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A Gentile Put to Death on the Evidence of a Negro for Killing a Jew

THE Becker case and the Frank case should be considered together; they were contemporaneous in point of time, and they illustrate the difference between New York and Georgia: also, the difference between an honest Governor and a rotten one.

As all the world knows, Police Lieutenant Becker had been a power in New York; and he was accused of procuring the assassination of a Jew gambler, Rosenthal, to prevent the exposure of systematized connivance at crime, on the part of Becker.

Rosenthal was shot on the street, and his slayers made off in an automobile; but they were afterwards traced, identified, arrested, tried, and executed.

They were Jews, but of no aristocratic connection, no B'nai B'rith influence, and no Haas Finance Committee resources. Rich Jews did not concern themselves in the case, and the virtuous activities of the Burns Detective Agency were not enlisted. Besides, and the man they had murdered was a Jew.

Becker came to trial in due course, and the fatal link in the chain of evidence against him was supplied by a negro witness, James Marshall.

Did Mr. Adolph Ochs, of the New York Times, express any horror at the idea of putting Becker to death on the testimony of a negro?

No.

Did the New York World?

No.

Did the Hearst papers go into agonies over Becker, the victim of negro testimony?

No.

Did Doctors Charles H. Parkhurst, New-ton Dwight Hillis, &c., remonstrate with the Governor of New York, and denounce the jury which convicted Becker?

No.

Did any Chicago delegation descend upon the Governor of New York, and demand that he set aside the verdict of the jury, and the judgment of the Supreme Court?

No.

Did millionaire Jewish bankers insist that the Governor of Minnesota tell the Governor of New York what to do?

No.

Did Becker committees establish offices in New Orleans, New York, Chicago, and other cities, to systematize chain-letters, and petitions in favor of the Gentile who hired some poor Jews to shoot a rich one?

No.

Yet Becker's conviction rested principally upon the evidence of a negro barber; and the Supreme Court so stated.

Where was Mary Delaney Fisher, in this case?

Where was Vice-President Thomas Marshall?

Is he opposed to capital punishment in those cases, only, where rich Jew bankers and newspapers get to work?

Where was Dr. Wilmer, and Dr. White, and Rabbi Marx, and Jane Addams, and John Burroughs, and C. P. Connolly, and A. Maedonald, and Arthur Brisbane, and Clarence Shearn, and Nathan Straus?

A Jew Virtually Pardoned, After Conviction on Evidence of White Witnesses of Killing a Beautiful Girl.

Why didn't outsiders try to dictate to New York, as they did to Georgia?

Becker, also, had a wife, and Becker's wife declares that Charles was innocent; and she stuck to him, from the first.

She did not shrink away from him for three weeks after his arrest, as Frank's wife did.

There was no cook in the Becker home who made affidavit, in her lawyer's presence, to a confession made by Becker to his wife—as there was in Frank's case.

Becker's lawyers and detectives were not caught bribing witnesses, as Frank's were.

Becker's lawyers did not produce a forged letter, as Frank's lawyers did.

Sig Montag is the uncle of Leo Frank, and he threatens to prosecute me for defending the honor of our courts and our people.

Isaac Haas is the brother of the man who is Chairman of the Haas Finance Committee, which has vilified Georgia from sea to sea.

These two rich Jews have put a written demand on Hugh Dorsey, that he become my prosecutor.

It is not the duty of a Solicitor to become anybody's prosecutor.

Let Montag and Haas come into the open, and swear out a warrant against me, or have their names signed as Prosecutors to a bill to go before the Grand Jury.

These rich Jews have used Gentile against Gentile long enough.

LET THE RICH JEWS WHO HAVE THREATENED TO CRUSH ME TAKE THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE ATTACK.

Perhaps it will clear up the atmosphere if the Frank case is re-opened, its putrid spots laid bare, and its horrible secrets told from the house-tops.

Let Montag & Haas employ Rosser, Arnold & Slaton to prosecute me. I will act as my own lawyer; and when I get through with the Frank case, the people will understand it.

The rich Jews of Boston, New York and Atlanta have long made their threats, and I have been expecting the attack.

Let it come, but let the Jews be brave enough to make it, over their own name.

We have had enough of Cat's-paw work.

Attack me yourself, Mr. Sig Montag.

ATTACK ME YOURSELF, MR. ISAAC HAAS!

In the Becker case, Judge John Ford denied a re-hearing and a re-trial, saying that there was no law for it. He said he would have to usurp authority, before he could go behind the verdict of the jury, and the judgment of the highest court.

In the Frank case, the Prison Commission of Georgia deliberately usurped the authority which Judge John Ford refused to usurp, in New York; and T. E. Patterson voted to set aside the verdict of the Georgia jury, and the judgment of the highest court in Georgia.

In the Becker case, Governor Whitman sternly refused to re-try the issues which had already been passed upon by the regular judicial tribunals; and as no new evidence—unknown before the trial and the final decision of the highest court—could be produced, he declared that Becker's guilt had been judicially ascertained, and that the Governor had no authority to interfere.

That is exactly what Governor John M.

Slaton said, before Mary Phagan was killed, and before he had become a partner of the lawyer employed to defend her murderer.

In the Wilburn, Cantrell, and Umphrey cases, Governor Slaton held the law to be just what Governor Whitman holds it to be; but after he became, by legal partnership with Rosser, one of Frank's lawyers, he invested himself with the previously unheard of power to re-try the case, listen to speeches on the same facts that the jury had weighed, and reverse the Supreme Court of Georgia.

THUS, ONE OF FRANK'S LAWYERS NULLIFIED THE LAWS, TO SAVE THE GUILTY CLIENT OF THE FIRM!

Was Becker innocent?

Was Becker a God-fearing man, who could talk in a most pious manner?

Did he win the heart of his spiritual adviser, and did that sympathetic soul make affidavit in behalf of Becker?

Becker said he was innocent; Becker's wife sincerely believed him innocent; and if Becker's priest did not share this belief, he deliberately sought to mislead the Governor.

The following is the account of his last night on earth:

His Dying Statement.

During the night Becker penciled on a piece of paper what he captioned "My Dying Declaration." It was taken to the Warden's office, where two copies were typewritten, which Becker signed in a bold hand with his fountain pen. To Deputy Warden Johnson, who had charge of the execution, in place of Warden Thomas Mott Osborne, who does not believe in the death penalty, the one-time Police Lieutenant gave his fountain pen as a gift.

"It is the last thing that I have to give away, and I want you to have it. I want you to give this statement to the newspaper men."

Becker's message read:

"Gentlemen: I stand before you in my full senses, knowing that no power on earth can save me from the grave that is to receive me. In the face of that, in the teeth of those who condemned me, and in the presence of my God and your God, I proclaim my absolute innocence of the foul crime for which I must die.

Tribute to Wife.

"You are now about to witness my destruction by the State, which is organized to protect the lives of the innocent. May Almighty God pardon every one who has contributed in any degree to my untimely death.

"And now, on the brink of my grave, I declare to the world that I am proud to have been the husband of the purest, noblest woman that ever lived—Helen Becker. This acknowledgement is the only legacy I can leave her. I bid you all good-bye. Father, I am ready to go. Amen.

(Signed.)

"CHARLES BECKER.

In his letter to the Governor, he said:

"To these charges and to all others, I answer, by repeating solemnly on the brink of the world to which you are sending me before my time, what was my constant answer while in the world: I am innocent as you of having murdered Herman Rosenthal, or of having counselled, procured or aided his murder, or having any knowledge of that dreadful crime."

"Mark well, sir, these words of mine," the letter concluded, "when your power passes, then the truth of Rosenthal's murder will become known. But not while your nominees remain district

attornies and can hold the club over these persons.

"With the aid of judges who were misled into misconceiving the testimony offered in my trial, and into misstating it both to the jury and on appeal, you have proved yourself able to destroy my life. But, believe me, I will surrender it without rancor. Not all the judges in this State, nor in this country, nor the Governor of this State, nor the District Attorney, nor all of them combined, can destroy permanently the character of an innocent man."

Becker said that his name would be vindicated, his innocence made clear, and his martyrdom manifest.

He forgave his persecutors, and declared that he would get "justice in the next world."

Thus, you see, Becker accused the judges, the jury, and the witnesses, and the Governor, of "judicial murder."

The same charge was brought by the Atlanta Journal against Judge Roan, the Frank jury, and the Supreme Court of Georgia.

Becker, with his dying breath, accused the New York judges of misstating to the jury the testimony in the case, and therefore the trial was, according to him, a "legal lynching."

In his letter to his wife, Becker referred to his "destruction by the State," and he prayed Almighty God to pardon those who had brought him to his untimely death.

This was tragedy, for the man knew he was to die.

With the unfathomable perversity which has led innocent men to confess crimes they did not commit, Becker persisted in his protestations of innocence, charged the judges, and the jury, and the Governor with deliberate murder, and then magnanimously begged the Almighty to forgive these cold-blooded assassins!

At the Georgia State Farm there was a little comedy, adroitly staged, and acted with consummate skill.

