

# Opinions of the People at Large, Regarding the Frank Case

## CITIZENS OF SOCIAL CIRCLE, WRITE TO THE JOURNAL.

Social Circle, Ga., April 25, 1914.  
 DEAR SIR: I hand you herewith a copy of a letter which the subscribers of the "Journal" at this place have signed and mailed to the "Journal" and request that they publish same in their next regular daily and semi-weekly editions.  
 We will thank you to publish the enclosed letter with all the names. Thanking you in advance and with kindest regards, I am,  
 Very truly,  
 W. L. HUFF.

Copies with request to publish furnished the Constitution and Georgian, Atlanta, Ga.

Social Circle, Ga., April 25, 1914.  
 Jas. R. Gray, Editor,

Atlanta Journal, Atlanta, Ga.  
 Dear Sir: We, the undersigned citizens of Social Circle and subscribers of your paper, respectfully request you to publish the news and court proceedings in reference to the Frank case. We have noticed for several days that you have published news in Frank's favor, the opinion of the noted fake, Wm. J. Burns, as well as cards from Leo Frank. By all means when you publish a sketch on the first page of your paper and refer to a continuation of same on another page, please do not omit the continuation. We regret that you have adopted the expression of one side and not the other. We desire to assure you that we care nothing for your opinions and the opinions of Wm. J. Burns in reference to the case, but as we have paid you for your paper, we believe that we are entitled to the news.  
 Very truly,

- H. L. Conner, C. E. Almand, J. F. Wiley, C. W. Butler, J. P. Upshaw, E. M. Herndon, L. A. Malcolm, J. L. Hernton, A. Ernest, C. M. Haralson, W. P. Taylor, H. H. Herndon, L. L. Tucker, Sr., C. N. Roberts, G. L. Hurst, R. E. Stacy, R. L. Paine, P. Stanton, W. D. Spearman, M. D. Matthew Williams, W. T. Crawley, N. B. Spence, M. D., H. E. Dunaway, C. W. Miller, J. M. Hurst, H. Beavers, W. T. Patrick, A. E. Pahl, W. H. Wiley, T. M. Wofford, H. P. Spence, C. T. Wiley, W. L. Lane, C. H. Hackett, W. C. Stanton, T. H. Sawyer, C. A. Crowley, E. S. Herndon, G. M. Duval, O. N. Stanton, O. R. Lindsey, W. F. Young, H. L. Howe, B. A. Clegg, J. B. Avery, T. Stanton, J. W. Hanson, W. B. Spearman, J. J. Campbell, J. M. Langford, C. A. Banks, J. P. Freeman, J. B. H. Day, M. D., P. B. Knox, L. Shepherd, J. L. Williams, J. D. McDowell, W. D. Bailey, W. L. Wallace, G. W. Yarborough, J. H. Reeves, C. W. Williams, C. R. Phillips, B. Davis, W. D. Dolvin, J. M. Riley, T. H. Adams, R. B. Garrison, G. E. Doster, E. G. Mathis, Jas. A. Mobley, W. B. Fitzpatrick, R. D. Campbell, Lloyd, Perry Hilliard, M. M. Chamblee, Albert C. Cheek, A. L. Fry, O. S. Haralson, J. O. Hollis, W. M. Langston, C. W. Beeland, J. W. Lang, E. L. Almand, W. L. Par-

## DOESN'T THINK MUCH OF BOASTFUL BURNS.

My Dear Mr. Watson: I want to thank and compliment you again on your logical explanation of the Frank case in your last issue of The Jeffersonian. I will say I thought you fully explained the case in your editorial of March 19th, but my, my, in your issue of April the 9th. I am by you as I was by old Dr. Calhoun, it looks as though God should let such men live always for the good they are doing the poor and the

country in general. May He spare your life for years and years to come so we, the blind, may be able to see. If Detective Burns will read your version of himself he can get an idea of what the majority of the people think of him in connection with the Frank case. The paper boys in Atlanta this morning would just hold up a paper and hollow Jeff, the people on the streets would almost run over each other for fear it was the last copy the boy had. Long live The Jeffersonian.  
 Sincerely yours,  
 Georgia. READER.

## BUILDING UP IN ATLANTA.

Dear Sir: Being so favorably impressed with your heroic defense of true Americanism and your fearless fight against the Roman Catholic church and your ringing criticism of the methods being used in the interest of Leo Frank, we have fallen in love with the matchless Watson, and have set out to contribute our mite in the cause he espouses in the way of doing a little missionary work by sending in a few subscriptions to your valuable papers.  
 You will therefore, please find enclosed the sum of \$6.50 for which I will ask you to cause to be enrolled on your subscription list the names of the citizens of our city on the accompanying sheet.  
 Wishing you every success you so richly deserve and with my hearty best wishes,  
 I am yours truly,  
 Atlanta, Ga. FREE PRESS.

