

The Jeffersonian

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Nobody Wants To Drag the Frank Case Into Politics. But—

LESS somebody dopes out some political servine in Atlanta soon, we will have a nervous wrecks on our hands.

Atlanta is overflowing with patriotic Solons, but they are as badly afflicted with nerves as the drummer was, who had to eat ham and pork sausage, on a Hebrew platter.

Here's our Self-appointed Senatorial Servant, for instance. He's looking like he's waited every minute to meet a little man of the size of David.

They say that Senator Goliath is losing weight—partly on account of two gentlemen of his own size—and his once beautiful cheeks are sagging down on each side of his lovely mouth, like the skirts of an English saddle.

In a case of nerves, you see. It used to be that none except the women had nerves; but we've all got 'em, now. Especially, us politicians who tell lies, abuse victories, and claim that there will be no Hereafter, and wake up suddenly, to find ourselves figured by a Slick Thompson-Lincoln.

Bob Terrell, and William July-fly, is a mess. Accentuated, as John Temple would say, by Hooper Alexander.

Hereafter as that, is enough to make any man's cheeks hang down in pouches.

It made Goliath Smith walk the floor, in the Hereafter after his first series of perfidies and treacheries.

At this time, he won't be able to walk the floor unless Harris holds him up on one side and Slick Thompson scotches, on the other.

At what I intended to say was this—
Nobody in our faction wants to drag the Frank case into politics.

But, if the Smith-Gray-Haas-Burns-Journal crowd drag the case in, we'll see to it that the case is taken care of.

Politics. But—

Michael H. Smith and his *Journal* may feel quite sure of that.

They didn't succeed in their crusade against the common sense of Georgia, when they tried it with boodle, Burns, bluff, Journal insolence, and Big Money.

They won't succeed, when they try to sidetrack the intrepid Solicitor, who could not be bribed, bulldozed, or bamboozled.

It takes Opportunity to show the people a true Man, and a great Man.

Opportunity knocked at the door of Hugh Dorsey, and it found the sort of Georgian that the people delight to honor.

If the people demand his services in a wider, higher field, it is their right.

They will not call for him because of the Frank case, but because of what the case showed Dorsey to be.

Nevertheless, if Smith, and the *Journal*, and Haas, and Rosser, and Arnold, and all that crowd, want to make an issue of the Frank case, LET IT COME!

We will meet it, any time, anywhere, any way. Try it on, gentlemen, and see!

There is many a Georgian who has a little girl; and he has looked at her with filling eyes, every time he thought of Mary Phagan.

There is many a Georgian who has little grand-daughters, whom he has thought of, with swelling heart, every time he remembered Mary Phagan.

If the Atlanta politicians and editors are crazy enough to make war on Dorsey, because he did his duty in the Frank case, LET THE WAR START!

If these heartless politicians and editors believe that our little ones should have no

protection from such lustful beasts as Leo Frank, let them speak out, AND SAY IT!

We are ready to meet the issue, right now.

The common people of Georgia are clamoring for Hugh Dorsey's services, in a wider, higher field; and woe unto Self-appointed Senator Smith and his *Journal*, IF THEY DARE TO RAISE THE ISSUE OF THE FRANK CASE!

Whenever the National Pencil Factory is flung into Georgia politics, the infamous Fulton Bag and Cotton Mills will follow.

We will see to that!

Try it on, Gentlemen, try it on.

The Smith-Gray-Hardwick-Baldy Harris faction has been outraging common decency, throttling free speech; outlawing every Georgian who voted for Terrell, Joe Brown and Underwood; breaking up public meetings, howling speakers down, and attempting to browbeat into abject servility all Georgians who were not for sale.

WE ARE TIRED OF IT!

And now, when they attempt to intimidate Hugh Dorsey's friends, by claiming that his candidacy would mean the bringing of the Frank case into politics, we take up the challenge, and we answer back—

BRING IT IN, IF YOU DARE!

We will take our stand by that little girl's grave, and we will give to heartless Big Money such a fight as never has been seen in Georgia.

And whenever Leo Frank's infamous Pencil Factory is dragged in, the equally infamous Bag and Cotton Mills of Atlanta will have to come!

