

# The Jeffersonian

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## "Leo Frank Wrote His Own Alibi."

THE New York Times is one of the Jew-owned papers that have been stirring up a tempest of hatred against the people of Georgia.

In its Sunday edition, August 22, appears an article, under the above headline. It reads:

Time Schedule and Other Data Written by Him to Show He Couldn't Have Committed the Crime.

Two years ago the following statement was written by Leo M. Frank as data for an investigator to follow up and confirm. It has never before been published. By means of this chart, based on testimony of both State and defense witnesses, Frank's attorneys proved it was a physical impossibility for him to have killed Mary Phagan:

April 26, 1913.  
7:30 A. M.—Seen at breakfast by Minola McKnight.  
8:25 A. M.—Frank arrives at factory. Sees

Halloway, Alonzo Mann and Roy Irby.  
9:00 A. M.—Frank sees N. V. Darley, Wade Campbell, Miss Mattie Smith and Mr. Line.  
9:20 A. M.—Miss Mattie Smith leaves factory.  
9:40 A. M.—Darley and Frank leave factory together.  
10:00 A. M.—Frank at Montag Brothers, sees and converses with Sig. Montag, H. Gottheimer, Miss H. Hall, Mr. Matthews, and Mr. Mix.  
10:30 and 11:00 A. M.—Alonzo Mann telephones servant at Schiff's to tell Schiff to come to office.  
11:00 to 11:30 A. M.—Frank returns to factory, Halloway, Mann, Miss Hall. Frank dictates mail and works on orders.  
11:30 A. M.—Sees Mrs. A. White.  
11:35 to 11:45 A. M.—Miss Corinthia Hall and Mrs. Emma Freeman, B. Graham and Tiltlander, Mrs. May Barrett.  
11:45 A. M.—Miss C. Hall and Mrs. Freeman leave building.  
11:50 A. M.—Mrs. A. White leaves building.  
12:02 P. M.—Miss Hattie Hall leaves factory office.  
12:05 to 12:10 P. M.—Miss Monteen Stover at factory.

12:12 P. M.—Approximate time Mary Phagan entered office.  
12:14 P. M.—Time Mary Phagan left office.  
12:20 to 12:22 P. M.—Lemmie Quinn at office.  
12:30 P. M.—Mrs. A. White sees Frank in his office.  
12:50 P. M.—Frank on fourth floor of factory, with Messrs. Denham and White and Mrs. A. White.

The Jeffersonian has published everything that presented both sides of the case, excepting a couple of letters from two lawyers not connected with the defense.

As our readers will remember, I offered to publish anything that Rosser, Arnold, or Frank himself would send; but none of them accepted the proposition.

Now, let us study this schedule which the New York Times considers conclusive evidence of Frank's innocence.

Mind you, The Times states, that "this (CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO.)

## When Are the Northern Jews Going to Let Up On Their Insane Attempt to Bulldoze the State of Georgia?

IN New York and Chicago, men and women and children are being hired to circulate copies of the following incendiary hand-bill, just as they were hired to circulate petitions for the pardon of Leo Frank:

"The cowardly, detestable human vultures, who killed Frank, murdered at the same time the Constitution of Georgia.  
The Nation wants to know if there are twelve men in the entire State with nerve enough to do their duty?  
Or shall it be said, that a Georgian and a coward, are one and the same thing?  
LEO FRANK JUSTICE LEAGUE."

It was the Haas Finance Committee, and the noble law-firm of Rosser, Brandon, Slaton & Phillips that gave our Constitution a vicious stab; but they did not kill it.  
On the contrary, *THE PEOPLE* rose, and *CARRIED OUT THE DEATH PENALTY IMPOSED BY LAW*, after one of Frank's Jew-bought lawyers had nullified the decree of all the courts.  
Whether "a Georgian and a coward, are one and the same thing," remains to be seen.  
When the Jews try it, they will learn just how that is.  
They are raising \$25,000 in Chicago, and as much more in New York, to catch and punish the Vigilantes who executed Leo Frank, irregularly, but rightly.  
Before the New Yorkers start for Georgia,

they might clear their own docket by executing the condemned priest, Hans Schmidt, who cut Anna Aumeller's throat, divided her body, and toted the pieces to the river.

Before the Chicagoans descend upon us, they had better raid "Buckingham Palace," release a few of the white women that are held for the lustful use of negroes, and abolish the market in which Jews sell Gentile girls into houses of prostitution.

The Jews of Georgia could not do a wiser thing, right now, than to put a quietus on the Jews of the North.

We've already stood as much villification and abuse as we intend to put up with; and we will meet the "Leo Frank League" with a Gentile League, if they provoke us much further.

*WOMANHOOD MUST BE, AND SHALL BE PROTECTED*; and we mean to have that fact thoroughly understood by lascivious young Jews.

## Mayor Woodward's Speech in San Francisco. Slaton's Venomous, Forked Tongue.

EVER since John M. Slaton commuted the sentence of his guilty client, and fled the State, he has been continuously telling lies about the case.

Throughout the country, he has heaped fuel on the flames of sectional and racial hate.

Not since the days of Reconstruction, and the Ku Klux Klan, have there been such torrents of abuse poured upon the South.

After we were overpowered in the Civil War, and pinned to the earth with the bayonet, a hideous orgy of misgovernment took place: the black slave became the ruler of his white master, and the Northern abolitionist came down here to make our laws for us.

Desperate, and almost despairing, our people organized the Ku Klux Klan—another form of the Western Vigilantes, the Italian

### The Jews Started This Fight, and They are Keeping it Up.

Carbonari, and the German secret societies which solidified Prussian resistance to Napoleon.

The Ku Klux Klan did nothing more than the Home Rulers of Ireland have done: they determined that the South should not be governed by the negro, and the carpet-bagger, but by *ITSELF*.

Here of late, the South has been threatened by a new form of alien dictation and carpet-bag rule.

Greedy capitalists of the North and East have come down here, to grab our power-

sites, our mines, our coal fields, our factories, our railroads, our newspapers.

They allot a small share of the loot to the native politician, banker, lawyer, editor, and lobbyist; and these Southern sell-outs help the carpet-baggers grab our "natural resources," and block all our efforts in the legislatures to protect and educate our children.

The Roman Catholic School-Book Trust, the Jew-made Money Trust, the L. & N. Railroad Trust, and the Morganized Steel Trust dominate the South, tax our people to the limit of endurance, and insolently defy public opinion.

Every Lobbyist of these agencies was against us, in our legal proceedings to punish a degenerate Jew, who employed nearly (CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVEN.)



### "Leo Frank Wrote His Own Alibi."

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.)

chart is based on testimony of both State and defense witnesses."

In other words, the Times tells its million readers that the chart, prepared by Leo Frank, is proved to be correct, both by the State and by the defense; and that the chart, sworn to by all the witnesses, shows that it was "a physical impossibility for him to have killed Mary Phagan."

Published after Frank's execution, and scattered throughout the Union, this chart proves that the Jews mean to keep up their fight against the courts, and the people of Georgia.

*That's all right: WE ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE!*

Leo Frank was put to death, in obedience to legal sentence, after his just conviction had been sustained by the highest courts.

*We couldn't allow rich Jews to reverse our Supreme Courts.*

We couldn't allow them to substitute Talmudic teaching, for the Penal Code of Georgia.

Let us consider this chart which, the Times declares, was proved by the witnesses on both sides.

The importance of the Time Schedule commences at 12:02 p. m.

"Miss Hattie Hall leaves factory office."

Yes, she punched the time-clock, and went away at that hour.

"12:05 to 12:10 p. m. Miss Montine Stover at factory."

This statement, as to Monteen Stover's visit to Frank's office, carries with it the inevitable inference that Frank was there at the time.

Otherwise, the reference to Monteen has no meaning, favorable to Frank.

He virtually said, in this Time Schedule—"I was in my office when Hattie Hall left, at 12:02; in my office when Monteen Stover came, 12:05 to 12:10; and in my office when Lemmie Quinn came, 12:20 to 12:22; and in my office when Mrs. White saw me at 12:30; therefore, I account for myself at the time the crime was committed, and demonstrate that I could not have been the perpetrator.

I prove the physical impossibility of my guilt, by showing where I was, and who was with me, when Mary Phagan was killed."

The New York Times not only accepts this story, and this Time Schedule, as true, but tells its million readers that the witnesses, both for the State and the accused, established its correctness.

What will be your opinion of the respectable editors of The Times, when I tell you that the Time Schedule, made out by Leo Frank, IS A MOST AUDACIOUS FABRICATION?

Frank was in his office when Hattie Hall left, at 12:02, and he was there when Mary Phagan came, at about 12:04; but he was not there, when Monteen Stover arrived, at 12:05!

#### WHERE WAS HE?

That was the great question of the case.

On page 26 of the Brief of Evidence—agreed on by the lawyers of both sides, and sanctioned by Judge Roan—you will find the testimony which convicted Leo Frank.

It is the evidence of the white girl, Miss Stover, who swore that she went to Frank's office, at 12:05, to get her wages, and looked for Frank in both his offices, the inner and the outer.

*She couldn't find him!*

She lingered around for five minutes, by his clock—for she wanted her money: but she neither saw nor heard Leo Frank, or Mary Phagan.

*Where were they?*

Back in the metal room, 150 feet away, behind the closed door!

Miss Stover went home, and told her mother that she had been unable to get her money, because everybody seemed to be gone.

On the following Saturday, May 3rd, the mother of Miss Stover went to the factory, to get her daughter's pay-envelope.

A detective asked her who she was, and what she wanted.

She explained that her daughter had failed to get her pay-envelope the Saturday before, and she had therefore come for it, this next pay-day.

Naturally, the detective asked:

"What time was your daughter here, last Saturday, and why didn't she get her money?"

The mother, of course, answered that her daughter did not get her money, because she failed to find Leo Frank; and the time was given to the detective, as Monteen had given it to her mother.

*This completed the case!*

The doomed murderer, not knowing that the Stover girl had been there, had already stated, repeatedly, that he was not out of his office a single minute, between midday and 12:50.

He had positively and repeatedly said that he was continuously in his office, from 12:02 to 12:30.

And he had repeatedly said that Mary Phagan came into his office at from 12:05 to 12:10.

He was irrevocably committed to all this, before he learned, during the week, after May 3rd, what Monteen Stover's mother had told the detective.

Then it was that he changed the time on Mary Phagan, placing her visit, after Monteen's.

And then it was, that he made the despairing and futile attempt to place Lemmie Quinn in the office at the factory, in the afternoon, when Lemmie's visit was so easily shown to have taken place in the forenoon.

This you will see, presently.

Page 22 of the official record shows that Frank never mentioned Monteen Stover at all; and that he mentioned no one besides Mary Phagan as coming to his office, after Hattie Hall left.

