

The Jeffersonian

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John Slaton's Declaration of War

SOME weeks ago The Jeffersonian summed up the situation in Georgia by saying:

"The Gentile girl is dead; the Jew who killed her is dead. The account IS BALANCED. Let it stay so."

If Rosser, the Haas brothers, and John W. Grant possessed a grain of real knowledge about the People, they would have heeded good advice.

Rosser has made his way at the bar by bluster, and bluff, and unscrupulous disregard of the rights and feelings of the weak.

The Haases belong to the carpet-bag brotherhood who have been the vampires of the South, and who have grown rich on the toil of Gentiles.

John Grant is a newly-rich, purse-proud snob, who believes that anything can be done by Money.

Hence, they were determined not to close the Mary Phagan-Leo Frank books.

They were determined TO REOPEN THE ACCOUNT.

Accordingly, in the arrogance of his inherited wealth, John Grant hires a little jackass, straps a small cannon to its back, and loads the howitzer with ammunition furnished by his Wandering Willie of a brother-in-law, Slaton.

John Grant fired off the howitzer, saying before he did so, "this will smash Watson!"

Instead, it prostrated the jackass.

The recoil of the gun was too great for the strength of the little quadruped.

John Grant's Artillery

While he was down, Grant and Rosser hurriedly reloaded the cannon.

When the donkey rose to his feet, they again fired the howitzer; and again it was the little jackass that went down. Nothing else fell, except a pile of John Grant's ducats.

The attack on The Jeffersonian was so clearly an attempt to give a personal direction to the Frank case, and to the utterly corrupt practises revealed in it, from start to finish, that I would have been the silliest of editors had the tactics of Grant, Rosser, Haas and Slaton succeeded.

The effort to localize the issue and narrow it to a personal wrangle, was bound to be abortive; it was too clumsy, too thin, to deceive anybody.

What have John Grant and Rosser and Slaton really accomplished by their fusillade on the Jeffersonian.

What has Slaton done for himself, in supplying his rich brother-in-law with private data for an attack on me?

He has simply reopened the Frank case, chunked up every brush-heap of passion, and thrown fresh fuel on every fire that was dying down.

He has given new life to every question in the debate, and he has drawn all eyes to the partnership between himself and Frank's lawyers.

In fact, Slaton has so managed himself, that everybody now sees that he became one of Leo Frank's lawyers a few days after Rosser did.

Everybody now sees that SLATON WAS FRANK'S LAWYER, FROM THE FIRST DAY OF HIS GUBERNATORIAL TERM, TO THE LAST!

Rosser and Brandon were employed to defend Leo Frank before anybody had accused him of the crime.

In Slaton's 15,000-word document, he admits this astounding fact.

Slaton tried to explain away its force by saying that Frank's friends employed these lawyers!

Then his friends were the first to suspect him!

Why did his friends suspect him, on the Sunday the girl's body was found?

Why did these friends pussy-foot to Rosser and Brandon?

Rosser appeared publicly as Frank's lawyer the next morning, as the record shows; and at that time not a Gentile finger had been pointed at Leo Frank.

Now, when did Slaton and Phillips merge with Rosser and Brandon?

Samuel Adams assures you positively it was in July.

As I have already said, that date, in the year 1913, would not help Rosser and Slaton; but, as a matter of fact, Samuel Adams allowed Rosser to fool him about the date.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE FIVE.)

The Italian Pope's Foot Kissers are Mightily Worked Up Against the Public Schools of Fort Lauderdale

In the latest issue of the Converted Catholic Magazine, New York City, there is a statement which adds a very material fact to the campaign of Americanism against Romanism.

The editor is Bishop Manuel Ferrando, a Spaniard who left the Roman church some years ago; and if the priests have ever dared to publish a word against his character, I have never seen it.

The important statement made by him is this:

There is a clause, in the rules governing the election of a Pope, which forbids the election of anyone but an Italian.

I have called attention, frequently, to the unbroken line of Italian Popes, for the last two or three hundred years.

The Italians obtained a majority in the Papal electoral college ages ago, and they have kept it.

The Italian Pope maintains a majority of Italian Cardinals by appointing them; and this majority of Italian cardinals, in turn, elect an Italian cardinal to be Pope.

Thus the Roman Catholic church is the closest kind of a local, self-perpetuating Italian corporation.

Bishop Ferrando says that they have a clause in their secret regulations which demands the election of none but Italians.

So you see that the American priests who are striving so hard to gain control of marriage and divorce, education and politics, the Army and the Navy, the Judiciary and the other departments of Government, are guilty of a wicked conspiracy which aims to establish the control of a local, foreign church.

The law of this foreign church demands control of the schools.

Cardinal Gibbons and other American prelates have for years been denouncing our Public School system, and have been industriously setting up Popish schools.

They now claim to have more than a million Catholic children in these schools, and such bigots as Archbishop Messner, of Milwaukee, publicly threatened to deny "the sacraments" to any Catholic who sent his children to the Public Schools.

Is there a single Protestant teacher in any of the Romanist schools and colleges?

Not one.

You may search the world over, and you won't find a Protestant teacher in the employment of a Catholic.

