

WHAT AN OHIO PHYSICIAN THINKS OF SLATON'S CONDUCT.

Dear Sir: To show you that I for one appreciate your work in the Frank case, you will find enclosed herewith ten new subscribers to the Jeffersonian.

I want to congratulate you most heartily for your courageous stand for Southern chivalry toward women in their protection, let the cost be what it may. Your exposure of the renegade Slaton as being a member of the law firm which defended Leo Frank, his apparent sell out to "Big money and influence" in commuting Frank's sentence to life imprisonment, which was only a fake.

In these degenerate days it is certainly refreshing to know that there are still some REAL MEN left. I feel that the honor of Georgia, as well as the honor of the South, is safe in the hands of Tom Watson. Midst all the abuse of the northern-kept newspapers, yellow streaked preachers, white livered lawyers and judges, and sickly sentimentalists generally, it may be encouraging for me to assure you that there is still much fairness, honor and red blood, circulating in the North. Many times I have heard it said that "now in the state of Georgia, at least, woman's honor is safe—thanks to Tom Watson and those just and fearless Vigilants, who are such law abiding citizens that they INSIST on the law being observed, regardless of the influence of big money."

I wish to say, however, that Cincinnati, generally speaking, has acted very sane in regard to this most celebrated case in criminology, far more so than most other large cities of the North and East. This sanity was reflected upon, however, by one mass meeting backed up by that wonderful institution, "The Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce," that approved institution of gamblers in the commodities of the people, sanctioned by the degenerate churches and all other so-called good people. At this meeting a judge, who is called a big one in this town, perhaps because he has kept his head pretty deep in the public trough most of his life, or when not there enjoying other soft snaps handed to him, this man gets awfully mad about the case, and since Georgia and Tom Watson were a few hundred miles away, gives vent to his disordered liver and spleen by disgorging from his system some very venomous things. However what he said was not taken very seriously by thinking people here, since the big judge has never taken any very active part in the much needed reforms at home. We simply wonder if he too is personally acquainted with the honorable Hass Bros., of Atlanta, Ga.

With best wishes and appreciation I remain,

Very truly yours,
B. DECATUR SMITH, M. D.

THE TEACHER EXCEEDED HIS AUTHORITY.

Dear Sir: I notice in your Jeff., you answer questions sometimes.

Here is one I want your opinion on. I was at a show Monday night, (opening night) and the professor of the school came in, going up one isle and down the other, counting the students. And on the following morning, I understand, nearly all the students were sent home, suspended. Some of these scholars were with their parents.

What I want to know is: What right or authority has a teacher to come in and take charge of the scholars after they have gotten into their own family and are under the care of their parents.

One of the board of directors called and asked the professor if he could carry his son, and of course it was granted.

I do not question the cause it is intended to rectify. But is it constitutional?

With kindest regards,
A SUBSCRIBER.

AN ARKANSAS MASON WILL SEND US SOME SUBS.

Dear Sir: I am writing to thank you for the noble stand you take in behalf of our American principles I read your magazine and also The Jeffersonian and believe me, I keep them going. There a few old gentlemen in our town that count on getting my Jeff. and magazine regularly after I have read them. I am a very busy man, and have about all I can shoulder to keep up with my job, but am going to make it a point to send in a list of subs for the Jeff., in a very short time.

I am Sr. Deacon of the Masonic Lodge at this place and it is my intention to bring up the subject of Roman Hoodlumism at our next regular meeting, and will appreciate it very much if you will send me a copy of some of the bills issued by the Popes against masons, or if you have a book treating on the subject of Romanism vs. Masonry, please send it to me.

I am manager of the hardware department of the Badcau Lumber Company and a true blue American.

Any information you can give me is appreciated. Very respectfully,

on this subject will be much appreciated.
R. E. JOHNSON.

A LETTER TO A JEFF. FRIEND FROM AN IOWA SOCIALIST.

Dear Comrade: Have just read your letter in the Milwaukee Leader about the Frank case. There has been much money spent in the North to discredit your state by newspaper publicity, and you people ought to get together in a statewide movement to defend yourself by some kind of publicity.

There are a great many men in the North who approve your action. From the sentiments I have heard expressed, about one-third openly defend you, in spite of the campaign of prejudice which has been waged against you.

This is just to let you know that not all the North, by any means, is agreed with what the Northern newspapers are hired to say.

With sincere good wishes and a long distance handshake from a large number of northerners of all classes and positions in society, I am,

Yours,
J. W. FAGER.

PAPA JOHN NOLL SHOULD READ UP.

