

A Few of the Lies Against the State of Georgia, Told by William J. Burns.

THE so-called detective, William J. Burns, is a fourth degree Knight of Columbus; therefore, a sworn subject of a foreign potentate, and a most dangerous man.

The Jews employed him in the Frank case, after the guilt of Frank had been ascertained judicially, and the litigation legally ended.

For what purpose did the Haas Finance Committee employ this Knight of Columbus, after the case had been finally terminated?

No further legal efforts could be made.

No court could legally re-try the case.

No Pardon Board could legally do it.

The Governor could not legally do it.

The Governor could pardon or commute, but, under our jury system, the Governor has no jurisdiction over the question of guilt, or innocence.

Our law does not give to any other tribunal, save our Supreme Court, the legal right to review the evidence, and reverse the jury.

Slaton told the outsiders that he, alone, had this power, and that the Supreme Court did not have it.

Just the reverse is true. The Supreme Court alone has it, and the Court exercised it, in this case.

Neither the Pardon Board, nor the Governor can try a case, on the evidence which was considered by the jury; but in this case, both the Board and the Governor usurped the judicial power.

IT SHOULD NOT BE DONE AGAIN!

Unlimited opportunities for bribery and corruption are offered, when Pardon Boards and Governors usurp the judicial functions, which the Law vests in juries and judges.

At the time the Jews hired Burns, and brought him to Atlanta, no legitimate work remained to be done.

Nothing but dirty, corrupt, criminal work could be done.

The Haas Finance Committee knew it; the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce knew it; the Atlanta dailies knew it; and the Ministerial Association knew it!

Burns came to Atlanta, to begin his dirty, corrupt, criminal work; and there wasn't an intelligent man in Georgia who did not know what the game was.

That rascally crew—Burns and his backers—knew he meant to tamper with the State's witnesses, and get them to "change" their evidence.

How was the evidence of white men and women to be "changed?"

They were all poor people, dependent on their daily work for their daily bread; and Jew money expected to buy them up.

Everybody knows it!

In addition to this, Burns expected to be able to find some man, white or black, who would swear he heard Jim Conley confess.

While the nearness to each other of Conley and Frank, at the time Mary Phagan was assaulted and killed, precludes the idea that one of them could have been guilty without the knowledge of the other, Burns was desperately eager to put Conley in the place of principal, leaving Frank as the accessory.

It was the best he could hope to do.

Those who have been told the relative position of Frank and Conley, at the time of the commission of the crime, have never had any doubt that both were bound to know.

Conley, at the foot of the stairs, saw the little girl go up to the next floor; if she did not return, and was found dead in the house, Conley was bound to know that Frank

killed her, because no one else had the opportunity.

On the contrary, if Frank, at the head of the stairs, gave the girl her money, and saw her leave to go below, on her way out, and her dead body was found in the house, he was bound to know that Conley killed her, because no one else had the opportunity.

But Frank's partisans claim that Frank did not know Conley was in the house!

Yet he told his detective, on the Monday following, that he knew on Saturday of Conley's being there.

Mrs. Hattie Waites saw Frank talking to Conley, between 10 and 11 o'clock, that Saturday (April 26th), and Mrs. Arthur White saw Conley in the factory, at the foot of the stairs, at 12:30.

Two white men, Graham and Tillander, had seen him, asked him for directions to Frank's office, and got them, that Saturday morning.

Yet Frank shielded Conley from suspicion, tried to fasten the crime on the night watchman, and never said a word against Conley, until the latter owned up, and told all about it.

Conley had been Frank's employee for two years, and it was not until he had confessed on himself and Frank, that he was discovered to have been such a bad man.

Lecturing to a Southern audience, at a Chataqua, recently, the Attorney-General of Missouri stated, that Frank was convicted on the evidence of a negro who had been convicted of almost every crime.

What a pity that this high official of a Southern State did not write to the Attorney-General of Georgia, or to the Governor or to a member of our Supreme Court, before accusing our courts of such flagrant injustice!

Burns, in a signed article, in the Cleveland, Ohio, Leader, states that Conley had been several times sent to the chain-gang.

It's none of my business to defend this negro, but it is a part of my business, as a Georgian—proud of my State, and my people—to defend them against accusations which besmirch our record.

Conley, being a confessed accomplice, could not have convicted a negro chicken-thief, much less an educated white man, with plenty of money, and the best lawyers that Atlanta could furnish.

An accomplice is not allowed to convict an accomplice: his evidence is worthless, unless so fully corroborated by other witnesses as to make the case practically complete without him.

This fact must be repeated, again and again, in order that we may at last convince our fellow citizens, outside of Georgia, that we did not condemn Frank on the testimony of a negro accomplice.

The Attorney-General of Missouri does himself, and us, a grave wrong, when he accepts the word of such companion culprits, as Burns, Lehon, and Slaton.

Conley is just a common, natural negro, a constant worker at ordinary work. He was never even arrested for any crime, much less sent to the chain-gang after conviction.

His record was carefully looked up, and nothing more could be found against him, than that he had been drunk and disorderly, and had been in fights with other negroes.

The recorder sent him to the stockade thirty days for fighting, and that was the only time he had been "to the chain-gang."

This happened in 1912, while he was working for Leo Frank; and, after he served his time, he returned to his work at Frank's factory.

That is the official record.

But let us leave Jim, and pass on to Burns, who writes the following statement to the Cleveland, Ohio, Leader:

The crux of the Frank conviction is simply this—the police, panic-stricken by their own sense of official incompetency and goaded by public clamor and newspaper ridicule of their earlier failures, sought to appease public wrath by the arrest of the man who they said last saw Mary Phagan alive.

According to their frame-up, this man was Leo Frank, and I use the term frame-up advisedly.

Nothing stands out more glaringly in the Frank case than certain perjured testimony bearing on the killing of Mary Phagan.

