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Carpet-Bagger Stockbridge, of the Rotten Ruralist, Slanders the Living and the Dead.

THE coarse old Carpet-bagger who runs the *Ruralist* must be feeling very sore over his loss of subscriptions.

His editorial in the *Ruralist* about the Frank case was an insult to Georgians, and The Jeffersonian roasted him about it.

He does not dare to try to make good the defamatory statements of his "After the Storm" article, but vents his spleen in private letters.

To Mrs. R. M. Williams, of Texas, he wrote:

"The plain fact is that your source of information is contaminated and you have been unscrupulously, deliberately and diabolically lied to. You have arrived at your conclusion, not from a knowledge of facts, but from a deliberate misrepresentation of facts, as is easily proven. For instance, the scurrilous sheet, from which your misinformation was obtained, deliberately stated that the Frank Case was not a case of circumstantial evidence, because Conley testified that he saw the crime committed. Now, everyone familiar in the most cursory manner, with the evidence, knows that Conley never testified to anything of the kind, but simply confessed to being accessory after the fact and was sentenced on that confession."

Whether Stockbridge ever was a doctor, I neither know nor care; but when he attempts to pose as a lawyer, he makes an ass of himself.

If he had turned to the definitions in the Code, he would have seen that, "Direct evi-

dence is that which *immediately points to the question at issue.*"

"Indirect, or circumstantial evidence, is that which only tends to establish the issue by proof of various facts, sustaining, by their consistency, the hypothesis claimed."

Now, Stockbridge had said that Frank was convicted solely on circumstantial evidence, and my reply was, that the case had been made out by *both* kinds of evidence, *direct and indirect.*

Conley had sworn that he met Frank on the street, near Montag's, and that Frank there told him how he was to go to the factory and wait for him.

Mrs. Hattie Waites corroborated the negro, as to this meeting.

Conley swore that he went to the fac-

tory, to do as Frank had told him, and that while sitting near the foot of the stairs, he saw Mary Phagan enter, and go up the stairs.

He heard her steps as she went to Frank's office, and he heard the steps of two persons going back toward the metal room.

He swore that he heard a scream from back there, but as nothing followed, and as the two persons back there were *white*, this negro did not interfere.

He swore that he saw Miss Monteen Stover go up stairs, stay quite a little while, and then come down and go away.

Then he heard some one running up to the front, from the metal room—running on his tip-toes!

Then he heard the signal that Frank was in the habit of giving him, when he had a girl; and he, Conley, went up stairs.

He saw Frank at the head of the stairs, shaking, excited, flushed, and with a piece of cord in his hand.

Frank asked Conley if he had seen the little girl come up, and when Conley answered that he had, Frank said that he had tried to have to do with her, and that she had resisted him, and that he had hit her, and he guessed he had hit her too hard, and *she had fallen against something*, and he did not know how badly she was hurt.

He asked Conley to go back there, and see; and Conley went back to the metal room, where he found the girl on her back, her hat off, her slippers off, her hands out and

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NOTICE TO OUR STOCKHOLDERS

To avoid mistakes in P. O. addresses, amount of stock, &c., our stock-holders are requested to drop us a card, giving name plainly written; Post-office, ditto; amount of stock, and whether held as original purchaser, or transferee.

THOS. E. WATSON, President.

ACCEPTING A DEFINITE AND LOCAL ROMANIST CHALLENGE!

WHEN Rev. John Noll, of the *Sunday Visitor* published his offer to pay \$1,000 to anyone who could prove either of the 11 charges most frequently made against Romanists, I endeavored to make the challengers come to close quarters—but couldn't.

My proposition was made during Senator A. O. Bacon's life, and it was in substance this:

That Noll and I would deposit \$1,000 apiece to the credit of Senators Bacon and Ransdell—one a Protestant and the other a Catholic—and that Bacon name one arbitrator, and Ransdell one, these two to agree on an umpire.

Then if I failed to prove the charges for which I was willing to assume responsibility, my \$1,000 was to be paid by the Senators to some charity.

If I succeeded, Noll's \$1,000 was to take the same direction.

Would Noll put up?

Not he. Backed out, sideways, did the Rev. John!

You will remember that the Knights of Columbus in Florida came bluffing at Rev. Sidney J. Catts, who is a candidate for governor on a platform of *American principles*. (He is gaining ground every day, too!) I called the bluff of these Florida Romanists, and they *also* backed out.

Now, let us see, if the Alabama K. of C. are as plucky as they would have you believe they are. Let us see how much white-feather there is on them.

In Alabama, the Pope's subjects are numerous and aggressive, in Mobile, Montgomery and Birmingham.

They slipped up on the Protestants, and got the legislature to pass a bill giving the Pope a legal holiday, under the name of Columbus Day.

The Pope has never given Columbus a holiday in Italy, or in Spain, or in Austria, but after letting Columbus rest quietly in his tomb for 400 years, they now suddenly discover that he needs a holiday named after him.

In Alabama, the Romanists also refuse to allow the State to periodically inspect the convict camps of the priests, where these bachelors imprison young, handsome, robust women, *for life*, under the pretense that solitary confinement—*willy, nilly*,—is good for "religion."