## THE FRANK CASE, AS THE AVERAGE HONEST MAN SEES IT.

Dear Sir: Enclosed find check for \$18.50 to cover subscription list which I also enclose. I endorse ever line of your editorial of the 9th inst, with reference to the Leo Frank case. I know it is the ablest document that I have ever read. It will do an immense amount of good and make you thousands of friends. How strange it is that there are preachers in Atlanta that are anxious to have the verdict of the jury that tried this red handed murderer set aside, also, to ignore the decision of the Supreme Court of Georgia. These preachers are sowing seed which will bring a harvest of mob law in this State. Ninety-five per cent of the people in this section are satisfied that Leo Frank murdered little Mary Phagan. If Jim Conley had not got full of bust-head liquor he would have gone back to the pencil factory and helped Frank burn the body of little Mary Phagan. If Frank and Conley had carried out their devilish plot, no one would have ever known what became of that poor girl. Her dear mother would be wondering where is my precious girl tonight. Every day and every hour that dear mother would be hoping and expecting some word from her dear child. But Jim Conley getting too drunk to go back and help Frank burn little Mary's body has obliterated all hope that dear mother would have had of seeing her dear child again in this life. Liquor, liquor! Man's worst enemy and the Devil's best friend, has proved a blessing in this case. It will be the cause of justice being meted out to one of the most villainous murderers that ever walked the streets of Atlanta. Thousands and tens of thousands of dollars have been and is still being spent, no doubt, in buying newspapers, false witnesses and the alwise W. J. Burns, in order to shift the crime of Leo Frank on Jim Conley. Keep turning on the light Mr. Watson, you are doing more good than any hundred men in Georgia. Your great work is not appreciated as it ought to be, but it will be appreciated in coming years. Maybe after you have gone to your reward. You are advocating a righteous cause

and I am glad of this scripture, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven, for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you."  
 Your friend,  
 Georgia. C. L. BUTLER.

## "THE FRANK ARTICLES WERE IN DEFENSE OF LAW."

Dear Sir: Enclosed find my check for \$1.85 in payment of one years subscription to Watson's Magazine and the Weekly Jeffersonian. When ever my subscription expires just make sight draft on me for amount, I do not wish to miss any publication.  
 Your article on the Frank case in defense of our lower and highest courts in the execution of justice regardless of the standing of social and money influence of the criminal, will be applauded by the true and the brave of the Southland.

All this delay and bullragging is only trying to change the rightful indignation of the public, as this is their only hope for a further consideration for Frank, and they would sell their birthright rather than suffer the defeat that the youthful Dorsey has put over them.

Burns had his man on the case before Frank was tried. The people are on to Burns' flim flam game.

The beautiful little Phagan girl, as expressed by the Jews, "she was only a factory girl," was not that by choice, and I deplore the conditions of our girls who have to accept such places under the dictates of a Jew boss, and for the paltry sum of \$4.00 or \$5.00 a week.

The good people all over this land were beginning to think that money would overrule justice in the end—as there was a lull, a hush, a silence as they wondered could it be possible.

But the champion for the cause of justice and peoples' rights, at the

opportune time has spoken through the columns of the Jeffersonian and our people see behind it the importance of the demand that justice be done. I beg to subscribe myself sincerely your friend.  
 Ga. DR. R. F. INGRAM.

## THE FRANK CASE: A MUCH NEEDED LAW.

Dear Sir: Everybody is incensed that the State of Georgia allowed Detective Burns for a money consideration, to come to Georgia and tamper with witnesses. Allow me to suggest that you advocate a law being passed making it an offense to do this in the future, and also an offense for a witness to change his testimony after he has been discharged. Everybody knows that money will save Frank's neck, and no rich man will ever be convicted in Georgia again.

Yours truly,  
 Ga. SAML. LENNYSTON.

## MORE APPRECIATED COMMENTATION.

Dear Sir: My hat is off to you for the exposition and criticism in the Leo Frank murder case, as I read it in the Macon Daily News.

Yours truly,  
 Ga. W. W. ANDERSON.

