

The Jeffersonian

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The Frank Case; the Great Detective; and the Frantic Efforts of Big Money to Protect Crime

WILLIAM J. BURNS is the Great Detective. Not a great detective, but *The* detective. He says so himself. After being amusedly followed his motions and actions during the last few weeks, my candid opinion is, that Burns could not "sleuth" a cow, unless she had a bell on her neck, and a red lantern hitched to her tail. Burns made a sudden reputation in the minute cases of the Structural Steel work, and it is an open secret how he got his information. Immediately after he sprang to prominence, he advertised himself with vigorous energy, wrote his own triumphs in the papers and magazines, followed it up on the lecture platform, spoke of himself in a boisterous approval, to sadly disappointed and dwindling audiences; and never talking about his own wonderful genius, after his Jacksonville, Florida, experience where nobody came to hear him. Literally nobody was there, excepting the Commission on arrangements, and the man who was on the gas. Perhaps, I should say, the men who turn on the gas, Burns being one of the two.

WHY HAVE WE GONE TO WAR WITH MEXICO?

WHEN the Democratic party captured the Government in 1912, there were millions of honest people who believed that a new era of peace and prosperity had set in. A majority of our civilian citizens had tired of the extravagance of Presidents Roosevelt and Taft; had lost all patience with the belligerent militarism which seemed bent on Germanizing the United States; had been so ashamed of the bullying attitude we often taken with weak nations too feeble to fight us. Besides, we were sick unto death of the needless advance of Centralism and Special Privilege, the vesting of all power in the Federal Government, and the legislating of it into the maws of the governing machine. Therefore, the people turned away from the exploiting Republicans, and pinned their faith to the Democrats. But, with indecent haste and cynicism, the Democratic leaders threw off the mask, and to serve Special Privilege. The Master had discharged one servant, and employed another: that was all. Special Privilege at once used its new Money bill, which had not been heard of during the campaign, took a position of prominence, and demanded immediate attention.

has had valiant help in separating the Lord's chosen people from their coin.

There were Haas, Haas, and Haas; there were Cohen and Goldstein and Gray of the *Atlanta Journal*; there was the Benjamin of the firm of Rosser, Slaton, Phillips, *et al.*; there were the Einsteins and Waxelbaums, of various industries; there was Adolph Ochs, of the *New York Times*; there were the Pulitzer brothers, of the *New York World*; and Oh there was William Randolph Hearst.

What more could any Great Detective want?

* * * * *

Burns came—with a great noise: Burns saw—with a deafening roar: Burns conquered—slaying a thousand or more Philistines with the destructive weapon that Samson used ages ago.

Upon my word, I never knew a blundering booby to make such a mess as Burns has served up to a wondering world.

Luther Rosser must have lost his head, to

allow that brassy foghorn to blow so much about what he was going to do, what he could do, what he was actually doing, and what he had done, during all these weeks in which Burns has been lengthening the legs of wealthy descendants of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

As to poor Reuben Arnold, he hasn't had any sense in four years; and Benjamin Phillips' loss of mind dates back to the day that he and Jack Slaton went into a partnership with Rosser's partnership.

Were we not told, morning after morning, that Burns had gone to New York to look at Frank's case from another "angle"? Did he not go to Philadelphia to look at it from *that* "angle"? Did he not meander to various other distant cities, to view the case from those "angles"?

And didn't Burns say that the guilty man was at large? That the murderer had never been arrested? That Burns knew him, and knew where to get him at the proper time?

What a sickening disappointment it must have been, when intelligent Jews, hoodwinked and bled by Burns, had to realize that all of the man's blatant assurances had been nothing in the world but impudent bluff!

After going all round the circle, HE COMES RIGHT BACK TO THE PLACE WHERE THE STATE RESTED ITS CASE—to Conley and Frank.

What becomes of that murderer who had

(CONTINUED ON PAGE NINE.)

IN CLUBS OF TEN ONLY,
With cash accompanying the order, can The Weekly Jeffersonian or Watson's Magazine, be offered at the rate of fifty cents for a year. Where lists containing less than ten names, are sent, the subscriptions will be entered only for six months. There can be no deviation from this rule.

It was the Aldrich bill, enlarged and strengthened, automatically renewing the expiring charters of the National banks, perpetuating as national currency the \$750,000,000 of national bank due bills; releasing the favored Money Trust from the future necessity of buying Government bonds, and empowering it to monetise the rotten stocks and bonds of every corporation that might secure "a pull" at a Regional bank.

To the plain people, there was absolutely no relief, nor prospect thereof, in this monstrosity of class legislation.

