

The Jeffersonian

Vol. 12, No. 29

Thomson, Ga., Thursday, July 22, 1915

Price, Five Cents

The Frank Case; John M. Slaton; A Forgery or Two; and a

SOMETIMES our memories do not put two and two together as they should; and we, therefore, lose the connection between past events which are related to one another.

For instance, neither you nor I paid as much attention as we should have done, to an item of news which quietly made its appearance in the Atlanta papers, during the month of May, 1913, to wit—

That John M. Slaton had become a member of the law firm of Luther Rosser.

I remember that it made a disagreeable impression, and that many of Slaton's friends were painfully surprised.

Rosser is well known as the coarsest of men, in language and manner; an overbearing swashbuckler, who bulldozes every man that will submit to it.

On the contrary, the idea prevailed that Slaton was a gentleman; hence those who gave him credit for being one, were astonished when he entered into so intimate a relationship as that of partner with a person of Rosser's type.

Somehow, we failed to remember that Slaton had been elected Governor at the October elections of 1912; and that Mary Phagan had been murdered in April, 1913; and that Rosser's firm had been employed on Sunday, April 27th, 1913, to defend Leo Frank—secretly employed by Haas and Montag, at a time when not a single finger

Hidden Mesh-Bag

of Gentile suspicion pointed to Frank as the man who had killed the girl.

On Monday, April 28th, Rosser appeared on the scene, as leading counsel for Frank, when Frank himself was trying to fasten the crime on Newt Lee; and when somebody, working for "the innocent martyr of race hatred," had sneaked into the negro's premises, and planted a bloody shirt in his clothes barrel!

Of course, neither Rosser nor Haas have any idea how that gory garment came to meander into Newt Lee's possession.

Rosser's employment as Frank's leading lawyer became publicly known Monday, the 28th.

Frank was not detained to await the action of the Coroner's jury until the 29th.

Of course, those noble attorneys, Rosser and Haas, and Rube Arnold, all trooped upon the stage, then.

Almost immediately afterwards, the Gov-

ernor-elect was taken into a co-partnership with Rosser!

Slaton was to be inaugurated in June, you must remember; and it would have been so excessively illegal to unite an actual governor with Frank's defense, that they had to anticipate the inauguration.

Slaton went into Rosser's firm a few days before he actually became Governor.

Now, stop and think!

A Governor cannot practice law; why, then, does he need to form a new partnership, at the very time he is about to disqualify himself for two years?

What did Luther Rosser want with a partner who could not render any legitimate service to the firm, for two whole years?

Ah, gentlemen, we are getting close to the unparalleled rascality, shame, and corruption of this case!

Let me repeat: Slaton became Governor-elect, in October, 1912; Rosser became Frank's leading lawyer during the last days of April, 1913; John M. Slaton became partner to Rosser during the latter part of May, 1913; and Slaton became Governor in June, 1913.

Of course, he and Rosser knew that his term would not expire until June, 1915.

A Governor cannot openly practice law.

Now, then—What did Slaton need with a new firm that he might never live to practice with?

(CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVEN.)

NOTICE FOR AUGUST MAGAZINE

Owing to delay in securing some photographs needed, the August issue of Watson's Magazine will be delayed a few days in mailing. The Jeffersonian Publishing Co., Thomson, Ga.

The First Year of the War

AUSTRIA was made trustee of the small Greek-Catholic provinces, Bosnia and Herzegovina, after the close of the war between Russia and Turkey, in 1878.

Being Roman Catholic, the Austrians were the very worst of Custodians for the Greek Catholics, for the hatred of the two great divisions of Catholicism dates back to the time of "the great schism."

(The bishops of Rome and of Constantinople both wanted to be the universal bishop; and as neither would give way to the other, each became universal bishop, the one in the East, and the other in the West. The Greek pope goes by the name of Patriarch, and he lives at St. Petersburg-Petrograd.)

The Jesuits govern Austria, and they covered Bosnia and Herzegovina with their emissaries, making converts to Romanism wherever possible.

Finally, Austria sent armies into the two provinces, crushed their opposition, and treated them with the utmost barbarity.

Greek Catholics were thrown out of all places of influence, and Romanists installed. These new officials were nearly all from Austria.

Having conquered the provinces, Austria annexed them to her empire, Europe being unready to protest, because Germany stood back of Austria.

Then the Jesuits began on Serbia, which is also Greek Catholic.

The poor old King of the Serbs was so intimidated by Austria that he signed a treaty with the Pope, agreeing to recognize

Romanism as the State religion, and agreeing to pay salaries to the Romanist archbishop for Belgrade, and to bishops in other cities.

Four days after old King Peter signed this humiliating paper, a young Servian shot the Austrian prince, whom the Jesuits had converted into a blind tool of their own.

Austria demanded of Servia the right to send her own officials into Servia to try the persons involved in the crime.

Servia could not do this, without abjectly surrendering her National independence.

She begged for delay, and she begged to have the matter referred to The Hague Peace Tribunal, and she agreed to everything demanded by Austria, except the exercise of judicial power in Servia, by Austria.

Germany backed her Romanist neighbor, and virtually warned all Europe to hands off, while Austria chastised all Servia for the crime of one young man—a man so young that when convicted the law did not allow him put to death.

I restate the origin of the war, in order that you may see that if Austria and Germany are now "fighting for existence," they brought it on themselves.