What say you, Gentlemen?

Do you fetch them in, and identify them with the Smith-Gray-Hardwick-William Harris faction?

Choose!

What Are We Doing Down in Mexico, Where We Went

of course, you remember the old story of the fool farmer who wanted to do it with, and who hit upon the happy idea of playing ox himself.

You remember that, after he had yoked the ox, the steer and had put his own neck through the yoke, the steer broke off into a cheerful romp, in which the fool farmer had to join, nilly.

Of course, you remember how the fool farmer kept yelling, as he and the steer loped down the road—'Head us off, somebody! Head our fool souls, head us off!'

Well, that's almost exactly what the President in this Mexican business.

The Professor yearned to break in this young steer, and teach it the ways of peaceful living.

So he goes and puts his slender and lengthy neck into the yoke with this long-horned Mexican quadruped, and says soothingly—

'Come along now, and behave yourself, and I tell you, and, in a little while, you will be as respectable an ox as I am.'

"To Serve Mankind?"

Bless goodness! The yoke had no sooner closed around your President's windpipe, than old Huerta began to gallop down the Big Road.

According to the Brazilian Ambassador, your President loudly called for help, and the A. B. C. Mediators—plus Joe Lamar, and a person who bears the suspicious name that is pronounced Lemon—have been sent to Canada to head off the fool farmer who yoked himself to the sportive young steer.

I know you must feel very proud of your President. If he were mine, it would be different.

Consider the facts:

(1.) Huerta was Madero's trusted man; and he used his place to betray and murder his master. The plot was hatched and practically carried out at the American Embassy. We disgraced Henry Lane Wilson, who was a party to it; and we honored Nelson O'Shaughnessy, who was also a party to it.

(H. L. Wilson is a Protestant. O'Shaughnessy is a rank papist.)

(2.) We overlooked the murder of several American citizens, who were inveigled off American soil. We also overlooked the killing of many American men, and the outraging of many American women who were living on Mexican soil.

But we went to war on Huerta, killing many Mexicans and losing 19 gallant boys of our own, because our flag was not saluted by an old Indian whom we did not recognize as being officially existent.

Wasn't it absurd to kill and be killed because a private citizen in Mexico would not salute our flag?

That's all we conceded Huerta to be—just a private citizen.

(3.) After all the sacrifice of life at Vera Cruz, because a private citizen of Mexico City, would not order our flag saluted at Tampico, your President goes to New York to receive the pallid corpses of the brave lads whom he had sent to their untimely death; and in that

(CONTINUED ON PAGE SIX.)

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

JUDGE G. R. HUTCHENS NOT AFRAID TO SHOW HIS COLORS!

Dear Mr. Watson: I desire, sir, to thank you for your kind reference to my platform and to my candidacy for U. S. Senate in your issue of Thursday, 28th inst. You make mention of that part of my platform which refers to some of the fundamental principles on which our government is founded. I do not think it was out of place to refer to these things, and it is refreshing and I think wise for our people occasionally to give a little thought along this line.

Our Constitution declares that freedom of speech and of the press (and that includes your press) shall not be abridged. Another thing is that matters of Church and State shall ever remain separate and distinct, and our government must not be subservient to any sectarian organization. I have the utmost respect for the Christian religion. I was baptized many years ago in the old Chattahoochee river, and am of the Protestant faith, yet I would not have our government as a government, declare itself even in favor of the church to which I belong. Neither would I have our government pursue you or any other editor who saw proper to comment upon the discipline or any part thereof of the church to which I have attached my membership.

Another right guaranteed by this fundamental law is that of trial by jury. In these latter days, I am sorry to say, this right has been assailed, even in the good old State of Georgia, wherein one of the most important cases ever tried in our courts has been passed upon by a jury, the verdict affirmed by the trial judge, and his approval affirmed by the Supreme Court of the State; and after this, we have the sublime spectacle of unscrupulous detectives coming into our very midst declaring trial by jury to be a farce, impeaching the integrity of our jurisprudence, and with brazen affront, seek to nullify our laws. Money can buy detectives and other things, but there are lots of people not on the market, and I join with you in expressing confidence to believe that hereafter, as heretofore, these fundamental principles will not be forgotten, and our law will be administered for the protection of the poor and otherwise defenceless, except for the integrity of our law, the same as for the rich.

