

The Jeffersonian

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The Frank Case: What Does It Reveal Concerning Conditions in Georgia? What Is Its Significance as to Moral, Religious and Judicial System?

WHEN President Garfield was shot, in the depot in Washington City, and died at Elberon, after weeks of wasting agony, Gail Hamilton wrote a cynical paragraph which I have never forgotten. She said, in substance, that, in spite of our laws and our police-system, the Chief Magistrate of our great republic had been virtually unprotected from the assassin; that, in spite of our supposedly perfect scientific surgery, the best doctors of the country had treated a pus-sack, instead of the bullet wound; and that, in spite of the united and passionate prayers of all the religious people, their President had died from an injury which was not necessarily fatal.

Not long ago, there passed away at the Soldiers' Home, near Atlanta, Judge Columbus Heard, of Greene County, who, in one of the charges at Gettysburg, was left on the field, with his diaphragm torn open by a fragment of shell, and his bowels protruding, a far more dangerous wound than that inflicted by Giteau's pistol; yet Judge Heard got well, although he lay on the ground, for eight hours, before a Yankee surgeon—whom Judge "cussed at" for saying he was as good as dead—admired his grit, had him carried to the hospital, and gave him simple, sensible treatment.

My friend, Judge J. J. Flynt, of Griffin, recovered fully from a wound which was practically the same as the one which killed President McKinley; the village doctors being the attendants in the Griffin case, and the best physicians and surgeons of New York, in the other.

Thus we have flashlights, now and then, which startle us into a sense of profound uncertainty, concerning our system of things,

What Light Does It Throw Upon the Lawyers, the Professional Detective, and the Owners of the Daily Newspapers?

our knowledge of things, our ability to lay even a feather's weight upon the inexorable scales of destiny.

That a dull fatalism should take possession of us, and render us skeptical about all that Hope promises, Charity craves, and Faith inspires, would be an unspeakably grievous calamity.

Yet, in the very heart of a great civilized and Christian city, in the very mid-noon of open day, and almost in the very presence of the Personal representatives of the Church and the State, the black-winged vulture of foulest crime swoops down, and catches in its cruel talons the innocent victim, whose frightful doom may have been written into the Book of Life, on a page wet with unavailing tears, before the lips of a proud and loving mother pressed the first kiss on Mary Phagan's baby cheek.

Are we justified in being so self-conceited about our system of safe-guarding life and

virtue, when we know that pure girls are disappearing every day, in all of our great cities, just as Mary Phagan disappeared?

Is there a passenger station where the night-hawk, with his closed cab, does not await his unsuspecting prey?

Is there a resort of any kind—dance-hall, skating-rink, moving-picture show, vaudeville and cheap hotel—where the wolves are not on the constant prowl?

Is there a place of employment, where girls are hired at from five to eight dollars a week, that does not have its "gentleman" who keeps his eyes peeled for the young woman who wants "a good time," handsome clothing, the automobile ride and the "gentleman friend?"

You know that New York and Chicago, alone, drag into the under world at least ten thousand white girls every year—flakes of snow that fall upon the dark river of crime, "a moment white, then lost forever."

What is the matter with our system of things?

We find ourselves baffled by the powers of Evil; helpless, before the currents of Wrong.

A Judge of one of our Georgia circuits—John W. Maddox, as I remember—made the astounding statement that there were more murders committed in a year in his part of the State than in all the vast city of London. Crime is not frequent in Germany; it is rare in Scotland; its percentage is wonderfully small in England. The punishment is swift and sure, in Germany: swift and sure, in Scotland: swift and sure, in England.

In those old countries, the crimes of rape

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE SIX.)

IN CLUBS OF TEN ONLY,

With cash accompanying the order, can The Weekly Jeffersonian or Watson's Magazine, be offered at the rate of fifty cents for a year.

Where lists containing less than ten names, are sent, the subscriptions will be entered only for six months.

There can be no deviation from this rule.

Why Do the Protestants of Ulster Fight Home Rule For Ireland?