And when the inner secrets are revealed—as they may be some day—it will be found that the Jesuits were deceiving both the Austrian archduke and the German emperor.

It was a Pope who revived the Roman Empire of the West, after it had been dead for centuries; and it was a German who was crowned as the first Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire.

Napoleon put an end to it in 1808; and the Jesuits have never abandoned the hope of its restoration.

What a tempting bait to hold out to an ambitious Hapsburg, to be crowned by another Pope, as another Charlemagne!

And how easy to secretly bait William Hohenzollern in the same way!

"Me and God"—and the Pope; and "Me" on the throne of the Cæsars; and my army laying down the law of the spiked helmet to all Europe; and my submarines sinking every non-combatant ship—the trawler of the poor fisherman, and the passenger vessel crowded with neutrals!

The Holy Roman Empire is the dream of the Jesuits, and of the recent Popes; and the medieval ceremonies, superstitions, saints, etc., are all coming into vogue again, preliminary to a ruthless militarism which harks back to the Feudalism.

Under the Feudal system, the iron-clad man, on the mail-clad horse, was monarch; and his law was that of Might.

That is German law, today: the military caste declares with brutal frankness that Germany has the right to do anything which she considers to her interest.

When a ruling class gets into that state of mind, it is a menace to civilization.

After a year's bloody carnage, on two vast battle-fronts, what are the results?

Austria has already lost the Adriatic Sea,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE NINE.)

Sentiment of the People Regarding Frank Case

A NORTHERN MAN DENOUNCES THE FAVOR SHOWN FRANK.

Dear Sir: I was born and raised in the North, and in politics have been a stalwart Republican ever since the birth of the party. For the past twenty-five years I have lived mostly in Dixie, three years of the time in Georgia, and know its people well; was there during the entire Spanish-American war, and one of the proudest days of my life was when I saw those gallant old Rebs, Joe Wheeler and Fitzhugh Lee, in command of Yankee soldiers.

Today I see the glorious old State of Georgia with an ex-Governor it is ashamed of, and since it has become quite the fashion for outsiders to take a hand in straightening up her business for her, I do not feel that I owe you an apology for joining the procession.

Ever since the Civil War writers and speakers of the North have lectured and scolded the South for its lawless methods of dealing with certain crimes. There certainly was good cause for these lectures and their influence and effect had been most salutary, as is amply proven by the fact that, when in the end, there was committed the most monstrous and brutal outrage of the sort ever recorded, it found the people of Georgia so level-headed and self-contained, so obedient to law and the findings of its courts that even the exacting and punctilious old State of Massachusetts might well take pattern.

But I must not encroach too much on your time. You can guess what I am driving at. While you have only an ex-Governor to be ashamed of, remember there are thousands of us of Northern stock who, in connection with this affair, have a whole lot of people to be ashamed of.

I wish at the present moment that The Jeffersonian had 300,000 readers North of the Ohio River. That would be enough for a starter.

AN OLD YANKEE SOLDIER.
Fla.

RESOLUTIONS OF UNION RIDGE (GA.) CHURCH.

Whereas, On the 26th day of April, 1912, a little Gentile girl was outraged and murdered. One Leo M. Frank was accused and convicted of the crime. He, having unlimited money, carried his case through all the courts of the land to the United States Supreme Court, where he was denied any clemency; and,

Whereas, His case finally reached Gov. John M. Slaton, who set aside trial by jury, went out of the way to find new evidence whereby he could commute him to life imprisonment; therefore, be it

Resolved, By Christ Church, at Union Ridge, Butts County, Georgia, that we condemn Governor Slaton in the broadest terms, holding him up to the world as a common traitor of the blackest type;

Resolved, That by this official action of Governor Slaton Georgia has been made to bow her head in shame; he has stuck a dagger in the heart of Southern womanhood that will take a generation to outlive;

Resolved, That we demand that our honorable Prison Commission have Leo Frank removed from the Prison Farm and have him put to work at hard labor on the public roads of the State;

Resolved, That we commend Hon. Robert Davison and Hon. E. L. Rainey for their effort to uphold the honor of our women of the South;

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on the minutes of the church book so that future generations may know that Georgia had a Governor who tainted his hands and the honor of his State with blood money;

Resolved, That we feel that J. M. Slaton should do as Judas did—go and offer his thirty pieces of silver to the family of poor Mary Phagan,

then have his friend bury him in the Potter's field;

Resolved, That these resolutions be sent to the Butts County Progress and a copy to The Jeffersonian.

All of which have been unanimously adopted by the church and citizens of Union Ridge.

MISS CLARA NORSWORTHY,
T. E. FEARS, Secretary.
Chairman.

COUNTRY GIRL ON FRANK CASE.

Dear Sir: I just have to write you a few lines to tell you how much I admire your writings. I always read The Jeffersonian from cover to cover and when I read your writings on the Frank case I just can't help saying, "Three cheers for Tom Watson." I would like to know if all those men who are sending in petitions to commute Frank's sentence to life imprisonment have girls of their own. We all know that if he goes to prison it will not be long before he would be a free man, and then we girls had better prepare for the other Leo Franks that are now free. Who could have done more to prove his guilt than did his wife. Do you suppose if I had a husband and he was accused of such a crime as Leo Frank was I would stay away from him? No, a thousand times no! There's not a man on earth nor a demon in torment that would have kept me from him. Well, it's high time the people were opening their eyes, so thinks this little

Ga. COUNTRY LASSIE.

