

The Jeffersonian

Vol. 12, No. 34

Thomson, Ga., Thursday, August 26, 1915

Price, Five Cents

"The Wages of Sin is Death."

"DINAH the daughter of Jacob . . . went out to see the daughters of the land; and when Shechem, . . . prince of the country, saw her, he took her, and lay with her, and defiled her.

And it came to pass, on the third day, when they were sore, two of the sons of Jacob, Simeon and Levi, . . . took each man his sword, and came upon the city (of the prince), and slew all the males.

And they slew Shechem "(and Hamor, his father) with the edge of the sword, and took Dinah out of Shechem's house.

The sons of Jacob came upon the slain, and spoiled the city, because they had defiled their sister.

And all their wealth, and all their children (little ones) and their wives took they captive."

And when Jacob whimpered his fears that the Canaanites and Perizzites would combine against the few Jews, and kill them, Jacob's bold sons sternly answered their father:

"Should he (Shechem) deal with QUR SISTER, as with an harlot?" (Genesis, 34th chapter.)

Rabbi Wise, of New York City, denounces death against every member of the Vigilance Committee which executed upon Leo Frank the sentence the Law had three times pronounced in the court room; and which the Sheriff would have executed, had not one of Frank's own lawyers illegally commuted his sentence.

Rabbi Wise fiercely demands that every official connected with our Prison establishment, be sent to the penitentiary for life.

Rabbi Wise, Nathan Straus, and the Jewish pettifogger, Louis Marshall, demands that I be indicted for murder.

Mary Phagan was not Jacob's daughter, you see.

Mary Phagan was not the sister of Jacob's sons, you see.

Mary Phagan was nothing but a Canaanite; and the Jewish prince, therefore, had a right to take her and defile her—the young prince who slept in a blue silk night gown,

when the sons of the Canaanites came upon him.

The sons of Jacob did not accuse Shechem of violence to their sister. Dinah appeared to be willing. She was continuing to live with the prince. He had not struck her in the face, knocked her against a crank handle, rendered her unconscious, and then choked her to death with a cord.

Dinah made no complaint: Dinah evidently meant to remain with the prince.

Hamor, the father of the young prince, went to Jacob, and pleaded with the patriarch, urging him to give Dinah to Shechem in honorable marriage.

Shechem himself went humbly to Jacob, and begged for Dinah in marriage.

All the reparation that any man can make, after such a sin, Shechem earnestly offered to make.

With deceit in his heart (the Jewish writer of Genesis says so) Jacob gave his consent to the marriage, upon condition that all the young males of the city of Hamor and Shechem be circumcised.

By the highest court on earth, Leo Frank's trial was pronounced legal and fair.

By the highest court in Georgia, the evidence was declared to be sufficient to support the verdict of the jury.

By the judicial department of our State government, Frank's guilt had been ascertained, and the death penalty imposed.

By one of his own Lawyers, the verdict and the decisions were all brushed aside.

BY THE PEOPLE, that void act of Frank's lawyer was ignored, and the sentence carried out.

The Law forfeited this man's life, for a horrible crime, and he has paid. That's all.

Now let outsiders attend to their own business, AND LEAVE OURS ALONE.

The condition was complied with: "every male was circumcised;" and then it was that the Jews, without any trial at law, without any sentence of any court, fell upon the people whom they had craftily thrown off their guard; and these Jews wreaked indiscriminate slaughter upon young and old, male and female, innocent and guilty.

They slew the old father, Hamor, who had gone to Jacob and pleaded for peace, reconciliation and atonement.

They robbed every dweller in the city, taking the cattle, the crops, and the wealth stored in the houses.

They took the innocent wives of the innocent men whom they had put to the sword.

They took these innocent wives into captivity, to become the slaves and the concubines of the Jews.

They took "the little ones"—the boys and girls—to make servants of them, and to use the girls as Eastern lust has always used helpless women.

There's the record! GO READ IT, RABBI WISE! Go and read it, Nathan Straus!

Your own scribes wrote it; and for more than two thousand years you have held it to be sacredly true.

Did your God sanction that vengeance, visited upon a man and his people, because of the defilement of one consenting Jewess?

You say that He did; you say that He blessed Jacob greatly, and you are exceedingly fond of naming your sons after Simeon and Levi, the sons of Jacob, who did this thing.

What about it, Rabbi Wise?

What about it, Nathan Straus?

Have you one code for a Jewess, and another for a Gentile girl?

Tell us! We believe that you have; and that you have secretly and powerfully organized to enforce it.

We believe that your law exempts the Jew who defiles the Gentile maiden.

We believe that your law permits the libertine Jew to use our sister, as an harlot.

If you haven't that kind of law in your

(CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO.)

FRANK VIRTUALLY CONFESSED. CEASED TO CLAIM INNOCENCE.

WHEN the Vigilantes went into Frank's room, at the State Farm, and told him they had come for him, he did not seem greatly surprised, and he made no outcry.

He was led out by four men, making no resistance.

He was not roughly treated. If the Sheriff had been in charge of the execution, the proceedings could not have been better conducted.

He was not bumped down the stone steps, as Northern papers have stated.

He was not "tortured" with questions, or in any other way.

Twice, in the seven-hour automobile ride of 170 miles, he was asked if he killed Mary Phagan.

He did not answer.

Not once, in all that long ride to death, did he protest his innocence.

When day overtook the Vigilantes, and they decided to execute the sentence of the Law two miles short of Mary Phagan's grave, he was again asked if he killed her.

Again he was mute!

Then he was asked if he wanted to make any statement, and he answered, "No!"

Later, and as if speaking to himself, he used an expression which showed that he preferred to die silent, rather than bring shame upon his people.

A confession could not save him, and could only bring additional grief upon his family.

He stoically closed his lips, and paid the penalty which the Law demanded.

He did not die protesting his innocence

to the last, as the Northern papers, and the Hearst papers state.

The most significant feature of his conduct, during that seven hours' ride, through the darkness and silence of night, was, that he did not once remonstrate with the Vigilantes, and did not once say to them—as he had been saying so often for two years—"I am innocent."

He was guilty; and his conduct at the last corroborates the official record, which I have carefully summarized and will present to the public in Watson's Magazine for September.

That number, read in connection with the August issue, makes up the record which will, for all time to come, prove how Big Money endeavored to defeat Justice in Georgia—and met a Waterloo.

"The Wages of Sin is Death!"

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.)

minds, and in your secret, organized purpose, tell us so, and do it quickly.

You are bound to know that Leo Frank defiled and killed Mary Phagan!

It was you, Rabbi Marx, who used all your religious authority over the wife of Leo Frank, for three weeks, before you could coerce her into going to the jail.

And you lied like any common liar, when you told the Atlanta papers, that the reason she didn't go, was, that she was expecting every day that her husband would be released.

You knew that he had been bound over for murder, and could not be bonded out.

You knew whose testimony it was which proved that Frank and Mary were behind the closed door of the metal room, while Monteen Stover was waiting for him, in and near his vacant office, for full five minutes, by his clock.

You knew that Frank had told Harry Scott, Chief Lanford, John Black, and the Coroner's jury, that he was in his office at that time.

You knew that he had told Rogers, and Scott, and Lanford, and Black, and the Coroner's jury, that Mary Phagan came into his office next after Hattie Hall left; (12:02), and that he talked to Mary, and gave her the pay-envelope at some minute between then and 12:10. His deliberately calculated words were, that Mary came "at 12:05 or 12:10, maybe 12:07"—and Monteen was in the man's vacant office at that very time!

Rabbi Marx, you were bound to believe, from the fatal evidence, that Frank was the man who committed the crime; yet you were one of the persons who tried to get the Gentile girl to change her evidence.

Monteen was virtually asked to perjure her soul, and defeat God's justice, in the interest of the vilest Jew that ever preyed upon the Gentile girls of Georgia.

Rabbi Marx, is it a habit of yours to go with people to see witnesses, and get them to change their testimony?

You didn't tell Monteen that she had sworn falsely; you couldn't.

Mrs. Frank did not tell the girl she was mistaken, or perjured; she couldn't.

The blatant old ass, Burns, did not put his bungling plea, for a change of evidence, upon the ground that Monteen had lied; he couldn't.

All of you knew that the girl had no motive to swear falsely; and you knew she was telling the truth; and you knew that this fine young white woman was the witness who convicted Leo Frank.

In connection with the blood on the floor, the hair on Barrett's machine, the peculiar nature of the wound in the back of the head, the rigid corpse in the basement, with the folded little hands fixed upon the frozen bosom; the amazing statement of Frank, that when Monteen was in his office he must have been at the toilet, "unconsciously"—the toilet being near the blood and the hair—the testimony of Monteen Stover absolutely made out the States' case.

Rabbi Wise, did you know that two Jews went to the home of this honest girl, and hinted at an easy way to get rich quick, if her people would secretly take her off to Oklahoma?

Did you know that her step-father, Edmondson—a poor man, but honest than Slaton—ordered those Jews out of his house?

Did you know that R. P. Barrett was tempted, and offered a barrel of money, if he would change his evidence about finding the girl's hair on his machine, and her blood on Frank's floor?

Did you know that Slaton's own detective used Slaton's private office, while engaged at the dirty work of trying to bribe and scare the State's white witnesses into changing their testimony?

Oh, Rabbi Wise! Is your soul never wroth when a Jew defiles a Gentile?

The wages of sin is death, Rabbi.

It was always so: it will always be so.

If the God of Israel takes note of the fall of a sparrow, does He not take notice of the fall of a star?

For every pure girl that defiles herself, or is defiled, is a star that falls from the skies.

Innocent blood must not cry to heaven in vain: it must be avenged, or a curse will come upon the land.

Isn't it so, Rabbi?

Is it for YOU to deny it, TEACHER?

Some Fair Questions for the Haas Brothers of Atlanta.

(1.) For what purpose was the Haas Finance Committee appointed in the Frank case, after his case had travelled up and down all the roads of regular legal procedure, and every decision had been against him?

What legitimate work could a Finance Committee do, after the guilt of the accused had been judicially ascertained, the death-penalty affirmed, and the whole case settled, so far as lawful methods could settle it?