He told Harry Scott that Mary came into his office at 12:10.

On the same day, Monday, April 28th, Frank made a statement to Chief Lanford, and this statement was taken down in writing.

*He said nothing of Monteen Stover!*

What he did say, I will give you, in his own words, copied from page 243 of the official Brief:

"Saturday, April 26th, was a holiday, and the factory was shut down. There were several people who came in during the morning.

"The office boy, and the stenographer (Hattie Hall) were in the office with me until noon. They left at 12, or a little after.

"We have a day watchman there: he left shortly before 12 o'clock.

"After the office boy and the stenographer left, THIS LITTLE GIRL, MARY PHAGAN, CAME IN, but at the time I didn't know that was her name.

"She came in between 12:05 and 12:10, may be 12:07, to get her pay-envelope. I paid her, and she went out of the office. My impression was that she just walked away."

Not a word about Monteen! Why not?

Because Frank did not, then, know that Monteen had followed so closely on the heels of Mary, and that the one girl was waiting in Frank's office, while he was assaulting the other, behind the closed door of the metal room!

Let us now examine the testimony, given under oath, by Frank, at the Coroner's Inquest:

On pages 370 and those following, Frank was questioned as to the persons who came to his office, Saturday, April 26th, and he gave the names of all, from the early morning, until the night watchman came on duty at 6 in the evening.

*He never mentioned Monteen Stover!*

The question asked him was:

"Now, can you tell me again everybody who was in the factory that morning, just from start to finish? Name each person that was in the office, name by name, until you left to go to lunch."

In answer to this, Frank named Holloway, the day watchman; Alonzo Mann, the office boy; Mr. Darley, and Wade Campbell, and Mr. Fullerton; Miss Hattie Hall, Mrs. White, Mary Phagan, Lem Quinn, Mattie Smith, Arthur White, Harry Denham, New Lee, and J. M. Gantt.

Not a word about seeing Monteen Stover, because he did not see her, and did not know she had been there, while he was with Mary Phagan.

On page 35 of the Minutes of the Coroner's Inquest, will be found Frank's other sworn statement of the several persons who came to his office on that Saturday, and Monteen Stover's name does not appear.

And it is in that statement of May 5th that he first claimed to have seen Lemmie Quinn in his office, after Mary Phagan came.

On page 45, Frank was asked—

"How long were you in the office after she left?"

Answer: "Well, after she left—I can tell you something now that I haven't mentioned before, because it slipped my mind.

"At about twelve, within five or ten minutes after this little girl left, Lemmie Quinn came in."

The Coroner was naturally suspicious of this new story, which Frank had never told to anyone, during those fearful days following the tragedy of April 26th.

Here were eight days, passed and gone, before Frank could remember a visit from Quinn—immensely important, if true as to time.

The Coroner asked in surprise:

"You say that is the first time you thought of that?"

Answer: "I have thought of that incident, but couldn't exactly place the time in the morning!"

Great Heavens! Couldn't remember whether Quinn came after Mary, or before? Quinn had not come on business, did not take a chair, did not do anything; just said "Good morning."

Listen to this fateful record, and see how the doomed man catches himself, even as to Quinn:

Question: "Now, let us go over what Quinn said, again, please, and make it, just as near as you can, word for word, as you remember it."

Answer: "He said to me, 'Good morning,' and I said, 'Good morning.'"

Yet on page 33, Frank had already testified to having heard the whistle blow for noon!

"I heard the whistle blow, and I know they (Hattie Hall and the boy) left just a minute or two afterwards"—that is, after 12 o'clock.

Why, then, at 12:25, nearly half an hour after the whistles had announced to all Atlanta, that the morning had passed, were these two men hailing each other, as though it was still morning?

"Good morning!" says Lemmie Quinn.

"Good morning!" said Leo Frank.

And they did say it, and it was morning when they said it, as I will prove to you after a while.



On page 13, official Brief, you will find that, on Sunday morning, April 27th, Frank said to W. W. Rogers:

"My stenographer left about 12 o'clock, and a few minutes after she left, the office boy left, and Mary Phagan came in, and got her money and left."

Not a word about Monteen Stover!

On Sunday, and on Monday, Frank talked to the officers, talked to his own detective, Harry Scott, talked to reporters, talked to Newt Lee, talked to employees at the factory, talked to his superior and manager, Sig Montag; talked to Darley, the Superintendent of a branch of the pencil factory—and not one word did he say to any of them about Monteen Stover, or about any afternoon pop-call by Lemmie Quinn.

The pop-call of Lemmie came into the case, for the first time, after Frank got wind of what Monteen Stover would swear; and then it was that he changed the time of Mary's arrival, and placed it "at from 12:10 to 12:15," to avoid the collision with Monteen.

Now, let us take up Lemmie, and see what we are to think of him. To the Coroner's jury, Frank had sworn, after remembering Quinn's forgotten visit, that "he was up there at 12:25."

In the Time Schedule, Lemmie's pop-call is put at 12:20 to 12:22, two minutes being sufficient for a man to roll in, say "Good morning;" and then say, "I see you're busy;" and then, "Good-bye," and roll out.

According to Frank's statement, under oath, that is what occurred; and as the time-clock was outside Frank's offices, Lemmie must have called *Time!* as he passed in and out.

Frank knew when Hattie left, by the noon whistle: he could accurately place Mary's arrival, at a few minutes afterwards; but as he was sitting at his desk, writing (so he said), when Quinn came in, how could he get the time down to such a gnat-heel fineness, as a 12:20 come, and a 12:22 go?

The time of Mrs. White's second arrival is correctly stated, because she came up the stairs, looked at the clock, and swore to the time, just as Hattie Hall, and Monteen Stover had done.

Each of these ladies fixed the time, by Frank's own clock.

Now, the question in the case was this—Where were Mary Phagan and Leo Frank, during the time that Monteen was there?

It was as necessary to account for Mary, as it was to account for Frank, yet Frank's lawyers made no effort to account for her.

Bear in mind, that Mary was last seen, a few minutes after the noon hour, and almost at the factory door.

She had to go after her \$1.20, in person, on Saturday, because she needed it, to buy some little adornment, perhaps, for the Sunday school Bible contest, which she was to take part in, next day.

She had ironed out the white dress that she meant to wear, and had left it on the bed, at home, against her return.

At any rate, she said she was going to get her money, Frank having refused to let Helen Ferguson take it to her, the evening before, although Helen had several times drawn Mary's pay-envelope.

The State's witnesses traced the girl to within a couple of minutes' walk of the factory—and then she was lost.

That night, her stiffened body, with the blood on the auburn hair "very dry," was found in Frank's place of business.

Legally, the corpse was in his possession! How came it to be?

Law and Reason sternly asked him that question:

How came this dead girl in your house?

He had to answer, and he did:

He said to the Law, on Monday morning, that "this little girl came at from 12:05 to

12:10, maybe 12:07, to get her pay . . . I paid her, and she left."

Left what?

She did not leave his house!

Then, if he didn't kill her, who did, and where, when, and how?

His lawyers never did seem to realize the imperative necessity of presenting to the jury some theory, and some evidence, as to what became of the girl, AFTER THE NOON HOUR.

But let us get back to Lemmie Quinn, and his "Good morning" pop-call, at 12:20—12:22.

His testimony commences on page 106 of the Brief:

He said he was foreman of the metal department.

"I went to the factory on April 26th to see Mr. Schiff. He was not there. Often go to the factory on Saturdays and holidays. Street doors were open when I got there. Did not see Mary Phagan, or Monteen Stover, or Jim Conley. Office door of Frank was open.

"The time I reached Mr. Frank's office was about 12:20."

On cross-examination, Quinn denied telling the officers that he was not at the factory Saturday. Admitted that he did not tell them he was there. "I told Chief Lafford, and told Mr. Frank."

"I was in the office, and saw Mr. Frank between 21:20 and 12:25.

"At the time I told you (the Solicitor) that I was there between 12:00 and 12:25, I had reckoned the time down, as I have now.

"I told you in the detective's office that I reckoned the time of my being in the factory, from the time that I left home and the destination I went to; and I said, I could not remember the stop at Wolfsheimer's, which took ten or fifteen minutes, and that is why I reckoned it so positively.

"I left home, I know, at about a quarter to 12. I looked at my watch. It takes 12 or 15 minutes to walk to the factory. I got to Wolfsheimer's pretty close to 12 o'clock. I was there 10 or 15 minutes."

You will notice that the witness admits he left at 11:45 by his watch; and that he could have reached the factory by 12; and, when he made his statement to the Solicitor, he had forgotten that convenient stop, of 10 or 15 minutes, at Wolfsheimer's.

This was suspicious enough, heaven knows, especially with a witness who did not pretend to be going by the clock, but by his legs.

With a watch in his pocket, and Frank's clock before him as he went up stairs, he reckoned the time by the distance he walked!

But the Solicitor drew out of Lemmie an admission which prostrated him—on that question of leg-time.

He said: "I had been up to the factory BEFORE I met Mrs. Freeman and Miss Hall, at the Busy Bee."

Oh well, in that case, we will abandon Lemmie's noble efforts to tell the time of day by his legs, and we will endeavor to fix it on something less prone to wander and wobble.

Let us see whether we can fix the time of Lemmie's "Good morning" pop-call, by Leo Frank's own clock.

Bear in mind, that the two ladies referred to by Quinn, were Frank's employees, as Quinn himself was, and that Rosser and Arnold put them on the stand as witnesses for Frank.

The time of their visit to Frank's office, on Saturday morning, will fix the time of Quinn's, because Quinn swore his call at the office was before he met them at the Busy Bee restaurant.

Let us now look into the record, to find the time when these two white ladies were in Frank's office that fateful morning.

First, we will take Frank's day watchman,

E. F. Holloway, who had told the Solicitor that he locked the elevator box on Saturday, when he left the factory.

It was his duty, and his invariable custom, to do this; and he made affidavit to his having done it that Saturday; he also swore it at the inquest.

The Solicitor expected to confirm, by Holloway, the statement of Conley, that Frank had to get the key, and unlock the elevator, when the negro and the Jew took the girl's body to the basement in the elevator.

But Holloway entrapped the Solicitor. He testified that he left the elevator box unlocked; and he explained his astounding change of evidence, by saying that he had sawed a plank, for the two carpenters—Denham and White—that Saturday morning, but had forgotten it; and when his memory resurrected the incident of the plank-sawing, he recollected that he had left the elevator unlocked.

However, Holloway swore to the following vital fact, on cross-examination by Rosser:

"I met Miss Corinthia Hall and Miss Emma Clark (Freeman) coming toward the factory, as I was leaving. Miss Clark asked me if anybody was there, and I said, 'Yes, Mr. Frank will let you in.'"

At what time was Holloway leaving?