ATHENS AND CLARK COUNTY FOLK BOYCOTT JEWS.

On account of the fact that the many Jews here contributed largely to secure the liberation or stay of sentence of Leo Frank, the Gentiles have begun a systematic boycott.

A wholesale and retail firm of Micheal Brothers are feeling it in their dry goods business.

A wholesale and retail firm of shoe dealers, composed of Louie Funkenstein, Sol Boley, Ike Boley, Sid Boley, and other Jews, who have been operating under the Gentile firm name of Johnson Shoe Company, have been notified by Gentile merchants to keep out of their places of business, and cancel orders.

Farmers in that section and other working people refuse to buy from merchants who handle the brands of goods carrying these Jew trade marks, and will not patronize merchants who buy from these Jewish firms.

In other words, the people of Georgia have determined that the vast slush fund given by the Jews all over Georgia to defeat the ends of justice, and make a joke and laughing matter of Georgia people and Georgia laws, will lose many times more than they gave for the cause of saving the neck of Leo Frank from justice.

All other Jews in any kind of business in Athens are feeling the coldness and antagonism they have wrought, visiting upon themselves, that which they might have expected.

Thousands here want you to run for next Governor.

C. W. CARR.

FROM AN OLD CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

Dear Sir: I am an old Confederate 71 years old, and was wounded in the Battle of Atlanta July 22, 1864. I have just read "The Old Paths— and the New Path Taken by the Frank Case." I shall go out today and try to raise a club for The Jeff; if I fail, will send in my dollar at once. I let my subscription run out about a year ago, but my son has been sending me his for the last few weeks. I take the tri-Weekly Constitution to get the news, but I want The Jeffersonian to get the truth.

Not a lawyer or judge; not a man or woman in this parish who read

the testimony in the Frank case but what pronounced him guilty. The Louisiana papers can lie as well as the Atlanta papers. If Slaton is run out of Georgia and wants congenial associates, let him go to Mexico. We don't want him to even pass through the State of Louisiana. You shall hear from me again before long.

Yours truly
La. JOHN C. BAIRD.

A NORTH GEORGIA MOTHER.

Dear Sir: I feel like I must write you and express my sentiment on the Frank case. I have read every word you have written on the subject, and if I had not been convinced of his guilt before, I certainly would have, after reading the facts in The Jeffersonian. I have never believed in mob violence, but the Governor (Jack Slaton) has set the example. He has defied all the courts, trampled on the law. Now what are the people to do when a leader—the head of the State—does this? Are the men of Georgia going to let this crime go unpunished? What are we mothers going to depend on? I have four daughters, and I shudder to think of them growing up in a State where a crime like this goes unpunished. I shall always be very much disappointed, and regret that I live in a state that has been so disgraced.

Thanking you for the stand you have taken on the subject, I am,
Very respectfully,

Ga. A MOTHER.

THEY STOP TAKING HEARST'S "GEORGIAN."

Atlanta, Ga., June 30, 1915.

Editor The Georgian,

Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sir: We, the undersigned, who for several years have been subscribers, strong admirers and supporters of your paper, have this date discontinued our subscriptions, same being delivered by carriers to our office, 618 Austell Building, and think that we can faithfully promise that not another copy of the "Georgian" shall ever enter our respective homes.

In this connection, beg to ask why it is that you have so suddenly "fopped" over and become such a strong believer in the innocence of one Leo M. Frank, and why it is you are now trying to justify the recent action of Georgia's ex-Governor (?), while heretofore it has appeared that

you have staunchly favored upholding the laws of the State of Georgia and of the United States. In Tuesday's issue you have devoted an entire page to the upholding of ex-Governor (?) "Jack" Slaton's decision, which understood and generally believed to have been purchased. At any rate everybody knows there's a "nigger in the wood pile" somewhere.

We are very sorry, indeed, to lose what we have heretofore considered a friend, but we can never again place any confidence in anything appearing in the "Georgian," and we are no longer alone in our views.

Yours truly,

O. D. KEOWN,
J. T. LINSEY,
B. L. McINTOSH,
L. S. UPSHAW.

BACKWOODSMAN FRIEND OF OURS.

Dear Sir: I presume you will be surprised to hear from a backwoodsman, but I have been reading what I consider a very able defense of the law and the State of Georgia in The Jeffersonian until I feel like it is the duty of every decent lover of virtue who has the safety of their own families and the dignity of the law at heart to speak out, however feeble the voice. Therefore I write to contribute my gratitude to you for the able and willing stand you have fearlessly taken. However, it is rather late in the game to have the desired effect. Of Frank's guilt there is no more question in my mind than there is that the sun shines, and my firm belief is that were it possible for Frank to be subjected to the methods once employed to cause men to tell the truth; people who so arrogantly protest his innocence would hear Leo Frank say, "Yes, I killed little innocent Mary Phagan to save my own disgrace."

Hoping The Jeffersonian may live long, with you as its champion, for righteousness, truth and justice, am, yours very truly,

Ga. W. J. DUNCAN.

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

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

Send a Club of Ten, at 50c Each

AND GET

The Weekly Jeffersonian

FOR ONE YEAR.