THE cowardice of our daily papers is not more evident anywhere, than in the fear which keeps them from telling the truth about the civil war threatened in Great Britain.

The readers of those papers, if they read no others, do not know that the British Cabinet has made a treasonous bargain with the Italian pope.

By the terms of that deal, such men as Premier Asquith and Henry Lloyd-George are to have the help of the Irish votes in Parliament.

The Asquith administration is so intent upon remaining in power, with Asquith himself as the actual monarch of the vast Empire, that they have sold out the Protestants of the Irish County of Ulster.

In return for the Irish votes in Parliament which uphold him as real King of Great Britain, Asquith has agreed that the Italian pope shall become the virtual ruler of all Ireland. Thus the Protestants of Ulster, whose ancestors—many of them—fled from Scotland to escape Roman Catholic persecution, would be left at the mercy of the ignorant, drunken, besotted, priest-led mobs of Dublin and other Romanist strongholds.

The men of Ulster have armed themselves to resist popery, and the officers of the British Army simply refused to be popish tools in the butchery of their fellow Protestants of Ulster.

Readers of our daily papers would never guess what the English trouble is about. The papers do not tell them that the Italian church is making a desperate effort to control English politics, and that the British officers nobly defied the base Cabinet politicians who betrayed their country.

It is the old fight of popery against liberty. That fight is raging in France, in Portugal, in Great Britain, and in these United States.

Owing to the dry rot that has affected all the Protestant churches, the Italian religious Black Hand, has been doing some fast and effective work.

While our Protestant churches have been smothering criticism, crushing independence, neglecting home needs, and going into hysterics about contemptible Koreans and Chinks, the religious Black Hand of the Italian church has been muzzling our press, slugging our lecturers, killing some of the bolder of these lecturers, and dealing with our tricky politicians as though said politicians

all wore "shimmies" and frocks.

The Protestants of Ulster saw what was coming, and they prepared to make a stand for their blood-bought rights—the right of free thought, free speech, and of worshipping God in their own way.

Armed and organized, that one little province has balked the foul deal of John Redmond, Premier Asquith, and Joseph Sarto, the Italian priest who claims that he is Christ "veiled in the flesh."

If the Romanists of Ireland did not have popish designs on the Protestants of Ulster, why did they object to allowing Ulster to remain united with England, while the Romanist counties of Ireland adopted Home Rule?

Can Hog-eye Smith's Atlanta Journal answer that question?

Ulster does not object to the Romanist part of Ireland submitting to the Italian religious Black Hand.

All that the Protestants of Ulster asked was, that they shouldn't have to become helpless victims of Italian popery.

Does Senator Smith's Journal believe that the Italian star-chamber of cardinals should rule the Protestants of Ulster?

Opinions Regarding the Frank Case

JACK SLATON WON'T LIKE THIS LETTER.

My Dear Mr. Watson: I have just finished reading your Jeff of April 30th, and must say, I think it is the best issue you have ever gotten out. You have finished W. J. Burns to a queen's taste, and given him some fine pointers by which he can profit in future cases, unless his power of comprehension is so weak until he can not grasp an intelligent idea. I think Burns is an accomplice, with Leo Frank, after the fact, for he has openly and flagrantly tried to obstruct justice. How the good people of Atlanta have been able to contain themselves under such circumstances is more than I am able to understand. We are taught to let patience have her perfect work, but I think that patience has ceased to be a virtue in this case, and justice demands some consideration.

Hoke and Jack have both betrayed the people, and no one has shown it so clearly as you.

Jack Slaton is not entitled to any consideration at the polls, for he has virtually slapped his friends in the face by refusing to oppose Hoke Smith for the Senate. The cry went up from all over the State that he enter the contest. Time, money and influence were pledged him, and he could have won at a canter. But no; the trade had been made. Jack said he could not afford to enter the contest with the Atlanta Journal, The Georgian, the Augusta Chronicle, The Savannah Morning News, and practically the combined daily press of the State against him. He flatly refused to serve the people, and throws himself into the campaign for ex-Senator Bacon's place. He may soothe himself with the idea that he will have a "walk over," but the day has come when the citizens of a great commonwealth like the State of Georgia will not submit to such an affront, but will rise in their might and crush every self-appointed representative.

