

The Jeffersonian

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The Roman Catholic Priesthood Curbed in Mexico

FOR two years, the Federal Government has prostituted its powers to the Jesuits and the Knights of Columbus who, in a *National Convention*, formally resolved that I must be "put out of business."

Why were these sworn subjects of a foreign power so determined to boycott and ruin our publishing house, and to make me "see the inside of a penitentiary?"

The reason was, that I had set myself seriously to the great task of arousing our people to the danger of allowing a *foreign Italian secret society* to rule the United States.

Through Immigration, political deals, and the use of the Confessional, the secret societies of the Italian pope had used religion as a mask, while they made insidious and terrible encroachments upon morality and liberty.

In sorrow I admit, that my political and personal enemies, together with those Protestant fanatics who think more of a China-

man's children than they do of an American's boys and girls, aided the persecution aimed at me by the Italian machine.

What was the chief reason why the pope's subjects wished to hush me up?

The tender spot was, my exposure of the Confessional, in which the priests compel their dupes to turn themselves inside out, for the pope's benefit.

If the Italian secret societies can put every member of every family through the most searching cross-examination, and bind every dupe not to tell to any living soul what questions are asked, and what answers are given, can you not see the enormous power for evil that is thus surrendered by the people?

The secrets of families, the secrets of diplomacy, the secrets of crime, the secrets of government, and the secrets of every business can be fished for in the Confessional; and the knowledge thus obtained can be used to the vast advantage of the foreign secret

society which has declared its purpose to "make America Catholic."

No other religion claims the right to dive into the deepest secrets of human life, human thought, and human desire.

In every other religion, the confession is voluntary, public, open and above board.

In every other religion, the confession of sins is meant for no other purpose than to purify the conscience and save the soul.

But in the Roman Catholic works on Moral Theology, published under the sanction of the Italian pope, and taught in all the Roman Catholic theological seminaries, the questions themselves show that the purpose of the Roman Catholic priests in asking all those questions is, to gain complete control, for themselves, of the mind, heart and conduct of the persons questioned.

I UNCOVERED THE CONFESSSIONAL!

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The Record of the Self-Commissioned Senator, Hoke Smith, on the Negro Appointments

IN the newspapers that are published in other States, it seems to be a matter of amusement to notice the way in which the Hoke Smith peons in Georgia will swallow any old lie his Ralph Smith, his Leo Frank Reuben Arnold, his James R. Gray bankrupt, and his Atlanta Journal are a-mind to tell.

I would give a dollar a piece to see the Hoke Smith lies that Ralph Smith wouldn't swear to.

I would give two dollars apiece to get a view of the Hoke Smith lies that Reuben Arnold would not bolster up.

As to Gray and the Journal, I would be willing to donate a watch and a shot-gun to get a glimpse of the Hoke Smith lies that they wouldn't print on the front page, in leaded type, and with rancous roars of outraged virtue against all doubters.

Take that case of Bob Terrell, the negro

Negro Appointments

Republican who was appointed by President Woodrow Wilson, the alleged Democrat.

Smith is loading the mails again with unpaid freight, to explain to the people that he made a tremendous fight against that coon.

But the coon didn't come down. It was Smith who came down.

The Republican negro got the appointment.

The great Self-appointed Senator alleges that he "spoke frequently and at length against his confirmation."

When? Where? What went with those speeches?

They are not in the Congressional Record.

Why doesn't Senator Smith prevail upon Ralph Smith to send one of those long speeches to the Journal, for publication?

Upon what grounds did Senator Smith oppose the nigger City-Judge?

Let him tell the people now, upon what grounds he opposed Bob Terrell.

I want to see how the alleged speech can be reconciled to Smith's refusal to attend the Democratic meeting of the white people who were kicking against the appointment of the negro.

The Senator told Secretary Warfield, of the Democratic Association, that they ought not to make the negro an issue.

Did the Senator himself make the negro an issue?

If not, what were the grounds of his opposition to the negro City Judge?

If the Senator himself made the issue that Terrell is a negro, why did he advise the Democratic Association against doing the same thing?

The Senator, in making those frequent

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One of Hoke Smith's Victims, the Widow of "Lee's Old War-horse"

WHEN Henry Grady and General Gordon brought ex-President Jefferson Davis and his daughter Winnie to Atlanta, at the unveiling of the statue to Ben Hill, I was there.

The mists of many years hang between now, and then; but the whole scene is clear to my eyes, as though it happened yesterday.

The hotels were thronged, the streets were full, the feeling was deep, the enthusiasm was unbounded.

Jeff Davis coming back to Dixie! To be received with the acclamations of a loving people, after so many years of exile, of obloquy, of isolation and of relentless misrepresentation.

Blaine had made a martyr out of our fallen leader, by seeking to exclude him by name, and under cruel accusations, from the Amnesty bill—and that was a generation after Appomattox.