With kindest regards, I am,
Yours truly,
G. R. HUTCHENS.

A BOUQUET FROM THE LAND OF FLOWERS.

Dear Sir: Let me congratulate you on your recent victory for Justice, Right, Law and Order. Almost single handed and unaided only by the prayers of the common people and the approval of your conscience and help of God you have won one of the greatest victories ever won in Georgia. If I were Slaton, Arnold & Co., and Burns and all the great preachers and daily papers, in fact, all those that took sides with big money to defeat justice, I say, if I were them I never could raise my head up and look any honest man or woman, not even a donkey in the face, until I got down in sack-cloth and ashes and asked God and my fellow man to forgive me for the part I had taken in the Frank case. My God, what is Georgia coming to any how when men can be shot down on the streets of a town like Augusta and nothing done about it? And yet this dastardly crime committed by Frank is worse than the killing of Christie, Dorne and Baker, for the

intent of the murderer was more hellish, and for no cause whatever. I thank God that we have one man that can't be bought with money or what money will buy. All honor to Thomas E. Watson, the greatest friend of the poor and lowly. Also the rich, if the rich will walk the straight and narrow path, but woe be unto him who wanders from the right and falls across the path of T. E. W. Mr. Watson I think your editorials on the Frank case the most masterful and logical of anything I ever read, and if you will give us your editorials and the history of the Leo Frank case in pamphlet form I will give a dollar for one of them and promise to sell all of them I can at whatever price you put on them. I have a dollar ready for one of them for I want to keep it. Hoping for you and family a long and happy life, I will close by saying that whatever comes I am your true and loyal friend.

Fla. G. B. WOODALL.

BARREN FIG-TREE: NOTHING IN HIM BUT CONCEIT.

Dear Sir: I went to Dublin yesterday to hear Tom Hardwick speak, and will say I was very much surprised. I judge him from the speech he made, and take him to be an empty blank. He never told us that if he was elected he would do anything or not do anything, he said we could judge him by his 12 years in Congress. He said he had been a Democrat all his life and always fought for the cause, and after so long they had won the House and Senate and President, and he believed in low tariff and had saved the people several millions of dollars by passing this bill. Now let's see. I am a farmer, run 10 plows and have to buy plows and plow fixtures and they cost as much as they did 2 or 3 years ago. I go then to buy shoes and ready made clothing, and the merchants tell us they are much higher than they were a few years ago. There is only one item I can see that is lower, that is sugar, it is about 40 cents per 100 cheaper, and if the tariff has benefited anything except sugar I can't see where in it has. We farmers would like to have a man in the Senate that would look after our interests as well as Big Corporations interests. If these big concerns can borrow money at 4 or 5 per cent per annum, why can't we do the same? Now some of them tell us that they already have fixed for us to get money cheap. Now Mr. Watson, I wish you would explain if you can, what help will that big bank in Atlanta do us common people? Mr. Hardwick we can judge by his past record of 12 years in Congress, what he will do in the future. So I will close, yours truly,
Georgia. C. G. POWELL.

ANOTHER GOOD OLD FRIEND'S ENDORSEMENT.

Dear Sir: Mr. A. W. Evans spoke at Bartow last Saturday afternoon to a good crowd. He gave us a good talk. He came out for American principles forcibly. He made a good impression on the crowd. He will carry my district by a good majority and I think he will carry Jefferson county.

I am sorry that they got another bill against you, for you have done more in showing up the Frank case. Prof. F. A. Brisson and others say it is a disgrace that they got the bill, for you are the only man that had the backbone to show up the light on W. J. Burns and his agencies. I hope you may live to see all you advocate made into laws. I hope to God that you will come out on top in your fight against the Roman Catholics. Your friend,
Georgia. SAM B. TARVER.

A KENTUCKY READER NOTES REVIVAL OF "SAME OLD CHARGE."