A newspaper reporter, whose name I will withhold, testified, not under oath, that in his examination of the premises whereon Mary met her death, he had found several strands of hair torn from the victim's head. This hair was adroitly distributed on the rung of a ladder that arose from and ash heap and on a turning lathe adjacent. Contrary to all the laws of evidence, this unsworn testimony crept into the case. Yet to me and to others this reporter admitted that he had "planted" the hair on the ladder's rungs and on the lathe.

Was this reporter called to explain his perjured testimony? He was not. And today he is a news gatherer in good standing in Atlanta's school of journalism.

Outside the mazes of professional diplomacy, I have never read after such liars, as Slaton, Lehon, and Burns.

The Atlanta police "goaded by ridicule of their earlier failures!"

What were these earlier failures?

They were the arrests of J. M. Gantt and Newt Lee, principally.

Who caused the police to arrest J. M. Gantt?

Leo Frank! He did it, by saying that Gantt had been in the pencil factory, on the Saturday evening of the crime, and by insinuating that Gantt had been too intimate with Mary Phagan.

He gave his detective, Harry Scott, this "tip," on Monday, after the crime, when he had already told Officers Rogers and Black, on Sunday, the day before, that he did not know any girl named Mary Phagan.

Frank told Chief Lanford, and the Coroner, the same thing; yet he caused the arrest of Gantt, and his imprisonment for several days, by telling Scott that Gantt had been intimate with the girl.

Thus the police were precipitated into one of their "earlier failures."

The second, was the arrest of the night-watch, Newt Lee.

Who caused Newt's arrest?

Leo Frank! How? By saying that Newt was the only person in the factory, on the night the girl's body was found, and that he ought to know more about it, than he claimed to know.

The two notes, lying near the dead body, described Newt Lee's physical make, and accused him of the crime.

The great Rosser stumbled into the awful mistake of proving that, at the time the notes were found, Jim Conley had never seen Newt Lee, and did not know that he was "a tall, slim, black negro."

The great Rosser will probably never be employed in another great murder case in Georgia, but if he ever should be, he will never make a bigger score of huge mistakes, than he made in the Frank case.

And, by far the most disastrous of these numerous mistakes, was his proving that, at the time the notes were written, Jim Conley could not have described Newt Lee, without the assistance of Leo Frank.

Then, with the police in possession of the written accusation against Newt, they were the more inclined to give weight to what Frank said, as to Newt's having been the only person at the factory, the night the body was found.

Following up his purpose to fix the crime on Newt, the Jew suggested that Newt's premises be searched.

This was done, and a bloody shirt was found in his clothes barrel!

It was not Newt's. Who put it there?

It was done at the instance of the man who accused Newt, in the notes, and who told the police that Newt ought to know more about the crime.

The correctly punched time-slip for Saturday night mysteriously disappeared, and Frank produced another, which had a skip of an hour, during which Newt would have had time to go home, and change his shirt.

If Conley had not confessed, who knows but that Newt Lee might have been the negro whom Ragsdale and Barber would have sworn they heard confess the crime?

Lee might just as well have been the object of that bought affidavit, which Rosser dictated in his office, and for which Ragsdale was paid \$200. By whom?

By the Man in the Moon, of course.

If Ragsdale and Barber had sworn to hearing Newt Lee confess, the forged time-slip, and the bloody-shirt, would have made rough weather for Newt.

Nothing stopped the horrible frame up against this innocent negro, except the confession of the guilty one.

Yet Burns rants about the frame up against Leo Frank—a case made out by as fine an array of white witnesses as ever made out any case; men and women, boys and girls, who spurned the persistent efforts of Burns, Lehon, and C. W. Burke TO BRIBE THEM into a change of testimony.

"Sought to appease public wrath by the arrest of the man they said last saw Mary Phagan alive."

They said! Why, blame his impudence! Frank said so himself, in effect.

He had to.

Several witnesses saw Mary on her way to the factory, at near noon—just a little after the whistle blew—and McCoy fixed almost the minute she reached Frank's door.

As she was found dead a few hours later, in his house, how could he deny that she had come in there, alive?

He simply could not do it.

Then, the hard, inexorable necessity of admitting that she had come in alive, carried with it another, equally inexorable.

He had to fix the time of her coming, at least approximately.

And here he was left to a narrow margin of less than half an hour, because his stenographer left him at 12:02 without seeing Mary; and Mrs. White was back in the factory at 12:30, and did not see anything of Mary, although she saw Frank standing before the safe in his outer office.

Forced to say when Mary came, he fixed her visit next after his stenographer's departure; therefore, after 12:02.

He fixed Mary's visit at about 12:05 to 12:10, and that was the true time when she was with him in the metal room, where she was assaulted and killed.

The fatality to Frank was, his ignorance of the fact that Miss Monteen Stover had come to the factory at 12:05, looked for him in both his offices, waited around for five minutes, and gone away at 12:10, by his clock, to report to her mother, at home, that she had not got her money, because there didn't seem to be anybody there!

Consequently, it was Leo Frank, himself, who, in effect, made it out, that he was the last person that saw Mary alive.

She was seen almost at his door, she was found dead in his house, he admits she entered it alive, he fixed the time of day when she came; and, as no one else ever sees her alive, he was necessarily the last.

Burns has poured out much wrath upon the Atlanta police.

It seems to me that they checkmated his game, very effectually.

They made a monkey out of William, at every round in the fight.

Hence his spleen.

Burns, Lehon, and Slaton are so sure that the public will believe anything they allege against us, that these three culprits do not take the trouble to lie consistently.

On March 20, 1915, Dan Lehon—who was fired from the Chicago police, for criminal conduct toward a woman—told a San Francisco reporter that—

"I am prepared to prove, that the lock of hair was placed on the handle of a lathe by a newspaper reporter."

Now, what was the game of this rascal, and his "Chief," Burns?

It was, to find a reporter who would swear that he put the hair on the machine, "to score a scoop."

But Burns, and Lehon, could never find a reportorial Ragsdale, or Barber, to make a false affidavit, and earn \$200 from the Man in the Moon.

