

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

THE FULTON BAG AND COTTON MILLS.

Dear Sir: I want to write you a few lines to put in the Jeffersonian, about the strike at the Fulton Bag and Cotton Mills.

The Union men and women came out for their rights and justice, and they are going to have it, for they are going at it the right way to win.

It is the most outrageous thing I ever saw, the way the Elsas' are treating the strikers. They are putting the people out of their houses and the company owes them money too. They owe some of them from \$30 to \$40.

I hope there is a way to break up that time forfeit rule they have to beat the people out of their money and to make them pay damage for the way they are doing the people.

I want the people to bear in mind that the contract that the people have to sign, and sign their rights away, were gotten through the legislature by our present governor. They should remember that when he runs for Senate.

Your truly,
ARCHIE BURDEN.

Atlanta, Ga.

Comment.

Suppose Senator Smith's regional national bank draws a hundred more such bloodsuckers to Atlanta, how much better off will Georgia be?
T. E. W.

OLD MAN PEEPUL ANXIOUS TO HEAR FROM HUGH DORSEY.

Dear Sir: The "old guard" is patiently waiting the announcement that the man in the back-yard has finished sifting sand, and is now ready to answer the call of "Old Man Peepul," to come up higher, and to receive the brightest crown in his gift—a Senatorial robe. God has in all ages raised up men to do His work, and we thank Him for our little David, (Hugh Dorsey) who can take the scalp of Hoke, the Philistine. It is amusing to see how the Philistine hosts are trying to get our little David side-tracked, by promising him the governorship. Oh, how the great Goliath trembles as he hears on every breeze Vox Populi calling Hugh Dorsey to the U. S. Senate. Some of Hoke's politicians are making their boast that Smith has too much money, and it is no use for Dorsey to run. I have seen the time when a man dared not attempt to buy another's vote, and if he did attempt to do so, the undertaker would have a job sure. These days it seems that money can get almost anything, or anybody, except Thomas E. Watson and Hugh Dorsey, and for that reason "Old Man Peepul" loves you and will honor him, because neither of you wear the mark of the beast in the palm of your hand, or on your forehead. We had a Jew to lecture here Sunday, a student from Harvard University. He warned the people of the encroachment of the Romanist, and he said in five years longer our country would be completely in their clutches. He said Wilson could never come in again. A Methodist preacher was present when the account of the burning of the Bibles in the Philippines by the Roman Catholics was read. I said in twenty years more at the rate we were going every Protestant meeting house would be closed and every Protestant preacher would have to either join the Roman Catholics, or his head would be chopped off. His reply was "what a ridiculous idea" and hoot, toot, the way he went. Will our pulpits never wake up and warn our sleepy congregations of the impending danger, or it is because they are at ease in Zion, and live on easy street? Will they sleep on until we

are bound hand and foot and a Romish gag in our mouth?

History shows that the "money sharks" and the "clergy" have always been on the side of the oppressors. No wonder there are so many vacant seats in our meeting houses. Are the people finding out that the pulpits are being occupied by a lot of hirelings who care nothing for the sheep, only for "filthy lucre's sake," and starving, hungry souls are realizing as the Psalmist did, no man cares for my soul. Every cloud has its silver lining, if your politicians and our clergy will not take the lead to stay the hand of Rome, there is a mighty undercurrent, which is gathering strength and power, which can and will meet the invaders of our dear bought liberties. I refer to the great mass of our people who will call a halt to the red handed butchers of Rome.

All honor to Sam Tribble for his fight for our sailors and marines who would not bow to "old Joe Sarto," or worship Mary.

Mr. Politician, Mr. Office Holder, Mr. President and Mr. Secretary of State, you had better about face for your sovereign, "Old Man Peepul" will see to it that no more such traitors shall ever disgrace the American throne.

Ga. P. P. JENNINGS.

REV. DR. FORRESTER DOESN'T THINK THAT T. E. W. "OUGHT TO BE DEAD AND IN HELL."

The Jeffersonian. Fearing that you may not see an appreciation of Mr. Watson from Mr. Culpepper, of Fort Valley, and published in the Macon News of June 12th, I am sending it to you. He does not say anything more strongly than the truth warrants.

