompanies the magazine is unsigned and no name appears anywhere in the publication to indicate who the editor is. Since the avowed purpose of *The Watsonian* is to glorify the late Thomas E. Watson and since the subject matter is almost exclusively clipped from Watson's books and occasional writings, the editorial anonymity is perhaps not inappropriate. The introductory letter says in part:

"No one realizes more fully than we the impossibility of filling the chair left vacant by Mr. Watson. And for this reason, *The Watsonian* will be composed primarily from the writings of Mr. Watson. It is an undisputed fact that he was many years ahead of his time and from these writings we know that we can deal intelligently with all issues for several decades, however, in the meantime we hope and trust that there will spring from somewhere within these United States another 'Tom Watson' who will be blessed with the genius to carry on where Senator Watson left off."

* * *

If there were the remotest chance of the magazine's attaining its avowed end, it would be in order to view with alarm. A reading of the first issue of *The Watsonian*, however, will reassure anyone who might be distressed by the possibility of its surviving to encourage some "genius" to "carry on where Senator Watson left off."

Let it be remembered, with all charity, where Senator Watson left off. He had just dragged through the United States Senate the most appalling mass of unfounded charges that ever made a constituency blush for its representative. Tom Watson's conspicuous war service was in the encouragement of slackerism. His most characteristic "issue" was his hatred of the Roman Catholic Church and his charges against it and its people. That is where Tom Watson left off, in the venomous dotage of a spectacular political life. There is nothing in that truncated career to provoke any thoughtful Georgian to wish for any one to fulfill his ambitions.

* * *

As for the magazine, observe its contents. The frontispiece is an ancient woodcut portrait of Tom Watson, with a facsimile signature. There is a *New Year's Greeting*, from Watson's *Prose Miscellanies*. Following this is a five-stanza poem by T. E. W., aged 19. The first verse follows:

"They talk of the joys of the city
Where revelry holdeth her sway;
Where life on the billows of pleasure
Is carelessly floated away:

And many there be enchanted,
Bow low to its wildering charm,
But give me the open air freedom and peace
That dwells on the old fashioned farm."

* * *

On page 5 starts the feature offering, *The Life of Thomas E. Watson*, by his granddaughter, Georgia Watson Lee.

The first few lines will give you a savor of the literary style of the work:

"Take this to her," the tall soldier was saying to the little red-haired boy.
"You know whom I mean, and tell her good-bye for me."

The little boy looked down at the white Cherokee rose the soldier had given him, and answering simply, "Yes." He was too full of emotion to say anything else. Far away the drum was beating to the step, step, step of the soldiers, who were leaving the quiet little village to go away to fight the "Yankees."

The first installment of the biography contains a sketch written when Tom was 10 years old. It is called *Our Fishing Frolic* and is the product of a 14-year-old mind, nothing more or less. If it was included as an evidence of precocity, it is ill-chosen. It is thoroughly normal boy writing. Much more interesting is the biographer's note that "Tom's little negro was christened Napoleon Bonaparte Scott. He was called Boney for week days—Tom was never known to mistreat the devoted ducky, but was always considerate and generous with him." Although the granddaughter does not suggest it, this may have been the nucleus of the Watsonian interest in Bonaparte, which culminated *The Story of France* and the *Life of Napoleon*.

* * *

Following this, on page 11, another cull from *Prose Miscellanies*, called *THE NEW YEAR*, is printed. It contains this paragraph:

"Give us charity that thinks no evil, and which will stretch forth the helpful hand to lift our weak brother out of the mire, rather than cruel scorn which passes him by, or that thrusts him down."

This lofty sentiment is in close juxtaposition to the preface and introduction of Watson's *The Roman Catholic Hierarchy*, in which the Jesuits are referred to as "wolves in sheep's clothing, who done the livery of God to serve the Devil."