Mr. Watson will touch on every phase of the Financial, Religious, Political questions, which are of so great importance to our people. Every issue of THE WEEKLY JEFFERSONIAN is a live one.

The Jeffersonian Publishing Company
Thomson, Georgia.

NEW EDITION OF **NAPOLEON**

By THOS. E. WATSON

THIS BOOK IS REGARDED AS A STANDARD,
BY EMINENT SCHOLARS

Limited Edition

PRICE, \$1.50.

THE JEFFERSONIAN PUB. CO., Thomson, Ga.

WHAT SOME OF THE NORTH FELT.

Dear Sir: Please allow a Yankee space enough in your valuable paper to say that a wrong impression has gone out regarding the feeling existing in the North. I read your paper when I get the chance, and admire the way you stick up for the right. While it is true that a lot of people in the North, who have never mingled with the good people of the South, are under the wrong impression as to how these people conduct themselves, yet when they come here and meet the people, the "curtain is lifted," and they appreciate the many things they have to contend with. And to my mind the South has been criticised, when, if the Northern people only knew the true state of affairs, they never would raise their voice.

I live in New York, and a glance at the papers will show you how criminals are dealt with in my State. Becker is to die in the electric chair for instigating the murder of a gambler. In your State (God knows my head is bowed in grief with the good people of Georgia, for I have mingled with them and have learned to love them) a Governor, either for gold or thinking he would not receive the universal condemnation of his people, and tie all the Jews to his political string, has let a murderer and rapist live. He did this in the face of all the courts of this grand old State, and without any reason therefor.

My stomach was made to feel weak when I read in the papers today where he had the effrontery to remark, when he handed the Seal of State to his successor: "This Seal has not been abused while, in my charge." If he felt that all the best people are with him, why make the statement? Why try to make the bums and riff-raff take notice? Their opinion does not amount to anything, and they are not in the majority, thank God. No, deep down in his sinful soul he felt the pangs of guilt. His reference to Jesus Christ is shameful. Would he have the people compare Leo Frank to Jesus (that good man without any faults whom the Jews crucified)? Anyone who knows anything about the Bible knows that Jesus Christ was not accused of murder or rape.

Slaton's successor must be a great and good man. He could not say anything in his speech in behalf of his unworthy predecessor, so he doubtless stretched his charity enough to say nothing at all upon the Frank subject. Doubtless, he felt that too much has been said, and doubtless he feels that his State has been outraged. He only used one sentence which might be construed as having any bearing on the awful case. He said: "Let us hope we may have no more trouble." Possibly he meant, let us have the law enforced, and thereby avoid a recurrence of this awful and willful nullification of the law.

Let not the man who has sold himself be fooled into thinking that all those who might not say anything are siding with him. Let him not think that he is held in respect by good Jews. Like Benedict Arnold, he will be despised by those who bought him and will die in ignominy and shame. He brought it all upon himself, and he has himself alone to blame. He occupied a position which he could have gracefully gotten around if he had passed the case on to his successor. But when the Hon. Nat Harris said that only the interests of Georgia would be considered, Frank's lawyers knew there was no hope for him except through a man who was willing to say to the world: "The grand jury, the petit jury, the Supreme Court of Georgia, the Supreme Court of the United States, and the Prison Commission of Georgia tried to commit murder. I have more sense than all of them, I am clean, and they are criminal; so I will save Frank."

I have been interested in this case from the day the crime was committed, and have been able to reach a decision unbiased, and I can't see (and I don't believe) there is an honest man in the world who kept up

with it as closely as I have who does not know that Frank is guilty beyond any reasonable hypothesis. This case does not bring reproach upon our State, and I shall not feel that Georgia is degraded, for her courts have done their duty. It was only the mistake in having a corrupt Governor which she has a right to feel regret and shame over.

In conclusion, please let me beg the good people of Georgia not to feel that the people of the North, as a whole, condone such a traitorous action as the Governor of Georgia has been guilty of. Respectfully,
M. M. ANDREWS.

AN OLD WARREN COUNTY (GA.) FRIEND WRITES.

Dear Tom: We commenced our journeys through life about the same time—in the year 1855; was born and raised not over fifteen or twenty miles apart. I first knew you in the early '60s, hence I have known you something like half a century: Our chances and opportunities were about the same; neither of us had any money to begin with. You have made a wonderful success of life, and now enjoy not only a National reputation, but are known extensively abroad, while I have made an entire failure. For over half a century I have watched your career very closely and with great interest indeed, and as we together grow old, the greater that interest is becoming until today I regard you as one of the cleanest, bravest and brainiest men on this continent.

I have always voted for you when an opportunity presented itself, although I have disagreed with you on several political issues, simply on account of short-sightedness and want of grey matter in the upper story. Time has proven that you were right and I was in error.

I have been wanting to write, a long time, a congratulatory letter on your success in life, but have been reticent and tardy on account of the great difference in our spheres of life and have been afraid to tackle you, but since reading your several articles on the Frank case, I can stand it no longer. Being a native of Georgia, the Empire State of the South, it does my heart good to know that there is still one man left within her boundaries who is not ashamed or afraid to publicly defend her. In my humble judgment, this was one of the blackest crimes that ever occurred within her domain.