Mr. Watson has been nearly a generation ahead of his time. Policies which he advocated twenty years ago, and which were then regarded as the vagaries of a hair-brained radical are now become commonplace and matters of course. If there is any man in America who can look so clearly and surely into the center of things, and who can set forth what he sees with such wealth and brilliancy of language, with such logic and historic allusion and sarcasm and irony and railery and pathos, that man has not yet been introduced to his fellowmen—he is sequestered in some untraveled place—in other words, he is "tied out in the woods!" I desire especially in a last word, to say in his four editorials on the Frank case that they were simply tremendous, constituting a series quite unique in their line, and far outclassing anything of the sort that has ever fallen under my eye.

E. J. FORRESTER,
Mercer University, Macon, Ga.

HERE IS ANOTHER GOOD CHRISTIAN WHO DOES NOT BELIEVE T. E. W. "OUGHT TO BE DEAD AND IN HELL."

Dear Sir: Enclosed find \$5.00 for 10 of your subscription post-cards. Please send same by return mail, as I have a few friends waiting to fall in line with us.

T. E. W., may our Heavenly Father spare your useful life many years to come yet, and may you live to see and enjoy the fruits of your labor, and when the final summons comes for you to pass over the river of death may you hear that welcome applaud, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord, and may you come out more than conqueror in these trying hours of persecution, and may your friends be many, and may they come to your aid in time of need is my heart's desire and prayer to our Heavenly Father.

Ga. W. M. FORTNER.

THANK THE LORD, FOR SUCH FRIENDS AS HENRY HENDON.

Dear Sir: In the last few months I have sent you several written communications and some clippings from papers with the hope that you would review them, but as you did not do it I am going to excuse you on the presumption that you know better how to use your valuable time than I. But wait a minute, I want to say through the columns of our paper that in the last four weeks I have sent you about 51 subscribers, will say further that I will continue to take subscriptions and pay the postage and P. O. money order fees myself, so come on boys with your fifty cents.

Yours truly,
HENRY HENDON.

WAKING UP ALL ALONG THE LINE.

Dear Sir: I enjoy reading your editorials very much, and think the Jeffersonian the best paper in the South. It is the only paper I ever saw that published facts on all questions. I would not be without it for twice the price. I tell you Mr. Watson the people are waking up down here to the dangers of Catholicism. We are doing all we can to put Protestant men in office. May God bless you and protect you to continue the great fight you have fought so long. I wish we had one hundred men just like you.

Yours truly,
N. N. BLACKSTON.

HOMESTEAD PROPERTY IS LEGALLY TAXABLE IN GEORGIA, AND, I PRESUME, IN CALIFORNIA, ALSO.

Dear Sir: Will you kindly tell me if to your knowledge there has ever been a law passed by Congress giving to the State of California the right to tax homestead property before patent was issued? This county of Siskiyou has been collecting taxes from homesteaders forever, and they claim it as a right and I don't think it is. If this is not asking too much you will do this county and me a great favor. I am,

Very respectfully,
THOMAS POWELL.

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

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM AN OLD SOLDIER.

Dear Sir: I am one of your boys, a true old Texas Confederate soldier, 70 years old, and just getting rested from my trip to the re-union at Jacksonville. As I was in the battles around Atlanta, under Gen. Pat Cleburne's Division (when all my entire Company with the exception of two men were shot down within 100 yards of where Gen MacPherson fell.) I stopped off in Atlanta on my way back, and took in the three lively Shriners' Days. I visited the old battle grounds for the first time since I was carried off, wounded, July 21st, 1864; then I ran out to Senoia and Harrison to visit those kind people who took care of me after I was wounded, until July 13, 1865, when I started for Texas on two crutches.

I found several of my old friends had crossed over to the Beyond, but I met some of their kind sisters and friends and brothers. We had a real brotherly re-union, after fifty years of separation.

Through these people I subscribed for your paper, and you may regard me as a life-member. I am ready at any time to shoulder a carbine for free speech.

I was with you in the Populist days, and now I am with you till death.

Yours,
JOSEPH McCLURE.

Fort Worth, Texas.

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William J. Burns, "The Great Detective."

THE National Association of the Chiefs of Police has displaced from its honorary roll, the grandest rascal and the most comprehensive criminal that ever foisted himself upon the credulous as "The Great Detective."

The truth is, Burns is no detective at all. He is a man who does, on a large scale, what the individual thug does on a small one: he commits crime in behalf of rich criminals.

