

The Jeffersonian

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LEO FRANK SENTENCED AGAIN

IN the January number of Watson's Magazine, which will be out in a few days, there is a careful review of the State's case against Leo Frank. It is too long for our weekly paper, but not too long for the honor of Georgia, the integrity of her courts, and the majesty of her laws.

So persistent have been the falsehoods that have gone abroad, and so unscrupulous the methods adopted to save Frank from the just consequences of his premeditated and awful crime against poor little Mary Phagan, that I considered the time well spent that was required to write out a fair argument on the material facts.

I have not used the negro's evidence at all!

The evidence of Jim Conley is not necessary to the conviction of Frank. This statement will create surprise, no doubt, but why?

Because Frank, and Burns, and the lawyers, and the newspapers, and C. P. Connolly have so often alleged that he was convicted on the

Another Campaign of Big Money Begins: Burns and C. P. Connolly.

testimony of Jim Conley, "a drunken brute of a negro."

That allegation is impudently false, just as was Frank's written and published statement, that the Supreme Court of Georgia had never reviewed the evidence in the case.

If you will simply read the record that went up, on the motion for new trial, and will read Hugh Dorsey's speech, you will see at once how outrageously Frank has misrepresented the relation of Conley's testimony to his conviction.

Dorsey did not rely on the negro's evidence: he scarcely touched upon it, in the argument: he placed the case almost entirely upon those PROVED CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH

ARE INCONSISTENT WITH FRANK'S INNOCENCE.

Don't take my word for this: Dorsey's speech was reported by a stenographer, and has been published in book-let form. Read the speech!

As already stated, it is impossible for me, in this paper, to go over all the proved circumstances which appear in the record: I do that in the Magazine; but I will call your attention to one vital, fatal point against Frank.

You will remember that the undisputed evidence placed both Frank and the negro in the factory building, at the time of the crime. Frank's present story puts both him and the negro there. Mrs. Arthur White's testimony also puts both Frank and Conley there.

Indisputably, *the girl was there*, for her blood-marks were on the floor, and her torn body, with her under-garments dyed in her virginal blood, was there.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT.)

Do the Farmers Need Rural Credits? No! They Need More Taxation!

PROFESSOR WOODROW WILSON surveyed the agricultural landscape, the political scenery, and the æsthetic possibilities, giving them scholarly consideration, before selecting Houston for Commissioner of Agriculture.

The appointment of Houston fell upon mankind with a dull thud. Nobody could recollect when and where he had been heard of before. In fact, he had not been heard of by anybody, so far as can be ascertained.

But the same vigilant eye which discovered Miss Nancy Daniels, and made him Secretary of the Navy, lit upon this obscure Houston and made him the national caretaker of Uncle Reub.

Houston has just published his annual Report. Perhaps it was written by one of the diversified farmers living in Wall Street.

The report reads as though it were written by the same men who wrote the Republican

Money Trust into the Democratic banking system.

Houston's report dovetails into the plans of the Regional Banks, as nicely as though a fancy carpenter had been at work on it.

Houston says, in this report of his, that the farmers do not need any national loans. The farmers are so bold, free, independent

and prosperous, that they need nothing more than private loan associations among themselves. All they have to do, to be happy, is to lend their money to one another. That's what Houston virtually says.

In other words, a number of farmers who haven't got any money, will form themselves into a loan association, and will help each other out, by lending what they haven't got to those who want it.

Houston is a great man, else he never would have thought of that.

But of course his real idea is, *that every farmer who needs to borrow money must kneel to the legalized Money Trust, and beg for it.*

That's the actual meaning of the new Democratic Currency law, *which the Republicans tried in vain to pass.*

The whole scheme of the demi-gods of High Finance is, to enthrone the Money

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Next week being Christmas, there will be no Jeffersonian until the following week.

THE LEO FRANK CASE

is treated in full, and the evidence of circumstances that convict him is argued at length by Mr Watson in the

JANUARY "WATSON'S MAGAZINE."