Frank's wife was on hand to furnish the conjugal element; and Dr. McNaughton was sitting up waiting for the prompter; and Creen raked the muscle of Frank's throat with the hog-knife (or the kitchen knife), and then the doctors came pell-mell on the scene; and Frank began to forgive his enemies as volubly as Becker.

This isn't the first time that a suspicious connection between McNaughton and Frank has been evident.

McNaughton got his commutation from Governor John M. Slaton—who held the dual relation of Rosser's partner and the people's Governor.

As given out, Slaton's reason was, that the State had refused to bring McNaughton's alleged accomplice to trial.

Who was the attorney of Mrs. Flanders, the alleged accomplice of McNaughton?

Her attorney was Luther Rosser!

In other words, Governor Slaton occupied the same position in regard to the McNaughton case that he did to the Frank case.

To be specific, he was attorney for Mrs. Flanders, in the eye of the law, because he was Rosser's partner.

Now, who was the lawyer whom the Flanders family employed to assist the Solicitor General?

Why, it was Reuben Arnold!

The Solicitor wanted to try the case against Mrs. Flanders, so that the sentence against McNaughton could be carried out.

But Reuben Arnold objected to trying the woman accomplice, although he knew that Governor Brown had declared that McNaughton should not be hanged, so long as the State refused to try his accomplice.

Successor to Governor Brown came Slaton, of course, and Slaton was partner to the lawyer of Mrs. Flanders.

So, Arnold plays into Rosser's hands, and Rosser plays into McNaughton's hands; and

McNaughton escapes the scaffold, *BECAUSE the two lawyers of Leo Frank work together to keep McNaughton's accomplice from being tried!*

Do you suppose that Slaton was ignorant of what his partner was doing in the McNaughton case?

Do you imagine he was ignorant of the reason why Mrs. Flanders was not tried?

It certainly is a most peculiar coincidence that Dr. McNaughton should have been on hand to save Frank's life, the night Frank's jugular vein was severed, his head cut off &c.

The deeper you go into all this Slaton-Rosser-Arnold mess, the worse it looks, and smells.

It is the blackest episode in the history of Georgia.

John Temple Graves, who is regarded as Mr. Hearst's oratorical department, attended

they have been hounding Becker with relentless ferocity.

They have been demanding Becker's constantly, mercilessly, savagely.

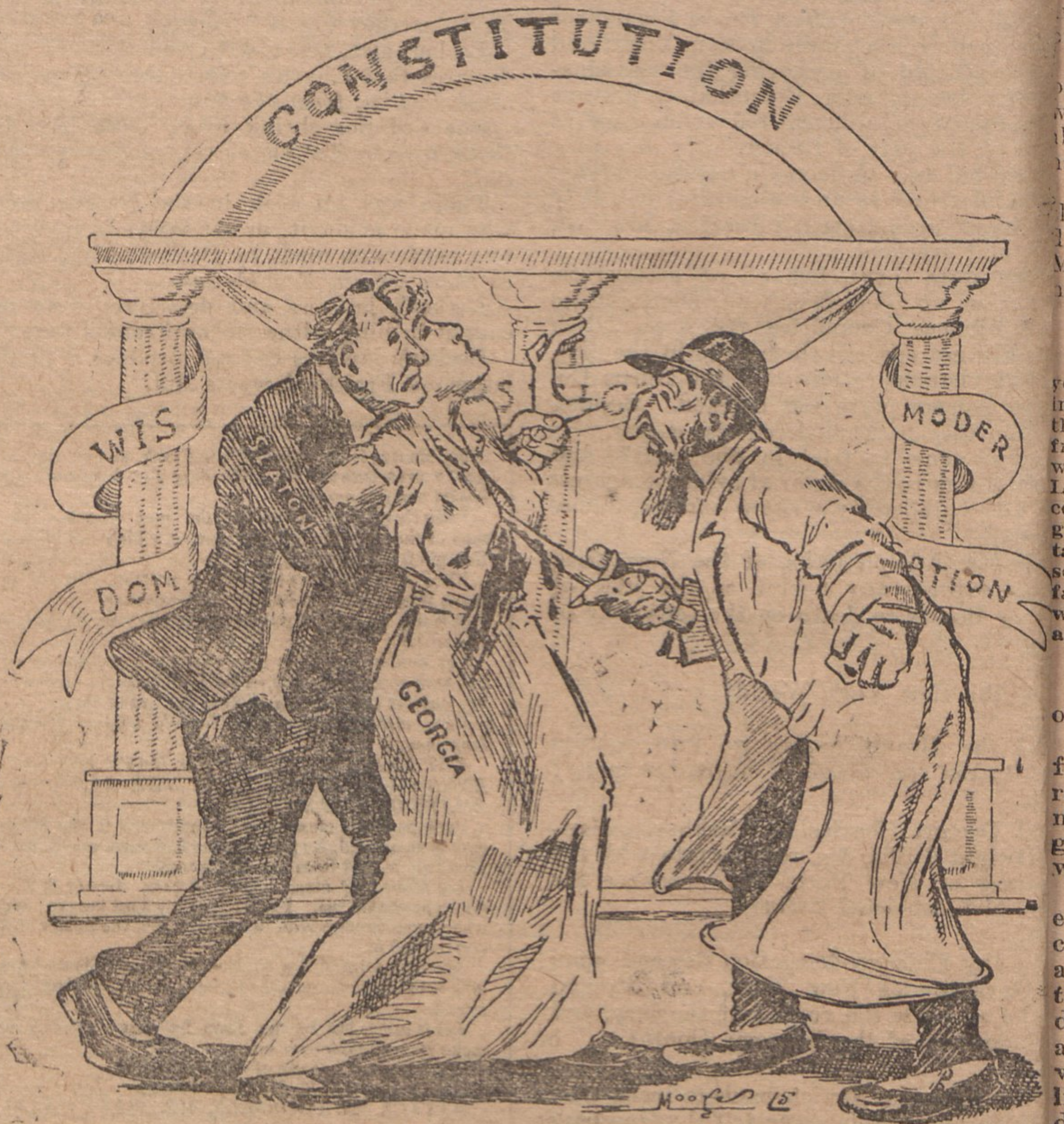
They had no shadow of doubt of Becker's guilt, although an indispensable link in chain of evidence was supplied by negro testimony.

A nigger was good enough to put Becker to death, for Becker had caused the murder of a Jew.

They had no bowels of compassion for Becker's wife, although her appeals for sympathy were piteous, frantic, and constant.

They had no ear for the priest who "confessed" Becker, who claimed to have Becker's inmost secrets, and who declared with vehement earnestness that the man was not guilty of murder.

And, as a lawyer and an honest man



a Press Club banquet in Pittsburgh, soon after Jack and Sally left us; and John Temple virtually proclaimed Slaton as Hearst's candidate for the Vice Presidency.

From what State, Mr. Graves?

During the two years since Leo Frank lured Mary Phagan into the metal room of his factory, under the pretext of looking to see whether the new metal had come, the Jew papers of Baltimore, and New York have been violently assailing the State of Georgia, because we wanted Frank punished for assaulting and murdering that poor child—a little innocent Christian girl whose last act on this earth was to iron with her own hands the white dress that she expected to wear, next day, at the Bible school of First Christian Church.

During the two years while these Baltimore and New York papers have been assailing Georgia for trying to punish Frank,

must say that while the evidence conclusively shows that Becker intended some crime upon Herman Rosenthal, it is not absolutely certain that the intended crime was murder. Becker unquestionably planned to silence Rosenthal, and get him out of the way; murder is not the only method in such cases.

Private mad houses can be used with effect and success; and so can monasteries!

Many a man, many a woman, has been buried alive in asylums, in convents, and monasteries; and Becker's priest may have learned from him in confession that his plan against Rosenthal contemplated such a thing tomb.

However that may be, Becker is dead, and he went to the chair like a very brave man with his wife's picture pinned over his head and with his last look into life, he challenged his accusers to face the revelations of the future.

Say what you will, there is something extraordinary in this; and to the normal, average person, there comes a feeling of sadness that the Law had to deal so inexorably with a man so strong, so capable, and so courageous as Charles Becker.

But did the Hearst papers express any hysterical pity for the condemned, in this case?

No.

Did the Jew papers of New York relent, murmur after they had drunk Becker's blood?

No.

Their livid rage froze into iron satisfaction, and they expressed their savage joy with indecent exultation.

For Becker was a Gentile, and the murdered man was a Jew of aristocratic connections!

Mr. Adolph Ochs, in his New York Times, heaps contempt upon the people who doubted Becker's guilt, referring to them as "a few assuists, and the usual amiable sentimentalists," "persons of too easy lachrymal ducts and the conscientious opponents of capital punishment."

Mr. Ochs, you see, harbors a fine scorn for people who weep too readily, when a wailing wife is in tears, and when a strong man is about to lay down his robust strength in the narrow bed of the grave.

Mr. Ochs is not only glad to his very soul that the Law has taken Becker's life, and draped Becker's wife in widow's weeds, but Mr. Ochs severely arraigns the Law for not having killed Becker sooner.

