

# The Jeffersonian

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## William Jackass Burns, at Another Angle: Some Tarnished Lawyers; Some Bought Newspapers; and the Murder of a Little Georgia Girl

It is a bad state of affairs, when the idea gets abroad that the law is too weak to punish a man who has plenty of money. Under our system, the defendant in a criminal case is given greater privileges than anywhere else in the world.

When the pendulum swung away from the extreme rigor with which, in past ages, the supposed criminal was treated, it never stopped until it had swung to the opposite extreme. There it still rests.

In France, the first thing that happens, is a careful examination of the accused, by a magistrate skilled in the business. No innocent man could possibly object to such questioning.

None but the guilty, fear it. But in our country, we are so tenderly considerate of the defendant that he cannot be made to answer a single question, or furnish any of the evidence against himself.

Because, in former times, prisoners were tortured to compel confessions, and were thus made to choose between dreadful suffering and self-conviction, we go to the absurdly opposite, of allowing the accused to make any statement his lawyers may manufacture; and the State is not permitted to puncture it, with legitimate cross-examination.

Let our common sense tells us that none of the guilty would object to being asked questions.

Under our system, the prisoner is allowed extraordinary privileges in the facing of the witnesses who testify against him; in the

separation of these witnesses, so that one may not know what the others have sworn; in the exhaustive cross-examination of those witnesses; in the impeachment of those witnesses; and in the preparation of testimony overthrowing the evidence of those witnesses.

More than that—far more than that! the doctrine of *Reasonable Doubt* stands beside the prisoner, all the way along the trial, a veritable Angel of Mercy, armed with all the glorious majesty of the Law, and saying to the avengers of blood—"Prove his guilt to MY satisfaction, or you shall not harm a hair of his head."

Not until that heavenly principle-of-Justice has heard enough, and has sadly turned her back on the accused, withdrawing her divine protection, can the jury and the judge, the law and the evidence, say, "Guilty!"

As I look back over my own experience at the bar—an experience which soon convinced me that I was too sympathetic by nature to prosecute anybody—it is impossible for me to recall a single case in which an innocent

man was convicted. On the contrary, there was hardly a term of court at which I did not see guilty men escape. The extreme tenderness of the law, the firm impartiality of the judge, the ease with which shrewd lawyers for the defense could confuse witnesses, the power of eloquence in touching the feelings of the jury, and the never failing power of the Reasonable Doubt where there was any room for it—released men whom the jurors themselves believed to be guilty, but whose guilt had not been legally established beyond a reasonable doubt.

I am sure that my experience has been that of every lawyer in Georgia whose practice covered the same period.

As to prejudice against defendants on account of their race, I never saw it, excepting when a negro was accused of crime against a white man. Even then, I never knew it to resist the testimony. In the court records of this State, there are some marvellous cases that will support my assertion. I myself lost, to Judge H. D. D. Twiggs, one of the most notable cases ever tried in Waynesboro, where a young white man was tried for the killing of a negro, and convicted.

In another leading case, tried in one of our so-called "black" counties, Judge Twiggs defended and cleared a negro who shot and killed a deputy-sheriff.

The white officer was attempting to arrest the negro. The black man was in his own house, and the officer had not disclosed his

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### IN CLUBS OF TEN ONLY,

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## Does Oil Control the United States Army in Mexico and in Colorado?

THERE was a grim irony in the tale that was told about the trouble at Tampico. It began with oil.

Some months ago, the Constitutionalists within an ace of capturing Tampico. Our battleship commanders ordered them to cease firing. Why?

The oil wells were in danger. It didn't seem to matter how many Mexicans might be killed; but it was of supreme importance to save corporation oil-wells.

Subsequently, when the Waters-Pierce shells appeared to be in danger of the shells of the Carranza-Villa forces, the gallant American commander called out, "Halt!"

The Constitutionalists, had to obey, and Huerta's sea-board city was saved.

Later, we were told that our gallant commander ran short of oil, and landed some of his bluejackets, in full uniform, and in violation of Mexican martial law, to get the oil.

His subordinate officer of the Mexican army ordered these apparently hostile combatants. An officer of higher grade in the Mexican army ordered the Americans released, and General Huerta was telegraphed the news, and apologized, at once.

The fullest apologies were made before any demand. The Mexican authorities don't think any of us know whether any

oil was tendered, along with the apologies. Perhaps, the Mexicans made a mistake in not offering Admiral Mayo a barrel of oil, as an evidence of their distinguished consideration.

Anyway, Mayo was mad. The more the Mexicans apologized, the madder Mayo got.

He "drew himself up to his full height"—I believe that is the phrase of the military regulations—and sternly insisted that the Mexicans at Tampico fire twenty-one big guns, by way of salute to our deeply insulted flag.

It made no difference to Mayo that the Mexicans at Tampico did not have any big ammunition, nor twenty-one big guns.

Probably, if he had required the local Mexican forces to fire off twenty-one rifles, they might have done it, rather than have Mayo get any madder.

But as the big guns were not fired, our "dignity" was hurt and our flag "insulted"—especially as Mexico is a country that we know we can whip.

If it had been Germany, or Great Britain, my opinion is that the apologies, promptly and voluntarily tendered, would have been gladly and promptly accepted.

As it was, our official lecturers on *The Prince of Peace* could not be placated by apologies. They demanded blood.

So, on account of the miserable little incident at Tampico, we began to kill and be killed at Vera Cruz.