Yet these intolerant Romanists who are said to have a majority of the teachers in 20,000 Protestant schools, are raising the big-

gest sort of a howl because Fort Lauderdale, Fla., declined to accept a Catholic teacher sent to them from Miami.

The Romanist Bishop of St. Augustine, Mike Curley, publishes a coarse, vituperative attack on the 181 gentlemen who held an orderly meeting in the customary American style, debated the question, and voted that the Protestant school of Fort Lauderdale should be, in fact, Protestant.

Curley calls this indoor assembly of school patrons and representative citizens, "a mob."

The word "mob" seems to be getting to be a permanent fixture in the minds of some writers.

Curley asks:

Are we to take for granted that the hissing, cat-calling bigots of Lauderdale, ready to hound a Catholic to death, because a Catholic, has the sanction of Florida's citizens?

What a fine display of impudence is this! Curley lives near where there was a most savage massacre of Protestants, by Catholics, for no other reason than that they were Protestants.

Curley has doubtless seen the dungeon of the devilish Inquisition, where Protestants were tortured by Catholics for no other rea-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE FOUR.)

METHODIST PREACHER THINKS T. E. W. A LIAR—BUT HE BORROWS THE JEFF.

Dear Sir: Yesterday being Sunday, I was down town, and your name came up and I was elected to form a club of ten to subscribe for The Jeffersonian. You will please mail this week's issue to the following parties, and I will collect their subscriptions and mail you some time during the week, as have not done so as yet, but most certainly resume the responsibility for these men as they are all sound, good men.

We have a very fluent Methodist minister here, who admits that Thos. E. Watson is a smart man if he was not such a liar. The writer has requested him to name some of the lies and said that Mr. Watson could vindicate himself if such be the case, and I am man enough to sign my name and go the limit for what I believe to be right, and after calling his attention to your version of matters, he has pointed out two deceptive lies that he thinks you originated.

One is where you discussed Jacob and his two sons. Your quotation says: "And with deceit in his heart." The reverend says that nowhere in the Bible can it be found, where Jacob has deceit in his heart. And in the case that his two sons deceitfully treated Jacob, he claims that you took up the scriptures and twisted them to suit your wants.

Second he claims that you are a liar in your last issue. He says he is a Methodist preacher, and that they have not got any Methodist Missionaries in Persia, and that he not produce any paper that made such a statement, that the Methodist were sending eight medical doctors.

This Methodist minister has pride enough to agree with you on some points, especially he feels that you have figured Mr. Burwell speaker of the house correctly.

This same Methodist Minister has a high regard for your Jeffersonian, as he comes to my house and begs for certain copies, which I have never loaned him. However, he gets his wants by going to Sweet's Pharmacy. Your paper seems to have news that gives him some insight on certain articles and doings in general.

His main plea is only if he knew where you got your information. He is a true and tried friend of Jack Slaton, because he is a Sunday School teacher in the church, and a conscientious man.

However, he believes in Frank's guilt, but did not think Slaton was positive in his heart, or mind about it.

My brother in Virginia wrote me, after the lynching of Frank, and asked what I thought about it. He says that the sentiment in Virginia was so strong against Frank, that he hardly thinks he would have received the leniency there as he did here in Georgia.

My reply to my brother was that I was sending under separate cover The Jeffersonian, which would give him better enlightenment on the subject, than he was getting from the Baltimore American. That the data therein was from court stenography.

If you choose to take up the matter with the Methodist minister, and want to show him that you are using facts about the eight doctors, and your authority for some, use my name. You have full authority, and I fully agree with you that it does not become a minister to call men liars unless he knows what he is doing, and then it is not becoming a minister of the Gospel to do so under the most strained circumstances. I am your sincere friend,

J. W. BILLINGHAM.

Guyton, Ga.

FROM A GEORGIA LADY.

Dear Sir: I am a Georgia woman, unknown to you, as you are to me, but my admiration for you as a man, and the grand and noble work you are doing is so great methinks the "very rocks would cry out" were I not to "speak my piece" and let you know the extent of our appreciation. What especially appeals to us just now, is your mighty defense of the honor and virtue of womanhood, be they rich or poor. The brave stand you have taken in the Frank case, in defense of our little "Mary" has won for you the admiration and highest esteem of the greater position of the women of Georgia, and for that reason, even if you are a "beast" and a "murderer" when the Georgia women get the ballot, we will give you and others of our noble defenders a seat in the governor's chair (if you'd have it since Slaton disgraced it) or any other chair you may choose. The Jews, and big money worshippers may howl and rant, and send out their tirades of abuse against Georgia and the whole South, but they know as well as we, that Leo Frank was as guilty of the murder of little Mary as it was possible for a murderer to be.

A few days preceding his Frank's, execution, a brother of mine, who is a traveling man, was on a train, in the same car was a Jew. Some others were discussing the Frank case when the Jew butted in with this: "Of course Frank killed the girl, but the idea of a man of Frank's education, prominence, etc., to be put in jail about a little old gentile factory g——." He didn't finish his statement. The conductor "swung him one" on the jaw, that put him half out the car window, and was preparing for a "coup de grace," when he was pulled off, leaving the Jew sadly in need of a dentist.

