

## Who is "The Most Dangerous Man in Georgia?"

NOT so very long ago, a pretty, winsome, fatherless little girl went from home, to see the Confederate Veterans parade their thinning, tottering lines through the streets of Atlanta, on Memorial Day; and when evening closed over the great city, the maiden had not returned to her anxious mother.

The alarm went forth, and a search began; and, after ever so many agonizing hours of suspense, this suffering woman was told that her daughter had been found—found in a grimy basement, all bruised and torn, with a cruel cord tight around her neck, *dead!*

There was a Sunday-School celebration to be held at Marietta, next day, and the girl was to take part in it: she had laid out her white frock, upon the bed at home, and had intended to get, from the factory where she worked, the small sum due her, meaning no doubt to purchase some little additions to her holiday dress.

She was only fourteen years old, just budding into young womanhood; and, so far as was ever learned by a most persistent hostile investigation, she was as chaste a maiden as ever carried virtue to a bridal bed.

When found, *there was blood on her!*

Blood in her matted hair: blood on her lower limbs: blood on her under-garments—**BLOOD!!**

There was blood on the floor where she fell, but none in the basement where she lay.

Her hair—long, silken, golden strands of it—hung swaying, like melancholy moss in some Bonaventure, on the handle of the machine which struck her in the back of the head as she fell, from as foul, as cowardly, and as cruel a blow as ever was struck, since Cain smote his brother at the altar of God.

And when the avenging Law pointed its accusing finger at the man who was last known to have been with her, and he was sternly asked what he had done with her, his answer was, in effect, the same as Cain's, when the awful question thundered from the heavens, "*Where is thy brother?*"

The Law, in all its known and accepted processes, **ASCERTAINED** the guilt of Leo M. Frank. The Law gave him all the *time* he demanded; all the *opportunities* open to any person accused of crime; and all the reviews, by different tribunals, possibly to any man under our time-honored system.

Twelve jurors, selected with extreme care, said under their oaths that the legal evidence made him guilty: a perfectly impartial judge of the Superior Court approved the verdict, refusing a new trial; a Supreme Court, which could not have been prejudiced, affirmed what the judge and jury in the court below had done; and the only dissent heard from that highest bench was that *one bit of evidence concerning a separate act of immorality*, should have been excluded.

Not one stone was jostled in the foundations of the case!

The frightful conclusiveness of the testimony which placed the dead girl in Frank's *recent possession*; her hair on his machine; her blood on his floor; his absence from his office during the fatal minutes, covered by Monteen Stover's call—these were not in the least shaken by anything that legal resource and ingenuity could afterwards do.

And the moral conviction fastened itself beyond relaxation, when it transpired, that Frank and his uncle employed the best lawyers, before anybody had accused him; and when he failed to offer himself for cross-examination, after he had gone on the stand at his trial.

Conscious innocence would have said, "*I've nothing to hide, and will cheerfully answer every question!*"

Marvellous methods were then employed to defeat the Law, discredit the Courts, mock the dictates of justice.

Contributions were levied from sea to sea, and money poured into Atlanta from all over the Union.

Out of an atrocious crime, *a race-issue was made. BY WHOM?*

By the convicted man and his lawyers.

Willing, or unwilling, the Jews were dragged into it, because of the criminal's nationality.

Adroitly manipulated, by rascally detectives and ingenious attorneys, scores of good people were sucked into a vortex of hysteria.

"To save Leo Frank," mass-meetings were held, in Northern, Eastern, and Western centres.

Ranters, who knew nothing of the evidence, denounced the State of Georgia, her people and her courts.

Pamphleteers were hired, hack-writers employed, actresses enlisted, and sentimental delegations projected into our midst.

Daily papers led the furore; magazines lost what little sense they had; Rabbis became loudly excited; distant bankers touched financial buttons; Texas and Tennessee legislatures made asses of themselves; and one or two governors of other States betrayed their impertinent imbecility.

In the midst of the hurly-burly, *The Jeffersonian* earnestly pleaded for the Law, after the Atlanta Journal had declared, *that the legal execution of Leo Frank, UNDER A SENTENCE APPROVED BY THE SUPREME COURT, would be "judicial murder."*

Not until this anarchistic editorial appeared, did I have one word to say about Leo Frank, or his case. But when a daily paper adopted a revolutionary line of policy, destructive of respect for the courts and for the Law itself, I began a defense of both the Courts and the Law.

Who, at that crisis, was "the most dangerous man in Georgia?"