* * *

Then there is *The Greatest of Women*, a tribute to everyman's wife, written in the Elbert Hubbard style and ending with this:

Then, when Elbert Hubbard, and President Roosevelt, and William Jennings Bryan, and William Randolph Hearst, get to bragging on their noble wives, calling each of them, truthfully, "the greatest of women"—puff out your manly chest, with honest pride, and lay your arm around the neck of your wife, and say to the Sweetheart who has made your humbler home happy, happy, happy—"Here, likewise, is the greatest of women."

* * *

Then follow *Editorial Notes*. First is *Our Purpose*, which expresses the same sentiment quoted from the introductory letter. There is comment on Senator Wadsworth's recent endorsement of a certain brand of cigarette. It contains this brilliant non sequitur: "We will lay a wager without fear of losing, that U. S. Senator Watson, of Georgia, inspired one hundred people to Wadsworth's one; yet Mr. Watson never in his life smoked a cigarette nor used tobacco in any form."

There is a gloat over a negress being put off a pullman car in Florida and a sneer at Clarence Darrow for defending her in court.

There is a paragraph noting that Elbert Hubbard included in his scrap book an extract from Watson's *Napoleon*.

There is an editorial on "Alcoholic Smith" in which the statement is made that "with a Catholic in the White House, Mussolini and the Pope would have a direct phone-line to the President's office, with the American priests on the party-line."

There is notice of comment in *Time* on Toombs County's Ku Klux atrocities. The editor of *The Watsonian* concludes: "According to *Time's* article, Georgia is

the center of the crime belt, but according to ours, Wall Street is the center."

There is another slap at Al Smith and the Catholic Church, in which the word "apropos" is spelled phonetically.

There is a discussion of the Nicaraguan situation with commendation of Senator Heflin and condemnation of Senator Walsh, who, you may remember, dared to resent Heflin's charge of treason in the Knights of Columbus.

There is a scolding for the Woman's Club of Thomson for not having bought the library of Senator Watson, and kind words for the Miami man who did buy it.

There is comment on the Watson Memorial plans, in which the late Senator is referred to as "Georgia's greatest author and statesman."

* * *

Ed. Note: The Macon Telegraph needs no introduction to the Watson people of Georgia, but for the information of our out of state readers we would say that this paper under its management has always seen fit to oppose Mr. Watson both personally and politically, but at this late date we are astounded to think that we have a paper within our state of such low standard that it would print an attack of this nature on a dear Georgian.

Of course The Watsonian expected a biased criticism from The Telegraph, but we did not expect the paper to stoop so low as to ridicule a man who has contributed such literature to the world as The Story of France, Life of Jefferson, Life of Jackson, Life of Napoleon, etc.

How could it lower the ethics of a newspaper by insulting the memory of a man who labored as he for the masses and gave them such help as the rural free delivery of mail and other beneficial legislation?

If the editor of The Telegraph has one spark of manhood in his body he will give to the State of Georgia an apology for this insult by one of his hot-headed anti-Watson editorial writers.

Here is what one Georgian thinks of the article:

* * *

ON ATTACKING THE DEAD

(Macon Telegraph, Feb. 15, 1927.)

To the Editor of The Telegraph:

It is surprising that The Telegraph should publish articles of the kind that appears in the issue of Feb. 10, under the name of Ben B. Johnston.

Why should the columns of a great newspaper be used for the purpose of attacking a dead Georgian?

Senator Watson, whose lips have been, forever, silenced by death cannot, of course, answer such attacks and it seems to me that for a newspaper to continue to publish such attacks, years after his death, is to say the least of it, extremely indecent.

Of course, everyone is acquainted with Mr. Watson's attitude towards measure adopted by the Wilson administration for the prosecution of the war. We are also acquainted with Mr. Wilson's attitude towards various public questions. The fact of the matter is that the Atlanta Post of the American Legion, in a desperate effort to elect former Governor Dorsey to the Senate in 1920, injected into that campaign the question of whether Georgia was to stand by Wilson's principles or to adhere to those of Watson. The result of that campaign is history.

