

# The Jeffersonian

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## The State versus John M. Slaton

ONCE upon a time a certain man bought some hills and gullies, in the midst of a small town, and he paid for them in chips and whetstones.

And it came to pass that shrewd builders of railroads picked out this town as the best place for iron horses to come together.

So, in the course of the years, the town grew into a city; and the man's hills and gullies became gold mines, not through any labor of his own.

He merely had the good luck to launch his boat on the river of Progress, and the river carried him on.

And it came to pass that Carpet-baggers from the North came to this Southern town, for Sherman's army had burnt it down, and Northern bayonets had pinned the Southern people down, and it was a good time for patriots with Carpet-bags, holding an extra shirt and a celluloid collar, to also come down.

They came, accordingly, and many of them were the descendants of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; and, while they no longer set up a golden calf to worship, it was because they had other and more profitable uses for the gold.

These Children of Israel became the tenants of the man who built houses on his levelled hills and his filled-in gullies; and while the man grew fat on the rents of the Jews, the Jews grew fat on their wisdom in the handling of merchandise.

Every sweat-shop in Boston, Philadelphia and New York poured cheap goods into Atlanta; and, by the time they had been transferred to the Gentiles, these goods were eminently respectable, so far as the price was concerned.

If the sweat-shops starved, brutalized and ruined the girls and boys who made the goods, the Gentiles did not know it, and the Jew merchants did not care.

And it came to pass that the Jew carpet-bagger became the Mighty Man of Atlanta.

He controlled the principal stores, he controlled some of the banks, he owned some of the mills, he bossed some of the newspapers, he cut a large block of ice in politics; and he took himself very seriously, indeed, as a man who could buy pretty much everything that he coveted.

He was found in many law-firms, he was found in the advertising agencies, he dealt in real estate, he dealt in stocks and bonds, he dealt in electric companies, and he laid a persuasive hand upon street-car lines. Incidentally, he made pencils; and his pull was so strong with men high up, that his pencils have to be used in the Public Schools of Fulton County, although they are stained with the life-blood of a little girl who ought to have been at school, at the time the Superintendent of the pencil-making entrapped her, assaulted her, and killed her.

And it came to pass, that when this Superintendent of the pencil making, had been duly tried and convicted of murder, according to Law, and had been legally sentenced to death, the carpet-bag Jews of Atlanta took a mighty oath that he should NOT die!

### Indictment for Treason.

An insolent Jew editor, John Cohen by name, published a most inflammatory and incendiary article in his paper, denouncing the Gentile jury, the Gentile witnesses, the Gentile judge, and the Gentile Supreme Court!

These Gentiles had had the audacity to convict a Jew of aristocratic millionaire connections.

These Gentiles had dared to say that such a Jew should be hanged by the neck until he was dead.

These Gentiles had ventured to trample upon the sacred law of the Talmud which justifies a Jew for the killing of a Gentile, even as it glorified the crimes of ancient Jews against the pregnant women and chaste daughters of Midianites and Canaanites.

Consequently, the Gentile jury was savagely assailed by John Cohen, the Jew.

The Gentile judge, L. S. Roan, was wantonly arraigned by John Cohen, the Jew.

The four Gentile Justices of the Supreme Court—Beverly D. Evans, Joseph Henry Lumpkin, Samuel C. Atkinson, and H. Warner Hill—were furiously indicted by John Cohen, the Jew.

He told the world that these men who had dared to take the evidence of forty-odd white witnesses against Leo Frank, WERE ABOUT TO COMMIT "JUDICIAL MURDER."

He virtually ordered Judge Ben Hill to grant a new trial, on the Extra-ordinary motion—a motion based upon the most infamous series of perjuries, and attempted perjuries that were ever presented to any court in Georgia.

One of these perjuries was dictated by Luther Rosser in his office, after the Burns detectives, through Arthur Thurman, had bought the alleged Baptist preacher Ragsdale to swear that he had heard Jim Conley confess the crime.

For a very much less offense against the dignity of the courts, Judge A. S. Fite was pulled off the bench, humiliated and fined.

John Cohen and James R. Gray were not even arrested.

They were both guilty of gross contempt of the Supreme Court, and of Judge Ben Hill's Court.

In that editorial, John Cohen arrogantly set forth the preposterous proposition, that a portion of the judicial power was vested in the press.

He said that courts and juries were not alone responsible for the administration of justice, but that the newspapers had a "share."

Never before had any such doctrine been heard.

Never before had the *Journal*, or any other newspaper, set up such a claim.

What Cohen meant was, that Gentile witnesses, Gentile judges, and Gentile Supreme Courts were competent to hang Gentiles, but not competent to hang Jews.

This astounding and most offensive edi-

torial appeared on the evening of March 10, 1914.

Judge Roan had officially declared that Leo Frank had had a fair trial.

The *Journal* said, "Leo Frank has not had a fair trial."

The Supreme Court had officially declared that he had been legally convicted upon sufficient evidence.

The *Journal* declared that "he has not been fairly convicted and his death without a fair trial and legal conviction will amount to judicial murder."

The verdict of the jury was six months old, and before it was announced, Hearst's Sunday American had declared that the long trial of Leo Frank, stretching over a period of four weeks, had been as fair, as it was possible for human minds and human efforts to make it.

Nobody contradicted this deliberate statement of the Hearst Atlanta paper.

The *Journal* did not: Frank's lawyers did not: the correspondents of Northern papers did not.

But when the Haas brothers, months afterwards, followed up the Cohen attack on the witnesses, the jurors, the judges, and the people of Atlanta, there arose a clamor about the mob, the frenzied mob, the jungle fury of the mob, the blood lust of the mob, and the psychic drunk of the mob.

That clamor grew louder and louder, spread farther and farther, became bolder and bolder, until millions of honest outsiders actually believed that the mob stood up in the court-room during the month of the trial, and yelled at the jury

"Hang the damned Jew, or we will hang you."

It was not until John Cohen and James R. Gray had started this flood of libel against the State, that The *Jeffersonian* said one word about the case.

The files of this paper will show that it took no part whatever in the Frank matter, until after the unheard of attack which the Atlanta *Journal* made upon the courts.

Then The *Jeffersonian* did what no other editor with a general circulation seemed willing to do: I came out in defence of the Law, the Courts, and the People.

If that be treason, turn me over to Straus!

Are the Laws not entitled to support? Are the Courts not worthy of respect? Are the People not deserving of fair treatment?

The *Jeffersonian* did not stoop to any personalities, or mean abuse, or malignant misrepresentation.

Our files will show that this paper went no further than to vindicate the conduct of our judiciary, and the attitude of our people.

We had given to Leo Frank as much as we had to give to anybody. We had measured him by the same yardstick that measures Gentiles before they are condemned.

We could not kill poor old Umphrey of Whitfield County, on circumstantial evidence, and then refuse to execute a Jew.

The one was an aged tenant, aggravated by a dispute with his landlord, about his share of a bale of cotton: the other was a

middle-age Superintendent of a factory, presuming on his power over the girls hired to him.

We could not kill Bart Cantrell and Nick Wilburn—led astray by evil women—and then find a different law for the 31 year-old married man, led astray by his own lusts.

No! By the Splendor of God! we couldn't have two Codes in Georgia, one for the Rich and the other for the Poor.

At the time the Atlanta Journal and other papers jumped on the witnesses, the jurors, the judges and the people, Governor John M. Slaton was a member of the firm of Frank's leading lawyer.

He had been so for nearly a year.

Mary Phagan's body was found Sunday morning, and on Monday morning, early, Rosser showed up with Haas, as Frank's lawyer.

Who hired him, and when?

Not a Gentile tongue had wagged against Leo Frank!

No detective, no police-officer, no civilian had accused this man.

Why did his rich connections employ the supposedly best lawyers for him, before he had been accused?

Do Atlanta lawyers go to their offices before 8 o'clock of Monday mornings?

Rosser and Haas were at Frank's side, as his lawyers, at 8 o'clock Monday morning.

Had the Seligs tipped it off to Montag and Haas, that Frank had drunk heavily the Saturday night of the crime, and had raved about the murder?

At any rate, Frank's lawyers were on deck, bright and early the next morning, at a time when nobody was working up a case on him, and when he was industriously working up a case against the night-watch whom he had accused in the notes that he placed near the dead girl.

Mark the date: it was April 28, 1913, when Rosser publicly appeared as Frank's leading lawyer.

Not long afterwards, the papers announced that Slaton had become Rosser's partner.

Slaton had been elected governor at the October elections of 1912; and was to be inaugurated in June 1913. Why did he need a new partnership?

And why did Rosser need a new one?

Ah, there's where the shoe pinches!

There's where the lash hits the raw place on Rosser, on Slaton, and on John W. Grant.

There are some of the Commuters who say that the Law does not forbid a governor to take law cases.

Doesn't it?