If Jack Slaton had felt the interest of the people at heart he would willingly have gone into the fray; but he acts the POLITICAL COWARD, and seeks to further his own selfish interests. Jack Slaton could have been a great man, but, by a few mistakes, he has dug his political grave, and when the last sad rites are performed over his political remains, there will be but few mourners to weep for the departed.

I believe that God will surely raise up men who will not bow the knee to Baal, but who will, in spite of seeming obstacles, combat the fiercest opposition, and if they fall, they will fall battling for the principles of truth and right.

Georgia. A BROTHER.

FRANK SIKES SAYS BURNS OUGHT TO BE STRUNG UP.

Dear Mr. Watson: Have just read your last editorial as well as all of them on the Frank case and certainly congratulate you. I was in doubt about Frank's guilt, but you have made it so plain until now I know he is one of the lowest murderers unhung, and Mr. Watson that ass of a Burns ought to be strung to a limb right by Frank.

As ever, your friend,
FRANK SIKES.

Sylvester, Ga.

FROM AN ARDENT ADMIRER.

My Esteemed Friend: I have read with interest each of your articles on the Frank case in the Jeffersonian. I desire to congratulate and thank you for your bold stand for justice.

You are also exposing Roman Catholicism in all of its evils and base doings; for which you deserve the admiration and co-operation of every true American and loyal Christian.

I have been your admirer and ar-

dent follower since the trying years of the Nineties. Your grand fight for the rights of the common people, will give you a lasting memory in the hearts of your countrymen. I am a subscriber to your papers, and have bought several of your books for my son, who is also a "strong Watson man," as he terms it.

May God spare you to continue your grand work. I am your friend and loyal follower.

Ga. J. A. LIGHTFOOT.

PRaises THE JEFF FOR ITS CONSISTENT AND PERSISTENT WORK.

My Dear Sir: I thank you from the depths of my soul for the great service you are rendering in the interest of justice, law and order, relative to the notorious Frank case.

The great bulk of the people belong to what is popularly called the "common people," and if that great class ever had a true, loyal, able and efficient friend and helper, you are doubtless due that proud distinction.

The points on which many of them disagree with you, and oppose you, are of small importance in comparison with those on which you stand as their friend and advocate.

With every one of the great daily papers of Atlanta, apparently working in Frank's interest, and surely not from a broad philanthropic motive, you have been and are the unpaid, consistent and persistent, and heroic defender of murdered innocence.

The Weekly Jeffersonian has thrown much light on "the ways that are dark" of the overmuch praised detective; and by means of that light his "tricks" which otherwise might have been exceedingly damaging to righteous government, have been made "vain."

I believe the "common people" of Georgia, ought to, in mass-meetings assembled, protest against the unrighteous methods of the "defense" to subvert the ends of justice.

God forbid that I should do or say anything to bring punishment to the innocent; but if my mind had not been made up before, the conduct of Burns and his allies would have gone far toward my reaching a conclusion as to the guilt of Leo M. Frank. As it is that conduct has confirmed the conclusion, I had reached.

The awful thing I fear is, that they will go beyond the limit, in what, to the ordinary mind, is defiance of law; and wrath uncontrollable will show us horrible things.

Again—I close as I began—I thank you; heartily thank you for the invaluable service you have given to those who need sympathy as well as to be sustained in their efforts to bring to justice the perpetrator of one of the blackest crimes in all the catalogue of crimes.

The Lord spare you yet many days to serve the people, whom you love so well; for the service you render to them simply cannot be performed by a cold, indifferent heart.

Very sincerely,
Georgia. A. B. VAUGHAN.

THE ATLANTA JOURNAL WAS SHACKLED, YOU SEE.