Mr. Ochs says—

But justice which can be delayed for three years, justice to delay and thwart which every invention and device, supported presumably by the proceeds of graft, has been used, this is far from the swift, sure, relentless, equal justice which makes itself feared. It is to the shame of Legislatures and lawyers rather than of the courts, that a fat-pocketed murderer, though his guilt be flagrant and undeniable, can hire the talent to stave off the evil day, and at last, on some petty technicality or string of affidavits, false as dicers' oaths, win a new trial, face a jury wherein some perverse and stubborn man may again delay justice.

Is there some yellow streak in the blood of all such men as Adolph Ochs?

Is there some Arab coarseness inherited from of old which prevents such a man from realizing how he shocks the feelings of humanity, when he gloats over a new-made grave, and resents the idea that he had to wait so long for it?

This is the same man whose paper took exactly the opposite course in the Frank case, backed up the fat-pocketed murderer, and shouted encouragement to his determination "to hire the talent to stave off the evil day," and found no fault with his "string of affidavits, false as dicers' oaths," not even when those affidavits, drawn up by a lawyer like Rosser, and signed by such men as Ragsdale and Barber, cost the fat-pocketed murderer two hundred dollars apiece!

Ralph and Joseph Pulitzer, of the New York World, are equally scandalized because Becker was not killed sooner.

In their editorial of July 30th, they say:

What has been done to save Becker from the death-chair can be done in behalf of any other convicted murderer who has enough money to employ zealous counsel.

Under a rational system of administering the criminal law, Becker's case would have been disposed of two years and six months ago. It has been before the New York courts at least six times as long as a similar case would have been permitted to rest before the English courts. What wonder that New York City alone has had 126 homicides during the last six months! What respect can there be for a criminal procedure that can be juggled in such fashion?

The Pulitzers call upon the Constitutional Convention of New York to change the law so that a criminal who has plenty of money

will not hereafter be able to baffle justice for so long a time.

And yet Becker could not get his case before the United States Supreme Court: Becker could not get Vice-President Marshall to intercede for him: Becker could not get Doctors of Divinity to publicly preach and pray for him; and Becker apparently never got the chance to plant one of his lawyers in the Executive Office!

By judicial methods inherited from our English and Germanic ancestors, New York ascertained that Lieutenant Becker had murdered Herman Rosenthal.

By the same judicial methods, Georgia ascertained that Leo Frank had murdered Mary Phagan.

After New York had judicially ascertained the guilt of Becker, he was put to death, his victim having been a professional law-breaker, a gambler by trade.

After Georgia had judicially ascertained the guilt of Leo Frank, he was made the hero of a national campaign against our people, and our courts; and his leading lawyer's partner virtually pardoned him—his victim being a Sunday School girl whose white dress lay on the bed waiting for her to come home and wear it to the Christian Church next day.

Instead of wearing it to the Bible class contest in which she was to take part, she wore it as a shroud; and her little bones are turning to dust, while the Sodomite Jew who choked her to death basks in the favors of Warden Smith, at the State Farm.

We demonstrated that man's guilt in exactly the same way we demonstrated the guilt of Wilburn, the Cantrells, and Umphrey: and the same Governor who sent those murderers to the scaffold for killing men, set the law aside in favor of his client, who pursued a little girl, decoyed her into a room whose door he closed on her; tried to make her yield her person to his sadistic lust; grew furious at her resistance; struck her in the face; knocked her against the shaft of Barrett's machine, cutting her head open, and rendering her unconscious—and then, dreading the swift punishment which he knew that her alarm would soon bring upon him, he ties a cord around her neck, and devilishly chokes her to death!

Ah what shadows we are; and what ghastly things befall us, leaping upon us out of the invisible world, and taking us with them—where?

While the child was ironing her white dress that fatal Saturday morning, unwarned of danger, and seeing in her mind the white-dressed children who would be her companions in the Bible class next day, Leo Frank was standing not far from Montag's place of business, in close conversation with Jim Conley!

(A white lady, Mrs. Hattie Waites, saw them together, and was struck by the manner of the two.)

Iron the white dress, little girl! Iron it out smooth; and see yourself wearing it in the Sunday School, tomorrow; spread it out on the bed, and leave it there till you come home: Fate and the Jew have other plans for you, my child!

"Some day, some day, we'll understand!" Perhaps.

We certainly do not understand it, now.

But if the man who has inflicted this eternal infamy upon us is allowed to come back to Georgia, and resume his way of practising law with a hardened scoundrel who practises law as Rosser does, we will deserve every bit of the abuse which the rich Jews, and the misled Gentiles, have heaped upon us.

If Jack Slaton ever puts his foot in this State again, he ought to be given the same sort of reception that the Colonial patriots would have given to Benedict Arnold.

Why Did Creen Cut Leo Frank?

IN the August number of our Magazine, I mention the evidence which the Cincinnati girl gave to Judge Roan, in the absence of the jury.

Judge Roan refused to allow this evidence to go to the jury, but Frank sat there and heard it, and in his statement to the jury he made no reference to it.

The girl told Judge Roan that she had a scar, on the tenderest part of her thigh, made by the teeth of Leo Frank!

In the dissenting opinion of Justices Fish and Beck, they set out the evidence of Sodomy!

(It is on page 285 of 141 Georgia Reports.)

The evidence quoted by the two dissenting Justices, would seem to indicate that Frank had ceased to be the sexual mate of his wife, and had abandoned himself to the unnatural gratification of his lusts.

It is well known to the doctors, that a sexual pervert stops at nothing.

Some of them are not aroused by women, at all. They crave boys, men, and even animals.

Instances that are almost incredible are given in "Human Sexuality," a book which none but doctors can procure.

If you will study the three pictures of Frank's face, in our August Magazine, you will see that his mouth is unutterably horrible.

What he does with that hideous mouth, is told on page 285, 141st Georgia Reports.

It is also told in the sworn story of the scar on the Cincinnati girl's inner thigh, near the privates.

Now, bear in mind, that the two notes found near Mary's body, accused the night-watch of having had unnatural intercourse with her.

Jim Conley's picture in the August Magazine shows him to be a typical African negro, a perfect specimen of the human animal, just such a man as goes after black women naturally.

The vice of Sodom is the vice of civilization, not of barbarism.

The sadistic monster is the rotten product of the higher race.

All doctors will tell you so.

The notes accuse Newt Lee, the negro night watch, of unnatural intercourse with the dead white girl; and the evidence of her underclothing, and her privates, indicate that whoever killed her had unnaturally used her.

A negro rapist would not have needed to open his pocket-knife and cut her drawers all the way up, on one leg.

A negro rapist would have left the spermatazoa!

Is it not so?

No spermatazoa was found; but the girl's inner leg had been bared, and some sort of violence had been done to the vagina.

Dr. Harris swore it, positively.

Now, when you remember that Frank's lewd character was shown up by eleven white girls, and that one of these girls swore to his beastly habit which had left a life-long scar on her person, you find yourself wondering if it is true that Creen told Governor Harris he cut Frank because Frank had tried to sodomize him.

You may have noticed that after the Governor talked with Creen, he recommended separate sleeping cells for convicts.

New Edition of "The Story of France," by Thos. E. Watson. Just off the press. Two volumes, \$3.50 the set. Handsomely bound, gilt tops, gilt lettered. This book is regarded as standard by the French readers and scholars. The Jeffersonian Publishing Company, Thomson, Ga.

"Georgia Stands Disgraced!"

"Where Justice is a Stranger!"

"The Stain is Upon the State!"

"Something is Fundamentally Wrong With the Southern People."

IN order that our readers may have the benefit of a correct idea of the state of mind produced by Big Money, in its systematic campaign against Impartial Law, I lay before them an editorial published in the *Wisconsin State Journal*:

Prejudice is always strongest among the weakest.—Johnson.

WHERE JUSTICE IS STRONGER.

Georgia stands disgraced. Probably for the first time in history a Governor of an American commonwealth left office under the cloud of public condemnation, with a mob crying "Lynch him" as he leaves the State house. But the stain is not upon the Governor. The stain is upon the State. Something is fundamentally wrong with the Southern people. They tried to tear our flag in half and became traitors to the Government of the United States in an attempt to establish the "divine right" to steal labor. All that is happily past, but the racial prejudice remains. It is so much an established fact that it no longer affords comment. Yet with all their pitiable prejudice, they hold it as quite legitimate for white men to exploit black women. And the bleached race is the living evidence of the Southern white man's crimes. But let a black man molest a white woman, and the lynchers are there. They have reason to be there. The crime is hideous and deserves drastic punishment, but let the lynchers themselves be without sin before they cast the stone.

The Southerners' racial prejudice against the negro is recognized. But here is the surprise. Hating the negro to the lynching point, they willingly accept the testimony of a discredited negro to condemn a Jew. And when their Governor responds to a nation-wide demand that justice be done, and the Governor of Georgia proves to be every inch a man, the mad, unreasoning South storms his house, hisses him when he declares that he has not dishonored the great seal of the State of Georgia, and shouts "Lynch him" as under military guard he departs to private life.