The thing was too difficult, and dangerous—why?

Because nobody in the factory had hair like that which Barrett found on his machine—nobody except Mary Phagan.

The reportorial Ragsdale would have had, first, to tell how he got the hair, and why he picked out Barrett's machine handle to hang it on.

No reporter could ever be found who could be hired to undertake this ticklish job.

"Ain't it so," Dan Lehon?

No doubt you tried hard, but you couldn't come it.

Let us now consider the crazy jumble of words which Burns put into the Cleveland Leader:

"Nothing stands out more glaringly than certain perjured testimony," of a "reporter," who "testified, not under oath!"

This blatant booby apparently thought that the public would believe him, when he said the State's case against Frank was made out by a newspaper reporter, who was not sworn, when he gave this "perjured testimony."

Is it possible that the editor of the Leader believes a murder case (or any other) can be made out, anywhere, by witnesses "not under oath?"

Does the Leader think it treats us fairly when it publishes such manifest falsehoods?

Burns goes further, and the truth fares worse: he says—

"This hair was adroitly distributed on the rung of a ladder that arose from an ash heap, and on a turning lathe adjacent."

Heaven grant us patience!

There was no ash-heap in the basement; the foot of the ladder rested on the floor of the basement, and reached up to the scuttle-hole in the floor, above; the turning lathe was on the second floor, and it was at least 200 feet away from the rung of the ladder, on a different floor, and in a different part of the factory.

There never was a thread of hair found on the ladder, and none anywhere else, except on the lathe-handle, in the metal room, near where the blood spots were to be seen, the first thing, on Monday morning, after the murder.

Burns tells the Leader—

"Contrary to all the laws of evidence, this unsworn evidence crept into the case."

I wonder what the managing editor was thinking about, when he let this absurd statement pass his blue pencil.

Did he not see how Burns was balling up? If it crept into the case, that there was hair on the rung of the ladder, it ruined the State's theory, for the State's theory put all the crime, and all the hair, and all the blood, on Frank's office floor, two flights above the basement!

If Solicitor Dorsey had allowed "unsworn testimony" of hair on the rung of the ladder to have "crept into the case," he would

have smashed his own theory, and his own line of evidence.

Burns is such a booby, that he doesn't even know when he talks self-evident besh.

"Yet to me, and to others, this reporter admitted that he had planted the hair on the ladder rungs, and on the lathe."

Planted some auburn hair on the ladder in the basement, and planted more, two floors above, on the handle of R. P. Barrett's machine!

O the inexhaustible artifices of ingenious reporters—and of truthful detectives!

Here was a reporter who either went to the morgue, and pulled a handful of hair from the head of the dead girl, for the sake of "a plant," and a sensational "scoop;" or who obtained hair, from a living auburn-haired woman, which was so much like Mary Phagan's auburn hair, that her step-father swore it was hers, and the girls in the factory, who had worked with Mary, came running out of the metal room, Monday morning, with the cry—

"We have found some of Mary's hair on the handle of Barrett's machine!"

Marvelous reporter! Wonderful detective!

Burns asks, with virtuous indignation—

"Was this reporter called to explain his perjured testimony? He was not."

Called where? Hadn't he already "crept into the case?"

Hadn't he, "in violation of all the laws of evidence," been allowed to give the court, and jury, "this unsworn testimony?"

The great Rosser ought to have cross-examined this ubiquitous reporter, who robbed the head of a dead girl of its auburn tresses.

Rosser examined Jim Conley the whole day; and he spent perhaps a thousand questions on Harry Scott; why did Rosser permit this guilty reporter to escape a terrific fire of cross-examination?

With increasing disgust and indignation, Burns says—

"And today he"—the prodigal reporter—"is a news-gatherer in good standing in Atlanta's school of journalism."

The most unkindest cut of all!

The prodigal reporter, who pulls hair out of the head of murdered women, and plants it where it may hang innocent men, is in good standing in Atlanta's school of journalism!

Atlanta's school, mind you.

Not Cleveland's, or Chicago's, or New York's.

I fear that the facts compel me to admit that Atlanta's school of journalism is a most disreputable school; and this being the case, I don't see how Burns could have hurt its reputation any, by telling us the name of his reporter.

This reporter must be an extraordinary person. He gave "glaringly" important evidence, which was calculated to ruin the State's case: he was not sworn: he was not cross-examined: the stenographer did not learn his name: the official Brief of Evidence does not refer to what he said: the list of witnesses does not disclose him; he did not get into Burns' extraordinary motion for a new trial: he did not go up to our Supreme Court; he did not accompany Louis Marshall to the Supreme Court of the United States: he did not appear before the Prison Commission; and he did not go to the relief of John M. Slaton, the attorney of last resort for Leo Frank.

Rosser has never told us about this marvelous reporter: Reub. Arnold has not mentioned him; the 15,000-word document of Partner Slaton nowhere refers to him: Louis Marshall has never alluded to him: the Haas brotherhood are silent about him: the Hearst papers, the New York papers, and the Georgia dailies have never whispered a syllable about a witness who—according to Burns—

The Boston "Review" Is Mighty Hard On Us Low-Down Georgians.

MASSACHUSETTS has become a queer mixture of foreign immigrant, Chinese joss-house, Jewish ghetto, and Roman Catholic cess-pool.

Massachusetts is the State where a Romanist priest, Petrarca, dragged a Catholic woman away from the altar rail in the church, and raped her in the sacristy.

Massachusetts is the State whose Supreme Court, in passing upon the Petrarca case, declared that the Roman Catholic bishop who appointed Petrarca, knew him to be an immoral man, and knew that he would, in all human probability, seduce Catholic women of the congregation, and live adulterously with them.

But the Court held that the bishop could not foresee that the priest would rape any of his parishioners; and therefore, the Court held that, while the bishop might have been mulcted in damages for a seduction, he could not be, for a rape!

O most illustrious Court!

O most admirable Massachusetts law!