Which illustrates the horrible injustice and wickedness of hasty war. Vera Cruz had not done a thing to us.

Yet, when Admiral Mayo lost his temper at Tampico, dead men soon littered the streets of Vera Cruz!

Consider the facts: President Wilson refused to recognize Huerta's usurped and blood-stained government: he still refuses to take the hand of the traitor and the murderer of Madero: yet he goes to war, killing Mexicans and causing Americans to be killed, because Huerta's government will not salute the American flag.

In other words, Huerta's government is non-existent, so far as President Wilson can make it so: and because this non-existent government does not salute our flag, we go to war!

Could anything be more indefensible? Now, my son, you can believe that our battle-ships had to depend upon Mexico for supplies, if you want to. That's your privilege. Likewise it is my privilege to say that I don't believe a word of it.

The landing of those marines was a deliberate proceeding, intended to bring on bloodshed. The Oil interests in America and in England are behind the whole business, just as the Oil interests of the Rockefellers are behind the Civil War in Colorado.

If our Government is so very sensitive

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**William Jackass Burns at Marietta, Georgia,  
As Reported by the Natives**

The following confidential communications are what you might call "self-explanatory." Please peruse them without undue and unseemly

Marietta, Ga., May 2, 1914.  
Dear Sir: Mr. Wm. J. Burns and Lehon came to Marietta yesterday to view the Frank case from an angle and left with slapped faces under fire of rotten eggs, and under guard of all the officers he could get. There were about 500 people after them, it was a hot reception for the Noted Detectives in Phagan's home town.  
Respectfully,  
J. W. HARDEMAN.

Smyrna, Ga., May 2, 1914.  
Dear Sir: William J. Burns with assistant, Lehon, visited Marietta this afternoon. After leaving the machine, was attacked by about a hundred infuriated Cobb County men. He escaped with slight wounds, promising he would never return to Cobb County again.  
T. Y. WESTBROOK.

Marietta, Ga., May 2, 1914.  
Dear Mr. Watson: On yesterday, Great Detective, William J. Burns, rode up to our little city, in a thousand dollar limousine to view the Leo M. Frank case from an angle, and you may rest assured that he will never again attempt to take any calumnies from this particular "angle" he is thoroughly satisfied with observations already made, and shaken the dust from off his feet for all time so far as Marietta is concerned.

It was the day of our county elections and we had a great supply of candidates for the different offices; when the great Burns left, everyone else had come down, and he was the only man "running." He had hardly gotten his feet on the ground when he was recognized by one of our citizens who was William J. Burns? He denied his identity, but he was known, this citizen proceeded to administering to him a genteel chastising, turning his face until his cheeks were as red as the snout of a turkey.

During the melee, his first lieutenant, Lehon, appeared upon the scene and proceeded to pull the irate man off of his chief, and immediately on being freed the aforesaid proceeded to make himself known to the Great Detective through several dark alleys as fast as his legs could carry him, and that saw him in action do say the certainly showed a wonderful burst of speed, and they are now back to back him against the field champion short distance runner of the world.

After running about four blocks, he finally landed in the Whitlock building for protection. A crowd of about seven hundred surrounded the house, insisting upon him coming out so that they could obtain some valuable information concerning the Frank case, but he hastily refused to show himself to the informed.

After about an hour's parleying, the crowd finally agreed to let him remain where he would make an affidavit to set his foot again on the confines of the good old county of Cobb; this he readily agreed to do, and he was placed in a automobile and made the trip to Atlanta in 32 minutes, which is considered good time for the trip from Marietta to Atlanta, a distance of 100 miles, but during the trip he kept insisting that he be allowed to get out of the machine and walk, as he thought he could make better time than the machine.

We notice in the Constitution this morning that Burns says in his interview that "he walked quietly to his hotel;" if he calls it "walking quietly" the way he went, we would like to see him walking when he was in a hurry; it took two men to see him yesterday, one to say "here he comes," and the other to say, "there he goes;" if he had been in a hurry, it would have taken a moving picture machine to have kept up with him, for, as it was, you couldn't see his back for the dust, and one man said you could have laid a brick on his coat tail and it would have staid there.

While one crowd was after Burns, Lehon made his way to the court house and sought the officers of the law for protection; he changed his coat and hat and slipped away to the home of some private citizen, and gave an automobile owner fifty dollars to get him back to dear old Atlanta.

Marietta, as you know, is the birthplace of Little Mary Phagan, and our people resented the presence in our city of men who have bribed, bluffed, bought, and brow-beaten witnesses to make false affidavits and to give false testimony to clear a guilty man.

We are sending you this account of what happened so you may know the truth of the transaction.

Yours truly,  
CITIZENS.

**HAD A WIFE AND SEVEN CHILDREN AND COULD NOT AFFORD TO BE LYNCHED.**

Dear Mr. Watson: Doubtless long before this you saw a short account of the treatment accorded Mr. Burns in Marietta yesterday, and also the statement from the Great Burns as to how mild the affair was.

As I was about to write and tell you that it was not half as mild as he would have every one think, I learn that a full account of it has already been sent you.

I just want to say however that you can rest assured that Mr. Burns did not walk to that hotel as he stated, but ran and fast at that. He went to the hotel where two ladies were on the veranda and told them he wanted to use the phone, and they told him it was in the hall, but instead of stopping in the hall, he ran upstairs and into a ladies room. N. A. Morris who finally assisted in quieting the crowd and getting him off to Atlanta, says that he has never in all his life seen a man so scared.