Dear Sir: The letter written by the business men and subscribers of the Atlanta Journal at Social Circle, and mailed to the Journal, protesting against the Journal publishing only news favorable to Leo M. Frank, as published in Thursday's Jeff, was returned by the Journal without being published. Not being a subscriber to the Journal, after reading the letter in the Jeffersonian, I called one of the signers of the letter over the telephone and asked if the letter had been published by the Journal, I was told that the letter had been returned to them by the Journal, with the statement that they couldn't publish it, that it would ruin them to do so, and that

they would have to go into too long an explanation.

I believe you are making more friends by your editorials on the Frank case than anything you ever did. The name of Tom Watson is heard more during a conversation than it ever was.

Please let us know what you think about the Journals refusal to publish said letter.

Yours truly,
VASCO LANEY.

Social Circle, Ga.

FULLER OF TRUTHS EVERY WEEK.

Dear Sir: I have just finished reading my Jeff, and I think it is fuller of truths every week. After due consideration of the candidates who have already announced in our dear old State for Governor, the Senate, etc., I wonder why it is that there is no one else that wants an office, or is fit to hold office, but these few gentlemen, as they every one had to resign from a fat job to take the race. A pity it is. I hope there can be a man found to take the place of Goliath Smith, also Senator Bacon's short term, as Felder had an office, so did Hardwick and Slaton. If they were not satisfied let's keep them at home and see if there is not some one else in the State of Georgia.

I wonder if the writer from Oklahoma was Col. H. Tom Kight, if so hurrah for Tom, glad you have seen your error. Very respectfully,
Ga. SHADY W. WHEELER.

HE SAYS, HURRAH FOR DORSEY! SO SAY WE ALL!

My Dear Sir: Accept my thanks for your editorials on the Frank case. Great is Watson and Dorsey. Ninety-five per cent of the people of Georgia have rendered a verdict of guilty in the Frank case. Woe be unto the Governor or Pardoning Board that tries to save his neck. If Dorsey wants to go to the United States Senate true Georgians will put him in by an overwhelming majority.

May you live to expose the rottenness of Georgia. Your friends are the best people in Georgia.

Your friend,
Georgia. J. J. FINCH.

HON. T. E. MASSENGALE, OF NORWOOD, GA., NOMINATES HON. HUGH DORSEY FOR GOVERNOR.

Editor The Jeffersonian.

Sir: There has been, and will be, many names of illustrious Georgians proposed for governor of this commonwealth, men who have made their names illustrious in Georgia history, and "whose patriotism is as lofty as the mountain peaks and character as pure as the snow that rests upon their bosoms."

I have in mind now a gallant young Georgian, whose character and patriotism is the equal of any in Georgia, and whose name is a household word in the Empire State. From the mountains to the seaboard, the people solicit him, and in behalf of 90 per cent of her people, I name Hugh Dorsey, the imperial advocate and the tribune of the common people as the next governor.

Yours truly,
T. E. MASSENGALE.
Norwood, Ga.

How would it be should he decide to run against Senator Smith?

T. E. W.

LETTER TO THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Roopville, Ga., May 3, 1914.
Editor Semi-Weekly Journal,
Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sir: Please strike my name from your mailing list. I have paid for the paper until March 22, 1915, but please stop at once, as I do not care for a paper that will not come boldly out and give the people the news. We do not care for your opinion, but simply want the honest truth of things, and I find that you suppress all news of the Frank case, except what Wm. J. Burns has to say, and I have nothing but the greatest, most bitter contempt for that braggart, and his followers.

Therefore I mean that my paper shall be stopped at once. I do not want it at all.

Yours,
W. N. SEAREY.

Watch the label on your paper. Don't let your subscription expire.

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May 14 If the above date appears on the label on your paper it means that your subscription expires this month. Subscriptions are discontinued promptly on date of expiration. **RENEW NOW.**

THOMSON, GA., MAY 14, 1914.

The American Yardstick: Measure Every Candidate With It.

DON'T cast your ballot for any candidate who dodges.

Especially, if such candidate is asking you to send him to either House of Congress.