And think of Cardinal O'Connell, demanding war on Mexico, because—as he says—some soldiers ravished some nuns, when he himself was the superior officer of an ordained priest who ravished one of his own parishioners, in his own church!

Probably, the reason the Cardinal and the bishop wouldn't punish Petrarca for rape, was that Petrarca knows "quite a few" things on the bishop and the Cardinal.

Celibacy is bound to have its secrets, you know.

But what I meant to do was, to lay before you some editorial paragraphs from the Boston Review.

They are about the Frank case, of course:

The next thing we can expect Georgians to do, is lynch their own mothers.

Well, I don't know about that: but if Petrarca had done, in Georgia, what he did in Massachusetts, he would never have got the chance to rape another devotee inside a church.

Now, how!

The Boston Review proceeds:

Georgia is rapidly getting to the end of its rope.

But Leo Frank beat us to it, you see.

The Boston Review proceeds:

Now if Atlanta and Marietta, Georgia, were only in the path of that Galveston tidal wave, the Nation wouldn't have to get up any sufferer's relief fund.

Surely, our amiable Review does not

was known to be in Atlanta during the whole two years that the terrible fight had been going on, between the Law and Crime.

Yet the evidence of this reporter would have dealt a most serious blow to the State's case.

It is a cruel wrong to the memory of Burns' client, "the innocent boy" (who was in his 32nd year of age), for Burns to continue to withhold the name of the reporter who "planted" the hair; for, as Slaton admitted, in his 15,000 word document, if the hair was Mary's, it was the strongest proof of Frank's guilt.

Inasmuch as Burns cannot quit lying on us, about the Frank case, he might lend some plausibility to his mouthings, by naming the reporter who might have cleared Frank.

But instead of seeing that the alleged evidence would have helped Frank, and hurt the State, Burns argues it just the other way.

A most flagitious liar, and a most blundering booby, is William J. Burns!

want all Atlanta drowned.

Do let us save the L. & N. Railroad lawyers!

Don't drown the Chamber of Commerce! Spare Dr. C. M. Wilmer, and both the Drs. White—Jacob L. and John E!

Give us time to build an ark for the three Atlanta dailies, and all their reportorial animals!

At least allow us to splice a raft, for Yeomans, and Arthur Powell, and John W. Moore, and Rosser, and the Haas Finance Committee to float on!

And then, there is Dr. Stockbridge, and Harry Alexander, and Sig Montag, and Hooper Alexander, and C. T. Ladson, and John Grant, and Sam Boorstein, and Rabbi Marx—none of these images of God should suddenly be turned into shark food.

The Boston Review is too indiscriminately severe in its proscription.

There are exception to all rules; and it won't do to flood the whole city of Atlanta.

Too many innocent people would drown.

Think how bad it would be, if the Fulton Bag and Cotton Factory were washed out into the ocean!

Think what a calamity it would be, if these Jew laundries, where social equality with negroes is forced on white girls, should be sunk beneath the turbid waters!

It pains me to see that the Boston Review does not make any exception in favor of any Atlantan.

Even Reub. Arnold gets no ticket into the Ark; and if Ben Philips gets ashore, he'll have to swim.

The Boston Review carries a separate department for prize letters.

The prizes are not what you might call "lavish," for the best letter gets a reward of but \$2, and the second best gets a dollar.

The second prize letter of the Review last week was the following:

Second Prize Letter—Villainous Georgia.

Leo Frank is dead—murdered in cold blood. They wouldn't give him a chance to prove his innocence. He died a martyr.

To think that thousands witnessed his death and not one lifted a finger of protest is terrible. It signifies that all of these spectators approved of the disgraceful act, and the very thought that some suggested that they mutilate his body, beats the devils "all hollow."

Georgia has to its credit many hundreds of such assassins—those who have been blood-lust, who have lapped the blood of many an innocent negro as well as white men.

No matter what Georgia does now, it can never wash the blood off of its hands forever its honor is stained.

The word Georgia is another name for assassin. There may be a few good people living in that State like ex-Governor Slaton, but they should not be termed Georgians, for that name suggests barbarians.

If States like Georgia can't control their cut-throats, it is high time that a movement be launched to eliminate lynching in the South. I further suggest: "Whereas, a state of barbarity exists in Georgia; be it moved that missionaries be sent immediately into the aforesaid territory to civilize its inhabitants."

It is astonishing, almost unbelievable, to think that the United States has "Black Hundreds" that resemble those of Russia.

M. S.
Indianapolis, Ind., 1107 S. Illinois St.

The wonder to me is, why this letter did not take the first prize.

It's a shame, that a rhetorical composition so full of timely suggestion and brilliant expression should only earn one dollar.

I trust that Dear Doctor Lovett will not lose his self-control, when he reads the proposition to have "missionaries" sent to Georgia, "immediately."

Where from?

Let the State that is without sin, cast the first missionary at us!

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

Dorsey and Watson Threatened With Assassination By Infuriated Jews.

WHAT has Solicitor Hugh Dorsey done, that every day should bring to him the threats of cowards who dare not sign their names?

What did he do, beyond his sworn duty? Was any Solicitor in Georgia ever before threatened with assassination, for prosecuting to conviction a person guilty of crime?

Was the life of the Solicitor threatened in the cases of the Cantrells, Nick Wilburn, and Umphrey, all of whom were hanged, last year?

Are we to understand that we endanger our own lives, when he demand the enforcement of the Law against a thrice sentenced Jew?

It is no new thing for me to have my life threatened.

For twenty-three years, more or less of that has been my portion.

Almost every day brings letters of vilest abuse, and deadliest threats, all from the same source—Jews enraged because Gentiles hanged a Jew.

If the Jews in Georgia continue to condone this kind of thing, the Gentiles will be forced to organize, AND RETALIATE.

The Jews who live in Georgia must come under the Laws.

We do it, and so must they.

The word "Jew" was first thrown into the Frank case, by Frank's lawyers.