The Mr. Howell did not only hit at the great Burns, but slapped his face several times, and I am told that he also slapped Mr. Lehon who was with Burns, but of this last I am not certain. I do know that Lehon took refuge in the sheriff's office. He said he had a wife and seven children and could not, just could not afford to be lynched.

I feel certain if Mr. Burns had remained in Marietta five minutes longer that he would have been swinging to a limb.

I trust you will get the full account direct, as you will doubtless never be able to find it in the daily papers. Very truly yours,  
Marietta, Ga. FRIEND.

**ATLANTA WILL ATTEND TO BURNS AND LEHON. WAIT AND SEE!**

Dear Sir: Just a few lines to show how very much I have appreciated your articles on the Frank case. They could not be any better, unless they had been longer, and more of them. If there are not any men in Atlanta who have got backbone enough about them to put a stop to this mess, regardless of boastful, do nothing Burns, if they will put Frank in our county jail we will promise them that he will not stay there long. At least not alive, for every sane man who has read about this case knows in his heart that

Frank killed that poor little girl, whether they will say so or not. Some have not the nerve to speak their own mind, but thank God we have a few men that are not born cowards, and with Watson to lead them they will demand that justice be done to the rich Jew.

Mr. Watson your fight on Catholicism is indeed a grand and noble work, and may God spare you to fight them many, many more years is the prayer of your devoted friend and admirer.

Ga. W. M. BENNETT.

**YES, MARIETTA ATTENDED TO BURNS.**

Dear Sir: I am writing to express my appreciation of the service you have, and are, rendering to the State of Georgia, and her people, in the expose you are making of the Frank case, and those engaged in his defense. Of all the incarnations of demons, he leads the list, and of all the degradation that has fallen to mortal man, Arnold and Rosser have inherited the fullest extent. Citizens of Georgia, espousing the cause of a pervert of Frank's type, and insulting in a thousand ways, the law abiding people of this State, her courts, and her laws. Nothing you can say will be too severe.

Undoubtedly, you have all good citizens behind you in this affair. Go to; you are the only man in the State in position to make yourself heard, who has the courage to speak out. Open your BIG BLADE, and carve them up to the Queen's taste.

Respectfully yours,  
Atlanta, Ga. J. C. GORE.

Marietta will attend to William "Jackass" B.

Comment.

If Burns and Lehon are wise they will go back to the North. We can't stand for such rascals, down here.

T. E. W.

**THE CONSPIRACY OF MONEY AGAINST LAW AND JUSTICE.**

Dear Sir: Please allow me space in your most valuable and most cherished paper to express a few thoughts. Your editorials on the Frank case in the Jeffersonian are great and profound truths, which the people have been denied to express, by the Atlanta papers. The Atlanta papers, and press have been bought up and muzzled, and have refused the people their rights of free liberty, and free speech.

The only crowd who has any right now to the columns of the Atlanta papers are Rosser, Burns, Arnold, Frank & Co. Yet Leo Frank is guilty of the foulest and most heinous crime ever committed on a Georgia girl, and yet Rosser, Burns, Arnold, Frank & Co. howl innocent.

God have mercy on such people, Frank stands today the most self-condemned criminal in the annals of history, and when the pulpit, and press advocates a new trial for such a demon as Leo Frank, they are advocating crime, and murder with a high hand, and with an out-stretched arm, yet that sham and fake detective (one Bill Jackass Burns) who is a fugitive, and a vagabond from several States was brought into the Frank case for no other purpose than to suppress evidence and defeat the law. He has proven that himself. The doings of Rosser, Burns, Arnold, Frank & Co., and the spirit of the Atlanta press is a bold outrage against the law, against the courts, against the judges, and against justice. But I thank God every day that we have one man, and one paper who stands firm and fights for

the people's rights, and upholds the law and justice. The Jeffersonian is a Godsent blessing to the people of Georgia. Here shall the press, the people's rights maintain unaided by influence and unbribed by gain. Here her patriotic truths, her glorious precepts draw, pledged to religion, liberty and law.  
Georgia. J. H. THOMAS.

**HOW SOME PLAIN PEOPLE OF ATLANTA LOOK AT THE FRANK CASE.**

"The Frank Case." Where and what is justice? Can the defense explain what become of the brown suit of clothes Frank had on before he was arrested? Can the defense explain why Frank employed counsel before he was ever arrested? Can the defense explain why Frank would not meet Newt Lee readily and under no consideration would meet Conley who was anxious to meet him at any time? Can the defense explain why Frank, unusual to this custom, called Newt Lee over the phone on the very night of the murder, having never done so before? Can the defense explain how Frank's bloody shirt came to be at Newt Lee's home? Can the defense explain why Frank told detective Scott when he was in the act of arresting him, "why I am the man who employed you? My God, people, is detective Black detective Scott, who was employed by the defense, and our whole police force insuperior to one detective of the North? Mr. Burns.

Can the defense explain why so many of the States witnesses changed their affidavits at the eleventh hour? Can the defense explain how one unlearned negro could make up a lie and stick square to it under the cross-fire of one of our State's best bulldozing lawyers, Luther Rosser?