Of course they know he was guilty, but he was a JEW, and so much big money having been spent to save his neck, and then lost out, it's enough to make them sore to the core. That prize letter on "Villianous Georgia" was great. The magnitude of the prize was sufficient to make a fellow do his dead level best. Be on the watch Mr. Watson. A man too cowardly to sign his name to his threats is too cowardly to face an enemy. They love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil. They had best go slow about this thing. I am a woman, but I feel warranted in assuring you of the fact, that if those unsigned threats were ever executed on you and Mr. Dorsey, that you would be avenged. As our "little girl" was avenged, and in such a cast, I expect one would see some Georgia women don their husband's suits and take their places on the firing line.

Three cheers for Tom Watson, Hugh Dorsey, Mayor Woodward and the brave Cobb County heroes, whom when it comes to protecting and defending women's virtue and honor, big money could not sway them an inch in a thousand years.

Yours in highest esteem,
MRS. JAS. T. CORBETT.

WHO THE MOB WAS.

Dear Sir: There seems to be a wrong impression throughout the country outside of Georgia that mob spirit and lynch law has a firm hold on the people in Georgia, and that Leo Frank met death as a result of this. Such is not the case, and any man who will listen to reason, come on the ground and investigate will get the facts and which facts justify the Georgia people in the course they have pursued.

No mob spirit prevails here, but on the other hand the people are standing squarely and solidly together in dealing with this unfortunate condition of affairs thrust upon

us by Luther Rosser, Burns, Straus and Hearst.

There is just one argument that settles it all. About five per cent of Georgia's people were for Frank, a very few of whom believed him innocent, the remainder for business reasons. Now when 95 per cent of the people of the state stand together on what is termed lynch-law, as 95 per cent. are standing in Georgia, the conditions leading up to that state of affairs must have been something awful and the 95 per cent. are right, no matter what be the measures they are resorting to.

It is really strange to me that the 95 per cent. will allow such men as the editors of the Atlanta Journal, Georgian, Albany Herald and a few others to misinform the outside world as they are doing.

Yours truly,
HOODLUM GREEN.

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JOHN SLATON'S DECLARATION OF WAR.

John Grant's Artillery.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.)

No matter what date the written articles of partnership now bear, the files of the Atlanta Constitution show that the merger of the two partnerships had already taken place, June 22, 1913.

Consult the files, Samuel!

The Constitution announced the new partnership, and alluded to Partner Slaton as "the Governor-elect."

Therefore Slaton became Rosser's partner a few days before Slaton was sworn in as Governor.

After June 22, 1913, the merged partnerships sounded, "Rosser, Brandon, Slaton & Phillips."

It so appears in the official Record of Fulton County, among the regular, paid-for professional cards.

In other words, Rosser and Slaton were advertising themselves as partners. Let any one who doubts, consult the "Fulton County Daily Report," which paper is the official organ of the U. S. Court of Bankruptcy, and is recognized by the members of the bar as the Official Bulletin.

I have a copy of the Record for August 18, 1913, and find the firm advertised as, "ROSSER, BRANDON, SLATON & PHILLIPS."

In the corrected telephone directory of Atlanta, for 1914 (down to October 15), you will find in large letters the firm name, "Rosser, Brandon, Slaton & Phillips, Attys., Grant bl. Ivy 2800."

The same telephone number appears in the legal advertisement in the "Record."

Turn to the name of "Slaton, John M., Atty.," and you will find that Slaton, who was then governor, keeps his telephone connection with the law office of his Rosser partner, for he gives his number as "Ivy 2800."

Governor Slaton has two other telephone numbers, as you'll see by looking in the directory for 1914: One is the Executive Mansion, and the other is his mansion on the Peachtree road.

Could the proofs be more conclusive? The evidence is furnished by Rosser and Slaton themselves, first, in paid advertisements, second in the statements they gave to the compilers of the Bell Telephone Directory.

When Stiles Hopkins made affidavit in the course of the extraordinary motion for new trial, he swore that when he went over to the Milledgeville Reformatory to get the affidavit of George Eppes, he, Stiles Hopkins, was "connected" with the firm of Rosser, Brandon, Slaton & Phillips, and was doing this work in the Frank case, for said firm!

Stiles is now the full partner of Rosser, Slaton & Phillips.

Surely, you could not ask stronger evidence that at the very time Slaton was inaugurated in 1913, and all through 1914, and all through 1915, to the present day, he has been one of Rosser's partners.

Are we to be told that a governor in such a dual position is not disqualified?

Are we to be told that the Law ever allows a judge, or an executive, to decide his own case?

The people of Cobb County, during the Senatorial race last year, called upon Slaton to know whether he meant to pass upon the case of his own client; and he side-stepped by saying the case might never reach him!

He was not only Frank's lawyer, at the time he retried the case, and at the time he reversed the jury and the two Supreme Courts, but he was Frank's lawyer at the time Cobb county rose and carried out the

legal sentence which had been three times imposed.

Rosser is such a blustering blunderer, that he did not realize what he was doing, when he gave out for publication, after Frank's execution, the letters that Frank had written from his comfortable room at the State Farm.

In those letters, Frank was taking up his case again with Rosser, and he asked for the address of M. J. Yeomans and John M. Slaton, in order that he might take the case up with them.