At 11:45, for he had already testified:

"I am day watchman at the factory. I was there, on April 26th, from 6:30 a. m. till 11:45."

(Page 29 of the Brief.)

He was going by Frank's clock, of course, for he, like the other employees, had to punch his time.

It is a most extraordinary illustration of the stupidity, or bewilderment, of Frank's lawyers, that they put up, as witnesses for the defense, the two ladies who had already been designated by Holloway as the destroyers of the Lemmie Quinn alibi.

These lawyers knew that it was necessary to locate Quinn's visit in the afternoon: it was their duty to have learned from Quinn whether he knew of the visit of the two white ladies; and as he did know of it—on account of the conversation at the Busy Bee—Rosser was incredibly obtuse, if he did not recognize the danger-signal in Holloway's statement, that he met those ladies coming to the factory, as he left at 11:45.

To put those witnesses up, without having previously sifted them, thoroughly, as to all they knew, and might possibly tell, shows that Rosser was never cut out for a first-class criminal lawyer.

The blundering ass put them up; and the Solicitor, who had noted what Holloway said about the time of their visit, walked right in on the poor, little alibi, and mashed its poor little life out.

On page 103 of the Brief, is the evidence of Miss Corinthia Hall:

"I am forelady in the finishing department of the factory. I was at the factory on April 26. I got there about 25 minutes to 12.

"I had come on the car, and reached town about 11:30, and it took me about five minutes to reach the factory."

This would be about 11:45, corroborating Holloway, who went by Frank's clock.

"Mrs. Emma Clark Freeman was with me. We went there after her coat. We went up to the fourth floor to get the coat, Frank's office."

Mrs. Freeman asked the use of the telephone, to call up her husband. Frank and Hattie Hall were in the office. He was writing.

"It was about 15 minutes to 12 when we left the factory."

("Good morning," Mr. Quinn!)

"We met Holloway as he came out of the factory, and we went in."



"We met Lemmie Quinn, afterwards, at the Greek Cafe."

After leaving the factory, these ladies went to the corner of Alabama and Forsyth Streets to use a telephone.

"It took us about five minutes to go there and come back to the Greek Cafe. We got a cup of coffee and a sandwich, and were getting the change, when Quinn came in."

Mrs. Freeman (page 104 of the Brief) corroborated Miss Hall, and said that it was about a quarter to twelve when they left the factory.

"I remember her looking at the clock. We met Lemmie Quinn afterwards in a cafe. He said he had just been up to see Mr. Frank."

Mrs. Arthur White also testified to the time Miss Hall and Mrs. Freeman were at the factory. They left before she did, and she swore that she left at 11:50.

Thus four white witnesses demolished the Lemmie Quinn alibi; and three of these destructive witnesses were Frank's employees, two of whom were put up as his witnesses.

In addition to this, you have—as the jury had—the evidence of both Frank and Quinn, that, at first, neither of them placed Quinn's visit in the afternoon.

And in shifting it from the forenoon to the afternoon, Frank blundered into the significant slip of leaving the morning salutation, UNSHIFTED.

Quinn had looked at his watch, and Frank had heard the noon-whistle blow, yet it was still "Good morning!" Why? Because that much of it was true.

So, you see, it all revolves around the time when Mary Phagan was last seen alive; and the half-hour which followed.

Glance at the testimony of M. E. McCoy, pages 229 and 230 of the Brief:

"I knew Mary Phagan. I saw her, on April 26, in front of Cooledge's place, at 12 Forsyth Street. She was going towards the pencil factory, south on Forsyth Street, on right hand side.

"It was near twelve o'clock. I left the corner of Walton and Forsyth Streets, exactly 12 o'clock, and came straight on down there"—where he saw Mary.

This is the most satisfactory evidence as to the exact time Mary got to the factory.

McCoy swore that it was exactly twelve o'clock, when he left the Walton-Forsyth corner; and that it was near twelve (afterwards, of course,) when he saw the girl.

Then allow time for her to reach the factory, just a few yards away, and you have NEARLY what Leo Frank told Chief Lanford, on the next Monday morning—told him before he had the slightest idea that Monteen Stover was following close upon the heels of the doomed Mary.

According to McCoy, who was not impeached or contradicted, Mary Phagan would most assuredly have been seen by Hattie Hall, or by Monteen Stover, had she not gone between the times, when Hattie left (12:02) and Monteen arrived (12:05).

With McCoy seeing Mary so near the factory, at not more than two or three minutes after twelve, it is impossible to account for her, between then and the time after Monteen left the office, except upon the idea that she went in, was taken by Frank to the metal room, and killed there, as Conley swore, and as the hair and blood proved.

If Lemmie Quinn's presence in the factory, in the afternoon, proves it to have been physically impossible for Frank to have committed the crime, it proves the same thing for Jim Conley.

The Lord knows, it is bad enough to have them insulting our intelligence by telling us that a negro would assault and murder a white girl, in a white man's house, within thirty feet of the white man!

But to tell us that the negro would do

## Glorious Achievements of the Haas Finance Committee.

THREE gentlemen of Jerusalem strayed from Jericho and Joppa, down to the City of the Many Gates—where they entered into business; and, by a strict avoidance of hog-meat, and other Gentile abominations, they waxed as fat as Jeshurun just before he "kicked."

(Consult your Bibles, brethren, and find the place for yourselves! I can't always be telling you where to find things in the Book.)

"Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked."

That's where his troubles started. Whenever a Jew waxes fat, he struts before the Lord, in such an arrogant manner, that the Lord has to call him down.

Isn't it strange, that the Jews do not peruse their own part of the Bible, and learn how dangerous it is to kick, after they wax fat?

Thus saith the Book: "But Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked. . . . then he forsook God."

The Book proceeds to tell how the Lord cursed the insolent Jew, who had become rich and Godless.

(I believe I will relent, and cite you to the place: it is Deuteronomy, chapter 32, verse 15.)

Yes, three men of Jerusalem came into Georgia, to get rich on the heathen who devour swine flesh: and in due time, they waxed fat.

Did their riches fill them with kindness toward the Gentiles who had enriched them?

By no means. Jeshurun, having waxed fat, kicked.

He became so puffed up before the Lord, that he made for himself a golden calf; and he not only worshipped this yellow animal, himself, but he strangely deluded himself with the idea that he could convert all the hog-eaters to the same worship.

And that's where Jeshurun came to grief. He overestimated the hypnotic spell of his golden idol.

He knew that his own soul was saturated with the love of Money, and he fancied that all other men—especially hog-eaters—must be as mercenary as himself.

So it came to pass, that one fine morning we awoke, to discover a new thing under the sun.

A Committee of rich Jews had established itself in Atlanta, to erect a Golden Calf, in the market place; and they called

such a thing, almost in the presence of two white men, is altogether insane.

No, no, gentlemen! When the fatuous Rosser actually took the trouble to prove, on cross-examination, that Conley had never seen the recently employed night-watchman, and was consequently unable to have described him, as he is described in the notes that were found near the murdered girl, Rosser eternally rounded out the State's case against Leo Frank.

Rosser proved that when the notes were written, it was the Jew, and not the negro, who was capable of describing the tall, slim, black night-watch, Newt Lee.

As I said last week, it was a stupendous blunder.

It should never be forgotten, that when the Vigilantes said to Frank:

"This is your last time; have you any statement to make?" he merely closed up stoically, and made no protest of innocence. He acted as resignedly as though he had been in the hands of the Sheriff.

PRACTICALLY, IT WAS A CONFES-  
SION!

upon all mankind to fall down and worship the new-old idol.

With amazing self-confidence, brutal insolence, and lawless effrontery, this Haas brotherhood set up their Golden Calf; and with incredible audacity, they bugled for devotees.

Did the idolaters appear?

They did. They came singly, and they came in droves. Some came from the North, some from the East, some from the West, and some from the South.

Were any of these idolaters residents of the Gate City? They were.

And a motley crew it was.

There was a diamond thief at one end of the line, and a Doctor of Divinity at the other.

In fact, there was only one thief, but three Doctors of Divinity.

There were four courtesans at one side of the lane, and six editors at the other.

Only one of the strumpets was black; the others were white: only one of the editors was a negro; the others were Locker-Club Caucasians.

Even in the matter of worshipping a Golden Calf, set up by the Jews, the African race shows its hopeless inferiority.

The dominant quality of the Locker-Club Caucasian persists.

There was a man of the name of C. P. Connolly, whose home is in Colorado; and he came all the way from that remote region to kneel to the Golden Calf which the Jews had set up, in the moral desert.

There was a man of the name of A. R. McDonald; and he came all the way from Missouri (Pike County?) to worship the yellow idol which the Jews had erected in Atlanta.

Need I say, that Hearst also came?

That well-known and universally beloved Friend of Man (who wants war with Mexico, but not with Germany) came in person to tell our Governor what to do; and for fear Rosser's gubernatorial partner might lose his nerve, the philanthropic Hearst detailed his little Jew jackass, Clarence Shearn, to come down to Atlanta, to assure Slaton there was no evidence against Leo Frank.

Need I say that Burns and Lehon came? Would the collection have been complete without M. J. Yeomans?

It would not.

M. J. knelt so ardently to the Jewish idol, that he has callosities on his knees, compensated, however, by honest ducats in his pockets.

Could the able attorneys of the Jew-owned L. & N. Railroad system keep away from the Calf? They could not. At least they did not.

We saw them bob up, in Savannah, in Augusta, in Atlanta, in Macon, and in some rural communities; and, with delightful chorus, they sang hymns to the Golden Heifer.

Men who never took a hand in a murder case before, took a strong hand in this one.

Railroad lawyers, who had never chirped when murderers were being hanged in their own towns, were certain that Gabriel would speed up his trumpet blowing, if Leo Frank were hanged.

Doctors of Divinity, who had never preached about law cases in their pulpits before, took the Frank case to the sacred desk, and laid it vehemently on the Throne of Grace.

Editors who had never before instructed the courts how to dispose of the criminal docket, took jurisdiction of the Frank case and ordered Judge Ben Hill to give Frank a new trial, else his execution under Supreme Court sanction, and Judge Roan's mandate, would be "judicial murder."

Of such, are the consequences of setting



up a conspiracy as idol of Gold, in a moral desert like Atlanta—whose Chamber of Commerce can Resolute against Cobb County Vigilantes, CARRYING OUT THE LAW'S SENTENCE, but not against an infamous Haas Finance Committee, which constitutes itself, OPENLY AND BRAZENLY, to defeat the Law, BY THE VILEST MEANS KNOWN TO CRIMINAL DETECTIVES.

It was a glorious group that knelt around the Golden Calf, sang heathen hymns to it, burnt incense to it, and hailed it as their Deity—while unutterable shame took possession of the faithful men, and faithful women who would not run after this strange god.