When the Law carves out an Executive Department, separating it jealously from the Judicial and Legislative, and constituting the Governor as the embodiment of the Executive power, with chief command of the Army and Navy, to enforce the Laws, does anybody, claiming to be a lawyer, deny that the very nature of the office debar a governor from practising law?

I am not aware of any law which forbids President Wilson from teaching school, but the very character of his office does. Suppose President Taft had taken law cases! Suppose President Cleveland, or President Harrison had done so!

You can't suppose anything of the kind. You know that a holder of a chief Executive office cannot be dabbling in the judiciary, where cases are always likely to come to him on some final appeal.

Governor Herschel V. Johnson quit the practise when he became governor. So did Gov. Henry D. McDaniel. So did Gov. Nat Harris.

There has been some dispute as to the date when Slaton became Rosser's partner. Samuel Adams says it was in July, 1913.

Does that date make it any better for Slaton?

Are we to be told that after Slaton became our Chief Magistrate and Commander of our Army, he needed Rosser?

What for?

Are we to be told that Rosser waited until Slaton was sworn in as governor before he took him in as partner?

What for?

The new firm was advertising its existence in August 1913, and I presume they paid for the ad. I see a copy of it in "The Fulton County Daily Record," of August 18, 1913.

I see the same firm advertised in the Record for May 14, 1915.

Therefore, Slaton and Morris Brandon had continued to be the partners of Rosser & Phillips during the entire gubernatorial term of John M. Slaton.

In the Record for August 1915, I find that Morris Brandon has left Rosser and Slaton. Why did he leave?

It is reported that he withdrew from the firm because he believed in Frank's guilt, and could not endorse the course which Rosser and Slaton had decided to adopt.

Is it true?

Anyway, he left the firm. Who took his place?

Stiles Hopkins. And who is he?

Why, Stiles is the hanger-on of the Slaton-Rosser firm who did some of the mole-work on that very Extraordinary Motion for New Trial.

His affidavit is in the record, and in it he swears that he was doing this mole-work for the firm of Rosser, Brandon, Slaton and Phillips—a firm with which he was "connected."

After Morris Brandon quit the firm, Stiles was taken in—his intimate knowledge of the inner workings of the Frank case being perhaps too valuable to take any chances on.

We are blandly asked to believe by Samuel Adams, the blandest of Savannah railroad lawyers, that although this new firm of Rosser and Slaton was formed soon after Rosser was employed to defend Leo Frank, there was a written agreement to the effect that partners should not be partners.

Samuel Adams blandly invites us to believe that Rosser and Slaton were such chaste virgins that lawful wedlock meant no marriage to them.

They waived the Code; and, with suave smiles at each other, obliterated the encyclopedic accumulation of legal lore on the subject of Partnerships.

Yes, Samuel! We believe it. Is there anything else incredible that you want us to believe?

In this paper, I have stated, again and again, that just before ex-Congressman Howard was employed, Luther Rosser went to Senator Ollie James of Kentucky, and made him a proposition of a discreditable kind.

That proposition had no other meaning than that Rosser knew the sentence of Frank was to be commuted by his partner, Slaton, but, for the sake of appearances, Rosser and Slaton wanted to make the case for Frank as imposing as possible.

Rosser offered Senator James a fee out of all proportion to the service, and told him that his argument would be prepared for him, and that he could not possibly lose the case.

Will Samuel Adams deny this? Can he secure a denial from Senator James?

The accusation has been standing more than a month, and all of Slaton's commuters dodge it. They plough round it. THEY DON'T DARE GO TO IT.

Do you need any better proof of the complete understanding between Partner Rosser and Partner Slaton?

Can you ask any clearer evidence of the fact that Slaton wasn't caring two straws about the Judge Roan letter, the Chicago delegations, the Texas legislature, the tele-

gram from Vice-President Marshall, and the petitions from "all parts of the world."

Rosser and Slaton realized the need of all the strength they could muster, on the side of their client, and every possible resource was exhausted.

They drummed up commuters wherever there was political, financial, or professional influence which could be brought to bear.

It was a case where every little helped; and they got together as many mickles as they could, in the effort to make a muckle.

BUT THEY FAILED ON SENATOR JAMES!

Tell us about it, John Cohen!

Tell us about it, Samuel Adams!

If Rosser's assurance to the Senator did not mean that he knew in advance what his partner would do, WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

In effect, Rosser said to Senator James:

"We want to use you! We want to buy your name and prestige. We want you to act a part in the drama of Treason, that we are staging in Atlanta.

The Jews have bought the opera house; our troupe of players is already large and well practised; but we need a first-class orator to make a first-class appearance in the Final Act of the play.

Here's a large pile of Jew money! Will you take it? Everybody else is doing it.

You can't possibly lose the case."

But the Kentucky Senator remembered there was something else he might lose, and he spurned the offer which the circumstances justify us in believing was as much the offer of Slaton as it was of Rosser.

Add to the shame of this rejected proposition, the clandestine meeting between the two crooks, Rosser and Slaton, a few hours after the Prison Commission startled them by its adverse decision.

Why did Rosser slink up a side street, and take it afoot to hold a midnight meeting with his partner, Slaton?

Answer it, Samuel Adams!

Answer it, John Cohen!

Why talk to us about alleged agreements which exempted this partnership from the Law of Partnerships?

Why ask us to believe the unbelievable?

Tell us what Rosser meant by his statement to Senator James, and what he meant by his stealthy, thief-like visit to John M. Slaton.

No legitimate errand demanded this cover of darkness.

As to Leo Frank's guilt, it is sufficient, at present, to say that it was judicially ascertained, in the only way the English-speaking peoples have devised for that purpose.

His lawyers had had ample time for preparation, and they did not move for a continuance.

They made no objection to trying the case in Fulton County, nor did they, at any time during the trial, move for a mistrial, on account of any "mob violence."

When, at a much later day, they adopted that line, they themselves couldn't swear to any mob violence, for I have examined their long affidavit carefully.

The Sheriff and all officers of the court swore to the orderly conduct of the trial. The newspaper reporters did so. The Colonel of the 5th Ga. Regiment did so. The Chief of Police did so.

Most of the witnesses who made out the case against Frank were his employees at the time of the crime; and when they first reported the finding of the hair, and the blood, and the condition of the body, and of the basement, and of the elevator, and of the vacant office—vacant when Frank, if innocent, would have been there—they did not know whom their evidence would convict.

When Miss Monteen Stover told her mother, Saturday afternoon, that she hadn't got her money from Frank, because she could

not find him in his office, the girl did not even know that Mary Phagan had disappeared.

None of the State's material witnesses could be impeached, and the defense had no evidence which at all shook the State's case.

In fact, the defense never did have a rational theory, and has none, now.

Like a lot of parrots they repeat, "The negro did it," relying upon prejudice and ignorance to lose sight of the fact that, at the time Mary Phagan and Leo Frank both disappeared, Monteen Stover came in at the front door, walked up the stairs, looked at the clock, went into Frank's offices—both of them!—and couldn't find him.

That was the time of the crime, fixed by Frank himself, before he learned of Monteen's visit.

That was the time the crime commenced; and, had the negro been at it, on the floor below, the Stover girl would have caught him in the act.

Only these who are ignorant of the record, or bitterly prejudiced in Slaton's favor, or selfishly interested in his return to the State he betrayed, can fail to see it.

The jury said "Guilty!" Judge Roan officially declared the evidence sufficient. The Supreme Court did the same thing.

**THAT OUGHT TO HAVE ENDED IT.**

Had Mary Phagan been a Jewess, and Leo Frank a Gentile, the case would have ended right there.

Had Leo Frank been a man without means and without wealthy relatives, nothing more would have been heard.

He had had his day in court: he had been defended by able lawyers: he had been legally convicted: nothing more remained except to let the Law take its course.

That was the way it was last year, with the four Gentiles.

Why wasn't it the way, this year, with the Jew?

But John Cohen and James R. Gray found a new Code for Frank. They made the discovery that judicial power is not vested solely in the courts.

Criminals must be tried in the newspapers, and acquitted on the sensational statements of Hessian writers.

The Haas Committee set itself up, to defame the Courts, and defy the Law.

The Burns Agency was imported, to buy off, and to buy up, witnesses.

They tried to get rid of George Eppes, and they took him out of the State.

They hired one of the girl witnesses to undertake to change the evidence of the other girls. They tried to get Mary's chum, Helen Ferguson, to accept money and leave the State. They tried to bribe the machinist who found the hair. They tried to intimidate those who found the blood.

Burns, Rabbi Marx and Mrs. Frank, all three, besieged Monteen Stover, and the girl was passionately urged to change her evidence.

When she refused, Burns wrung his hands in despair and virtually told Mrs. Frank there was no hope.

They tried to "persuade" another negro man to swear that he and Conley committed sodomy with each other. They tried to get another negro to swear he heard Conley confess. They tried to get the cook's husband to swear away his court-house evidence. They did everything that knavery could suggest and money pay for; and when they finally hired Ragsdale and Barber, the bottom fell out and the people of Georgia got a glimpse of what Burns was doing.