What was it that your Finance Committee proposed to do, and how did you propose to carry your plan into effect?

(2.) What was your contract with William J. Burns? And did you know, at the time you hired this grand rascal, that the United States Department of Justice had officially branded him as a criminal who packed juries, suborned witnesses, and obtained fraudulent verdicts?

What did you expect such a man as this to do, after our Supreme Court had reviewed the evidence in the Frank case, and found it sustaining the verdict?

(3.) How came you to believe that this man Burns could go to Chicago, and Indianapolis, and discover new evidence which would support an extraordinary motion for a new trial?

In what way did you satisfy your own minds that Burns could discover new evidence in those distant cities?

(4.) Did you know that in Chicago, Burns men piled a heap of gold and silver and greenbacks on a table, in one of Burns' rooms, and sent Aaron Allen into the room alone?

Did you know that Burns and Isom and Jacobs had been pressing Allen, and trying to get him to make just such a statement as Burns' men, Lehon and Tedder, afterwards bought from C. B. Ragsdale?

Did you know that the money had been placed on the table, in Burns' room, in Chicago, in much the same way that it reached Ragsdale, in Atlanta?

Did you know that Allen, the negro, was afraid (or too honest) to sell out, and swear he heard Jim Conley confess the crime—just as Ragsdale was afterwards hired to swear it?

(5.) Did you know of the efforts of C. W. Burke, Burns, and Lehon, to tamper with the State's witnesses, and to corrupt them into a change of testimony?

Did you know, at the time, of the bribes attempted on R. P. Barrett, and Monteen Stover?

Did you know about George Eppes being hired to leave the State, and of efforts

made to get some of the girl witnesses to do the same thing?

What did you suppose that Burns was doing with the money you gave him?

(6.) Did you know that George Wrenn, the diamond thief, was working for the Frank detectives, in the jail where Conley and the Carter woman were confined?

Did you know that the negress was put into Conley's cell to propose sodomy—so that Wrenn could catch the negro in the act?

Did you know that the Carter woman swore that Conley never wrote the vile language in the letters which pretended to come from him to her, and that she accused Wrenn of writing it?

Did you know it was George Wrenn's brother, Jim, who tried to bribe Barrett?

Did you know that Burns himself tried his hand on Albert McKnight, the husband of the cook, whom somebody worked on successfully, and caused to change the affidavit she had voluntarily made in the presence of her lawyer, Mr. George Gordon?

(7.) Will you say that you had no knowledge of the work which you were paying Burns to do?

Is it a practise of yours to pay money for prolonged work, without knowing what that work is?

If so, when did you first fall into that peculiar habit?

(8.) Did you know that a Jew tried to bribe the Carter woman to put into Jim Conley's food, a certain powder, which they showed her?

You heard of it, didn't you? Were you shocked and horrified; or did you think the powder was some sort of pepsine, good for indigestion?

(9.) In your judgment, where did the \$200 that Ragsdale got, come from?

Did it just fall out of the skies, break into the office, and force its way into Ragsdale's pockets?

Give us your ideas about these ducats.

Usually when a man is paid a sum of money, he is paid by the person who gets what is given in return for the money.

Ragsdale's affidavit was calculated to vastly benefit Leo Frank; Burns and Rosser and Lehon were working for Frank; they got from Ragsdale something that they wanted badly.

Do you reckon that either one of these men paid Ragsdale the \$200?

Did you sign any check for the noble Burns, at about that time?

(10.) How much did you pay Connolly, Commerce has not Resolved on the subject; Clark Howell sees none of Georgia's shame in it; and no Chicago and New York committees are raising money to come down here and teach us how to attend to our own business.

Is it because Frank was a Jew of aristocratic connections, while his little victim was nothing but a Gentile "factory girl," that such a furor is raised over the execution of this convicted, and *THIRICE SENTENCED* Jew?

If that is not the reason, tell us what the reason is.

In the meantime, I say that the Cobb County Vigilantes have not, in morals, committed any crime, in executing a legal sentence which had been illegally obstructed.

And all over this broad land there are millions of good people, not doped by Jew money, and lies, that enthusiastically greet the triumph of Law in Georgia.

Wamanhod is made safer, everywhere.

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

Did Frank's Lawyers Mismanage His Case?

THE indefatigable Solicitor, Hugh Dorsey, made a case of murder against Leo Frank, and the defendant's lawyers rounded it out in perfect proportions.

Of course, the noble firm of Rosser, Brandon, Slaton & Phillips did not mean to do this, nor did the noble Reuben Arnold; but they did it, just the same.

Rosser made the almost incredible blunder of putting up witnesses, without knowing whether anything injurious to his client could be drawn out, on the cross-examination.

That's a mistake which none but a very careless, or very inexperienced lawyer ever makes.

For example, Rosser had prepared an *alibi* for Frank, and had chosen Lemmie Quinn as the witness who would swear that Frank was in his office at about the time the crime was committed, elsewhere.

Lemmie came up like a man, and swore that he was in the office at 12:20 o'clock, on that fatal Saturday.

Then Rosser put up two white ladies, Miss Corinthia Hall, and Mrs. Emma Clark Freeman; and these witnesses for the defense said—on cross-examination—that they were in Frank's office before 12 o'clock, and left at a quarter to 12; and that they met Quinn, immediately afterwards, at the Greek Cafe, and Quinn told them he had *already* been up to Frank's office.

Quinn then admitted this to be true—and smash! went the *alibi*.

How can you understand Rosser's carelessness in regard to that solitary and desperate effort to place Frank where it would have been physically impossible for him to have committed the crime?

But Rosser's firm, and Arnold's made another blunder almost equally disastrous to the defense.

They put Frank's character in evidence.

Dorsey could not have done this: the law restricted him to specific acts, bearing in some way on this particular case.

None but the defendant could raise the question of his general character.

His lawyers committed the folly of doing so.

Dorsey marched right through the breach, and introduced a dozen white girls who swore that Frank's character was bad.

Rosser and Arnold were so dumbfounded and bewildered, and *afraid of what might come next*, that they did not dare to ask those white women for a single detail.

The law did not allow Dorsey to go into details, but it does allow the defendant to do so.

And his lawyers shrank from exercising the right.

Wasn't it a capital blunder to have put Frank's character in evidence, without being *sure* that it would stand the test?

The fact that Dorsey easily produced such a number of character witnesses, who did vast damage to defendant, would seem to show *gross negligence*, or *extremely bad judgment*, on the part of Frank's lawyers.

Rosser put up Miss Irene Jackson to prove Frank's good moral character: the young lady had worked at Frank's factory.

On the direct, the witness said that Frank's character "was very well."

In other words, it was so-so. This was bad enough, in all conscience; but, on the cross, she told of Frank's habit of opening the ladies' dressing room, without knocking, and standing in the door looking at the half-dressed girls, and grinning at them, as he looked.

Can any lawyer understand why Rosser put this girl up, without having examined her himself, *thoroughly*?

He did not claim to have been entrapped by her. Apparently, he took, from someone else, what it was supposed the girl would swear.

A more startling blunder of Rosser's occurred in his prolonged cross-examination of Jim Conley.

In the first place, he made a tactical mistake in proving to the jury that he, Rosser, attached immense weight to Jim's testimony. Rosser did this by cross-examining the negro for eight hours.

It follows that the more attention a lawyer devotes to an adverse witness, the more the jury will give him.

But the startling blunder was this: Rosser asked Jim, if he knew the night-watchman, *Newt Lee*.

This was a most dangerous question, and it need not have been asked.

Since the entire line of testimony showed that the two negroes—Conley and Lee—both worked in the same factory, Rosser could assume that they knew each other, and could *argue* this to the jury.

Dorsey had not proved that Jim had never seen Newt; and if Rosser had kept his wits at work, and his mouth shut, the evidence would have been closed, leaving it to be presumed that the two negroes *did* know each other.

But Rosser blundered into asking the question, and Conley answered it by saying he had never seen the night-watch at all.

Other evidence showed that Newt Lee had only been coming on duty for night-watching *three weeks*; and neither of the two black men had ever seen the other.

What was the fearful consequences of Rosser's asking that needless question??

It proved to the jury that Conley could not have accurately described the night-watch, in the notes found by Mary Phagan's doxy!

Jim Conley did not know that Newt Lee was tall, slim, and black, as he was described in the notes.

Jim did not know whether Newt was a mulatto, ginger-cake or black: Jim did not know whether Newt was low and chunky, or tall and slim.

Who did know it?

Leo Frank. It was Frank who had shown Lee over the factory, telling him his duties; and it was Frank to whom Lee had personally reported for duty, *every evening*, when Jim Conley would be gone.

Wasn't it a phenomenal blunder to ask Conley an unnecessary question, when the answer *might* prove that Frank, and not Conley, was capable of describing Lee in those convicting notes?

The huge mistake having been made, Rosser was unable to repair it. He could not find a single witness who would swear that one of these negroes ever had seen the other!

Therefore, the State's case on Frank, as the murderer of the girl, and the dictator of those notes which laid the crime on Newt Lee, *was enormously strengthened*, when Rosser proved that, *at the time the notes were written, Conley could not have given a description of Lee*, except as he then and there got it from Frank.

If Frank had ever, *previously*, given Conley a description of Newt Lee's physical appearance, he would have so stated to the coroner, or his detective, or to the trial jury; and he would have had to explain why he was describing one of these negroes to the other.

This would have been a difficult matter, and Frank did not attempt it. Hence, he let it rest where Conley put it, to wit, *that, when the notes were written, Conley had never seen Lee, and could not have described him*.

If Conley could not describe the night-watch, how could Conley, unassisted, put

The Voice of the People is the Voice of God!

IT used to be interesting to me—when serving one term in Congress, and doing the rural communities the service of obtaining the first appropriation for the present R. F. D. system—to walk over the Senate, now and then, and look at Senator Sanders, of Montana.

While I was at Mercer University, Mark Twain's "Roughing It" came out; and one copy of it got into our mess-hall, where we poorer students were *boarded and lodged, for eight dollars a month*.

(That was in 1872-3-4, prior to Republico-Democratic protection to infant industries, and prior to a tariff of 180 per cent on blankets.)