I was really betting on Jack Slaton, but he has fooled me in commuting this sentence. Jack has virtually said, "I believe Frank is guilty, but he is a Hebrew with some moneyed friends and I, therefore, commute his sentence." Now, if he is guilty, hanging is entirely too good for him; he should be roasted alive, and if he is not guilty he should be absolutely turned loose, a free man while he says that he has washed his hands of this man's blood. They are still deeply stained with the life blood of little Mary Phagan, the martyred maiden who died in defense of her virtue and honor. Though dead, she has left an example and record worthy of the emulation of every maiden of the State against the onslaughts and insults of such beastly characters as Frank. The little cordon of militia may be instrumental in protecting Slaton from the wrath of weak men, and he may possibly sneak out of Atlanta under the cover of darkness at the midnight hour, unharmed, and become lost in oblivion to the people of Georgia, but whether he is among the Alpine Rocks, Arabian sands or Polar snow, the eye of the Omnipotent will ever be upon him, for there is a Higher Power that controls the destinies of men, who will see to it that both restitution and retribution is justly dealt with to each of his kind for such deeds against whom the army and navy of the world would cut no ice and with whom all the boodle of the earth would have no effect. No doubt remorse has already set up in his conscience, if he has one; if he is void of which no doubt he is, this same power can re-

establish the same in him, and such a thing as peace of conscience will never be with him again.

"Be sure your sins will find you out; Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord. Yours most respectfully,
Fla. W. C. HEATH.

CONSTANCY OF FRIENDS REWARDED.

Dear Sir: You deserve the love of every father and mother in Georgia for your heroic defense of our people against the slanders of the North, and for your splendid championship of our courts in the face of a bold and outrageous conspiracy to bring them into contempt.

Your editorials on the Frank case, from its awful beginning to the shameful ending, represent the best work that has been done by any pen in ancient or modern literature.

The constancy of your friends has been rewarded by the late recognition of your enemies, many of whom openly admit that in Tom Watson Georgia boasts her greatest citizen, and America her greatest thinker.

The vile criticism of Puck, whose editor is more filthy than the vultures he cartoons, can not disturb your place in the hearts of patriotic Georgians.

BENJAMIN M. BLACKBURN.
Atlanta, Ga.

"He loved the birds—may they sing sweetly where he rests. He loved the trees and flowers—may the leaves whisper while he sleeps and the flowers bloom above his couch."

From "Uncle Remus Is Dead," in Watson's Prose Miscellanies, second edition. Price \$1.00. THE JEFFS, Thomson, Ga.

REWARD.

The undersigned will pay a reward of \$25.00 for the arrest of Robert Floyd, colored, an escape from Glascock County chain gang. Description: Height, 6 feet, 2 inches; weight, about 200 pounds; color, rather bright mulatto; sore on right leg, below knee. Arrest, and notify
H. G. SAMMONS,
Gibson, Ga.

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

Wanted, at Once
Hustling Local
Monumental Salesman

Experience unnecessary. Thoroughly responsible essential. Easy work during spare time among your neighbors. Help yourself, benefit your neighbor. To parties interested, we are only too anxious to give full particulars and contract. Write to-day lest you forget.

COGGINS MARBLE COMPANY
400 Main Street, CANTON, GA.

THE FOOL-KILLER

The hottest and funniest paper on earth. Written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup. It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope. Death to fools, rascals and hypocrites. Monthly, 50c a year. SPECIAL OFFER: Send ten cents and ten names and get it a year for your trouble. THE FOOL-KILLER, 16 A St., Moravian Falls, N. C.

HIGH CLASS MEN for the United States Consular Service. Positions of high social prestige and unequalled opportunities, making a dignified career. Write for particulars and free offer. Esoteric Library Bureau, Atlanta, Ga.

Two Recent Additions to the Roman Catholic Historical Series of
THOS. E. WATSON

"The Italian Pope's Campaign Against the Constitutional Rights of American Citizens."

Pamphlet, 14 pages, well printed, clear type; postpaid, 10c.

"What Goes On in the Nunneries?"

Pamphlet, well printed, illustrated, 11 pages; postpaid, 10c.

Where it is desired to circulate these pamphlets, special prices will be made.

Jeffersonian Publishing Company
Thomson, Ga.

Prices Reduced on Two of the
Most Popular Works

BY

Thos. E. Watson

BETHANY

A STORY of the home life on the Watson plantation, and running through it a love theme—true story of an uncle of Thos. E. Watson, who enlisted, came back from the war wounded and broken in health.

Beautifully bound in cloth, gilt lettered, profusely illustrated from photographs.

Battle of Waterloo

THE LATEST and completest description of this great battle, which sent Napoleon to St. Helena, to die like a caged lion on a barren rock, in the midst of the sea.

Beautifully bound in cloth, gilt lettered, best paper and type.

Price, \$1.00 Each

Postpaid

Jeffersonian Publishing Company,
THOMSON, GEORGIA

The Frank Case; John M. Slaton; A Forgery or Two; and a Hidden Mesh-Bag.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.)

Do men form co-partnerships in law, in ore-keeping, in banking, in saw-milling, or in farming, when the law makes it impossible for the firm to do business until after two years?

What would you think of two doctors who made a compact, in May, 1913, to begin co-partnership practice, after June, 1915?

What would you think of two mercantile men who signed up a contract for an immediate partnership, when you knew that one of the partners was laboring under a legal disability that would incapacitate him for two years?