The Montgomery Council of Knights of Columbus is in a state of eruption against The Jeffersonian, and in a recent letter the Secretary wrote:

I am afraid, Mr. Johnston, that your acquaintance with Catholic priests and nuns has been very limited and that you have become prejudiced

through reading papers of the character of the Menace and Watson's Jeffersonian (poor old Thomas Jefferson—I believe he has turned over in his grave on account of the shame and ignominy.)

Mr. Johnston, we are free, red-blooded, white-skinned men, like yourself. We only ask to worship our God, who is also your God, according to the dictates of our conscience, without let or hindrance, like you demand to.

Just in the way of passing I wish to state, and this is the whole campaign of vile slander in a nutshell, under the laws of this country, it is impossible to prosecute anyone for slander or libel, when there are no names mentioned and the slander or libel is directed against a fraternal organization, a religious denomination, a labor union, or, in fact, anybody of men as a body. The law makes it impossible to slander them collectively, it must be done individually, in order that there may be any legal action taken.

If Tom Watson or the "Rev." Theo. Walker, of the Menace, want a little easy money they should take up the proposition of John F. Noll, Editor of Our Sunday Visitor, Huntington, Ind., who has had on deposit in the First National Bank of that place during a period of four years the sum of \$1,000.00 and to be obtained under the following conditions:

A jury consisting of three intelligent, educated

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Carpet-Bagger Stockbridge of the Rotten Ruralist, Slanders the Living and the Dead.

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up; and around her neck was a rope, like that which Frank had in his hand!

Conley put the hands *down*, and he and Frank carried the body to the elevator.

Now, in answering Stockbridge's statement that the case was one of circumstantial evidence, only, I summarized all the foregoing into the assertion that Conley's evidence was *direct*, in that he saw the crime committed.

That is exactly the legal effect of Conley's testimony.

Frank says to him, virtually, "There is the girl I have struck and killed; help me get the body out of sight!"

The girl was right there, Frank was there, the negro was there; and Frank explains to the negro how the girl came to be killed, almost before the breath had left her body.

What's the use of pretending that such a witness is not *a witness to the crime*?

Stockbridge is so eager to get away from the facts, that he tells the Texas lady that Conley "did not testify to anything of the kind."

Why, in the name of common sense, should any sane man deny that all this is *direct evidence*, absolutely equivalent to *seeing Frank commit the crime*?

In the very words of the Code, "*it immediately points to the question at issue.*"

Frank says, "I struck her, and maybe I struck her too hard, and she fell against something, and I don't know how bad she is hurt;" and the negro immediately sees her, lying on the floor, dying, or dead.

Yet this old ass, Stockbridge, contends that, "Conley never testified to anything of the kind."

Stockbridge tells the Texas lady that Conley simply "confessed to being accessory after the fact."

Yes, Conley confessed that that was *his* share in the crime, but he put it *directly* on Frank, in a most convincing manner; and he was corroborated by facts which no lawyer could get around—the hair on the lathe-machine handle, which was the "something" the girl had fallen upon, after the Jew hit her that cruel blow on the eye; the blood on the floor, where Conley dropped the body; the utter absence of any physical evidence of crime elsewhere; and the condition of the corpse when found.

Stockbridge says to this Texas lady:

"You demand of those who sanction the action of Governor Slaton 'get down to business and publish the official record.' Your demands are ridiculous and are known to be utterly sincere by their originator, who you so palpably imitate. The simple reason why the record has not been published, is, in order to be useful for the purpose you suggest, it must be widely disseminated through the mails. Unfortunately, the record is of such a nature and consisting so largely of such vile obscenity that it would inevitably be excluded from the mails and place anyone, who attempted such use, in the class with the man, whose pupil you seem to be, who is now under indictment in the United States Courts for circulating obscene matter.

No carpet-bagger of Reconstruction days ever insulted a Southern lady much more grossly.

Stockbridge virtually accuses Mrs. Williams of wishing to have obscenity sent through the mails; and he accuses her of being the pupil of a man who is now under what he calls "inditement," for mailing obscenity.

The record of facts which convicted Frank

is not all obscene, and Stockbridge knows it!

There isn't a word of obscenity in the evidence of Dobbs, Scott, Starnes, Rogers, Barrett, Stanford, Gantt, Lee, Miss Stover, Mrs. White, Mrs. Freeman, Miss Hall and the other white witnesses who made a dead case of circumstantial evidence.

Every word of that evidence could have been summarized, printed, and mailed, without offense to any law, or any person, no matter how fastidious.

I summarized that evidence, and also Jim Conley's evidence, published it in the September number of "Watson's Magazine," and haven't heard a murmur of protest.

On the contrary, that evidence is now going through the mails, every day, to all parts of the Union; and it is opening the eyes of the dupes of just such unscrupulous liars, as H. E. Stockbridge.

No; the lady's question *stung* the old carpet-bagger.

Why *didn't* you publish the *official record*?

Why didn't you let the outside world see *what was the evidence*, upon which the jury convicted, and of which the reviewing Supreme court said "*Sufficient*?"