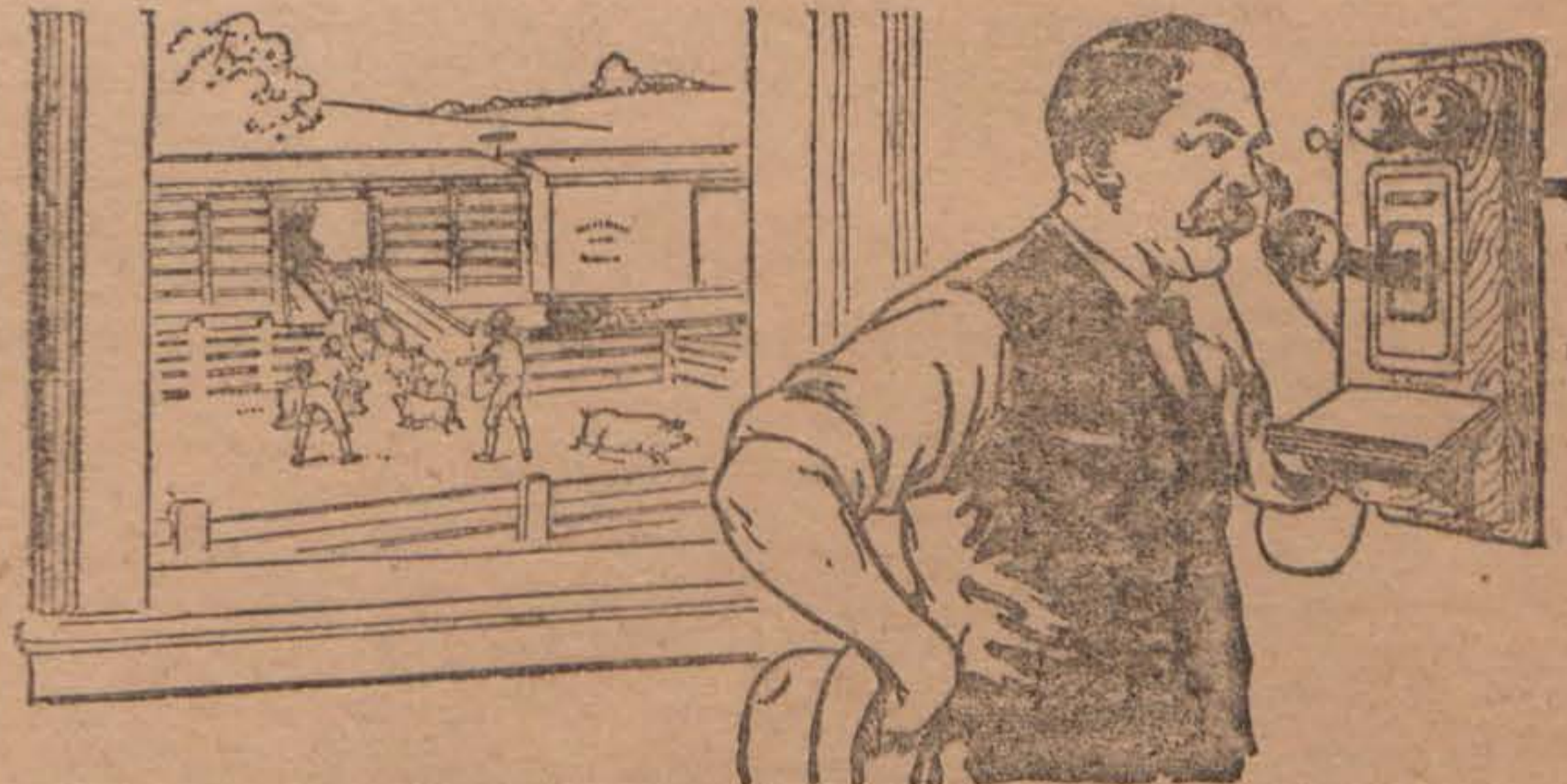
## SECURED LIST IN SHORT TIME.

Dear Sir: Below I hand you a list of subscriptions for the Jeffersonian, which I secured in a short time, making my second club in the last few days. After reading this week's issue on the Frank case, I felt that I owed it to you, and I would like to have every loyal citizen of our fair State read it.

I may have to send another club next week if I find another article so much in accord with my views on this subject.

Sincerely yours,  
 Ga. D. P. CLEVELAND.

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



## Sold Hogs by Telephone

A South Carolina farmer had a large number of hogs which were ready to kill. The weather was so warm that killing was out of the question.

He went to his telephone, called a dealer in Columbia over Long Distance and sold his hogs at a good price. He then called the local freight office and arranged for shipment.