Who wants a partner now, that cannot act as partner until two years hence?

What was Slaton's need of Rosser, in May, 1913, when Slaton knew that he could not openly act with Rosser, until after June, 1915?

And what was Rosser's need of Slaton, when he knew he could not openly use Slaton until two years had expired?

Gentlemen, the longer your minds rest upon that transaction, the blacker it seems. How could Slaton prophetically look forward, two years, and see that a partnership with the noble Rosser would then be desirable?

Many things can happen in two years—Slaton and Rosser now realize.

Slaton has had to flee the State, and Rosser and Haas may have to follow.

Burns had to flee the State, and C. W. Burke may have to follow.

Men who debauch a great State as that Georgia has done, ought not to be tolerated—the shame which weighs on us most, is not that one guilty beast escaped just punishment, but that a band of men, just as bad at heart as Frank is, debauched our grand old State, gagged the daily papers except in Macon, defiled the pulpits of some churches, swept aside the decisions of our judges, trampled upon the righteous verdict of an honest jury, made us the object of a national crusade of malicious lies, and left an indelible stain upon our gubernatorial record.

In comparison to all this, we care little about Frank himself: what overwhelms us is that we now know what it is to have a vile, secret, irresistible corruption beslime our whole State, and cover us with a sense of impotent humiliation.

Much as we abhor Leo Frank, and his hideous crime, we abhor still more the secret and corruptive powers that unfettered him; or we realize that what has been done once, may be done again, and we dread the consequences.

Our people are not going to stand much more!

WHY DID ROSSER NEED SLATON?

When Rosser took a partner whom he could not legitimately use for two years, he knew that Frank was guilty.

Rosser hurriedly formed the partnership, before Slaton's inauguration, because he knew that to form it afterwards, would give the whole thing away.

If Rosser did not need Slaton for the Frank case, what did he need him for?

If Rosser's furtive, clandestine visit to Slaton's house, at midnight (a few hours after the Prison Commission had decided against Frank) did not mean a final conference between the partners—as to how to snare the commutation, and how to sneak their client out of Atlanta, and how to protect Slaton himself from popular vengeance

—what was the midnight conference about?

Everything possible had been done to save Slaton's face; and nearly all that was done, had that purpose in view.

The extraordinary motion for a new trial; the efforts to use W. M. Smith, Conley's lawyer; the appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States; the employment of hack-writers; the spectacular invasion of the Chicago lollywops; the application to the Prison Commission—all this was pulled off, not because it really amounted to anything in itself, but because it tended to relieve Slaton of odium, and to make him a hero with the hysterical, the sentimental, and the deluded; and with the rich Jews, who were determined that no man of their race should be strangled for strangling a Gentile.

Having played out the game to the very last card, the partners, Rosser and Slaton, met clandestinely, to plan the final scene; and, as it afterwards transpired, they did not plan it any too well.

The rich Jews of Atlanta tooted their horns of triumph prematurely; and the Banquet of Victory was celebrated too soon.

Slaton himself talked too much, and too many different ways; and he involved himself in such a welter of lies, that nobody knew what to believe.

OTHER CRIMINAL METHODS EMPLOYED.

There isn't an intelligent man in the State who doesn't believe that it took mole-work of the darkest kind to keep Dan Lehon from going to the penitentiary, for the bribing of C. B. Ragsdale, and E. L. Barber.

And everybody in Atlanta knows how C. W. Burke, the private detective of Slaton's law firm, tried to buy some of the white witnesses, and intimidate some of the others.

The Jeffersonian called Governor Slaton's attention, last summer, to the conduct of his man Burke, and to Burke's use of Slaton's private office; but Slaton made no sign.

The official record shows how the Burns detectives intimidated and corrupted Duffy and Epps: it also shows how they attempted to buy off R. P. Barrett, and Mattie Smith.

The official record shows how Frank's cook told her husband about what she had overheard in Frank's home, about his wild drinking, his confession, and his calling for his pistol, Saturday night, after he murdered the girl; and the record shows that somebody scared off, or bought off this cook.

The official record shows that somebody forged a time slip for the Saturday night of the crime; and that this forged slip gave Newt Lee an hour out of the pencil factory, during which time he could have gone home and changed his clothes.

The official record shows that somebody not only made a gracious gift of a bloody shirt to Newt, but dropped blood around the scuttle hole, after Harry Scott had examined the place carefully, and had passed light all over it, and failed to find any marks of any kind.

The official record shows that notes in Jim Conley's name were forged by a white man, and palmed off as genuine letters of Jim to Annie Maud Carter.

And I don't believe there can be found a corporal's guard of unbiased men in Georgia who believe that the alleged letter of Judge Roan is anything more than another forgery.

Judge Roan's signature is plentiful in the court papers in Atlanta, and there are numbers of his signatures in this particular case.

Any crook could easily imitate the signature, or make a stencil from one of the numerous genuine signatures.

To secure some of the stationery of the sanitarium, was not at all difficult. For that matter, any print shop could duplicate it.

The lawyers could do the rest—such law-years as were handling this case.

They never dared to give the faked epistle a date; and they never dared to produce it until Judge Roan was dead.

Slaton has been telling the Northern people that Judge Roan wrote him a letter, begging him to commute the sentence.

He has no such letter, never had such a letter, and knows that John W. Moore, and Luther Rosser never had such a letter.