Who were the engineers of the Burns Detective Agency, and the financiers that staked Big Money against the Law?

Who were the Georgians that enlisted with Burns, and the Haas Brothers' Finance Committee?

For what purpose can huge sums be used, after a conviction has been affirmed in the highest courts?

What sort of legitimate and legal work can be done by detectives and lawyers, after the established legal tribunals have finished a case?

If our juries and our courts can be arraigned before the whole world and convicted in the public mind of "judicial murder," what becomes of the State's self-respect? of her good name? of the confidence of the people in the courts? of the willingness of the good citizens to abide by the findings of juries and the decisions of judges?

It would be strange, indeed, if the *least dangerous Georgian* vilified our courts and people, while the *most dangerous* volunteered for the defense.

Into that unprecedented and unseemly contest, of Big Money and Race prejudice against the courts, and against eternal Justice, there were some ministers of the Gospel who allowed themselves to be drawn.

One of these misguided clericals was W. N. Ainsworth, who had never before sought to obstruct the orderly, legal processes of the Law.

As a representative of the Church, he had never before felt constrained to admonish the State.

What was it in the Frank case, which moved him out of the even tenor of his ministerial way?

Did he feel no compassion for poor, ignorant, misled Bart Cantrell, the 16-year-old mountain boy, lured to his untimely fate by an older brother and a bad woman?

Leo Frank was a *married man of middle age*—rather older than the average middle age: Leo Frank was a son of wealth, a college graduate: Leo Frank had an elegant home and refining environment: Leo Frank had had the advantages of the Synagogue: Leo Frank had not known the fierce temptations of Poverty.

The mountain boy had had no early and civilizing advantages; no education, no church, no chastening home-influences. Evil communications had held full sway over him, and he was miserably poor. Tempted, he fell; and when he fell, there was no campaign organized in *his* behalf.

No Atlanta Journal cried "judicial murder"; no pulpits gave counsel to the Courts; no detectives published a daily quota of lies; no sentimental delegations toured to Atlanta; no pamphlets fluttered down the current; no address smirked on the front page.

The Texas legislature was mute: the Tennessee sages maintained silence: the Hearst papers mastered their emotions: no public meetings shook Boston, New York and Chicago.

No Ainsworth lifted his soft white hand, and cried "*Mercy!*" and so, poor Bart Cantrell choked in the noose, and went his way to the worms.

Among some of those who championed Leo Frank, implacable hatred has been borne to *The Jeffersonian*.

Among those who can neither forget nor forgive is W. N. Ainsworth, whose vocation in life consecrates him to the mission of forgiving, if not forgetting.

An important fact to be considered is this:

When the lawyers of Leo Frank sought the aid of Ainsworth in behalf of their client, they were not seeking the help of Ainsworth, *as an individual citizen*.

Those attorneys wanted Ainsworth's influence as a prominent minister of the Gospel, and as a Methodist who enjoyed the beaming favor of Bishop Candler. It was his *Church standing and weight*, that those lawyers appropriated to the use of their convicted client, with whose sentence the highest court on earth had refused to interfere.

Ainsworth lent himself to an attempted overthrow of the legalized result of our whole judicial system, State and Federal.

Who is the *more dangerous man* in Georgia—the lawyer-editor, who stands by the Judiciary and fights for the Law, or is it the clergyman who doffs his cloth and rushes into a fray that he knows nothing about, co-operating with hirelings whose utmost efforts are being put forth to establish *one rule for the Rich and another for the Poor?*

Some commonplace humans have been hanged in and near Macon, during Ainsworth's ministry: did he endeavor to save those lives?

Why did he discriminate in favor of Leo Frank?

Why did he make an exception in favor of the Atlanta man?

**I CHALLENGE HIM TO ANSWER!**

It was doubtless with the Scriptural widow and her one mite in his mind, that Ainsworth recently agitated his congregation to give liberally, by telling them of a Macon woman who worked in the mill, *at fifty cents a day*, and gave Ainsworth's church *twenty-six dollars a year!*

After her donation to Ainsworth, the woman was left with two dollars and a half for each seven days' support. Therefore she could barely afford meals costing *twelve cents apiece*; and if you can imagine what

sort of food she ate, at that price, your mind may recoil from the next questions, to-wit:

How did she buy clothing, fuel, oil, medicine, etc., and how did she pay house rent? If she had children, how did they keep soul and body together?

Every one is entitled to his own opinion, of course, but there are a few Christians, I'm sure, who will not admire the type of preacher who lives luxuriously on a handsome salary, supplied in part by a woman who toils for fifty cents a day.