He had already written to C. P. Connolly, the Hessian whose libellous article in Collier's, was the beginning of the nation-wide flood of falsehood that poured in upon our People and our Courts.

In his letter to Connolly, Frank spoke of his separate room and the negro convict who had been detailed to wait on him.

He spoke of the vindication that was soon to come, and in this letter, as well as in the others, he revealed the intention which the Burns agency and the Jewish papers had announced—namely, *Not to accept the life sentence, but to start at once to get a pardon.*

The same tactics were to be used; the same libels to be published; the same faking of petitions, affidavits, and letters; the same vilification of the State of Georgia, which we had been forced to endure for more than a year.

Yes, if there had remained a single doubt that the commutation to a life sentence had neither been given, nor received, in good faith, Rosser and Connolly and Burns and Slaton and the Straus Magazine removed it.

If you will allow your mind to go back to the 15,000-word document which was carefully prepared for Slaton to sign, you will recall the singular fact that it leaves open the question of Frank's guilt.

Governor Slaton made it a sort of dog-fall for his client, thus postponing to a later day the real issue in the case.

It was the intention of these patriots—Slaton, Rosser, Burns and Connolly—to repeat the same old methods of agitation; the same old appeals to outsiders; the same old yavps about mob fury; the same old bosh about race-hatred; and the same old falsehood about Frank being convicted on the sole testimony of a low-down, drunken, criminal negro.

They were headed for another year of turmoil, another year of newspaper wrangle; another year of manufactured pressure upon the Prison Commission and the Governor.

And when the news flashed over the wires that Cobb county had had enough of that kind of thing, and had vindicated the Law, against the machinations of corrupt attorneys and Jew Money, every one of those patriots—Burns, Rosser, Connolly, Marshall and Slaton, roared with the anger of a professional who had lost his most lucrative client.

When Slaton heard the news of Frank's execution, his rage knew no bounds.

He promptly issued a Declaration of War against those bums, riff-raff, rag-tags and low-lifers who had dared to find fault with him, for acting as Governor and lawyer at the same time.

He was then in San Francisco, receiving ovations for his noble and heroic conduct, in commuting his client.

He was making speeches about the Frank case; and the only variety in the speeches, consisted of the difference in the lies he told. The more he talked, the bigger those lies grew.

Here was his war-whoop, when he was told of Frank's execution:

San Francisco, Aug. 17.—Former Governor John M. Slaton, of Georgia, who commuted the

sentence of Leo M. Frank, and who is here visiting the exposition, was informed this morning that Frank had been lynched.

"The act was a consummate outrage," said Mr. Slaton, "and every man engaged in the lynching should be hanged, for he is an assassin. Such an act is contrary to the civilization of Georgia and one which every good citizen will condemn.

"I could use no language too condemnatory. I believe the governor of Georgia will use all the power of the state to punish the malefactors who disgraced the civilization of Georgia.

"Their act was one of cowardice, which belongs to the assassin.

"I am shocked and horrified beyond expression. Any man who approves of this action of this mob of murderers is unworthy to be a Georgian. Any man or newspaper which condones this offense ought to be driven out of the state. But the conduct of this miserable mob of assassins is the conduct of the sort of people who shoot people from behind a fence or murder a woman from a cowardly heart."

Here was a man who had fled for his life, after the State had been put to an expense of \$5,000 for protecting it.

Here was a man who knew that he had stirred the honest indignation of ninety, out of every hundred, men in Georgia.

Here was a man who knew that the State felt she had been sold out to the Jews, and sold out by him.

He knew that accusations to that effect were hotly made all over the country, and that our people felt like a woman who had been brutally raped.

Yet he dared, in California, to threaten the men of Cobb county, to threaten the 90 per cent of Georgians who "condoned" what had been done.

He dared, in California, to designate who it was that should be "driven out of the State."

That was a nice, soothing, tactful thing to do, wasn't it?

He dared, in California, to trumpet his threats across the Continent, virtually announcing that, when he returned, to practise Law with his Rosser and his Hopkins, he would bring to condign punishment "the cowards" and "assassins" who had put his client to death.

Not a traitor governor, but a Vigilance Committee, had "disgraced the civilization of Georgia."

Not a recreant to official oath and duty, but each of the Vigilantes was "unworthy to be a Georgian."

"Every man engaged in the lynching should be hanged," and, impliedly, when Slaton got back to Georgia, and his backers got into power, every man engaged in the lynching, would be hanged.

With a stupidity hard to understand, in such a case, Slaton compared the Vigilantes to people who would "murder a woman."

The Vigilantes should be hanged because, in executing Leo Frank, they had committed as great a crime as that of the man who murders a woman!

The Vigilantes thought, with the jury and the Supreme Court, that a middle-aged married man, who murders a little girl, in the course of a sexual assault upon her, should be hanged; and that's why they carried out the Law on Leo Frank—whose legal conviction had not been legally set aside.

When Slaton issued his statement in California, he challenged every man in Georgia who believes that his conduct in the Frank case was as black a betrayal of trust as was the treachery of Benedict Arnold.

When Slaton issued that challenge, he threw down the glove to 90 per cent of the Gentiles of the State, whom he had betrayed to the rich Jews.

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THOMSON, GA., OCTOBER 7, 1915.