They harped on it, and Burns harped on it, and Connolly harped on it, Hearst's papers harped on it, the Jew papers harped on it, and the papers bought or gagged by the Jews did the same thing.

Dr. S. W. Johnson, in last week's Jeffersonian, made a manly and sensible appeal to the Jews of Georgia.

They would do well to heed it.

They ought to know, that the assassination of either Dorsey or myself would be the signal for a bloody outbreak against the Jews.

That outbreak would not be confined to Georgia.

This country has never had riots against the Jews, as all European countries have had; but the same causes, if they exist here, will produce the same results, as elsewhere.

For more than a year, we have had to endure the most unparalleled and unprovoked villification—a tempest of libel which has affected the entire Union, and which was manufactured by Jew Money.

On the very brink of anti-Jewish riots, many parts of the country are trembling, at this very moment.

We did not begin this war of races: the lawyers of Frank began it, the Haas Committee systematized it, and Jewish Capitalists financed it.

We stand on the defensive, for Law, for Justice, for Protection to Life and respect for the Courts.

Let the Jews add assassination to the black record of the Haas Committee, of Burns, Burke, and Lehon, and of the bribed hack-writers who have hounded us for twelve months!

Let them do it, if they have gone crazy.

"Socialists and Socialism" by Thos. E. Watson, has a vast amount of information of interest and value to those who think they know what Socialism stands for. Price 50c. The Jeffersonian Pub. Co., Thomson, Ga.

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

The Desperate Plight of the Autocrats of Germany and Austria.

If you will spread out before you a map of Europe, and study the relative positions of the warring Powers, you will better understand why the Pope and the Kaiser have sent Cardinal Gibbons to the White House, to beg for peace.

The two German autocrats, the Hapsburg and the Hohenzollern, are in a very desperate plight, and so is the Pope.

On the Western front, the Germans make no headway, and are slowly being forced back.

On the Eastern front, the more headway they make, the weaker becomes their military position.

This may seem a paradox, but it isn't: study the case, and see.

In June, 1912, Napoleon was at Vilna: in September, 1915, the German-Austrian Armies have not yet reached Vilna.

Winter begins earlier in Russia than with us; winter will soon overtake the German-Austrians, far from their base of supplies.

By September, 1912, Napoleon had fought the great Battle of Borodino, routed the Russian Army, and entered Moscow—the heart of the Czar's Empire.

The German-Austrians are yet some 300 miles from St. Petersburg; and, if they proceed, with that Northern city for their objective, they go into a colder climate, and strike the Empire on a frontier, instead of on the centre.

No wonder the Germans, and Austrians, are appalled!

If they keep going North, they keep losing men; they take ground which they cannot hope to hold; they drive the Russians back on the Russian supports, of men and supplies; and they catch themselves in the same trap which caught Napoleon.

Grand-Marshal Winter, will bring down his snow, his ice, his biting blasts, and the armies of the Pope's allies will be in danger of the same winding sheet which Nature spread over the Grand Army of Napoleon.

Indeed, it was time for the German autocrat to say to President Wilson,

"I am willing—as an evidence of my friendship for America—to quit murdering your peaceable travelers, who had the hardihood to believe they could lawfully use the ocean."

This is the extent of the German "concession," and of Wilson's "diplomatic victory."

And the ink on Bernsdorff's sudden letter to Lansing was hardly dry, before the crafty design of the German autocrat was revealed.

Cardinal Gibbons, who has been clamoring for war with Mexico, suddenly bobbed up, as a Dove of Peace, pussy-footed to the White House, and delivered an oily, unctuous message from the Pope, in favor of Peace.

Who disturbed the peace of the world? In Mexico, it was the Pope's high-priests, who overthrew Madero and had him murdered.

In Europe, it was the Pope's Jesuits, who forced the Roman religion on Servia, and therefore incensed a patriot into the assassination of a Hapsburg.

But the War has upset the Papal and Autocratic calculations.

Republican and irreligious France has not been crushed.

Monarchal and Catholic Belgium has been. The Infidel Turk has saved the day, thus far, but is on his last legs now.

When the Allies take Constantinople, the British fleet will rush up the Danube, and the capitals of Hungary and Austria will be at its mercy.

By way of the Danube, the Allies will smite the very heart of the German-Austrian-Papal League; and it will all be up

with hereditary autocracy, despotic militarism, and smothering Papalism.

Hence, the sudden apparent "concessions" of Germany to Wilson.

Hence, the speedometer attached to old Gibbons.

Hence, the tone of Tumulty's talk, and the tone of such Germanist Americans as Bryan, and Hearst.

If the Germans and Austrians cannot beg a truce within thirty days, the Russian winter may have them in a worse fix than it made for Napoleon.

Hurry up, Cardinal!

Get your peace for endangered Germany and Austria, so as to free the hands of the Pope for another attempt to place a Hapsburg on the throne of Mexico.

The crafty old Jesuit was an active figure in the Maximilian episode; and he wants "the sword" again used on these down-trodden Mexicans who, for 300 years, have slaved for Spanish land-kings and Spanish priests.

Watch the play, at Washington!

Is It Any Use to Notice This Wild Iowa Comanche?

It fills me with sorrow to discover that our great Western country has sprouted up such a lot of wild and woolly editors.

Their language is deplorable.

As to manners, they haven't any.

In the matter of knowledge, they accept by hearsay, and then add fringes of their own.

This is what the Dubuque Times-Journal says about me:

Watson's Consistency.

Thos. E. Watson, of Georgia, has issued a statement praising the act of the Georgia mob that lynched Leo Frank, says the Waterloo Courier-Reporter. Watson is the editor of an inflammatory periodical published in Atlanta, under the title of "The Jeffersonian." The principles he advocates, however, are more worthy of the cause of Emma Goldman. His paper has been barred from the mails on different occasions because of its seditious utterances. Editor Watson has been involved in several libel suits. He has been very bitter towards Frank and has launched numerous fiery attacks upon former Governor Slaton for his clemency order.