Blaine did not go to the War himself; and therefore, like Zach Candler, Thad Stevens and John J. Ingalls, he was much harder to pacify, than were Grant, and Sherman, and Sheridan, and that magnificent fighter, old Dan Sickles.

Whatever we Southern people may have thought of Jefferson Davis, we did not consider it fair for Blaine to single him out, and lay our alleged sins upon that one pair of enfeebled shoulders—shoulders all bent with age and grief and misfortune.

Consequently, when the ex-President of the Lost Cause reached Georgia, the ovation was spontaneous and immense.

I have never seen anything like it, nor ever can, again. Men who were ordinarily self-possessed, lost control of themselves: they wildly cheered, waved hats, and brushed tears out of their eyes.

As I watched the street from one of the

windows of the Kimball House, the first note of "Dixie" broke upon the air, telling everybody that Jeff Davis had reached the depot. The "Rebel Yell" almost drowned the brass-bands and the drums.

The multitude at the monument was such a press of humanity, that any sudden excitement and movement of the mass meant danger to the individual. I never knew until then what it was to feel afraid of being crushed in a crowd.

Before, getting into the midst of the jam, I had been standing on the side-walk, looking at a file of horsemen, drawn up, motionless and silent, in the street.

At their head was a gray-whiskered veteran, in full uniform of Confederate General, sitting on his horse with grim composure, and looking as some old Norse-King

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The Doleful Downfall of Hugh Dorsey!

ON the political hacienda of the Hog-eye man, there is weeping, lamentations, and gnashing of snagged teeth.

The peons are tearing their hair, beating their breasts, and running around in circles.

The Gainesville *Buzzard*, which is nothing if not clean, says that Hugh Dorsey has become mercenary, has sold out to Joe Brown, and has cut his own political throat.

The Ball-Ground *Whang-doodle*, which is nothing if not veracious, declares that it never was so sorry of anything in its life as to witness the suicide of Hugh Dorsey.

The Dalton *Balaam's Ass*, which is nothing if not prophetic, asserts with vehemence that it could cry bitterly over the downfall of Hugh Dorsey.

And so the chorus of woe travels around among the striped men who labor on the convict-farm of the Hog-eye man.

The Dalton *Balaam's Ass* actually digs up two criminal cases which Hugh Dorsey lost, and reproaches him sternly about the loss of those two.

Well, his main trouble with some folks is, that he did *not* lose the Frank case.

Had he lost *that*, the roster of cases not won, would have been *three*, and nothing said against him.

It is entirely possible that Reuben Arnold has lost more than two criminal cases—one of which *rankles*.

It is entirely possible that Luther Rosser has lost more than two cases, *one of which rankles*.

These two defeated and discredited lawyers are rabid partisans of Hoke Smith; and are doing their best to besmirch the fearless, honest and victorious Solicitor who downed them in the Mary Phagan case.

Those two Atlanta lawyers ought to be disbarred, on account of the Ragsdale affidavit and the foul methods of the imported "Great Detective," William Jackass Burns.

The slanders which the Hoke Smith papers are heaping on Hugh Dorsey, are on a par with the villainous editorial which Jack Cohen and Dick Gray published in Hoke Smith's *Journal*.

If Hugh Dorsey were a mercenary man, his time to sell out was when Hoke Smith's paper sold out.

Hugh Dorsey stood for the laws, for the integrity of our judges and juries, at the time when Reub Arnold, Luther Rosser, and Hoke Smith's paper had all joined in the Burns crusade against the honor and good name of Georgia.

What makes the assault on Dorsey the more absurd is, that all the Hoke Smith peons pleaded with Dorsey to run for governor, week after week and month after month.

If Dorsey were a sell-out sort of man, Hoke Smith is the candidate he would have supported.

It is Smith, not Joe Brown, that has unlimited money at his command.

It is Smith, not Brown, that gets government money at his Regional Bank, and pays nothing for it.

A candidate whom the Government lends money to, *without interest*, is the candidate who can buy support—such, for instance, as that of the Gainesville *Buzzard*, the Dalton donkey, and the Ball-Ground sand-piper.

The truth is, I have never known a more brilliant political start than Hugh Dorsey has made.

He has been dignified, thorough, urbane and statesmanly.

All Georgians, of the right kind, have reason to feel proud of such a new star in the political sky.

Dorsey is an earnest man, a studious man, a conscientious man; and, if he lives, he will go far and accomplish much.

It is a shame that the Hoke Smith papers should be trying to blacken the character of a native Georgian who is so unblemished and so talented.

Inasmuch as Hoke Smith is *not* a native Georgian, and is a New Englander on the paternal side, his peons show little sense in trying to cry down one of the most intellectual young Georgians that recent years have developed.

Are the Labor Leaders Supposed to Own the Members of the Unions?