The twelve good men and true, said, "Enough"—enough evidence to sustain the charge brought by a grand jury, *which had four Jews on it.*

The trial judge said "*Enough.*"

The Supreme Court said, "*ENOUGH!*"

Why not publish that record which all the juries—Coroner's, grand and 'petit—said was sufficient, and which all the reviewing Courts pronounced *sufficient*?

Why not condense the main facts and give them to the world?

Stockbridge says the reason was, they "were too obscene!"

Miserable old slanderer!

The fact that the official record *could* have been condensed and circulated, *is established.*

In the interest of Truth and the honor of our State, I condensed that official record and published it, and not a line of obscenity is in it.

If Stockbridge knows anything about journalism and law, he ought to be familiar with the decisions which protect the press in the publication of the proceedings of the Courts.

In the Beattie case, there was some very obscene evidence as to the disease the young husband had, and the details were disgusting.

But the Richmond papers, in good faith, published the testimony, just as it was given; and when the federal grand jury indicted the editors and publishers, the bill was quashed.

The effort of Stockbridge to excuse the Haas committee and others, for *not* giving the people the Truth, about the Frank case, is a mere dishonest subterfuge.

He knows why they chose to hire the Connollys to lie about it; they dared not let the world know the facts.

The game of concealment, and of falsification, is being played now, in behalf of Slaton, just as it was played in behalf of Frank, *Slaton's client.*

In his lengthy letter to Mrs. Williams, Stockbridge never lets it leak out, that a few days after Rosser became Frank's lawyer, Slaton did; and that Slaton was Frank's lawyer when he re-tried the case, and reversed the jury and the Courts.

With ill-bred insolence, Stockbridge tells Mrs. Williams that she seems to be a pupil of the man who is under indictment in the U. S. Court for mailing obscene matter.

Yes, that's the way the priests put it, and Stockbridge has aped their style.

What is "the obscene matter" Stockbridge?

You *know*, don't you?

You rotten old carpet-bagger, you *know* that the Knights of Columbus had me indicted for sending through the mails, *an ex-*

tract from one of the Pope's own books.

What a burning shame it is that this *Ruralist* creature should try to prejudice me in the eyes of a Texas lady, by telling her, in effect that I am a purveyor of obscenity.

He knows that I merely *reprinted*, what the Popes have been printing and reprinting for a hundred years; and that I did not even translate the *Latin extract.*

What is the extract?

Why, it is a list of the vile, debasing, utterly un-Christian questions, which bachelor priests are required to pour into the ears of Catholic maids and matrons.

In the effort to arouse our people to the terrible dangers of Romanism, I was writing a series of chapters for the Magazine, to be afterwards put in book form; and the horrible cess-pool of the Confessional came up for treatment, as it has done in hundreds of anti-Catholic books.

Scores of books on the same line are going through the mails, every day.

Chiniquy's book, from which I cut out the Latin pages used by me, has been going, unmolested, through the mails, more than 30 years.

Dr. Fulton's book, O. K'd by Anthony Comstock, is far and away the most obscene anti-Catholic work ever mailed in America, but they never arrested Dr. Fulton.

By the irony of fate, it was Comstock that the K. of C. prevailed on to arrest *me.*

Why the discrimination against one man? Why the special efforts put forth to crush Watson?

The reason is plain enough: In my case, the Privileged Interests, the Ring Politicians, and the Roman priests could meet on common ground, and unite against a common enemy.

My knowledge of literature and history, my experience as a lawyer, my independent publishing company, my lack of ambition for office, my indifference to money, the classic literary form which give permanent value to my books, my popularity among the plain common people, my stalwart Americanism—all these make me "dangerous," in the eyes of artful Romanists, rotten politicians, and grasping corporations.

Therefore, the combination to put me down.

The Frank case has added the rich Jew to the combination, and I realize that it is formidable—perhaps murderous.

If Stockbridge is *not* a Catholic and *is* a married man, he is now taking sides with a foreign church which says he is a bastard, that his father and mother lived in concubinage, that he himself is living in filthy concubinage, and that, if he has any children, they are bastards.

Go it, Stock., you are welcome to your company.

But the most despicable part of the letter to Mrs. Williams, is that which *defiles Mary Phagan's grave.*

Read this: ~~_____~~

"Your letter is very evidently inspired by your perusal of the writings of Tom Watson. You are therefore aware that this person has constantly written and harped on the assertion that Frank was a moral pervert. Watson is unquestionably shrewd enough to know that every assertion that Frank was a pervert is, at the same time, an assertion that Mary Phagan was not a virtuous girl.

In view of these facts, what really is your opinion of a person who, knowing the direct conclusion and bearing of such assertions, still willfully persists in making them solely as vent for personal spite and means to an unlawful gain. As you have gathered your information chiefly from a perverted source and garbled, I must remind you that the record of this case, of which you demand publication, shows that Dr. Hurt

the County Physician, who made the post-mortem examination of the murdered child, testified that she was not a virgin. Now, as a married woman, you will understand that this condition could only be caused in one way. It was either caused before death, or it was the result of rape at the time of the crime.