Alex. Keese used to read the funny parts of *Roughing It*, at night, in his room; and a circle of us boys would stand around enjoying it, while Keese read.

The chapter which interested me most was that which told about Slade, the famous Express Company agent, man-killer, and—later—shooter-up of border towns.

He was ratel as a most dangerous desperado, when under the influence of liquor, although he was the quietest and politest of Road agents at the time Mark Twain went through to Nevada, after leaving the Confederate Army in Missouri.

Slade finally got to be such a public menace that one day, after he had ridden over, shot up, and terrorized a Montana town, the Vigilantes decided that mankind had had enough of Slade. They quietly organized their forces, took their shot-guns, rode after Slade, got him, brought him to the centre of the town, and hanged him.

Sanders was the leader of these Vigi-

the description, *twice*, in those fatal notes?

There is no answer. Rosser, by a needless question, designated his own client as *the one*, of those two (Frank and Conley) who knew that Lee was *tall, slim, and black*.

It was an awful blunder.

As if to leave no possible mistake out of the management of the defense, Rosser and Arnold did not offer their client for Dorsey's cross-examination.

Frank was on the stand a long, long time, talking in his own behalf; and if there ever was a case where an innocent man would have invited the fullest inquiry, *it was this*.

My God! An innocent man would have welcomed a thorough questioning, as the quickest method of vindication.

Charged with gross immorality! Charged with unnatural vice! Charged with having said he was not like other men in the gratification of his sexual passion! Charged with a continuous pursuit of the girl who was found dead *in his house*! Charged with her murder! Charged with planting two notes, a forged time-slip, and a bloody shirt, in the diabolical effort to hang another person for the crime! Charged with all this, and then hiding behind a legal privilege, which all innocent men are willing to waive!

Dorsey's questions might possibly have made Frank's guilt more visible; but as it was obvious enough already, his lawyers should have run the risk of waiving the privilege.

Not noticed at the time, and not discussed since, was another mistake of Frank's lawyers, *if they believed him innocent*.

They should have proved by the members of Mrs. Frank's family *why she deserted her imprisoned husband*, for three weeks after his arrest.

That is an awfully dark spot in the case; and if Rosser *could* have brightened it, he made a prodigious blunder in failing to do so.

lantes, and his was the final word that launched Slade into eternity.

And Sanders became a Senator of the Greatest Republic, and was a much honored man in Washington.

While the Montana lyncher was in the U. S. Senate, a California lyncher was the General-in-chief of the U. S. Army.

His name was William T. Sherman—he of the "March to the Sea," "Marching thro Georgia," etc.

As head of the Army of the Greatest Republic, this California lyncher enjoyed the highest consideration throughout the Union.

He even got an ovation at Marietta—which he devastated—and in Atlanta, which he burned; and the newspapers which worked up the ovation for the California lynchers, were the Atlanta dailies, led by *Evan P. Howell* and *Henry Grady*, of the Atlanta "Constitution!"

Possibly, I had better give you the facts about General Sherman's California experience:

In the early 50's, the gamblers, thugs, saloon-keepers, and lawless element, generally, had got complete control of San Francisco, and had run the town for years. Rockefeller holds no stronger title to the administrative machinery of Colorado, than the criminal classes had to that of the California city.

It had become almost the paradise of vice, debauchery, and crime.

The coldest of murders could not be punished. It was believed that the Sheriff and the Judge were in collusion with the law-breakers.

Finally, the best people rose in revolt, formed a Vigilance Committee, bought all the guns, pistols, and ammunition in the hardware stores, and seized the person of a murderer who had killed his man by stabbing him in the back.

The Vigilantes, of whom W. T. Sherman was one of the leaders, took this assassin, and hanged him to a lamp-post.

The Vigilantes then gave the acquitted murderers twenty-four hours to leave the city, under penalty of being hanged if caught afterwards; and every one of those acquitted criminals fled for their lives.

The Vigilantes then notified the Judge, the Sheriff, and the Prosecuting Attorney, that unless they immediately resigned, they would be lynched; and they resigned.

After this, San Francisco became a law-abiding, and law-enforcing town, until corrupt corporations, Jew bosses, and Hearst's papers got on top.

In H. H. Bancroft's book on "Popular Tribunals," you may read many an interesting page on the "wild justice," of which Macaulay speaks in one of his essays.

In Theodore Roosevelt's book, "The Winning of the West," you may read his defense of the Vigilance Committee—or "mobs." I should say—who hanged thieves for stealing horses.

It hasn't been many years since a Western State lynched the coward who crept up behind "Wild Bill" (William Hickock) and shot him in the back of the head; and the Eastern papers had no virtuous editorials on the "Shame of Colorado."

It hasn't been many years since the Roman Catholics of New Orleans rose against their rotten authorities, and lynched the eleven Italian murderers, who were most probably Catholics also; and the Northern papers had no editorials on the "Shame of Louisiana."

When Dr. Ryder was lynched at Waverly Hall, Georgia, after the lawyers and judges had continued the case from term to term, and year to year—infuriating the people by refusing to try the case and bring the man to punishment—the out-of-State periodicals did not go into maniacal outcries about it.

Dr. Ryder had shot and killed the girl he loved, and may have been insane when he

did so, but the common people were outraged at the never-ending delays of the case.

A Vigilance Committee—a "mob," if you like—took the prisoner from the Sheriff, and hanged him, as the Sheriff would doubtless have had to do, had the Law been allowed, by *Ryder's lawyers*, to take its usual course.

Did Clark Howell go crazy over the Ryder case?

I do not remember that he did—although a small matter like that may have escaped my attention.

Did the Rabbis, and the Jew-owned papers, and Jew-hired papers, and the Hearst papers, go crazy over the Ryder case?

Certainly not: Ryder was a Gentile.

There was no Jeffersonian published in San Francisco when General Sherman headed a mob of lynchers; none in Montana, when Senator Sanders led the mob of lynchers; none in Georgia, when the mob got Dr. Ryder.

What editor was to blame for those mobs?

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE IS THE VOICE OF GOD!

If democracy does not mean just that, let us abandon our Republican form of Government, kiss the Pope's foot, and ask him to appoint a "divine right" king to rule over us!

Give us one of the Hohenzollerns who bought his crown from the House of Hapsburg; or give us a Hapsburg who bought his, from a medieval Pope.

If we have got to abandon democracy, let us go the whole hog, and have a monarch who is partner to the Pope and the Almighty.

Democracy means, that ALL POWER IS IN THE PEOPLE!

The right to establish government, choose rulers, make laws, found institutions, reward merit, and punish crime, is in the People.

The People delegate these powers, but never surrender them.

Our highest law declares that the People cannot surrender these inherent, inalienable powers.

Just like any other principal who appoints an agent, and is betrayed by that agent, the People may ignore the act of a recreant agent, and do FOR THEMSELVES what the agent failed to do.

The Sheriff gets his authority to hang a man from the Law, but the Law got it from the People.

Therefore, the power remains in the People, who have only delegated it to an agent.

When the Sheriff kills, it is not his act: it is the act of the People, performed through their statutory law.

Look at your Bible, and see whether this has not been so, from of old.

What was the avenger of blood, but the private citizen who could take a life for a life, if the murderer could not outrun him to the City of Refuge?

Our Germanic and British ancestors never hesitated to put to death, swiftly and without a trial, men who were caught red-handed.

When high officials prove themselves to be unfaithful servants of the People, what are the People to do?

If officers of the Law persistently violate the Law, what are the People to do?

When John Hampton, and the English patriots, whose courage and victorious uprising finally overthrew the absolutism of the Roman Catholic Stuart Kings, and inaugurated the beginnings of democratic self-rule, historians hailed the voice of the People as the voice of God.

When Mirabeau, and Condorcet, Barnave,

Bailly, Camille Desmoulins, and La Fayette revolted against the personal despotism of the Roman Catholic Bourbon Kings, the Western world rejoiced at the fall of the Bastille, the birth of democracy, and the overthrow of the hereditary throne.

Danton roared his defiance to divine right, and Popery, and Special Privilege, crying—

"The Combined Kings of Europe threaten us! We throw at their feet, as gage of battle, the head of a king!"

And he did it. The King's head was cut off, the republic established, and democracy fixed on firm foundations.

America gloried in the French Revolution, and again the historians said—

"The voice of the People is the voice of God."

With violence and bloodshed, the people of Austria forced their divine right despot to make concessions.

The same thing was done in Germany, and in Belgium.

The people rose many a time, and committed many deeds of violence before the divine right Czar could be made to realize that the scream of oppressed humanity is a sound that carries fear, and must be heard.

Let our rulers try to remember that democracy is not dead in these United States.

Let them try to remember that, under our form of government, the People rule, BY AGENTS.

Let those agents have a care! Let them not usurp powers which the People have not delegated.

If they want more power than is given them by Law, let them ask their masters for it.

Their masters are THE PEOPLE!

And let us labor under no mistake as to what happened in Georgia. It was this:

A Vigilance Committee, instead of a Sheriff, carried out a sentence which remained in full force and effect.

It remained in full force and effect for these reasons:

A trial judge had passed sentence on Leo Frank, after an impartial jury had listened for three weeks to the evidence of the 40-odd white witnesses whose testimony demonstrated his guilt:

The Supreme Court of Georgia deliberated, long and carefully, and decided that no error of law had been committed by the judge, and that the jury had before them sufficient evidence to sustain their verdict:

The Supreme Court of the United States decided that Frank's lawyers had been unable to produce any evidence of mob violence, or illegal management of the case; and that, therefore, the verdict must stand;

The Prison Commission usurped the power to review the Supreme Court; but decided that the verdict must stand;

Then one of Frank's own lawyers annulled the mandate of the Law; and the Law declares that such an act is not only void, but incurable by the lapse of time.

As a proposition of law, it can be successfully maintained before any court, that Frank's sentence had not been legally affected in the slightest degree by anything that Slaton had done.

In the eye of the Law, THE COMMUTATION DID NOT EXIST.

New Edition of "The Story of France," by Thos. E. Watson. Just off the press. Two volumes, \$3.50 the set. Handsomely bound, gilt tops, gilt lettered. This book is regarded as standard by the French readers and scholars. The Jeffersonian Publishing Company, Thomson, Ga.

