

The Jeffersonian

Vol. 11, No. 42

Thomson, Ga., Thursday, October 15, 1914

Price, Five Cents

The Frank Case Brings in Another Horse—A Smaller One Than Usual

IN the Atlanta Georgian of October 9, 1914, appears "a remarkable statement" by one William M. Smith, who is described as "Conley's lawyer."

As long as a donkey refrains from trying to make music, one never knows what his bray may sound like, but the moment he tries to waste his sweetness on the desert air, we know that another ass is in our midst—with the same old asinine honk.

Poor little William M. Smith! With almost perfectly symmetrical stupidity, he has driven home the conviction that he made a foul deal with that villain, William J. Burns; and that he has disgraced an honorable profession, and advertised a heretofore unknown name, by a series of incredibly stupid statements.

Let us consider in detail the "remarkable statement" of William M. Smith.

First, he says—
"It seems absolutely essential at this point

Smith Defies Lynchers and All Other Low-Down Riff-Raff.

that an understanding about me be reached." An understanding about *me!* At the very beginning, this young lawyer puts himself on the defensive. *Why?* Did his conscience hurt him? Did he feel that there was something so extraordinary in his conduct that the average citizen would consider him a black sheep?

In order that the understanding about himself should be reached, Smith alleges that "there is some grey matter in my head yet."

"Conley's lawyer" goes into the daily papers with a lengthy defensive statement, carefully prepared in writing, and commences with the knock-down assertion that there is some grey matter in his head, *yet.*

By grey matter, he is supposed to mean "brains:" therefore Smith claims that he has

some brains left, and that these grey things are in his head. Very well: let it go at that.

Continuing Smith says that "my stock of folk haven't got much rabbit in them."

By this he means that he is brave, fearless, pugnacious, bellicose, combative, courageous, dauntless, heroic, war-like, leonine.

The rabbit runs away, as Burns fled from Marietta; but Smith is a horse of another color, and Smith will never run.

Thus we have a picture of Smith drawn by Smith himself, and we know that he possesses brains and sand.

We know it because Smith says so—and if Smith doesn't know, who does?

"I am fully sensible that there are a large number of people who do not understand my position in this issue"—says the brave and brainy Smith.

Need I say that Smith pities this "large
(CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT.)

What Are the Democrats to Do When Their Leaders Sell Out to the Republicans?

THERE ought not to be any difficulty in agreeing as to the facts concerning our Democratic leaders.

The record is fresh, it is open, and it is public property.

Nobody should fall out with you or me, if we call the spade by its short name. Nobody ought to blame us, if we find fault, *provided the fault is there to find.*

What are the facts which cannot be denied?

They are these:

(1.) The Democratic leaders have claimed your support on the ground that the Democratic party is the white man's party, opposed to the negro at the polls and opposed to the negro in office.

Can this statement be disputed?

(2.) The Democratic leaders have claimed your support on the ground that the Democratic party is the party of Equal Rights, opposed to Special Privilege, opposed to

Class-legislation, opposed to National banks and opposed to that system of Protection which makes laws to fatten one branch of industry to the starvation of all the others.

Can this statement be denied?

(3.) The Democratic leaders have claimed your support on the ground that the Democratic party is the party of State Rights, of strict construction of the Constitution, of impartial enforcement of laws, *of economy in the expenses of the Government,* and the exercise of governmental powers for the *general good of the whole country.*

Can this statement be challenged?

You can refresh your memory by reading all the national platforms of the Democratic Party, during the last generation.

Have the leaders of any political party the right to betray it to the enemy? Have the

leaders who are elected on their promises to do certain things, the right to do the exact opposite? When the leaders, who are elected on account of definite platform pledges, *violate those pledges,* and do enormous damage to the people who trusted them with power, have the people no remedy for such a tremendous evil?

Those are the questions that are now UP TO YOU!