Watson was several times candidate for Vice-President on the Populist ticket. With the decay of Populism he became a consistent anarchist. He has fought almost every form of established order. This brilliant but misguided man's support of lynch law is therefore entirely consistent.

What did I tell you?

Didn't this Dubuque brother take his hearsay from the Waterloo Courier-Reporter, and then add ornaments of his own,

"Watson is the editor of an inflammatory periodical published in Atlanta."

The Jeffersonian is published in Thomson, and it is far from being inflammatory: it is an educational paper, devoted to peace and good-works: but it is rough on rotten business, predatory corporations, corrupt politicians, and subsidized editors.

"His paper has been barred from the mails on different occasions."

Never was barred out, on any occasion.

"Editor Watson has been involved in several libel suits."

Never was involved in any libel suit.

This Dubuque individual heard something about the Pope and his prostrate-at-your-feet Knights of Columbus using the machinery of the Federal Government to punish me for reprinting a part of the Pope's theological literature.

In my book on the "Roman Catholic Hierarchy," I used a quotation, in Latin, from the Moral Theology of Siant Alphonsus Liguori, as an illustration of the general tendency of the Roman Catholic Church to degrade women and enslave men.

I did not even translate the Latin into English.

Therefore, I did not, in the eye of the

law, publish it, at all.

But the Knights of Columbus—represented by Anthony Matre, General Secretary—stirred up Saint Anthony Comstock, of New York; and that fair-minded man had me arrested for sending "obscene literature" through the mails.

The obscene literature was the Pope's, not mine; I used so small a portion of it, in comparison with the size of my book, that the Pope's filthy Latin, did not color my whole book.

Besides my motive was, to warn our people against the Pope's bachelor priests, who are commanded to defile pure girls and chaste women with that lewd language.

Federal Judge Foster quashed the first indictment against me, on the ground that no author can be prosecuted for obscenity by taking a small extract from his book.

The District Attorney was nettled at having his indictment thrown out of court, and he repeatedly endeavored to have the Grand Jury indict me again.

His second attempt succeeded, because the panel was thickly packed with my personal and political enemies.

Several Catholics were among the Grand Jurors who found the bill.

It is still pending, and will, I suppose, be called for trial at the November term this year.

Let the Dubuque editor remember that Uncle Sam is using his tremendous power to crush me. FOR RE-PUBLISHING THE POPE'S RELIGIOUS LITERATURE!

The "Moral Theology" of Liguori has been going through our mails for nearly one hundred years, and no priest or Catholic publisher was ever molested for it.

You can buy that entire infernal book from the Catholic publishers—The Benziger Brothers, New York—any day in the year.

Anthony Comstock has never jumped on these Catholic publishers for mailing the book, but he allowed the Columbus foot-kissers to use him to push a prosecution on me, when I had done nothing more than reprint a small portion of the book.

"Watson was several times candidate for Vice-President on the Populist ticket."

Tain't so: once was enough.

"He" (that's me) "became a consistent anarchist."

Tain't so: I am a most consistent Jeffersonian democrat; and the Democrats who are not democrats, are mad with me about it.

I trust that the editor of the Dubuque Times-Journal will search the Scriptures, and find the place where something is said about bearing false witness against a neighbor, and will remember that I am his neighbor, and that hereafter he will love me, as he does himself.

"Waterloo" is a classic. It touches the depths of romance and tragedy. By Thos. E. Watson. Beautifully bound in cloth. Price, postpaid, \$1.00. The Jeffersonian Publishing Co., Thomson, Ga.

Hard Times?

Yes, everywhere in the United States.

How much is the Tariff to blame for it?

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THE JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING CO.
Thomson, Ga.

The Atlanta Chamber of Commerce Takes Hold of the Frank Case!

Against the Law and the People, in Favor of Money and Crime.

WHEN the bankers, brokers, cotton-exporters, railroad financiers, lordly capitalists—men who had grown rich by the simple process of squatting on the dirt until the industry of adjacent land-owners had made it immensely valuable—when these patriots came together, and agreed to act in concert, it was not anticipated that they would take upon their shoulders the responsibility for the universe.

We did not expect them to become the Guardians of Agriculture, as well as the Sponsors for Commerce.

We did not suppose that they would become Supervisors of our Judicial System.

We never thought they would voluntarily constitute themselves the Advisers and Directors of the Georgia Legislature, and tell that somewhat uncertain body how to load and unload the Statute Book.

And little did we think that this Chamber of Commerce, whose very name suggests lucre, if not loot, would lay its hands upon the Church, select a text for our ministers of the Gospel, and instruct them what to say to us God-forsaken heathen, who do not breathe the purifying ozone of the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce.

Yet the unexpected has happened:

The Atlanta Chamber of Commerce is our self-appointed Guardian of Agriculture; it advises the Reubens what to plant, and how; it takes a few Atlanta hens along, with C. J. Haden and Dr. Stockbride, in order that these Atlanta society women may educate our rural wives and daughters in the gentle art of setting hens, canning pickles, making catsup, frying flitters, and making yellow butter from the blue milk of a hollow-horn cow.

As the self-commissioned Advisers and Directors of our Polyglot Legislature, the Chamber of Commerce has already mashed our Constitution flatter than a pan-cake, has created 600 new county-officers, all of whom are appointive, instead of elective; and, by this one act of lawlessness, has compelled the land-owners to pay more than \$75,000 a year for the glorious privilege of having their land assessed at a higher value, and their taxes correspondingly increased.

As Supervisors of our Judicial System, the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce has taken jurisdiction over the case of Leo Frank; and has, in effect, told the outside world that the outside world is right in saying that the Jew never had a fair trial, was unjustly convicted, was illegally sentenced, and that the jury, and Judge Roan, and the Supreme Court were willing, in obedience to the howls of a "blood-lust mob," to commit "judicial murder."

Not content with this treason to the State in which they are coining their Big Money, these men of the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce have clothed themselves with the authority to tell the preachers what to preach.