And he deliberately made peace impossi-
ble, when he renewed the agitation.

In all places where he has gone, he has
stirred up the whole matter in such a way
as to virtually vouch for every slander that
was published against us, during the last
year of his administration.

Just as he, our governor, was silent when
Burns, Connolly, Hearst, Ochs, Pulitzer and
Straus were outrageously misrepresenting
the State's action against Frank, so he con-
tinued to side with our maligners, after his
flight from Georgia.

He could not tell the truth about the case,
without uncovering himself.

He could not defend the State which had
honored him, without revealing the fact that
he had dishonored her.

Outsiders who had been grossly deceived
by a lying propaganda, were hailing him as
a hero, the Man of Georgia who had re-
deemed her good name.

To accept the praise and act the part, he
was obliged to represent the State as having
been entirely in the wrong, and he himself
entirely in the right.

Before the outside world he posed, gran-
diosely and garrulously, as the champion of
Law and Order, who had risked his precious
life to prevent the State from committing
what John Cohen was the first to say would
be judicial murder.

He even went so far as to say, that the
lynching of Frank was not so bad, as his
execution by the Sheriff would have been.

When your traducers said that the State
of Georgia had been colonized by felons tak-
en from London jails, and that because of
your low and criminal origin, no really
first-class American had ever been produced
in Georgia, not a word of protest was heard
from John Slaton!

When your libellers said that the whole
South was illiterate, semi-barbarous, aflame
with blood-lust and race-hatred—bent on
lawlessness, headed for anarchy, and deserv-
ing of another desolation by invading armies,
not a word of indignant rebuke was heard
from John M. Slaton.

When his own State was compared to the
negro State of Hayti, and said to be deserv-
ing of another Sherman's "Marching through
Georgia," this recent Governor of our glori-
ous old Commonwealth, could find no word
of horrified condemnation.

Wretched man! He had placed himself
in a position where he was unable to flash
the sword of wrathful remonstrance in the
face of the enemies of the State on whose
soil he was born, and whose highest office
had been his trust!

Self-preservation is the first law of Na-
ture; and in order to save himself, Slaton
was under the necessity of acting the part of
the only MAN in Georgia, as Straus' maga-
zine said he was.

Since he was the only Man, the others were
mere mobs, scum, riff-raff, outlaws, "assas-
sins."

Since he was the only man who would
snatch Leo Frank from the Law, the others
were "cowards."

The twelve jurors were cowards, the pre-
siding judge was a coward, the Justices of
the Supreme Court were cowards, Davison
and Rainey, of the Prison Commission, were
cowards, the nine-tenths of the Gentiles of
Georgia who sternly demanded the impar-
tial enforcement of the Law, were cowards.

The lawyers of Frank, and the Jews who
demanded his freedom, and the Gentile com-
muters who held jobs under the Jews, were
brave.

The Atlanta dailies, that wore their muz-
zles so gracefully and docilely, were also
brave.

The L. & N. Railroad lawyers—those of
the city and those of the country town—they
also were brave.

Shall we not enroll Dr. C. B. Wilmer and
Jacob White and John White among the
brave?

We shall.

But the brave of the braves, was John M.
Slaton.

He was proclaimed throughout the North
and the West by that proud title, and he
wore it with a modesty of a he-goat, and
the grace of a kangaroo.

And this Ney of France, this Richard
Coeur de Lion of England, this Bravest of
all Georgians, says he will hang those
cowardly assassins who lynched his client;
and that he will see to it that any man who
condones what the lynchers did, shall be
driven out of the State; and that he will re-
enter politics, either for the Senate or the
vice-Presidency.

He is too diffident; he should run for Pres-
ident.

As a prelude to his triumphant coming
back, he furnishes his brother-in-law with
what he imagined to be ammunition against
Watson, and the skirmish line of the come-
back campaign was thrown against one pa-
per that had promptly and unreservedly
"condoned" the execution of Leo Frank.

If he isn't altogether daft, Slaton knew
that there was no issue between himself and
The Jeffersonian, that the Editor of The Jef-
fersonian is not on trial, and that the conduct
of himself in Frank's case cannot possibly
be hidden, by thrashing the old straw of my
past political and personal feuds.

The people are not to be side-tracked, any
more than I am; Slaton has got to face the
music as to what he did, in the Frank case.

Neither Slaton nor Rosser can explain why
either wanted a partnership with the other,
just as Slaton was about to be sworn in as
Governor and to become disqualified to prac-
tice Law.

Take a broad view of the ugly situation:
Slaton was Governor-elect, due to be in-
augurated in a few days.

Rosser was Frank's lawyer, and he knew
that he had a desperate case on his hands.

In that connection, we read the following
statement:

"Mr. Slaton stipulated in his agreement
with Rosser at the time he became a partner
of his firm that he (Slaton) was to receive
no fees from the Frank case, and that in the

event the Frank case ever came before him as
Governor of the State, Rosser was to have
absolutely nothing to do with the presenta-
tion of the case before the Governor."

Heavens above! These crooks never seem
to know when they are furnishing evidence
of their own villainy.

Here, we are told, was an agreement about
the Frank case in June, 1913, when Frank
had not been tried, much less convicted.