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

What is the Law as to Pardons, in Georgia?

AS quoted in the *Macon News*, the Evansville, Indiana, *Courier* says:

The lynching of Leo M. Frank cannot be condoned, but it can be explained. Instead of ranting at the lynchers, it is more profitable to investigate causes that brought it about.

Frank's sentence to death was commuted by the whim or the sentimentality of one man who thought perhaps he was innocent of the murder of Mary Phagan. He was lynched by the whim of men who believed he was guilty and feared that he would eventually be freed. In the mistake of vesting the pardoning power in one man, we may find an explanation not alone for this lynching but for many other exhibitions of mob violence.

There is so much misconception of the pardoning power in Georgia, that it may serve a god purpose if I state the law.

When you read, in the Constitution of 1877, that the Governor has the power to pardon, you must first clearly understand the meaning of the word, "pardon."

You must not confuse it with the word "trial."

To give a pardoning power, is one thing; to give a trial power, is quite another.

When we pray to God to pardon our sins, we confess that we have sinned, and do repent.

When we implore a friend, a neighbor, or even a stranger, to pardon us for some wrong, we admit the wrong.

The familiar phrase, "I beg your pardon," carries with it the idea that the person using it has given offense.

Now, in law, the word, "pardon," implies ascertained guilt, just as it does when we petition the Throne of Grace.

The proper legal basis of a pardon—except in the rarest cases—is an admission that the applicant has been justly convicted, but that there are extenuating circumstances which justify executive clemency.

When a man's guilt has been judicially ascertained, by the courts, the question of guilt is *res adjudicata*: it is settled, and cannot be questioned.

Suppose you and I have a dispute over a land-line, and go to law about it. The courts try the case, and adjudicate the issue.

After the highest court has finally passed on the question, it is settled—*res adjudicata*.

The decision may be wrong: all human tribunals are liable to make mistakes; but we have chosen the courts to pass on such issues; and there must be an end of litigation, sometime, somewhere.

When we reach that time, and place, in a civil suit, the case is ended forever: it has been adjudicated, and disposed of.

In penal law, it is the same way: the Constitution makes THE JURY the judge of the facts.

The Governor is not to do the work which the Constitution assigns to a jury.

The law lays out the province of each officer, each court, and each tribunal.

To go beyond these lines, is usurpation of power.

Such usurpers of power breed confusion, anarchy, and insurrection.

When the Constitution says that juries must ascertain the facts in a criminal case, it is a necessary implication that no other body of men, and no single man, shall do that same thing.

The jury is created to do THAT VERY THING; and the law does not create any other office, for that purpose.

The jury is also to decide what is the law, in reference to the case on trial; but this law must be given to them in charge by the judge.

A refused motion for a new trial, carries the case to the Supreme Court, where the justices scan the record, and hear argument

on points of law and questions of evidence.

Upon request in the motion, the Supreme Court always reviews the evidence, carefully weighing it, and deciding whether it be sufficient to sustain the verdict.

If it is not, the Court overrules the judge below, or orders a new trial.

If it is sufficient, the Court so announces.

Ordinarily, that ends the case. If an extraordinary motion is then filed, and denied on appeal to the Supreme Court, the guilt of the accused HAS BEEN JUDICIALLY ASCERTAINED: it is *res adjudicata*.

There is no power on earth that can legally open the question of guilt, or innocence, on the evidence that has already been weighed.

No Governor can reconsider those same facts, and legally proclaim a different verdict from that of the jury.

No Prison Commission can legally do it.

Any lawful interference which the Governor and the Commission can thereafter make, must be founded upon new and material facts, not presented to the courts, and not therefore discoverable by diligent search; or it must be founded upon some mitigating fact which does not assail the verdict, but appeals for mercy.

The Evansville *Courier* is in error when it supposes that the law of Georgia leaves the decisions of courts and juries to the "whim of one man."

No system of that sort would be tolerable, for a day.

The Governor can legally say, "I pardon, or I commute, on such and such grounds, which appeal to my executive pity;" but the Governor cannot legally say, as Slaton did:

"I will re-try this case, after all the courts have endorsed the verdict, and I will reach a different verdict from that of the jury."

No other Governor ever did such a thing before Slaton did it; and Slaton did not do it, except in a case where his law-firm got a stupendous fee—and hungrily looked forward to another, from the same source.

Slaton's law-firm meant to resume the fight in Frank's behalf, and Frank's last letters to Rosser and Lehon show it.

A renewal of the fight meant another enormous fee for the noble firm of Rosser, Brandon, Slaton & Phillips.

And more ducats for Burns and Lehon, and M. J. Yeomans.

A straight out pardon for Frank would have been his just due, if the verdict was wrong.

The Baltimore *Sun* is right in saying that Slaton should have pardoned the man, if the evidence did not warrant his conviction.

There is no other doubt recognized by law, except the reasonable doubt which demands an acquittal.

The jury could not find such a doubt, nor could the Supreme Court find it; but Frank's lawyer—John M. Slaton—found it, and this lawyer might just as well have given it the full measure of the law, and acquitted the client whom he re-tried.

The rich Jews probably understand, by now, the reason for the commutation, instead of the pardon, of "the innocent man."

Burns, Lehon, Rosser, Slaton, and Arnold thought too highly of the goose that laid golden eggs.

A full pardon meant, no more eggs.

A commutation meant another and a longer fight; a great many more eggs.

The rich Jews, and their rascally lawyers, and detectives got whipped, all up and down the line; and the rich Jews lost their case, and their convicted criminal; but it may console them to consider the piles of ducats they have saved.

Burns, Lehon, and the noble attorneys lament deeply the loss of those prospective eggs.

These are the Laws Which were Violated by Governor John M. Slaton.

THE Oregonian, of Portland, Oregon, publishes an interview with our fugitive ex-Governor, under date of August 5th. The article begins:

John M. Slaton, ex-Governor of Georgia, who saved Leo Frank from the gallows a few weeks ago, visited friends in Portland yesterday. He was accompanied by Mrs. Slaton.

While the Frank case has been dismissed from their minds as an unpleasant nightmare, Mr. and Mrs. Slaton did not hesitate to talk about it. When they did talk they gave utterance to the most natural, home-like expressions.

"They handed me the records in the case," explained Mr. Slaton, "and told me to consider them. They had about 10,000 pages, I guess. Of course, I read a whole lot about in in the papers and had received many reports previous to the time that case came up to me finally. But I studied the evidence from every angle.

"When I got through with it all I couldn't convince myself that the man was absolutely guilty. There was some honest doubt in my mind as I weighed the evidence. So I said to my wife:

"Sally, I don't believe that man should hang."
"Well," she said, "if you feel that way about it, John, you better commute his sentence."

Critics in Small Majority.

"You all know the rest. Of course, there was fierce resentment among certain people, and for a while a lot of folks were real hostile toward me, but I believe their maturer judgment will permit them to consider the question in the light that it had to be put up to me."

Mr. Slaton is eager to correct the impression that the attitude of the mobs that surrounded his home following his commutation of Frank's sentence reflects the real sentiment of the Georgia people.

"I think that a large proportion of Georgians do not criticize me for my action," he said.

So, you see, Slaton can't tell the same story twice as to how he came to commute.

In one place, he says it was the minority decisions of the courts, and the Prison Commission, that controlled him.

In another, he says that Judge Roan called him from the grave.

In still another, he contended that our Supreme Court never reviewed the evidence, and nobody was left to do that, except himself.

But he loves to tug his wife in, and to place the final word upon her, just as Adam did about that apple.

Slaton is such a rotten rascal, and such an unmitigated liar, that he never does come within a mile of the truth about the case.

Why didn't he tell the Oregonian that he was Frank's lawyer?

The reason is apparent enough: he knows that when this shameful fact gets known abroad, the bouquets, and the banquets, and the ovations to the heroic Slaton will suddenly cease.

Governor Slaton wilfully and deliberately violated the laws he swore to maintain:

(1.) He usurped a judicial function, and exercised the powers which the Constitution forbade him to exercise:

(2.) He admits that he acted as a jury, as a trial judge, and as a Supreme Court of review, when his oath of office bound him to enforce the affirmed verdicts of juries, and the judicial decisions of the Supreme Court.

(3.) He acted in a case where the Law disqualified him; and he did so after a protest, in writing, had urged that disqualification upon his attention:

(4.) He acted officially in a case where he was pecuniarily interested, for, as Rosser's partner, he was entitled to a share of Rosser's stupendous fee:

(5.) He illegally obstructed legal pro-

The Jeffersonian

Issued Every Thursday.
Office of Publication: THOMSON, GA.

Entered as second-class matter, Dec. 8, 1910,
at the post office at Thomson, Georgia,
under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Price.....\$1.00 Per Year.

In clubs of ten only, with cash accompanying
the order, can The Weekly Jeffersonian or Wat-
son's Magazine, be offered at the rate of fifty
cents for a year.

Where lists containing less than ten names, are
sent, the subscriptions will be entered only for
six months.

There can be no deviation from this rule.

OUR ATLANTA REPRESENTATIVE.

Any one wishing to subscribe to THE JEF-
FERSONIAN (Weekly Paper)

Or to WATSON'S MAGAZINE (Monthly)

Can give the money to

MR. G. W. SEALS,

502 Austell Building, - - - ATLANTA, GA.

Advertising Rates Furnished on Application.

Aug. 15 If the above date appears on
the label on your paper it
means that your subscrip-
tion expires this month. Subscriptions are dis-
continued promptly on date of expiration.
RENEW NOW.

Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor.

NOW IN ITS EIGHTH YEAR

DEVOTED TO

History,

Biography,

General Literature,

Exposure of Italian Popery, the
Deadliest Foe to Religion, Lib-
erty and Human Progress.

Short Stories,

Poems, Etc.

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR

In Clubs of 12, Price 50c. Each,
or \$6.00 for the Club.

THE JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING CO.

THOMSON, GEORGIA.

THOMSON, GA., AUGUST 26, 1915.

cess, by signing a commutation which he, as
a lawyer, was bound to know was null and
void:

(6.) He colluded with his partner to vir-
tually abolish capital punishment; and his
conduct in doing so was so different from
his conduct in the Gentile cases, last year,
that he created the suspicion that he was
bribed, by the Jews.