Neither Arthur Powell, nor Rosser, nor Moore, nor Slaton, ventured to use Judge Roan as a tool in their own nefarious work, until death had sealed Judge Roan's lips.

It was a foul, foul thing to do! Here was a conscientious man, who was aware of his approaching end: he devotes anxious hours to the study of all the points in the case, because Frank's lawyers say he had committed many errors during the progress of the trial.

He goes over the record, but cannot find that he erred: he tells his pastor so; and on his farewell visit to his daughter in Florida, he says the same thing.

Our Supreme Court carefully considers these alleged errors of Judge Roan, and fails to find them.

The case travels to the Supreme Court of the United States; and, again, no error in law, on Judge Roan's part, is found.

Just Judge! Upright man!

I have never known a trial magistrate, in so great a case, involving so many questions, to be so extensively reviewed, and so magnificently sustained.

After this unusual and glorious vindication, Judge Roan passes away; and in less than three months here come his friends (Arthur Powell, Luther Rosser, John W. Moore, and John M. Slaton) robbing Judge Roan of the laurels with which two great legal tribunals had crowned him!

Well might Judge Roan have exclaimed, "Save me from my friends!"

IS BURNS TO BEGIN AGAIN?

It is rumored that William J. Burns will visit Frank at the State Farm, this week, but as one of the convicts has nearly cut Frank's head off, the Burns visit may be postponed.

The Haas Finance Committee would be well advised, if it did not resume its campaign against the State of Georgia, and if it did not re-import Burns.

If that villain comes back here, to renew his work of buying evidence, and manufacturing the same, he will do so at the imminent risk of never leaving the State alive.

We cannot, and will not, put up with any

**A Full Review of Frank Case in
Watson's Magazine
For August.**

**This article will be profusely
illustrated with photographs.
The official record will be quoted
so that every one can understand it.**

**Place your order early.
Price ten cents in single copies.**

**THE JEFFERSONIAN PUB. CO.
THOMSON, GA.**

more of the criminal methods of Dan Lehon, C. W. Burke, and W. J. Burns.

WHERE IS MARY'S MESH BAG?

Since studying the record in the case, I have been convinced that Haas and Montag found Mary Phagan's mesh bag in Frank's safe, the Sunday after the Saturday Frank killed her.

I have never doubted that he was secreting the bag, in the safe, at the time Mrs. White returned to the building at 12:30, and caused him to "jump," as she spoke.

The State's theory, all along, has been that Haas and Montag took the mesh bag away; and that they still have it.

Once or twice, it has seemed that Frank's lawyers had almost agreed on a plan to have some one find the mesh bag; but, as yet, no satisfactory scheme has been evolved.

Perhaps, we will hear from the missing bag, before long; and it will be used in the campaign for Frank's pardon.

ANOTHER FORGERY? WHO IS W. C. JENKINS?

Several weeks ago, a friend at Parrott, Terrell County, wrote to me that M. J. Yeomans had been in that region, circulating a type-written defense of Frank, and a petition in his favor.

While engaged in this laudable work, Yeomans declared to several gentlemen that he had seen a letter signed by the business manager of The Jeffersonian Publishing Company, offering, in effect, to sell The Jeffersonian's influence to Leo Frank.

I wrote to my friend, Mr. E. S. Pinkston, suggesting a telegram to be sent to Yeomans, demanding a copy of the letter.

After considerable delay, Yeomans sent Mr. Pinkston a typed slip, undated, addressed to "Mr. Frank," and signed, "W. C. Jenkins, Rep. Watson's Jeffersonian."

The typed note was a brief request for a statement from Frank, to be published in several papers for his benefit.

A short time after this, there came another letter from a friend at Camilla, informing me that Mr. Goodlee Yancey had told Dr. Bush, of seeing a letter signed by a member of our editorial staff, offering friendly service to Frank.

From this Camilla friend, came the additional information that Harry Alexander, one of Frank's lawyers, was giving out these copies, and claimed to possess the original.

On the first news of Jenkins, I had written to Solicitor Hugh Dorsey, asking that he use every effort to locate the man.

After having employed the resources at his command, he told me that the only W. C. Jenkins he could find in Atlanta was the President of the Gulflight Oil Refining Company.

My friend, Ben M. Blackburn, was also requested to scout around for our Jenkins; and Mr. Blackburn also failed to locate him.

But while Mr. Blackburn was hunting for a man of that name, he discovered that others were doing the same thing!

My friends, J. J. Brown and Geo. W. Seals, happening to be on a visit here when the last letter from Camilla came, I gave them all the correspondence, and requested that they go to Alexander's office, and demand to see the original of the Jenkins note.

They did so and, just as I expected, Alexander refused to show it. He said he would have to consult other parties!

What other parties? Haas and Montag? Or will he have to consult Rosser and Arnold?

Possibly he wants to await the return of John W. Moore.

Or, does he intend to postpone the showdown until Traitor Slaton gets back?

Think of it! Here is a lawyer—claiming to be a respectable man—who is willing to use the stealthy, cowardly methods of the assassin to assail The Jeffersonian; and when I send the Vice-President of the Company (J. J. Brown) to ask for a sight of the weapon he is using against us, the sneak refuses to show it.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that no human being has ever had any authority from me, or the Company, to make any overtures, of any kind, to Leo Frank; but as every reader knows, I voluntarily offered, again and again, in our editorial columns, to print any defense of Frank that his lawyers would send.