AN individual who signs himself Richard E. Manston, writes a card in *The Georgian* in which he says—

"It is the duty of every respectable workingman in Georgia, not only to go to the polls and defeat 'Little Joe' Brown for the Senate, but to bury this pest so deep under an avalanche of honest labor votes that he will never have the temerity to pollute a ballot with his name again. Every workingman should vote. Let us make sure this corporation tool shall never menace the rights of honest workingmen again.

"RICHARD E. MANSTON,
"President Atlanta Photo Engravers' Union."

Is it the duty of the heads of Labor Unions to tell the wage-earners how to vote?

Is a member of the Union to vote as he pleases, or must he vote as the head of his Union pleases?

In other words, do white men who make their daily bread in the sweat of their faces become political serfs when they join Unions? I have been under the impression that the laboring men were independent citizens who voted just as they pleased—the same as I do.

But if Jerome Jones and Richard Manston can have *their* way, the heads of the Unions will be political Bosses, and the men will be reduced to ciphers.

Jerome and Richard may believe they can vote white men at the crack of a whip, but I don't believe it.

We don't stand for that kind of thing in Georgia.

Who is this Richard Manston, anyway? Is he one of the engravers who had some trouble with Uncle Sam, about ten years ago?

Richard Manston says that Hoke Smith signed the prohibition bill "though it cost him personally considerable money."

This is a delicate reference to the Piedmont bar-room. But Richard is wrong in saying that Smith lost any money by the prohibition bill.

Richard remembers, I am sure, that Smith said he gave away his share of the profits.

From every accessible house-top the virtuous Smith declared that all of his share in the profits of the barroom went to the sweet uses of Charity.

Therefore, Smith lost no money by signing the prohibition bill. Charity lost a pile, but Smith didn't.

Possibly that was one reason why he said, when he signed the bill, that it was the happiest moment of his life.

He was tired of seeing sweet Charity use so much money that had whiskey on its breath.

When the Tippins bill came up, it was different. Tippins objected to the sale of a tippie called beer, and Smith objected to Tippins.

Consequently, Governor Smith prevailed upon the Temperance champion, Hooper Alexander, to block the Tippins bill in a Temperance legislature, it being the earnest desire of Smith to avoid signing or vetoing said bill.

Having made a secret bargain with the liquor interests, and being the avowed hero of the prohibitionists, Smith felt that he ought not to be embarrassed by Tippins and his beer bill.

Hooper Alexander was made to feel the same; and the result is that both of these redoubtable patriots are now roosting in Uncle Sam's bosom.

Smith rubber-stamped himself into the Senate, and he rewarded Hooper for the heroic work he had done to prevent a Temperance legislature from passing a Temperance bill.

Mr. Richard Manston should step into the Piedmont barroom some night when he is not engaged in engraving, and should sample the beer.

As he does so, he should remember that Hoke Smith's share of profits still refresh the finances of sweet Charity.

The virtuous man who would not contaminate himself by using profits made on whiskey, is of course too dainty to use the profits made on beer.

Mr. Richard Manston says there is a Quaker adage, to this effect:

"If a man fool thee once, shame on *him*. If he fool thee twice, shame on *you*."

As I am a lineal descendent of the old Wrightsboro Quakers, I heartily welcome the reappearance of this old Quaker adage.

Hoke Smith fooled us, once; and I am rising early of mornings to keep him from doing it twice.

Dost thee get me, Richard?

Shall the Northern Book Trust Still Continue to Be School-Commissioner of Georgia?

FOR more than 20 years, the Book Trusts have gone in co-hoot with our Public School authorities to fleece the patrons of our Public Schools.

In the garret, or closet, or book shelves of the State, there are cart-loads of school books which had to be discarded as useless, although they were as good as new.

They were cast aside because the Book Trust and the grafting school officials wanted more money out of the patrons of the schools.

To get this additional money, the text-books were changed; and then changed again, and then again, until our people were almost driven to desperation.

On this account many of our boys and girls could not get the education guaranteed to them by the highest law of this State.

The present State School Commissioner has stooped so low as to become the virtual lobbyist of the Book Trust. He left his office, thrust himself into the Senate, and helped the lobbyists of the Trust—such men as Ed. McMichael, and Miller of Columbus.

The only schools which escape this Book Trust robbery, are the Roman Catholic schools of Macon, Savannah and Augusta.

To these schools, Brittain gives our public money, *in violation of law*, for neither the Catholic teachers, nor the text-books are under the control of the State.

Brittain to that extent, unites popery with our civil government, a thing prohibited by law.

To that extent Brittain donates public money to sectarian schools.

Will you continue to elect a man who is the tool of the Book Trust and of the Italian church?

Popery Trying to Crush Protestantism in Ireland.

THE specious plea of Home Rule used to cover the designs of the Italian church against the civil and religious liberties of Ulster in Ireland.

Fully explained and historically proved in Watson's Magazine for August, 1914.

10 cents a copy.

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