The Vigilance Committee disregarded the
illegal commutation as null and void: they
went, in a quiet and orderly way, to where
he was illegally detained—and from which
Frank was illegally detained—and from
which he was planning on early escape—
AND SENTENCE OF THE LAW.

SENTENCE OF LAW WAS EN- FORCED ON LEO FRANK.

Irregular, But Right.

May a Convicted Criminal Com- mute His Own Sentence?

A DEFENDANT acts through his law-
yers, unless he chooses to act as his own
attorney.

What the lawyer does for his client is, in
law, the act of the client.

When the lawyer waives any legal right
for his client, it binds the client.

When the lawyer moves for a continu-
ance, a mistrial, or a new trial, the client
does it.

In other words, the lawyer is the client,
in the conduct of the case.

The client could question his witnesses,
and could cross-examine those against him,
if he wished; but when his lawyer does it
—as in almost every case—it is the same, in
law, as though the defendant himself had
done it.

If the lawyer makes admissions, or de-
nials, concerning matters of fact, or of law,
it is the same, in legal effect, as if the de-
fendant had admitted or denied.

Now, when John M. Slaton, one of
Frank's lawyers, told the New York mil-
lionaire-Jews that he would re-try the case,
it was the same in law as saying that
Frank would be his own judge.

When Slaton *did* afterwards re-try the
case, upsetting the jury, as to the facts, and
overruling all the judges, as to the law, his
act was, in legal contemplation, *the act of
his client.*

When Frank's attorney, John M. Slaton,
signed a decree of commutation, *it was the
same in law as though Frank had signed it.*

Is a convicted criminal, condemned by all
the courts, and three times sentenced to
death, legally released from the sentence
when he himself, through one of his law-
yers, annuls the decrees of the courts?

*May a man use his own lawyer, to vir-
tually abolish the courts?*

It is monstrous, to contend that he may.

There is a God's lavish of "Georgia's
shame," but it does cling to the bold,
true men of Cobb County who executed
upon a legally tried, and thrice condemned
murderer, *the mandate of the Law.*

The Law had said, three times, "Hang
Leo Frank by the neck, until he is dead;"
the Vigilantes did just that, and no more.

The attempt of Frank's lawyer to annul
the mandate of the Law, *was itself a crime,
AND A NULLITY.*

Slaton had no more legal right to act in
that case, *as commuter*, than Rosser did.

The commutation, signed by one of
Frank's lawyers, did not exist in law, at
all. *It was void. IT WAS NOTHING.*

Consequently, the mandate of the Law
stood, in all of its integrity, *and the man's
life was FORFEIT.*

To compare such a case with the ordi-
nary lynchings, which pain us so much
when Illinois, Indiana, and Pennsylvania
swing niggers, is unjust.

There have been some awful lynchings
in Springfield, Illinois—the home of Abra-
ham Lincoln—and they caused us Southern
savages much dolor and depression; but we
managed to survive it.

Indiana had a psychic drunk, and a gen-
eral epidemic of jungle fury, some years
ago, and scores of the sons of Ham fell
sudden victims to a superior civilization.

Wasn't it in Ohio that our brother in
black was shot clean off the map of a town,
just a few years back?

It seems to me that an affliction of that
sort fell upon us, and caused us illiterates,
brutes, barbarians, and low-lifers of the
South much misery in our spirits.

Yes, "Georgia's shame" is abundant, but
it doesn't rest on the men who, for two
years, waited patiently for the authorities
to enforce the Law.

The patient waiting would have been
rewarded, and the Law enforced, had not
one of Frank's own attorneys been Gov-
ernor.

"Georgia's shame" is, that this man took
his client's case away from the Law, and
made it an asset of his firm.

"Georgia's shame" has been, that none of
the Atlanta dailies would warn Slaton
against committing such a crime.

"Georgia's shame" has been, that nearly
all our daily papers have betrayed the
State, and become accomplices in a nation-
wide campaign of villification, in which
the Law, the facts, the people, and the
courts have been venomously and persist-
ently misrepresented.

"Georgia's shame" is, that the Jew ad-
vertiser, the Jew banker, and the Jew-
owned railroad system of the Louisville and
Nashville, *throttles the Atlanta papers, and
makes a pliant tool of the Atlanta Cham-
ber of Commerce.*

"Georgia's shame" is, that those who
should have defended her at the bar of
public opinion, *did not*: Georgia's glory is,
that the great mass of her common people
were true-hearted, and were determined,
that there shall *not* be, in *this State, one
law for the Rich, and another for the Poor.*

*The Law which hangs Gentiles on the
verdicts of juries, MUST HANG JEWS,*
whether they like the rope or not.

The Law which, in 1914, hanged the 17-
year-old Cantrell boy, and the old North
Georgia tenant, and young Nick Wilburn,
should, in 1915, have hanged Leo Frank.

*We can't allow Justice bought and sold
by the Haas Finance Committee.*

Last week, three negroes were lynched in
Decatur County, for poisoning mules.

Has the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce
heard about it?

Has Clark Howell heard of it? Has the
Journal, and the Georgian?

Why are they not harassing the Gover-
nor, and offering rewards for the Decatur
lynchers, *who did not wait on the Law for
two long years?*

Frank had been regularly tried, and
legally convicted, after having had the
benefit of counsel, three trips to the State
Supreme Court, one trip to the United
States Supreme Court, and a full hearing
before the Prison Commission.

The South Georgia negroes had no regi-
ment of lawyers, no trial, no hearing before
any legal tribunal; and their crime was *not*
the rape and murder of a little white girl.

The negroes had killed mules.

Yet the North hasn't gone crazy over the
Decatur case: the Atlanta Chamber of
for writing that mess of lies for *Collier's*,
and how much did you pay *Collier's* for
publishing it?

(11.) How much did you pay W. E.
Thomson for his pamphlet, and how much
did M. J. Yeomans get for his brilliant
work?

Did you pay Yeomans anything extra for
embracing Dr. Wilmer on the street?

Did you pay Yeomans extra for that lie
he told, up and down the State, about the
"W. J. Jenkins," who offered to sell *Jef-
fersonian* influence??

(12.) In all, how much did it cost to
poison the Union against your State, and
to arouse a bitter race-hatred against Jews,
which your State never felt before?

Do you now think it was worth what it
cost you, to malign your native State, and
to bring upon your race a hostility which
had no existence when you organized your
Committee?

(13.) If Mary Phagan had been a Jew-
ess, would your course have been the same?

EDITORIAL NOTES

By J. D. WATSON

The Georgian is surprised at the fact that a campaign of vilification and misrepresentation because of the execution of Frank has been started by the same papers, out of the State, that misrepresented us before Frank was sent to the prison farm at Milledgeville.

Oba, of the New York Times, has the following editorial:

Georgia's Shame.

The State of Georgia should either apprehend the murderers of Leo M. Frank and punish them according to its laws, or its people should honor them by election to the chief judicial and administrative offices in their gift. Any half-way course will be a cowardly evasion. Either the lynchers of Frank faithfully represent public opinion in Georgia or they do not represent it. If Georgia approves lynching, then honors bestowed upon the lynchers would attest at once the shameless courage of the Georgia public and its willingness to defy public opinion in all the other States of the Union. We must assume, however, that the revalling feeling in the State of Georgia is one of horror and execration of the crime. If that be the case the lynchers will be punished.

That they must be punished, that their arrest and punishment is a supreme necessity for the people of Georgia, is perfectly obvious. If Frank had desired to wreak his revenge upon the State of Georgia for its inhuman persecutions and denial of justice he could not by any possibility have devised a more certain and dreadful method for the accomplishment of his purpose. The crime is a stain upon the reputation of the State which can be erased in only one way. Ex-Governor Slaton says that these malefactors have "disgraced the Commonwealth," that the deed "is an attack on civilization." Secretary of the Navy Daniels, a Southern man, says that "it is the worst possible blot on the name of the State." Governor Harris declares that "it will hurt Georgia greatly everywhere," and what is more to the purpose he will use every means in his power "to see to it that the members of the mob receive fitting punishment for their crime." It is the most atrocious lynching ever committed in any Southern State. Frank had been tried for the murder of Mary Phagan, he had been more than once condemned to death. On appeal the courts afforded him no relief. Governor Slaton, having before him much vital evidence not put before the jury in the trial court, commuted the death sentence to life imprisonment. The evidence did not convince him that Frank was guilty. That Frank was innocent has been the firm conviction of many impartial men who have inquired into the circumstances of the crime. Yet these lynchings, fired with the detestable spirit of the mob that from the time of the murder has raged against Frank, have overruled Governor Slaton and put Frank to death. The annals of lynchings in the South record no parallel case. Yet the responsibility must be placed, primarily, not upon the participants in the crime, but upon the conspicuous and well-known men who from the beginning have shown a black-hearted ferocity in their demand for the execution of Frank. They are the men who inspired the mob to do its work, they are the instigators of the crime.

No law-abiding community, no really civilized community, would consent to live its life with this hideous blot upon it. The punishment of lynchings is extremely rare in the South, but in this case Georgia must punish the lynchings or put up for all time with the obloquy attaching to their crime. Surely, the decent people of Georgia must support the Governor in his intention to mete out due punishment, for it is only in that way that they can free the reputation of the State from the odium which has been brought upon it. Only in that way can the people of Georgia atone for the shame and humiliation they have brought upon the whole country by permitting a mob to override the laws. The bar of Georgia should make itself the leader in the effort to absolve Georgia from the deep discredit of this monstrous act. Many members of the Georgia bar share the very widespread belief that Frank was innocent. They have a professional interest in putting down the spirit of lawlessness, they have an individual interest and duty as citizens in clearing the name of their State from this shame.

While the New York World—the sheet of the Pulitzers—says:

On Sunday Leo Frank left the Milledgeville prison hospital, cured of the wound inflicted by the negro convict Green. On Monday a band of Marietta Phagan's Marietta neighbors dashed more than 100 miles across the State, dragged Frank from his cell and returned to Marietta, where they hanged him yesterday in broad daylight. Public neglect or collusion favored the deed at

every step. There was no opposition. The Marietta Chief of Police knew nothing afterward of a crime his neighbors knew all about beforehand. In more than 200 miles of open road no one questioned the lynchers' procession. Atlanta does not know whether the party avoided the city or passed through. In Milledgeville, though there had been warning enough, nothing was done by thirty armed men, behind walls that would have stood a siege, to defend their charge.