Dear Sir: Read in yesterday's Times Star that the old charge had been refilled, obscene matter mail transit against you. Coming simultaneously with the Menace \$50,000 suit it looks like Rome is determined to worry and put you both to all expense and annoyance she can. The worst feature is Peter's peuce supplied by America and used to persecute those who attack and expose her imposture. May I urge you to bring a counter suit, forbidding transit through the mails of Debs and Liguori's theology, wherein this indecency is found and quoted from, also forbidding the use of all such obscene and lascivious questions propounded, whether in Latin or any other language in these United States and dependencies, and that all religious preachers, no matter what church affiliated with, or office they hold, shall be held amenable to all laws on the same plane of equity as any other citizen. No distinction nor exclusion from impartial operation in all courts of law. I believe under this claim no jury would convict you and not the holy priests who propound such questions. Neither exempt those books, no matter where published or whose imprint they bear from transit, and you only remain what has already passed through the mails and only reproduce the objectionable passages in such. You cannot have one set of laws for the hierarchy and another for the laity. Wishing you success my friend, and a victory once for all over our common enemy, Romanism. Respectfully yours,
Ky. R. W. MATTHEWS.

HEARD T. E. W. SPEAK AT KITE IN 1893.

Dear Sir: We get a few Jeffs down here every week, and I want to say that I believe the better class of people in our little town will bear me out in saying that we heartily endorse every word you have written about the Frank case, Roman Catholicism, etc. We wait every week almost impatiently for our Jeff's, as they are our medium by which we can gain any information at all concerning the Frank case. At first we had a few doubting Thomases, but now we all seem to be of one accord, believing that Frank is the guilty party, and no fouler murder has ever been recorded in the annals of history. My desire is that you be spared many years to point out those things of interest to us that no one else will dare speak of. Twenty-one years ago this July, although a small boy, in the little town of Kite, Ga., Johnson county, amid the lofty pines of the Carr Oldfield, thronged with a few thousand people, I heard a little red-headed Georgian make a speech of which he admonished the people to unite and hold fast to the true principles of Jeffersonian Democracy. From then until now I have admired Mr. Watson and sympathized with him in his struggles and persecutions that have crossed his path in trying to steer the people in the right direction, and warning them of the danger just ahead of them.

My heartfelt love and gratitude always goes out to those that have backbone enough to let the world know of the corruptness therein, and may your sweetest repose be when your writings have covered our benighted Southland as the waters that cover the sea. Yours truly,
Georgia. A SUBSCRIBER.

FROM ONE OF THE "PLAIN PEOPLE."

Dear Sir: As I am a constant reader of The Jeffersonian, and since I have never attempted to write, I desire to say now I am very much interested in most of the issues which you discuss. The call is to us, the "common people." Let us prove our faith by our works. In shouldering bravely the cause of "Equal Rights" to all and special privileges to none, lending voice and influence to the promotion of that justice which is the foundation of the cause; taking our stand with those who believe in a square deal for every man, woman and child. Every man has left behind him influences which will never be exhausted; the great sphere in which you act with the common people of a great Nation will repeat itself, spreading benedictions over the length and breadth of the land. The seed you have sown in life will spring up in harvests of blessings. The great lessons you are teaching will last. I believe the cause of the common people is just and pure.

Your friend,
Ga. J. W. PURDY.

ANOTHER WATSON BOY.

Dear Mr. Watson: I am a new subscriber to your Jeffersonian. Have only received a few copies. I think it one of the finest papers in print. I scarcely realize how a true citizen can do without it, as what you have to say about the Frank case, sounds so true to the people. You are gaining friends in this part of the country. I don't think it will be long before the Jeff will be a welcome visitor to nearly every home, for I hear the voices of many just woke up, hallowing, "Hurrah for T. E. W." From a T. E. W. boy from start to finish.

Ga. W. N. WORSHAM.

YES; THE CATHOLICS AT FIRST PRACTISED IMMERSION.

Dear Sir: Will you please tell me through the columns of your Weekly Jeffersonian whether the Catholics formerly baptised by immersion or not? I am satisfied you are qualified to answer this question.

Ga. JAS. M. ROSENER.