What did Woodrow Wilson tell you about the pledges in the Baltimore platform, when he was a candidate, seeking your votes, *without which he stood no chance of election?*

The Baltimore platform itself had assured you that

"Our pledges are made to be kept when in office, as well as relied on during the campaign."

Our pledges! Whose pledges? The pledges of the Democratic leaders!

(CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVEN.)

Can the Roman Catholic Priests Tell the Truth? Another Word About the Knights of Columbus

THE foot-kissing crowd which calls itself The International Catholic Truth Society publishes a New York Magazine named "Truth."

Through a friend, I get a copy of this impudently false magazine whose main purpose appears to be to keep its Catholic readers in the dark.

Among the bosses who publish "Truth," the name of Senator Ransdell of Louisiana looms high. He is the man who is trying to have the Federal Government overturn our State laws on Divorce, and to put the Italian pope's law on our country.

James A. Flaherty also figures as "Honorary Vice-President" of the Truth Society.

James A. is the man who jumped on the barber and the printer about the 4th Degree K. of C. oath, and hushed up the case without producing in court any of the secret papers.

Our fat friend, Cardinal Farley, whose face

and stomach speak eloquently of rich red wine, and rich red meat specially endorses "Truth."

So much by way of introduction. Now then:

In a number of the magazine published a year or so ago, "Truth" said about me and my case—

"Thos. E. Watson, arrested for sending immoral literature through the mail.

Indicted for the offense by the Federal Grand Jury at Augusta, Ga., November 19, 1912.

The Jury stated that his writings were so immoral that, contrary to the custom of the Court, they should not be spread in full in the indictment."

Is that the truth? NO! It is one of the foulest lies that ever was printed.

That which the Grand Jury said was too filthy and obscene and lascivious to set out in the indictment was an exact copy, in Latin, of the vile language which Roman Catholic text-books instruct Roman Catholic priests to use to women and girls, in the privacy of the Confessional box!

Ex-priest Chiniquy copied the horrible stuff from St. Alphonsus Liguori—a priest who was canonized by Pope Gregory XVI. in 1831—and put it into his book, "The Priest, the Woman and the Confessional."

This book has been going through the mails ever since I left college in 1874; and I merely quoted that part of it and made it a part of my book, "The Roman Catholic Hierarchy."

None of my language was "immoral!" it was the awfully nasty language of the Roman Catholic "Saint" that got me into trouble.

The priests do not want the American Catholics—fathers, brothers and husbands—

(CONTINUED ON PAGE FIVE.)

The Frank Case Brings in Another Horse—A Smaller One Than Usual.

Smith Defies Lynchers and All Other Low-Down Riff-Raff.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.)

number of people?" They deserve Smith's compassion, and he pours it over them with a samaritan liberalism seldom equalled, and never surpassed.

"Many believe that I had my price, and got it"—says the brave and brainy Smith.

The wretches! How dare they think such a thing? And how did Smith know that many believed he had sold out? Did many go to him and tell him so?

Or did his troubled conscience tell him what the "many believe?"

Then Smith puts himself on a pinnacle, looks down upon less incorruptible mortals, moralizes upon human frailty, and says—

"The world is usually so sordid-minded that it is hard to understand that occasionally divine mercy does let a spark linger in some souls, and that there are men in the world who can rise to just such situations."

As an unworthy part of "the world" which Smith has such a poor opinion of, I take off my hat, right now, and apologise to Smith for being alive.

I don't feel that any ordinary human being has any real right to be inhaling the same air with Smith.

The divine mercy has let a spark linger in his soul, that never was intended for the sordid-minded world: he is the exceptional soul: he is the man "who can rise to just such situations:" he is the man whose gray matter is intact, and whose tigerish bravery flings defiance at the rabbits.

Heavens above! Where were Reub Arnold, Luther Rosser, and Haas, Haas & Haas, when Smith was giving out that idiotic "card?"