Now then, the application of this fact is, if Frank was a moral pervert he could not have been the cause of this condition to which the physician testified. Therefore, the child must have been immoral before the crime. The conclusions are absolutely incontestable and yet every issue of the Jeffersonian, for months past, have reiterated that Frank was a pervert and that the crime included the crime of sodomy.

In the name of all that's decent, why did Stockbridge lug into his letter, the question of Mary Phagan's virtue?

What a malicious carpet-bagger this man is, to be sure!

Like a hyena, he must unearth the little girl's body, and gnaw on it.

For shame! FOR SHAME!

Haven't I, for months and months, been showing by reference to the facts in the record that this child died in all her innocence, and died because she would not surrender it?

What sort of man is this, who argues that a pervert can't go after a virtuous girl?

He must have thought that Mrs. Williams was very simple, indeed.

The moral pervert is apt to be especially eager in pursuit of something fresh and dainty.

We read of incidents, connected with the decay of Grecian and Roman civilization, that stagger us by their enormity.

What well-read person is not familiar with the tragedy of the beautiful Greek boy, who ran and jumped to his death in a molten cauldron, rather than fall into the hands of the man, who was pursuing him?

What scholar does not know how Roman debauchery took the course of perversity and monstrosity?

What reader of the newspapers has forgotten how he was shocked to read of libertine perverts—in Northern cities—who were finally caught up with, when the tiny girls they had enticed, got possession of, and unnaturally used, told what had happened?

The true animus of Stockbridge, and his own vile opinion of Mary Phagan, are shown by his reference to the evidence of Dr. Hurt.

Stockbridge tells Mrs. Williams that Dr. Hurt testified "that she was not a virgin."

Dr. Hurt did not do so.

Dr. Harris did not do so.

Nobody did so.

The statement of Stockbridge is a wilful, deliberate falsehood, a cruel and cowardly libel on the murdered child.

The doctor distinctly swore that he had "formed no opinion as to whether the girl was a virgin", there being no evidence upon which he could conscientiously base a professional opinion.

Why was it impossible to do so?

Because, although the uterus was that of a virgin, and there was no sign of pregnancy, the hymen had been ruptured.

When? The best the doctor could do was, to testify that it might have been done a few minutes before death.

Dr. H. F. Harris of the state board of health, testified to the appearances of violence done to the vagina, the torn walls within, etc., and gave it as his opinion that these evidences of violence had been produced a few minutes before death.

The parts were bruised and bloody, and the state's theory was that Frank's use of the girl had been unnatural.

The Kerlin Case and Mrs. Camp.

A FRIEND sends me the following clip:

WHEN TOM WATSON RECEIVED ANOTHER BIG FEE FOR THE DEFENSE.

Tallulah Lodge, Ga., Sept. 27, 1915.

Dear Sir: I will, with great pleasure, join hands with you in the noble stand you are taking in defense of Georgia's fair name, and putting an end to this growing mob spirit, of which Tom Watson is the leader. Tallulah Lodge is a hotbed for The Jeffersonian, and I will gladly circulate your paper of Tuesday's issue. I can give you an outline of Tom Watson's work in the Pearl Knowles case at Fayetteville, Ga., eight or ten years ago; a more ghastly and horrible affair than Mary Phagan. I lived at Fayetteville when it happened. Tom Watson was the leading lawyer—and how he lied for \$2,000 to save the neck of Tom Kerlin, the guilty criminal. Push the good work—it is just the thing that is needed to crush the mob spirit. Very kindly,

MRS. A. H. CAMP.

My fee in the Kerlin case was \$500, and it was a tragedy in which a man killed his woman.

At least, the jury was convinced that he did, and so found; but they recommended him to mercy.

Judge Reagan presided, and Tom Atkinson was the solicitor who prosecuted.

Judge Reagan is still living, and I don't think he will say that I "lied" in the case.

Tom Atkinson is dead, but I never heard of his saying that I had "lied."

In fact, nobody ever said it, until John Grant hired a man to stir up anti-Watson bile, in the effort to divert attention from the Jew sell-out of his brother-in-law.

Kerlin went to the penitentiary for life, and never got out.

He died there, according to my information.

The case was tried in September, 1899, just sixteen years ago. Mrs. Camp's memory about time and money and facts, is bad.

As Frank came away from this bruised, bleeding and dying girl, he said to Conley, "you know I am not built like other men," and one of the white girls made affidavit, that when she was in Frank's office, and he was making indecent advances to her, he used identically the same language!

Will Stockbridge dare to say that this girl, who also repulsed Leo Frank's perverted lust, was also not a virgin.

Do it, if you dare, Stockbridge.

Do it and see what a nice little damage suit that girl will bring against you!

Yet if your absurd contention about Frank and Mary is sound, it makes the other girl a wanton, too.

Her name is (or was) Miss Nellie Wood.

After having argued that, if Frank was a pervert, Mary was immoral, and after having misquoted Dr. Hurt, this Stockbridge has the hypocrisy to add a clause to his letter in which he alludes to Mary as "an innocent unfortunate dead child," and points to me as the man who misrepresents facts and shatters the reputation of the girl, at whose untimely grave I took my stand to fight the battle of impartial justice.

Hypocrisy could go no farther than Stockbridge goes.