HAIR BRAIDING

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THE INQUISITION HAS AGAIN BEEN SET UP, AND DEMANDS ITS VICTIMS.

Dear Sir: The Roman wolves are the Hon. Thos. E. Watson. We are living in the days of the inquisition? Has the Roman Hierarchy taken full possession of our parts? Is there one Law for the Protestants and another Law for Roman Catholics? It looks very much that way.

Mr. Watson dug up and published some of the vile questions that the Catholic priests put to women and girls in the confessional. These questions asked by the priests are obscene for a Protestant to send through the mails. The Roman Catholics have been sending the same stuff through the mails for more than fifty years.

Suppose that one of our fool Protestants should take a notion to call some nice lady in our community and put these vile questions to her? What would be the consequences? A few hours we would expect the husband, brother or father in hot pursuit with a double-barrel shotgun loaded with buck shot, and if not taken would be shot down at once, and the Laws of Georgia would punish the slayer.

Mr. Watson exposed these rotten questions to warn husbands and fathers of the dangers that their wives and daughters would come in contact with in the vile dens of the Roman priest.

These persecutors of Mr. Watson do not claim that Mr. Watson has published something that is not true. Their trouble is the Roman Hierarchy does not want the world to know of their dastardly deeds, they want the people kept in ignorance. The Pope in Rome has his watchman, Tumulty, on the tower at Washington, standing between our President and the Protestants of America. Tumulty receives the President's mail, he consigns to the flames just such things as he does not want the President to see. He can keep the Pope posted concerning the progress that his agents are making to capture America for the Pope.

The Roman Hierarchy now have our daily papers muzzled. Ninety percent of all the officers of the big cities are Roman Catholics. These officers, like Tumulty, are sworn to obey above all others, their Holy Father.

These persecutors of Mr. Watson would be scorned by every Protestant in America, and every Protestant that has one spark of patriotism would want him should teach these Roman wolves that this is the land of the brave and the home of the brave. We should let them know that they are living on a volcano. That this is our land as well as Mr. Watson's, and we will stand by his side to the death. That with our own blood we will defend the blood bought liberties of our forefathers.

Alexander Akerman, the tool of the Roman wolves should meet with the same reception wherever he goes that W. J. Burns received at Marietta, Ga.

Respectfully,
C. L. BUTLER.

you have nothing else much to do except fondle your grand-children and learn them to ride the pony. All from grandfather down to the baby want Dorsey instead of Hokie. See to it.

God bless you, be on the alert, you know the powers of Satan that would take your life. Thousands love you for the cause sake even unto death, give them a chance to protect you.

Yours truly,
Georgia. F. H. FALLANT.

I AM OPPOSED TO ANY MORE FEDERAL LAWS INTERFERING WITH OUR STATE AFFAIRS.

Dear Sir: I enjoy your editorials very much, especially on politics. I agree with you on your stand against Slaton and W. J. Harris, and more especially the way you handled Burns. He is the biggest fakir, dirty scoundrel and most willful, lawless man unhung. Concerning the new tax law, suppose you let the law stand as it is and amend by passing a national law, forcing all notes, bonds, stocks, etc., to be recorded in the county in which each holder lives in order to make them legal as collateral or collectable, and that they must be recorded when transferred to make their titles good, just as real-estate transfers are made now. In this way the tax assessors could keep a record of all of them and eliminate the tax dodging that is done at the present time, and benefit the little property holders. If Rufe Hutchens, or any other aspirant to the Senate, will put such a plank in a platform agreeing to introduce such a bill and fight for it, I will vote, and use what little influence I have for him. But if not, I will work for some one that is willing to attempt to help lighten our burden. Will you ask some of the Congress and Senate aspirants will they support such a bill or something similar. We want men in Congress and the Senate that will vote according to their own conscience, not according to the dictates of the men higher up. Such men as Nat Harris for Governor, and Rufe Hutchens for Senate. I never read any of your Catholic exposures, excepting that I get mad enough to wish that I was a standing army with the authority of wiping out all officers that are responsible for these conditions. I have sworn never to enlist in the army again unless in a race war, but I hereby make an exception and state that I would enlist doubly quick as a soldier to fight the popish clans.