If the candidate is making a public speech, get right up in the meeting and put these questions to him.

Place every candidate on record.

The time has come when we cannot afford to elect men to office, without knowing whether they are true Americans.

If candidates are afraid of the Roman Catholic Secret Societies, those candidates will be even more afraid of those treasonous and murderous societies after they get the office.

Measure every candidates with this truly democratic yard-stick:

- (1.) Will you, if elected, oppose to the utmost any attempt to impair the American principle of complete separation of Church and State?
- (2.) Will you, if elected, oppose to the utmost, any effort to take public money, directly or indirectly, for Sectarian purposes?
- (3.) Will you, if elected, oppose to the utmost, any attempt to abridge the liberty of the Press, as demanded by the American Federation of Catholic Societies?
- (4.) Will you, if elected, do all in your power to secure legislation which will enforce upon Roman Catholic convents, monasteries, and Houses of the Good Shepherd the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States which abolishes and prohibits involuntary servitude?
- (5.) Will you support, actively and unreservedly, legislation to have all such institutions placed under the inspection and supervision of the State authorities?
- (6.) Will you do all in your power, by legislation in Congress, to prevent a further official recognition of the Roman Catholic church, as the official church of the Pan-American Union, of which our non-Catholic republic is the dominant member?
- (7.) Will you do all in your power to prevent the further celebration in the Army and Navy of the Military Mass of the Pope's church, whereat our soldiers and sailors are practically compelled, as a matter of discipline, to kneel to the pan-cake, out of which the Romanist priests pretend to create the body of Jesus Christ?
- (8.) Will you do all in your power to secure national legislation which will penalize and prohibit such treasonous secret organizations as *The Knights of Columbus*, whose 4th degree members swear allegiance to the Italian pope, and swear to persecute their American fellow-citizens?

Please answer each question, "Yes." or "No." without qualification.

NOTE: Cut this out, and mail it to every candidate for Congress, and every candidate for the Legislature, and every candidate for the U. S. Senate!

The Frank Case: What Does It Reveal Concerning Conditions in Georgia?

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What Light Does It Throw Upon the Lawyers, the Professional Detective, and the Owners of the Daily Newspapers?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.)

and murder are well-nigh stamped out.

Not long ago, a young English girl, with a mania for travelling, crossed the Dark Continent of Africa, passing through savage tribes scattered throughout a savage land; and she declared upon her return to Europe, that nobody had made the slightest attempt to do her an injury. Another young white woman, who had been sent as a missionary to the heathen of Africa, came back to New York, and said that the streets of that city were far more dangerous to life and virtue than were the wilds of the Dark Continent. Again, we might ask, *What does it mean?* Is our whole scheme of civilization a failure? Have we become so conventional, so artificial, so mercenary, so unnatural in our conception of what constitute honor, success, happiness, and Christianity, that the whole fabric is a tissue of sham, and fraud and pretense and imposture?

Sometimes a tragedy of phenomenal character shocks us into self-examination—into a scrutiny of ourselves and our system of life.

Why does one man who says he is a devout disciple of Jesus Christ own more of the world's good than fifty millions of other people, who were made out of the same clay as Rockefeller, and whose lives are as free from crime as his reeks with it?

Why does another man who declares himself to be also a Christian, and who confidently expects Christ to wash his soul of sin, own more of what God created, than twenty-five millions of people, whose souls do not need anything like the amount of washing that J. P. Morgan's soul needed?

Why are the men who create the wealth living in destitution and distress, while the men who do not create it, are the purpled lords of the universe?

Why is it that in the land of cotton, children are unclad? In the land of corn, children cry for bread? In the land of coal and wood, families freeze? In a land of civilization and Christianity, rich men who never worked, get richer by harnessing girls and boys, men and women, to the treadmills of Labor, driving them to premature graves by a wage at which even the dogs would howl of hunger? In a land of law and order and justice and equal rights, the poor should ask for decent treatment, and be answered by machine-gun bullets?