He hires himself and his gangs to the Big Money law-breakers, who either want to unload their own crimes upon the innocent, or who want to crush the laboring classes in their efforts to obtain a fair wage and humane treatment.

Burns is a Knight of Columbus; and he is quite good enough for that organization of papists whose 4th degree oath makes them traitors to our Government, and whose rifles, stored in the underground vaults of churches, keeps them prepared for treason.

Let me quote what others say about the eminent Knight of Columbus, William J. Burns.

The Milwaukee *Leader*, arraigns the infamous scoundrel in these terms:

The king of American gunmen, the chief of the tribe of sneaks, who, by a succession of press agent stunts that rival those of his friend Roosevelt, has risen to national notoriety, seems to be getting a little publicity that he does not like.

When he first burst through the front pages of the capitalist press, and was deluging the magazines with eulogistic articles written by his agents, the Socialist and labor press called attention to the fact that documents published by the National government showed him to have been guilty of fabricating evidence, bribing witnesses and a half dozen other crimes which should have put him behind bars.

But Burns was given the credit for landing a number of labor leaders and that expiated all other sins.

Then came the case of the California hop-pickers, where Burns tortured witnesses, bribed and intimidated and assaulted those whom he wished to get rid of, and was then permitted to send his men into court to exploit their crimes for the purpose of sending workmen to prison.

So long as Burns confined his work to laborers he was able to "get away with it." When he interfered in the Frank case, where the class lines were not drawn, he was promptly called to time. Although the actions of the Burns men in the Frank case were mild in comparison with their reckless disregard of law and decency in the cases they conducted against labor, yet because laborers were not the victims, some of his men went to jail, Burns himself barely escaped from imprisonment and was mobbed by an angry crowd.

Now the International Association of Police Chiefs, whether moved by professional jealousy or a fine sense of honor, it would be difficult to say, are threatening to pull the lid off Burns' operations and disavow him.

Yet this man is today at the head of a private army of desperate cutthroats, thugs and criminals, every one of whom is armed and licensed to prey on society, and especially on the working class.

These most depraved elements of our society are given an opportunity to gratify their debauched instincts under the cover of legal authority and in the name of law and order.

These men are sneaking about in every union hall. They are fomenting trouble inside the Socialist movement. They are the chief agents of violence in every strike. And while they are paid and equipped for this service by the exploiting class, they are backed by the authority of the State and hide behind its shelter when committing crime.

The San Francisco *Town Talk* publishes an editorial on Burns, from which we quote a few lines:

Our daily papers have been denying their readers news of great local interest that comes from Atlanta, Ga., by way of the great dailies of New York and other large cities. It is news that throws a white light on Detective William J. Burns, a celebrity who was once a notable figure in the life of this community. There are men and women in San Frisco who used to adore Detective Burns. They received him in their homes, dined him in their clubs, were proud to be seen with him in public, and frothed at the mouth whenever *Town Talk* told the truth about him. So profound was their confidence in him,

so bitter and barbarous their hatred of men whom he was hired to pursue, that they thought it but right he should have control of the machinery of justice; and because the Chief of Police would not turn the police department over to him they hounded that official to his death, the mystery of which has never been cleared up. There was never a more transparent rogue in the world than William J. Burns, but if his adorers in San Francisco—rattle-brained women and hare-brained men—had been given their way there was no crime that he might not have been equipped with facilities to commit. As these folk are still presuming to direct public affairs hereabouts it is of some importance that we should keep track of the press-made detective that everybody might come to realize the value of their guidance. Burns went to Atlanta with a great flourish of trumpets after taking the newspapers into his confidence and telling them he was prepared to prove the innocence of Leo Frank, the wealthy manufacturer convicted of the murder of Mary Phagan, and establish the guilt of Jim Conley, a poor negro. It soon turned out that the only evidence he had was an affidavit made by the Rev. C. C. Ragsdale, a Baptist minister, to the effect that he heard Conley confess that he murdered Mary Phagan. Ragsdale has since confessed that he perjured himself for \$200, and his son explains that the affidavit was obtained by threats to expose a fraudulent land deal put through by the minister. If it was Burns that made the threats it would not be the first time that he employed this method of obtaining evidence. Whatever the truth, he has been directly implicated in the crime, and the people of Atlanta were so strongly convinced of his guilt that they organized a mob to hang him, thus giving him a little of the kind of experience that he was quite willing others should have when he was inventing frame-ups in this city.