Send for a copy.

The Associated Press and many dailies and weeklies have apparently been bought up, and they are lying about the case!

The Italian Pope Trying to Destroy the Freedom of the Press

THERE is not a State in this Union whose laws do not punish the publication of libels.

If I publish scandalous falsehoods against any man, or any church, I can be handled for it, under the statutes of my State.

As a sane person, I am supposed to be self-fish enough to avoid unnecessary litigation, expense, mortification and punishment.

Hence, as a mere matter of ordinary prudence, I cannot afford to publish wilful lies on any individual, or any corporation, lay or religious.

But because I publish *the truth* about the most diabolical organization that ever drenched the world with blood and tears, I am not only prosecuted as a common criminal, but the most determined efforts have been made, and are still being made, to ruin my business.

Any so-called religion that will deliberately

start out to destroy your business, and deprive you of a support for your family, is "a religion" *which would kill, both you and your family, IF IT HAD MORE POWER.*

The essential spirit of boycott, is the malignant spirit of murder.

That malevolent spirit comes from the Canon law of popery.

That murderous spirit is in the teachings of the Roman Catholic books on theology.

That spirit does not come from Jesus Christ: it comes from hell.

And whenever Italian popery is supreme, it IS HELL.

Not only did Cardinal Farley's gang in New York boycott our Magazine and drive it off the news stands of the American News Company, but the Knights of Columbus pursued our advertising patrons and drove them off, with the threat to boycott *them.*

After these virtuous Christians had done

that, they boasted of it, in their secretly circulated "Bulletin."

They are now following it up, by using every means in their power to have The Jeffersonians (weekly and monthly) excluded from the mails.

The rabid bigot, Archbishop Blenk, of New Orleans, comes out in the latest issue of his *Morning Star*, and demands that Albert S. Burleson, P. M. G., exclude all anti-Catholic papers.

There's popery for you. They have been crusading against theatrical plays, and dramas which they don't like.

They have captured the film-makers of moving-picture shows.

They have been chasing anti-Catholic books out of the public libraries.

They wouldn't allow The Jeffersonian sold on the street of Washington City.

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LEO FRANK SENTENCED AGAIN.

Another Campaign of Big Money Begins: Burns and C. P. Connolly.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.)

Mrs. White left at about 12:50 o'clock that day. (Memorial Day, April 26.) At 12:35, she saw Frank in his office, and her presence startled him into a nervous "jump"—as she put it.

At the same time, she saw Jim Conley on the lower floor, down stairs.

Where was Mary ravished and choked to death?

On Frank's floor!

When? Before Mrs. White came down from the top floor, above Frank's office.

How do we know that?

Because Frank himself says that "the little girl, whom he afterwards learned, was Mary," had come to his office, at about noon, to get the pay envelope, which he had refused to send by Helen Ferguson, the evening before.

Mary had come to Frank, say at noon, and—according to him—had got her \$1.20, and had gone. *Gone where?*

Necessarily, gone to her terrible death, for she never left the building, and her dead body was found inside of it. She was seen to go up to Frank's office: she was never seen to come down.

Therefore, you have these undisputed and fearfully important details to guide your mind in reaching a conclusion:

Mary disappeared, inside the factory, during the half-hour between noon and, say, 12:35.

She had no work in the building that day. It was a holiday. She came for no other purpose than to get the \$1.20 which Frank had refused to send to her. When she got it—if she did get it—she had nothing more to detain her there. Naturally, she would want to go out on the street to hear the music, watch the Confederate Veterans parade, mingle with friends, &c., just as other young people do on holidays.

But she was never seen to leave the building: her corpse remained there: her blood-marks remained there: her bloody drawers and garter-strap told all too plainly what had happened to her, in the building, before the coldly cruel murderer put the cord around her neck and choked her life out.

Frank's statement, to the Jury coincided with Mrs. White's evidence, to the extent that he, Frank, and the negro Conley, were the men on the lower floors who were there at the time of the crime.