These are terrible questions, and they are becoming more and more terrible, year by year. The Sphinx is crouching by the high-road of our System, and we must answer her questions—or die.

A glorious thing is, the freedom of the Press! When the valiant soldiers of oppressed humanity won that concession from popes and kings, their spirits sang for joy.

No more conspiracies of silence! No more tearing out of the lines which told the truth! No more stern suppression of facts which all the world ought to hear. No more bribery to get a license to publish thoughts that breathe, in words that burn!

Freedom of the Press! If an Archangel had descended from on High, begirt with flashing sword, and had placed himself at the

head of the column of progressive humanity saying, *Forward march!* the nobler elements of the human race could not have felt more certain of the final triumph of Right than when our forefather's crowned their efforts with the blood-bought *Freedom of the Press.*

But the blessing has become a Dead Sea apple: the newspapers can be hushed, the newspapers can be bribed; the newspapers can be intimidated: the free press can be made into chains to bind the people; the press is a battery which can be taken by the enemy, and turned upon ourselves.

We learned *that* in the Frank case.

When the government at last agreed to allow the prisoner to be defended by an expert in the Law, a great triumph for Justice was scored. Greatly, the merciful among men rejoiced.

Anne Boleyn, Queen of England, had no lawyer to defend her; and the witnesses who are alleged to have testified against her were not compelled to meet her, face to face. The Roman Catholics destroyed the records and destroyed *her*; and no historian has been able to learn what testimony put that slender neck under the headman's axe.

Algernon Sidney had no lawyer to defend him; and he was sent to the block for having written, in private, a declaration of political opinion which is now an accepted commonplace in all countries where popular self-government prevails.

It is a glorious privilege to have a lawyer: a glorious thing to be a lawyer.

To stand by the accused in the hour of trial; to fight back all the forces of prejudice and passion; to give voice to the Law, and, with the sword of Justice, trace a charmed circle around the man at the bar; to bear off the innocent and the helpless in your strong arms, against odds that might otherwise have been overwhelming: to give back to life and love and liberty one who had dwelt long in the Valley of the Shadow: to hear the blessed words, "*Not Guilty*," and witness the joy of those angels on earth—loving wives and mothers—that is the richest fee of the lawyer, the true lawyer, the great lawyer; whose feet never leaves the bed-rock of the Law, and whose words never seek a nobler inspiration than the flame of Truth.

But when the attorney despises the Code which he studies, loses all conception of professional honor, assumes that his business is to thwart the Law, racks his mind in the effort to mislead the Judge and confuse the Jury, exults in the subterfuge which defeats Justice, uses all his strength to destroy evidence which he knows to be true, and defiles his office with the knavery of professional corruptionists whose dirty work consists of bribery, suppression and unscrupulous manipulation—*then* the lawyer becomes a curse to society, the foe of law and order, the ally of crime, the man "about whose health thieves inquire before they begin to steal."

We learned *that*, in the Frank case.

The Detective is a modern institution—like chewing-gum and the Soft Drink.

It is conceivable that all detectives were once honest. Some are honest, even now. God forbid that there should be no honor, even among thieves. In a civilization whose unwritten law requires a gentleman to perjure himself to protect a woman, *anything* is possible. But where Detective Agencies set themselves up as "*The Criminals' Last Hope*," the Law must recognize the advent of a novel and portentous aid to Crime.

When the Shepherd dog turns wolf, woe to the flock.

When the Argus-eyed police become the hundred-eyed watchmen for criminals, the streets are the primrose paths of thieves, murderers and hunters of young girls.

When a Detective Agency makes a business

of selecting desperadoes for such pious frauds as John D. Rockefeller, desperadoes who turn rifles, revolvers and machine guns on women and children, desperadoes who set fire to the tented village of laboring men and burn the homes and the women and children who are in those homes, desperadoes who shoot workmen to death for no other cause than that they demand better treatment than a crime-soaked slave driver like Rockefeller will agree to give—then such a Detective Agency is an outrage upon humanity, and a disgrace to the Christian civilization that tolerates it.