Then they ran him out. The extraordinary motion for new trial was denied unanimously by our Supreme Court; and the case had the unprecedented luck to reach the Supreme Court of the United States.

When it was lost there, we naturally supposed that at last, the case was ended.

Not so. The clamor broke forth worse than ever. Big Money was determined to "save Leo Frank."

The Prison Commission transformed itself into a Court of review, and went over the same ground the Supreme Court of Georgia had traveled.

But again the case was lost. Then it was up to one of Frank's own lawyers—the New York attorney having speeded up the sending of the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, and ex-Congressman Howard having abruptly ended his argument before the Commission.

It is now denied that Louis Marshall requested the U. S. Supreme Court to transmit the decision, without waiting the usual length of time.

All I know about it, is what the newspapers said. Nobody denied it, then.

It is said that nobody raised the point with Slaton that he ought not to pass on the Frank case—being Rosser's partner.

Wrong again! The point was raised, by a member of the Atlanta bar, and it was done in writing, and in a most delicate, respectful way. I published the letter.

The point was also raised, in a Cobb county mass-meeting, held at Marietta, last year.

The question was put squarely up to Slaton, while he was in the race for the Senate, and he evaded it!

What a reckless thing it is, therefore, to say that the point came too late! Dorsey knew of the letter, and knew of the Cobb county action; consequently, he knew it was useless to again endeavor to reach the "honor" of a man who has none, or to arouse a "conscience" that doesn't exist.

It has been said that it would have been "cowardly" for Slaton to have reprieved Frank and left him for Governor Harris to dispose of.

Why, then, did he reprieve the negro who was under a death sentence, and leave him to Governor Harris?

And if he is such a brave man, why didn't he pardon the Jew whom he says was innocent?

I am very credibly informed that Leo Frank, on his way to Cobb county, denounced Slaton as a crook.

This must mean that Frank had been promised a pardon.

If innocent, he was entitled to one; and if Slaton believed him innocent, he acted pusillanimously, in not setting him free.

There is no middle ground.

Those who admit that they believed Frank to be guilty, but favored commutation, can only excuse themselves by saying they oppose capital punishment.

If married men of middle age are not to be hanged when they deliberately leave young and healthy wives, and pursue young girls to such a horrible death as fell to the hard lot of Mary Phagan, then we've got no use for the law of capital punishment.

Slaton saw lots of use for it, last year, as a protection to homes, and human lives; the commuters saw it, too; it was not until this year, AND THIS CASE, that the railroad lawyers and some Doctors of Divinity became such rampant commuters.

It is said that Slaton made no money by the commutation.

That is an assumption which settles the question without debate. It is perfectly clear to every lawyer that, as Rosser's partner, he was legally entitled to share whatever Rosser got.

It is said that Slaton knew that the commutation would kill him politically.

He doesn't talk that way. He expresses the most buoyant confidence in his future popularity.

He says that none of the best people are against him. He says that those who made the outcry against him are mere scum, riff-

raff, rag-tag and bobtail; men whose wives take in boarders and washing.

He says that these low-down creatures have always been against him, and he hopes they always will be.

Unless your political eye-sight is failing, you can easily see a formidable line-up in favor of Slaton for the Senate.

The Jews will be solidly for him. So will the Chambers of Commerce, of Atlanta and Savannah.

So will the L. & N. Railroad system. So will the Hearst papers. So will the Atlanta dailies.

The Roman Catholics will support him almost to a man, on account of The Jeffersonian being against him.

You need not doubt that Slaton made himself reasonably certain of a powerful combination, before he ever took the bit in his teeth.

He is crafty, and he doesn't act upon impulse.

It will be remembered that while the Frank case was on its way to him, Nathan Straus, of New York, came to see him.

It will be remembered that while the Frank case was on its way to him, William Randolph Hearst came to see him.

It will be remembered that immediately after the commutation, and the flight from Georgia, he was banqueted by Mr. Hearst in New York.

It will be remembered that Mr. Hearst's personal representative, John Temple Graves, in his address to a Northern press-club, proclaimed the intention of Mr. Hearst to put Slaton in the race for the Senate or the Vice Presidency.

Slaton himself has repeatedly told the Northern people that he would re-enter politics in Georgia, and make his action in the Frank case an issue before the people.

It's none of my business to stir anybody else's pot, but if one of our Senators has not maneuvered to oust the other, I fail to read the signs.

Those who defend Slaton say that his previous character had been good.

Once upon a time, I said that much to Judge Pottle, in Columbia county, when a client of mine had been convicted of stealing a cow.

Judge Pottle answered me, by saying that the previous character of the cow had also been good.

If the character of Judas Iscariot had not been good, Christ would not have made him one of the Twelve, and Keeper of the Treasury.

If the character of Benedict Arnold had not been good, Washington would not have made him Commander at West Point.

If the previous character of Seigel had not been good, he would not have been able to steal two million dollars from the work-people who put their savings in his bank.

Lots of folks enjoy the reputation of being straight, when in fact, they are crooks who have not been found out.

When John W. Grant hired a man to write against The Jeffersonian, and carefully corrected the proofs himself, he should have remembered that there is no personal issue between his rascally brother-in-law and myself. No such issue can be made. I am not to be side-tracked on personalism, and thrown off the true issue.

Prove that I am the worst man in the state—as Doctor Cicero Boanerges Wilmer says I am—that does not clear the skirts of John M. Slaton.

It was he who was governor last year, and it was he who then correctly stated the Law, in the Umphrey case, the Wilburn case, and in the Cantrell case.

It was he who officially declared, last year,

that he had no authority to go behind the verdict of a jury.

It was he who officially declared, last year, that he was not a Court of Review, and that the responsibility for verdicts was not his.

It was he who declared to the petitioning preachers, lawyers, doctors, farmers, and good women, in the Hall county case, that their philanthropy was mistaken, and that he could not afford to virtually abolish capital punishment, by commuting to life imprisonment the sentence of a 17-year-old Georgia boy.

It was Slaton, not Watson, who reversed himself and all the courts, *this year*, and made an entirely new law for the convicted Jew.

It was Slaton who said he was not bound by the decision of the two Supreme Courts.

It was Slaton who told the rich Jews of New York that he *would* go behind the verdict of the jury and retry the Frank case on the the evidence in the record.

It was Slaton who pretended to do that very thing, and who pretended to aid his cogitations, meditations, and incubations by repeated visits to the pencil factory, and by calling on Jess Perry for judicial assistance.

When John W. Grant was employing an irresponsible scribbler to attack Watson, why didn't they agree on some controlling reason for the commutation?

Slaton has talked a trail of lies all over the continent, and he cannot tell the same tale twice, to save his life.

In one place, he says that he was guided by the advice of Sally, his wife. In another place he says he was influenced by the dissenting opinions of the minority Justices of the Supreme Courts.

In another place he says that important new evidence, never produced before any other tribunal, was produced before *him*.

In another place, he says that the hair found in the metal room, and proved at the trial, to have been Mary Phagan's, was afterwards shown to be the hair of somebody else.

Who this somebody is, he provokingly keeps to himself. What that new evidence was, he mysteriously declines to state.

In still another place, he leans heavily upon the tomb of Judge Roan, and says that he commuted because of the dead judge, when the official record shows that Slaton paid no attention to the pleas of living judges, *last year*, and that he can't assign any reason why L. S. Roan's alleged change of mind should have out weighed Judges Evans, Lumpkin, Hill and Atkinson, who had *not* changed their minds.

Like many other mortals, L. S. Roan's value was not appreciated until after he died. To his pastor he confided his worries about the Frank case, and said that, according to the evidence, Frank "*was unquestionably guilty.*"

On his farewell visit to his daughter, at Tampa, Florida, he said the same thing.

Not until John W. Moore made a gumshoe journey North, did anybody ever hear of any change in L. S. Roan.

Nobody can explain why that most suspicious letter was kept in the dark until after death had sealed Judge Roan's lips.

Nobody can explain the disappearance of Rosser's letter to the dying Roan.

Nobody can easily explain how a man whose jaw-bone had been cut out, and who must have been reduced to a pitiable physical and mental state, could have dictated so long and smooth a document.

Nobody can explain what went with the envelope, with the cancelled stamp, and with the government post-mark.

This record in the Frank case is full of instances where bright young women were *made to believe* that they were signing one

thing, when, in fact, the contents of the paper were quite different.

I have said, and repeat, that entirely too much has been made of L. S. Roan. When he ended his official connection with the case, *his opinion was not worth a bit more than that of any juror, or of any spectator who heard the evidence.*

L. S. Roan in Massachusetts, had no more to do with the case than you or I did.

If it *were* a matter of any importance, I would like for John W. Moore to explain to us why he had to go to Massachusetts *in person*, to fetch this most valueless, and most doubtful document. And if that Massachusetts woman does any more belated swearing in this case, I hope she will tell you where John W. Moore was, when she was writing that letter.