Why did it not occur to Frank, at first, that, if he didn't do it, Jim Conley did?

The very moment that Mary's body was found in the factory, with physical evidences that she had been raped and killed, in the factory, Leo Frank should have said, and would have said—had he been innocent—"Conley was there, and Conley did the deed, because I know that I did not do it, and Conley was THE ONLY OTHER MAN WHO HAD THE CHANCE TO DO IT!"

Wouldn't you have said that, at first, had you been the other man at the scene of that fiendish crime?

Would you have tried to throw police off the scent, by hinting that Newt Lee did the deed?

Newt Lee was the negro night-watchman. He came at four o'clock, in the afternoon, that day, and wanted to enter, and go to sleep, but Frank would not allow it. *Why not?*

Frank was summoned to the factory before day on the Sunday morning: the body of Mary had been found in the factory, by Lee. It presented the appearance of having been lifeless for many hours.

Did Frank's mind go back to Jim Conley?

No.

All day Monday there were conferences, guesses, theories, examinations, eager hunting for clues to the mystery. *Did Frank suggest that the guilty man might be Jim Conley, "the drunken negro brute?"* NO!

Not once did Frank suggest a single thing against his confidential man, Jim!

Not a suspicious look or word of Frank's fell upon this "drunken brute of a negro."

Yet Conley was the only other man who was there at the scene and at the time of the crime.

Conley was the only other man who could have committed the crime.

Why did the brain of this Cornell graduate, Frank—and he is a mighty keen, smart man—why did his busy brain hint suspicions of Newt Lee, and have Newt's house searched?

Why did Frank's working, seething, harassed brain hint suspicions of Gantt, the man who went into the building after his old shoes?

Why was this cunning, seething, distracted brain catching at such straws as Lee and Gantt?

Why didn't that active, agitated, resourceful brain SUGGEST CONLEY?

Why did Frank do everything else, except that?

Why did he studiously overlook the only other man than himself who was there at the time of the crime?

There is only one answer—

Frank couldn't name Conley, without implicating himself!

All the Big Money on earth can't hire a lawyer who can meet that point.

Let them try it!

Even the noisy charlatan, William J. Burns, saw the fatal weakness of the attempt to lay the crime entirely on the negro, when the victim was a white girl, and the white man, Frank, was proved to be within a few steps of where she was ravished and murdered.

Therefore, the roaring ass, Burns, proclaimed the theory that the guilty man had never been suspected, never been arrested, and was still "at large."

Burns said that he had this miscreant in his eye, and that he, Burns, would lay his hands on that man, when he, Burns, got ready.

Burns never got ready. The guilty man who was "at large," got more so; and he finally vanished from earth, to take up his abode with the man in the moon.

Then this boisterous jackass, Burns, had to brass-band his way back down to Georgia, and enter upon his infamous campaign to perjure Monteen Stover, and to buy a Baptist preacher and a deacon.

For what?

TO PUT THE CRIME UPON THE NEGRO.

Ragsdale and Barber were hired to swear that they heard Conley proclaim his guilt in the alley; and the great Luther Rosser actually lost his great mind, so far as to draw up that absurd affidavit.

Why was the desperate effort made to buy off, or scare off the white girl, Monteen Stover? *Why was Rabbi Marx sent to plead with her? Why did Burns entrap her into Samuel Boorstein's office? WHY DID THEY TRY TO FORCIBLY HOLD HER THERE?*

Because Monteen flatly contradicted Frank, as to his being in his office, at the very time that Mary was assaulted and killed.

Frank had told his own detective, Harry Scott, in the hearing of John Black, he had been in his office, continually, from noon Saturday to 12:35 and 12:50.

When Frank committed himself to that story, he did not know that Monteen Stover had gone to his office, DURING THAT FATEFUL HALF-HOUR, and found the office vacant!

He did not then know the terrible importance of his positive statement.