"The mob does not represent the South," says a Southerner who attempts to apologize for Georgia's shameless repudiation of justice and honor. If the mob does not represent the South, then will this apologist tell why the ex-Governor need have military guard? Where is the law-loving majority of the State? Why are they not out to disburse the small minority that is engaged in tarnishing the fair name of the State? The whole mob rule record of the Frank case has proved that all Georgia has put itself on record before the whole world as governed by base prejudices and unreason.

"We want Slaton who betrayed Georgia to become King of the Jews," cried the mob in the streets of Atlanta as they tried to "get at" the departing Governor.

The public condemnation of Governor Slaton proves not so much that Georgia has besmirched her honor, as that Georgia has no honor. But for once she had a Governor who was a man.

"King of the Jews," indeed! These prejudice ridden people quite forget that the Christ they profess to follow, but fail to follow, was himself a Jew.

"They tried to tear our flag in half and became traitors."

So! Must we fire on Fort Sumter again, and renew hostilities along the Potomac?

Wasn't there enough bunting to furnish a full-sized flag to the Union, as well as to the Confederacy; and if there is something fundamentally wrong with the Southern people, why wouldn't it have been a good thing to allow us to have a Republic of our own, made up of these fundamentally wicked people?

It wasn't a bad thing for the State of Panama when she seceded from the United States of Columbia, nor are the Panamans accused of being traitors to the Colombian Government.

It wasn't a bad thing for Holland and Belgium to separate; nor did the world brand the Belgians as traitors because they seceded. Hollanders were one sort of folk, and Belgians another—in religion and in political ideals—and therefore *separation was natural*.

It wasn't a bad thing for Norway and Sweden to separate, in 1905, nor did the Swedes eternally prate about the "traitors" who favored secession.

We Southern people had established our separate governments, in sovereign States, whose independence Great Britain acknowledged, *before* this third union of all the States was agreed on, *subject to conditions*.

Does the editor of the *Wisconsin State Journal* happen to know that two confederacies of the States preceded this third and last confederacy?

And does he know that the Abolition leaders who forced the South to secede, gloried in the fact that they spurned the United States Constitution, and demanded a violation of the *conditions* upon which this third union was made? Without those conditions, the States would have remained as loosely joined as are the States of the Swiss Confederation; and the people of each American State would probably have governed themselves by direct legislation, as the Swiss States now do.

Would that have been so very bad?

At this time, when the world is manifesting so much pity for Belgium because of a broken treaty—a torn up "scrap of paper"—is it out of place to remind our Wisconsin editor that the "scrap of paper" which the Abolitionists tore up, was the Constitution of the United States?

As the third Union had its birth in this scrap of paper, the Union died when the paper was destroyed; and no Gabriel will ever blow resurrection into the Republic which our fathers established, and the fanatics of Abolition struck down.

What we have now, is not a rule of the people, but a centralized despotism of Money Bags, in which the ordinary citizen has no real voice, and the working classes are worn off than the slaves were in ancient Persia, ancient India, ancient Egypt, ancient Rome, ancient Germany, ancient Britain—and in the Southern States before the War.

"They tried to tear our flag in half, and became traitors . . . in an attempt to STEAL LABOR."

Let us look into *that* a little bit. Whose labor was this that the Southern traitors tried to steal?

They were our brothers in black, of course, and they had been swapped for New England rum, and other Boston delicacies, by the African chiefs, who sometimes had more prisoners than they could eat.

These noble African chiefs were constantly making war upon one another, for they had nothing much else to do; and in making war, they not only enjoyed the excitement of the combat, but were lured by the hope of capturing fresh women, and fresh victuals.

Everybody knows that the Southern people—with whom there is something fundamentally wrong—never went down to the sea in ships, as the more enterprising New Englanders did; and, therefore, it was the Christian of Massachusetts who went abroad with a hogshead of rum, and traded it to the noble African Chief for captives.

These black prisoners of war were extremely uncouth at the time our New England brothers sold them to us; and we had considerable difficulty in getting them to wear clothes, live morally, work regularly, and learn our ways, our speech, and our religion.

But we persevered in well-doing, and now you may go to Darien, Georgia, and mingle

with the sons and daughters of the prisoners whom the African King, Chaka, sold to the New Englanders, and you will find those Zulus much improved.

(These Zulus, at Darien, are the descendants of the last ship-load of negroes imported into this country. They were brought to Savannah in the *Wanderer*; and when the Southern court got after Lamar and others who were concerned in the cargo, the negroes were hurried to Darien.)

If these Zulus had not been bought and imported, Chaka would have butchered them, as he had so often slaughtered his captives.

And of course Chaka was a typical negro chief: if the captives sold from the beginning, when the Spanish Catholics began the slave trade, had not been sold, they would have been killed.

The historic fact is, that the traffic in negro slaves was of enormous and permanent benefit to the negroes. Even those who perished on the ocean, had lived longer than they would have done, if they had been left in Africa.

Taken in the mass, the negroes in this country are somewhat better off than those in Liberia, Hayti, and Africa; but they were *much* better off, in the mass, during the days of Southern slavery.

Under the slave-system of the South, the negro lived in healthful conditions, each family having a separate cabin, *each man being required to marry*: there was no pestilential negro slum in every town and city, no promiscuous drunkenness and immorality, no slothful living by the men on the servant women, no devouring venereal diseases, and no horde of black criminals.

Freedom has sunk the mass of the negroes, and, as a mass, they deteriorate year by year; every close observer will tell you so.

On the other hand, the white man and his government and his ideals are menaced by the free negro, of the type of the professional politician, the agitator for social equality, the negro who marries the white woman, and the negro who demands a division of the offices.

"The bleached race is the living evidence of the Southern white man's crimes."

Why Southern white man, only? Is he responsible for all the mulattoes?

And why confuse vices with crimes, and impliedly, at least, accuse Southern white men of raping black women?

There are no such crimes. There never were any. There never had to be. The negro woman who had any conception of chastity was a freak—and it's that way yet. Immoral white men can get all the negro girls they want—just as in Africa, where the European traveller, setting out upon a journey to the interior, buys him a girl or two, as a part of his equipment.

Yes, we lynch negroes who rape white women, and, what's more, we mean to keep it up.

If the *Wisconsin State Journal* prefers to pity the black rapist, we prefer to pity and to avenge his victim.

If every young negro buck should get the idea in his head that his race would place its secret societies behind him—as the Jews did for Frank—and could spin out his case in the courts, for two years, as Frank's was spun out; and then degrade a Governor into annulling the decisions of all the courts, *no white woman would be safe!*

The raging lusts of black men, for white women, would overleap all restraints, and a *Black Peril would shadow every man's door*.

By lynching horse-thieves and bad men, the West got rid of them: by the same stern, swift process, we will deal with black rapists, and thus get rid of them.

If it pleases the *Wisconsin State Journal*

to put the higher value on the life of the negro criminal, let the *State Journal* do so: for us, we will continue to place the higher value upon womanhood, and we will continue to lynch the negro who violates it!

As to Slaton and the Frank case, it is apparent that the *Wisconsin State Journal* does not know the truth, and does not want to know it.

Does this editor believe that Wisconsin would have flamed into no indignant outburst, if La Follette, while Governor, had acted as the partner of a firm of lawyers defending a notorious criminal (convicted by all the judicial processes), and had prostituted his power as Governor to liberate the client of his firm?

In other words, would the people of Wisconsin have made no hostile demonstration against Governor La Follette, if he had re-tried the case of his own client, had set aside the verdict of the jury, and had reversed the decisions of two Supreme Courts, in order to save his own client from the sentence of death?

Does the *Wisconsin State Journal* know of any other case where a Governor has used his official power as an asset in his law-firm business?

Does the *State Journal* approve of this astounding prostitution of gubernatorial power?

Is the pardoning power a mercantile commodity, to be bought and sold? Isn't it practically sold, when one partner, in the Governor's office, does for his firm what no other tribunal would do?

They had tried Judge Roan for a new trial, and had failed: they had tried the Supreme Court of Georgia, and had failed.

They had tried Judge Benj. H. Hill for a new trial, and had failed; and once more they went to the Supreme Court of Georgia, and again they failed.

They then went to the Supreme Court of the United States, and there they also failed.

Then they went before the Prison Commission, and again they failed.

At last, they went before their own partner—Governor John M. Slaton—and at last they won!

When partners cannot win before a partner, the case has to be bad, indeed.

Does the *Wisconsin State Journal* catch the point?

It is eulogizing a man who betrayed his trust, to serve his law-firm!

IT IS EULOGIZING A MAN WHO DISGRACED HIS STATE, TO SAVE HIS CLIENT!

What does the *Wisconsin State Journal* really know about the Frank case? Is it open to conviction? Is it willing to learn?

Becker has been condemned by the Hearst papers, and the Jew papers of New York, because he would not offer himself as a witness.