Mr. H. W. Woodward,
Columbia, S. C.

Dear Mr. Woodward: Personally, I am not able to say what the language was which Mr. Watson used that resulted in his indictment. It is most likely that it was language of his own.

Sincerely yours in Christ,
J. T. NOLL.

(Comment.)

Is it possible that the editor of "the only Catholic weekly," does not know what the Knights of Columbus had me indicted for?

Why, Papa, I'm surprised at you! The K. of C. are trying to send me to the penitentiary because I reprinted in the original Latin, the vile questions which Catholic priests ask American women, in English.

T. E. W.

A MAN FROM THE WEST.

Dear Sir: I am a man from the West, have only been in this county about fourteen months. But believe me, since I came to Georgia, I have certainly had my eyes opened to the full facts of the Frank case. Like hundreds of other citizens of the North and West I was at a loss as how to base my opinion in this particular case. For as you doubtless know, the only news of such nature that is published is done so in papers that rely on Associated Press dope, and what is the consequence? A

one-sided affair. But thank God this is not the only source of information we have in Georgia. And you may rest assured that when I return to my far away Western home, that I will always be an ardent supporter of the "Jeff", and Thomas E. Watson. May both be long of life and prosper is my sentiments exactly.

Yours for continued success,
E. A. WHITE.

P. S. I am sending you a little booklet that may be of some benefit to you. Let the good work go on.
W.

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the County Physician, who made the post-mortem examination of the murdered child, testified that she was not a virgin. Now, as a married woman, you will understand that this condition could only be caused in one way. It was either caused before death, or it was the result of rape at the time of the crime.

Now then, the application of this fact is, if Frank was a moral pervert he could not have been the cause of this condition to which the physician testified. Therefore, the child must have been immoral before the crime. The conclusions are absolutely incontestable and yet every issue of the Jeffersonian, for months past, have reiterated that Frank was a pervert and that the crime included the crime of sodomy.

In the name of all that's decent, why did Stockbridge lug into his letter, *the question of Mary Phagan's virtue?*

What a malicious carpet-bagger this man is, to be sure!

Like a hyena, he must unearth the little girl's body, and gnaw on it.

For shame! FOR SHAME!

Haven't I, for months and months, been showing by reference to the facts in the record that this child died in all her innocence, and died because she would not surrender it?

What sort of man is this, who argues *that a pervert can't go after a virtuous girl?*

He must have thought that Mrs. Williams was very simple, indeed.

The moral pervert is apt to be especially eager in pursuit of something fresh and dainty.

We read of incidents, connected with the decay of Grecian and Roman civilization, that stagger us by their enormity.

What well-read person is not familiar with the tragedy of the beautiful Greek boy, who ran and jumped to his death in a molten cauldron, rather than fall into the hands of the man, who was pursuing him?

What scholar does not know how Roman debauchery took the course of perversity and monstrosity?

What reader of the newspapers has forgotten how he was shocked to read of libertine perverts—in Northern cities—who were finally caught up with, when the tiny girls they had enticed, got possession of, and unnaturally used, told what had happened?

The true animus of Stockbridge, and his own vile opinion of Mary Phagan, are shown by his reference to the evidence of Dr. Hurt.

Stockbridge tells Mrs. Williams that Dr. Hurt testified "that she was not a virgin."

Dr. Hurt did not do so.

Dr. Harris did not do so.

Nobody did so.

The statement of Stockbridge is a wilful, deliberate falsehood, a cruel and cowardly libel on the murdered child.

The doctor distinctly swore that he had "formed no opinion as to whether the girl was a virgin", there being no evidence upon which he could conscientiously base a professional opinion.

Why was it impossible to do so?

Because, although the uterus was that of a virgin, and there was no sign of pregnancy, the hymen had been ruptured.

When? The best the doctor could do was, to testify that it might have been done a few minutes before death.

Dr. H. F. Harris of the state board of health, testified to the appearances of violence done to the vagina, the torn walls within, etc., and gave it as his opinion that these evidences of violence had been produced a few minutes before death.

The parts were bruised and bloody, and the state's theory was that Frank's use of the girl had been unnatural.

The Kerlin Case and Mrs. Camp.

A FRIEND sends me the following clip:

WHEN TOM WATSON RECEIVED ANOTHER BIG FEE FOR THE DEFENSE.

Tallulah Lodge, Ga., Sept. 27, 1915.