My God people, has it come to the point that we pure old born democrats of the great Southland are not able to unravel a mystery that unravels itself like a spool of thread? When last little Mary was seen, she was in his office. Listen people to common sense, if Conley killed Mary it was while Frank was in his office only 15 or 20 feet away and would have heard him, because Conley was never there except when Frank admitted him, according to all evidence in the case. People is it possible that with all the time and all the talent that Frank had before his first trial they couldn't find all this new evidence that they try now to make you swallow just because A GREAT detective said so. People the Lord said, "come let us reason  
(Continued on Page Five.)


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SOME PLAIN PEOPLE OF ATLANTA LOOK AT THE FRANK CASE.

(Continued from Page Three.)

then we may all understand the Great God people, how can we expect for a minister of the gospel and glad tidings of good news from a man supposed to be a lover of righteousness and truth, who says what he says now, for months past without saying a word supposed to be a man of God who would stand idly by and see a man innocently hanged by the neck? My God people, how can we give all this hot air and talk? Ah, and what do you people, they are going to try to believe that Jim Conley proposed to a woman in Atlanta had 90 years hanging over her head, and he didn't know at the time but what he would be less than six months, and people, just as soon as they take a few more trips to Jerusalem there will be some changed affidavits.

meant in the beginning of the weak arm of our complete gives out, the great arm was to intervene and make common people even with his it don't look as the strong the law is going to be able with all this trickery. let us pray God forbid yet is here when if we send daughters and sisters to an honest living, they are able to return dead as any day. The time is very near to the time of Moses when the children of Israel were in the wilderness and many serpents came up to bite the people and they began to die, but God sent a serpent to make a serpent of those who looked thereon. Now my great people bitten by the serpent of the law, and if it fails, great people where shall

- J. C. MASSEY,
- T. B. THRIALKILL,
- M. MONTROSE,
- J. V. PERCIVAL,
- H. G. THRAILKILL,
- F. P. FURMAN,
- F. S. KARR.

ADVICE OF THE COMMON SENSE ON THE FRANK CASE.

I haven't been a reader of the Jeffersonian for very long, in a manner in which you are the Frank case has opened I am firmly convinced of Leo Frank, and have very soon after the case and after reading the Atlanta papers I have been nauseated as if I was up" as it were, I have got out on the street and them for their obvious Frank, and when you took justice and the people you increased your friends by tens of thousands were many I knew who did, they wanted to get out something, to fight the monster, but they were helpless, began your attack on the defense, and the Frank who is being paid to the public found a one who is appreciated wherever honest people are to be found. sick of listening to the mob spirit, the of a Jew," and such I hope to see articles in attacking such talk, for low that it is not true. IF BEEN I, OR SOME OTHER FELLOW," IN LEO PLACE, OUR BONES HAVE BEEN ROTTEN BY against lawlessness, but the that could be done with J. Burns would be to tar

and feather him, then dump him into the nearest creek.

"Go to it," Mr. Watson, every honest and just citizen of Georgia is with you. Through your Jeffersonian the "common people" are speaking, and I feel sure that the much maligned State of Georgia will come out of the case, cleaner and better.

With best wishes, and trusting you will be spared for many years to come to carry out your work, I am, Sincerely yours,  
Atlanta, Ga. "HEYWOOD."

AN ECHO OF THE FRANK CASE.

Dear Sir: Not since the days of Robert Toombs has Georgia had a statesman who would speak out his convictions as you have done in the Frank case.

Why did not the State offer to employ you to join Solicitor Dorsey in the prosecution of this moral pervert and murderer? What a pity that such brilliant talents as you possess are not being exercised in the U. S. Senate. How much longer will the Atlanta dailies continue to be subsidized?

Yours respectfully,  
Georgia. READER.

ANOTHER METHODIST PREACHER ENDORSES T. E. W.

Dear Sir: As a citizen of Georgia and a preacher of the gospel, I want to endorse every word you have said in regard to the Mary Phagan case. Burns is an insult to the people of Georgia. He came to try to fasten the awful crime up on the negro, Conley. Just how much money he will get for trying to do so I don't know. Just such methods as Frank's friends are using is the cause of lynch law. I am with you in your noble fight against "The monster of harlots." May God bless, inspire and protect you in your fight. Any man who does not endorse your attitude in that line is unworthy to be called an American.

Your friend,  
METHODIST PREACHER.  
Georgia.

WHAT BECAME OF WILL MEYERS WHO MURDERED CROWLEY.

Dear Sir: I have been reading the Jeffersonian, and admire the courage and forceful manner in which you attack all manner of crime in all manner of men.

I wish to call your attention to the mysterious disappearance of one "Hebrew," who bore the name of Will Meyers, who committed one of the most audacious crimes in highway robbery and cold blood murder, ever recorded in the annals of Georgia's criminal history. This son of Abraham, was tried and convicted, in the county of Fulton, in the city of Atlanta, and made his "get away" from the jail, presumably three weeks before the public was made wise. You are of course, familiar with the facts of this case.

In a few days, the thoroughfares of this city will be crammed and jammed with a hundred thousand or more of Shriners and other visitors. On that occasion, an opportunity may be afforded for another mysterious disappearance of one of the sons of Israel who bears the name of Leo Frank. He is charged with a more heinous, diabolical crime than was the other Israelite before mentioned, was tried by 12 honest men, and sentenced to be hanged. The case was appealed to the highest court of Georgia, the verdict of the lower court was sustained. The effort is now in progress to secure a new trial, which will doubtless be denied, and then what? Will it not be possible for Leo Frank to repeat the unprecedented stunt of Will Meyers?