The telephone is now a necessity on the farm. You can have one on your farm at small cost.

See the nearest Bell Telephone Manager or send a postal for our free booklet.

FARMERS' LINE DEPARTMENT  
**SOUTHERN BELL TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY**  
 114 S. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.



When writing to advertisers, please mention The Jeffersonian.

all human beings. Every farmer, every merchant, every employer, and every lawyer knows their phenomenal tendency to lie, even when the truth would serve them better.

If anything more monstrous can be imagined than Conley's blurring out his crime, and the exact place of the crime, and the sex of his victim, it would be the alleged counter-question of the other imaginary coon:

"Who all was there?"

Who all was there—when I stole those chickens.

Who all was there—when I made off with that shoat.

Who all was there—when I set fire to that gin-house.

Who all was there—when "I killed a girl at The National Pencil Factory."

And then the cap to the climax—"Nobody was there but Mr. Frank, and I am not certain whether he was there or not."

In other words, "nobody was there but Mr. Frank, and Mr. Frank wasn't there, so far as I know."

Atlanta negroes have become suspiciously formal in referring to white men. Down this way, it's the negro who is Mister, and it's the white man who has no handle to his name. With us, it is the colored lady who reigns in the kitchen, and it is the white woman that lives in the house.

Your contempt for such "newly discovered evidence" as Burns has expensively collected in this case does not exceed that of Burns, Rosser, Arnold and Phillips—for in spite of this "newly discovered evidence" the most persistent, most unfair, and most unwarranted efforts have been made to get the State's witnesses to take back what they swore to at the trial.

It is one of the soundest and most universal principles of the Law of Evidence that an attempt to suppress evidence is itself an evidence of guilt.

Frank and his lawyers, and his Great Detective have used every possible means to get the evidence out of the way.

We know some of the extraordinary and illegal methods they have used; and we are justified in suspecting that they have done other things that have not come to light—and never will.

And all of this is done, for what?

To defeat the Law, and to save guilt from punishment.

Had Leo Frank been the son of Mary Phagan's mother, and Mary Phagan the daughter of Leo Frank's father, the verdict of that jury, affirmed by our Supreme Court, would have sent him to the same doom that those three Jewish gunmen suffered in New York—their crime being one of simple murder done upon a man who was himself a criminal.

But Frank has Big Money on his side: he can buy a whole Detective agency after his legal conviction: he can put a muzzle on all the Atlanta papers; he can buy the most violent editorials in his favor; nobody can print a word on the other side: therefore, he airily expresses his confidence in his going scot free—leaving his little victim in her untimely grave.

A daughter of the people, of the common clay, of the blouse and the overall, of those who eat bread in the sweat of the face, and who, in so many instances are the chattel slaves of a sordid Commercialism that has no milk of human kindness in its heart of stone!

Such was Mary Phagan.

It remains to be seen whether Big Money can liberate the perverted monster who sacrificed her—and who will sacrifice others like her, if he ever gets the chance.

God help our State, if our people can tamely endure what Big Money is trying to do for the criminal who acts upon the idea that the poor have no rights which the rich are bound to respect.

## Please Urge Some Roman Catholic to Answer This Question.

IN the city of New Orleans there is a Romanist paper which calls itself *The Morning Star*. It is the official organ of Archbishop Blenk, one of the Italian pope's most principal trustees.

On page 5, of the *Star* for April 18, 1914, I discover a testimonial on the red wine question which reads as follows:

### BEAULIEU MASS WINES.

Patsors will be interested in the announcement that the agency for the Mass Wines of the Beaulieu Vineyards has been accepted by N. Frey Co., Ltd., 1031 Decatur Street, and that they may be produced there. The following letters are self-explanatory:

### ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE,

1205 Esplanade Ave.

New Orleans, La., March 26, 1914.

N. Frey, Limited,

1031 Decatur Street,

New Orleans, La.

Dear Sirs: I am happy to learn that you have accepted the agency for the sale of Mass Wines produced by the Beaulieu Vineyards of Rutherford, California. As these wines are made under the personal supervision of a priest, appointed for this purpose by His Grace, the Archbishop of San Francisco, there can be no doubt as to their absolute purity.

At this time, when it is so difficult to obtain pure wines for the Holy Sacrifice, I think it particularly fortunate for this diocese that there is an agency of the Beaulieu Vineyard in New Orleans and that it was placed in such safe and reliable hands as yours. I do not hesitate to recommend you to the Reverend Clergy, and I sincerely hope that they will avail themselves of the opportunity you offer them of securing a quality of wine for the altar about the use of which they need have no scruples.