Frank wasn't there: yet he had positively said that he was there. He had repeatedly declared that he was in his office, at that time.

What follows? *Frank is unaccounted for at the very time of the crime!*

No wonder Frank's lawyers and detectives and Rabbi made such extraordinary, unprecedented, and most improper efforts to induce Monteen Stover to change her fatal testimony.

The great strain in Frank's statement to the jury was, to account for himself at the time when Monteen said he was not in his office.

He knew the jury would not believe him, if he contradicted his own detective, Harry Scott.

He knew the jury would not believe him, if he contradicted Monteen.

Neither Scott nor Monteen had any motive to swear away his life, while he was powerfully moved to save it.

So he had to trim: he said that he might, unconsciously, have gone to the toilet, during that fatal half-hour.

Thus he would not necessarily contradict either Monteen, or Scott. He would be absent, as Monteen swore; but present, as Scott swore; for, if absent, he was unconscious of it!

A call of nature might have carried him to water-closet.

Ah, he knew the vast importance of accounting for himself, at that time, when he was in his office, to Scott, and out of his office, to Monteen.

And, as a criminal generally does, HE CAUGHT HIMSELF.

In his dire need of an explanation, Frank sends himself to the water-closet.

That is where the note sends Mary Phagan!

In one of the notes found near the corpse, Mary is made to say that she went to the toilet to make water; and that the "tall, slim, black negro, by his self-did it," and that she wrote the notes while "the negro play with me."

This toilet, the one that Mary would have used, was on Frank's office floor, on the way leading to the metal room where Mary worked.

If Mary came to Frank's office that day to get her money, as Frank says she did; and if she then went toward either the toilet or the metal room, Frank was the only person who could have known it, because Jim Conley was down-stairs, on the floor below, and Mrs. White and the men were upstairs, on the top floor.

Therefore, it was Frank alone, who knew which way Mary went after leaving his office.

Frank and the girl were alone on that floor, and here was his opportunity to again try her.

Here was the opportunity which he had evidently planned for, the evening before, when he refused to send her pay-envelope, although he had previously allowed Helen Ferguson to take it to her.

Here was the opportunity! Away up on the top floor were Mrs. White and several white men, who were probably eating their lunches. Below was old Jim Conley who had been the confidante of his amours and his Sodomite practices.

Here was the opportunity!

Here was the lascivious pervert whose vile habits were sworn to by about twenty white girls that had worked under him, in that place; the pervert who had been so shameless as to cohabit in the factory in broad day-time with Miss Carson, and who had had the unspeakable abominable woman, Daisy Hopkins, brought to the place in the day time, for the unnatural lust.

Here was the opportunity to force the girl that he had been in pursuit of for two months—a girl who had worked under him a year and whom he says he did not know.

Take Frank's own statement to the jury, and

you will realize that he was the only human being who could have known what became of Mary, after she arrived at his office. If she went towards the toilet, he alone knew it. If she went to the metal room, he alone knew it.

And Jim Conley could not have come up to that floor, and assaulted the girl, and killed her, without Frank's knowing it.

You will believe Monteen Stover when she swears that she went to Frank's office at that time, and he was not there.

You will believe Harry Scott, when he swears that Frank positively stated he was in the office at that time.

You will therefore understand why Frank endeavored to convince the jury that he was unconsciously absent from the office, *answering a call of nature*.

The notes make Mary say, *as she was dying*, that she had gone to the toilet, to answer a call of nature. Isn't it a marvellous thing, that *the same explanation* should be given for both the criminal and his victim?

In whose mind was that similarity of thought most likely to run? Did Jim's mind run on water-closets, too? The toilet explains why Mary was found where she died, and the toilet explains away Monteen's evidence and the falsehood which Frank told Scott!

But, enough: the facts are reasoned on at length in the Magazine, and I need not repeat.

The most insidious, sinister and powerful pressure will be brought to bear upon the Pardon Board, and upon the Governor, *to prevent the law from taking its course*, and to give another depressing instance of "the difference, 'twixt the Rich and the Poor."