I offer these suggestions that you may give a warning in a manner that is strictly your own, on the principal that "a stitch in time, save nine." Let me say in conclusion, that if you will announce for the U. S. Sen-

ate to succeed Hon. A. O. Bacon, that I believe you would win.  
Most respectfully yours,  
Georgia. R. T.

THANK GOD FOR THIS BRAVE PREACHER, WHOSE LETTER HE ALLOWS ME TO USE!

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH  
Rev. Leslie Fordham, Pastor  
Pemberton, Minn.  
April 18th, 1914.

Dear Sir and Bro: I would like to express my extreme gratification and pleasure which I receive from The Jeff. It came to me a couple of months ago a stranger, now I would not be without it and will boost for it both on the anti-Catholic and patriotic platform and wherever I go. If we had more editors talented as you are and with half of the grit and sand, America would be a different place. May God bless you in your work.

Yours for liberty,  
LESLIE FORDHAM.  
Pemberton, Minn.

A NEW FRIEND IN OKLAHOMA.

Dear Sir: I want to congratulate you on your weekly issue of The Jeffersonian of the 12th inst. I was in the little town of Welch, Okla., which has about 800 inhabitants and the nearest to me, this afternoon, and a store here is giving away tickets with each fifty cents purchase of goods, and at a given time it closes with the party or organization having the highest number of votes receiving a piano valued at \$300. The issue is between a rural community and the Catholic church. The rural community represents a public school and Sunday school. Of course the non-Catholics are divided, but the Catholics are behind so far. The Catholics had stirred up a little commotion by calling on a small grocery man who they had been informed was circulating the oath of the rites of mob and murder. They demanded that he cough up the oath,

which he refused to do. They intimidated a subsequent arrest, but the bulldozing did not go. A few hours after I was in town with your copy of the 12th inst, with the same oath in it taken from the Congressional Record, and your comment on its possibility of being true. I read it to several parties in the store, and those who were present were astonished and dumbfounded. I have not done any work for the Jeffersonian for some time owing to our close proximity to the big little Menace, which I have succeeded in boosting for two years past, accompanied by P. A. Sequin's "Eye Opener," but I regard you as the ablest American of them all, and will try with a few sample copies to boost for your paper awhile. I have known you for almost a quarter of a century and have admired and sympathized with you in the up's and down's of your noble career, and when I can see your work begin to bring forth good fruit and some few begin to bestow honor to whom honor is due, beside us old guard of Spartan who know no defeat until success appears her name to our school of principles approvingly o. k., and by "Old Man Peepul." Thanking you in advance for the samples and with best wishes for your health, I am yours fraternally,  
JESSE L. SWANGO.  
Oklahoma.

ANOTHER HOME MISSIONARY.

Dear Sir: I went out on a little mission for the Jeffs last week, and my check will show the result. I want to say to you that old St. Clair County has always been a strong Watson county, and I find that the more the people learn of you the stronger they become attached to your true principles. You have hundreds of friends that look to you to get the true facts about our servants who think they have grown much better than we folks who employ them. You will find the names and addresses on another page.  
Respectfully,  
Ala. W. J. SMITH.

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**William Jackass Burns, at Another Angle: Some Tarnished Lawyers; Some Bought Newspapers; and the Murder of a Little Georgia Girl**

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official character: consequently, the negro may have been telling the truth when he claimed he did not know what the white man was trying to do. Under the law relating to defense of habitation, and the law of Reasonable Doubt, the consummate advocate Judge Twiggs brought his client off. (The jury, of course, were white men.)

It would be easy for me to cite other instances, just as any other "old Georgia lawyer" can do it.

As to there being prejudice against the Jews, that is arrant folly, never heard of, until William Jackass Burns brought his hot-air blast into this State.

One of the closest cases I ever had, was that of young Lichtenstein, the Jew, who killed a Gentile, at Swainsboro. There wasn't a Jew to testify, and none to serve on the jury. As I remember, the case was tried before Judge Beverly D. Evans, who is now on the Supreme bench, and one of those honorable jurists whom the Atlanta Journal accuses of being a party to a "judicial murder."

The twelve men in the box were typical Gentiles, neither better nor worse than the twelve men who tried Leo Frank. Although the prosecution of Lichtenstein was pressed with great vigor, he was acquitted—and, as I have intimated, it was a case that gave me many an anxious hour.

Another case is that of the young Jew of Macon, who went to a Gentile woman's own room, her legal habitation, and shot her to death, in that room. A merciful Gentile jury eased the crime down to Manslaughter; a Gentile judge, Kinchen Hawkins, sentenced the murderer to 20 years in the penitentiary; and a Gentile governor, Joseph M. Brown, issued a pardon, after the criminal had been in the State's custody one year.

Does this look like prejudice against the Jews? Can anybody mention a case in Georgia where Jews have been denied their legal rights? Can any Jew give an instance? If there is prejudice against the Israelites, why do lawyers, like Judge Twiggs and John M. Slaton, form law-partnerships with Jews?

Of all the booby blunderings of William What's-his-name Burns, none was more stupid than this—and none was prompted by a baser purpose. He simply wanted to arouse the Jews, and get money out of the rich ones, caring nothing for the aftermath which his despicable conduct might leave in its wake.