In Palestine, the widow who gave the mite was in no danger of starvation, after she had given her little all. Among the Jews, charitable support of the poor was *organized*; and, whereas, the Gentile clergyman claimed a tithe, and kept the whole tenth for his own use, the Jewish tithe was divided *between the priesthood and the poor*.

Such a thing as dying for the lack of food, raiment, and shelter was unknown to the Hebrew economy: hence, when the widow gave her mite, she had her tribe and its tithe to fall back on, *for maintenance*.

Can Ainsworth name some similar organization which will feed and clothe *his* self-sacrificing mill-worker, if her balance of \$2.50 a week proves insufficient to support life?

Let's get down to brass tacks:

What is Ainsworth mad with me about?

(1) Perhaps he doesn't like my insistence, that *Coca-Cola*—which has legislated beer out of the State, and taken its place with a more injurious drink—*should be taxed, just as beer was*.

Here is room for difference of opinion, and for legitimate debate in the proper forum, but not for pulpit denunciation, where no reply can be made.

(2) Perhaps he doesn't like my opposition to Bishop Candler, in the matter of exempting from taxes the million dollar *Coca-Cola* endowment of a sectarian school.

Here, again, honest citizens may differ, without recourse to blows below the belt and stabs in the back.

(3) Perhaps he doesn't like my attitude toward Board methods of doing the work of Foreign Missions.

But here he should first make it clear that he has understood me, before he publicly puts upon me the ban of his excommunication.

He cannot show that I ever opposed the New Testament methods, ever opposed the methods of The Fathers of the Church, or ever opposed the methods which the evangelical churches employed for more than seven-hundred years after Christ.

I stand exactly where Adoniram Judson stood; and Dr. Judson stood exactly where the Apostle Paul stood. If Ainsworth knows a better way than that of Judson and Paul, it is his privilege to pursue it; but he should be more charitable to those who rank Judson and Paul higher than they rank Ainsworth.

The gist of my contention has been that our duty is done when we carry *the Gospel* to the heathen, and teach him that which Christ taught us.

We do not owe China and Japan, India and Africa twenty-three million dollars a year, payable in school-houses, colleges, hospitals, gymnasiums, technological institutes, experimental farms, surgeons, doctors, trained nurses, and physical trainers.

When Ainsworth gets ready to debate this subject with me, in *The Jeffersonian* or in the *Advocate*, he will find me open to reason and perview to facts.

If he can demonstrate to me the affinity between religion and a gymnastic pole, let him hasten and do it.

If it is my duty to preach to John Jones

and Tom Brown, here in Georgia, until I coerce them into paying for a collegiate course for the boys of Ching-Ling and Hung-Chang, in China, hurry up and convince me, so that I may get to work right away on the pocket-nerve of John Jones and Tom Brown.

If it is the duty of the American Joneses and Browns and Smiths to neglect their own sick and suffering, and to furnish the coin for the building and maintenance of hospitals all over the balance of the world, for the sick and the suffering of foreign countries, show it to me, right away, and let me begin to howl at Jones and Brown and Smith.

The Reverend Ainsworth cannot say that I ever did him harm. So far as recollection serves, I have never *seen* this Apostle of Sweetness and Light.

So far as I know, it has never been my misfortune to *personally* provoke this humble Evangel of Compassion and Brotherly Love.

Why, then, did he burst forth, against me, at a Y. M. C. A. meeting, on the Sabbath preceding the day my trial was to take place in the Federal Court?

Usually, it is presumed that even the poorest negro is innocent, until his guilt has been established by legal proofs.

Usually, the men who consider themselves respectable, refrain from publishing tirades against a fellow citizen who is on the eve of his trial.

Usually, a person who would do a thing like that would be universally censured, were the case merely an ordinary one, involving homicide, bank-wrecking, seduction, or robbery.

But where Rome seeks to destroy a Protestant, because he made a sustained attack upon the system whose horrible crimes against God and man *gave birth to Protestant churches*, could you conceive of anything more unnatural than the action of a Protestant clergyman taking sides with Rome?

But for the pioneers who did, in the 16th Century, just such work as I have been doing for many years—work made absolutely necessary by the resurrection of medieval popery—there would not now be in existence any such church as that which Ainsworth belongs to, and preaches in; nor would there be a freedom of the press which enables a Canadian renegade to flee his own country to escape military service, and occupy his time in Georgia vilifying Georgians who would be ashamed to be caught in his company.

For what purpose did Ainsworth select the day before my trial, to preach against me?