To the favored bankers, there was the legalizing and the perpetuation of their sovereign power to control loans, control enterprise, control credit, control markets, and to control the law-makers of the mightiest empire the world ever saw.

In their interest, the Government made a perpetual surrender of its sovereign power to create and control the currency of the Republic.

To the toilers who produce the wealth, there is presented a colossal machinery which no individual can oppose, and which will inevitably shear the surplus fleece from every flock in America.

Against that resistless financial monopoly, the individual merchant, mechanic, professional man and farmer is as helpless, as a lamb led to the shambles.

Without knuckling to that new banking system, no private business can hope to live, if it ever needs borrowed capitol.

This diabolical law has created the deepest amazement and discontent, and THE DEMOCRATIC LEADERS KNOW IT.

Again, there is the Tariff fraud that has been put upon a betrayed people.

Mr. Taft had vetoed a number of tariff measures which would have been of vast benefit to the consumers of Trust-made goods. The Democrats denounced these vetoes in a tempest of condemnation.

The people echoed this criticism, and voted Taft out, believing of course, that the Democrats, if put in power, would re-enact those measures.

On the contrary, the Democrats dropped the bills that Taft vetoed, and framed another measure which has not reduced the cost of living, has not lessened the ungodly profits of the Trusts, has not diminished the enormous army of the unemployed, the homeless, the hungry, and the desperate.

That they have been buncoed on this question of Tariff reform, all the Democratic masses feel; AND THE DEMOCRATIC LEADERS KNOW IT.

Then comes the matter of free tolls on the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT.)

Opinions of the People at Large, Regarding the Frank Case

CITIZENS OF SOCIAL CIRCLE, WRITE TO THE JOURNAL.

Social Circle, Ga., April 25, 1914.
 DEAR SIR: I hand you here with a copy of a letter which the subscribers of the "Journal" at this place have signed and mailed to the "Journal" and the request that they publish same in their next regular daily and semi-weekly editions.
 We will thank you to publish the enclosed letter with all the names. Thanking you in advance and with kindest regards, I am,
 Very truly,
 W. L. HUFF.

Copies with request to publish furnished the Constitution and Georgian, Atlanta, Ga.
 Social Circle, Ga., April 25, 1914.
 Jas. R. Gray, Editor,
 Atlanta Journal, Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sir: We, the undersigned citizens of Social Circle and subscribers of your paper, respectfully ask you to publish the news and court proceedings in reference to the Frank case. We have noticed for several days that you have published the news in Frank's favor, the opinions of the noted fake, Wm. J. Burns, as well as cards from Leo Frank. By all means when you publish a sketch on the first page of your paper and refer to a continuation of same on another page, please do not omit the continuation. We regret that you have adopted the plan of publicity on one side and suppression of the other. We desire to assure you that we care nothing for your opinions and the opinions of Wm. J. Burns in reference to the case, but as we have paid you for your paper, we believe that we are entitled to the news.
 Very truly,
 H. L. Conner, C. E. Almand, J. F. Wiley, C. W. Butler, J. P. Upshaw, E. M. Herndon, L. A. Malcolm, J. L. Newton, A. Ernest, C. M. Haralson, W. P. Taylor, H. H. Herndon, L. L. Tucker, Sr., C. N. Roberts, G. L. Hurst, R. E. Stacy, R. L. Paine, P. Stanton, W. D. Spearman, M. D., Matthew Williams, W. T. Crawley, J. N. B. Spence, M. D., H. E. Dunaway, C. W. Miller, J. M. Hurst, H. T. Beavers, W. T. Patrick, A. E. Pahl, W. H. Wiley, T. M. Wofford, H. P. Spence, C. T. Wiley, W. L. Lane, C. H. Hackett, W. C. Stanton, T. H. Sawyer, C. A. Crowley, E. S. Herndon, G. M. Duval, O. N. Stanton, O. R. Lindsey, W. F. Young, H. L. Rowe, B. A. Clegg, J. B. Avery, T. D. Stanton, J. W. Hanson, W. B. Spearman, J. J. Campbell, J. M. Langford, C. A. Banks, J. P. Freeman, J. B. H. Day, M. D., P. B. Knox, L. Shepherd, J. L. Williams, J. D. McDowell, W. D. Bailey, W. L. Wallace, G. W. Yarborough, J. H. Reeves, C. W. Williams, C. R. Phillips, B. Davis, W. D. Dolvin, J. M. Riley, T. H. Adams, R. B. Garrison, G. Doster, E. G. Mathis, Jas. A. Mobley, W. B. Fitzpatrick, R. D. Camp, W. H. Lloyd, Perry Hilliard, M. M. Chamblee, Albert C. Cheek, A. L. Fry, O. S. Haralson, J. O. Hollis, W. M. Langston, C. W. Beeland, J. W. Lang, E. L. Almand, W. L. Parker.