It will be a long time before the people forget how the Burns bubble collapsed when a few plain columns of printed stuff in *The Jeffersonian*, painted the grand rascal, just as he is.

He fled the State, and he does not dare to come back.

If the laboring people had one sincere and competent champion in the U. S. Senate, such criminal organizations as these Burns and Asher "Detective Agencies" would be broken up.

They are a revival of the Pinkerton Army, which a Populist member of Congress put out of business, 22 years ago.

Roman Catholic Priests Make War On a Great Jew.

YOU who have read this paper for years, know it to be a fact, that I have never insulted any man's religion, and never held the average Catholic to be other than a good citizen, true to his race and his country.

My war has been waged against the organization, whose home is Italy; whose control has been exclusively in Italian hands for more than 400 years; whose fundamental laws are in deadly conflict with ours; and whose secret societies and priests are the sworn servants of this foreign organization.

I do not believe that the average Catholic layman has any idea of the vile questions which priests ask women.

Neither do I believe that the average Catholic knows the secret workings of the Italian organization.

In fact, the average layman in the church of Rome is kept in the dark, ON PURPOSE.

How many American Catholics know that the priests are taught that, if they do not have carnal connection with a woman more than two or three times a month, the fault is not serious?

How many American Catholics know that when the Italians were fighting for Home Rule, against pope-rule, in 1870, Pope Pius IX. wrote to the Protestant King of Prussia, begging that he send Protestant soldiers to Italy, TO CRUSH THE ITALIAN CATHOLICS?

That is history, but the American Catholics do not know it.

Bismarck held back the Pope's letter to King William, until the heroic Liberator,

Garibaldi, had captured Rome, put the pope to flight, and established Italian Home Rule.

Now, of course, these facts are well known in Italy, and to Ernesto Nathan, the great Jew whom the King of Italy nominated to represent his country at the Panama Exposition.

Because the King of Italy honored Nathan with the appointment, the Romanist priests and newspapers began to preach a crusade of hate against the Jews and of boycott against the Fair.

What right have the priests in this country to object to what the King of Italy chooses to do?

They virtually declare that they will kill the Exposition, if they can, rather than allow the King's appointee to act as Commissioner.

What sort of justice is there in trying to damage the Fair, and cause a loss to our Government and people, because the King of Italy appointed a Jew?

But, they say, Nathan "insulted" the Holy Father.

How?

I will tell you how:

The Italians decided to hold festivals and celebrations in honor of their achievement of Independence—Independence from Pope-rule which had been sustained by the foreign bayonets of Austria and France!

These foreign bayonets, called in by the Italian pope, were dripping with the blood of Italian patriots.

Just as the Southern States of our Union rejoiced when bayonet rule ended, and we gained control of our home affairs, so the Italian patriots jubilated over the driving out of the French and Austrian bayonets which had upheld the Temporal Power of popery.

But this old Italian, Joseph Sarto, thought vastly more of papal power than of Italy's independence; and the old dunderhead actually ordered all the Italian Catholics to go into mourning, on the anniversary which all patriotic Italians were celebrating.

This unnatural conduct of the pope was calculated to create bad feeling, division among Italians, disorder, riots and bloodshed.

Feeling this way about it, Ernesto Nathan, who was then Mayor of Rome, and responsible for the peace of the City, denounced the conduct of the pope, just as it deserved to be denounced.

Neither patriotism nor religion actuated the pope in stirring up that strife. He was moved by the intense rancor which popery bears to anything that is free, independent and democratic.

It was this speech, in which Mayor Nathan rebuked Sarto for a course of conduct that could not possibly result in good, and which might result in very great harm—it was this speech that "insulted" the pope.

Suppose we people of the South wanted to celebrate the anniversary of the overthrow of Carpet-bag Government, and the Republicans should decide to go into mourning on that day!

We wouldn't like it very much, would we? Suppose that we sons of the slave holders should be silly enough to go into mourning on Emancipation Day, while the colored brother is celebrating his freedom, what would sensible folks think of us?

Well, you can apply either illustration to Italy and thus get a fair estimate of the pope's lack of common sense.

I do not believe that the average American Catholic will take any part in this attempted boycott of the Panama Exposition. They know that the orders to the priests have been sent from Rome.

They know that the pope is doing wrong when he attempts to use religion as a weapon of revenge. They know that it is none of his business whom the King appoints, and this Government receives.