I assume that John took the precaution to bring the short-hand notes home with him, and that they are now in his possession.

Every lawyer knows that *our Supreme Court had exactly the same power over the evidence, in this case, that Judge Roan had.*

He had the right to say the verdict was not sufficiently supported by the evidence, and the Supreme Court had the right to overrule him *on that very point*, if the Justices believed the evidence insufficient.

How dishonest, then, is the continued effort to fool the people about Judge Roan!

What possible weight could be given to a tardy, unofficial, and doubtful letter of a disabled, suffering, enfeebled judge, when the Justices of the Supreme Court were all in life, all in full vigor, and all firm in their conviction *that the evidence against Frank was sufficient?*

Why send John W. Moore to New England on a secret mission, when Justices Evans, Lumpkin, Hill and Atkinson were so accessible, right there in the capitol building?

Bosh! The effort to use a dead man to shield John Slaton is the most cowardly and reprehensible feature of the campaign of the commuters.

The Atlanta Journal, the New York Times and the Western papers that are copying the article which John Grant paid for—and for whose exclusive use in John Cohen's paper, Rabbi Marx arranged—are saying that "*WATSON ATTEMPTED TO BRIBE SLATON!*"

They allege that Watson sent a message to Slaton demanding that he "hang the Jew," and that, in return for this personal favor, Watson would send Slaton to the Senate.

John Grant, of course, got that precious story from his fugitive brother-in-law.

Whether Slaton told Grant this yarn before he fled, or afterwards, is immaterial; *it is a characteristic Slaton falsehood.*

During the campaign, last year, Slaton did his utmost to secure my support. He sent several gentlemen to Thomson to see me about it. The final desperate proposition that he made me, I will reserve for the present. *He knows what I mean.*

But since he and his brother-in-law, and their hired writer, and the Rabbi have endeavored to besmirch the character of Dr. J. C. Jarnagin, of Warrenton, I will tell exactly what happened.

Last year, my friend Jarnagin came to my home several times to bring messages from Slaton.

One message Dr. Jarnagin was reluctant to deliver to me, for he felt that it put Slaton in a bad light.

Slaton had explained his failure to run against Hoke Smith, for the Senate, on the ground that he, *Slaton, was a poor man*, and that his brother-in-law, *John Grant, would not let him have the money for a campaign against Smith!*

On each of his visits to my home, my friend Dr. Jarnagin was told that I could

not go back on Rufe Hutchins, to whose support I was committed.

In May of this year, Governor Slaton made an address, on a Warren County—Fair Educational Day.

While in Warrenton, he stopped with Maj. McGregor, and he discussed the Frank case with particular reference to what Judge Roan had told his pastor.

Slaton also talked with Dr. Jarnagin, and asked him if there was no way for him, Slaton, and myself "*to get together.*" He asked Dr. Jarnagin, if there was not something that he, the Governor, could do for my son, or for my son-in-law, Mr. Lee.

In reporting the conversation to me, Dr. Jarnagin said, "Jack says we *must* get together." I considered that the Governor was making overtures to me, as he had done last year, and, of course, some sort of answer to his message was necessary.

I therefore said in substance to Dr. Jarnagin:

"You tell Jack Slaton to stand like a man against all this outside pressure in the Frank case, and to uphold the Courts and the Law, and I will stand by him.

"Tell him that I have never allowed my personal feelings to keep me from supporting any man, when the good of the State seemed to require it, and that I have no feeling against him that will prevent my upholding him in doing what is right in the Frank case.

"Tell him to do what is right, regardless of these newspaper libels and these foreign petitions.

"Tell him that I want nothing for myself, nor for any member of my family, but I do want to see *the law vindicated* in this Frank case."

That was my answer to his message—the answer which the jurors, and the Supreme Court would have given him; the answer which 90 per cent of the people of Georgia would have given him.

That message was, in substance, the very same that I was sending to him, from week to week, *in the editorial columns of The Jeffersonian.*

That message was in effect the same that the mass meetings, in various counties, were sending to him.

That message was given to him in thousands of letters, telegrams and petitions from all over Georgia.

That message was the same in spirit and meaning, that the Cobb county delegation carried to him.

Out of every hundred men in Georgia, ninety would have been willing to have gone upon the house-tops and shouted a similar message.

All that we ever wanted Governor Slaton to do, was, *to enforce the Law against rich people, as he had enforced it against the poor.*

Had he proved himself a man, he would have rallied to his enthusiastic support thousands of voters who had never supported him before—men who believe that it is nothing but right to reward a public servant, of whom they can say, *WELL DONE!*

God in Heaven knows how passionately the people yearn for public servants of whom they can say that.

If John Slaton had just withstood temptation and proved true, he would today have been wearing the crown of Georgia's admiring approval, a crown more precious than that of any King.

#### WATSON LOVES MONEY.

Some weeks ago, Slaton's Atlanta backers made an effort to secure the co-operation of The Jeffersonian in soothing public indignation and preparing for his return. These overtures were repulsed.

I had not made the situation in which

Slaton finds himself, and I did not consider it a part of my duty to unmake it.

On the contrary, as he himself now tells his brother-in-law—and through him, the public—I did all that was possible to prevent Slaton from betraying his trust. Since he heeded his Rosser and Hearst and the rich Jews, they are the ones to now take care of him.

They are trying to do so, and the first step in that direction is the carefully planned and elaborately written attack on Watson.

Rosser supplied the brains for that attack, John Grant furnished the money, and while they used another to sign his name to the document, that name isn't worth mentioning.

The attack itself emanates from Slaton, Rosser, Grant, Rabbi Marx and the rich Jews who financed the noble Burns and the equally noble firm of Rosser, Slaton & Phillips.

These men allege that my motive in defending my State against outside libels, was to make money!

Indeed? Who knew that money could be made in that way? Was the knowledge a Watson monopoly? Was he the only editor who could see it?

I suppose that John Grant and Luther Rosser do not care for money. John wasn't intimidated by the threats of his Jewish tenants, was he? They didn't threaten to vacate his houses, did they? He lets out his Atlanta houses gratuitously, doesn't he?

And Rosser—that noble man does not charge fees in law cases, does he? Isn't he merely working for his health? When he helped prepare an attack on me and charged me with the Love of Money, he would have added immense interest to his performance by stating the amount of the fee paid to the law firm of Rosser, Brandon, Slaton & Phillips by the rich Jews.

In 1914, John Slaton told Dr. Jarnagin to explain to me that the reason why he did not run against Hoke Smith for the Senate instead of against Hardwick and Felder, was that he, Slaton, was a poor man, and that John Grant wouldn't let him have the money to run against Smith.

John Slaton explained that it was his wife who was rich, and that John Grant was the manager of the property, and therefore Slaton had to go to Grant for cash.

In Los Angeles a few weeks ago, he told the newspapers quite a different story. He said:

*"I am a man of wealth."*

His exact language as reported in the Los Angeles paper is this:

#### Spends His Own Money."

"I have been accused of capitulating to the overwhelming influence of public sentiment," he said, "of reversing the judgment of the courts, and many other violations of my oath, but no one in Georgia who knows John Slaton believes the charges, and I am proud to say that, amid all of the censure I have received, there has not been even an insinuation that I profited financially as a result of my action.

"My record of seventeen years in public life, Speaker of the House, President of the Senate, and Governor for two terms, precluded the possibility of such a taint. I am a wealthy man, my family is rich, and I am one of the few men of the country who has been elected to office without accepting funds from any outside source for my campaigns. Every penny spent in the interest of my candidacy came from either my own pocket or from members of my own family. As a result I have never been under obligations to anyone. No corporation or clique has ever been able to control me."

If Slaton told Dr. Jarnagin the truth in the Spring of last year, and told the California reporters the truth, in the Fall of this year, the question arises,

*Where did this sudden wealth come from?* Possibly John Grant can explain it. Possibly Rosser will, on his next hurried trip to Augusta—when he goes down there to re-

load the small howitzer, which they have strapped to the back of a little jackass.

Watson worships Money!

O, how scandalized the Jews are!

They wail over it. Haas refuses to take comfort. Ben Phillips weeps. The Rich Brothers are giving away their stock of goods, as a rebuke to Watson, and the Michael Brothers, of Athens, are transforming their stores and bank into eleemosynary institutions.

John Cohen and Dick Gray frown heavily at Watson; he loves Money!

My, my! Whither are we drifting?

Was it Watson who stripped the wedding-ring from the finger of a Confederate widow and sold it at public outcry?

Did Watson charge the widow a big price for publishing some letters in which she believed she was rendering the public a service?

Was it Watson who had so little reverence for the memory of Lee's Old War-horse that he pounced upon an heir-loom of the Longstreet family—a ring that the old soldier had himself placed on the finger of his betrothed?