Night veiled Georgia's contempt of law. Day lighted its odd ideas of decency. When the body was "found"—Sheriff and Coroner being conveniently absent—it remained hanging while Georgia parents lifted little children up to gaze over the heads of the throng at a spectacle they can never forget, a festival of gluttoned vengeance befitting a savage tribe. Pieces of its garments were cut off for "souvenirs." As a fitting final touch, the corpse was stamped upon by blood-mad ruffians.

The mob did not "take the law into their own hands." They trampled on the law. They lynched the honor of a State. In the dark prospect that faces the State there is one gleam of light. It is the declaration of the gallant ex-Gov. Slaton that every man concerned in "an act contrary to the civilization of Georgia should be hanged, for he is an assassin." It is the pledge of Gov. Harris to use all his power to "see to it that the members of this mob receive fitting punishment."

This is the word for future action. The law-abiding men of Georgia may be expected to disavow, to denounce, to condemn this crime against their State. But the only disavowal that will carry weight with the Nation will be the punishment of the men who murdered Leo Frank.

Chicago, being as free from vice and crime as New York, cannot afford to be outdone by New York in denouncing mob-ruled Georgia; so they go a little further in the Chicago Tribune, and give us a remedy for improving our present state of semi-civilization.

Says the Tribune:

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

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

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

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

After which we quote from the following most representative papers of the North, East and West:

New York Evening Post:

There is no need to put words to the rack in order to seek to express the full horror and shame of the lynching of Leo Frank in Georgia. Everything conspires to fix public attention on this latest and culminating murder by the mob. The crime was committed, as it were, in full sight of the Nation. The awful spectacle speaks for itself. We can only turn away from it with a shudder to ask what it all means and what can be done about it.

New York Evening Sun:

The lynching of Leo M. Frank is the most shocking crime in the long record of mob outrages. It is the climax of a story in which justice and moderation have consistently been subordinated to prejudice.

New York Mail:

A government that does not represent in its acts the best moral sense of its community cannot long endure. What is going on in Georgia is more than a tragedy of an individual man. The tragedy of Leo Frank is the tragedy of the government of Georgia.

Pittsburgh Dispatch:

Georgia is reaping what she sowed. For years she had tolerated mob violence against one

race. No State, no community, can thus traffic with anarchy without paying the penalty. The mob that is allowed to set its belief above the law in one case will not hesitate to arrogate to itself the same power in another.

Boston Traveler:

In this crowning demonstration of inherent savagery Georgia stands revealed before the world in her naked, barbarian brutality. She is a shame, a disgrace to the other States of the Union, who are powerless in the matter of humane justice to put upon her the corrective punishment her crimes deserve.

Milwaukee Leader:

The lynching of Leo Frank is a dastardly crime for which the State of Georgia and its people are officially and personally responsible. After attempting to murder an innocent man by judicial procedure and being frustrated, the cowardly lynching was perpetrated. By this act Georgia becomes the Pariah among the States of the Union. The people of the rest of this great country should refuse to recognize Georgia, socially or in a business way. Instead of sending troops to Mexico, the Federal Government should send an army to Georgia. Nothing so barbarous has been recorded in Mexico. Nothing so offensive to the dignity of this Nation has been committed by the Mexicans. Nothing so repugnant to all sense of decency is found in history. The people who talk about the alleged atrocities of the Germans can find in this Frank case something more worthy of condemnation. There isn't even the excuse of war—there isn't any excuse. That a man's life should be destroyed by imprisonment for a crime it was not shown he committed was bad enough. That is mob spirit in the hands of a comparative few. But for the State itself to take part in the lynching of a man legally committed to its care by the State's law machinery is the climax of crime and brutality which has no parallel. Georgia was as much in duty and honor bound to protect Leo Frank in his dismal cell at Milledgeville, as it is to protect the life and safety of the Governor of the State or the warden of the prison. Georgia not merely failed or neglected to protect Frank. She refused to protect him.

The State of Georgia did all she could do to accomplish the lynching of Frank. She refused to protect him after threats to kill had been made, and a murderous attack followed, from which he had not recovered when carried away last night by a mob. The State not only refused to protect Frank, but if the news of the affair is reliably reported, there was a complicity that was more brutal than the crime of which the prisoner was accused and not proven guilty. The warden and superintendent of the big prison were "asleep" at a place most convenient for the mob to "surprise" and "overcome" them. There were only two guards on duty, and they, too, "were asleep." Why all were "asleep" is a matter which the higher officials of Georgia must explain, but outside of Georgia there is little doubt that they "slept" that the lynchings could gain time, and work with ease and certainty. If there are any officials in Georgia who have a shred of respect left for themselves and the law they have a fine case before them for adjustment and punishment. If ever a State took an active hand in setting aside all law and respect for law and turning the law into an agent for destroying law, Georgia is the State in this case of Leo Frank. Georgia is a disgrace to the United States. She has outlawed herself—she is the outcast of the sisterhood. Until Georgia shows some remorse, some repentance, by capturing and hanging for the murder of Leo Frank, her name should be every person every person in any way responsible Anathema.

There has been a peculiar silence of Hearst's Atlanta Georgian on the affair, but from Hearst's New York American we learn that:

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

were a few, who, encouraged by a spirit of sullen hatred and anarchy, plotted to overthrow justice at a blow, and glut their hatred by an act unparalleled, even in the bloody history of lynch law. The attack was not expected. The guards were easily overpowered. Night aided the assassins in the purpose, and in skulking to cover once it had been carried out. Until every man who took part in this crime is found and punished, the people of Georgia will have a duty to perform. Governments are not set up to be overridden by assassins. Governors are not elected and put in office to have their decisions flouted by murderous mobs. There must be no refuge for these butchers. To give them aid or comfort, to offer them opportunity for concealment is a criminal act, and should be punished as such. For the authorities to rest while they are still at liberty would be inexcusable dereliction of duty. Governor Slaton vindicated the honor of the State of Georgia when he commuted Frank's sentence, defying when he did so the threats of the men who are

now cowering from justice. Governor Harris has again vindicated it in his courageous determination to hunt down the murderers. No means must be spared to bring this about. While they have their liberty the honor not only of a State, but of the entire Nation, is at stake.

From the Boston Traveler, we learn that, "the degradation of Georgia, which for some time has been notorious, last night reached its nadir when a mob of men overpowered Warden, Superintendent and guards at the Georgia State Prison Farm and lynched Leo Frank. And to the degree that a humane public can rebuke the State of Georgia by refusing to have any part of her unholy people's products, they will do so. Anything made or grown in Georgia will bear a sinister brand and be suggestive of

lynchings and burnings, and especially this brutal murder of Frank, and it is to be, and doubtless will be, left untouched. Perhaps Georgia can get along with these things from Boston just about as well as Boston can get along without anything produced in Georgia, and if a campaign boycott is started, Georgians will not be first to yell "quit."

Just at this time, it will not help merchants in Georgia for their friends on the other side of the State to be advising boycott. Boycott can be applied by us just as easily as it can by Boston.

The Jeffersonian, \$1.00 per year; in advance, 50 cents.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

HE WANTS NATHAN STRAUS TO COME AHEAD!

Dear Sir: I have followed you very carefully from day to day, as far as the Frank case has appeared in your paper, and desire to congratulate you for the brave and glorious fight that you have been making, and are still making, for the virtuous womanhood in the grand old State of Georgia, the Empire State of the South, and wish to say further that no man has ever in my knowledge stood so fearless on the rock of criticism from the rich and powerful money power that I am very sorry to say seems to be governing very near all of our periodicals at this present day.

When little Mary Phagan was done to death by a Jewish pervert in the National Pencil Factory, at Atlanta, Ga., there was a crime committed that was destined to shake the faith of the law-abiding people of this grand old State, in so far as looking to the law for a place of refuge from crime, where there was plenty of money to bribe such cowardly money-loving men as John M. Slaton, Georgia's traitor Governor.

I notice in a recent issue of The Jeff where Nathan Straus says that there has been a citizens' meeting in Georgia, calling upon you to leave the State within one week for good.

Now suppose Nathan should be extended an invitation to come down and make a canvass of Georgia and ascertain for himself the facts of this meeting, and I wish to add right here that I would like for Nathan to make his advent into Georgia and start at once for his petition and visit this part of Georgia and just see for himself how many signers he would get to that noble petition. I am satisfied that he would be accorded a reception that would be all but pleasant to the Honorable Nathan.

And you may rest assured that at least 90 per cent of the people in this part of the State are with you in this great fight of all the ages for law and order and the carrying out of the penalty of the law, when same has been approved by the very highest tribunal in this State, and backed up as being true by the highest tribunal in the United States.

Away back in the 'Nineties, when the Populist party was at its height, my people were what was known as Democrats, and always voted that ticket, and consequently thought that you were unquestionably the farthest out of your place of any man in the world, but since I have grown to manhood and have read a great deal of your work, I find that this was a mistaken idea that I had learned to entertain of you.

Yours for law, and enforcement of same, until death.

A CITIZEN OF GEORGIA.

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

GOVERNORS MUST NOT OVERTHROW THE COURTS.

Dear Sir: We are already indebted to you beyond all computation for the noble fight you have made and for the publicity you have given the mole-work methods which were employed in the Frank case, etc., but would further urge your assistance to the extent of properly replying to the remarkable editorial in a recent issue of the Atlanta Constitution, headed "Georgia's Shame." Can't you set the egotistical Clark right, and call his attention to the false statements which he puts in his alleged newspaper?

And while you are about it, for goodness' sake trim old Jack again for his defamatory speech at San Francisco, in which he strives to incite his hearers to come to Georgia and to drive the great majority of her citizens, and a few of her newspapers, out of the State.

We sadly need a paper here in Atlanta that would give us the news, so that we could boycott the three miserable sheets published here, which do not give us the news to which we are entitled, and for which we pay; but unless you, or some other fearless man, who cannot be bought by Jew money, or lawyer money, or Governor money, comes to establish a real newspaper for the common people, I cannot see that conditions will improve.