He first puts into Dr. Hurt's mouth words that were never used, tells the lady that Mary was proven to be "not a virgin," and then says that I "shatter the reputation of an innocent child."

God deliver us from any more such carpet-baggers and ruthless liars, as H. E. Stockbridge!

If Mrs. Camp will hustle around and look up the records, she will find other cases that I lost.

Lawyers must not be confounded with Insurance Companies.

By the way, the same mail which brings me Mrs. Camp's outburst, brings the following:

Dear Sir: For information to me, will you please find out who pardoned Isaac Helton of Vienna, Ga., who killed my son, John H. Peyton, July 16th, 1910 in cold blood at Pinehurst, Ga.

This man Halton was given life imprisonment but was pardoned June or July, 1915. Will give you the history of the case if you wish.

Thanking you for the above, I am your friend,

H. H. PEYTON.

Alto, Ga.

So, it seems that some other lawyer defended a murderer, got him off with a life sentence, and then got him a full pardon.

Some lawyers are luckier than others, you know.

If Mrs. Camp has any surplus time on her hands, I wish she would oblige Mr. Peyton, by trapesing down to Atlanta, and sternly inquiring about *this* murder case.

When she discovers the facts, I hope she will send them to me first, so that I can "scoop" John Grant's over-loaded little jackass.

My enemies are hard up, when they have to compare my legitimate defense of a client, in the courthouse, with the conduct of a Governor who prostituted his office to save his convicted client.

The State's case against Kerlin proceeded upon the idea, that the deceased woman had been his concubine and that he wanted to get rid of her.

The State proved that Kerlin was seen in his buggy, near the woman's house, and going towards it. I think—but am not sure—that the State proved that Kerlin and the woman were seen riding off, together, in the buggy, after which she was never seen alive.

Her body was found in the river, weighted down by some old plow-points, and he connected them with Kerlin.

This circumstantial evidence satisfied the jury—there being no direct evidence, at all.

I did not move for a new trial, did not apply for a pardon, and took no further part in the case than to do the best I could with it, in the courthouse.

Kerlin was probably guilty, but he had no Haas committee to assess the Jews; no Burns agency to manufacture public sentiment, no editors to fight his battle, and no gubernatorial attorney to re-try the case and up-set the verdict of the jury.

Under our Law, a governor violates the Constitution, when he exercises judicial powers, by retrying a case.

No governor ever did that before Frank's lawyer retried *his* case, and reversed all the courts.

Never before did a governor in any State of this Union, exercise the executive power in behalf of his own client.

The feature of the Frank case which puts it on a level with the Yazoo Fraud, is that official position was prostituted.

I am sorry to see Mrs. Camp compare Mary Phagan to Kerlin's concubine. A little girl who died in defense of her honor, deserves better treatment than that.

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.

Some General Notes, on Foreign and Domestic Affairs.

SON-IN-LAW McAdoo announces that the new taxes which this administration put upon the country are to be continued, *because* Europe hasn't quit fighting.

O, what a God-send the war has been to some politicians!

Of course, the taxes are to be continued; nobody expected anything else.

The Democrats created so many new offices, increased so many salaries, and made such lavish appropriations that new taxes were necessary.

The war had nothing to do with it; on the contrary, the war has enormously benefited this country, in the way of commerce.

This administration proposes to establish an Advice department in the Navy; and the Men who give the Advice are to have a public building costing \$5,000,000.

In this Advice-shop, the men who Advise the Secretary of the Navy how to manage his business are to be paid salaries amounting to two and a half million dollars a year—(\$2,500,000).

Now it occurs to me, that if we have a score of Wise Men whose Advice to the Government is worth that much money, we ought to let them live in the White House and run the whole thing.

What's the need of the expense of a president and a Congress, when we have a score of Choice Spirits whose Advice is worth \$2,500,000 a year?

And what a pity it is that we have not had the benefit of that Precious Advice, long ago!

We Democrats howled at the Republicans for increasing offices, salaries and expenses; next time, the Republicans will howl at us for the same thing, and the country will again enjoy the glorious privilege of choosing between howls.

It's a great country.

In spite of the rancorous hostility of the Romanist cardinals, priests, and editors, General Carranza seems to have won, in Mexico.

He is the Washington of his country, and deserved to win.

Villa seems to have sold out to the land-kings and the Spanish priests. He is not the type of man to be President of a Republic, anyway.

What do such Socialist papers as *The Appeal to Reason*, and the *Melting Pot*, mean by taking sides against Mary Phagan, the *working girl*, whose employer killed her when she refused to submit to his lustful embraces?

Her employer was a typical exploiter of cheap labor, and his company had successfully opposed our efforts to keep 14-year-old girls out of its clutches.

Her dead body was found in his house; he confessed that he was the last person who saw her alive; it was proved that he was absent from his office and unaccounted for at the time she was assaulted and killed; more than 40 white witnesses made out the case against him; the Coroner's jury found against him; the Grand jury, on which there were four Jews, found against him; the petit jury found against him; the trial judge said the evidence was sufficient; the Supreme Court of Georgia carefully reviewed the evidence, and found it to be sufficient; the Supreme Court of the United States decided that it had not been shown that he had been improperly convicted; the Prison Commission made the same decision.