Eager for proselytes, the noble Burns, the virtuous Lehon, and the honorable C. W. Burke entered into the vigorous campaign to secure more devotees to the Haas idol.

Is there a woman at work for the Montag pencil factory, whose testimony at the Frank trial helped the State?

If so, she must be tempted with money, or threatened with loss of position, if she does not come over, and join the worshippers of the Golden Calf.

Is there a machinist at the factory, whose evidence made it terribly evident that Leo Frank knocked Mary Phagain against the handle of his machine—which tore some of her hair out, as she fell, under that cruel, cowardly blow?

If so, he must be surrounded with "influence;" he must be lured by tempting propositions; he must be bribed into changing his evidence; and thus a loyal gentleman—a gentleman, every inch of him!—must be seduced into joining the ignoble crowd that is burning incense to the Haas idol, in the market place!

Is there a group of young white women, all of whom depend upon their hands for their bread; and all of whom went to the courthouse, and exposed the double life of the degenerate Jew?

If so, each one of those girls must be approached, and tempted; and each one of them must be corrupted, if it can possibly be done—so that the market place will be thronged with a larger group, burning incense to the Golden idol of the Haas brotherhood.

Is there a negro by the name of Aaron Allen who may be taken to Chicago, carefully coached, bribed to say he heard Jim Conley confess, and sent back to Atlanta to kneel where Conolly, and Macdonald, and Ladson knelt?

Yes; there is a negro of the name of Aaron Allen, and he is taken to Chicago, and he is coaxed by the noble Burns, and he is tempted by a pile of money which falls mysteriously out of the moon, and reposes on a table in one of the rooms of the noble Burns.

Does the negro sell out to the noble white men who are trying to hire him to commit perjury?

No; another negro, in the employ of the noble Burns, slyly warns Allen of his danger, and Allen does not sell out to the noble Burns.

Is there another negro who is selected to swear that he and Jim Conley dealt in the vice of sodom, and to thus take the sin away from the Jew, and to thus murder a man who never knew what the vice of sodom was, until he peeped through the keyhole at the factory?

Yes; the record shows such a negro; and it also shows that he recoiled in horror from the proposition.

Does the record show that the diamond thief, and his accomplices, offered the Carter woman money, and put her into Jim Conley's cell, to seduce him into the vice of sodom?

Yes, the record shows it.

Does the record show that a Jew, who visited Frank with the Klein boys, offered to make the Carter woman rich, if she would take a small vial, which he had, and pour some of its contents into Jim Conley's food?

Yes, the record shows it.

Does the record show that the noble Burns, Lehon & Co. finally found a man who would swear he heard Jim Conley confess the crime?

Yes, the record shows it; and it also shows that Arthur Thurman, the shady lawyer, who is now under criminal charges, in Atlanta, was the middle-man in the glorious bribing of "the Rev." C. B. Ragsdale.

**HAAS FINANCE COMMITTEE!**  
Formed after Frank's case had been adjudicated and closed!

Formed after all doors to LEGITIMATE effort had been shut!

Formed at the time when all Gentiles consider their doom sealed, by the final decision of the final court!

Formed for what?

**TELL US, MESSRS. HAAS!**

What did you expect your Money to ac-

Full Argument and  
DIGEST OF THE OFFICIAL BRIEF  
OF EVIDENCE AGAINST

Leo Frank

Contained in the two numbers  
Watson's Magazine,

AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, 1915

Price, 10 cents each for one;  
20 cents for the two.

JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING CO.,  
Thomson, Ga.

complish for the condemned man, AFTER the final court had spoken the final word?

When you hired Burns, what did you expect Burns to do?

When you hired hack-writers, what did you expect of them?

If you wanted the public to understand the facts in the case, why didn't you publish the official Brief of Evidence?

Tell us how Money can be legitimately used, in a criminal case, after the highest court has finally decided against the last appeal!

What can Money LAWFULLY DO, after that?

**TELL US!**

You set yourselves up, insolently and lawlessly, to defeat the Law, and cheat Justice.

You financed a national campaign of slander against the State which made you rich.

You have been the accomplice of the infamous scoundrel, W. J. Burns, in all of the lies he has told on us.

**YOU HAVE CONDONED HIS CRIMINAL CONDUCT IN THIS CASE.**

When Solicitor Dorsey made his counter showing, on the extraordinary motion for new trial, you were shown, by the written affidavits, how this black-hand detective agency had been trying to corrupt the State's witnesses, and to HANG THE ACCOMPLICE, for the crime of the principal.

Did you then repudiate Burns?

Have you ever done so?

Do you ever intend to do so?

If not, you are morally his accomplices in his criminal methods—methods which you

financed with money exacted by assessments from Jews all over the country.

And what have you accomplished?

Your Golden Calf stands discredited, in the moral desert.

**YOU, AND YOUR METHODS, ARE UNIVERSALLY DESPISED.**

You have aroused a deep hatred of the Jews, which never before existed.

You sowed dragon's teeth between Jew and Gentile, AND A CROP OF ARMED MEN SPRANG UP!

By your insolent assertion that Frank must soon be released, you signed his death-warrant.

By your instigation, a thousand misinformed, or maliciously slanderous, editors are publishing tirades of abuse, not only against the State which made you rich, but against the whole South.

You have lit the fires of intense sectional prejudice, and the innocent people of Georgia will have to suffer.

You have blown the breath of life into the Monster of Race Hatred; and THIS FRANKENSTEIN, whom you created at such enormous expense, WILL HUNT YOU DOWN!

And you, you, YOU, have the infernal impudence to demand that Solicitor Dorsey prosecute me!

Did I gather up Money, from the four quarters of the earth, to debauch my State?

Did I bring to Atlanta an unscrupulous scoundrel who had already been branded by the United States Government as a man who would pack juries, and bribe witnesses?

Did I sit snugly in my Respectability, and sign checks for this branded detective, while he was engaged in the criminal work of buying up the State's evidence?

Did I pay libellous hack-writers to defame my State, throughout the Union, and to raise a storm of anti-Georgia villification?

Did I hush up the Atlanta dailies so completely, that no man or woman in Georgia was permitted the poor privilege of defending our State against your damnable propaganda?

Talk about prosecuting me?

**TRY IT!**

Nobody believes that you were ignorant of the dirty, illegal work which was being done by William J. Burns, by Dan Lehon, and by C. W. Burke.

Nobody believes that you paid big money, month after month, without knowing what was going with it.

Nobody doubts that you knew what Burns, Lehon, and Burke were trying to do, with your money.

Such rascals as you, ought to be thankful if you escape indictment by the Fulton County Grand Jury, for your part, in attempting to use Big Money to defeat the Law.

If another such Jew Committee is ever formed in this State, after the final conviction of a Jew, the Vigilantes should take charge of the case promptly, and invite said Committee to adjourn, sine die.

New Edition of "Napoleon," by Thos. E. Watson. Just off the press. One volume, \$1.50. Handsomely bound, profusely illustrated. This book is regarded as standard by the French readers and scholars. The Jeffersonian Publishing Co., Thomson, Ga.

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.



dreamed of charging *anybody* a hundred dollars a year, for teaching her own child—never!

It is a down-right imposition and shame, that the mothers belonging to our churches should be overworked, as they are, and solicited as they are, to scare up the money for these Baby-bounties paid by the Boards.

With increasing debility, Dr. William Smith proceeds:

The widespread claim that living expenses for the missionaries in foreign lands are very small, and that the salaries of missionaries are worth much more in those lands than the same salaries at home is totally false. It is impossible for the missionaries to live as the natives do. To try to live in native houses and subsist on native foods, would mean sickness and death for the missionaries and their families. If they are to have any of the necessities and comforts to which we are accustomed in this country, such things can be procured only at heavy expense on account of the cost of transportation and custom duties. It requires all the money that a missionary gets to furnish him and his family a moderately decent living.

Did you ever read anything so self-destructive as *that*?

These missionaries to China and Japan cannot feed on the stuff that Chinese aristocrats and Japanese bankers live on.

O the self-denying things!

They must import all their food from America, paying enormous freight, and paying tariff duties on the custom house!

Good gracious! Dr. Smith let the pussy-cat out of the bag that time, didn't he?

And, what's more serious, *he told an arrant falsehood.*

Everybody who has any acquaintance whatever with Eastern conditions knows, that a dollar will buy at least five times as much there, as it will buy here.

Haven't the Boards told us that a Chinese student at the mission school can be boarded for twenty dollars a year, *even in a famine year?*

Haven't they pleaded with us for *ten* dollars, as the expense of a student in average years?

I have in my hand the post-card appeal sent out by E. H. Rawlings, Secretary of Nashville Board, of the M. E. Church: it is printed on this card—

"China can take \$100 and support native pastor."

That is, the missionaries pay the Chinese preacher \$100 a year; and this convert supports himself, and his family on it.

But the missionary must not only get \$1,200 a year, for self and wife, *but as much MORE for each child*, as the native pastor gets for himself, his wife, and all his yellow kids!

That card was sent out by the Nashville Board, in 1912, and the copy I hold was addressed with a pen, to "Mr. W. E. Ivey, Spratt, Ala."

With accumulated feebleness, Dr. Smith proceeds:

It is also a false charge that the missionaries live extravagantly. It is a serious libel against a company of the most consecrated and self-denying people on the face of the earth. They have left all that the heart holds dear and have gone far away from home and friends to endure hardships and dangers, and sometimes face death itself in order that they may carry the gospel to those who are in heathen darkness. To charge these noble workers with the wilful waste of mission funds is unreasonable. If the charge is false, it is wicked in the extreme to make it, and it is most certainly false.

The foreign appointments of nations are eagerly sought after. We see men of all the States of this Union applying for consulships. They scramble fiercely for these foreign positions.

The same thing is true of England, France, Russia, Spain, Holland, &c.

In each of these cases, Dr. Smith might

raise the same moan over the leaving "all that the heart holds dear, and have gone far away from home and friends, to endure hardships and dangers."

The Hon. Lindsey Johnson applied for a government position in the Philippines, got it, and left home and friends.

Poor fellow, he died out there, but he had rejoiced at getting the appointment, and he never set up any sanctimonious howl of Pity me, the martyr!

"To charge these noble workers with wilful waste of mission funds, is unreasonable, wicked in the extreme, and false."

So? What do you call waste? A fine mansion to live in, a mountain retreat for three months, a span of horses and a carriage; "at least three domestic servants," imported food, travelling expenses all paid, elegant entertainments to visiting friends, a salary equivalent to \$6,000, regularly paid; a bounty of \$400 a year for every quartette of children, increased to \$600 when they cross a certain age-line!

Any wilful waste in all that? It depends upon what is considered "waste."

When Dr. Smith's own reports show that he has to scurry around to the banks and pay interest to the amount of ten thousand dollars, in one year, in order that he may keep these pampered parasites *paid to the very day*, it is childish to prate about their being "the most consecrated and self-denying people on the face of the earth."