\* \* \* \* \*

A manufacturing Company whose specialty is, deadly fire-arms, and automatic pistols, advertises the fact that, it is their pistol, the Savage Arms Co. revolver, which W. J. Burns, the Great Detective, "uses." The inference is, that, in all of his thrilling adventures, hairbreadth escapes, and doughty deeds of deerringdho, it is Savage's latest-improved, self-shooting, and unerring pistol that Burns "uses."

The private warriors of the land, who carry arms, and who wish to be ready at all times to send a fellow-Christian's soul to Paradise speedily, are invited to buy the Savage revolver, because that is the deadly weapon that Burns kills people with.

Evidently, he did not have that pistol with him at Marietta, last week.

Neither Burns nor Dan Lehon had that fearsome Savage self-shooter, when they went to Cobb County to view the Frank case from that "angle."

Robert Howell, a manly Georgian walked

up to Burns, bowed his jaws with open hands, and called him a number of unpleasant names—and the cowardly braggart, Burns, turned tail, and ran away!

"Where, where was Rhoderick, then?" Where was that terrible pistol which the Savage Company advertises as being the one that Burns "uses?"

There is none of the James Fitzjames in William J. Burns. It was not in him to put his noble back to the wall, draw that awful Savage revolver, and cry out—

"Come one, come all, this rock shall fly, From its firm base, as soon as I."

No: the rock stood still, and Burns did the flying. They say, his speed far exceeded the "town-limit."

The only shooting that was done, on that cheerful day, in Marietta, was of the stale egg variety.

That sort of shooting is also very good, in its way; but I am truly sorry that it was Newt. Morris who got hit. In my wildest dreams, it never occurred to me that Newt. might have a rotten-egg experience in Marietta.

When the noble Burns got back to Atlanta, and was safe in the Piedmont Hotel—with his jaws well slapped—he began to talk again. Of course. That is Burns' long suit. If he could sell one-tenth of his talk at only ninety per cent discount, he'd be the richest man in America, and would wear the Kohinoor diamond on his shirt-bosom.

I think I said that Burns might trace a lost cow, if she had a bell on her neck and toted a red-light lantern on her tail. I now take that back. I was too hasty. My revised opinion is, that Burns could not even find a lost cow, unless she were equipped with a wireless telegraph outfit, and regularly flashed out S. O. S. signals, every time she stopped to make water.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Burns got back to the Piedmont Hotel, and resumed the conversation which had suffered interruption at Marietta, he expressed great indignation at the beating he had received. He said it was an outrage, and that neither he nor his man Lehon had done a thing to provoke it.

If that is so, Burns has been badly treated. Let us review the undisputed facts, the recent facts, the ghastly facts, the unforgettable facts.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is a grave in Marietta, "a narrow ridge in the church yard, that would scarce stay a child in its flight."

Let us place ourselves there, a moment, and think.

When the aged fall on sleep, we naturally grieve, but there is no shock; nothing that makes the heart almost stop beating. The old have lived their lives, have emptied the cup of joy and of sorrow. The silver chord is gently parted; the golden bowl is softly broken.

It had to be so: it was always so: it is the inevitable; and we reconcile ourselves to it, as best we may.

But when a young person dies—a boy just rushing into robust youth, a girl just blossoming into radiant maidenhood—there is unspeakable pathos in the event.

We see them looking into the open door of Life, and see their eyes glisten with hope, anticipation, fearless and undoubting expectation; and then we see them snatched away from the door, the door closed to them, and the shroud hiding them from our weeping

eyes. It is awful, and we never get used to it—never in the world.

Such a wound, inflicted on the human heart, never heals, always aches, and in the dead hours of the night, wets the sleepless pillow—as the desolate soul is wrung with the agony which no balm in Gilead can ever soothe.

And when that early and, to us, unnatural death comes to the young, in the fearful form of crime, of lust, of rape, of murder, how infinitely more tragic and pathetic it is, to see the grave claim its victim!

There is just such a little grave in Marietta, in which lies a Georgia girl, who was born among ourselves, was bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh; and she was as dear to us as any other little country girl whose beauty and whose sweetness and purity win our love and respect, whether she comes from the mansion or comes from the hut.

If Mary Phagan had not been so poor, she would now be going to school, in Cobb County, as so many other girls of her own age are doing. If she had not been so poor, she would not have been working for a trifling sum at a pencil-factory. If she had been a rich girl, she would be alive, today.

Or, if not alive, but the victim of that foul beast, Leo Frank, he would not be alive.

She was poor, and she is dead. She was poor, and the lustful villain who hunted her down and took her life, still lives, handing out coolly from his cell his insolent statements about "the dead lady."

A few weeks ago, every one of the Frank references, direct and indirect, classed Mary Phagan as "a factory girl."

Now, she is "the dead lady."

Why was she so persistently referred to as "a factory girl?" Was it to convey the idea that all factory girls are more or less shady? If so, the insult is a disgrace to the lawyers who are responsible for it.

Was it to convey the idea that because Mary was "a factory girl," it didn't so much matter how she came to her death? If so, the insult is to all honorable, right-thinking Georgians.

If the Law-Giver Omnipotent regards even the sparrow of the house-top, and even the least of those who may be in prison, shame everlasting would be ours, if we were less horrified by the fate of the little factory girl, than we would be, were she the daughter of Reuben Arnold, Luther Rosser, John M. Slaton, or James R. Gray.

\* \* \* \* \*

Have William J. Burns and Dan Lehon done nothing to provoke the people of Georgia?