God in Heaven! Think of the Atlanta Journal denouncing Watson, and saying that he loves Money!

Think of James R. Gray publishing that kind of rot, when he so recently slunk into a bankrupt Court and scaled off his honest debts by the surrender of a watch and a shot-gun!

#### THE GLOVER CASE

John Cohen, John Grant, Rabbi Marx, and Adolphus Ochs reproach me with the Glover case.

Old straw must be threshed again, it seems.

The "girl" whom Glover killed was a full grown woman, and a bad one. She had caused tragedies before, and one of these cost a human life. She was Glover's kept woman, and he suddenly discovered that she had a "kept man"—kept on Glover's money. This enraged him, and he went to the mill where she worked, making a business engagement for the afternoon, as he was on his way.

He taxed the woman with her treachery to him, and her reply was of such a nature as to make the ill-balanced man lose his head. He shot her and killed her, in the same way that Lep Myers, the Macon Jew, shot his woman.

It is true that I asked the Governor to spare Glover's life, telling him of the wound he received on his head when he was a youth, and of his being notoriously crack-brained. The doctors who examined him pronounced him defective mentally, and those who had charge of him in prison considered him so.

Glover was one of the young men who helped the police save my life, on the night of the Black-Watson debate, in the Cotton Hall, on the old Exposition grounds. I believed then, and believe now, that Boykin Wright tried to have me assassinated.

The fact that Glover was hanged and Lep Myers pardoned, when the two cases were exactly alike, merely illustrates the inconsistencies of the Law.

To compare a grown woman, the paramour of two men at the same time, with little Mary Phagan, who died in defense of her virtue, is to inflict an additional pang upon her mother, and to heap another insult upon Mary's grave.

It is quite in keeping with the conduct of Luther Rosser and Leo Frank, who both insinuated that Mary Phagan was a little strumpet.

#### THE CIRCULATION OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

John Grant, John Cohen, James Gray and Rabbi Marx are greatly worried because I have made a success of The Jeffersonian Pub-

lishing Company. They seem to regard it as a personal affront to themselves.

Isn't the Atlanta Journal a success? Has it declined in circulation?

If so, they'd better put on another prize contest and unload something on the prize-winner, at its full value. That's the way Fred Seely used to do with his Georgian.

Can't the Journal find 200 members of the legislature who need a \$25 write up? Two hundred statesmen written up at \$25 apiece, pile up a real nice heap of ducats.

Why not offer John Slaton's cavalry critic as a prize?

Why not make a circulation booster out of his emaciated mule?

If the old darkey whom he keeps for sentimental reasons—as he told the Northern papers—would harness that ancient ruin of a horse, and that feeble remnant of a mule, to Slaton's dilapidated family carriage, and drive it over the state, advertising the Atlanta Journal, and offering a Dick Gray watch and a Dick Gray shot-gun as premiums for the biggest list of subs., the Journal's circulation might soon equal that of The Jeffersonian.

If I have made a success of our business, I can assure John Grant that the work has been harder than that of the man who buys a piece of land and squats on it, until the enterprise of other men has boomed its value.

It cost me eight years of labor to build up our business, and I staked my fortune on it.

The stock in our Company is widely distributed, and John Grant made a mistake not to buy some of it. He had the same chance as the boys and girls, the men and women who did buy. I hope he won't begrudge those stockholders a good investment. I hope Cohen and Gray are not envious. I hope they won't cry their eyes out, if the dealers who handle our stuff see fit to pay us enough to cover the cost of it.

The public pays the same it always paid, and if the Editor-in-Chief charged the Company the salary that he was offered to edit a New York paper, there would be no profit in our circulation even at the present figures.

*I have never charged, or received, a dollar for my eight years of hard work for the Company.*

If money were my object in life, I would have continued to practice Law, deliver lectures, or edit the Hearst newspaper.

If the People bought 67,000 copies of our paper, it was because the People wanted to know the truth about the Frank case.

They couldn't get it, in any other paper. The Atlanta dailies would not give the facts, nor would they allow anybody else to do it, in their columns.

The State was being vilified throughout the nation, and our people were denounced as blood-lust savages who had condemned a

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### Leo Frank

Contained in the two numbers  
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AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, 1915

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JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING CO.,  
Thomson, Ga.

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**RENEW NOW.**

THOMSON, GA. SEPTEMBER 23, 1915.

white man, on the unsupported evidence of a  
drunken, criminal negro.

Were not the people entitled to a hearing?

Was nobody to defend the State?

Were paid-for lies to blacken our Courts  
and our people, from Maine to California?

Was nobody to make the State his client,  
and her honor his subject?

*I DID IT!* And the People appreciated it.  
Why didn't some other editor do it? All  
had the same chance.

The rich Jews thought that when they  
muzzled certain daily papers, they could get  
away with their nefarious scheme to defeat  
the Law.

They couldn't quite do it; hence the heathen  
rage.

These two publications, "The Jeffs," as the  
people affectionately call them, are the last  
work of my life, the last fruit of an old tree.

They have cost me many a day and night  
of anxiety, pain and labor; they absorbed  
the greater part of the fortune I made prac-  
ticing law; they have been on my heart and  
in my mind, constantly, for eight long years;  
they are the children of my old age, and I  
love them. They have had the best years of  
my life, freely given; they can have freely  
given, the years that remain.

So many times an attempt has been made  
to establish a Southern magazine, and so  
many times the attempt has been a failure,  
that when I at last, made a success of one, I  
thought the Southern people would be proud  
of it. I never dreamed that I would be  
abused, misrepresented, envied and hated, be-  
cause I had made a success of a loyally  
Southern magazine.

The people were eager for a paper that  
could not be muzzled, which would always  
tell them the truth, which would meet their  
enemies in the gate, and fight for the under  
dog. I thought our weekly would be hailed  
as a friend, wherever there was a wrong to  
be righted, and a battle to be fought for  
Humanity.

I did not dream that preachers would de-  
nounce me in Southern pulpits, and that Jew  
money could run me down, for telling the  
truth, as I understood it.

But it seems that I am to be made the ob-  
ject of a combined and determined attack. I  
am in the way of the L. & N. Railroad as  
Goebel was in Kentucky; and as Carmack  
was in Tennessee.

Threats against my life are as openly made,

as though I were a mad dog. Rev. Dr. C. B.  
Wilmer, of Atlanta, virtually told his con-  
gregation that I ought to be lynched.

I am in the way of the Atlanta Chamber  
of Commerce, and of those three recreant  
daily papers, and of a certain clique of po-  
litical bosses, and of the Roman Catholic  
priests. I must be crushed and got rid of,  
and the great Federal Government lends  
itself to the foreign church which hates me,  
by indicting me like a sheep thief, for *re-  
printing* what the Pope had been printing for  
nearly 100 years! Let the battle come! By  
the splendor of God, I'll never flinch. In  
the course of nature, I have not much longer  
to stay here, anyway. But during whatever  
time is left to me, I will hold my rudder  
true! I would rather creep off in a corner  
and die the death of a wounded hare, than  
knuckle to any foe, be he Roman priest or  
rich Jew or rotten Politician.

## FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Rosser and Grant and Slaton are well  
aware of the fact that many preachers and  
church-workers have denounced me because  
of my stand on Foreign Missions. They  
therefore refer to this, hoping to prejudice  
the people in this controversy.

Was my attack on the Protestant churches,  
because of their mission methods, inspired by  
a love of money?

Or was it done to win popularity?

The fact should be apparent to everybody,  
that such an attack could have no other mo-  
tive than conviction, for it was a most un-  
profitable and unpopular work.

But when I studied the methods of the  
Foreign Mission Boards, and saw that they  
were spending millions of dollars every year  
on work that is entirely distinct from evan-  
gelical effort, it seemed to me a duty to lay  
the facts before the people.

The laymen in the churches did not know  
what was going on in the foreign field.

They had not been told that their money  
was being used to support secular institu-  
tions, such as free kindergartens, free com-  
mon schools, free colleges, free apothecary  
shops, free hospitals, free sewing schools,  
free technological institutes, agricultural ex-  
periment stations and schools wherein for-  
eign children are taught medicine, surgery,  
shoe-making, weaving, type-setting, press-  
work, stenography, typewriting, and other  
branches of gainful trades and professions.

I do not believe that our people, who are  
bitterly reproached by other sections for the  
illiteracy which prevails in the South, should  
be taught that Christ meant such doings as  
those of the Mission Boards, when he said,  
"Go preach!"

## THE ROMAN CATHOLICS.

Rosser, Grant and Slaton are well aware  
of the animosity that I have aroused among  
Roman Catholics by the attacks made upon  
their hierarchy and secret organizations.  
They also know that an alliance has been  
formed in this country between the Jewish  
organizations and the Papal secret orders.

They, of course, know that the Roman  
Catholic Knights of Columbus were able to  
use the Federal Government against me, and  
that I am under indictment for having cop-  
ied into one of my books a portion of the  
*Moral Theology* of Saint Alphonsus Liguori.