How much more would it have taken to convince the Socialist papers that the little girl, of the *working class*, was the victim of the *employing class*?

These Socialist editors have raved over the execution of the employer, just as though he had not been legally convicted of an awful crime, committed on one of his hired girls.

Shame upon such inconsistency!

Even a layman editor's good, sound, common sense ought to tell him that, after all the Courts had condemned Leo Frank to death, *his own lawyer had no right*, as governor, *to immediately re-try the case on the very same evidence*, and set aside the sentence, *which had the sanction of the highest Court in the world*.

There wasn't any "lynching;" it was the informal carrying out of the sentence of the Law.

When constituted authorities, who are the mere agents of the People, fail or refuse to enforce the Law, and to protect life, liberty and property, the People must rise and do it, else Tyranny and Chaos will usurp the place of Law and Order.

In Georgia we are agitating ourselves, mildly and respectably, on account of conditions in Chatham county, where Oglethorpe landed with that convict gang of London felons—according to our history, recently revised by the champions of Leo Frank.

Yes, sir, Chatham county is where Georgia was born, as you might say; and it is in that county that the great and beautiful city of Savannah lies—a city so beautiful that I mean to buy it, if I can harvest a few of those millions which Slaton's brother-in-law's hired man says I am making.

Savannah dotes on Foreign Missions. Her ducats go forth in big piles, hunting for benighted spots where the heathen squats in darkness; and where a hospital, a school-house, a college, a technological institute, and a group of missionary mansions will improve the looks of the scenery.

Savannah sends well-paid men and women to cross the ocean and look up the lame, the halt, blind, the ignorant, the destitute, and to feed the hungry, cure the sick, educate the ignorant, and to teach gainful trades to those who know not the use of their hands.

Yet it suddenly develops that Savannah has at her own doors, in Chatham county, a large region where the darkness is morally as great as anywhere on earth.

It appears that along the Ogeechee River, which flows by the side of the Central railroad, there is a district which goes by the name of the Black Ankle.

White people live there, in squalor, in ignorance, in vice, in utter heathenism.

They have no live churches, no schools, no decent habitation, no civilized habits or inclinations.

The picture, as drawn in the Savannah papers, is appalling.

Some of the details are not fit to print. The conditions of life there are brutish, according to these reports. Girls who are scarcely more than tots themselves, have babies—and no husbands.

Almost without shelter, almost without food, wholly without teaching and guidance of any kind, these people have relapsed into primitive barbarism *within sound of the whistle of the railroad trains!*

Friends, there are Black Ankle districts all over the South. Dr. English, of Waycross, told me of one in his part of the State, when I talked with him several years ago; and I get letters—some from traveling salesmen and some from others who cover the State in their rounds—which tell me of these neglected Black Ankles throughout our country.

What can our Bishops and Boards be thinking about when they belly-ache so violently over Korea, China, Japan and India?

Who made us responsible for dirt, disease,

ignorance, vice and poverty *beyond the seas?*

Who made us the care-takers of a sore-eyed Chinese baby, or a rheumatic old nigger in Africa?

Who ordered us to go and purge a costive Hindoo, and plug the rotten tooth of a Jap?

Who commanded us to teach Chinese girls how to dance the Rainbow Dance; how to crochet, how to embroider, how to make cookies, how to do tatting, and how to play the piano?

God in Heaven! Our people have been made crazy on this everlasting Foreign Mission business.

White people lapse into savagery and heathenism, almost within hearing of the sermon on Foreign Missions, and our Bishops and Boards do not seem to care!

"Distance lends enchantment to the view;" and it is the Black Ankles of Korea, China, India and Japan that catch our eyes, and our ducats.

Are we to be told that our church workers *do not know* of these Black Ankles?

Are they to plead ignorance of home conditions?

Such a defense ill-becomes the Bishops and the Boards, when they themselves tell us that they sent missionaries to distant lands, far across the ocean, to hunt for cases of destitution, neglected sickness, and undeveloped minds.

The Bishops and Boards pay men and women, nurses and doctors, teachers and preachers, to travel thousands of miles, to China and other Oriental countries for the purpose of finding *the leper*, and putting him into a comfortable home; of finding *the afflicted*, and bringing them to the hospital; of finding *the unlettered*, and leading him to the school-house.

We send missionaries thousands of miles in foreign countries, *to search for the plague spots!*

Why is it that the plague-spots at home are never searched for, and civilization introduced?

The wrath of God may be waxing hot against these missionary faddists and fanatics, who leave the vineyard, here at home, to be choked with weeds and brambles and thistles, while they go wild over Chinese education and African uplift.

The following item appears in the press dispatches:

Amsterdam, via London, October 8.—The Financial Committee of the Bavarian Diet, it is asserted in a telegram from Munich, has discussed problems connected with the Pope and the Roman Catholic Church. It was pointed out during the discussion, the telegram states, that it was necessary to secure territorial independence and complete sovereignty for the Pope without re-establishing a papal state, but no solution was offered.

About 60 per cent. of the population of Bavaria is Roman Catholic, but there have been no previous dispatches to indicate what prompted the discussion at this time by the Diet Committee of the Pope's temporal status.