These financiers did not interest themselves for the Cantrell boys, or for Nick Wilburn, or for old man Umphrey: they did not bother their heads about the negroes lynched at Cochran, and at Bainbridge, during the last few weeks: they do not deprecate Slaton's prostitution of his office, for his own client: they do not denounce the Haas Finance Committee, which set itself up in Atlanta to finance a corrupt campaign against the Laws, the Courts, and the People of Georgia.

These financiers of the Atlanta Chamber

of Commerce must have known that the Haas Finance Committee intended to do dirt, and that the infamous William J. Burns was imported to act as the ready tool of the most villainous campaign ever launched against Law and Order.

Did the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce suppose that any honest, legitimate, lawful work could be done, in the Frank case, after our courts had finally adjudicated it?

WHAT LAWFUL WORK CAN BE DONE, IN ANY CASE, IMMEDIATELY, AFTER DEFENDANT'S FINAL CONVICTION BY THE HIGHEST COURTS?

There is none, and these financiers knew it.

They knew that when the Haas Committee began to collect enormous sums of money, from all over the Union, to finance "a fight to save Frank," the money could not be legitimately used.

When Burns was in Atlanta, working for the Haas Committee, everybody knew that the rascal was trying to buy up the State's witnesses, the white people of the laboring class, who had given the fatal testimony against Leo Frank.

Did the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce protest against the formation of the Haas Committee?

Did it protest against the presence, and the methods of William J. Burns?

Did it have a word to say when the newspapers revealed the fact that Burns, Lehon, and Burke—the rotten "detectives"—were endeavoring to buy some of those men and girls, intimidate others, and deceive others into signing affidavits whose contents differed from what the girls were told they contained?

When it appeared by Ragsdale's confession, that he had been paid \$200 to sign an affidavit in behalf of Frank; and that the matter was arranged by Lehon and Tedder, in Arthur Thurman law-office; and that Luther Rosser had dictated this perjured evidence in his law-office—did the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce rouse itself in behalf of Civic righteousness?

Did it pass virtuous Resolutions?

Did it call on the preachers to preach about it?

No! It was left to the plain, honest men of Cobb County to seize Burns by the scruff of his neck, and kick him out of the State!

The People wait two long years for the Law to deal with a most guilty man; and the lawyers exhaust every conceivable stratagem of delay, and then Frank's own lawyer sends him away from Atlanta, in a steel Pullman car; and Frank is received like an honored guest at the State Farm, given his own separate room, comfortably furnished, with a negro convict to wait on him; and Burns, Connolly, Straus, Hearst, Ochs, Pulitzer, Blin, Rabbi Wise, etc., begin at once to talk of another "fight," to get the guilty man out, scot free; and the exasperated People realize that the commutation is a flimsy prelude for a full pardon—or for a quiet escape, as per Will Myers—these long-suffering, patiently waiting People rise and execute upon Leo Frank the sentence of the Law—after all this, the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce viciously condemns—whom?

Does it condemn the corrupt use of Money to degrade and defeat the Law?

Does it denounce the bribery of witnesses?

Does it excoriate the prostitute in power, who used the highest office, as the business asset of his firm?

No! It condemned the brave, true, unpurchasable Georgians, who swore, by God's High Heaven, that there should not be—and shall not be—two kinds of Law in Georgia, one for the Rich, and another for the Poor.

When the constituted agents of the People will not, or cannot, PROTECT LIFE, LIBERTY, AND PROPERTY, then the People themselves must do it!

When the Agents fail, or sell out, THE

PRINCIPALS must take hold, and do the work.

Otherwise, Riches will mock the Law, and chaos will ensue.

Don't blame the People for a riot, until you have learned the cause of the riot.

Don't blame the People for Mob Law, until you learn whether all other kinds of Law had failed to reach the case, and punish judicially ascertained guilt.

Don't blame the house for being in flames: censure the man who stuck fire to it.

Don't blame the powder magazine for blowing up: censure the fool who flung matches into it.

Human nature, is just human; and so long as human nature goes no further than to enforce the Laws of Nature, society is safe.

The Atlanta Chamber of Commerce insulted the whole State of Georgia, sided with our national slanderers, gave color to all the lies which Burns and the subsidized papers have published against us, when said Chamber adopted the following Resolution:

Resolved, By the Directors of the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce, That by this crime and its flagrant defiance of officers of the law, the State has been disgraced, its sovereignty insulted and a grievous reproach cast upon our civilization. It is no longer a question of the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, of the right or wrong of executive clemency, or of the life of one man. The question now is, shall we have a State government in fact as well as in name, or shall we be ruled by an organized mob which scorns State authority, overpowers its officers, and executes with bloody hands the decree of death agreed upon in midnight meetings of a secret oath-bound organization?

It was the villainous campaign of a tolerated Haas Finance Committee which "dis-

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- Luther's stand on the Bible.
- War on the Protestants.
- Jesuit machinations with the House of Hapsburg.
- Terrible persecutions. Jesuits Catholics
- Bishops start The Thirty Years' War.
- House of Hapsburg inflicts horrible atrocities on Protestants. Vices, cruelties and corruptions of the priests.
- Wallenstein, the great soldier. Saves House of Hapsburg, and the Catholic power, and is murdered by those he saved.
- Hungarians save Vienna, and House of Hapsburg.
- Hungarians barbarously persecuted by Jesuits and Hapsburgs.
- Saltzburger, driven out of Austria by Jesuits, flee to Georgia.
- Empress Maria Theresa.
- Jesuits expelled.
- Reforming Emperor, Joseph II.
- The Pope goes to Canossa.
- Leopold Foundation to colonize West, in North America, with Papists.
- Revolution of 1848. "Down with Metternich!"
- Butcheries in Hungary.
- Driven out by Bismarck, in 1870, the Jesuits return to Germany under present Kaiser.
- Jesuits seek to force Roman Catholicism on Balkan provinces, and plunge Austria and Germany into the War of 1914.
- Papal and dynastic systems a curse to the human race.