The country doctor, and the country pastor, and the good-hearted women who leave their own cares and worries at home, while they go abroad and minister to the sick, are archangels of light, compared to the average missionary who avariciously taxes his fellow Christians in order that he and his family may live in luxury.

And if anybody *could* have drawn a more disagreeable picture about Foreign Missions than I did in my book on that subject, Dr. William H. Smith is the man.

I do think that his picture of the haughty father *hiring a private tutor*, instead of patronizing the mission schools, is the most repulsive missionary picture yet drawn, unless it be the picture of the *missionary mother*, who is paid \$600 a year for mission work, and \$100 extra when she teaches her own child!

The next time you hear the word "economy," and the word "extravagance," you must try to remember that it is *not* an extravagance for the Boards to feed the foreign missionaries on imported viands, and that it is economy to give the baby at the breast \$100 for being there.

### Why Some People Paid More Than 5 Cents for Their Last Week's Jeffersonian.

OWING to an accident in the composing room of The Jeffersonian Publishing Company, last week, the paper was delayed in going to press, only a limited number being made ready for the trains leaving Thomson at noon, and at 3 o'clock.

All the large dealers received only a part of their orders, thus causing a scarcity to reach Atlanta, Macon, Columbus, Savannah, and Augusta.

The distributors and dealers charged only the regular price to the boys, but the boys took advantage of the demand, and the scarcity, and The Jeffersonian office has been informed that, in many instances, ten cents, and more, was asked by the boys, and paid by the buyer, for a single copy.

ALICE LOUISE LYTLE,  
Managing Editor.

The Jeffersonian, \$1.00 per year; in Clubs of Ten, 50 cents.

### MAYOR WOODWARD'S SPEECH IN SAN FRANCISCO.

#### Slaton's Venomous, Forked Tongue.

#### The Jews Started This Fight, and They are Keeping it Up.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.)

one hundred Gentile girls, and who acted as though he believed that a five-dollar-a-week girl owed him, not only her labor, but the use of her person.

The evidence in the official record proves that Leo Frank habitually used the private room of the girls, in the day time, *with one girl at a time*, and that he actually proposed unnatural commerce with one of the girls, the second day after she went to work for him.

*This is the evidence of white women*, not of the negro, Jim Conley.

A Jewish employer of Gentile girls committed the same sort of crime with Gentile girls, in *New Orleans*, but he could not be punished: Jew money saved him.

All over this Union, there is creeping a fierce wave of wrath against Jew libertines, who run down Gentile girls.

These thick-lipped rakes glut their eyes upon handsome Gentile women, on the trains, on street cars, on the streets, in hotel balconies, and in the foyers of theaters.

It fills a decent Gentile with murderous indignation, to see a red-mouthed Jew *undress a Gentile woman, with his horrible eyes.*

Every man who goes about much, has seen it.

Now, when good-looking girls depend on their work for a living, and take employment under Jewish libertines, like Leo Frank, they either have to submit to his lusts, leave his employment, and lose their lives, as Mary Phagan lost hers.

Duly convicted on the evidence of more than forty white witnesses; verdict declared, by the Supreme Court, to be supported by sufficient evidence; sentence of death pronounced from the bench, three times, the Jews determined that the d—d Gentile Law should be set aside, and the Jew libertine freed.

We Gentiles, with equal determination, decided that the man *should die*, for his crime, legally ascertained—and *he died.*

We did not propose to have one of the Jew-hired lawyers turn this criminal loose, after all the courts had forfeited his life.

That's all there is to it: and we stand by what has been done!

The North can rail itself hoarse, if it chooses to do so: but if the L. & N. Railroad, the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce, the Roman Catholic School-Book Trust, the Liquor Dealers' Association, and the Paul Warburg Money Trust, doesn't quit meddling with our business, increasing offices, raising taxes, and getting pardons and commutations for assassins, poisoners, and rapists who have a "pull," *another Ku Klux Klan may be organized to restore HOME RULE.*

We are getting blamed tired of these Atlanta dailies, and their infamous abuse of their own people.

We are getting heartily disgusted with the Jew-bootlicks of the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce.

And we are becoming desperately dissatisfied with the control of our legislature by the lobbyist of corporations owned in Wall Street.

But what I started out to do, was to give you the only robust evidence of manhood that any Georgian, travelling in other States, has yet given, to the millions of men who



have been deceived about the Frank case.

It is Mayor James G. Woodward's address in San Francisco: I quote from the San Francisco *Chronicle*, of August 18th:

In a speech before the members of the California State Assessors' Association and their families, at a banquet at the Argonaut Hotel last night, J. G. Woodward, Mayor of Atlanta, Ga., who came West to attend the Dixie day celebration at the exposition, startled his hearers by rushing to the defense of the lynching of Leo M. Frank.

In an address delivered with great feeling, he sounded a warning to former Governor John M. Slaton against returning to Georgia. He declared in impassioned terms that the mob who took Frank from the Georgia penal farm got the man who murdered Mary Phagan. Mayor Woodward said:

"I am going to take occasion tonight to tell of the events that have put Georgia on the map in a very undesirable light. I am going to endeavor to put you right. People throughout the United States have obtained their ideas of the Frank case from a poisoned and subsidized press and press reports.

"Common decency prevents me from telling you of the revolting truths of the murder of Mary Phagan. I wish you all knew the truths as I know them. I know them, for I have been with the case ever since it started, and I have read every line of evidence that has introduced; everything that has transpired I know, and I know that there is not a member of the jury that tried Leo Frank who, from the time it rendered the verdict to this day, have any idea that they would change their decision if put to the test again.

#### Must Suffer For Acts.

"Georgia is the leading State of the South. Its people cannot be classed with tramps, hoodlums, bandits and lawbreakers, but things had come to a point where every avenue of the law had been exhausted and the judgment of the courts set aside by one man, and the people felt it was up to them to take the law in their hands.

"Georgia is a State where, when the virtue, chastity and honor of a woman has been violated, the man who does it is going to suffer. We have learned a bitter lesson through the vicious practices of the negro of the South, and when the occasion arises in which a woman has been wronged our citizenship ignores the law and metes out swift punishment.

#### Deplore Deed.

"While we people of Georgia deplore this deed of Monday night, we know what is behind the feeling that prompted it, and I want it understood that it is simply emphasizing the fact that when it comes to woman's honor there is no limit we will not go to avenge and to protect.

"There were only two people implicated in the death of Mary Phagan. I know the negro did not commit the deed, and am positive that 75 per cent of the people of Georgia are convinced that the man lynched Monday night committed the deed, and they are on the ground and ought to know.

"Isn't it queer that the attorneys interested in the defense of Frank rushed their case through the highest court and rushed it back to Georgia as fast as they could in time for a Governor who was retiring from office to act upon? It is hard to convict a man of any crime where fortunes are spent for the defense of the accused, but in face of the great fight made, in which one of the lawyers was a former law partner of the retiring Governor, a conviction was obtained.

#### Got Tons of Letters.

"As Mayor of Atlanta I have received tons and tons of letters, petitions and requests asking that something be done for Frank, and they have all gone into the waste-basket, for like all Georgia people who are in a position to get at the truth, I knew the facts.

"As Mayor of Atlanta, a position which I have held for eight years—and I have two years more to serve—I cannot sit idly by and see the fair name of my city and State dragged in the mire. I want to put my city and State in the right light and I have the nerve to do it. I will be home in less than a week and I can go back feeling I have done my duty.

#### Knows Slaton.

"I know Jack Slaton, have known him for thirty years, ever since he was a young man. I have been friends with him, and while I hate to say it, I would not advise him to return to Georgia for a year—if ever. The bulk of the people may understand him and may realize and believe he did what he thought was right, but I am afraid there are some who will resent his acts throughout all the years to come.

"I am sorry the lynching occurred, but can understand better than you what brought it about. I regret that I felt called upon to make these statements, but in justice to my State I believed it my duty, knowing as I do the real facts of the murder, to arise in the defense of Georgia, the great Southern State, where all the old tra-

ditions of the South are preserved, where woman's honor comes first, where there are men with courage to defend their sisters' chastity."

Though Mayor Woodward was listened to with rapt attention and his auditors were astounded by his declarations, little applause followed his speech, and there was none during the address. His talk came in the midst of a list of light speeches filled with banter and jokes and was entirely unexpected.

Bully for old Jim Woodward!

He has his faults, like the rest of us, but he is A Man!

John Slaton was in San Francisco when the Mayor threw that bomb-shell into the ovation which was being given to the renegade and this is what the renegade said about the execution of his client, Leo Frank:

When former Governor Slaton, of Georgia, who commuted Frank's sentence to life imprisonment, was seen at the St. Francis Hotel this morning he said:

"The miserable mob of assassins who have murdered Leo Frank will be punished by Governor Harris. He will have behind him every good citizen of Georgia.

"I feel confident Georgia will vindicate itself in the eyes of the world by convicting of murder every man who was implicated in the cowardly act.

"There is no language so strong that I would not use it in denouncing this crime.

"This is the climax to a series of mob violence that cannot and must not be allowed to go unpunished.

"Georgia will prove it has a civilized people and not a barbarian horde by hunting down the murderers.

"If any man or group of men attempt to condone the crime they will no longer be tolerated.

"In that way only can Georgia save her good name.

"Every good citizen of Georgia will feel about this as I do.

"We want to see those murderers punished, and we have confidence Governor Harris will see it done.

"To say I am shocked and horrified is mild. I cannot think of language sufficiently forceful to express my feelings.

"I feel that the honor of my State is at stake. I can put it no stronger."

Slaton added that nothing in the way of threats or violence, nor this latest appalling outrage, would deter him from returning to Georgia when his vacation was over, and resuming his law practice.

In making a long, dishonest reply to the speech of Mayor Woodward, John Slaton scored the same old points, and told the same old lies, on the courts, the jury, the Solicitor, and the people.

He said it over again, that Frank was convicted on the evidence of a drunken negro, when every lawyer in the Union ought to know that, as the negro was confessedly the accomplice of the Jew, no conviction could be had on his testimony.

The law of Georgia requires that the case against a defendant, exclusive of the evidence of the accomplice, be made so strong as to debar any other reasonable hypothesis, save that the defendant committed the crime.

People who are not lawyers are not expected to know this; therefore, the Connollys, the Burnses, the Hearsts, the Strauses, and the Slatons can keep on squawking like a lot of parrots, and repeating the threadbare falsehood, that a Georgia jury condemned a white man on the evidence of a negro.

Slaton accused Solicitor Hugh Dorsey of pressing the case in such a manner as to force it up to him. Slaton virtually told the Californians that Dorsey was responsible for what happened.