They came down here, from the North, after Leo Frank had been given as fair a trial as ever was given to any human being. They came after the highest Georgia court had reviewed the trial, and found no reversible error.

They came after Frank and his able lawyers had absolutely exhausted the legitimate means of defense.

They came with airy arrogance to assume that Frank never had been tried at all. They came, as if they brought an eraser, to rub out all that had been done, and to start anew.

To them, it was the beginning of the case. To them, the State's sworn witnesses, jurors, and judges were mere nothings—errant nonentities, unworthy a moment's consideration by the Great Detective.

They came boastingly confident, and virtually saying, that the rich Jews of Atlanta, New York and Chicago would not allow Frank to be hanged.

They came, to buy up the newspapers of Atlanta, change public sentiment, bribe witnesses, intimidate those whom they could not buy; and to inaugurate the vilest crusade of abuse against the people of Georgia in the newspapers of the North.

In short, Burns came to defeat the law, pro-



fect crime, suppress the truth, and to make himself morally the accomplice, after the fact, to the hideous crime which Frank had perpetrated upon the little country girl who lies in that grave at Marietta.

No provocation! If what Burns has done, and attempted to do, is not a provocation, what would be?

We are required to sit silent and impassive, while Burns slanders our people, heaps contempt upon our courts, *gluts our newspapers with Hebrew money*, threatens such witnesses as Monteen Stover, and attempts to concoct a case on the imaginary criminal who is still "at large."

They bribe poor old Ragsdale to sign a ridiculous statement—which we all knew was false before Ragsdale confessed—and they use every possible dirty device to change the evidence on which the guilty man was convicted.

No provocation!

Why, blast his infernal hide! those Cobb County people ought to have laid him across a log, and given him a hundred lashes with a buggy-trace!

\* \* \* \* \*

Burns never fails to abuse the Atlanta police. He even accuses them now, in the *Northern papers*, of "planting" the Ragsdale fiasco!

The blatant ass ought to know, that we know, if the Atlanta police were as corrupt as he says they are, they'd have gone in with him.

He was on the side of Big Money; and the Atlanta police knew it. That they did not go in with him to get a share of that corruption fund, redounds to their eternal honor.

If the Atlanta police have made any mistake at all, it is in being too patient with the methods and the insults of William Jackass Burns.

\* \* \* \* \*

Burns testified before Judge Hill that he never said the murderer was "at large." Bah! He did! It was in the *New York Times*, and in all the friendly papers that took their daily dope from Burns. If it had not been true, he would have corrected it. All of us who were watching his monkey doings, were laughing over that very thing—his saying that the criminal was "at large," but that he, Burns, could gather him in, whenever it was the proper time.

The *Macon News* had a humorous editorial based on this Burns statement. The *News* urged Burns not to wait too long before arresting this murderer who was "at large." The *News* warned Burns, ironically, that this unarrested murderer might get away, "while the getting away is good."

Still, neither Burns, nor his client, nor the lawyers, put forth any denial.

The truth is, at that time Burns was doing his level best to frame up a lay-figure murderer, in Cincinnati, or Chicago.

His statement that he went to those cities, and remained there, to get one worthless affidavit, from one worthless negro, is a self-evident falsehood.

He was there to find the man who was still "at large;" and he never could frame up any lay-figure that would stand fire.

This is merely my own surmise, but I would almost stake my head on it—just as I staked so much, in writing that the Ragsdale-Barber affidavits were fakes, two days before Ragsdale broke down and confessed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Does Leo Frank, the Haas fraternity, and Rabbi Marx believe in the Law of Moses?

Let them tremble, if they do: let their backbones turn to water, if they don't.

May I quote some passages from the Old Testament:

1. "Whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed." (Gen. ix, 6.)