Dear Sir: I will, with great pleasure, join hands with you in the noble stand you are taking in defense of Georgia's fair name, and putting an end to this growing mob spirit, of which Tom Watson is the leader. Tallulah Lodge is a hotbed for The Jeffersonian, and I will gladly circulate your paper of Tuesday's issue. I can give you an outline of Tom Watson's work in the Pearl Knowles case at Fayetteville, Ga., eight or ten years ago; a more ghastly and horrible affair than Mary Phagan. I lived at Fayetteville when it happened. Tom Watson was the leading lawyer—and how he lied for \$2,000 to save the neck of Tom Kerlin, the guilty criminal. Push the good work—it is just the thing that is needed to crush the mob spirit. Very kindly,

MRS. A. H. CAMP.

My fee in the Kerlin case was \$500, and it was a tragedy in which a man killed his woman.

At least, the jury was convinced that he did, and so found; but they recommended him to mercy.

Judge Reagan presided, and Tom Atkinson was the solicitor who prosecuted.

Judge Reagan is still living, and I don't think he will say that I "lied" in the case.

Tom Atkinson is dead, but I never heard of his saying that I had "lied."

In fact, nobody ever said it, until John Grant hired a man to stir up anti-Watson bile, in the effort to divert attention from the Jew sell-out of his brother-in-law.

Kerlin went to the penitentiary for life, and never got out.

He died there, according to my information.

The case was tried in September, 1899, just sixteen years ago. Mrs. Camp's memory about time and money and facts, is bad.

As Frank came away from this bruised, bleeding and dying girl, he said to Conley, "you know I am not built like other men;" and one of the white girls made affidavit, that when she was in Frank's office, and he was making indecent advances to her, he used identically the same language!

Will Stockbridge dare to say that this girl, who also repulsed Leo Frank's perverted lust, was also not a virgin.

Do it, if you dare, Stockbridge.

Do it and see what a nice little damage suit that girl will bring against you!

Yet if your absurd contention about Frank and Mary is sound, it makes the other girl a wanton, too.

Her name is (or was) Miss Nellie Wood.

After having argued that, if Frank was a pervert, Mary was immoral, and after having misquoted Dr. Hurt, this Stockbridge has the hypocrisy to add a clause to his letter in which he alludes to Mary as "an innocent unfortunate dead child," and points to me as the man who misrepresents facts and shatters the reputation of the girl, at whose untimely grave I took my stand to fight the battle of impartial justice.

Hypocrisy could go no farther than Stockbridge goes.

He first puts into Dr. Hurt's mouth words that were never used, tells the lady that Mary was proven to be "not a virgin," and then says that I "shatter the reputation of an innocent child."

God deliver us from any more such carpet-baggers and ruthless liars, as H. E. Stockbridge!

If Mrs. Camp will hustle around and look up the records, she will find other cases that I lost.

Lawyers must not be confounded with Insurance Companies.

By the way, the same mail which brings me Mrs. Camp's outburst, brings the following:

Dear Sir: For information to me, will you please find out who pardoned Isaac Holton of Vienna, Ga., who killed my son, John H. Peyton, July 16th, 1910 in cold blood at Pinehurst, Ga.

This man Holton was given life imprisonment but was pardoned June or July, 1915. Will give you the history of the case if you wish.

Thanking you for the above, I am your friend,

H. H. PEYTON.

Alto, Ga.

So, it seems that some other lawyer defended a murderer, got him off with a life sentence, and then got him a full pardon.

Some lawyers are luckier than others, you know.

If Mrs. Camp has any surplus time on her hands, I wish she would oblige Mr. Peyton, by trapesing down to Atlanta, and sternly inquiring about *this* murder case.

When she discovers the facts, I hope she will send them to me first, so that I can "scoop" John Grant's over-loaded little jackass.

My enemies are hard up, when they have to compare my legitimate defense of a client, in the courthouse, with the conduct of a Governor who prostituted his office to save his convicted client.

The State's case against Kerlin proceeded upon the idea, that the deceased woman had been his concubine and that he wanted to get rid of her.

The State proved that Kerlin was seen in his buggy, near the woman's house, and going towards it. I think—but am not sure—that the State proved that Kerlin and the woman were seen riding off, together, in the buggy, after which she was never seen alive.

Her body was found in the river, weighted down by some old plow-points. A witness swore that he knew these plow-points, and he connected them with Kerlin.

This circumstantial evidence satisfied the jury—there being no direct evidence, at all.

I did not move for a new trial, did not apply for a pardon, and took no further part in the case than to do the best I could with it, in the courthouse.