Further, Mr. Watson was a profound student of history. He believed that

the political activity of the Roman Church was a menace to the United States. In that Mr. Johnston may, as he most assuredly has the right to, believe that Mr. Watson was wrong, but since Mr. Watson did undoubtedly believe that the political activities of the Roman Church was a menace to our Government no one will say that his efforts to awaken the people to the dangers, as he saw them, was other than patriotic.

The case that he made out against political Romanism was so convincing that it is seriously doubted that a candidate having the open support of the Roman Catholic politicians will be elected to a state office during the next fifty years, nor will Georgia's delegates to a National Convention support any candidate for nomination for the Presidency or Vice-Presidency who is known to have the support of the Romanists.

Johnston may argue that for Georgians to assume such attitude is proof positive that Georgians are bigots, and he may even be right in thinking that. However, if he feels that we "bigots" are wrong and that the Roman Catholic Church is being unjustly treated, politically it is his duty to start a campaign of education that we "bigots" may be set right.

Such a campaign would convince him, quickly, that a "genius" instead of a hack writer like himself, would find the job long and tedious.

Of course Georgians have a right to believe that Wilson was right and that Watson was wrong with respect to the measures adopted for the prosecution of the war. They, also, have a right to agree that Wilson was right, in advocating, and that Watson was wrong in opposing America's entry into the League of Nations.

They have the same right to believe that Cardinals Gibbons, O'Connell, et al. were right and that Mr. Watson was wrong with respect to the alleged political ambitions of the Romans to make America Catholic, but no man, not even Johnston himself, is justified in slandering the dead, insulting the members of his family and accusing those who saw fit to follow him in things political of being bigoted imbeciles.

Those who are familiar with Georgia's recent political history know that no two Georgians, during the last half century, "hated" each other quite so thoroughly as did former Congressman Lon Livingston and the late Senator Watson.

While both were living neither overlooked an opportunity to "cuss" the other. Yet, shortly after Mr. Livingston's death, Mr. Watson made a public address and while he was in the midst of his speech some one asked a question about Livingston to which Mr. Watson replied by saying that "the pale face of death is a flag of truce to me," and in so far as I know, never referred to Colonel Livingston again either through the columns of his paper or from the public platform.

Of course, nothing that could be said would convince Johnston that it is "bad taste" to slander the dead, but he should acquaint himself with the fact that a few Georgians who were bitterly opposed to the things advocated by former President Wilson as even Johnston was opposed to the things advocated by former Senator Watson, have forever sealed their lips, not from fear but because of common decency, with respect to their views of Wilson the man.

Johnston might, but it is extremely doubtful, within the next couple of thousand years become as charitable towards the late Senator Watson as the late Senator's friends have become towards the late President.

As one who has read The Telegraph with regularity for twenty years, as one of those ignorant, deluded bigots who saw fit, without apology, to follow the late Senator Watson "blindly," I regret to see the newspaper which you have the honor to edit publish the kind of stuff referred to and trust that, after Ben Johnston's death, his enemies will be considerate enough for the family and friends that he leave behind to refrain from making remarks about him that might bring the pain.

Valdosta, Ga.

WILL H. STANFORD.

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Others have spoken of the power of his eloquence, the influence of his individuality, the qualities of his heart and mind, the influence of his writings, his devotion to home and fireside, his loyalty to friends, and I shall not detain the Senate by a further reference to those qualities that have been so eloquently alluded to today by others. I would say, though, Mr. President, that Georgia, great in her wonderful resources, rich in the character of her people, as she has always been—a State which has given to the nation many distinguished sons and daughters, statesmen, warriors and orators, whose names are emblazoned in the history of the country, she has in Thomas E. Watson contributed to the Nation a man who will occupy high place among the historians and literary geniuses of his time.

(From Senate Memorial Service to Thomas E. Watson.
—Senator Pat Haralson, of Mississippi.)