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graced" us; it was the systematic efforts of the Jew-hired detectives and lawyers to hire men and women to perjure their souls to hell; it was the prostitute Governor who re-tried the client of his firm, and found that all the courts had wrongfully upheld the verdict of the jury!

Had the Jews been able "to get off with it," the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce would have exulted in the triumph of Big Money, and lawless methods.

But they were *not* able to get off with it.

They nearly succeeded, but not quite.

Had Leo Frank been left alone another week—*perhaps another night*—he would have disappeared from the State Farm, just as Will Myers disappeared from the Atlanta Tower.

The Cobb County Vigilantes were just a little too quick for the Jews.

Just a little! Another night or two would have told a different tale.

And of course the Haas Finance Committee resents a Waterloo.

They got beat, all along the line.

Big Money could not buy the factory girls.

Big Money could not buy the factory men.

Big Money could not even buy the negroes, Aaron Allen and Albert McKnight.

Big Money could buy Ragsdale, and Barber, but the goods were badly baled, and they fell to pieces.

And, of course, there is wrath, impotent wrath, among the Big Rich who found *some people, SOME POOR WORKING PEOPLE*, whom Money could not buy.

With this rage of the rich Jews, the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce heartily sympathizes.

And it wants sermons preached, as per the following:

ATLANTA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

Mell R. Wilkinson, President; Walter G. Cooper, Secretary; Henry W. Davis, Treasurer; Henry H. Robinson, Assistant Secretary; Harvey Johnson, Assistant Secretary.

Vice-Presidents—V. H. Kriegshaber, First Vice-President; Brooks Morgan, Second Vice-President; Albert Howell, Jr., Third Vice-President; H. G. Hastings, Fourth Vice-President; Ivan E. Allen, Fifth Vice-President.

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August 20th, 1915.

Rev. W. L. Hambrick,
Atlanta.

Dear Sir: I am instructed by the Directors of the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce to transmit to you the enclosed resolutions unanimously adopted by them at their meeting held Thursday, with the request that you bring this subject to the attention of your congregation at the earliest opportunity, and give a strong expression of your views on this matter.

We think the time has come for every man who loves his State to exert his influence in behalf of law and order, and we look hopefully to the ministers to lead the people in that direction.

Yours very truly,

W. G. COOPER,
Secretary.

So, you see, Georgia is most fortunately situated:

We have a volunteer body of financial-commercial statesmen, who unselfishly tell the Farmers what to do, tell the Legislature what to do, tell the Courts what to do, and tell the Preachers what to do.

The milk in the cocoa-nut is this:

The big financiers of Atlanta are trying to build a smooth road for John Slaton's return to the State which he, in effect, sold to the rich Jews.

Bethany, by Thos. E. Watson. A Romance of the Civil War, with vivid pen pictures of plantation life, before the war. Bound in cloth. Price, \$1.00, postpaid. The Jeffersonian Publishing Company, Thomson, Ga.

A Roman Catholic Fairy-Tale.

IN this country, herculean efforts are being made to popularize Monarchy, Popery, and Union of Church and State.

The following is one of the fancy sketches:

Origin of the Hapsburg Family.

The origin of the Hapsburg, the royal house of Austria, is more wonderful than a romance. The founder, so goes the story, was Rudolph of Hapsburg, a young Swiss count, poor and obscure. One day while riding in the chase he came to a stream, beside which was a monk, who was in great distress at not being able to cross over. He told the young count that he had been summoned to give the last sacraments to a dying person, but was unable to perform that duty. The count leaped from his horse, helped the monk to the saddle, who crossed the stream and hurried to his destination. The next day the monk sent the horse back, with the warmest thanks.

"God forbid," said the count, "that I should ever ride a horse that has carried the Saviour to a dying man," and sent the horse to the monk as a gift to the church. In course of time the monk became chaplain to the elector of Mentz. A new emperor was to be chosen. The monk persuaded his patron to present the name of Count Rudolph to the assembled electors, and the poor count of Hapsburg was astounded one day to find that he had been chosen to wear the crown of the Holy Roman empire.—Indianapolis News.

In my little book, "The House of Hapsburg" (advertised elsewhere in this paper), I cite the historic authorities for the "Origin of the Hapsburg family."

I also give the true story as to that poor "monk," and the "sacraments."

The modern fairy tale of this monk and his sacraments, grew out of the *historic fact*, that the Archbishop of Maintz (or Menz) wished to visit Rome, to confer with the Pope about the election of the next Emperor of Germany.

His journey took him over the Alps, then infested with robbers.

Duke Rodolph (or Rhudolph) of Hapsburg, was a candidate for the imperial crown, *which eight votes controlled.*

The Archbishop was one of these eight voters (or electors) and the politic Rodolph wanted his support.

Therefore, the Duke voluntarily placed himself at the head of a squadron of his cavalry (knights) and *personally escorted* the Archbishop across the Alps.

The churchman was so pleased with the Duke's compliment, and the Pope was so pleased with the Duke's bid for the imperial crown, that the influence of both Pope and Archbishop was thrown to the Duke, who was duly elected Emperor.

Those are the real facts.

Ever since that early day, the family of Hapsburg has ruled Austria, in a most cruel manner; and the throne has had the powerful support of the Roman Church.

It was this despotic family that sent one of its members, Archduke Maximilian, over here in the 60's to set up again an imperial throne, in Mexico.

It was the Hapsburg family that desolated Kossuth's Hungary, in the 40's.

It was the Hapsburg family that started the present European War, by violating the Treaty of 1870, and by trying to force the Jesuits and the Pope upon the Greek Catholics of Servia.

It is this Hapsburg family, that is now partly responsible for the devilish intrigues which Cardinal Gibbons, and Tumulty, and Mora, and O'Connell, and Farley are hatching against the constitutional patriots of Mexico.

This Hapsburg family has been a curse to a very large section of the human race; and the active accomplices in all their crime and atrocities have been the Jesuits and the Popes.

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