There never was a time when I would attack any man, and refuse him the privilege of a reply.

Our readers know this.

Within the last three years, we have not had any Business Manager, excepting myself; and Mrs. Lytle and J. D. Watson have been the only other members of the editorial staff.

As every sane man knows, if the Frank lawyers had anything on me, they would never have stopped at secret fly-blowing.

They would have had an affidavit of their Jenkins, and of substantial men who could vouch for their Jenkins; and they would have filed the newspapers with it, and plastered the towns with it, and stuck it up at all the country cross-roads.

They knew they were handling a fake, or a forgery, and the way they handled it reveals their own turpitude.

It was an underhanded scheme to do what they dared not openly attempt; and the fact that Harry Alexander cannot produce his Jenkins, and refuses even to show any original note, proves that Harry is as much of a knave, as was the forger of the Judge Roan letter.

So far from its being true that The Jeffersonian, or its editor, attempted to make money out of Frank's case, the contrary is the case.

Soon after the murder, and the holding of the criminal, it was proposed that I assist Mr. Dorsey to prosecute him; and the prospect of a very large fee, to be raised by voluntary subscription, was held out as an inducement; but I declined to consider any proposition.

Soon afterwards, John W. Moore saw my friend J. J. Brown, and asked if he thought I would agree to make a speech for Frank, for \$5,000; and Mr. Brown mentioned it to me the next time he was at my house.

I told him of having had an offer of employment on the other side, and of my decision not to appear in the case as counsel on either side.

As readers of The Jeffersonian well know, I avoided all reference to Frank, until after the Atlanta Journal made its violent and infamous attack upon the jury, Judge Roan, and the Supreme Court.

The case was then pending before Judge Ben H. Hill, on the extraordinary motion for new trial; and the editorial of the Journal was a flagrant contempt of Court for which Dick Gray and Jack Cohen ought to have been jailed.

For very much less, Judge Fite was punished.

STOP THIS TIRADE OF JEW ABUSE.

The rich Jew is prone to act upon the idea that every Gentile has his price. The Jew who has made his money by robbing Jew and Gentile alike, has a poor opinion of human nature—because he knows what he himself is.

Heretofore, there has not been any race-hatred in Georgia against the Jews; but there is a deal of it, now; and if Mr. Hearst, and the Haases, and the Strauses, and the Pulitzers, and Abells and Ochses just keep

up their fight on us, THERE WILL BE TROUBLE, before very long.

It depends upon the rich Jews themselves how soon this storm will break loose; but unless they call off their Big Money campaign, against Law and Justice, against our Courts and people, there is a way, by which we can show them that we are ready to shed every drop of our blood to protect the honor of our Womanhood, and the sacred principle of Home Rule.

This assumption of rich outsiders that they have the right to run our Courts, and to run over our people, and to dictate to us how we shall manage our own domestic affairs, must stop!

IT MUST STOP!!!

Let the rich Jews of Georgia see to it that it does stop, else it will be the worse FOR THEM

No other State was ever treated this way before, and we are determined that ours shall never be treated that way, again.

ENOUGH OF A THING IS ENOUGH!

IS IT "TIME FOR A HOG-KILLING?"

In the Straus magazine, Puck, which has been so persistently and villainously cartooning and libelling the State of Georgia—holding her up to the scorn of the world—there has now appeared a picture which incites to murder.

The United States mails are carrying throughout the land this Jewish publication, which virtually calls upon some fanatical Jew to assassinate me.

It is a large, coarse cartoon, whose prominent figure is a negro woman, labelled "Personal Immorality." She holds a hog in leash, and the hog is labelled "Tom Watson."

The pictorial libel, therefore, is, that some negro wench is keeping me, or that I am keeping some negro wench!

Beneath this devilish picture, appears the murderous line, "TIME FOR A HOG-KILLING."

As Straus labels me the "hog," and says it is time for a "killing," it is a necessary inference that he suggests my assassination!

To this maniacal and blood-thirsty extreme, has gone the tirade against Georgia and Georgians, in behalf of the vilest Jew that has lived since the days of Sodom.

Mr. William Randolph Hearst has encouraged this libellous tirade, both in his papers and in his Hearst-Selig moving picture shows.

The Atlanta Journal, which denounced Judge Roan, the jury, and the Supreme Court, has encouraged it.

Hon. Clark Howell, the Georgia member of the National Democratic Executive Committee, has done nothing in his paper, THE Constitution, to check this mercenary crusade of libel—a crusade which will soon drive the Gentiles to desperation, and bring RETALIATION.

Are we to remain imperturbably cool, patient, and non-resistant, when the New York defamers of our State threaten our lives?

Let the Jews of Georgia remember that we did not start this thing: let them beware how they threaten us!

Note: The man Green, who slashed Frank's throat, is a Roman Catholic, toward or god-son of a priest.

The butcher-knife the Catholic used has been in operation during the day killing hogs.

Nathan Straus can make a memorandum of that.

Kosher!

Read "A Book of Sketches," by Thos. Watson. This book covers a wide field of literary research. Historical, Biographical, Personal. Beautifully illustrated. Paper cover. Price, 75c, postpaid. The Jeffersonian Publishing Co., Thomson, Ga.