Really, I am almost inclined to feel a sort of admiration for John Slaton's magnificent talent for telling lies. He very nearly equals a German diplomat.

If he were half as good a lawyer, as he is liar, he could settle in New York, and take practice away from Bourke Cochran, Samuel Untermyer, and Elihu Root.

The truth is, that Dorsey has never done a thing in the Frank case, *except his duty*.

This he did, superbly, and he made monkeys out of Frank's lawyers, as I showed in last week's paper.

*He did his duty*, spent two years of his life to vindicate the Law, and used a thousand dollars of his own money in paying for the necessary work in keeping up with the nefarious schemes and activities of Burns, Lehon, Burke, and their satellites.

Was it Dorsey who prolonged the case with that absurd extraordinary motion for a new trial?

Was it Dorsey who delayed the case with that ridiculous appeal to the United States Supreme Court?

Was it Dorsey who hurried up the handing down of the United States decision, so as to get the case before Slaton?

Was it Dorsey who abruptly stopped Bill Howard's speech, before the Prison Commission, where the Solicitor refused to appear?

Was it Dorsey who filed the application for commutation?

Was it Dorsey who told Slaton that the executive department had the right to exercise the judicial functions of a trial judge, a jury, and a Supreme Court, reviewing and reversing the United States Supreme Court, as well as the Supreme Court of Georgia?

No! It was Rosser who manipulated Slaton.

Slaton also told the Californians that Judge Roan wrote him a letter, asking that the sentence be commuted.

In the first place, too much has been made of Judge Roan's alleged comments on this case. His *official word* is in the record; and he never changed it, or had the power to change it, after the case passed him.

A forged letter was produced, nearly three months after Judge Roan died, and this forged letter did not even have a date.

It purported to have been written in "Dec., 1914," when Judge Roan could not hold a pen nor dictate a connected letter.

That smooth document with Judge Roan's stencilled signature, was manufactured in Atlanta, by a very smooth lawyer—the same, perhaps, who manufactured a "W. C. Jenkins" letter, offering the services of The Jeffersonian to "Mr. Frank."

Slaton told the Californians that it was his duty to relieve Frank of the death sentence.

Then, why wasn't the man pardoned?

There is no middle ground.

We now know that Burns, Lehon, Hearst, Straus, Rosser, Slaton, and Frank himself, meant the commutation to be the entering wedge.

They meant to get Frank out, "in a few months," and they said so. They sealed his doom when they said it.

In the meantime, the Northern Jews are boycotting us. They won't even peel a Georgia peach. They won't cut a Watson melon. They have quit drinking Coca-Cola. They won't wipe with Griffin, Georgia, towels. They won't fill any Georgia orders, not even for lard. They won't eat where there is any Georgia ham. They have boycotted Georgia hens. The Straus restaurant doesn't want any Georgia coons at the tables where the white girls wait on the negro men.

They decline to sell us any more sweatshop shirts, and "pants," and shoddy overcoats: no more cheap lingerie for Georgia.

They don't want us to order any more junk from the Sears, Roebuck store, for the Jews own it now.

We are to quit sending our low-life money to the R. H. Macy store, for Straus owns it now.

Maybe Mr. Ochs, and Mr. Pulitzer, and Mr. Hearst will refuse to sell us their pa-



## Bequests Thrown to Georgia and the South, as a Result of the Haas Finance Committee Propaganda.

WHEN the Supreme Court of Georgia passed on the case of Leo Frank twice, and decided against him both times, the guilt of the accused had been legally ascertained and proclaimed, according to the best methods that our law-makers have been able to devise.

The case was ended: the issue of guilt or innocence was *res adjudicata*.

There remained no lawful way to go behind the final decision of the final court.

At that stage of criminal trials, the Gentiles have always surrendered, and taken their medicine.

McCue, and Beatty did so, in Virginia; Cantrell, Wilburn, and Umphrey did so, in Georgia; Becker and the Jew gunmen did so, in New York.

In no other case than that of Leo Frank, did the Jews organize, to fight our Law, after our Supreme Court had said the last word.

In no other case, did they collect a huge slush-fund, to employ rascally detectives, lying hack-writers, and to gag the press in behalf of *legally ascertained guilt*.

In no other case, has a Jewish Committee befouled its own nest, and held up their native State to scorn.

In no other case, has a Jewish Committee spent enormous sums of money, to stir up racial and sectional hatred.

As our readers may be interested to learn how far the Haas Committee, of Atlanta, has succeeded in its systematic libelling and defaming the people who made the Haas fortune, I will clip a few of the nice things which the Jews, the Jew-owned Gentiles, and the Hearst papers have said about us.

Remember that we are to thank the Haases of Atlanta, for these fragrant bouquets:

From an Ohio paper, The Akron Beacon-Journal:

### A Reversion to Barbarism.

The full report of the sickening tragedy that has just been enacted in the State of Georgia

pers: boycotts never know where to stop, when they get to going.

We are about to become an abomination of desolation. The only Georgians who now stand any chance at all, outside this God-forsaken State, are Slaton, and Rosser, and Phillips, and Brandon, and Dr. Wilmer, and Dr. White, and M. J. Yeomans, and the L. & N. Railroad lawyers, and Mr. Thomas Loyless, and Mr. Clarke Howell, and Mr. Watch-and-Shot-gun Gray, and the Wall Street toots who form the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce.

To this dismal condition of isolation, and ostracism, have we been reduced, in consequence of our inflexible determination to have One Law for All—the same code for the rich and the poor, the black and the white, the Jew and the Gentile.

*We can't have but one Law in Georgia. Those who don't like it, had better move out.*

And those who tried to annul it, in behalf of a guilty Jew, had better stay out.

We did not start this fight on the Jews: they began it.

For more than a year, the State of Georgia has been vilely cartooned, and abused by Northern and Eastern Jews.

We have stood it more patiently than the Northern Gentiles would have done.

Now, we are fighting back, and we mean to keep doing it, as long as we are attacked.

When the Jews get enough, let them say so, and sue for peace.

leaves all language powerless to condemn the hideous barbarity. It is not a question of whether Frank was guilty or innocent of the hideous crime with which he was charged. When he was convicted it was with a howling mob raging around the place where the trial was held. Judge Roan, who presided at that grim farce which in Georgia they call a trial, confessed while the hand of death was upon him that he was not satisfied that Frank was guilty. Judge Roan was a valiant Confederate soldier. He had faced the bayonet, and yet that wild, surging throng of human hyenas that surrounded the court house overawed him, and kept him from doing what is the manifest duty of every judge in such a case to do. We may therefore readily understand that no jury in that frenzied, mob-ridden community, would bring upon itself the dangers of an acquittal, no matter what the evidence might have been. The trial in itself was therefore a travesty upon justice and a disgrace to the State.

Judge Roan never wrote any such letter, never changed his opinion, never asked commutation, and died in the firm conviction that, under the evidence, the verdict was right.

Evidently through the connivance of the miserable scoundrel who is warden of the prison the inhuman hyenas were given free access to the prison, and not a hand was raised, not a protest was voiced in behalf of a defenseless man whom this wretch had sworn to defend. And those cowards and thugs and assassins aroused from his sleep this man under the protection of the great State of Georgia and took him out into the night and butchered him as though he had been a wild beast. It is useless to waste words upon the degenerates that actually perpetrated the brutal murder. A State whose courts have become the play thing of mobs, whose judges confess themselves to be common cowards, whose mobs of "leading citizens" sought to lynch the only real man it seems to have because he dared exercise a right given him by the Constitution; whose prisons are filled with assassins, who intrusts its prisoners to the tender mercies of a poltroon or a knave that it calls a warden, who turns a prisoner over to a gang of midnight marauding assassins, has no right to claim a position among civilized communities. A more unpardonable outrage was never perpetrated than was this infamous butchery. There are bad people in hell who would not only have regretted it, but who would turn away from it in horror. The plain fact is that Georgia has everlastingly placed a smirch of ineradicable barbarism across its once fair escutcheon. New Guinea or Abyssinia, or the jungles of Bengal are safer places for the stranger than in this State which has seemingly reverted to a complete and hopeless barbarism. The thing cannot be explained or palliated. It is horrible in its cold brutality. Its absolute bestiality and its cowardly cruelty are unspeakable. A pack of famished coyotes could not have done worse, a band of PPIutes would have turned away from it in disgust. Georgia is a good place for every decent man and woman to stay away from.

Such being the case, the Haas brothers should vamoose, and Slaton should stay out.

The California papers take shots at us, also. The Bulletin, of San Francisco, says:

Georgia is mad with her own virtue, cruel, unreasoning, blood-thirsty, barbarous. She is not civilized, she is not Christian, she is not sane. She is not even attaining the sole avowed object of her madness: the sanctity of women's lives and honor. Nothing is safe in a community which has ceased to reason.

Georgian chivalry makes a proud boast of a sentiment which now exists in every normal heart, and then degrades itself almost to the level of Mary Phagan's murderer by committing a most foul and cowardly murder of its own. But Georgian chivalry has scarcely lifted a hand to make the position of women and children a happier and more dignified one. For years it has exploited its little children, robbing women of the right to become mothers of strong and healthy children. Pressed by public sentiment to do something to right the wrongs of child labor, its Legislature passed a law so ineffective as to be a lie and a disgrace.

Georgian chivalry derives a portion of its elegant leisure from the labor of women and children. It refuses to cut off this support by driving at full tilt at the abominable evils of child labor. It waited until a man who was, temporarily or permanently, a monster, had committed an outrageous crime, and then, conscious that it had virtue on its side, it began a man-hunt. Probably it went on the wrong trail; that

was a detail with which it was not concerned.

Even had it been on the right trail its vindictiveness would have been without basis in reason. If Leo Frank, a man of good reputation, of culture, of happy home life, murdered Mary Phagan, he was as crazy as the craziest prisoner in the back yard at Napa. He "deserved" neither good nor ill; the public safety merely demanded that he be removed from society. Hatred of him was as meaningless as hatred of a rattlesnake. Far Far better, by proper education, by proper inspections of factories and factory conditions, to have forestalled and prevented the crime. There are already in existence delicate means of tating mentality, which, rightly used, would prevent many crimes of violence.

Hatred of a rattlesnake is not so very unreasonable.

As to child labor laws, ours would be better, if just such Northern capitalists as those of Frank's factory did not fight us so hard in our efforts to protect our children.

We tried most earnestly to keep the under-fourteen girls out of the shops, the mills, etc.; and Frank's factory was one of those that fought us hardest.

We could do better, in many ways, if the Yankee millionaires would let us alone, and quit sending us such men as Leo Frank.