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DOESN'T THINK MUCH OF BOASTFUL BURNS.

My Dear Mr. Watson: I want to thank and compliment you again on your logical explanation of the Frank case in your last issue of The Jeffersonian. I will say I thought you fully explained the case in your editorial of March 19th, but my, my, in your issue of April the 9th. I am by you as I was by old Dr. Calhoun, it looks as though God should let such men live always for the good they are doing the poor and the

country in general. May He spare your life for years and years to come so we, the blind, may be able to see. If Detective Burns will read your version of himself he can get an idea of what the majority of the people think of him in connection with the Frank case. The paper boys in Atlanta this morning would just hold up a paper and hollow Jeff, the people on the streets would almost run over each other for fear it was the last copy the boy had. Long live The Jeffersonian.
 Sincerely yours,
 Georgia. READER.

BUILDING UP IN ATLANTA.

Dear Sir: Being so favorably impressed with your heroic defense of true Americanism and your fearless fight against the Roman Catholic church and your ringing criticism of the methods being used in the interest of Leo Frank, we have fallen in love with the matchless Watson, and have set out to contribute our mite in the cause he espouses in the way of doing a little missionary work by sending in a few subscriptions to your valuable papers.
 You will therefore, please find enclosed the sum of \$6.50 for which I will ask you to cause to be enrolled on your subscription list the names of the citizens of our city on the accompanying sheet.
 Wishing you every success you so richly deserve and with my hearty best wishes,
 I am yours truly,
 Atlanta, Ga. FREE PRESS.

THE FRANK CASE, AS THE AVERAGE HONEST MAN SEES IT.

Dear Sir: Enclosed find check for \$18.50 to cover subscription list which I also enclose. I endorse ever line of your editorial of the 9th inst, with reference to the Leo Frank case. I know it is the ablest document that I have ever read. It will do an immense amount of good and make you thousands of friends. How strange it is that there are preachers in Atlanta that are anxious to have the verdict of the jury that tried this red handed murderer set aside, also, to ignore the decision of the Supreme Court of Georgia. These preachers are sowing seed which will bring a harvest of mob law in this State. Ninety-five per cent of the people in this section are satisfied that Leo Frank murdered little Mary Phagan. If Jim Conley had not got full of bust-head liquor he would have gone back to the pencil factory and helped Frank burn the body of little Mary Phagan. If Frank and Conley had carried out their devilish plot, no one would have ever known what became of that poor girl. Her dear mother would be wondering where is my precious girl tonight. Every day and every hour that dear mother would be hoping and expecting some word from her dear child. But Jim Conley getting too drunk to go back and help Frank burn little Mary's body has obliterated all hope that dear mother would have had of seeing her dear child again in this life. Liquor, liquor! Man's worst enemy and the Devil's best friend, has proved a blessing in this case. It will be the cause of justice being meted out to one of the most villainous murderers that ever walked the streets of Atlanta. Thousands and tens of thousands of dollars have been and is still being spent, no doubt, in buying newspapers, false witnesses and the alwise W. J. Burns, in order to shift the crime of Leo Frank on Jim Conley. Keep turning on the light Mr. Watson, you are doing more good than any hundred men in Georgia. Your great work is not appreciated as it ought to be, but it will be appreciated in coming years. Maybe after you have gone to your reward. You are advocating a righteous cause

and I am glad of this scripture, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven, for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you."
 Your friend,
 Georgia. C. L. BUTLER.

"THE FRANK ARTICLES WERE IN DEFENSE OF LAW."

Dear Sir: Enclosed find my check for \$1.85 in payment of one years subscription to Watson's Magazine and the Weekly Jeffersonian. When ever my subscription expires just make sight draft on me for amount, I do not wish to miss any publication.
 Your article on the Frank case in defense of our lower and highest courts in the execution of justice regardless of the standing of social and money influence of the criminal, will be applauded by the true and the brave of the Southland.

All this delay and bullragging is only trying to change the rightful indignation of the public, as this is their only hope for a further consideration for Frank, and they would sell their birthright rather than suffer the defeat that the youthful Dorsey has put over them.

Burns had his man on the case before Frank was tried. The people are on to Burns' flim flam game.

The beautiful little Phagan girl, as expressed by the Jews, "she was only a factory girl," was not that by choice, and I deplore the conditions of our girls who have to accept such places under the dictates of a Jew boss, and for the paltry sum of \$4.00 or \$5.00 a week.