In New York, the defendant can be sworn as a witness in his own defense, but he must submit to cross-examination.

In Georgia, a defendant can go upon the stand and make a statement which the jury is authorized to believe, in preference to all the sworn testimony; and the State cannot ask him a single question, unless he voluntarily concedes the State that privilege.

The Jew papers and Hearst say that Becker's refusal to face a cross-examination showed his guilt.

What did Frank's refusal show?

He had a vast advantage over Becker, for Frank went on the stand, and spoke for hours in his own defense; but after talking nearly a whole court-day for himself, he refused to say to the State—

"I am willing to be questioned."

Was that the conduct of innocence?

Now, let me make a fair proposal to the editor of the *State Journal*:

Write to Leo M. Frank, care of Warden J. E. Smith, State Farm, Georgia, and ask him the question—

"Why did you not allow the State to question you about your case?"

Ask him another question, to wit:

"Why did your wife refuse to come to you, in jail, during the first three weeks of your imprisonment?"

Ask him another—

"Why didn't you tell the Coroner's jury that Jim Conley was with you in your factory at the time Mary Phagan was assaulted and killed?"

Ask him, also—

"Why did you change your clothes immediately after the girl was murdered, and who was it that washed that suit of clothes?"

Ask him this one, too—

"Why did you not tell the officers that Jim Conley could write, and that the notes found beside the corpse were his writing; and why did you fail to see that Conley, in these notes, was putting the crime upon another negro who was not at the factory at all—as you and Jim were?"

Ask him these, by way of full measure—

(1.) Why did your own family, and race, suspect you, and employ the best lawyers to defend you, before any Gentile accused you?

(2.) Why did you and your lawyers follow up the false accusation made in Jim Conley's writing, by trying to "frame up" the negro whom you knew to be innocent?

(3.) Why did you tell Chief Lanford—who was having your statement taken down—that Mary Phagan came to your office "at 21:05 or 12:10, maybe 12:07, on that fatal Saturday, when, as a matter of fact, the State proved that you were not in your office, and that neither you nor Mary were visible, or audible, at that fatal time?"

(4.) Who, in your judgment, put blood or paint on the first floor where you worked, and where the girl worked, and where she came to you at the very time Miss Monteen Stover came to your office, and could not find you?

(5.) In your judgment, whose hair was it that Barrett found on his machine Monday morning—woman's hair, which was not on the machine when he quit using it, Friday evening?

What woman lost the hair, and how came she to lose it, and what was she doing in the metal room, where Mary worked?

She went in there, and lost the golden-brown tress, some time between Friday evening and Monday morning: what is your theory of the identity of the woman, the cause of her visit to the metal room on a legal holiday, and the manner in which her hair got on the handle of Barrett's machine?

(6.) What is your theory of the way the crime was committed, and the place where committed? And how do you say her body came to be found in the basement, with "hands foiled across the breast?"

(7.) Why did you never suspect that Conley committed the crime; and why, after he confessed, did you need a lawyer when you were asked to confront the negro and hear his accusation against you and himself?

In other words, why did you never accuse the negro, until the negro accused YOU?

(8.) When eleven of the white girls who had worked for you went upon the stand and swore to your lascivious character, what made you afraid to ask them any questions?

If they were girls of no standing, and were perjuring themselves, why didn't you try to prove it?

Why didn't you force them to go into details about your alleged lewdness, so that you could contradict and impeach them?

(9.) You heard the girl from Cincinnati tell Judge Roan that you had seduced her,

and that she had a scar on her thigh, within two inches of her vagina, made by your teeth; why did you sit cowed and silent under her terrible accusation?

Why didn't you demand a medical examination of her person; and why didn't you contradict her, and impeach her?

(10.) One of your own witnesses, Miss Jackson, testified on cross-examination, to your degenerate proclivities; and two white girls swore to your commerce with Rebecca Carson; and Jim Conley swore that he peeped through the key-hole, and saw you commit sodomy with "a lady from the fourth floor;" if these charges were untrue, you could have disproved them, by putting on the witness stand every girl and woman that worked on the fourth floor.

Your lawyers stated in open court, that they meant to do that very thing!

Why didn't they do it? Why were they afraid to do it? Why did they leave it to you to deny it in your unsworn statement—deny it, and then shrink from having the State ask you a single question?

Let the *Wisconsin State Journal*, and all other misinformed partisans of this most guilty Leo Frank, put those questions to him, or to his lawyers.

His lawyers are Luther Rosser, Benjamin Phillips, and JOHN M. SLATON!

Is the Southern Ruralist a Farm Paper?

WHY did Dr. Stockbridge take his agricultural pen into the Frank case?

What business has a farm paper meddling in politics, as the *Ruralist* periodically does?

Why did it butt into the Frank case, and publish a lot of lies on the people and the courts of Georgia?

If Stockbridge had to tell his readers about the Jew who murdered Mary Phagan, why didn't he tell the truth?

He could have seen the official record at the Courthouse, and he could have seen the Supreme Court's decision at the State Library.

What excuse can he offer for not examining these official records before libelling the State in which his mercenary sheet is published?

If the *Ruralist* is still searching around for "W. C. Jenkins," it must be very anxious to find him.

When Stockbridge finds the "W. C. Jenkins" who offered "Watson's Jeffersonian" to "Mr. Frank," I wouldn't be at all surprised if Stockbridge can also find Mary Phagan's mesh-bag and pay-envelope.

Let me know when you find Mr. Jenkins, Brother Stockbridge.

In the meantime, I guess you have been perusing many a letter which reads like the following:

Southern Ruralist, Atlanta Ga.:

Dear Sirs: You may take my name off of your list, and discontinue my subscription to your valueless paper. If you have honor enough, you may send me stamps for balance on unexpired time; if not, you may keep it. I will tell Postmaster not to send your paper to my box.

You claim to edit an agricultural paper. Why do you try to mess in politics, and the Frank case?

Take your paper and go to h—— with Frank

R. H. SIVILS.

ChIPLEY, Ga., July 31, 1915.

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Aug. 15 If the above date appears on the label on your paper it means that your subscription expires this month. Subscriptions are discontinued promptly on date of expiration. **RENEW NOW.**

THOMSON, GA., AUGUST 5, 1915.

SALLY FANNY DESCRIBES A NIGHT OF TERROR.

She Says "Jack Snored Sweetly."

BEFORE Slaton had begun to act as trial judge and traverse jury for his client, Leo Frank, he felt around to gauge public sentiment, and he confidently whispered that he inclined to commutation.

These hints didn't take at all, and he then had to act out the comedy of laboriously going over the evidence with that legal luminary, Jess Perry, who probably was a fellow passenger with Slaton in his rides up and down the elevator at Frank's factory.

After the honeymoon trip had reached New York, Jack introduced the tenderly sentimental element into the commutation.

He stated in substance, that he and Jess Perry sat up of nights poring over the record, painfully doing the most conscientious jury duty, without meat or drink, water and candle-light excepted.

This was hard on Jess, and the State ought to pay him something extra for his loss of sleep, because when the Law gave the Governor a Private Secretary, it was not contemplated that he and the Governor should act as a panel of two jurors, and devote sleepless nights to trying murder cases.

Slaton also stated that the long and lonely vigils held by himself and Jess Perry failed to bring the wisdom which clears the track, and that in his mental agony he turned to his wife and said, in effect—

"Sally, the jury is hung. Jess and I have our doubts, and we do not know what to do."

Whereupon, as Slaton told the joyous New York reporters, Sally Fanny flung her arms around the neck of her troubled Jack, and persuasively said—

"Jack, let's commute."

This was at 3 o'clock of a Sunday morning (as Slaton told the glad reporters), and all the rich Jews who had celebrated the commutation at Frank's house, the evening before, were abed, sleeping it off.

By the time the Slaton honeymoon reached Duluth, Jack had exhausted his vocabulary, and Sally was doing all the talking.

Need I say, she did it well?

Her vivid description of her cool intrepidity on the night that Jack war-zoned himself, and put electricity in his barbed wire fence; as well as her picture of the daredevil recklessness of Jack, reminds me of the 10-cent red-back novels I used to read when I was clerking for Dosh Massengale, and selling a spool of thread every day or so.

As I perused Sallie's narrative of that dreadful night of war-zone, spiked helmets, skulking ruffians, and fixed bayonets, I could almost hear the Indians raising the war-whoop.

You couldn't understand it, unless I quoted some of it, and therefore I will copy some portions of it from the Duluth *Herald* of July 20, 1915:

"Monday there was a great deal of howling and banging, but we felt they were only an unorganized crowd of ruffians. Friday, however, they were quiet. They stole stealthily about the grounds. We could see them skulking in the woods back of the house, and we knew they meant business. We knew they wanted to kill my husband, and that it would be more of an achievement for them to kill him as Governor than as a citizen. It was his last night as Governor, so it was their last chance.

"I had been warned by anonymous notes—four of them—not to stay at the house that night."

"I burned those notes up and said nothing about them to anyone, but I stuck to my post, as a woman always sticks when there is real danger.