Massachusetts aims a blow at us, and says, in the Springfield Union:

A thing that has puzzled a great many minds in connection with the case of Leo M. Frank is the obstinate conviction in the minds of so many Georgians that Frank was the slayer of Mary Phagan, when to the country at large the evidence pointed strongly in another direction. In this connection Frank's lawyer, Louis Marshall, puts a great deal of blame on Tom Watson, whose publications are said to have a large circulation among an ignorant and credulous element of the South. Watson's flagrant appeals to race and religious prejudice are notorious, and have been so indecent at times as to bring him into difficulties with the postal authorities. It appears that Watson has made it a particular business for some time to inflame public sentiment against Frank, and that his appeals to anti-Semitism have taken the most outrageous forms.

Watson's publications are essentially yellow journals, conducted by a typical rampant populist. The populist mind always works from pre-conceived theories and has a characteristic contempt for facts. Unfortunately there is a large element within the district around Atlanta that is responsive to just such methods of appeal. In asserting that Tom Watson poisoned the mind of the State of Georgia, Marshall's words no doubt contain a substantial element of truth. Other publications of the yellow brand must share the blame, however. From the start this case was given a hysterical treatment that was decidedly unwholesome. In this Watson was a particularly mischievous agent, because he combines the instincts of the yellow journalist and the political demagogue.

The lynching of Frank stands as a melancholy example of the danger that attends such ignition of the grosser passions. The populist spirit is always dangerous, because of its recklessness both of facts and of consequences. In this instance a Commonwealth's name has been sullied by the deep wrongs inflicted upon one whose rights should have received the full protection guaranteed by the Constitution.

If the Union editor will read the decision of the United States Supreme Court, it will learn that Louis Marshall was utterly unable to show to that highest of tribunals that Georgia had denied Leo Frank any constitutional right.

Mr. Hearst is very severe on us, in his Chicago Examiner; he says—

The outcry against Frank was raised by hate-crazed irresponsibles in whose ranks were enough criminals to carry out the hideous plot that resulted in Frank's assassination. For this outrage there can be no toleration, North or South, East or West. To allow the murderers to go unpunished would be to abandon justice and set up anarchy in its stead. If the offering of a reward for the apprehension of the butchers will facilitate their capture, it should be offered. Never have government and law and order been more flagrantly set at naught. Never has justice been more ruthlessly trampled upon. Backed by the opinion of the best lawyers of the land, and sustained by the enlightened people of the State, overnGor Slaton refused to permit Frank to be executed while there still existed grave doubts of his guilt. Not daring to molest a courageous man, the cowards who composed the mob retired. But among them were a few who, encouraged by



a spirit of sullen hatred and anarchy, plotted to overthrow justice at a blow, and glut their hatred by an act unparalleled even in the bloody history of lynch law. Mobs are always cowards. The murderers hoped to strike swiftly and escape. They did strike swiftly. Waiting until the act of Governor Slaton in commuting Frank's sentence had been generally accepted as the wisest course, they organized a force sufficient to overpower the ordinary penitentiary guard dragged their victim forth and put him to death.

Governments are not set up to be overridden by assassins. Governors are not elected and put in office to have their decisions flouted by murderous mobs. There can be no condoning any lynching. A lynching of this daring and atrocious character is an insult not only to the people of Georgia, but to the people of the whole United States. There must be no refuge for these butchers. To give them aid or comfort, to offer them opportunity for concealment, is a criminal act, and should be punished as such.

The hate-crazed irresponsibles who condemned this Jew, as guilty, were twelve honest jurors, two honest Superior Court judges, two Supreme Courts, composed of fifteen of the best lawyers that can be chosen.

The assassination consisted in carrying out the sentence of the Law, *thrice* pronounced.

"Not daring to molest a courageous man (Slaton), the cowards who composed the mob retired."

It was the courageous man who retired: the cowards all stayed right here. They will remain; and perhaps the courageous man had better settle somewhere else.

"Governors are not elected and put in office to have their decisions flouted by murderous mobs."

Are juries and judges elected and put into office to have their decisions flouted by a corrupt Governor, whose own client was the beneficiary of his illegal flouting of two Supreme Courts?

The Chicago Tribune sends us this one:

The South is backward. It shames the United States by illiteracy and incompetence. Its hill men and poor whites, its masses of feared and bullied blacks, its ignorant and violent politicians, its rotten industrial conditions, and its rotten social ideas in circumstances which disgrace the United States in the thought of Americans and in the opinion of foreigners.

When the North exhibits a demonstration of violence against law by gutter rats of society, there is shame in the locality which was the scene of the exhibition. When the South exhibits it there is defiance of opinion.

The South is barely half educated. Whatever there is explicable in the murder of Leo M. Frank is thus explainable. Leo M. Frank was an atom in the American structure. He might have died, unknown or ignored, a thousand deaths more agonizing in preliminary torture and more cruel in final execution, and have had no effect, but the spectacle of a struggling human being, helpless before fate as a mouse in the care of a cat, will stagger American complacency.

The South is half educated. It is a region of illiteracy, blatant self-righteousness, cruelty and violence. Until it is improved by the invasion of better blood and better ideas it will remain a reproach and a danger to the American republic.

Boston, Mass., does not forget us, in our time of ordeal and gauntlet, but helps us along, as follows:

The lynching of Leo M. Frank, considering all the circumstances of the case, was one of the most heinous crimes against law and order ever committed in this country. It was a crime in whose large part and the stigma of which she can live down only by bringing the actual perpetrators of not wholly. For punishing these assassins will not bring back to the bar of justice, and then perhaps not bring back to life the man whom the State means at its command.

If Georgia was bound to protect with every effort of this bloodthirsty mob, what is to be said of the utterance of J. G. Woodward, mayor of Atlanta, who in an address at San Francisco, unblushingly defended this act of anarchy, this defiance of law, this reversion to savagery? It is a tribute to his audience that his remarks were not applauded and it is a tribute to the citizenship of the country as a whole that it has nothing but contempt for such an utterance.

What are we coming to when men in public

office, sworn to uphold the laws, justify and sanction mob violence? What are we coming to when the former Governor of a State is warned, as this man Woodward warned ex-Governor John M. Slaton, not to return home for a year, if ever, because as a consequence of having done his sworn duty he would run the risk of assassination? What are we coming to when the chairman of the State Prison Commission declares that he does not believe anyone can be blamed for conditions which made it perfectly simple for a mob to break into a State prison and kidnap a prisoner?

Now, Mr. Mayor Woodward, you take warning, and quit telling the Truth, when you go away from home.

Tell lies, as Slaton has been doing, and the Hearst papers, and the Jew-fearing press will make a hero out of you.

"What are we coming to," when Mayors tell the Truth, and fugitive Governors plaster the continent with Lies?

Indeed, are we fallen upon evil times!

The Northwest also excommunicates us, the Milwaukee Free Press saying:

The spirit and method of the Ku Klux Klan has once more triumphed in Georgia. Once more Southern "gentility" and "chivalry" have revealed their true character in murder, secession and anarchy. For the same bestial spirit that sought to disrupt this Union, the same spirit that lashed and ravished the helpless slave, the same Southern spirit that even today is celebrating the blood-lust of the Ku Klux Klan as a virtue, is living in the persecution and murder of Leo Frank. The trial and conviction of this unfortunate Jew, as accomplished by the courts of Georgia, was enough to damn the people of that State as unfit for citizenship. The horrible sequel of his assassination proves them to be something worse than barbarians. Americans have gazed askance at the bloody immorality of Serbia. But Serbia is a paradise of civilization compared with the State of Georgia.

Wow can the Nation—the civilized, responsible and self-governing part of it—longer tolerate this anarchy, this blood-lust on the part of a section that once defied humanity and government till it had to be broken with swords and bullets? The North, with the familiar sentimentality of the conqueror, has been inclined to accept the Southern explanation of the continued persecution of the blacks. With a romanticism unworthy of school girls, the North has swallowed the pretense of "chivalry," "honor" and superior "gentility" with which the South has veneered its barbarism.

It is time that this folly came to an end. Statistics prove that not 3 per cent of negro lynchings are for the crime of rape. Statistics prove that Southern whites are the rape-fiends and not the blacks. The truth is and it should be driven home to every fool who applauds "Dixie"—the tune that was played to disrupt the Union and conserve slavery—that negroes are lynched for the pettiest of crimes to satisfy the racial venom and blood-lust of their former masters.

And then this rot about the dangers of miscegenation! Who is responsible for the mixture of Caucasian and Ethiopian blood in the country, the negro or the Southern white? Not one light-colored black in 5,000 is the result of a negro's design on a white woman. The light-colored black, with scarcely an exception, dates his ancestry to the lust of some Southern white master, who did not hesitate to make the creature he bought and sold as an animal the mother of his children. So much for the Southern hypocrisy that prates of miscegenation to justify its crimes.

But because the South seems helpless to redeem itself is no reason why the bulk of the Nation should stand idly by and permit it continuously to disgrace this country in the eyes of the world; least of all, to propagandize its doctrine of race-hatred, anarchy and blood-lust throughout the land by means of lying novels and motion pictures.

If the cries of the burning black victims of a hundred Southern states have not been able to rouse the conscience of the North, can it remain deaf to the last agonized prayer of Leo Frank as his tortured body was swung by "Southern gentlemen" from a Southern pine?

If Georgia cannot be scourged from out the sisterhood of States, if she cannot be reduced to a condition of dependence lower than that of the Philippines, she can at least be visited with a commercial, social and political ostracism which will convince its gentry that true Americans still enthrone justice and humanity as the chief bulwarks of the Nation.

O you Sherman's Army! Led by a great general who had helped to lynch the murderer of a man!

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LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

SHEATS' STOCK TONIC

A NEW YORK CITY RESIDENT WRITES HIS OPINION.

Dear Sir: We are all with you. You surely have followed your duty as a red-blooded American citizen and lover of fair play, in your condemnations of Leo Frank, and the methods employed by that world-hated race, in an effort to set him free, despite the fact that he was condemned by every court in our country. Some of the newspapers in this city, which are controlled by the moneyed "Shylocks," are all crying aloud against you, but anybody with any foresight and who has closely observed conditions in some of our larger cities of today, must know that the time is approaching when the Americans must take a decisive stand against the Jews, who, once in power, would certainly demand their "pound of flesh" from people other than their race. They do not make good American citizens, and their mean, contemptible tricks in business make them hated by every other race in the world. They have no such a thing as honor—they are Jews, once, last and all the time. They are against all government and law, and it is about time somebody has taken a stand against them and realized the present state of affairs.

As was brought out in the Frank trial, an act against a Gentile is not a crime in their religion, but a Jew must be respected and kept aloof. This certainly is enough to make anybody with red blood in their veins, and sisters in their homes, cry for vengeance.

If the Jews should ever succeed in getting control of the politics of this country, and incidentally the armed force, which of course they will not, you can imagine for yourself the consideration they would give a white man. One has but to live in New York for a while to wonder at the fact they are allowed as much tolerance as they are.