The good people all over this land were beginning to think that money would overrule justice in the end—as there was a lull, a hush, a silence as they wondered could it be possible.

But the champion for the cause of justice and peoples' rights, at the

opportune time has spoken through the columns of the Jeffersonian and our people see behind it the importance of the demand that justice be done. I beg to subscribe myself sincerely your friend.
 Ga. DR. R. F. INGRAM.

THE FRANK CASE: A MUCH NEEDED LAW.

Dear Sir: Everybody is incensed that the State of Georgia allowed Detective Burns for a money consideration, to come to Georgia and tamper with witnesses. Allow me to suggest that you advocate a law being passed making it an offense to do this in the future, and also an offense for a witness to change his testimony after he has been discharged. Everybody knows that money will save Frank's neck, and no rich man will ever be convicted in Georgia again.

Yours truly,
 Ga. SAML. LENNYSTON.

MORE APPRECIATED COMMENTATION.

Dear Sir: My hat is off to you for the exposition and criticism in the Leo Frank murder case, as I read it in the Macon Daily News.
 Yours truly,
 Ga. W. W. ANDERSON.

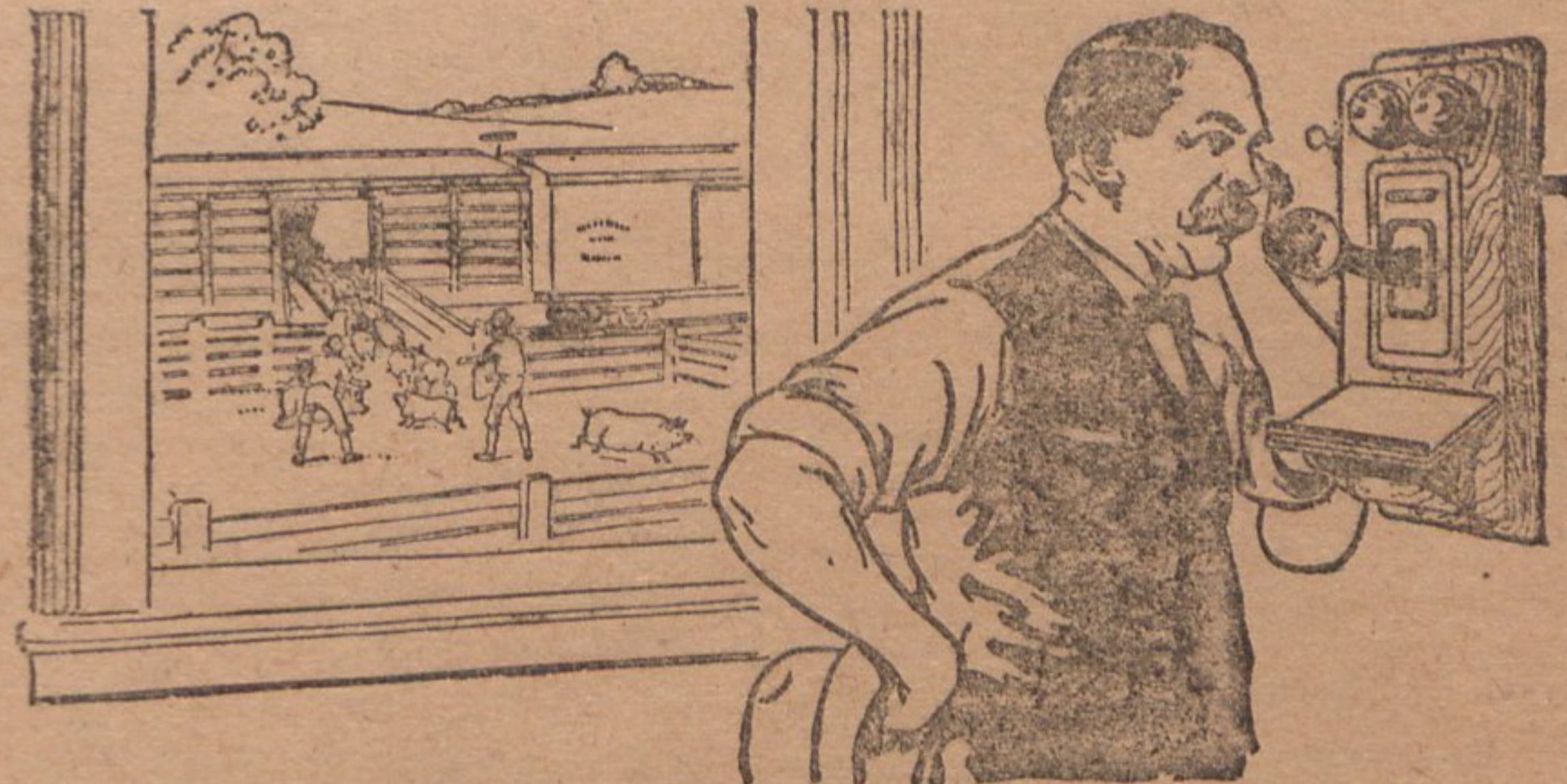
SECURED LIST IN SHORT TIME.