They know that the case is to come up at  
the approaching November term, in a city  
where Jews and Catholics, combined, are pre-  
dominant, and where old political enemies of  
mine, are implacable and revengeful.

Therefore, Rosser had a purpose in lug-  
ging the Catholic question to the front, just  
as he had in alluding to Foreign Missions.

I have never insulted any man on the sub-  
ject of his religion, and, in all my articles, it  
has been my endeavor to show that it was  
*the system, the hierarchy, the law and the real*

*purpose, of the Italian Papacy,* that I an-  
tagonized.

As a Jeffersonian democrat and American  
citizen, I detest the foreign church which has  
always been the bitterest foe to democracy,  
and whose fundamental laws are irreconcil-  
able with ours.

I detest a Papacy which tells me that I  
must take my religion and my politics from a  
lot of Italian priests.

I detest a church which stigmatizes the  
memory of my mother by saying that she  
was not my father's wife, but that they were  
living together "in filthy concubinage"—as  
Pope Pius IX *did* say while my parents were  
both alive.

I detest a church which says by its funda-  
mental law, that your wife and mine, your  
married daughter and mine, your married  
sister and mine—not married by a bachelor  
priest—is a concubine, not a lawful wife, and  
that the children of our Protestant marriage  
are nothing but bastards.

I detest a church which comes into my  
State with its foreign law, and breaks up the  
homes of lawfully married people, as the  
priests broke up those in Macon and at Ar-  
lington.

I detest a church which sends a foreign  
ambassador here to tell our people to vote for  
the Roman Church, rather than for our  
Country, and who is now trying to plunge  
this country into a war with Mexico in order  
that 300 more years of oppression by Spanish  
land kings, and Spanish priests may be the  
doom of the native Mexicans.

I detest a church which creates an imagin-  
ary near-hell, fills it with suffering souls,  
and sells releases from it.

I detest a church which puts a bachelor  
priest between a man and his wife, and or-  
ders the bachelor to use filthy language to  
her in secret, such as no decent husband  
would ever use, even at night and in the mar-  
riage bed.

I detest a church which has to have so  
many secret organizations, the oaths and se-  
cret purposes of which make those secret so-  
cieties a deadly menace to Protestants and  
Democrats, to true religion and real civic lib-  
erty.

I detest a church whose fundamental law  
condemns "heretics" to death, and whose rec-

## Watson's Magazine

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THE JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING CO.

THOMSON, GEORGIA.

ords reek with the blood of Christian martyrs.

I detest a church which declared that "Ignorance is the mother of devotion," and which destroyed libraries, closed the schools, penalized mental research, outlawed science, and plunged Europe into darkness and horror and carnage for a thousand years.

No Roman Catholic who *knows the law* of his foreign church, and obeys it, can be a loyal American citizen; for the one master is the enemy of the other, and a Catholic cannot serve both.

Samuel Adams, whose sudden interest in this particular murder case was mystifying, called for all the commuters to come out and fight Slaton's battle for him.

Samuel gallantly showed them the way. Dr. Wilmer fell into line, with extraordinary grace and vehemence.

Rosser flings to the breeze the names of the few scattering patriots who followed the lead of John Cohen and James R. Gray.

In spite of the fact that men were hired to circulate petitions, hardly any names at all could be secured. Leave off the Jews, the railroad lawyers and the Atlanta Doctors of Divinity, and that bunch of commuters looks very much like thirty cents.

The questions I put to Samuel Adams last week remain unanswered.

It's not polite to ask the same questions twice; therefore I will vary the catechism.

Samuel, when did *You* first feel the symptoms of your sudden and violent interest in criminal law?

I thought you were a *civil* lawyer; and the poor figure you cut in trying to argue the Frank case, inclines me to suspect that you rushed into it without much preparation.

Samuel, where do *you* say that Leo Frank and Mary Phagan were, at the time Monteen Stover was in Frank's vacant office.

Account for Frank, and account for Mary, too, at that time.

Do it, Samuel! Get *Rosser* to do it, if you can't.

Why was it that Mrs. Leo Frank wouldn't go to see her husband in jail, until after Rabbi Marx and others had worked on her for three weeks?

Why was it that the Jews employed Rosser on Sunday, *the day Mary's body was found*? No Gentile then suspected Frank.

Who, in your opinion, bloodied that old shirt, and put it in Newt Lee's clothes-barrel?

Who, in your judgment, hid the genuine time-slip of the clock, and forged a new one which gave Newt Lee an hour unaccounted for, the night the girl's body lay in the basement?

Who, in your judgment, has Mary Phagan's mesh-bag?

Samuel, put your mind on one queer detail: When the two officers went to Frank's home, early Sunday morning, on the day the corpse was found, he presented the rickety, nervous appearance of a man who had been drunk, the night before. Neither the night-watch nor the officers had been able to get him on the telephone, though they had tried long and hard. One of the officers advised Mrs. Frank to give her husband a drink of whiskey. *He was told that the whiskey had all been used up during the night*, by Emil Selig—the father of Frank's wife. Selig, it was said, had had an attack of acute indigestion during the night, and had consumed all the liquor.

Selig swore at the trial that he ate breakfast and dinner as usual, that Sunday, and he did not swear to any indigestion and to drinking up all the whiskey in the house.

Now *the cook said* Frank drank the whiskey, and got so wild in raving about the murder, that his wife had to sleep on a rug, on the floor!

Now, Samuel Adams, give us *your* views about this detail.

Sunday morning, following the crime, Selig did not look, or act, like a man who had just got over being drunk, to cure indigestion, but Frank did look and act like a man whose nerves were all to pieces.

Who, in your opinion, Samuel, drank that whiskey?

Does not this neglected detail give powerful corroboration to the cook's story?

Samuel Adams, tell us how Jim Conley could have described the night-watch in those notes, *when Rosser proved that one of these negroes had never seen the other*?

Samuel, explain why the notes indicate unnatural use of the girl, refer to the toilet and describe Newt Lee *twice*.

Tell us why Frank, at the trial, would not offer to answer a single question, and why Rosser was afraid to ask those white girls any.

Tell us why every bit of the work of the detectives was limited to attempts at changing the evidence of the state's witnesses and to finding a man, or men, who would swear they heard Jim Conley confess that he alone committed the crime?

Samuel Adams, why was it that Rosser was afraid to try to show, as the defense alone *could* lawfully do, that the finger prints of Leo Frank were different from the bloody finger prints on the back door?

Tell us why the Jew shielded the negro, and tried to "frame-up" an innocent man, until after the negro confessed and told all about it?

And since you have made your advent into the criminal law, tell us, *do* tell us, your theory of the hair on the handle of the lathe machine and the blood spots on the floor near the toilet, where Frank said he might have been while Monteen Stover was in his office.

Give us *your* theory of the hands folded across the breast, *in the basement*, and the absence of any sign of blood in the basement, on the ladder, or on the floor at the trap door.

Give us *your* theory of the trail of the dragged body, a trail 136 feet long, leading directly from the elevator to the corpse.

The Jeffersonian is singled out by Slaton, Rosser-Grant for venomous attack. What have I done that *the people* condemn? How can Slaton succeed in making the Docket sound, Watson *versus* Slaton?" There is no such case on the Docket. The case sounds:

"The State *versus* John M. Slaton: Treason."

"If he wants to come home, and stand his trial at the bar of public opinion, let him do it.

The evidence is all in; the jury is attentive; the Great Judge is on the bench.

Let the battle begin—and God defend the right!

**"The 4th Degree Oath of the Knights of Columbus."**

To meet the bluff and the falsehoods of those Americans who have foresworn loyal principles, and have become oath-bound subjects of a foreign power, I have carefully prepared the above-named pamphlet.

The men who take that oath are traitors to our government, and spies in our camp.

They are armed and drilled, as military men, and kept in readiness to use their steel swords, and their up-to-date rifles against their fellow citizens.

Get my pamphlet, and study the facts for yourselves. Priced ten cents.

This question of Popery is the most important question facing the people of America.

**How the Government Has Aided the Wall Street Gamblers to Rob the Southern Cotton Growers.**

THE older men will tell you, that we had flush times right after the Civil War, and on up to the Panic of 1873.

This seems strange, until you consider that flush times in business means, *plenty of money in circulation*.

These who understand political economy, will explain to you how it is that commerce languishes when money is scarce, and flourishes like a green bay tree, when money is abundant.

There was never any Resurrection of prostrated industries, such as took place in the South, after Lee's surrender.

Cities sprang out of their ashes, new towns began to rise all over the country; the fields were soon covered with corn and cotton; and nearly everybody had some greenback money in his pocket.

Why was this?