After having, most irrelevantly, mentioned the case in which the late Charles D. Hill prosecuted a negro to conviction, and then asked a pardon for him, this William M. Smith says—

"No young man could live daily under the holy impulse of the heroic Charlie Hill, the noblest Roman of them all, without receiving unconscious impress upon his own career."

The late Solicitor Charles D. Hill was a mental giant in his own peculiar field, and no man ever listened to him with an admiration more rapt than mine—an admiration not lessened by my delight in crossing swords with him in the court-house.

But did Charlie Hill ever enter upon a dirty deal, with a rascally detective, TO BETRAY HIS OWN CLIENT, and to save a filthy Sodomite from just punishment?

To act for the State, and to prosecute a citizen for violation of law; to convict him, and then become convinced that he deserves a pardon, is not an unprecedented case.

It occasionally happens that the grand-jury which indicted, the Solicitor who prosecuted, the petit-jury which convicted, and the judge who sentenced the defendant will all join in the petition for a pardon.

This not only occurs in the cases of white men, but also in those of negroes.

All honor to the big-hearted and whole-souled Charlie Hill who pitied where he had convicted, and asked that the black man go free!

But did Charlie Hill ever take a fee to defend a prisoner, and then try to betray him?

Did Charlie Hill ever take into his hands the life of a poor nigger, and then try to lose it?

The doctor's business is to cure, not kill:

the lawyer who, being employed to defend his client, deserts him and endeavors to help kill him, is in the same position as the physician who being called to your bedside in sickness, seeks to give you poison.

Can you imagine Charlie Hill acting as William M. Smith confesses that he did?

For more than a year he is "Conley's lawyer:" for more than a year he hears all the changes rung on all the evidence in the case: for more than a year, he is on the inside at every turn of the case. For more than a year he is with the State's theory of the case. He sees Leo Frank and Conley at every step in the progress of the investigation. He hears the ablest lawyers that money can employ discuss every detail of the testimony. He hears the sentences passed upon the accused. He hears the Supreme Court affirm the verdict and sentence of the lower court.

During all of that ordeal, William M. Smith makes no sign.

The divine spark does not flare up in his superior soul. During the whole of that long period he acted in unison with the "sordid-minded."

He did not "rise to just such situations."

The "holy impulse of the heroic Charlie Hill" was lost on William M. Smith, the brainy man whose "stock of folk haven't got much rabbit in them," and who now at this exceedingly late day declares,

"I thank God for my sainted parents!"

Frank was convicted and sentenced to be hanged: Conley was convicted and began to serve out his term. The rotten scoundrel, Burns, was hired to begin his jackass doings with the case. He came with a great blare of trumpets in the bought-up newspapers. He was "utterly confident" he would spot the guilty man.

The guilty man had never been arrested. The guilty man was one who had not even been suspected. The guilty man was in a distant city, and Burns would lay his hands on him, whenever Burns wanted that guilty man.

All this time, the rotten rascal Burns, was railroading here, there and yonder, fixing up the angles on this guilty man. Then at last, when the show-down came, it turned out that Burns and Lehon had been trying to bulldoze poor girls into denying their evidence; trying to hire a poor preacher to swear to a lie; trying to terrorize other girls into perjury to escape exposure of their private affairs.

A more shameful mess was never made. And it was made by a cowardly criminal who had passed himself off as "the Great Detective"—a criminal whose foul methods were so thoroughly exposed in the West that the U. S. Government pardoned some convicted persons, on the express grounds that Burns had bribed witnesses, and packed juries!

The reeking record of Burns and Lehon was exposed in this paper. Neither of the villains dared to say a word in reply.

The Ragsdale affidavit exploded in stench!

The Fulton County grand-jury got busy on the case; the whole State rocked with indignation—and Burns fled, to return no more!

Where, where, was William M. Smith? Where was his conscience, his grey matter, his bravery?

Where was that "holy impulse of the heroic Charlie Hill?"