Chief of just such an agency is, WILLIAM J. BURNS.

When he ran away from Atlanta, his intended destination was not Oklahoma, as he pretended, but Denver, Colorado, the clearing-house for his desperadoes.

A Detective Agency which becomes a law-breakers' association, colludes with lawyers to defeat the ends of Justice, threatens to expose the frailties of young women if they "don't come across" with false testimony; secures an affidavit under false pretenses from an unsuspecting white girl to use in behalf of a black trollop, and thus drag an honorable name into the unutterable filth of the Frank case; hires a poor unbalanced preacher to sign a statement that carried absurd invention on its face; runs the black wench out of the State to prevent the nasty exposure that was certain to be developed by a cross-examination, is just exactly the kind of agency to furnish that negro strumpet WITH POISON, for the purpose of getting Jim Conley out of the way.

We learned that in the Frank case.

Glory be to God! There's life in the old land yet. All honesty is not dead. Duty remains where Robert E. Lee put it, "the sublimest word in the language." There's something yet in old Georgia that all the money on earth can't buy, and all the arts and tricks of detectives can't deceive.

Like a Rock in a stormy ocean, our judiciary stood firm.

Like a pilot who knows not fear, and whose sole aim is to hold the rudder true, Hugh Dorsey, the State's lawyer, revealed a sterling manhood that kindles admiration.

And from one end of our good old State to the other—from the Savannah to the Chatahoochee, and from the mountains to the sea, the hearts of the people have beat nobly true to the eternal dictates of Law, even-handed Justice, impartial punishment for legally established Crime.

There is scum on the surface of the waters, and mud at the bottom, but the grand stream of humanity in Georgia is as pure as it ever was—not to be corrupted, not to be checked, not to be turned aside from the God-marked channels of Right.

We learned that in the Frank case.

Let us not be deceived by the evident intention to make Burns the scape-goat.

It is not fair. That rascal tried to do what those who hired him brought him here to do.

What else did Haas expect of him? What else did the Atlanta papers expect of him?

What else did the firm of Rosser, Brandon, Slaton and Phillips expect of him?

During all those weeks of the Burns activities in Atlanta, and before the *Journal* published that infamous editorial denouncing reports for "judicial murder," the daily newses were changing their testimony.

How did the Haas brothers imagine that Burns was securing those changes? How did the editors of the Atlanta papers suppose he was changing those witnesses?

By what method did Rosser, Arnold and Governor Slaton think Burns was effecting that alleged revolution in the State's case?

The Haas brothers are not children: the

rich Jews who financed Burns are not babies. What did they fancy he was doing with those enormous sums of money?

Would the Haas brothers be willing to publish, *under oath*, the amount of money that was placed at the disposal of Burns?

No: they will not dare to do it. Why? Because the prodigious total would prove how deeply they felt that Frank is guilty, and cannot be saved by fair, legitimate methods.

No innocent man, Jew or Gentile, needs the huge outlay of finance, the varied machinery of intimidation, and the systematic muzzling of the local papers, that was practised in behalf of the sickening pervert, Leo Frank.

I heard of one incorruptible correspondent who spurned with indignation the attempt to get a golden gag into his mouth: it was John Reese, of the *Macon Telegraph*.

What a trail of slime that horrible attempt to debauch the State of Georgia has left behind!

There isn't a right-thinking man of us who does not feel troubled because of Governor Slaton's connection with the lawyers of the defense.

The private detective of the Governor's law firm, made the Governor's own private room—with the name "SLATON" on the door—the scene of his dirty work. From that room, C. W. Butler sent the threatening message which was meant to give a girl witness for the State the option of perjuring herself, or being viciously talked about. Virtually, the threat of Butler was—"Perjure yourself for Frank, or I'll drive you out of the company of decent people."

That such a man should be in the employ of Governor Slaton's firm! And that the Governor's own room at the firm's headquarters, should be used for so vile a purpose!