"The thing that troubled me most was that my husband was so careless about leaving his revolver about. He was never afraid, and though he was supposed to have his gun with him, half the time he would leave it on the piano or under his pillow."

Here was a fine scorn of danger, on Jack's part. Skulking savages stealthily stealing in the woods at the back of the house, and his pistol scattered around on the piano or under the pillow!

SALLIE FANNY SPENDS THE NIGHT GIVING JACK HIS PISTOL.

"I knew the soldiers were all about guarding the house, but I couldn't feel sure that some madman wouldn't break through the line some way and make his way into the house. I spent my time going around after him, picking up his revolver and handing it to him. I would carry it point downward, hidden in the folds of my skirt, so as not to excite the household by the sight of it.

This picture almost makes me cry.

The callous insensibility of Jack to his encompassing perils, and the sustained but unencouraged efforts of Sallie to keep his pistol where he could shoot ruffians with it, was exceedingly reprehensible.

THE SERGEANT SPEAKS IN A LOW, STERN VOICE.

The Duluth *Herald's* story continues:

"On Friday night the Governor's sister came over to spend the night. She had been informed of the plot, and she purposed to be on hand, too. I sat in my room writing letters until about 11 o'clock. I had just begun to undress when I heard the Sergeant downstairs speaking at the telephone. 'About 500?' I heard him say in a low, stern voice. 'About 1 o'clock? All right, let me know if you can send out any more men later.'"

Sternly ordering up more troops! About 500 additional soldiers needed to garrison the war-zone, and the Governor so oblivious of danger that his wife gave the whole night to following him around to hand him his revolver.

THE COOK COMES IN AND GOES TO BED.

"I didn't faint away or cry, or do any of the things women are supposed to do in times of dan-

ger. I knew if I was to be any comfort to my husband I must keep quiet. Anyway, I went undressing. Then old Lou, our Negro cook, who has been with my family for years and years, came tapping at my door.

"Miss Sallie," she whispered, "the men don't ain't safe for nobody to sleep in dat barn at night. They may set it on fire. Old Mack, gwine stay there 'till they sets it afire, so as to let the horses out."

TOOK LOU'S ADVICE.

"I told old Lou to make up her cot in the corner of my room. We both went to bed. Suddenly I heard her whisper: 'Miss Sallie, had you better get dressed? If them devils starts to burn this here house'—"

THE GOVERNOR "SOUND ASLEEP" AND "SNORING SWEETLY."

Sallie proceeds:

"So finally I did get dressed and then went back to bed again. When the Governor came over to kiss me good-night, I pulled the clothing up tight about my chin, and he never knew. Five minutes he was sound asleep and snoring sweetly as if there were no such thing as a devil in the world."

Little did I think that a Governor would ever develop such nerve as this, and could fall into such a sound sleep at such a time and could not only snore at danger, but snore sweetly.

In my time, I have heard many varieties of snoring, and they ranged all the way from a choke-up-and-start-again, to the low bassoon bass that wakes the whole Pullman, but never have I heard a nasal night performance that sounded sweetly.

JACK AGAIN SLEEPS AND SNORES.

Sallie proceeds:

"About 2 o'clock I heard cries: 'Who goes there?' Then shouts: 'Where's Jack Slaton? We want to see Jack Slaton.' Then shots. I heard the Governor steal to the window and look out. Then he went back to bed. After a while the noise outside stopped. Soon he was snoring again."

Here's an indomitable sleeper, for you! Savages skulking all around, and clamoring for him; soldiers garrisoning the war-zone, officers using his telephone in low tones, stern voices, ordering up 500 more troops, shots ringing out, two hours after midnight, and the threatened individual so impervious to fear that he stubbornly persists in snoring as imperturbably as though there were no such things as mobs, war-zones, machine guns, and Adjutant Generals.

And he has sat for his picture, to be used in the Hearst-Selig movies, so that the human race will become familiar with his face!

What a pity there is not a graphophone record of that sweet snore which his wife is so justly proud of!

Couldn't Mr. Hearst prevail upon Jack Slaton to snore some, for the Movies?

They might picture Jack sleeping in blue silk Pottawatomes, and snoring sweetly while guns go off around his house, and the Sergeant, in a low, stern voice, orders up more troops.

A war-zone picture with a slumbering Governor in the midst, ought to have a grand run.

Maybe, old Sig Montag, and Isaac Harlow would take stock in it.

The Handbook of Politics by Thos. Watson, is a book every American citizen should read. Contains every party platform fourth edition almost exhausted. Price, 50c. The Jeffersonian Publishing Company, Thomson, Ga.

OLD FOES COMING BACK.

Study this Pair: One a Methodist Bishop and the Other a Romanist Congressman

FROM the Roman Catholic Church comes an attack upon the Constitution of the United States.

It is the Gallivan bill, which demands that Congress do what the highest law says it shall not do, to wit, "abridge the freedom of the press."

The Romanists have secured a decision of the Supreme Court of Minnesota which forbids the exposure of the nasty questions asked by priests of Catholic women in the hell-box known as the "confessional."

The questions are nasty, and they rob pure girls of their modesty, and they put Romanist wives in the power of bachelor priests.

But because they are so nasty, the priests fiercely resent their exposure; and they prosecute people who endeavor to arouse our countrymen to the dangers of a foreign church which pollutes womanhood, in this debasing manner.

Anna Lowry, an ex-nun, was lecturing to women, only, in the State of Minnesota, and she read those nasty questions out of Saint Liguori's book on Moral Theology.

The priests had her arrested for using obscene language in public, and she was convicted: the Supreme Court sustains the conviction.

Therefore, the situation is this, it is legal for red-lipped, beef-eating, wine-drinking bachelors to use this nasty language to women, in private, but illegal for a woman to tell other women about it, in a public lecture.

By prosecuting this woman to the highest court, the priests insolently assert their right to use vile language to wives, sisters, and daughters—language so utterly obscene that if anybody else uses it, they will prosecute to the limit.

Gallivan's bill proposes that Congress shall prohibit any book, pamphlet, magazine, newspaper, picture, etc., that "reflects on" the Romanist religion.

Of course, he does not use the word Catholic, but that's what he means.

No Catholic cares how much other faiths are reflected on.

In fact, their papers and magazines are full of the coarsest and bitterest abuse and misrepresentation of everything Protestant.

From Luther down to Bishop Burt, all men who combat and expose popery are the object of Romanist slander and denunciation.

Therefore, Gallivan is aiming to do by act of Congress the same thing that the Romanists have done in Minnesota.

Nobody shall be allowed to inform our people as to the horrible secrets of this foreign system, nor warn our sleeping fellow-citizens against a foreign church whose fundamental law is the deadliest enemy to our fundamental laws.

Gallivan demands that the Constitution which he swore to support, be annulled in one of its most vital principles, and he wants this done in order that nobody shall be able to arouse our people against the constant encroachment of popery.

If the Roman secret societies can gag the press, their cunning priests will continue to creep up on the slumbering Americans who know that popery was a bloody, ravening beast, a long time ago, but who have strangely deluded themselves with the idea that the leopard has changed his spots.

Romanists are afraid of the secular papers, such as The Jeffersonian, the Menace, and the Yellow Jacket: they are not afraid

of the Protestant churches, nor the denominational papers.

The Pope wouldn't give two cents to have The Christian Index and The Wesleyan Christian Advocate thrown out of the mails; but he would give a million to have The Jeffersonian thrown out.

Probably the Pope might lend the Index some money to tide it over this dull season, which seems to be hitting it so hard; for you can easily see that as long as the Index keeps clamoring for the up-keep of a most expensive, and most useless sham fight on Buddhism in Japan and China and India, there are no funds, and no strength left to fight Romanism here at home.

By the way, the figures show that the 14,000,000 Catholics spend only \$250,000 on Foreign Missions!

That's less than 2 cents apiece.

Instead of sending \$20,000,000 every year to support schools, colleges, orphans' homes, and hospitals in China, Korea, Japan, and India, they spend it in this country. Thus they enormously add to the numbers, and influence of the Catholic Church.

As long as the Protestant churches are unable to see anything that is nearer home than China, the Romanists do not fear them.

On the contrary, if our Protestant churches should keep their \$20,000,000 at home, and use it to maintain schools and hospitals and orphanages for the poor, THEN the Romanists would feel the power of our churches.

But, at present, the poor folks at home are neglected, and the \$20,000,000 goes across the sea, to be divided between the missionaries, and the brown, yellow and black people, who are educated at our expense: consequently, the Romanists are not minding our churches, but are minding such secular papers as The Jeffersonian.

And, it fills me with a sorrowful foreboding of future calamities, when I see Bishop Candler of Georgia working on the same line as Congressman Gallivan, of Massachusetts.

The one attacks the Constitution of the Republic, the other attacks the Constitution of his State.

In each case, the motive is the same, viz: the advancement of the power of a religious organization to the injury of the common people.

The Romanist demands for his foreign church a special exemption from criticism.

The Methodist demands for all churches, foreign and domestic, a special exemption from taxation.