Frank's trial did not begin until July,
and yet we are asked to believe that Slaton
and Rosser foresaw that he would be con-
victed, and would have to apply to Slaton
for clemency!

They have already begged the people to
believe that the Law of Partnership did not
apply to Rosser and Slaton.

They have demanded that we accept their
assurance that, while there was a partner-
ship, there wasn't.

They declare vehemently that, while they
were paying for advertisements which de-
scribed themselves as partners, they were not
partners.

They were paying for the advertisements,
because that was an easy way to dispose of
superfluous cash; and they were financing
these lies, just for the fun of it, and to keep
their hands in.

Was the Frank case the only felony case
Rosser had, when he and Slaton became part-
ners?

Didn't Rosser have quite a large criminal
practice, and did he not have, in June, 1913,
quite a number of clients who might be con-
victed, and who might need Governor Sla-
ton's clemency?

Was anything agreed on about these cases?

Why was Frank's case especially men-
tioned, when Frank's trial was not to begin
until some weeks later?

These two prophets, Slaton and Rosser,
ask you to believe that they foresaw the ap-
pearance of the case before Governor Sla-
ton, and that they made Partner Rosser give
his word not to plead the case before Part-
ner Slaton.

They foresaw that Rosser would lose be-
fore the jury, lose before the Supreme Court,
lose before every other tribunal, save the
Governor; and they agreed that Rosser
should have nothing whatever to do with
the presentation before the Governor.

Oh, yes; we believe all this. We believe
it just as firmly as we believe that the cat
did not get the Canary bird, and the duck
did not get the june bug, and the shark did
not get the mullet, and the hawk did not get
the chicken.

Believing this as we do, we cannot with-
hold the meed of praise from Rosser's disin-
terested and philanthropic attempt to inveigle
Senator James of Kentucky, into the
Frank case muck.

Out of the goodness of his noble heart,

Full Argument and
DIGEST OF THE OFFICIAL BRIEF
OF EVIDENCE AGAINST

Leo Frank

Contained in the two numbers
Watson's Magazine,

AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, 1915

Price, 10 cents each for one;
20 cents for the two.

JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING CO.,
Thomson, Ga.

But the revilers of the South can deluge this State with their appeals to passion, and their gross falsehoods against our courts.

Jew publications, like Straus' *Puck*, can call for the lynching of a Georgian, whose offense was his defense of his people.

Other Jew publications can compare our men and women, our sons and daughters, to the negroes of Hayti.

Others can say that we ought to be boycotted, ostracised, practically driven out of the pale of civilization.

Straus' *Puck* can say that another Sherman's army should leave a trail of blood and devastation, burnt homes, violated women, cities in ashes—all the way from Look-out Mountain to the Sea.

Yes! The outside papers can say all this and keep on saying it, week after week, month after month; and no hireling of John Grant troubles himself to dig up ante-bellum legislation against the circulation of incendiary literature.

Quite a contrast, isn't it?

Why did Grant's hired man have nothing to say about incendiary literature, when it came from outside the state and was aimed against the people of the state?

That old Abolition law was enacted for the very purpose of protecting our State from incendiary literature, coming from outside States.

That old statute was passed by our fathers, to protect their homes, their wives, their daughters.

That old statute was the sword which Georgia drew, in self-defense, from outside attacks.

Almost incredible to say, it is now drawn by a Georgian, against Georgians, and the Georgians against whom it is drawn are those who have said that they are as ready as their fathers were, to die for Georgia homes and Georgia's fair women!

Let Grant and Slaton and Rosser prosecute those Columbia county citizens!

Try it, John Grant!

Try it, Luther Rosser!

Try it, John M. Slaton!

If you are just spoiling to see hell break loose in Georgia, try that!

THEY DRAG MRS. FRANK INTO IT.

I have never had a controversy with a woman, and don't intend to be drawn into one, now; it is most unfortunate for Mrs. Frank that she is guided by selfish lawyers, who place her in the attitude of saying more for Slaton, than she ever said for Leo Frank.

From the very beginning of the case of the State against Frank, attention was arrested and curiosity excited, by the fact that Frank's wife, at first, did not go to see him in jail.

It cropped out in the evidence at the trial, Leo Frank, himself, tried to explain it, in his statement to the jury, and Solicitor Dorsey commented upon it emphatically in his speech.

It is true that Mrs. Frank could not testify, but the papers were open to her then, just as they are, now!

Frank himself published several addresses to the people of Atlanta, the papers being eager to carry them.

In none of these articles did he endeavor to clear up the long avoidance of him by his wife.

After the Atlanta Journal had attacked the jury and the Courts, the whole case gradually got into the newspapers, and, naturally, The Jeffersonian touched on this peculiar phase of it.

Rabbi Marx then gave out a statement to the Atlanta papers in which he admitted the fact of Mrs. Frank's failure to visit her imprisoned husband, but explained it by saying that she was expecting his release, daily,

In commenting upon this, I cited the record, showing the date on which Frank was bound over to the Superior Court for murder, an unbailable offense.

I do not, even now, understand Mrs. Frank to claim that she ever visited her husband until after he was transferred to the county jail; before that, he was in prison, and she did not visit him, but she talked to him over the telephone!