Kerlin was probably guilty, but he had no Haas committee to assess the Jews; no Burns agency to manufacture public sentiment, no editors to fight his battle, and no gubernatorial attorney to re-try the case and up-set the verdict of the jury.

Under our Law, a governor violates the Constitution, when he exercises judicial powers, by retrying a case.

No governor ever did that before Frank's lawyer retried his case, and reversed all the courts.

Never before did a governor in any State of this Union, exercise the executive power in behalf of his own client.

The feature of the Frank case which puts it on a level with the Yazoo Fraud, is that official position was prostituted.

I am sorry to see Mrs. Camp compare Mary Phagan to Kerlin's concubine. A little girl who died in defense of her honor, deserves better treatment than that.

New Edition of "Napoleon," by Thos. E. Watson. Just off the press. One volume, \$1.50. Handsomely bound, profusely illustrated. This book is regarded as standard by the French readers and scholars. The Jeffersonian Publishing Co., Thomson, Ga.

Some General Notes, on Foreign and Domestic Affairs.

SON-IN-LAW McAdoo announces that the new taxes which this administration put upon the country are to be continued, *because* Europe hasn't quit fighting.

O, what a God-send the war has been to some politicians!

Of course, the taxes are to be continued; nobody expected anything else.

The Democrats created so many new offices, increased so many salaries, and made such lavish appropriations that new taxes were necessary.

The war had nothing to do with it; on the contrary, the war has enormously benefited this country, in the way of commerce.

This administration proposes to establish an Advice department in the Navy; and the Men who give the Advice are to have a public building costing \$5,000,000.

In this Advice-shop, the men who Advise the Secretary of the Navy how to manage his business are to be paid salaries amounting to two and a half million dollars a year—(\$2,500,000).

Now it occurs to me, that if we have a score of Wise Men whose Advice to the Government is worth that much money, we ought to let them live in the White House and run the whole thing.

What's the need of the expense of a president and a Congress, when we have a score of Choice Spirits whose Advice is worth \$2,500,000 a year?

And what a pity it is that we have not had the benefit of that Precious Advice, long ago!

We Democrats howled at the Republicans for increasing offices, salaries and expenses; next time, the Republicans will howl at us for the same thing, and the country will again enjoy the glorious privilege of choosing between howls.

It's a great country.

In spite of the rancorous hostility of the Romanist cardinals, priests, and editors, General Carranza seems to have won, in Mexico.

He is the Washington of his country, and deserved to win.

Villa seems to have sold out to the land-kings and the Spanish priests. He is not the type of man to be President of a Republic, anyway.

What do such Socialist papers as *The Appeal to Reason*, and the *Melting Pot*, mean by taking sides against Mary Phagan, the *working girl*, whose employer killed her when she refused to submit to his lustful embraces?

Her employer was a typical exploiter of cheap labor, and his company had successfully opposed our efforts to keep 14-year-old girls out of its clutches.

Her dead body was found in his house; he confessed that he was the last person who saw her alive; it was proved that he was absent from his office and unaccounted for at the time she was assaulted and killed; more than 40 white witnesses made out the case against him; the Coroner's jury found against him; the Grand jury, on which there were four Jews, found against him; the petit jury found against him; the trial judge said the evidence was sufficient; the Supreme Court of Georgia carefully reviewed the evidence, and found it to be sufficient; the Supreme Court of the United States decided that it had not been shown that he had been improperly convicted; the Prison Commission made the same decision.

How much more would it have taken to convince the Socialist papers that the little girl, of the *working class*, was the victim of the *employing class*?

These Socialist editors have raved over the execution of the employer, just as though he had not been legally convicted of an awful crime, committed on one of his hired girls.

Shame upon such inconsistency!

Even a layman editor's good, sound, common sense ought to tell him that, after all the Courts had condemned Leo Frank to death, *his own lawyer had no right*, as governor, *to immediately re-try the case on the very same evidence*, and set aside the sentence, *which had the sanction of the highest Court in the world*.

There wasn't any "lynching;" it was the informal carrying out of the sentence of the Law.

When constituted authorities, who are the mere agents of the People, fail or refuse to enforce the Law, and to protect life, liberty and property, the People must rise and do it, else Tyranny and Chaos will usurp the place of Law and Order.

In Georgia we are agitating ourselves, mildly and respectably, on account of conditions in Chatham county, where Oglethorpe landed with that convict gang of London felons—according to our history, recently revised by the champions of Leo Frank.

Yes, sir, Chatham county is where Georgia was born, as you might say; and it is in that county that the great and beautiful city of Savannah lies—a city so beautiful that I mean to buy it, if I can harvest a few of those millions which Slaton's brother-in-law's hired man says I am making.