I was disgusted with the methods of Catholicism while in Manila, but I never dreamed of one-tenth of the outrageous custom until I began reading the Jeff. I can hardly wait to get to town Wednesday morning to get the Jeff. Keep up the good work, and may God spare you a long and successful campaign against the dirty monks and priests and their dirty customs.

Your admirer,
Georgia. K. E. S.

OLD SOUTH CAROLINA, TOO!

Dear Mr. Watson: The stand that you have taken in the Frank case has made you friends here by the score. Just stand your ground and pour the red-hot truth to them just as you have been doing, and rest assured that the honest thinking people of the country are with you and will be your defender. Send the Jeff to the list of names enclosed for which you will find P. O. money order for same.

Respectfully,
S. C. O. W. CASEY.

HERE ARE TWO MORE JEFF FRIENDS.

Dear Sir: Enclosed find check for \$15 to aid you in your prosecution. We are very sorry indeed that you had to be worried in this way, but we feel sure that you will come out alright, as God is able to do anything.

Your friends in deed,
S. E. GUNN,
ROSS GUNN.
Crawfordville, Ga.

YES: TOM HEFLIN TOLD IT, AND BALDY HARRIS SCATTERED IT.

Dear Sir: On May 2, 1914, Thos. J. Heflin, Congressman of Alabama, made a speech in Congress and in it extolled the Hon. Wm. J. Harris, Director of the Census Bureau, to the skies. Within the last few days this speech has been scattered broadcast over this section, coming through the U. S. mail almost in wagon loads as a campaign document in favor of said Harris' candidacy for governor. All of said literature is transmitted through the mails under the mailing frank of the said Thos. J. Heflin of Alabama.

Now it looks to me like this is an abuse of the franking privilege, and it certainly seems to me that a man drawing the salary that the said Harris gets from the Government ought to be able to pay the postage on his campaign literature and not be using some ones frank to evade same. If you want the speech and the envelope, it was mailed in I can furnish you with one or more of them.

I was sorry when I learned of your re-indictment by the Roman Catholics and hope you will come out all o. k.

Yours truly,
Ga. C. D. PHILLIPS.

WHEN WILL TRUE AMERICANS AWAKE?

Dear Sir: Will the time ever come, when the true, honest, law-loving and law-abiding, God fearing people of these United States will turn their ear to the truth? Will the time ever come when they will hear, and realize the awful deeds of darkness and shame, that the hideous crimes being committed in our midst daily by the Roman Catholic church that has been so often and forcefully told through the Jeffersonian?

Will they ever attempt to put to an end this foul curse to our country, and if so, what course will they pursue?

Will the time ever come, when the combined, good and true, will rise in their might and tear asunder the chain of the ungodly, that today is so rudely encircling the country around as the maddened serpent does its prey? In the name of God! in the name of our fair daughters, in the name of our glorious Republic, what are they waiting on?