My God! If ever you and I should be in prison, charged with the murder of a little girl, let us pray that our wives will come closer to us than the other end of a telephone line!

Post-cards were not intended for confidential communications; and the telephone was never meant as a substitute for the wifely arm around the neck, the wifely head upon the breast, the wifely look of holy affection and confidence, and consolation.

Not answering Mrs. Frank, but challenging the lawyer who is hiding behind her skirts, I call your attention to the affidavit of Monteen Stover's mother (contained in the record), who related the circumstances attending the visit of William J. Burns, Rabbi Marx and Mrs. Frank.

These three came to see Monteen and her mother, in the evening of the day on which the effort had been made to forcibly detain Monteen in Samuel Boorstein's office.

Burns opened the interview at the house of Monteen's mother, by apologizing for the treatment the girl had received in Boorstein's office that morning.

Then Burns asked Monteen to tell him just how she went to the factory and back—on the fatal Saturday, when she found Frank's office vacant at from 12:05 to 12:10, the time he had said Mary Phagan was with him.

Monteen is a very sensible young woman, and she refused to be entrapped by Burns.

She told him that he would find her evidence in Solicitor Dorsey's office.

This interview with Burns had been previously arranged with Monteen's mother—Mrs. Edmondson—that morning.

I will now let the one lady tell what the other said, about that avoidance of Frank by his wife:

"When Mrs. Frank was here in the morning she told me that a lot of people censured her"—for what?

"FOR NOT GOING TO SEE MR. FRANK AT FIRST."

What reason did Mrs. Frank give to Mrs. Edmondson for not going to see her imprisoned husband?

Mrs. Edmondson swore:

"She said the reason she didn't go, was on account of family affairs."

That was in May, 1914, after Frank's conviction.

Mrs. Frank was not denying the fact of her avoidance of her husband, when he was first charged with the crime and imprisoned for it.

She admitted she didn't go; she admitted she had been censured for it; and her reason for her most extraordinary conduct was, "family affairs."

I may state that Monteen Maner, formerly Stover, gives precisely the same account of the interview that her mother swore to; and she added the detail of Burns' wringing his hands, pacing back and forth, and saying to Mrs. Frank, "You'll have to bear the thorn; it might as well be you as any other woman."

Now, what do you think of Rosser, when that man drags the widow's name into this renewed fight over the case, after he had allowed Dorsey to down him on the extraordinary motion for new trial, and to do it in part with Mrs. Edmondson's affidavit.

Frank was in life, then!

If Mrs. Edmondson's statement was false,

where were the Seligs, that they could not contradict it?

The Seligs lived with the Franks. They were Frank's "in-laws."

Both of the Seligs went on the stand at Frank's trial, and both of them could have testified that their daughter *did* visit her husband during the first two or three weeks of his imprisonment.

Neither of them did so. Why not?

Then was the time to deny it; then was the time to explain whatever could not be denied.

They neither denied, nor explained.

Rabbi Marx was present with Mrs. Frank, in the forenoon, when he and she made the appointment for Burns at 4 o'clock, in the afternoon.

Rabbi Marx has never contradicted Mrs. Edmondson.

Mrs. Frank does not now do so, although she well knows what it was that Mrs. Edmondson swore to about the conversation.

It seems a most unmanly, most barbarous mistreatment of a woman, for Rosser to drag Mrs. Frank into the fight, at this late day, when her husband is dead, and when nobody but John M. Slaton can possibly be helped by her.

During Leo Frank's life, was the time for her to have spoken, and it will be remembered that she did speak, again and again, in cards published in the newspapers.

During that long campaign against the death-sentence, her signed letters were a feature of the appeals for public sympathy.

In none of those letters was any denial made of the statements in Dorsey's speech.

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Empress Maria Theresa.

Jesuits expelled.

Reforming Emperor, Joseph II.

The Pope goes to Canossa.

Leopold Foundation to colonize West, in North America, with Papists.

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HOW ONE TOWN STOOD ON THE FRANK CASE.

May it be known to all men that we, the undersigned citizens of Tattall County, do forever condemn John M. Slaton for commuting the death sentence of Leo Frank for the murder of little Mary Phagan as we look on the Frank crime as the blackest ever left on record.

And to the Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga., words fail to express the high esteem in which the citizens of Tattall County hold you. In you we feel that we have one man that is willing to step out in the open and defend the rights of the people regardless of opposition or cost. The stand you have taken in defense of our state and in the defense of the little girl that met death at the hands of that brute L. M. Frank trying to defend her virtue will ever stand as a monument to your memory.

We feel like you will be rewarded here and hereafter.

In sending you these resolutions we feel that they speak the sentiment of at least 95 per cent. of the citizens of Tattall County.