Dear Sir: Below I hand you a list of subscriptions for the Jeffersonian, which I secured in a short time, making my second club in the last few days. After reading this week's issue on the Frank case, I felt that I owed it to you, and I would like to have every loyal citizen of our fair State read it.

I may have to send another club next week if I find another article so much in accord with my views on this subject.

Sincerely yours,
 Ga. D. P. CLEVELAND.

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



Sold Hogs by Telephone

A South Carolina farmer had a large number of hogs which were ready to kill. The weather was so warm that killing was out of the question.

He went to his telephone, called a dealer in Columbia over Long Distance and sold his hogs at a good price. He then called the local freight office and arranged for shipment.

The telephone is now a necessity on the farm. You can have one on your farm at small cost.

See the nearest Bell Telephone Manager or send a postal for our free booklet.

FARMERS' LINE DEPARTMENT

SOUTHERN BELL TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

114 S. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.



When writing to advertisers, please mention The Jeffersonian.

The Frank Case; the Great Detective; and the Frantic Efforts of Big Money to Protect Crime

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.)

never been arrested? What becomes of all those "most gratifying" discoveries in New York, in Philadelphia, and in other Northern cities?

Were those "most gratifying" discoveries merely a location of a few more of the children of Israel who were willing to invest confidence and cash in William J. Burns?

It would seem so.

Readers of this paper will remember that my first article was not written until after the Atlanta Journal's infamous and illegal assault upon our people and our courts.

The Journal denounced the Supreme Court, and Judges L. S. Roan and Benjamin H. Hill as being accomplices in judicial murder.

The case was then pending, the sentence not having been carried out, and notice of an Extraordinary Motion having been given.

If Judge Ben Hill had immediately ordered the arrest of John Cohen, Louie Goldstein and James R. Gray, of the Journal, he would in my judgment, have done exactly right.

The direct tendency of such an editorial was to bring odium upon the courts, block the orderly processes of the law, and to excite a popular outbreak. Infinitely more contemptuous, seditious, and dangerous was this editorial in the Journal, than was the comparatively harmless "card" in the Constitution for which Judges Hill, Russell and Pot- tle fined Judge A. W. Fife \$500.

It was not until after the Journal's inflammatory and incendiary editorial, that I wrote a line about the case. But it had become evident that all the papers in Atlanta were muzzles, and that none of them would defend the good name of the State, nor the integrity of the judiciary from the base attack of the Journal; and it did seem to me that somebody who knew the law and who had had experience in weighing evidence should speak out against the well-laid plans of Big Money to save one of the vilest of criminals from the just punishment of the Law.

If it has come to pass in this State, that a man of the employing class, buttressed by Big Money, can trample upon the poor, and the children of the poor—in devilish defiance of law, human and divine—then we are but a step short of revolution. God knows, I would deplore such a dire calamity; but if the Atlanta papers, and such lawless "detectives" as Burns, can work in successful collusion with the unscrupulous lawyers, and the Capitalists who boast that Big Money can buy anything, THEN WE ARE DREADFULLY CLOSE TO A POPULAR REVOLT!

Woe to those who provoke it.

In that first editorial, you will remember my position, that the only question in the case was,

The extent to which the two men, Frank and Conley, had co-operated in the commission of the terrible crime on little Mary Phagan.

That they were both implicated, no trained lawyer could doubt. That they acted together, was legally clear: the only possible debate was over the part which each took.

Was it reasonable to suppose that the employer of the negro followed his lead in the crime? Or was it the more reasonable to suppose that the negro servant followed the lead of his white master?

Put that to your common sense, and the answer is prompt: the white employer led the way, and the black employee followed.

Can any rational human being believe that the negro could have done that foul deed, with the white man present in the building, and not knowing it?

Did screams which pierced the walls and rose above the roar of the street outside, fail to reach the ears of Frank, on the inside?

It is absurd to think so. It is equally absurd to think that this negro committed the crimes on the white girl, by himself, when he knew that the white man was in the house.