Where was that sense of duty to those "sainted parents?"

Speaking of himself in comparison to the lamented and most honorable Charles D. Hill, this William M. Smith says—

"Oh, that this young man may yet prove that the divine mantle has really fallen upon this young Elisha of the law, as the sainted Elijah let it fall from his shoulders when Charlie Hill was gathered to the clouds.

I thank God for my sainted parents."

Oh, that this young man, William M. Smith

had thought of his sainted parents before the Nelms case bobbed up!

Oh, that "the divine mantle" had settled somewhat earlier upon the shoulders of "this young Elisha of the law."

After having returned thanks, tardily, for his sainted parents, Smith declares—

"I am not mad."

No indeed: William M. isn't crazy. He himself gives the reason: "I had too much sense," he says.

Considerately he adds—

"This is not bragging, but just a plain, cold statement of facts."

Since the coming of the Nelms case, and the trade which Smith confesses he made with Burns on that case, Smith has been receiving threatening letters—so he says.

In reference to this, the undaunted Smith speaks as follows—

"I am doing business—not much business—at the old stand, although I have taken the precaution to send my wife and children elsewhere, so as not to endanger them."

In other words, Smith has "prepared for action." Smith is ready for battle. Smith has sent the women and children out of the zone of hostilities, and is now ready to sell his life as dearly as possible.

He will die, it is true, but he will die game. His stock of folk haven't got much rabbit in them—and he sends his children to the rear, so as to perpetuate the stock.

However, like all truly brave men, Smith is considerate. He doesn't want "the mob" to rush into unnecessary slaughter. He puts "the mob" on notice that if he is attacked there will be gobs of gore all over the streets of Atlanta.

Says Smith—

"Whenever any of the boys start my way with the rope kindly suggest that they would do well to inquire as to my record as a sharp-shooter from the Adjutant-General's office, or at any shooting gallery in the city of Atlanta, and ease it to them that my specialty is rapid-fire work at moving targets."

This is dreadful! Apparently William M. Smith knew that this deal between him and Burns, on the Nelms-Frank cases, was coming, and he has been practising at slaughtering the Atlanta mobs!

"Ease it to them that my specialty is rapid-fire work!"

Don't break it to them suddenly: don't be abrupt: don't jar anybody: just "ease it to them!"

"Whenever the boys start my way with a rope, advise them to look up my shooting record at the Adjutant-General's office!

Ease it to them that my specialty is rapid-fire shooting at moving targets!"

O the monster! In spite of his sainted parents, he has been preparing to kill us all!

Isn't it a crying shame that the mantle of Elisha should lodge on the shoulders of the sanguinary Smith?

Addressing an imaginary mob, coming to lynch him, Smith says—

"I am at your mercy. Come and get me. I'll die like the Saviour did, with some of the criminal element around me gasping for a little extra ozone."

Smith ain't mad, mind you. Smith says he will die like Jesus Christ, with some gasping criminals around him.

These gasping criminals will be the men that Smith will have shot, in his "rapid-fire work," which is his "specialty," as per page 1166 of the record at the Adjutant-General's office.

Smith says that what our people need is some straight talk. "Several men that have poked their heads up in this matter have had them knocked off, or have got a stiff punch and gone off in a corner and sat down. I do not intend to be disposed of that way."

Who were the unlucky citizens who had their heads knocked off?

Who are the unfortunates who got the stiff

punches and went off in a corner and sat down?

Who are the weaklings that can't stand up to the rack—fodder, or no fodder—as William M. Smith swears *he* will do?

Why not illustrate the text, and enliven the discussion by giving us the names of these imbeciles who had their heads knocked off, and of the poltroons who got the stiff punches, and then sat down?

I'd like to see the man who could knock William Smith's head off. Show me the colossus who can punch *him* in such a way as to make *him* sit down!