W. H. Purcell, Arling Tootle, M. C. Morris, S. G. Smith, Colon Sykes, G. C. Dutton, J. M. Sykes, S. J. Redish, W. H. Dutton, Henry Durrence, L. L. Sykes, B. D. Kicklighter, M. M. Sykes, L. L. Rush, B. H. Purcell, Mack Barnhill, W. C. Sykes, J. P. Strickland, W. C. Waters, B. F. Purcell, J. M. Dubberley, L. E. Tucker, W. B. Kicklighter, W. O. Anderson, C. M. Todd, A. H. Prevatt, C. C. Crosby, R. L. Purvis, J. O. Waters, D. W. Brazil, J. L. Burkhalter, B. C. Anderson, J. W. Waters, J. I. Waters, S. A. Waters, J. B. Waters, H. E. Purvis, A. E. Waters, B. H. Beasley, R. F. Herrington, A. Rahn, J. B. Surrency, M. N. Purcell, R. B. Purcell, J. L. DeLoach, John G. Durrence, J. R. Rushing, J. M. Dinkins, J. C. Rushing, E. W. Purcell, T. W. Price, C. D. Toatle, J. Curry Purcell, Jno. R. Purcell, W. T. Strickland, J. F. Strickland, A. F. DeLoach, Ralph Purcell, F. M. Sullivan, A. S. Mobley, R. D. Lewis, W. J. Thompson, J. M. Hallman, R. H. Purvis, S. J. Jones, C. W. Strickland, M. J. Strickland, C. S. Toatle, J. F. DeLoach, I. C. DeLoach, W. J. Rushing, J. C. Purcell, Mrs. W. H. Purcell, Mrs. Jno. R. Rushing, Mrs. C. D. Tootle, Mrs. A. S. Mobley, Mrs. Rachel Strickland, Mrs. R. B. Purcell, Miss Eva Mae Hannon, Miss Nancy Purcell, Miss M. M. Strickland, Miss Edna Purcell, Miss Inez DeLoach, Miss Aby Dell Strickland, W. H. Rushing, C. L. Tootle.

WHO PLANTED THAT BLOODY SHIRT?

Dear Sir: I have read your writings on the trial and conviction of Leo M. Frank, and also your version of the trial in all the courts down to the commutation of sentence by the Hon. John M. Slaton, and I am well pleased with your views.

Now I am an old man and can not live much longer, and I do hope yet before I pass away that you may be able to satisfy the general public as to who put the bloody shirt in the clothes barrel of that old ignorant negro, Newt Lee.

It is a mystery that I should like to know. It is thought by many that Frank had Conly to do that, but I do not believe it.

Very respectfully,

R. T. WILLIAMS.

ANOTHER EXODUS, IF—

Dear Sir: Long may you live to fight the battle of the common people. The day your life is taken, or attempted to be taken will necessitate the writing of a new book of Exodus.

Yours in earnest,

W. L. BOWERS.

Georgia.

A PATRIARCH WRITES ONCE MORE.

Dear Sir: I am too aged to write much now, but I must give vent to my feelings once more through the columns of the Jeff. I heartily endorse everything you say through its columns, and have been with you throughout, since the battle with the jute bagging trust.

But it is not of old times I want to speak, but of things transpiring in our midst every day.

I will never again subscribe for the Atlanta Constitution, Journal or Georgian. Neither do I believe any true Georgia citizen, who loves right and justice, will have them. They are cheap enough, but you pay them and they work against you.

The trouble with me now is, I voted for Slaton, and now I would like to buy a kicking machine and back up against it.

If Col. Hugh Dorsey will start an anti-official-buying peoples' daily in Atlanta, I will subscribe, and help all I can. But positively we cannot spare Tom nor the weekly Jeff. There is more common sense spread on one copy of the Jeff than all three of the Atlanta dailies. Besides there are no national dailies, and the Jeff is a national of the first order. If our Tom was to undertake a daily in Atlanta it would detract from the Jeff. We have held the little end of the stick under the big log of suffering humanity with Tom and the Jeffs too long now to give up just as the log begins to rise. It has been a long hard fight to keep Jeffersonian democracy before the people and the biggest setback to the work has come through bought-up and bribe-taking officials and newspapers in the name of democracy, and for the dear people. In conclusion I must say that J. D. Watson is a noted writer himself. A chip from the old block. And Mrs. Lytle compels the admiration of all. If Annanias, Sapphira, Judas Iscariot and Benadict Arnold could read in the Atlanta papers, Slaton's "Why I Did It," they would all take back seats and hang their heads with shame.

J. B. HOWARD.

OLD TEXAN WRITES.

Dear Sir: I am 72 years old and know something about mob law. I went from Georgia to Idaho in 1865, 1866 and 1867. The outlaws got so bad that they terrorized the people, killing and robbing everybody that had money. So the people rose in Montana, Idaho, Nevada and California and hung over four thousand. After this we had law and order. When I came to Texas in 1873 the outlaws was running the country. They would select their own juries and get as many witnesses as they wanted of their kind and beat any case that came up.

Finally Judge Terrell had a jury law passed, and then the courts began to punish outlaws, and now we have one of the most law-abiding counties in the state. When I came to Texas in 1873 the Pecos River was lined with these.

One old cow driver, his name was Hetson, took quite a number of men with him and they killed by the score. So that restored order along the Pecos River.

I want to tell you Tom, as long as negroes and white men rape our women, I am in favor of hanging them to the first limb we can get to. My sympathies are with our women.

God bless you and protect you for all time is my prayer.

Well, if some detectives and lawyers could be served like Frank, I think we would have better order.

I would like to see all the Atlanta papers put out of business and I believe they will be.

Yours for the protection of the helpless,

T. P. WOOD.

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