Was it the negro who had shown a prurient curiosity to watch the factory girls in their dressing room? Was it the negro who had scared the little white girl by smiling at her, trying to attract her, and putting his hands on her, until she had decided to save herself by quitting that dangerous employer? Did the negro even know the girl was there, that fatal day, for the last time? Did he know she meant to quit, to flee the lustful desire of the moral pervert?

Burns has been haunted all along, by the idea that Frank is most evidently a degenerate. The word "pervert" has worried Burns. Evidently, his six doctors did not convince him, and he gets a criminal negro woman to say that Conley is a pervert.

Now, let me tell you a fact which all men who were raised on a plantation with negroes will substantiate. Negro men will commit bestiality, but they never commit sodomy, unless they are chained up in convict camps, where they have no access to females.

The negro is naturally lustful, and will take a female, even a beast, if it costs his life, but he never takes a woman, UNNATURALLY.

William J. Burns committed no bigger blunder than when he admitted that the overwhelming evidence in the Frank case compelled him to find "a pervert of the worst type"—and then found him in this commonplace negro, Conley.

The very woman that Burns produces to prove Conley a pervert seems not to have known him at all, until she herself went to jail, where she says she talked with Conley.

Those fake witnesses in the New York cases, making affidavits to save the Italian and the three Jews, put up a more plausible fiction than that of Annie Maude Carter.

Is it possible that the Great Detective does not know the vital difference between the crimes-of-lust in the barbarian, and the same crimes in the degenerates of civilization?

The excited barbarian, like the brutish negro, may commit bestiality; but it is the degenerate of wealth and culture who commits sodomy.

It was so in the Bible; it was so in the decay of Grecian civilization; it was the crime of luxury and corruption in Rome; it was the crime of effete Orientalism; it was the crime of Prince Eulenburg's elegantly decadent "set" at the imperial court of Germany; it was the crime of that secret society of young British aristocrats which was broken up by the Marquis of Queensbury—whose son was one of the guilty, and whose chief inspirer was the wayward genius who served his penal sentence, and coined his tears into the most touching of all English ballads, "The Ballad of Reading Goal."

To attribute such a crime to a rough brute of a negro, is like accusing an uncouth negress of murder by some process of Italian refinement—the poisoned glove or the poisoned sweetmeat.

In other words, sodomy, committed by a man on a woman, is peculiarly the rotten spot of a highly developed civilization.

The older citizens of Augusta, Georgia, will remember a duel fought at San-bar Ferry when I was a boy. In a quarrel one man called another a d-d —. The epithet was so unusual that it caused a sensation, and the accused, an elegant young English-

man, had to fight. He called out his accuser, and was killed. Naturally, an inquiry was made among the professional women of the town, as to whether the young Englishman was addicted to sodomy, in his relations with them. They confessed that he was. Young Tilley was precisely the same sort of pervert that is found in young Frank.

* * * * *

As to the Rev. Ragsdale who was in the dark alley, on the night he alleges, it is almost a miracle that the same dark alley on the same night should not only have been the meeting-place of those two negroes, Conley and the unknown, but also the place where Barber was lingering, ready to witness the tale of his beloved pastor and to advise said pastor not to tell that tale to anyone else.

God deliver us from a preacher who says he knew all the time that Frank was innocent, but did not have the honesty and courage to say so, until William J. Burns came upon the scene. If William J. Burns and lots of shekels had not arrived, like Blucher and the Prussians, Ragsdale apparently would have gone on preaching, while an innocent man was being hanged. The preacher who could have cleared the innocent man would have allowed the law to commit "judicial murder," rather than tell the truth; and would thus have made himself morally responsible for the "judicial murder," rather than to what his friend Barber told him would be "unwise."

Let us hope that there are not many such preachers as Ragsdale, and not many such laymen as Barber.

That Burns was able to find this preacher and this layman, proves that he can locate a lost cow, if she has a bell on her neck and a red lantern hitched to her tail.

In this instance, Ragsdale might typify the cow-bell; Barber, the red light; and the two coons who held that marvellous conversation, might represent the lost cow.

"I killed a girl at the National Pencil Factory," says one.

"Well, who was there?" asks the other.

"Nobody was there but Mr. Frank, and I am not certain whether he was there or not," answers the first speaker; and then Ragsdale discovers that the talkers are negroes.

Since God made Adam no murderer ever talked that way about his crime.

What hindered the coons from seeing the two white men?

What murderer ever blurted out his own guilt so that it could be heard as Ragsdale says he heard this?

What negro confessing the murder of a girl would have specifically located the crime, and at The National Pencil Factory?

Ragsdale does not report the negro as saying "at the factory;" but goes the whole hog and says, "The National Pencil Factory." Conley not only has to confess the murder at the first word, but has to say it is a girl, and that it is at Frank's place of business.