As I said before, they do not make good American citizens, because a Jew inherently hates a Christian, and always will, and the time is about ripe when they should be put in their proper place, or matters will go on until the government will have to take a hand, as did Russia.

They are making a great attempt to finally establish themselves in this country, where they take advantage of all of our freedom, for which our forefathers fought in promoting their race cause.

I again reiterate that we are all with you, and if agitation should be promoted to such an extent as to warrant it, I know the "good old" boys from Georgia will be right behind you to set things right.

N. Y. Yours sincerely, S. J. C.

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NEWSBOYS COIN MONEY ON THE JEFF.

Dear Sir: When the Georgia train pulled in the Central Station, yesterday, at 8:20 p. m., about 3,000 people were there waiting to get a Jeffersonian. The newsboys sold them for 10 cents a copy, but no one complained at that. When they reached 5 cents, they sold about 300 as fast as they could be handed.

I am a dispatcher for the Ga. Ry. and P. Co., and go in street cars over most of Atlanta. I see and talk with all classes of people, and nearly all of them like to read "Tom Watson's." Very often I am called on to get a Jeff or a Magazine for someone on the outskirts, and am disappointed to find none in town. I don't mean to say your agents, or anyone else, are negligent, but I am so anxious that every family should read Tom Watson, that I would be glad if you could have The Jeff and Watson's Magazine on sale all the time.

Very truly yours,  
Ga. J. S. G.

DR. SCARBORO TO LECTURE.

Dear Sir: Please announce in The Jeffersonian, that Rev. J. A. Scarboro will lecture on the subject of "Romanism," in Lawrenceville, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, 24th, 25th, and 26th of September. Let all who are interested in the exposure of this all-absorbing subject avail themselves of this opportunity to learn the innermost secrets of the Roman Catholic organization, and come and hear Brother Scarboro.

Yours truly,  
W. S. STANLEY,  
Lawrenceville, Ga.

A MINNESOTA FARMER WRITES ABOUT THE FRANK CASE.

Dear Sir: I thank you for the thorough and efficient work you have done in the Leo Frank case.

I congratulate the manhood of Georgia.

Frank got what he deserved. It had to end that way.

There can't be one law for the rich and one for the poor, in a democracy.

Ex-Governor Slaton should be exiled from your State, and he should not be tolerated, in god society, anywhere in these United States.

That is the way we farmers feel. May your god work go on for years to come; and your enemies thwarted in every attempt to get you, is the wish of,

Yours truly,  
Minn. C. J. ARNTZEN.

FLORIDA FRIENDS BECOMING NUMEROUS.

Dear Sir: Please find inclosed list of subscribers, with check.

These gentlemen are strong in the praise of T. E. Watson's fight in defending the virtue of the womanhood of the State of Georgia, and her courts, in the notable Leo M. Frank trial for the murder of little Mary Phagan, who gave her precious life to protect her virtue.

And we join you in praise to the courts and jury, Mr. Hugh M. Dorsey, and last, but not least, the Vigilance Committee that carried out the verdict of the jury and the mandates of the court.

Very respectfully,  
Fla. R. E. KELLEY.

Dear Sir: Congratulations on your stand in the Frank case. The honor of Georgia is saved!

Sincerely yours,  
N. Y. W. H. ALLEN.

"Around that grief-bowed woman, I threw the weeds of widowhood—but I paid for the chance to do it; and they who took my money knew that I would do it."

From "The Song of the Bar-Room," in Watson's Prose Miscellanies, second edition. Price \$1.00. THE JEFFS, Thomson, Ga.

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We guarantee our medicine (which is in powdered form) to build up stock—horses, cows and hogs with run-down systems; it will regulate the bowels, the digestive organs and the kidneys. It will positively restore the appetite in less than 10 days, and improve them to such an extent that you can't help but see it.

A few doses of Sheats' Stock Tonic is all that is needed for puny stock; if a few doses fail to bring results we'll cheerfully refund your money. We don't believe that there is any one medicine anywhere that will reach every ailment of horses and

cows, therefore expect to refund the money on some. It has been sold all over North, East and Middle Georgia for the past two years in various districts under a positive guarantee, "Your money back if you are not more than pleased," and not one package out of fifty have we had to make good.

Those who are using it not only come back, but they are recommending it to others.

If you desire to try it, just let a 50-cent money order come with your order, and we will deliver to you anywhere in the United States one package, which has full directions printed on it and a measure on the inside. This package is nicely made up, and contains just five-eighths of a pound, which runs from 12 to 14 doses; one dose per day is all that is needed, and one package is generally enough for two horses or cows, unless they are considerably run down.

We want some good farmer or merchant in every district in Georgia to retail it at their home or store for us where it is not already being sold. Don't write letters and expect answers unless you mean business.

The Jeffersonian's advertising manager has investigated us, and knows that we are offering to you an honest product, and that our guarantee is worth one hundred cents on the dollar.—Adv't.

Remember 50c per package delivered anywhere in the United States. WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY. SHEATS' STOCK TONIC CO., Winder, Ga.

This Ad will not appear again 5-07.

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Correspondence Invited



## An Appeal to the Jews of Georgia.

**W**ILL you, in this dark and sad hour for all good citizens of the State, be as wise in your day and generation as in the past history of your race? Many of you own your own real estate in vast quantities, besides your other valuable holdings, and self-preservation suggests that you come together en masse and appeal to your friend in the North, and other sections of the country, to stop their abuse of the fair name of this State. The people of Georgia are in no mood just now to stand much more of this tirade of abuse from the big dailies and periodicals of other parts of the country, owned and controlled by the Jews and Jewish influence. It has been wisely said, "God save us from our friends," and this is very applicable just now to the Jews of Georgia.

Let us be plain and meet the issues that are agitating and have gotten the whole State in a fever of excitement over the history of the Leo Frank case, which is now a matter of official record to all men that have paid any attention to such matters, and therefore not necessary to discuss here. Suffice it to say, that 95 per cent of the people conscientiously believe Frank was guilty of the heinous crime of outraging and murdering Mary Phagan, and in the last chapter of this drama to see justice under the laws of Georgia go unwhipped. In this, you can well understand the feeling of these people. I can never condone lynch law, but as all fair-minded men can understand that which brings it about. Few men in Georgia think Governor Slaton should have interfered with the verdicts of the courts and juries in this case.

There has been no Jew race prejudice in this State until this awful crime was committed, and it was raised by that unpatriotic and unscrupulous set of lawyers employed by Frank and his friends to defend him in the Phagan case.

Now, let's close the chapter of this awful crime and tragedy in Georgia history, and pull together for all that is best for Jew and Gentile, and their future generations, and in this learn the solemn lesson that it will not do to tamper with the feelings and rights of the Aryan races of people when you once arouse them.

Ga. S. W. JOHNSON, M. D.

### HEARD MY SPEECH ON "TRUTH," NEARLY THIRTY YEARS AGO.

Dear Sir: Words fail me when I attempt to express the appreciation of our people for the noble service you are rendering to this country.

Since reading a speech you delivered to a graduating class of young men, twenty-five years ago, subject, "Truth," I have watched your career, and your life has demonstrated to me the truthfulness of that speech.

I have the greatest confidence in your integrity, and admiration for your ability and courage. The fearless manner in which you have fought the powers of evil, the enemies of good government, both in church and state, are worthy of the highest praise and support of the best people of the land. Especially do we feel grateful for your able defense of our State and people in the Frank and Slaton cases. I know this is a rehash of what many have already said and written; we come a little late, but hope you will do us the favor to let us express our views and sentiments in your valuable paper.

You know the subsidized Atlanta papers will not publish anything against either Frank or Slaton. I am glad we have one paper and one editor in the State, if no more, who has the backbone to stand up and fight for the people's rights.

We hoped that Slaton would be satisfied with the Frank case when he, under the pressure of the influence of the Jewish papers and maga-

zines, and Jewish gold, commuted Frank's sentence of death to one of life imprisonment, after the trial jury and every court of the land, to which he could go, giving him a fair and impartial trial, said he, Frank, was guilty. And his crime was one of the most brutal ever perpetrated in Georgia.

A man honored by the people with the highest office in the State, and in whom we trusted to safeguard our courts and enforce the laws, and to whom we looked for protection of our homes and loved ones, has betrayed that most sacred trust, trampled our laws under foot, insulted our courts, slandered our people, and disgraced our State. I say, having done his dirty work and got away with his bag of filthy lucre, we did hope we would not hear from him any more, neither in the Frank case or any other. But, after opening the gateway to lawlessness and disorder, leaving the people with no defense, except to take the law in their own hands to get justice, he continues to add insult to injury, by his diabolical insinuations and wanton misrepresentations of the facts in the case. Every law-abiding, liberty, home and family loving citizen of Georgia should publicly condemn in no uncertain terms the infamous treachery of John M. Slaton, not only in commuting Frank's sentence, but everything he has said in support of the act, since he left the State.

A canvass of three or four days, and a poll taken of the citizens of Fayette County, shows 98 per cent of them denouncing Slaton in the strongest terms.

May your life be spared for many years yet, so that you may stand on the citadel of truth and defense of our people.

With best regards for you and yours, I am,

Very truly yours,  
Ga. J. A. S. CHAMBERS.

### ROT-GUT, IN THE NORTHERN PAPERS.

Dear Sir: If I'm not imposing on your valuable time, let me state that words are inadequate to express the exquisite pleasure I experienced in reading the intrepid truths brought out by you in the grand old Jeff, dated the 26th inst.

I desire also to congratulate, through its columns, the broad-minded friends from the different sections who indorse you and your work; especially do I send my appreciation to that Christian gentleman, Cuthbert Joyner, whose beautiful letter was so impressive, when speaking of little Mary Phagan.

And all this rot-gut from the Northern newspapers. Well, Mr. Watson, you tell 'em while I read The Jeff, 'cause you know how.

May heaven's blessing still be with you in all your undertakings. I am,

Sincerely yours,  
Ga. BERT JOHNSON.

### STOCKBRIDGE LOSES ANOTHER SUBSCRIBER.

Editor Southern Ruralist:

Dear Sir: Since you have taken up the merits of the Frank case with your paper you can discontinue my subscription, as I can get the case argued in as able a manner as I want by other papers. My subscription is paid until 1916; will give you the balance. Yours truly,

P. R. DIMMING.

"Huge battleships they build, and huge guns they mount on these floating ramparts, until a file of Dreadnaughts line the coast—for what? To be ready for perils that may never come. But I give them a pitiful little purse; and, in return, they issue to me the lawful right to unmask my batteries on every square; and my guns play upon humanity, every day and every night, of every year."

From "The Song of the Bar-Room," in Watson's Prose Miscellanies, second edition. Price \$1.00. THE JEFFS, Thomson, Ga.

Watch the label on your paper. Don't let your subscription expire.



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