It was, because the Government had used its supreme power to create money; and this money had been *issued directly to the Union soldiers, sailors, contractors, officials, etc.*

It paid salaries to the civil officers, it paid the salaries of Generals Grant and Sherman and Sheridan, and it paid the wage of the men in the ranks. It paid the bounties for enlistment. It paid the men who sold arms, ammunition, provisions, horses, &c., for the use of the armies.

In this way, the new money filled every artery of trade and industry; and probably the first greenbacks that came South were brought by the ragged Confederate, who had sold a part of his tobacco to the friendly Yanks.

How much of that new paper money was created and put in general circulation during the war?

In Senator John A. Logan's speech of March 17, 1874, in the United States Senate, I find the following:

I will give the following tables showing the amount of currency in circulation in the years 1856 and 1866:

	1865.
National bank notes.....	\$ 171,321,903
Legal-tender and other notes....	698,918,800
State bank notes.....	58,000,000
Seven-thirty notes .....	830,000,000

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You hear so much about Caesar—wouldn't you like a brief, up-to-date sketch of his marvellous career, his creation of the Roman Empire, his murder and his great funeral?

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Thomson, Georgia.

Congressman Tribble's Record.

The Herald on last Saturday reprinted an article from The Royston Record commenting upon the service of Representative Tribble in congress and it will not be amiss to state in addition to The Record comment that Representative Tribble is a peace congressman and while the world is passing through this period of horrible war the people of the eighth district doubtless realize with much force the importance of having a peace representative at the capital of the nation.

Since congress adjourned, on March 4, Mr. Tribble has devoted his entire vacation to lecturing and pleading with the people to stand for peace. He stands near the top of the naval committee where his services are especially valuable at this time. His influence on this committee with the house membership was demonstrated during the last session when he cut out of the navy bill \$4,500,000 unnecessary expenses which added nothing to the fighting strength of the navy, over the protests of the members of the committee, and transferred this amount to submarine construction, thus adding several much-needed submarines to the navy.

Also, at the same time, he succeeded in abolishing the plucking board, and this saved the country many millions of dollars. Then, too, the people are not slow to forget his persistent, continuous and effective fight on fraudulent pensions, thus protecting the treasury of the people.

It was Representative Tribble who first introduced and succeeded in passing the cotton amendment to the new banking law which authorized loans on cotton, and this district now feels the good effects of this cotton amendment, which gives the farmers an opportunity to secure money on cotton security.

Speaking from a local standpoint, he has kept all men in this district informed by mail communication of the work of congress during the session, and has constantly kept the mails flooded with various kinds of government literature of interest to them. The clerical assistance required to send out this literature often required double the amount of money provided for clerical work which expense Representative Tribble has borne personally.

Mr. Tribble also secured more postoffice building sites in the last building bill for his district than any member of congress.

It is practically an assured fact that he will have no opposition for reelection at the next primary.

Since going to congress Mr. Tribble has had no time for loitering. He has been steadily on the job all the while, and has never yet failed to speak out on any question, in which the South was deeply concerned. Last fall, when other congressmen and senators were silent on the cotton question, Mr. Tribble stood on the floor and pleaded for the farmer, telling congress that the South was suffering and that if the national officials meant to do anything for their relief that then was the proper time—that day. He doesn't believe in putting off the affairs of one day until the next, but is strictly business from the time congress convenes until its close, and on and on. And the people in general are appreciative of the splendid work done by him. And furthermore, they know that Mr. Tribble will continue doing his good work so long as he remains in congress, which in all probability will be for many years yet to come.—Royston Record.

Read Foreign Missions Exposed, by Thos. E. Watson. Beautifully printed. Profusely illustrated. Price 80 cents. The Jeffs, Thomson, Ga.

FROM THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF THE LAST BATTLE OF THE CIVIL WAR.

My Dear Sir: It affords me great pleasure to read after you. Your valuable paper gives more truths, and explains matters more than any paper I ever read.

There is not a man living today that stands for law and order any more than you do.

In the Frank case we could not find our anything from the Atlanta papers. They would not publish anything at all. Occasionally we could read something in the Macon Telegraph.

But Hon. T. E. W. had the nerve to stand by the people and give them all the facts in the Frank case, and fought to the very last to vindicate the law. Little Mary Phagan with honor and pride fought and struggled to the very last to save her virtue, but the black-hearted Jew overpowered her, raped and murdered her in cold blood. I am glad to know that Mary Phagan went to her grave with honor and pride.

I see the next thing is an investigation to bring the lynchers to justice with a \$2,500 reward. I am here to say that I am a two-horse farmer and need money, but even if I knew everyone that was in the mob and could furnish evidence to con-

THE ATLANTA DAILIES MAKE THIS ATLANTA MAN LONG FOR A REAL NEWSPAPER.

Dear Sir: I am glad to see that we have one real paper in the good old state today which has proven the rights and practiced the laws which our forefathers made and gave us.

Our community at large has been blasphemed, but we are wide awake to see that we have some patriotic and noble men yet living in our midst.

For the past two years we have had lots to read about, and we have had opinions expressed and only a record of which stands to view in old Marietta today can tell the story. Uncle Tom, you are a deserving man and I wish to read after you a long time yet, and hope that the day will come when your true word will have its way and weight on every living man in the world. Everyone knows you and knows your principles, and that you intend doing what's right, it matters not whether rich or poor.

I have never taken pains to write to you, but as I am at the capital and mixed with many people all over the country, I have tried to treat them all alike. You will hear from me again and a little stronger. B. F. SMITH.

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

FOR RENT. A farm of one hundred acres near Stone Mountain, tenant houses and a large barn. Apply, VENABLE BROTHERS, Atlanta, Ga.

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The hottest and funnest paper on earth. Written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup. It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lunge. Death to rascals, fools and hypocrites. Monthly, 5c a foot, rascals and hypocrites. Monthly, 5c a year. SPECIAL OFFER: Send ten cents (coin) and ten names and get it a year for your trouble. THE FOOL-KILLER, 16 A St. Moravian Falls, N. C.

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A SINCERE MAN.

Dear Sir: May the Lord bless Tom Watson and stay the hand of his enemies and make them to see the error of their ways.

Yours truly, H. C. McGRANE.

EAGLE CAFE

For Ladies and Gentlemen 11 Marietta Street, ATLANTA, GA. GOOD THINGS TO EAT

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Etc., For October, 1915

of The Weekly Jeffersonian, published Weekly at Thomson, Ga., required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Table with 2 columns: NAME OF— and POST-OFFICE ADDRESS. Includes Editor, Managing Editor, Business Manager, and Publisher.

Owners: (If a corporation, give names and addresses of stock holders holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock.)

Table listing owners: Thos. E. Watson, Alice Louise Lytle, J. D. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities:

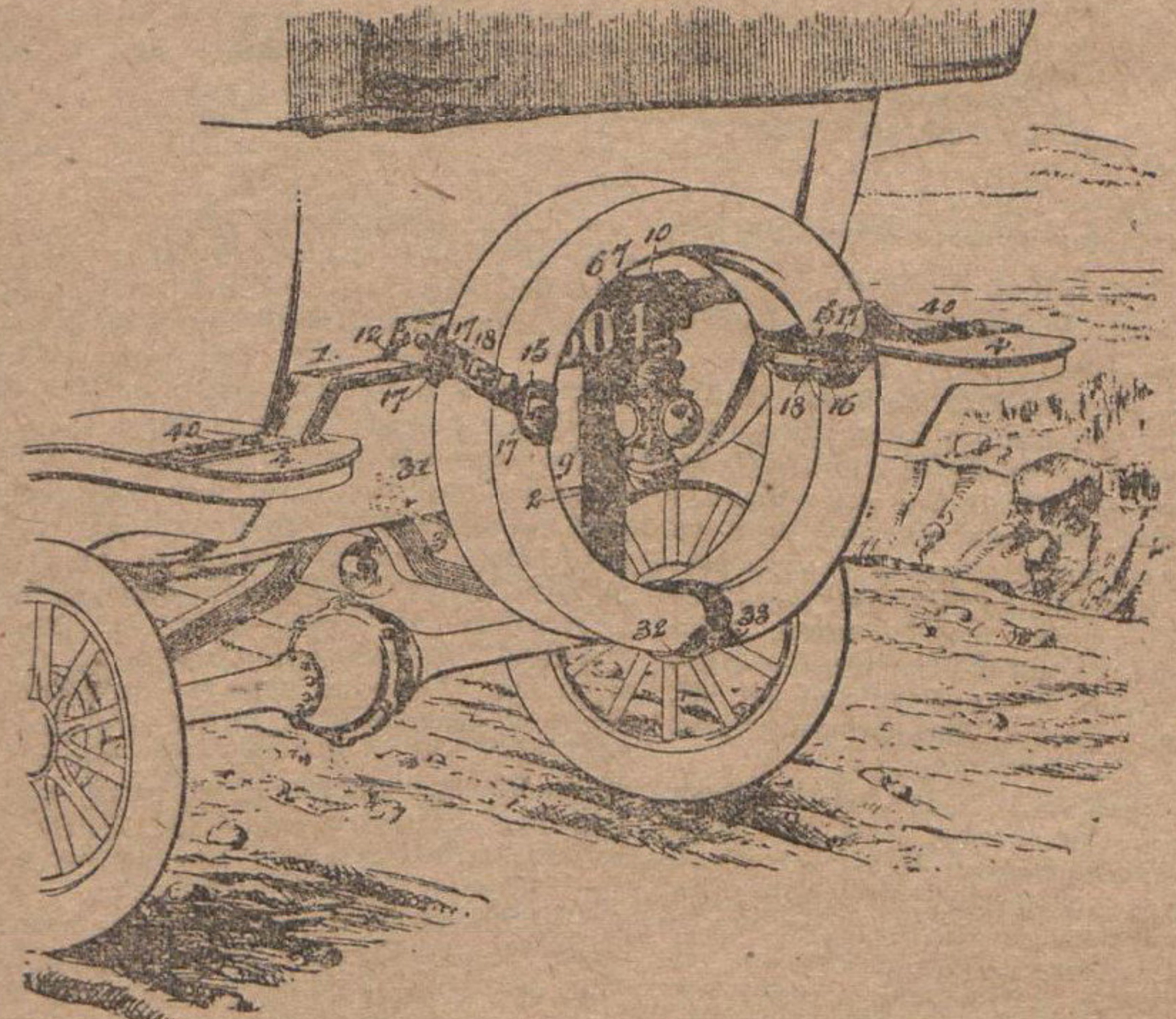
Table listing security holders: Oliver Bassford, Miss Sallie Parrish, Thos. J. Thompson, S. B. Freeman, C. H. Kittrell, with their respective addresses.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September, 1915. C. F. HUNT, Notary Public.