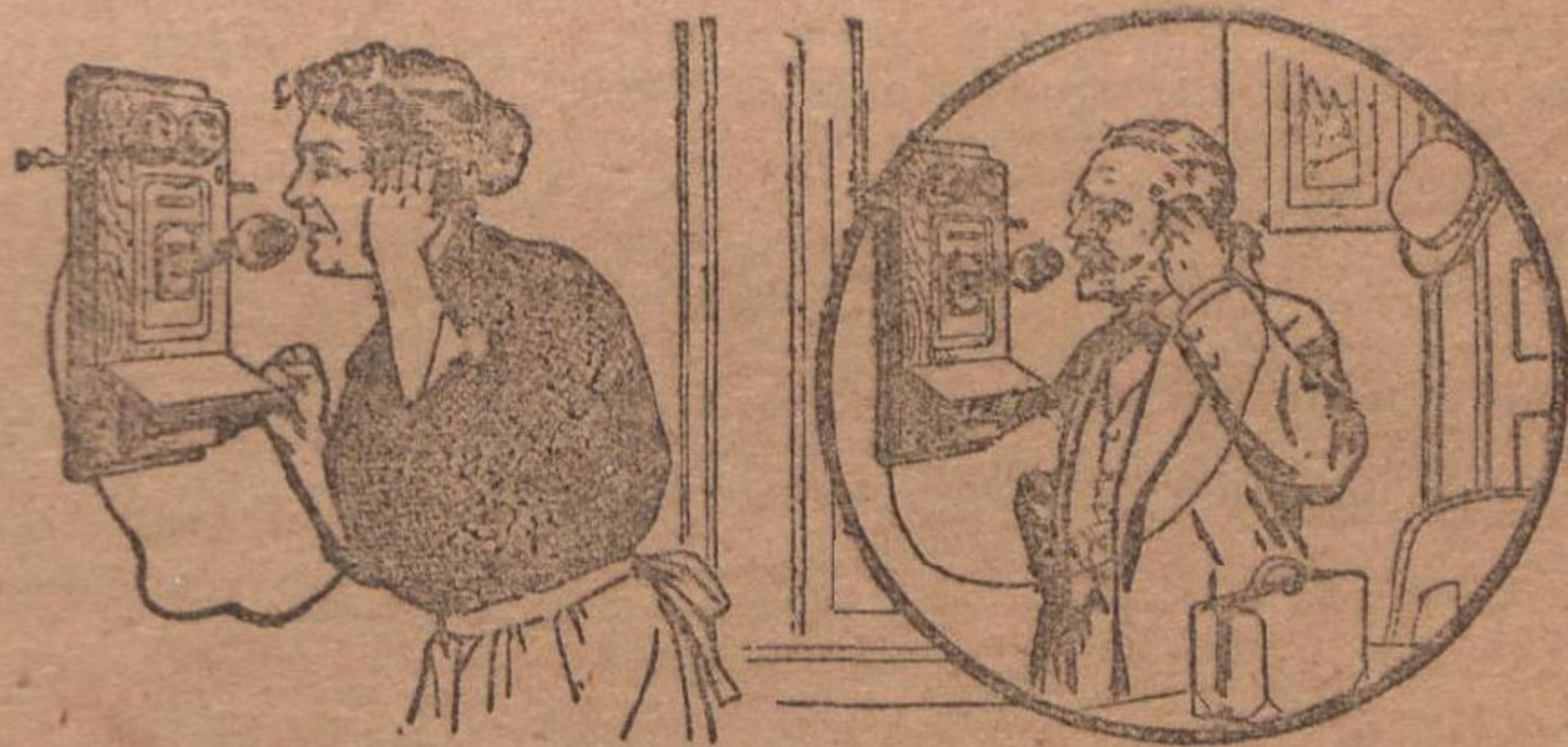
Will the time ever come? I say yes, it will come, and in the near future—because there is no paper in our country today that is read more than your Jeffersonian. Fight on you brave and noble soldier, though your efforts have been strong and long, yet you have fought bravely for so long a time, I fancy you see the light rising slowly and surely as the sun and soon you will see the great muster of the noble and true marching out to defeat the Satanic monster and our country's greatest foe.

We all admire your untiring and masterly efforts and we feel that the day is dawning and the darkness shall cease in the fullness of the glorious light of a new era. We see the church is waking, and its great armies are growing restless under the reign of terror and the cancerous poisons brought on by this church of Rome.

HUGH DORSEY FOR GOVERNOR.

Dear Sir: We the undersigned citizens of Emanuel County, Ga., recognizing in you one of the States most loyal sons, whose every effort in the suppression of crime and the enforcement of adequate punishment to those who outrage our social status, beg to earnestly solicit your entering the race for Governor of the State of Georgia, promising our loyal support. Signed, Jno. A. Braswell, A. G. Braswell, B. C. Summer, C. W. Durden, T. J. Braswell, Prof. M. B. Perkins.
Adrian, Ga.

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Telephone Saved Child's Life

One of the children fell into a water tank on an Alabama farm and was rescued unconscious and apparently lifeless. The frantic mother rushed to the telephone and called the doctor six miles away. He told her what to do and started at once, but before he arrived the child was out of danger.

The protection of women and children is only one of the chief values of the telephone on the farm.

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