It is fair and proper to assume that our State officials will do their duty, "without fear, favor, affection, reward, or the hope thereof."

Collier's has taken it upon itself to announce that Leo Frank will *not* be executed.

Therefore, *Collier's* has been guilty of the grave indiscretion of forestalling the action of the Georgia Pardon Board, and the Georgia governor.

Collier's declares that it will publish a series of articles on the case. Will they be similar to Connolly's rigmroles in the *Baltimore Sun*? Will they repeat the one-sided statements of the *Times* and the *World*? Burns seems to have won the confidence of Mr. Connolly, and Mr. Connolly's articles sound loudly of William J. Burns.

These newspaper articles of *the propaganda of Big Money against the Law*, are all based on Leo Frank's *ex-parte* statement, which he dared not submit to the test of a cross-examination.

Not one of these newspaper articles deals with the undisputed facts which form the chain of circumstantial evidence, solidifying the work of the direct testimony.

These intensely partisan articles are predicated upon the alleged fact, that some men on the streets of Atlanta said, "Hang the d—n Jew!" and upon the baseless assumption that the jury heard these cries, and were controlled by them.

Not once have these hirelings for the defence argued the actual, proved, material, controlling facts that compelled the verdict.

What do rich Jews care for Jews who are poor?

What do the Rothschilds and Belmonts care for the suffering Hebrews of Poland, of Austria, of Chicago, of the East Side in New York?

Suppose Leo Frank had been a moneyless Hebrew immigrant, recently arrived from Lithuania, and peddling about from house to house to get a few dollars for the wife and child he left behind in the war-zone, *would the wealthy Jews*, of Athens, Atlanta, Baltimore, Brooklyn, Philadelphia and New York be spending half-a-million dollars to save him

from the legal consequences of premeditated and horrible crime?

Or suppose Mary Phagan had been Jacob Schiff's daughter, or Belmont's daughter, or Pulitzer's daughter, or Och's daughter, or Collier's daughter, would Leo Frank be the subject of a propaganda of libellous misrepresentations of the people of Georgia?

It hasn't been so long ago, since *Collier's* published the slander on Southern white women, in which the editor alleged that *the white women accused negro men of rape, TO HIDE THE SHAME OF CONSENT!*

Having championed the negro rapist against the Southern white woman, let *Collier's* now demonstrate what it can do for an abnormal Sodomite, who comes as near *carrying it on his face*, as any lascivious degenerate ever did.

No innocent white man ever feared to face a guilty negro, *but Frank refused to face Conley before witnesses*. In guilty terror, Frank shrunk from a conversation in which old Jim Conley might remind him of details known only to those two, and to which Frank might not be able to extemporise a denial, or an explanation.

No innocent man would have gone to the Morgue *twice*, and, when there, been utterly unable to look upon the dead girl's face. Frank shudderingly shrunk away from the corpse, just as he shrunk from mentioning her name, in his newspaper articles, *until after* The Jeffersonian had called attention to the psychological significance of the omission.

Then, in his set speech before Judge Hill, he not only parades her name, but parades his delayed sympathy for her parents!

William J. Burns knows that he has discredited himself, and he is now using C. P. Connolly as his megaphone. C. P. Connolly is flooding the country with literature, finely gotten up on glossy paper, and illustrated by a cut of the horribly sensual face of Leo Frank.

The purpose is to divide public opinion, create mawkish sentiment, and manufacture a sympathy which will influence the authorities. The most outrageous misrepresentations about the Atlanta "mob," and the Atlanta military, and the terrorizing of the jury, are being recklessly circulated, to save as guilty a man as was ever arraigned, and to besmirch a State whose laws, juries and judges are notoriously inclined to the utmost verge of leniency.