Then consider the response of the other negro. He does not express amazement. He makes no exclamation of any sort. He comes straight to the point that Burns knows must be reached, and he tamely inquires,

"Well, who all was there?"

Can you imagine a more unnatural question coming from a negro who has just been told by another negro that he had "killed a girl?"

The other negro had no curiosity to know the details, did not care to know whether she was black or white; and did not ask the most natural question in the world, namely—

"How come you to do it?"

The very first impulse of guilty negroes, is denial. You may catch them in the act, or with the goods, and they will deny it. They are the quickest and most fertile liars among

all human beings. Every farmer, every merchant, every employer, and every lawyer knows their phenomenal tendency to lie, even when the truth would serve them better.

If anything more monstrous can be imagined than Conley's blurring out his crime, and the exact place of the crime, and the sex of his victim, it would be the alleged counter-question of the other imaginary coon:

"Who all was there?"

Who all was there—when I stole those chickens.

Who all was there—when I made off with that shoat.

Who all was there—when I set fire to that gin-house.

Who all was there—when "I killed a girl at The National Pencil Factory."

And then the cap to the climax—"Nobody was there but Mr. Frank, and I am not certain whether he was there or not."

In other words, "nobody was there but Mr. Frank, and Mr. Frank wasn't there, so far as I know."

Atlanta negroes have become suspiciously formal in referring to white men. Down this way, it's the negro who is Mister, and it's the white man who has no handle to his name. With us, it is the colored lady who reigns in the kitchen, and it is the white woman that lives in the house.

Your contempt for such "newly discovered evidence" as Burns has expensively collected in this case does not exceed that of Burns, Rosser, Arnold and Phillips—for in spite of this "newly discovered evidence" the most persistent, most unfair, and most unwarranted efforts have been made to get the State's witnesses to take back what they swore to at the trial.

It is one of the soundest and most universal principles of the Law of Evidence that an attempt to suppress evidence is itself an evidence of guilt.

Frank and his lawyers, and his Great Detective have used every possible means to get the evidence out of the way.

We know some of the extraordinary and illegal methods they have used; and we are justified in suspecting that they have done other things that have not come to light—and never will.

And all of this is done, for what?

To defeat the Law, and to save guilt from punishment.

Had Leo Frank been the son of Mary Phagan's mother, and Mary Phagan the daughter of Leo Frank's father, the verdict of that jury, affirmed by our Supreme Court, would have sent him to the same doom that those three Jewish gunmen suffered in New York—their crime being one of simple murder done upon a man who was himself a criminal.

But Frank has Big Money on his side: he can buy a whole Detective agency after his legal conviction: he can put a muzzle on all the Atlanta papers; he can buy the most violent editorials in his favor; nobody can print a word on the other side: therefore, he airily expresses his confidence in his going scot free—leaving his little victim in her untimely grave.

A daughter of the people, of the common clay, of the blouse and the overall, of those who eat bread in the sweat of the face, and who, in so many instances are the chattel slaves of a sordid Commercialism that has no milk of human kindness in its heart of stone!

Such was Mary Phagan.

It remains to be seen whether Big Money can liberate the perverted monster who sacrificed her—and who will sacrifice others like her, if he ever gets the chance.

God help our State, if our people can tamely endure what Big Money is trying to do for the criminal who acts upon the idea that the poor have no rights which the rich are bound to respect.

Please Urge Some Roman Catholic to Answer This Question.

IN the city of New Orleans there is a Romanist paper which calls itself *The Morning Star*. It is the official organ of Archbishop Blenk, one of the Italian pope's most principal trustees.

On page 5, of the *Star* for April 18, 1914, I discover a testimonial on the red wine question which reads as follows:

BEAULIEU MASS WINES.

Patsors will be interested in the announcement that the agency for the Mass Wines of the Beaulieu Vineyards has been accepted by N. Frey Co., Ltd., 1031 Decatur Street, and that they may be produced there. The following letters are self-explanatory:

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE,

1205 Esplanade Ave.

New Orleans, La., March 26, 1914.

N. Frey, Limited,

1031 Decatur Street,

New Orleans, La.

Dear Sirs: I am happy to learn that you have accepted the agency for the sale of Mass Wines produced by the Beaulieu Vineyards of Rutherford, California. As these wines are made under the personal supervision of a priest, appointed for this purpose by His Grace, the Archbishop of San Francisco, there can be no doubt as to their absolute purity.