May your zeal not be diminished in the good cause. Keep "Georgia's Shame" always fresh in the minds of the people, so that next time an alleged Governor thinks of defeating justice by committing an illegal act, he will remember the present case and withhold his hand.

Ga. L. S. U.

NATHAN STRAUS THREATENS TO PROSECUTE ME FOR THE LEGAL EXECUTION OF LEO FRANK.

Dear Sir: I see that Sig. Montag, Haas & Co., are threatening to prosecute you. I think it's the very thing for them to do. When they get through with it their closest friends won't know them. We have already suffered to our shame, but I declare to you this will bring things to a close. I feel in my very bones that the patriotic, red-blooded sons of Georgia will put a finishing touch to some things when this talked-for rascally prosecution takes place. Defy our courts, buy the so-called Governor, and then prosecute the man who, above all others, has made an honest plea for Georgia, her laws and her people—this is going beyond the limit. I speak the feeling of a hundred thousand true sons of Georgia. I dare them to indict you. If the worst must come, let it come. We don't intend to submit to the Jews and a few Gentile scalawags to run our State.

Ga. J. L. MOORE.

PUCK'S INCENDIARY AND LIBELOUS CARTOONS.

Dear Sir: You have doubtless seen the enclosed cartoon which appeared in Straus' New York magazine, "Puck," and the text underneath. I consider this cartoon another Jew insult. The majority of honest, conscientious citizens of Georgia, I fully believe, have no such sentiments as pictured upon this Jew sheet.

Notice the other cartoons inclosed. It is needless to say that the same pen drew both. The question is, "Why didn't Nelson Greene place his signature upon his lying cartoon?" Because it was probably outlined to him by "Puck's" Jew controllers, and did not express Greene's real thoughts, and he was ashamed of it.

I failed to find a signature upon this cartoon, but being familiar with cartoonists' work, and thinking you might like to know who the cartoonist was, I am taking the liberty of writing you. Yours truly,

Ga. FRIEND.

OLD CONFED WRITES.

Dear Sir: Please accept the sincere thanks and heartfelt appreciation of a Confederate veteran, whose old heart still beats true to the immortal strains of "Dixie" and the unsullied womanhood of the South, for your able and courageous defense of our State and people from the slanders of a gang of vultures who would sell their Saviour for a few pieces of silver.

I want to lay one flower and shed one tear upon the grave of that little,

fatherless girl who, by choice, death to dishonor, enrolled herself among "The few immortal names that were not born to die."

My weary footsteps move along life's pathway, and I know that I am fast approaching the end of my earthly journey, but I do want to cross over the river until people of Georgia have rewarded in a substantial way for being in this hour when others have "the pregnant hinges of the knee" that may follow fawning.

Ga. CUTHBERT JOYNER.

NEW YORKER IS GLAD.

Dear Sir: The people of Georgia instead of feeling any regret for action of those who took the

JEWELS OF MASONIC ELOQUENCE

and over 100 true stories of mercy, assistance, "DISTRESS SIGNAL" and history of world part played by Masons in National affairs, and from every American State and European land. Handily bound, highly illustrated, nearly 400 pages. Should be in every home and Lodge. Limited edition. Many funded if dissatisfied. Price \$2.00. 10 per cent discount if cash order, with this ad. mail this paper this week. Address MASONIC SEARCH SOCIETY, ENID, OKLAHOMA.

THE FOOL-KILLER

The hottest and funniest paper on earth. Written with a red-hot poker dipped in hot soup. It rides the devil a-straddle with a saddle, and spurs him at every lope. Death, fools, rascals and hypocrites. Monthly. Year. SPECIAL OFFER: Send ten cents and names and get it a year for your trouble. Fool-Killer, 16 A St. Moravian Falls, N. C.

WANTED.

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

NOW READY IN BOOK FORM

An exact reproduction from the court stenographer's report as submitted to the Court of Appeals, the Supreme Court of Georgia and the Supreme Court of the United States.

THE CELEBRATED SPEECH OF HON. HUGH M. DORSEY

The Brilliant Young Solicitor General in the Thrilling and Now Famous Criminal Case

Prosecuting

LEO. M. FRANK

For the Murder of MARY PHAGAN

The speech stands as a dramatic oratorical effort, not alone from a legal standpoint, but for the wide range of human interest. Every known human emotion, natural and perverted, is dealt with by a master of oratory, human nature and criminal law. This is positively the only authorized edition.

Get Your Copy Now 50c By Mail Post Paid

Send money or stamps. Book mailed same day order is received. APPEAL PUBLISHING CO., Box 926, ATLANTA, GA.

SHEATS' STOCK TONIC

Guaranteed to be Pure Medicine without a Grain of Filler in it. \$100 will be paid to any Person who will Find a Grain of Filler in it.

When you buy a stock medicine that is all medicine, common sense teaches you that you can't get as much for the same money as you can of a stock powder that is about one-fourth medicine and three-fourths "filler." What benefit do you really get from the "filler?" Our answer is, as much as from the "filler" in guano.

Sheats' Stock Tonic was discovered by a practical Georgia farmer.

W. H. Sheats, of Winder, Ga., knows from years of experience and close observation just what it takes to make a real good, common-sense and HONEST stock medicine. A few doses of real medicine given just right, will do more good than a bushel of humbug "filler" that is being sold all over the country and called stock medicine.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Remember 50c per package delivered anywhere in the United States.

WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY.

SHEATS' STOCK TONIC CO., Winder, Ga.

The Story of France

IN TWO VOLUMES

REVISED EDITION

By THOS. E. WATSON

In the preparation of this work, the author exhausted all the known sources of information, and no work on the subject has superseded his.

IT IS STANDARD, AND WILL REMAIN SO.

\$3.50, Net

The Jeffersonian Publishing Company
Thomson, - Georgia

A New Department of The Jeffersonian JOB WORK

ESTIMATES FURNISHED

Best Material. Perfect Workmanship.

Write for Estimates of what you need.

J. D. WATSON, Manager,

Jeffersonian Publishing Co., Thomson, Ga.

ANOTHER ENFORCEMENT OF THE RE TEMERE DECREE, IN GEORGIA.

Dear Sir: I wish to call your attention to a circumstance which happened at Arlington, Ga. A Catholic priest had to re-marry an old couple, the old man being on his death-bed. The priest told them he could not forgive their sins unless he married them again, and the old lady submitted to it just to pacify the old man. Now, Mr. Watson, this took place right here in Arlington, and if you want the particulars I will see that you get them. It happened only a few months ago.

Hoping the above will be of some benefit to you in your fight against the Catholics, I am, truly yours,
Ga. HULL ANDREWS.

PAYS JEW ASSESSMENT.

Dear Sir: In conversation with a friend a few days ago, who has been spending a good portion of his time for several years in the Delta, he related a portion of a conversation he had with a prominent Jew residing there, and who owns a fine plantation and other Delta property and who, it is supposed, is pretty well fixed, financially. He said this Jew friend told him that he had just paid his last assessment to help in the Frank defense, which amounted to eight dollars, and said he hoped it would be the last. He said he paid it, although he thought the d-d scoundrel's neck should have been broken, as he believed him guilty. I have no doubt of the truth of the statement, and it shows the corrupt methods used in raising the immense amount of money used in Frank's defense, and to save his neck from the noose.

I feel, Mr. Watson, that the people of Georgia, and all good people, owe you a debt of gratitude that never can be paid, for the noble and able manner in which you have, in the face of such corrupt influences of money and brains, stood for the integrity of the laws and courts of our country, and for the integrity of the people of your State.

May the Lord be with you and protect you, is the sincere wish of
Yours sincerely,
S. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.

Miss.

THE SHAME OF LOUISIANA?

Dear Sir: Old fat-head Dan Lehon, the blackleg detective, tries to put the blame of Frank's lynching on you, but the real cause is the failure to carry out the law and the verdict, as set forth by the judge, jury and Supreme Court.

A prostitute press, such as the New Orleans Item, blames the State of Georgia for the results of the miscarriage of justice, due to John Slaton's dastardly conduct. We had a somewhat similar case here some years ago, where criminals connected with the Mafia were about to escape the result of their crimes. Eleven of them were lynched, and this put the fear of the law in the balance of them. The notorious detective, D. C. O'Malley, was at that time forced to leave the city to save his life on account of his connection with the criminals. He is now connected with The Item. A quiet but general feeling of satisfaction prevails here that Frank only got what was coming to him by every right of law and justice.
A NEW ORLEAN.

THE JUNIOR ORDER U. A. M. WANTS A DAILY PAPER.

Dear Sir: Every Junior Order member of Atlanta has quit taking the papers that are published in Atlanta, and for that reason we want you to come here and publish a daily newspaper.

The Junior Order here in Atlanta has over 3,000 members, and I know that they will take your paper, for its the only true paper that is or ever has been published.

Yours truly,
Atlanta, Ga. JOHN SIEG, Secretary.

into their own hands when they strung up Leo Frank, should congratulate themselves upon the fact that outside influences cannot purchase the honor of their citizens, even though Slaton's reversal of all courts' rulings apparently pointed to the belief that he sold his soul for Jewish gold.

Every man, woman and child, outside of the Jews, throughout the entire country, will henceforth look to Georgia as the one State where rich Jews cannot dictate to its courts.

SHERIFF MANGUM'S FAVORS TO FRANK.

Dear Sir: As the voters of the State now know what kind of a man they voted for when they voted for Slaton for Governor, and I think the voters of the county should know what kind of a man they voted for Sheriff when they voted for Mr. Mangum. I have lived here in one of the nearest residences to the jail since long before the murder of Mary Phagan, and there are no objects between my window and the jail door, and I can see, when I have a mind to look, and I did see, every morning during the Frank trial, how Frank was carried to court. He did not walk many times; but, in a general way, an automobile was driven up before the jail door, and Frank would walk out alone to the curb, and stand smoking a cigar, without anyone with him, and directly Mr. Mangum would come out, walking fast, and Frank would open the door and take Mr. Mangum by the arm and lift him into the back seat, and then step in himself, and they would pass my door smoking, and Frank looked more like an honored guest than a prisoner; and I can not see why as old a man as Mr. Mangum is will get up at a mass meeting at the Capitol and say he did not show any favors toward Frank, when I saw him do so every day for a whole month, and all other prisoners are chained up and driven by my door like so many cattle.