Both demands conflict with the sacred and fundamental principles upon which our Republic was established.

Why does the Romanist Congressman want his foreign church exempted from having the truth told on it?

Because it cannot afford to let the truth be told.

Millions of Catholics would themselves abandon the organization if they knew the real law, and the real purpose of that foreign organization.

Hence, the Roman hierarchy threatens with dire punishment any Catholic who reads a book which tells the truth on popery.

And they don't want non-Catholics to read such books, either. The reason is plain: if non-Catholics read such books and papers, they can never be lured into the Pope's church, nor into marrying Catholics under a written contract which signs away to popery the children expected.

Why does the Methodist bishop demand the overthrow of the Constitution of Georgia?

Why does he seek to increase the taxes of the common, unprivileged people, by ex-

Gentile, intolerably outraged by a de, slew, kills him in the heat of passion, with up for life.

workew, jealous of a lewd Gentile woman, dlesher own room, shoots her like a dog, on of a sentence of twenty years.

andGentile is turned over to convict oldecnd works at a sawmill, many years, lingt with negro convicts, and no doubt old, il as they were whipped.

ssiblew goes over to Milledgeville, puts at boarder with the hospitable mana- n Gd during the scant twelve months he ere, he never hits a lick of work—

lacion hot use his good luck steered him into r. place where money does not count. me te meantime, Leo Frank has fallen Jim he good luck of Lep. Myers.

a Myers, Frank is a guest of the man- enty.

was never been put to work, and never

arent down there with his pockets full e failbills, for he did not know he was o a place where \$20 bills cut no ice. der that certain visitors might see , J. Rstripes, they were hurriedly put on , shoe day.

ling ays in doors, takes things easy, writes tabliss own roller-top desk, which Warden other-ndly allowed to be fetched; and is e, fill out edifying speeches of forgive- his persecutors. These pious, Chris-

ords are being introduced in the Selig picture shows, up North.

im a sberk's cut was on the muscle of his neck, y pa jugular vein was never cut any more nothurs was.

was a fine comedy they are playing at anate Farm, and it will be worth your o watch it, as it proceeds, from act

our ent k is a star performer on the public sistnd he has had so much practise since oy, ed Mary Phagan that he is almost to n

the sberwife seems to be making up for those andree weeks, after she heard Frank con- h his awful crime—the three weeks dur- he, ch she refused to go about her guilty kill

at the keep your eyes on the comedy at the and Farm, for "this is one place where e St does not count."

2 4th Degree Oath of the Knights of Columbus."

meet the bluff and the falsehoods of he se Americans who have foresworn principles, and have become oath-bound s of a foreign power, I have carefully ed the above-named pamphlet.

whom men who take that oath are traitors ould government, and spies in our camp.

sie are armed and drilled, as military o had kept in readiness to use their steel m and their up-to-date rifles against y, inellow citizens.

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LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

WHY WOULDN'T CLARK HOWELL PUBLISH THIS?

Constitution:

As a native Georgian, I have been early and confidently expecting a simultaneous outburst of indignation in the Georgia press, protesting against the Florida Times-Union's gross editorial attack, of June 22nd, Georgia's courts and juries.

Why no vigorous and indignant reiteration of the Times-Union's invidious and slanderous charge that the Georgia court and jury allowed themselves to merge with a "blood-sty mob" and act the part of that mob's complaisant executioner? The Frank case is now completely vilified by the Times-Union's case against the State of Georgia. Georgia's good name is now in the balance, before which the Frank case is reduced into insignificance. As her honor see it, her honor is now being dragged through the slime and filth of venalism, and it is high time, in the past time, that her gifted sons should come to the rescue.

Can it be possible that there is an invisible influence behind the Frank case, that has stilled the pens of Georgia's able corps of editors? It is plain enough to any unbiased mind, in possession of the facts, that this vociferous talk about mob influence and mob intimidation has its purpose the moulding of a Frank sentiment, and the paving the way for an early reopening of the Frank case, with a full pardon as objective.

Georgia's editors know the facts. They know that every court in the State has weighed this mob influence, in connection with the Frank case, and found it wanting, and it is their duty, singly and collectively, to stand on the nefarious schemes of such papers as the Times-Union, in their efforts to traduce the State of Georgia.

What is the matter? Don't Georgia's papers read what other States' papers say about her? Or has she a champion among them?

Must the people of Georgia submit, with heads hanging in shame, to his wholesale and concerted tirade of scurrility, slander and vilification, in order that the unthinking may be kept uninformed?

Must Georgia's people suffer the humiliation of witnessing a quiescent concurrence in these hellish schemes of their own press?

say—shame on Georgia's daily press—it is unworthy of her!

WALLACE R. CHEVES.
Newberry, Fla., June 29, 1915.
(Copy.)

A TRIBUTE TO A FINE MAN.

Dear Sir: Will you allow me space in The Jeffersonian to say a word about my friend, John Day, or Rev. John Day, D. D., as he is now called in his name is mentioned in the New York papers and magazines. I desire to say a word about him in order that I may kindle the fire of indignation in the heart of some boy who may read The Jeffersonian, and use him to aspire to higher things of life.

John Day was not discovered by a foreign mission board in the lands beyond the seas, but one of my old professors at Tusculum College, Rev. C. Clemens, ran across him up the mountains of Harlan County, Kentucky, and persuaded him to go to Tusculum to school.

John was no rare ripe. He was that one of those poor, ragged mountain boys who had never had a chance; but he has been running up a full head of steam and making rapid progress since he got out of "sticks" and onto the main line. He is not yet forty, but old Tusculum is beginning to hail him as her greatest son, and the world is be-

ginning to take notice of his rare merit and unquestioned ability.

John was raised in a feud country, and some of his brothers, I think, were connected with the famous Turner-Howard feud that existed a good many years ago, and perhaps some of them were killed, and who knows but what he, too, would have died with his boots on if it had not been for the grace of God and Rev. W. C. Clemens, the man who discovered him.

John says himself that there was a large family of children in his mountain home, and that they had to work hard to make a living. He says his mother never had any education, and could neither read nor write, and that she used to go out in the field with her children in the summer time and help them hoe corn, and that she would often remark that she hoped that she would have at least one child that would amount to something in life. In her eminent son, her fondest hopes have been realized.

If John Day had not been educated, who knows but what today he would be hid beside a parting rill in a laurel thicket, making moonshine whiskey, instead of being the great Presbyterian divine that he is.

There are lots of John Days among the blue mountains and sun-kissed hills of the South, if they only had a chance. So, why not spend the money upon them, that is being sent abroad?

John Day is one of God's great noblemen, and is a blessing to his race.

It pays to polish the rough diamonds.

Prof. Rankin, of Tusculum College, recently told me that Dr. Day made two or three eloquent addresses during commencement week this year at Tusculum, and that some said if that college never sent forth another graduate, that they had ample cause to rejoice for having educated a man like him.

Tusculum College has always dealt kindly with the boys and girls who have been its students.

Tusculum College is at Greeneville, Tenn., R. F. D.

Respectfully,
B. CLAY MIDDLETON.

FROM STONE MOUNTAIN.

Dear Sir: We wish to commend you for your brave stand taken in the Leo Frank case. Would to God we had you by the hand today for the brave stand you have taken to see that the laws of this State are carried out. We want you to state in your paper this week, that we condemn the action of Governor Slaton in commuting the sentence of Leo Frank. More than 99 per cent of our town are wrought up over his commuting the sentence. We want you to let us have a daily paper, and you will never have a better time than now to start it.

We stand for law and order, Slaton or no Slaton, Frank or no Frank.

Yours truly,
Ga. B. H. DAVIS.

EVEN THE MICHAELS OBJECTED TO EVIDENCE IN THE FRANK CASE.

Dear Sir: The Athens Daily Herald for some time carried full news of the Mary Phagan murder, and the subsequent trial and conviction of Leo Frank.

The Michael Bros. became very indignant and were insulting to the officers and employees of the paper and refused to give the paper any advertisements, on the express ground "that the paper was publishing the dirty news and evidence in the Frank case."

ATHENS MAN.

FROM A GEORGIA FRIEND.

Dear Sir: I have been a close and critical reader of your valuable papers on the Frank case, and having just received the last Jeffersonian, have glanced it over in office hours, but reserved it for tonight, for close attention.

If it is true that Rosser, Slaton & Phillips were partners, at the time Slaton was passing upon the question of commutation of the sentence, it would certainly be an evidence of turpitude, so dirty as to disgust a New York shyster of the stamp of Howe, and his rascally partner Hummel.

We have a State Bar Association; likewise local associations in nearly every county; certainly in Fulton. What will the Bar Association do towards examination into the matter? If the associations fail to examine, they demonstrate that it is merely a social affair, having many members, with whom a gentleman of the old school would not sit at table—they have banquets.

If, examining into it, they should find that it is true, that Slaton continued a member of the firm, and was such when he passed upon the question, his firm engaged in representing Frank, and fail to enter proceedings at once to disbar each and every one of them, then will they inform an inquirer, "for what purpose are you organized?"