I give you full permission to use this letter in soliciting the patronage of the clergy for your altar wines.

Very sincerely yours,

JAMES H. BLENK,

Archbishop of New Orleans.

### ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL,

1100 Franklin Street,

San Francisco, Cal.

To Whom It May Concern:

I take pleasure in stating that Rev. D. O. Crowley, Superior of St. Joseph's Agricultural Institute, Rutherford, Napa County, California, has been appointed by me to supervise the making of pure wine for altar purposes.

I commend the wine made under his supervision at Beaulieu Vineyard, to the Reverend Clergy, and vouch for its absolute purity.

Yours sincerely,

P. J. RIORDAN,

Archbishop of San Francisco.

Special permission to use this letter from Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco, Cal.

Now, my countrymen, the question I rise to ask is this

If, at the altar the priest changes the wine to Christ's blood before drinking it, why is he so blamed particular about the quality of the wine?

Christ's blood is surely not dependent on the brand of the grape juice.

Christ's blood must of necessity have a fixed quality, if it exists at all.

Do they mean to say, that, if the wine is thin and sour, Christ's blood will be thin and sour?

In the old days, the congregated Catholics helped the priest to drink that blood.

Later on the priest began to need it all, for his own spiritual refreshment.

Therefore, it has been centuries since the congregated Catholics got any of the blood. The priest chunks Christ's body into their mouths, and then he himself takes the cup and empties it.

Now, you will see from the notice in Archbishop Blenk's *Star*, that a priest superintends the making of the wine.

Why should he do that, if a miracle is to turn it into blood?

To a sane man it appears as though the priests take all this trouble about the goodness of the wine, because they love to drink the best wine.

If what they drink out of the cup is Christ's blood, I cannot see why they should bother so much about the wine.

Blood is blood: wine is wine: isn't it so?

Yet the foot-kissers who say they drink blood, are awfully particular about the wine.

## The Good News From Harris to T. E. W.

IT affords me joy to acknowledge a letter addressed to "Mr. Thomas E. Watson, Editor, Jeffersonian, Thomson, Ga."

It purports to arrive from Washington, D. C., and is signed "Wm. J. Harris."

Mr. Harris, I understand, is connected with Census-taking to the extent of six thousand dollars a year, a portion of which I pay, whether I like it, or not.

Mr. Harris marks his letter "Personal," for reasons which I am at a loss to fathom.

He has no acquaintance with me, except such as he may have gathered from a perusal of this paper.

If he has perused it with any care at all, he must have suspected that the manner in which he helped to defraud the people of Georgia, at the Macon Convention of 1912, is a memory which I have nursed with considerable tenacity.

Mr. Harris has been quoted in his friendly newspapers as saying that he would ask the permission of the Federal Government to run for Governor of Georgia; and he cannot complain of my saying his letter states that the Federal Government has consented.

I assume that the Federal Government, in this case, means Senator Hog-eye Smith.

Anyway, Harris will continue to draw his salary of \$6,000 and travelling expenses, while he runs for Governor of little old Georgia.

I presume that William J. Harris, like the Hon. John Marmalade Slaton, is a true Georgian; that he was born in Georgia, that he was nursed in Georgia, that he was spanked in Georgia, that he was schooled in Georgia, that he married in Georgia, that he has contracted the office-holding itch in Georgia, and that every pebble and every voter in Georgia are dear to his patriotic heart. Especially while the campaign is on foot.

Speaking for myself, only, I welcome Harris to the field. Let us increase the gayety of nations as much as possible.

Let every true-hearted Georgian who holds an office, keep on holding it, and run for another!

Why should anybody resign? Why be off with the old love, before getting on to the new?

T. S. Felder set a bad example: I'm glad it was not infectious.

Suppose all these candidates for office should resign, how could we run the Government?

Really, Mr. William J. Harris was altogether too delicate in asking Senator Smith and Uncle Sam for leave to run for Governor.

Let us hope that, if he should be elected Governor, he can be permitted to census-take the people at \$6,000 a year, while governing us bewildered Georgians at \$4,000 a year.

With Baldy Harris as candidate for Governor, we now know who it is that the Hog-eye man wants to succeed the Hon. Slaton.

If we can get some pointer on the question of who it is that Senator Smith wants in Bacon's place, our felicity will be well nigh complete.

Above all things, we county-unit men want to know what Senator Smith wants: then we are going to give it to him—in the neck.