Well, I think all real Georgians want law and order, but when it comes to a case like this, I, for one, am proud of the heroes that vindicated Mary Phagan, and the State, as we do not call that lawlessness, but doing something for us women that we cannot do for ourselves. I think I for one almost envy the wives of those men, for I would be glad to shake their hands.

Now, if Slaton and his party want to run down the lynchers, maybe they will want to get Burns to work it up, and then get our Sheriff to go after them.

When I want to read something I can rely upon, I always read The Jeffersonian. Wishing wealth and happiness to Tom Watson, and all lovers of truth, I am,

Yours truly,
G. A. CRIDER,
143 1/2 E. Hunter St.,
Atlanta, Ga.

WANTED TO PUT HIM OUT.

Dear Sir: When in New York a few weeks ago I dropped into one of Marcus Lowe's picture shows and, much to my disgust, saw the Leo Frank pictures, to which you refer in a recent issue of The Jeffersonian. "The Humane Governor of Georgia and his wife," "The faithful wife of Frank," all drew forth round after round of applause. I, of course, couldn't resist the temptation to hiss. You should have heard the remarks: "Ought to be put out," "Must be from Atlanta," etc. It is needless to say the pictures nauseated me to the extent that I left the show.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELER.

OF COURSE THE JEWS KNEW IT.

Dear Sir: I was informed by a Jew acquaintance, in this city, that the Jews here knew beforehand that Leo Frank's sentence would be commuted. Sincerely,
Chicago, Ill. W. W.

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

More Anent Tom Watson.

PUCK is still rawhiding Tom Watson, of Georgia. Without regard to the merits of their controversy, it can safely be said that there will be some interesting reading when Mr. Watson takes a notion to take up the gauntlet in his own magazine. Not many Georgians agree with their distinguished fellow citizen politically—if he would re-enter the Democratic party, he could have anything within the gift of the people for the mere asking—but none of them fail to realize his unusual brilliancy. Whether assuming the role of criminal lawyer, lecturer, historian, candidate for President of the United States, or what not, Watson is unquestionably one of the most forceful characters of the South.—Daily Oklahoman.

So it would now seem that we are not the sole member of Oklahoma's delegation of pencil pushers who would even dare to intimate that the redoubtable auburn-hued citizen of the vermilion hills of the good old Goober State is not a fool or a knave. And now since the latest edict has gone forth from Colonel Roy Stafford, the greatest of the great, and from one who always wears his moral and political preachments right side toward every wind that blows, it might be well for others to come from their hiding 'neath the juniper bush, and confess, as did Elijah of old, that "there be a goodly number who have never bowed the knee to the image of Baal," and who, we might say, never fail to register a solar plexus blow in the umbilical regions of his prophets, whenever they don their war paint and get gay. And these are the fellows who are standing sponsor for the unquestioned ability of the fiery Georgian, and will continue to do so, regardless of the fact that the rabble may dub him a populist and a bolter. We never voted the Populist ticket, but we have about decided that those who did need not make any profuse apologies for the rash (?) act; Senator Gore, of Oklahoma, being one of our most cheering examples. And more especially is this the case when we recall that nearly all the political reforms of the last quarter century came as a heritage from the old Omaha platform and other similar documents whose dagger-like teeth made them hang like the sword of Damocles over all the old hidebound politicians both North and South. The doctrines of the initiative and referendum, the imperative mandate and recall, the proper regulation of the trusts and the election of U. S. Senators by direct vote of the people are some of the modern political accomplishments of which we now boast. And yet the time was when those very needed reforms were dubbed as the visionary schemes of the wild-eyed old "pops." Now days these self-same theories of government have become the watchword of all political reformers, and during all these years, the man of the hour in backing these reforms has been none other than Thos. E. Watson, of Georgia.

Twenty years ago when Tom Watson would take a swing around the circle on a speech-making tour, he always got a hearing, and many were the old-time political war (?) horses who took dadgasted good care of their bacon in those days, by letting the red-haired Georgian have his say, and then waiting for his departure before making any rejoinder. He seems to have no further political aspirations, but he has not quit the platform, and when the occasion demands he goes to Atlanta and hires a hall and soon the word is passed out the Tom Watson will hold forth at a given hour, and then it is that bishops, college professors, law-makers, farmers and business men vie with each other for a place of vantage to witness the intellectual fireworks which is most certain to come off when Watson romps on the footlights. His vocabulary is as keen as a damas-

cus blade and cuts as deep, and when he mounts to his high meridian of arraignment graft and corruption in high places, the smell of carnage is something like unto a glue factory, and this is why he is so universally hated by—a certain class. His very shadow seems to be the nightmare of all crooked politicians from the rivers to the end of the earth. As a writer he hasn't an equal in this age of the world, and take it from us, he will take good care of mendacious old "Puck," and all other blatherskite Watson boats of the fact that he is blessed with a red scalp-covering, and from his writings it is easy to infer that his mental make-up is equally as auburn-hued. Tom Watson knows all that the school men know, and has done a good deal of independent gleaning on the side; and when we have an all-consuming desire to take on a little extra mental ballast free of all platitudes and minus every tincture of plagerism, we simply take a day off and read The Jeffs. Our advice to those who contemplate a bout with Watson is, that they vigorously apply the softest of all soft pedals unto themselves. In other words please forget it. Selah!—The Poteau Okla.) Weekly Sun.

THE COWS, THE RAILROADS AND JIM PRICE.

Dear Sir: I was apprised a few days ago of how the Commissioner of Agriculture of Georgia is playing into the hands of the railroad companies and big stock-yard companies of Atlanta.

Code sections 2071 to 2084, inclusive, of the Civil Code of Georgia for 1910, provide for the quarantining of cattle, and regulates the moving of same from unquarantined territory to quarantined territory. The rules regulating the transportation of cattle from one territory to another, in the purview of the quarantine law, are left to the discretion of the Commissioner of Agriculture.

Now, to illustrate, Gwinnett County does not have the quarantine law in vogue, while a portion of DeKalb, and all of Fulton, have. Therefore, until recently, when citizens of Gwinnett County sought to carry cattle into those quarantined districts, they notified the State Veterinarian, or some duly authorized live stock inspector, to meet them at a certain point to inspect their cattle. This being done, and the cattle found to be free from any contagious disease, they were permitted to enter the quarantined territory.

Recently, however, this practice has been abandoned, leaving no way for the cattle raiser or the small cattle dealer to carry them to market in this territory, other than by shipping them by rail to some city stock-yard. By shipping them there, they can have them inspected and sold, and receive what money remains after paying the freight charges, the stable hire and a commission on the sold cattle to the stock-yard company.

Thus the cattle raiser and small cattle trader are eliminated, and the big dealers can go through the country, buy up cattle, ship them to their stock-yards, and sell them for beef in the market. Consequently, the cattle raiser is forced to take less for his male cattle and beef cows, if indeed he sells them at all, than he would if their transportation were not restricted. And the only persons benefited by those transportation regulations are the railroad companies and the stock-yard companies.

This is the way the Commissioner of Agriculture, Mr. Price, is regulating, or, through lack of regulation, is allowing the cattle raiser and the beef consumer to fall within the clutches of the beef speculators. If he knows of this condition of affairs, he is prostituting his office for the benefit of the railroads and stock-yards, and if he does not know of it, he is displaying his incompetency to fill the office to which he has been elected.

Several parties have been in my office lately complaining of the manner in which they are being discriminated against, and I told them that

I would write to you concerning the matter, and that you might give it such publicity as you may deem necessary.

With best wishes to you and yours, and wishing unbounded success to The Jeffs, I am,

Your friend,
Ga. JOHN I. KELLEY,

EMPLOY BURNS!

Dear Sir: The State, in its investigation of Leo Frank's lynching should, in my humble opinion, secure the most skilled experts obtainable. Do you not think it a wise plan for the State to raise enough money either by appropriation or otherwise, and employ Wm. J. Burns to come down here and conduct the investigation personally? Sincerely,
Ga. C. F. WELLS.

\$3.98
Only
Worth \$12.

READ OUR OFFER
33
PRESTO!
FREE IF
you re-
mold can
with-
der.
SEND
US
\$3.98
Special
Wholesale



sale for One Box (50) of our Regular \$80.00 per thousand CIGARS—ten Cent Sellers which we want INTRODUCED QUICK, Staple Brands, and we give in SAME PACKAGE this S. & W. Mod. 32 or 38 Cal., REVOLVER, Safety POLICE—any length barrel at no Extra price, also Genuine Stem Wind Watch worth \$3, together with 33 Additional Presents Free which we have not space to mention but consists of Knife, Scissors etc. if you send Cash with order. Will ship C. O. D. \$3.98 by Express or Parcel Post but you only get the REVOLVER as PREMIUM. No Examination can be had by Parcel Post, but can be EXAMINED by EXPRESS. If offer is not as we say return goods and we return your money—That's all. Name Express office. DIXIE CIGAR CO., Dep't 39 Jacksonville, Fla.

The House of Hapsburg

By Thos. E. Watson.

The latest of Mr. Watson's Historical Works.

States cause of present European War.

Shows origin of the present House of Hapsburg; the growth of the papal power of Rome.

Shows the disastrous result that always follows the union of Church and State.

ILLUSTRATED—96 PAGES.

Paper Cover; Well Printed; Good Type.

50 Cents Postpaid.

JEFFERSONIAN PUB. CO.

W. W. RAMSEY

G. W. LEGWEN.

Ramsey & Legwen

COTTON FACTORS

AND DEALERS IN

Wagons and Buggies

835 and 837 Reynolds Street, AUGUSTA, GA.



GEORGIA BAPTIST HOSPITAL

92 Luckie St., ATLANTA, GA.

Conveniently Located.

An excellent staff of Physicians and Surgeons. A Christian and Homelike Atmosphere.

WRITE FOR TERMS.

J. M. LONG, - Superintendent.

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.