(My commission expires August 5th, 1916.)

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Made of 3-16 by 7-8 inch steel, black enameled, weighs 9 1/2 lbs. Presents a neat appearance, absolutely impossible to lose lamp or tag. Prevents all rattle or shaking to pieces of fenders. Fenders are held as though in a vice, and can be attached in a few minutes. Adapted especially to Ford Cars. License tag is carried just above or on side of lamp, and in ordering state which is desired, also whether for runabout or touring car. Tires can be removed or replaced in 30 seconds. In ordering state whether for a 1914 or 1915 model or runabout.



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## LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

## FROM AN OLD CONFEDERATE.

Dear Sir: I am writing you a few lines to let you know how I appreciate your paper. I am an old soldier who wore the gray. I was a volunteer from Bartow County. I served in the 18th Georgia regiment in 1861. I followed General Lee and Longstreet for about three years. I was with General Lee when he surrendered at Appomattox. General Lee, in my mind, was a model christian gentleman. After the surrender I walked home, found my wife and two little boys, she had cared for while I served in the army.

Now we are old and can't do any more hard work, but we sure do enjoy reading the Jeffersonian. We are glad to say that among all the papers we have read, the Jeffersonian is, in our judgment, the only paper that has given out facts in the Frank case. It has defended our state, her people and our homes. It is waging a great fight and should be read by everyone who wants to acquaint themselves with Rome's influence on our government.

Now to close with, please find money order for fifteen subscribers to the Jeffersonian, whose names and addresses please get correctly. We are looking for you to keep us posted in politics and especially Sally Fannie's Jack.

Yours for the truth,  
W. R. BROCK.

## THE JEWS PLAN A SEPARATE NATION.

Dear Sir: As you seem to be about the only person with sufficient courage to publish anything as to the true character of the greedy Jews, I am sending you a clipping from the Chicago Daily News, under date of August 16, 1915, which is additional proof that the Jews have never amalgamated or have any intention of ever amalgamating with our people or of becoming a part of our government.

The clipping sent reads as follows:

TELLS JEWISH NATION PLAN.  
Pincus Ruttenberg Addresses 1,800;  
Begin Raising Funds Today.

A meeting was to be held in the Morrison hotel today to outline the campaign for obtaining money to hold the American Jewish congress in Washington next October and to launch the movement to renationalize the Jewish people. Speaking before 1,800 men and women who crowded into the West Side Auditorium. Pincus Ruttenberg and Dr. H. Zitlovski related the purpose and plans of the movement.

"We want to care for all the Jews of the United States, the rich and the poor; for all the Jews of Europe and Asia and the other parts of the world," said Mr. Ruttenberg. "We want the Jews to be placed on an equal footing with other people. We want national and political rights in every country where we haven't such rights now.

"We intend to weld the Jews of all countries into a tribe, a union, a nation so powerful that we shall rank with other nations. We don't need to assemble our people in one country to do this; that wouldn't be possible. But we must have the Jews organized; we must have a safe home in Palestine, our historic country, and we must have ambassadors and envoys and ministers."

If every class of immigrant would colonize a nation in this country as the Jews and Romanists do, and as the Germans try to do, what kind of government would we have, if any? It would be tribe against tribe.

Why do the Jews want an organization with its national lead in Palestine and its tail the U. S.? Has not the Jew enjoyed full citizenship in this country? Has the Jew ever been discriminated against politically, financially or otherwise in

America? If so then maybe Congressman Sabath and Judge Sabath are victims..

Also Corporation Sam Insul and Erbstein who seem to have a sort of strangle hold on the city council as well as the courts of Chicago. At least I notice that they get about whatever they go after. A band of outlaws could run rough shod over New York until they made the mistake of killing a Jew, for which five men were executed. It would seem that they too, have some hold on the justice shops of New York. Bank loot Morse of New York is another victim, so is Jacob Shiff and Strauss. So is immune Julius Rosenthal who is alleged to own \$40,000,000 worth of stock in the Sears-Robuck concern and pays taxes on \$150,000.

There are hundreds of other fine specimens of discrimination, too numerous to mention.

In fact the Romanists and Jews have been allowed to rake in about all of the wealth, capture the public offices and corrupt the courts without interference.

And was getting away with it unnoticed until they made themselves so conspicuous in the Leo Frank case.

All honor to men who have courage to uphold the dignity of a sovereign people.

Yours respectfully,  
LEE GREEN.

## THIS JEW COULD NOT SIT WITH A READER OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Dear Sir: I believe you come the nearest knowing everything or something about everything of any man in the world, but then you cannot know everything.

Perhaps you do not know how fast you are gaining territory and how the people are turning to you.

I travel nearly all the time, and you are growing faster than any other man in the South.

I believe your stand in the Frank case has made you a round million friends, who are 100 per cent. for you. People who have been bitterly against you are now for you, and they are from every walk of life.

Not long since I was riding a train out of one of the large cities of Georgia, and the train was crowded and some people were having to stand up. I had a seat all to myself as my friend, who was occupying a part of the seat had gone to the smoker. So here come a Jew to sit with me. I moved over towards the window and he was pulling up his coat and just ready to sit down, when he glanced his eye over at me and saw I was reading the Jeffersonian, and he would not sit with me. I never did see him again.

I hope the Lord will bless you and spare you for many years to come and that you may continue in your work, and I hope that you will live to see accomplished what you have undertaken through your paper to accomplish.

Very truly yours,  
G. B. WILLIAMS.

## A LETTER TO THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL, ATLANTA, GA.

Sir: You will please scratch my name from your subscription list, as I don't care to patronize a paper that can be bought with Jew money, and not defend its own town and state. You will find that my subscription expires July 17, 1916, but can afford to give you that much as this is the last you will ever get out of me. Had much rather have Macon News or Watson's Jeffersonian anyway.

Respectfully,  
W. E. BROWN.  
Sylvester, Ga.

Read Foreign Missions Exposed, by Thos. E. Watson. Beautifully printed. Profusely illustrated. Price 20 cents. The Jeffs, Thomson, Ga.

## SHEATS' STOCK TONIC

IS the medicine for your fattening hogs. It will cleanse their system, make them eat more and fatten quicker. Five to six doses of this wonderful medicine for each hog is all you need. It will positively produce quick results. If hogs fail to eat they fail to fatten. If it will not make a hoggish hog out of your hog in ten days we'll return your money. About  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a pound is all you get for a fifty cent money order delivered anywhere in U. S.

It is all medicine and it does the work, what more do you want? It is an HONEST remedy at a reasonable price, what more can we offer?

SHEATS' STOCK TONIC CO. - Winder, Ga.

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100-ACRE FARM, half mile town of Blue Ridge, Ga. (pop 1 000), county seat Fannin County, on L. & N. R. R.; 65 acres cleared, 40 acres high state of cultivation, 25 of which is bottom land; land watered by springs, well and branches; 4-room frame dwelling; two 2-room tenant houses; barn and other outbuildings; fine fruit growing and health resort section; good neighbors; splendid high school in Blue Ridge; title perfect. Price, \$2,250, with \$1,250 cash, and balance in 1 and 2 years. If you mean business, address

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