There is no Big Money to push the case against Leo Frank. There were honest Atlanta policemen, an honest Pinkerton detective, some white girls and white men who could neither be bullied nor bought; twelve honest jurors in the box and a just judge on the bench; an able, fearless and energetic Solicitor-General as the State's representative; and a chain of proved facts and circumstances, which apart from negro evidence, excluded every other reasonable hypothesis, save that of the defendant's guilt.

Leo Frank and Mary Phagan, the pursuer and the pursued, the hawk and the dove, the wolf and the lamb—there they are. The bones of the little Georgia girl are mouldering in the ground, and Leo Frank poses for another photograph and composes another statement, and his rich, powerful champions declare defiantly that he will not be punished!

May the Almighty source of Justice and of power, give to the Governor of Georgia the strength to withstand all blandishments, all influences, all mawkish appeals, and *to stand firm, BY THE LAW, and do his duty*, as the jurors and the judges have done theirs.

Read "Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson," by Thos. E. Watson. The work is indispensable to all those who want to know the whole truth about Jefferson, and about the Great Men and the Great Events of that period of our history. Illustrated. Paper cover, \$1.00. The Jeffersonian Publishing Co., Thomson, Ga.

The Papisists Are Getting Sore on This Point.

IN my earnest endeavors to bring our Catholic friends to a proper understanding of Popery, I have stressed the point that the system of Roman Catholicism, as it now exists, *is a local, Italian affair!*

The attention of the patriotic American Catholic has been called to the fact that the Pope is an absolute foreign monarch, elected in secret by less than 75 Cardinals, most of whom are Italians, and all of whom are appointed by the Pope.

Thus a complete Italian ring is formed, and kept in power.

The Italian Pope appoints a majority of Italian Cardinals, and this majority of Italian Cardinals choose an Italian Pope. *Every time!*

They have been doing that, for 400 years. Hence, the Roman Catholic system is a monarchy, in which the people have no voice, no vote, no control.

The Catholic people pay, and obey: that's what the Catholic *people* do.

The Pope and the Cardinals appoint one another, and issue orders to the people, and live luxuriously at the expense of the people, swapping "blessings" for ducats.

The Catholic people give the ducats and get the blessings: the Pope and the priests give the blessings and get the ducats.

We have a good deal of that sort of thing among us Protestants, but we *do* enjoy the privilege of selecting our own pastors, reading our own Bibles, thinking our own thoughts, and taking a free fling with the English language.

Besides, we don't have to buy anybody's soul out of an imaginary Purgatory, nor pay for wax candles, beads, crosses, images, masses, baptisms, burials, christenings, and indulgences.

Moreover, we don't have to kiss anybody's foot, nor believe that a priest can change a bottle of Maderia wine into the blood of a God.

But as I was saying, the Roman Catholic people are getting sore on this idea that they are governed from Italy, by a set of Secret Societies, over which an Italian *always* rules.

The Catholic laymen are writing to Catholic editors for information on that subject.

For example, here are a question and answer that are found in the latest issue of Daddy Noll's Sunday Visitor:

Question: Has an Englishman or German ever been Pope?

Answer: Pope Adrian IV. was an Englishman. Adrian VI was a German. Most of the popes have been Italians, but it is not necessary that the pope be an Italian.

Yes, that is true, but how long has it been since an Englishman was Pope?

It has been more than 850 years!

Nickolas Brakespeare was born in England, but he had become an Italian by residence and had lost all personal identity with his native land.

He had so long been a Cardinal *in Italy*, that the Italian priests considered him one of themselves.

As to Adrian VI. he was born in Germany, but early went to Spain, where he became the tutor of the Spanish King. He was promoted in the Spanish priesthood, until he was next under Cardinal Ximenes, the ferocious persecutor.

Adrian was appointed Regent of Castile, and was made Pope at the dictation of Spanish royalty, in the person of the Emperor Charles V.

So angry were the Italian priests at this election that they raised disturbances in Rome, and the Cardinals were hooted and hissed in the streets.

There has not been a "foreign" Pope since.