You can't do it. His record of a rapid-fire artist is there to be seen of all men, in the shooting galleries, and in the office of the Adjutant-General. No man can combat hard, cold facts, and the "one man on the job that does not intend to be bluffed." Smith is that man.

Does not Smith himself say—

"I have got it, when it comes to the nerve?"

Whenever Elisha's mantle falls on a young lawyer who thanks God for his sainted parents, who practises at moving targets, who sends his wife and children out of range, and who then exclaims, "Come on!" we had better dig a few dozen graves and have them ready for emergencies.

"Poor Frank! he has had enough to bear already."

So says William M. Smith, "Conley's lawyer."

In what way was the \$50,000 that went from Athens spent in Frank's behalf? In what way did Burns spend the huge sums of money he milked from rich Israelites? By what means have so many lawyers, editors, cartoonists and black-leg detectives been enlisted to save one loathsome Sodomite?

Has the case been tried? Have established methods been followed, and legal resources exhausted? Is there never to be an end of the Frank case? Is he the one criminal for whom the laws, the courts and the people must make an entirely new system of procedure?

William M. Smith does not pretend to have found a particle of new evidence. He does not point out a single alleged flaw that was not put under the microscope a year ago. He offers nothing new. He thrashes old straw.

He does not even give an excuse for remaining silent, *and with the State*, until Burns proposed to help him, Smith, on the Nelms case, if he, Smith, would help Burns on the Frank case!

Smith made that astounding confession in his first statement to the Georgian.

On October 5th, he said, "My promise was to William J. Burns and Dan Lehon, that if the Burns agency would help Mrs. Nelms locate the girls, or punish their murderer, that I would give more time than I had to work on the Frank matter, &c."

Conley's lawyer was to give more time to the Frank case, when he had already been through every phase of it, had soaked himself in every view of it, had seen his client sent to the pen, and had seen the Frank end of it go to the highest court for a second time.

Conley's case was ended. The Frank case had passed beyond the reach of anything except newly found evidence, not discoverable before by the exercise of diligence.

Yet this "young Elisha of the law" has the effrontery to tell the public that he made a foul bargain with the indicted Burns, and that he then began once more to study those "notes," found beside the poor little murdered girl, whose innocent blood yet cries to Heaven for Justice!

"Poor Frank has suffered enough," says "this young Elisha of the law."

What has *Frank* suffered? He has been the boarder in a comfortable house of detention. He has been the be-flowered pet of newspapers, lawyers, detectives and philanthropists. He has been the Beloved of mawkish

sentimentality, of unlimited Big Money, of concealed but powerful Political Pull!

His pure little Gentile victim is dust in the grave. While the Sodomite who took her sweet young life basks in the warmth of Today, the poor child's dainty flesh has fed the worms.

The beast that followed her, day after day, reaching out to drag her down to the level of his unnatural lusts, was not to be stayed by her unwillingness, nor checked by her attempts to escape.

With the cold craft of a hardened simian, he kept her in sight, doubly determined, since she was coy.

Why God ever let that child go back to the factory and fall into the hands of that degenerate monster, is one of the secrets we may learn when we are told why the innocents died and Herod lived—why the brutal black rapist escapes, and the white-girl victim lies in the arms of death, her throat cut, and her staring eyes lifted heavenward in the horror of a sudden, frightful death.

Why Can't Our Government Do for Cotton-Growers What England in Egypt Has Done?

AS everyone knows, Great Britain rules Egypt.

The cotton growers of Egypt are in the same fix as those of this country.

England has relieved the distress of the Egyptians by providing them with government money **ADVANCED ON COTTON.**

Commenting upon this, the Washington Post sarcastically says—

Egypt, antiquated and nonprogressive Egypt, sees its way clearly to save its cotton growers from the clutches of those who would take advantage of their necessities.

It is not to be thought for a moment but that the progressive and enlightened government of the United States will be equally careful of the interests of its agriculturists.