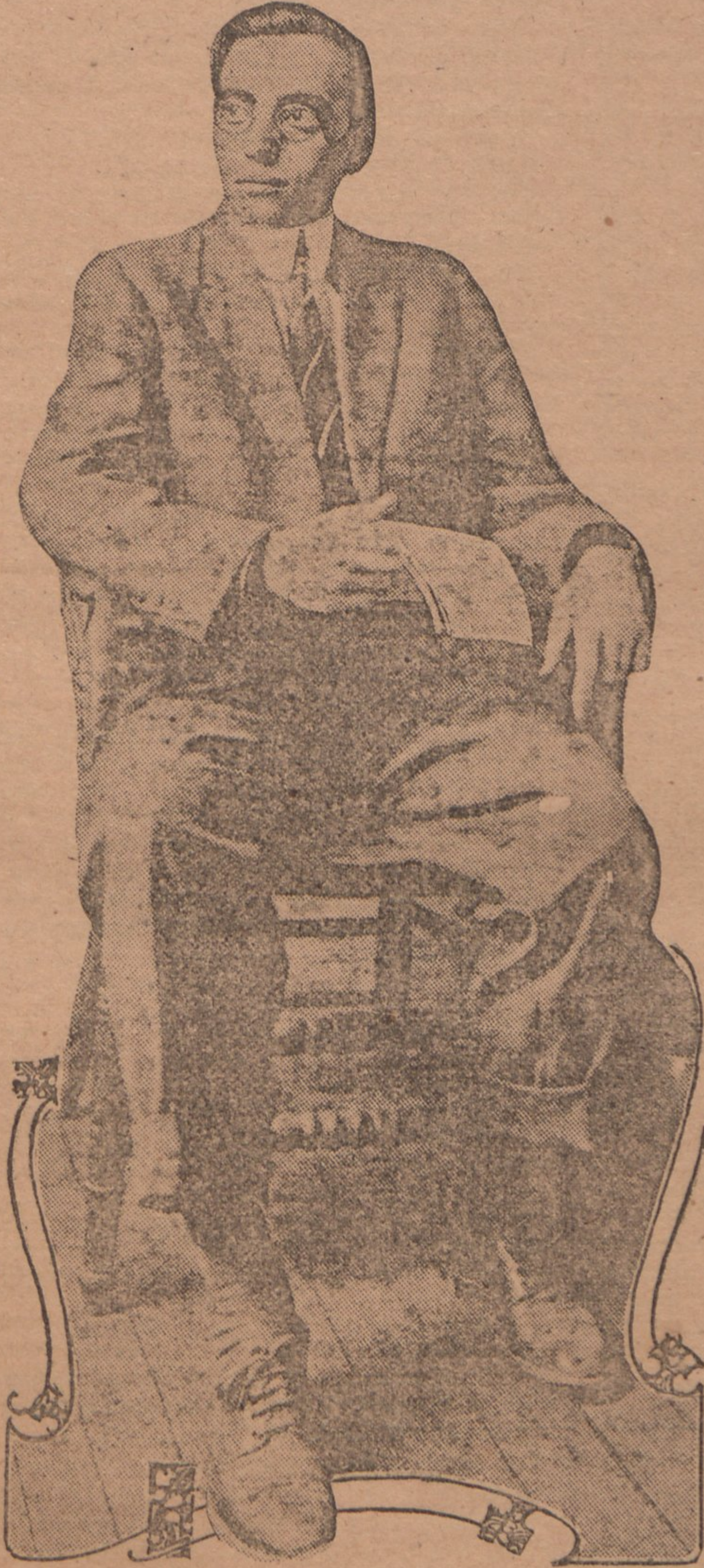
2. "He that killeth any man, shall surely be put to death." (Leviticus xxiv, 17.)

3. "The murderer shall surely be put to death." (Numb. xxxv, 16.)

4. "If any man hate his neighbor and lie in wait for him, and rise up against him and smite him mortally that he die, and flee into another city, then the elders of the city shall send and fetch him thence and deliver him into the hands of the avenger of blood (the officer) and he may die.

"Thine eyes shall not pity him, but thou shalt put away the guilt of innocent blood that it may be well with thee." (Deut. xix, 11-13.)

5. "Ye shall take no satisfaction for the life of the murderer, who is guilty of death, but he



THIS IS THE FACE OF LEO FRANK.

Note the eyes, the nose, the lips, and the chin. It is the perfect picture of the sensual pervert, a man of diseased lust.

shall surely be put to death." (Numb. xxxv, 13.)

6. "The statutes of the Lord are right." (Ps. xix, 8.)

It is needless to quote the Mosaic law against Rape: it is well known. I need not quote the Jewish law against sodomy: it is indelibly branded upon all the civilized codes.

Let us ask the Jews, of the order of Dives, this question:

If Mary Phagan had been the little 14-year-old daughter of John Cohen, or Rabbi Marx,

would you have so defiantly arrayed yourselves against the Mosaic law, the law of Georgia, and the courts of Georgia?

It's a fair question: ANSWER IT!

Our people have been defamed!

Our laws have been spurned!

Our courts have been libelled!

Our good name has been blackened!

Our little girl—ours, by the eternal God! has been pursued to a hideous death and a bloody grave, by this filthy perverted Jew of New York, who was not satisfied with all the lewd women of the North, not satisfied with

a young wife, not satisfied with the professional women of Atlanta, but who had to slake his burning, diseased lusts in the life-blood of our little Georgia girl, Mary Phagan!

Shall that ravening beast go free, to laugh at justice, and to drag other pure girls into the lair of his unnatural appetites?

GOD FORBID!

\* \* \* \* \*

On what day of the week did Leo Frank do this "work?"

ON THE JEWISH SABBATH!

Great God! the Old Testament says—

"Whosoever doeth any work in the Sabbath day, he shall surely be put to death." (Ex. xxxi, 15.)

If there is one day in the seven, on which a Gentile girl might reasonably suppose she was safe in her person and her virtue, from a Jew, it was on the Saturday, the Sabbath, when every good Jew might be thought to remember the God of his people, the Law of the Covenant, and the awful punishment written into the unchangeable Code.

Let that young man prepare to meet Mary Phagan at the judgment-bar of the Almighty. Let him make his peace with his Creator!

HIS LIFE IS FORFEIT, AND HE MUST PAY!

It must be understood, all over this Union, that Big Money cannot buy EVERYTHING, in Georgia.

It must be understood that venal lawyers, venal "detectives," and venal newspapers, do not buy indulgence for rich people, in Georgia.

One law for the white, and the same for the black; one for the Jew, and the same for the Gentile; one law for the rich, and the same for the poor, that's the way it must be in the grand old commonwealth that hugs, in mother earth, the bones of Lumpkin, Cobb, Crawford, Pierce, Marshall, Mercer, Toombs, Stephens, and Ben Hill.

That's the way it has always been: that's the way it should ever be: that's the way we

Georgians must see to it, THAT IT SHALL BE.

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