Ever since 1870, when Italy threw off the hateful rule of the priests, the Jesuits have been praying and scheming for a general European war, which would give them the chance to get back temporal power for the Pope.

In other words, Papa wants a kingdom of his own.

The Vatican, and its gardens, and its fabulous treasures, are not enough for the Vicar of the homeless, barefooted Christ, who had to requisition the little donkey which he rode into Jerusalem.

Papa has the biggest palace on earth, decorated with all sorts of paintings and art collections, beyond price; and his poor Pe-

swoop down on Congress for an immense appropriation to put our navy on an equal footing with that of England—the bigger army men planning what they will force Congress to give them toward Prussianizing us—where will the taxpayer be left?

Higher taxes will be put upon the necessary commodities to bring in bigger revenue, or there will be a bond issue, which will amount to the same thing to the masses in the long run—those who have been paying the cost of high-priced government will continue to pay the price of even higher-priced government.

* * * * *

In commenting on the big deficit that we will face if the duty on sugar is removed, as the Democratic program promises it will be, Frederick C. Howe, Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York, shows by indisputable figures that the loss of revenue from sugar as well as the proposed increase in appropriations for the army and navy could be met by levying a sufficient income

and inheritance tax—a tax that would work no hardship to any person.

By levying these direct taxes—instead of indirect taxes that fall upon the consumer through the round-about channel of increasing the cost of the article that he has to buy—we could easily add \$200,000,000 to the government's revenue without putting any burden on anybody.

Consumption taxes are poor men's taxes because they levy the toll upon articles of general use, and the United States is already collecting the bigger part of its revenue from these indirect taxes on consumption.

Mr. Howe shows that our government is already collecting a higher tax on consumption than other governments, "while only an insignificant part is borne by incomes and inheritances, while wealth, as such, is not taxed at all."

"Certain inheritances in excess of \$1,000,000 could easily bear a burden of 5 per cent," said the Commissioner, "and no real injustice would

be done if the tax were as high as 10 per cent.

"An additional \$50,000,000 or \$100,000,000 could be realized from an increase in the tax upon incomes, including the surtax. The income tax in Great Britain has in recent years been raised to 33 per cent. upon very large incomes. From these combined sources from \$100,000,000 to \$200,000,000 could easily be added to our Federal revenues, which would more than meet any possible deficits and would tend to balance more equally the burdens of taxation, which for sixty years have borne most heavily on the poor."

Commissioner Howe charged that the burdens of taxation in the United States are divided more unjustly than in the other great countries. He said that America collected approximately \$3.20 per capita from customs taxes, while Germany collected \$2.60; Austro-Hungary, \$2.25; France, \$2.60; Italy, \$2; Russia, 84 cents, and Japan, 40 cents. In addition the burden of internal revenue, which falls on the poor, was about \$3.30 per capita, while the income tax yielded only 60 per cent. per capita.

Additional Letters From the People

A TEXAS LADY'S STINGING REBUKE TO H. E. STOCKBRIDGE, CARPET-BAGGER.

Leming, Tex., Sept. 27, 1915.
Dr. H. E. Stockbridge,
Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sir: Your favor of the 16th is hereby acknowledged.

Possibly you think you have met to my satisfaction all the points raised in my first letter. Not so. In this former letter I asked, "What negro ever had the daring to commit a crime like that and remain near the scene of it?" This necessarily meant to remain openly.

In reply you mention two instances, Sam Hose for one, regarding whom you say:

"Permit me to remind you that this devil incarnate remained on the scene of his crime some twelve hours and only made tracks when driven from cover by hounds. Did Jim Conley make any attempt to hide after twelve hours or twelve days?"

It's the innate nature of the negro rapist to hide. You know this as well as I do, so why argue otherwise.

Permit me to quote you again: "Even a few years ago a trusty negro prisoner murdered the wife of the warden of the prison in which he was confined and stayed on the scene of his crime for several days."

How could he do otherwise if he was confined?

You say: "Your boasted knowledge of negro character can hardly be greater than that of thousands of devoted Southern women who petitioned Governor Slaton to commute."

I do not question their sincerity in the least. I am endeavoring to place the blame just where it belongs—on the publishers. Certain words in your letter fit in so nicely, pardon me in using them. They (the above named women) "have been unscrupulously, deliberately and diabolically lied to." These are harsh words, I know, but permit me to remind you that you used them first.

Not long since my sister and I were discussing this case. She said:

"If I had seen Frank commit the crime, I would have said commute, for the simple reason that I do not believe in capital punishment. The Bible says 'Vengeance is mine'."

I then reminded her that the Bible also says "Whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed."

A great many people who urged commutation did so for the same reason stated by my sister; others for the above named reason.

As to how much Southern blood I have in my veins, pardon a little personal information.

My mother is a native of Mississippi. My father, E. C. Rogers, who has been dead 24 years, was a native of Georgia and followed the "Stars and Bars" until after having eaten "mule steak." At Vicksburg he was paroled, I'm Southern, every atom, blood, flesh and bone, and if there is in me any of the much vaunted race prejudice it's directed to the negro, not to the Jew.