Why won't this Democratic administration help our Cotton growers?

Because it is in the hands of the Wall Street banks and speculators.

The Democratic Administration Refuses to Keep Its Platform Pledge to the Democratic Farmers!

Rushes Aid (Not Promised) to the Republican Bankers!!!

RURAL CREDITS BILL DEAD.

House Democrats and President Split on Federal Aid to Farmers.

Special to The New York Times.

Washington, June 16.—Rural credit legislation for this session has been abandoned by the House Democrats. This decision was reached today by the sub-committee of the Committee on Banking and Currency, which has had the preparation of a bill in charge in co-operation with a Senate sub-committee.

The direct cause of the abandonment was a deadlock between House Democrats and the White House. The House Democrats insisted upon Government aid for farmers; President Wilson resolutely set his face against such a provision.

U. S. BUREAU SMASHES SPEED RECORDS TO FILL \$200,000,000 CURRENCY ORDER.

Washington, Aug. 8.—The Bureau of Engraving and Printing is breaking all records for speed in producing paper money. With orders on hand for \$200,000,000 of emergency bills from New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Pittsburg, the bureau is working overtime. Beginning Sunday, it is expected the money-making plant of the Government will make deliveries of the emergency currency to the Treasury Department at the rate of \$12,000,000 a day.

The States of the Union Degraded: the National Banks Exalted.

ELSEWHERE in this issue, I comment upon one view of the conditions under which Tennessee got money to pay her debts.

There is another view of the case that ought to arrest attention.

When a sovereign State of this Union has to go down on its knees to a New York bank, is there not something wrong in our financial system?

The bank can monetize its assets: the State cannot.

The bank can use public credit for private gain: the State cannot.

The bank can make something else than silver and gold a legal tender in the payment of debts: the State cannot.

Can you not see that something is wrong, when a sovereign State is helpless, and a bank is supreme?

Consider for a moment: the State needed money to pay its debts; but the Constitution forbids the State to use anything but gold and silver.

The State cannot issue money based on her own credit, and her power to tax all property to pay the State debt.

The State can only issue her bonds, which are nothing but big notes based on her credit and her power to tax.

She may issue these big notes, but she may not issue little notes. Why?

The little notes would be used as local money, and would interfere with the notes of national banks: therefore, the national banks compelled the Government to place a prohibitive tax of 10 per cent on these little notes of the States.

Federal law, therefore, made it impossible for the State of Tennessee to meet her debts with small notes.

She had to issue large notes (bonds) and carry these—where?

To Uncle Sam? No. There was not a chance for her to get a loan directly from Uncle Sam.

All she could do was, to kneel down at the throne of a New York bank, and beg for a loan of—what?

Some of the money that Uncle Sam had loaned to the bank!

The Federal Government has basely surrendered to the national banks, and has placed practically all of its credit, and all of its funds at the command of a gigantic Money Trust, composed of National Banks; and whoever wants loans must bow down to these monarchs of finance.

The Government will not monetize any property, except that of this Money Trust.

The Government will not lend any money, except to this Money Trust.

Therefore the States of this Union are as much the slaves of the infernal Rothschild system of Gold Standard finance, as the most helpless individuals are.

Tennessee had to knuckle to the New York bank; and even then she could not borrow \$1,400,000 at 6 per cent, until the Government agreed to lend the bank \$400,000 at 2 per cent, and \$1,000,000 at 3 per cent.

When your Government is thus sold out to the national banks, can you have any doubt that a vast system of bribery and corruption is at work on men in high places?

Life and Speeches of Thos. E. Watson will encourage every ambitious young man who has to struggle for success. Price 50c. The Jeffersonian Publishing Company, Thomson, Ga.

Read "Life and Times of Andrew Jackson," by Thos. E. Watson. Beautifully printed. Illustrated. Paper, \$1.00; cloth, \$1.50. Jeffersonian Pub. Co., Thomson, Ga.