At this time, when it is so difficult to obtain pure wines for the Holy Sacrifice, I think it particularly fortunate for this diocese that there is an agency of the Beaulieu Vineyard in New Orleans and that it was placed in such safe and reliable hands as yours. I do not hesitate to recommend you to the Reverend Clergy, and I sincerely hope that they will avail themselves of the opportunity you offer them of securing a quality of wine for the altar about the use of which they need have no scruples.

I give you full permission to use this letter in soliciting the patronage of the clergy for your altar wines.

Very sincerely yours,

JAMES H. BLENK,

Archbishop of New Orleans.

ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL,

1100 Franklin Street,

San Francisco, Cal.

To Whom It May Concern:

I take pleasure in stating that Rev. D. O. Crowley, Superior of St. Joseph's Agricultural Institute, Rutherford, Napa County, California, has been appointed by me to supervise the making of pure wine for altar purposes.

I commend the wine made under his supervision at Beaulieu Vineyard, to the Reverend Clergy, and vouch for its absolute purity.

Yours sincerely,

P. J. RIORDAN,

Archbishop of San Francisco.

Special permission to use this letter from Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco, Cal.

Now, my countrymen, the question I rise to ask is this

If, at the altar the priest changes the wine to Christ's blood before drinking it, why is he so blamed particular about the quality of the wine?

Christ's blood is surely not dependent on the brand of the grape juice.

Christ's blood must of necessity have a fixed quality, if it exists at all.

Do they mean to say that, if the wine is thin and sour, Christ's blood will be thin and sour?

In the old days, the congregated Catholics helped the priest to drink that blood.

Later on the priest began to need it all, for his own spiritual refreshment.

Therefore, it has been centuries since the congregated Catholics got any of the blood. The priest chunks Christ's body into their mouths, and then he himself takes the cup and empties it.

Now, you will see from the notice in Archbishop Blenk's *Star*, that a priest superintends the making of the wine.

Why should he do that, if a miracle is to turn it into blood?

To a sane man it appears as though the priests take all this trouble about the goodness of the wine, because they love to drink the best wine.

If what they drink out of the cup is *Christ's blood*, I cannot see why they should bother so much about the wine.

Blood is blood: wine is wine: isn't it so?

Yet the foot-kissers who say they drink blood, are awfully particular about the wine.

The Good News From Harris to T. E. W.

IT affords me joy to acknowledge a letter addressed to "Mr. Thomas E. Watson, Editor, Jeffersonian, Thomson, Ga."

It purports to arrive from Washington, D. C., and is signed "Wm. J. Harris."

Mr. Harris, I understand, is connected with Census-taking to the extent of six thousand dollars a year, a portion of which I pay, whether I like it, or not.

Mr. Harris marks his letter "Personal," for reasons which I am at a loss to fathom.

He has no acquaintance with me, except such as he may have gathered from a perusal of this paper.

If he has perused it with any care at all, he must have suspected that the manner in which he helped to defraud the people of Georgia, at the Macon Convention of 1912, is a memory which I have nursed with considerable tenacity.

Mr. Harris has been quoted in his friendly newspapers as saying that he would ask the permission of the Federal Government to run for Governor of Georgia; and he cannot complain of my saying his letter states that the Federal Government has consented.

I assume that the Federal Government, in this case, means Senator Hog-eye Smith.

Anyway, Harris will continue to draw his salary of \$6,000 and travelling expenses, while he runs for Governor of little old Georgia.

I presume that William J. Harris, like the Hon. John Marmalade Slaton, is a true Georgian; that he was born in Georgia, that he was nursed in Georgia, that he was spanked in Georgia, that he was schooled in Georgia, that he married in Georgia, that he has contracted the office-holding itch in Georgia, and that every pebble and every voter in Georgia are dear to his patriotic heart. Especially while the campaign is on foot.

Speaking for myself, only, I welcome Harris to the field. Let us increase the gayety of nations as much as possible.

Let every true-hearted Georgian who holds an office, keep on holding it, and run for another!

Why should anybody resign? Why be off with the old love, before getting on to the new?

T. S. Felder set a bad example: I'm glad it was not infectious.

Suppose all these candidates for office should resign, how could we run the Government?

Really, Mr. William J. Harris was altogether too delicate in asking Senator Smith and Uncle Sam for leave to run for Governor.

Let us hope that, if he should be elected Governor, he can be permitted to census-take the people at \$6,000 a year, while governing us bewildered Georgians at \$4,000 a year.

With Baldy Harris as candidate for Governor, we now know who it is that the Hog-eye man wants to succeed the Hon. Slaton.

If we can get some pointer on the question of who it is that Senator Smith wants in Bacon's place, our felicity will be well nigh complete.

Above all things, we county-unit men want to know what Senator Smith wants: then we are going to give it to him—in the neck.