From what source is he looking for a reward?

If to the Roman Catholics, his conduct can be understood. Their papers are already full of his name and his praise. At one bound he has gained a place on their roost, side by side with Ashby Jones, another Leo Frank champion.

Give the Italian pope many more recruits like Ainsworth and Jones, and the work of Luther and Calvin and Knox and Latimer will come to nought.

Since the days of the Reformation, there has been no change for the better in the Roman Catholic system.

If Luther had no cause to combat it, we have none. If we are wrong to combat it, Luther was.

If the Huguenots had no cause to run away from popery in France, we have none.

If we are wrong in crying aloud against the danger, the Huguenots were wrong in fleeing from France.

Did the Saltzbergers have cause to run away from the Catholics of Austria?

If they did, we have the same reason to guard against a renewal of the danger.

Against the Protestant, the law of Rome still threatens *death!*

Against our form of democratic government, the priests of Rome still *swear EXTIRPATION*.

Against civil and religious freedom, the Italian church still thunders her irrevocable *anathema*.

Is there any danger? Look around over the Union. Count the 16,000,000 Catholics, see their power in wealth, in offices, in the Army, in the Navy, at the White House, and in Congress—then judge between me and my Ainsworths.

#### A Few Words for Dr. Ainsworth.

To the Editor of The Telegraph: A telegram from Augusta, received at 10:31 a. m. at my home in Cartersville this morning, tells me that the Federal jury has returned a verdict of "Not guilty," at 10 a. m., in the celebrated case of the Federal Government against Hon. Thos. E. Watson. In my mail, I also received today the esteemed Macon Telegraph of last Monday, in which appears Dr. W. N. Ainsworth's article—or sermon—directed against Mr. Watson, whom he calls "Georgia's most dangerous man."

My absence in Augusta and Atlanta will account for the delay of my mail, but the arrival of these two communications—one from Augusta and the other from Macon—impressed my mind as a peculiar experience and a notable coincidence.

Your Monday article was an elaboration of Dr. Ainsworth's sermon, addressed, as you say, to "800 men." Its delivery was made to do violent hurt.

Mr. Watson's trial was set for Monday at 10 a. m., and we find a minister in the city of Macon firing the minds of nearly a thousand men against the defendant; doing his utmost to blacken the reputation of a native Georgian, and, in so far as Dr. Ainsworth's influence extends, inciting these men to get rid of Hon. Thos. E. Watson and to place a ban upon him, that would afflict his devoted wife and lovely daughter to the end of their lives.

I am holding in my hands this Monday's edition of The Telegraph, containing this denunciation, as I write these lines, and I feel as if I was never more ashamed of being a member and communicant of the Methodist Church, South, than at this moment.

There may be some personal antagonism between the Macon minister and Mr. Watson, but I cannot conceive of a ministerial mind which could thus betray the virulence of such hatred in a public place, and which could thus venomize his own public discourse, without any thought of the discredit which he has thus inflicted upon the Methodist Church.

Since the year 1851 my name has been enrolled as a member of this religious organization. With an experience of more than sixty-five years, I feel sure I have never before come in contact with a Methodist preacher who would venture to thus betray his personal animosity against a person whose private character was so fully vouched for (as was Mr. Watson's character at the Augusta trial)—to use the sacred pulpit to such unhappy effect, beggars my surprise and astonishment and fatigues my patience.

Dr. Ainsworth has filled many positions of prominence in the Methodist conference. This lapse of tongue may be condoned by other congregations, and he may fill many other pulpits in course of time; nevertheless this incident will ever be remembered by thousands of Methodist people in Georgia as something unworthy and difficult to adjust, in the coming years, as relating to pastor and membership, in their intercourse.

I sat in the Augusta court room for nearly an hour last Wednesday. I saw numbers of Georgia's most notable and honored men testify in Mr. Watson's behalf, and what I heard almost satisfied my mind that Georgia politicians would not attempt very soon another political persecution in the courts, but my disappointment is great to find that a Methodist minister who draws a large salary and has been a teacher of young women in an honored religious institution for years, should not only prefer Barabbas in a secular trial, but should do his utmost to awaken a Ku Klux propagation from the pulpit of Mulberry Street church in his insensate diatribe against a Georgian who has been so thoroughly vindicated by the Federal jury in Augusta.

If Mr. Watson's "soul juices have been turned to vinegar," have the lips of the preacher been scorched by burning coals from the altar of his hatred?

Respectfully,

MRS. W. H. FELTON.

Cartersville, Dec. 1.