I am far from believing, or suspecting, that the Governor had any knowledge of what his employee and his partners were doing. But haven't things come to a deplorable pass, when our *Chief Magistrate*, is so closely related by law to such lawless doings, as Butler and Burns have been carrying on?

Charity is extremely generous when it acquits Rosser, Arnold, Slaton, et al. of being morally certain that Burns and Butler and Lehon were knaves, knavishly working at this case.

In the back park of the old Webster Spelling Book, Governor Slaton no doubt saw and read the story of the good dog Tray, who suffered because he was found in bad company.

Our Governor has been in extremely bad company, for almost two years.

With absolutely no axe to grind, with no other motive than that which should actuate any other good citizen, I have written of this case—never having published a word about it until after the bulldozing and utterly detestable editorial in the *Atlanta Journal* had failed to provoke a single word of protest from the other papers.

Then, and not until then, *The Jeffersonian* spoke, and its voice was that of the Law, as I was taught the law; that of Justice, as I understand justice; that of Truth, as God gave me to see the truth.

And this much I will add, that it may strengthen the hands of young men and gladden the hearts of the old: when the clear voice of reason spoke for the good name of our State, for the integrity of our juries and judges, and in dispassionate rebuke of those who were sowing the seeds of race hatred between two noble families of the world, the sober sense of the people instantly responded, and the hireling slanderers slunk into silence and contempt.

Not one of the guilty man's lawyers asked me for space to reply.

Luther Rosser could have got all he wanted; but he didn't want any.

Reuben Arnold could have got all he wanted; but he didn't want any.

Dick Gray and Jack Cohen might have answered in the *Journal*: they did not try. They knew they were wrong, and their consciences made them wilt.

Some day, as I pass along some other street, they will rush out and stab me in the back, saying that it is because of something else—but it will be on account of their own shameful betrayal of the State in the Frank case, and the swift punishment which that betrayal received.

Neither did the worthy Adolph Ochs of the *New York Times*, or the Pulitzer brothers of *The World*, continue their villification of the courts and people of Georgia: they suddenly saw what Burns' game was; and they left Frank to the Law and to his God.

Let no young man be carried away by the noise and the glitter and the lure of the carnival in the streets. Let no young man yield his service to the idols of the market-place. The granite bases of Right remain where Jehovah placed them: the way of the transgressor is as hard as it ever was: the straight and narrow path leads to the Holy of Holies, as it ever did: the melody has never yet been heard on this earth that is more infinitely pleasing and soothing than the inner voice of the approving conscience.

Let the wicked try never so passionately to hide the eternal lines of Right and Wrong: they may be hidden from the sight of the reveller and the fool, but they are there, nevertheless; there, in great straight lines that have never wavered; there, in the rigid divisions which caught the rays of the morning stars when they sang at the birth of a virgin world.

And there they remain, fixed, unalterable, unrelenting; and he who thinks he may forget them, or scorn them, or destroy them, is the poor creature who mistakes the gaudy wing of the butterfly for the azure that drapes the Infinite.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IS IN POLITICS.

"Popery is a double thing to deal with and claims a two-fold power—esslestialical and political; both usurped, and each supporting the other."—John Milton.

"The Rome of the Middle Ages claimed universal monarchy; the modern Rome has abandoned nothing, retracted nothing."—William E. Gladstone.

"Why should the holy father touch any matter in politics at all? For this plain reason, because politics are a part of morals. Politics are morals on the widest scale."—Cardinal Manning.

"All Catholics must make themselves felt as active elements in daily political life in the countries where they live. All Catholics should exert their power to cause the Constitutions of States to be modelled on the principles of the church."—Pope Leo XIII.

"Take then from Popery its name of religion; strip its officers of their pompous titles of sacredness, and its decrees of the nauseous cant of piety, and what have you remaining? Is it not a naked, odious DESPOTISM, depending for its strength on the observance of the strictest military discipline in its ranks, from the Pope, through his Cardinals, Archbishops, B'shops, etc., down to the lowest priest in his dominions? And is not this DESPOTISM acting POLITICALLY in this country?"—Prof. Samuel F. B. Morse.

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