Savannah dotes on Foreign Missions. Her ducats go forth in big piles, hunting for benighted spots where the heathen squats in darkness; and where a hospital, a school-house, a college, a technological institute, and a group of missionary mansions will improve the looks of the scenery.

Savannah sends well-paid men and women to cross the ocean and look up the lame, the halt, blind, the ignorant, the destitute, and to feed the hungry, cure the sick, educate the ignorant, and to teach gainful trades to those who know not the use of their hands.

Yet it suddenly develops that Savannah has at her own doors, in Chatham county, a large region where the darkness is morally as great as anywhere on earth.

It appears that along the Ogeechee River, which flows by the side of the Central railroad, there is a district which goes by the name of the Black Ankle.

White people live there, in squalor, in ignorance, in vice, in utter heathenism.

They have no live churches, no schools, no decent habitation, no civilized habits or inclinations.

The picture, as drawn in the Savannah papers, is appalling.

Some of the details are not fit to print. The conditions of life there are brutish, according to these reports. Girls who are scarcely more than tots themselves, have babies—and no husbands.

Almost without shelter, almost without food, wholly without teaching and guidance of any kind, these people have relapsed into primitive barbarism *within sound of the whistle of the railroad trains!*

Friends, there are Black Ankle districts all over the South. Dr. English, of Waycross, told me of one in his part of the State, when I talked with him several years ago; and I get letters—some from traveling salesmen and some from others who cover the State in their rounds—which tell me of these neglected Black Ankles throughout our country.

What can our Bishops and Boards be thinking about when they belly-ache so violently over Korea, China, Japan and India?

Who made us responsible for dirt, disease,

ignorance, vice and poverty *beyond the seas?*

Who made us the care-takers of a sore-eyed Chinese baby, or a rheumatic old nigger in Africa?

Who ordered us to go and purge a costive Hindoo, and plug the rotten tooth of a Jap?

Who commanded us to teach Chinese girls how to dance the Rainbow Dance; how to crochet, how to embroider, how to make cookies, how to do tatting, and how to play the piano?

God in Heaven! Our people have been made crazy on this everlasting Foreign Mission business.

White people lapse into savagery and heathenism, almost within hearing of the sermon on Foreign Missions, and our Bishops and Boards do not seem to care!

"Distance lends enchantment to the view;" and it is the Black Ankles of Korea, China, India and Japan that catch our eyes, and our ducats.

Are we to be told that our church workers *do not know* of these Black Ankles?

Are they to plead ignorance of home conditions?

Such a defense ill-becomes the Bishops and the Boards, when they themselves tell us that they sent missionaries to distant lands, far across the ocean, to hunt for cases of destitution, neglected sickness, and undeveloped minds.

The Bishops and Boards pay men and women, nurses and doctors, teachers and preachers, to travel thousands of miles, to China and other Oriental countries for the purpose of finding *the leper*, and putting him into a comfortable home; of finding *the afflicted*, and bringing them to the hospital; of finding *the unlettered*, and leading him to the school-house.

We send missionaries thousands of miles in foreign countries, *to search for the plague spots!*

Why is it that the plague-spots at home are never searched for, and civilization introduced?

The wrath of God may be waxing hot against these missionary faddists and fanatics, who leave the vineyard, here at home, to be choked with weeds and brambles and thistles, while they go wild over Chinese education and African uplift.

The following item appears in the press dispatches:

Amsterdam, via London, October 8.—The Financial Committee of the Bavarian Diet, it is asserted in a telegram from Munich, has discussed problems connected with the Pope and the Roman Catholic Church. It was pointed out during the discussion, the telegram states, that it was necessary to secure territorial independence and complete sovereignty for the Pope without re-establishing a papal state, but no solution was offered.

About 60 per cent. of the population of Bavaria is Roman Catholic, but there have been no previous dispatches to indicate what prompted the discussion at this time by the Diet Committee of the Pope's temporal status.

Ever since 1870, when Italy threw off the hateful rule of the priests, the Jesuits have been praying and scheming for a general European war, which would give them the chance to get back temporal power for the Pope.

In other words, Papa wants a kingdom of his own.

The Vatican, and its gardens, and its fabulous treasures, are not enough for the Vicar of the homeless, barefooted Christ, who had to requisition the little donkey which he rode into Jerusalem.

Papa has the biggest palace on earth, decorated with all sorts of paintings and art collections, beyond price; and his poor Pe-