If, knowing of the monkeying of Smith-Conley's attorney (I will not say lawyer, because it presumes one true unto death to his client—the Bar Association of Fulton, the Bar Association of the State, permits such an one to continue at the bar, then, speaking of such derelict associations, may we not say "Que custodien, ipsos custodies?"

Would it not be better for us to disband—if I may use that word?

Thank God, there are some honest men yet, practicing at the bar, that money can not influence for evil purpose. Thank God that such men regard lawyers—beg pardon—shysters, as pole cats, with whom they will not associate, or, for that matter, come within the sphere of their stench.

These are matters of vital importance. They concern the members of our bar, incidentally the bar of the United States. They concern good government and the weal of our people.

Then, gentlemen of the Fulton Bar Association, get a move on you, in the protection of the name of Lawyer.

Gentlemen of the Bar Association of the State, if such personages are members of the association, for God's sake examine into it, and if true, disbar them, regardless of their money, or wives' money. Mark, I say if true, true.

As for Smith, I pity him. Poverty may have urged him on, I do not know; but such is not the case of the others.

Our profession is being used for the vilest possible purposes, and, it does seem, to quote from Curran, "They rise as they rot."

You have made a fight for the honor of our old State, in this Frank case, that will bring to you the esteem of all true Georgians, regardless of purchasable newspapers, ready to receive the "thirty pieces of silver."

Yours truly,
Ga. FRANK H. HARRIS.

FROM A FORMER GEORGIA CITIZEN.

Dear Sir: I desire to express my hearty appreciation and approval of the way in which you so nobly and fearlessly upheld the laws of Georgia and the honor of womanhood in the Frank case.

I was formerly a citizen and resident of Atlanta, and for this reason I deeply feel the injustice wrought by the hand of the former Governor, and you have well expressed my views on the matter.

I note that Mr. Slaton, on Saturday last, compared Frank with Jesus before Pilot, which is an insult to all believers in the meek and lowly Nazarine.

I fail to see any comparison, and resent any statement in which the names of the two are mentioned as by him.

Frank was given a fair trial in every respect, was proven guilty beyond a doubt, and so found and declared by twelve men under oath, who heard all the evidence. Then, for one lone man to come along, who heard none of the evidence, but who did hear many falsehoods, and listened to them, from people at a distance who never read a line of the evidence, to say that the twelve men were wrong and that the honored and now lamented judge who pronounced the sentence was wrong, is more than I am willing to believe any other Georgian would do.

There is, however, a feeling of great relief to those of us who were taught to respect the laws of State and Nation, and to honor and respect the virtue and purity of womanhood, in the fact that he is no longer Governor.

May your useful life be spared beyond the three-score years and ten, to continue the good work for humanity which you are now so nobly and fearlessly engaged in.

Very truly yours,
Va. W. T. PARROTT.

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A VOICE FROM MISSISSIPPI.

Dear Sir: Pardon me for bothering you; but I will "bust" with indignation if I don't let some of it out.

I have followed you from the beginning, step by step, in the famous and infamous "Frank Case," and in my opinion you have won—though you lost.

There is far more honor in fighting to the last ditch and then losing, when one is fighting for Justice, Honor, Chastity, Virtue and Home, than there is in fighting for any other cause.

I note the indignation of the people of Georgia, and just wanted to let you know that the indignation is not confined to Georgia alone. So please pardon me for intruding.

Respectfully yours for justice to the end.

Miss.

E. R. RANKIN.

THE VALUED INDORSEMENT OF A LADY.

Dear Sir: Will you please accept these few words as coming from a woman, one who feels that she would like to congratulate you on the brave stand you have taken—always in defense of our beloved State and her beloved people.

Why is it that we have not more brave men just like you? You have many admirers, both men and women, in our State; but somehow they seem afraid to speak out.

Though not a subscriber, I read The Jeffersonian from my neighbor.

Am with you always on the Roman Catholic question, the Foreign Missionary, and the Frank case. What a disgrace to our State this case has proven to be through the commutation of sentence by our Governor! Slaton will hereafter, I am sure, take a back seat.

Long may you live, and ever be prosperous, is the wish of one woman who admires you for the brave stand you take.

Ga.

M. A.

WILL IT COME TO THIS?

Dear Sir: We, the undersigned citizens of Summertown, Emanuel County, and State of Georgia, do hereby wish to express our appreciation and heartfelt thanks to you for the grand and noble fight you made in the Leo M. Frank case, where poor little Mary Phagan died rather than give up her virtue. While her blood cries to heaven for vengeance, we are sure you did your duty.

Governor Slaton's over-riding State and Supreme Court decisions, and commuting Frank, is enough to teach us that poor girls of the State of Georgia have no protection outside of mob vengeance.

Please publish this in next week's Jeffersonian.

Signed by many citizens of Summertown, Ga.

AN ATLANTA MAN WRITES.

Dear Sir: You did a man's work in the Frank case, but Jew money was against you. They could not corrupt the courts, but they could, and did, "get to" Slaton.

I would like to sign a petition to the Georgia Legislature to change the name of John Marshall Slaton to Jew Money Slaton. How about it?

How would it do for every man and woman in Georgia to point the finger of scorn and spit at him whenever and wherever Jew Money shows his face?

Thanking you for your work for right and justice on all occasions, and in the Frank case in particular, I beg to remain,

ELIJAH M. PATTERSON.

A HOTEL MAN SENDS US ENCOURAGEMENT.

Dear Sir: I wish I could shake your hand and tell you in person how much I appreciate your last piece on J. M. Slaton.

With best wishes for you and yours, I am with you always.

Yours very respectfully,

Ga.

H. V. FILLINGINE.

THE POOR MAN'S DAUGHTER NOT PROTECTED FROM THE RICH.

Dear Sir: Governor Slaton has disgraced the State of Georgia. May God have mercy on his poor soul. Were I a citizen of the State of Georgia, and my child should be ravished and murdered, do you think I would ask the courts to defend that child?

I consider Slaton a thousand times worse than Frank, and if money or other like considerations have influenced his actions in this matter, I trust that God and the people of Georgia will do him justice.

Most truly yours,

Fla. ROBT. T. KYLE.

FROM FAR-AWAY TEXAS.

Dear Sir: The sentiment of one private and obscure citizen may count for but little, but I assure you there are thousands of Texas people who are watching "the game" and who

look eagerly for each copy of Watson's Weekly.

The deplorable, shameful thing which has happened in Georgia is a source of chagrin and humiliation, not only to the people of Georgia, whose laws have been set at naught by the man they elected to enforce them.

Long may you live to fight out this and other unfinished battles, and dying, leave as a legacy to our people the example of a life of stainless honor and a name that will grow brighter with the coming years.

Yours for success,

Texas.

J. W. BAKER.

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In the August Number of Watson's Magazine, Now on the Press,

Is a full and thorough presentation of the law, and of the evidence in the celebrated case of Leo Frank—a case which will always occupy a prominent place in the history of famous trials.

This is the only article which correctly presents to the world, a fair and complete statement of Georgia law and of the evidence upon which the jury convicted Leo Frank, and at the same time defends our Supreme Court from the impudent and repeated accusation that it did not review the evidence in the case.

This article is the only one which shows to the public what it was that our Supreme Court decided, and upon how small a point of immaterial evidence, two of the Justices differed from the four.

It is the only article which shows how Frank's lawyers attempted to trick the Supreme Court of the United States, by carrying before it a plea of mob violence, without presenting to that highest of American tribunals, the evidence upon which Judge Benjamin H. Hill and the Supreme Court of Georgia had decided that no mob intimidation of the jury had been proven.

It is the only article which shows that two of the United States Supreme Court Justices, differing from the seven, held that the decision of Judge Hill, and the unanimous decision of our Supreme Court, sustaining Judge Hill, should be treated as null and void, without giving the State of Georgia an opportunity to present to the United States Supreme Court the evidence upon which the Georgia courts had acted.

This article also shows the methods by which Jew money instituted a national campaign of slander against the laws, the courts and the people of Georgia, and how that malignant campaign was defeated all along the line until one of the lawyers, defending Leo Frank, prostituted the Chief Magistrate of a great State, to save his guilty client from just punishment.

This article is illustrated by numerous cuts picturing the honest, fearless and able Solicitor, Hugh M. Dorsey, and some of those incorruptible work-people of Atlanta whose testimony completed the chain of evidence against the Jew who assaulted and murdered the little Gentile white girl.

It also presents the pictures of Leo Frank as he really is, and the idealized pictures of him which the Hearst-Selig movies have used in the campaign against us.

It also presents the pictures of the detectives on both sides of the case, together with the two negroes who were working with Frank at the time of his crime.

It contains also a picture of the jury.

This article occupies nearly all of the August magazine, and therefore is really a work on the case, which will possess permanent value, as long as people are interested in knowing what was the truth about this celebrated case, and how it was Jew money established in Georgia the infamous doctrine that no rich Jew shall be punished for a crime committed against a Gentile.

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