The official record must indeed be foul if the essential facts in it could not be at least quoted in part. Instead the publishers—excepting Mr. Watson—gave us their version of it and asked us to take their word.

You presume too much upon my ignorance. I am no college graduate (having held only a first grade certificate) but I have two eyes and at least a small amount of gray matter in my cranium.

It seems to me you seek to mislead me when you say that to try to send the official record thru the mails would place the one who attempted to do so in the same class as the man whose pupil you seem to be, and who is now under indictment in the United States Courts for circulating obscene matter." You must infer that I'm ignorant as to the nature of the obscene matter.

In reply to my question, "does the press echo the voice of the people of Georgia," you ask:

"How do you explain the action of more than 10,000 citizens of Georgia?"

The census of 1910 gives the population of Georgia as 2,609,000. How about the other 2,599,000?

In copying Watson's utterances, his enemies it appears to me seeks to arouse the prejudice of as many classes as possible by quoting caustic remarks made by Watson along various lines, one directed to the Catholics, another to the Baptists, etc. Brush up a little on history, doctor, and see if any reformer ever minced his terms. Study this quotation from Martin Luther's letter to the German nobility:

"This wantonness and lying reservation of the popes has brought about an unutterable state of things at Rome. There is a buying and a selling, a changing, blustering and bargaining, cheating and lying, robbing and stealing, debauchery and villany and all kinds of contempt of God, that anti-Christ himself could not rule worse.

Finally the pope has built a special house for this fine traffic—the house of the Datarius at Rome. If you bring money to this house you can arrive at all I have mentioned. Here vows are annulled; here a monk obtains leave to quit his order; here priests can enter married life for

money; here bastards can become legitimate and dishonor and shame may arrive at high honors. I have said I will say nothing of the infernal dregs of private vices. I only speak of well-known public matters. (Harvard Classics Vol. 36 pgs. 299-301).

If Tom Watson, or any one else can beat that he'd be (if you'll pardon slang) "going some."

Then listen to Patrick Henry: "Caesar had his Brutes, Charles I. his Cromwell; Let George III profit by their examples! If this be treason make the most of it!"

A few words regarding Mr. Watson's criticism of the Baptists. He is one and so am I and a missionary one to boot, and yet when Brother Watson takes the pulpit to preach us a sermon, Sister R. M. Williams, the "worthless bird" perches on the front pew and croaks Amen! Amen!

I shall have to wear that name "worthless bird" since you state that unless two instances you cite of Mr. Watson's duplicity do not convince me you are wasting ammunition on a "worthless bird."

On your first shot you had a blank cartridge since you say, "the scurrilous sheet from which your misinformation was obtained, deliberately stated that the Frank case was not a case of circumstantial evidence because Conley testified that he saw the crime committed."

Mr. Watson is accused of bitterness. Just God in Heaven, if ever a man on earth had cause to be bitter, Tom Watson has. When I think of how that man has been maligned, hounded and betrayed, there involuntarily arises in my mind that scene in the Roman senate when Caesar turning says, *Et Tu Brute?* Covers his face and passively receives his twenty-three dagger thrusts.

Perhaps I too, seem bitter as you say I palpably imitate Watson (in saying which you flatter me). May God forgive me if I unjustly censure anyone. One cause of my bitterness lies in the fact that we have had during the past 4 years a striking

object lesson in our own county of official high-handedness and imbecile self-sufficiency. I've almost come to the pass that, like David, I brand "all men as liars."

I have three little boys to rear and when I think of what may lay in store for them, my heart almost stops. And when I look into the face of my one little girl no pen can express the emotion that overwhelms me when I think "What if she should go like Mary Phagan!"

MRS. R. M. WILLIAMS.

A CHEERING VOICE FROM TEXAS

Dear Sir: We can not but feel an increasing interest in the little Georgia girl when "Southern gentility" and chivalry are held up to scorn and derision by such cute, mollicoddle, self-righteous, self-inflated editors as the shallow little jackass who presides over the destiny of the Milwaukee Free Press.

Would he turn the other cheek if some demon should choke the life out of his little girl? Can't you get them to understand that this was our little girl and is our affair. Please beg them to consider that we do not claim to be holy, immaculately pure and spotless, without blemish, righteous, angelic. That we are just plain human beings. Can't you by any means for an instant direct their sympathies from the guilty Jew to the little girl who preferred death to dishonor, writhing in agony, with the cruel cord choking out her young and sinless life?

Strange the sympathies are reserved for the criminal instead of the victim.

As to the issues involved, the whole ground has been covered in a series of matchless articles which should have a sure place in our literature.

In conclusion I beg to say that if those who started this fight keep it up, your "ignorant" subscribers will suffer no uneasiness as to the issue while they hear the rumbling of the Jeffersonian's guns.

Very truly,
J. W. BAKER.

Texas.

The coffee producer is never hampered by "over-production," is he? Why should the cotton producer always be the goat?

Read the speech of Thos. E. Watson, delivered at the New Orleans Cotton Convention, in 1905. Note the similarity of the conditions then and now. In

Life and Speeches of Thos. E. Watson

Price Fifty Cents, Postpaid.

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