

The Jeffersonian

Vol. 12, No. 27

Thomson, Ga., Thursday, July 8, 1915

Price, Five Cents

AFTERMATH OF SLATON'S TREACHERY IN THE FRANK CASE

AS reported in the newspapers, Judge Benj. H. Hill, of Atlanta, told the Fulton County grand jury, that it was a sad day for Georgia when the people rioted.

So it is; but not *because* of the riots.

It is *the cause* of the riots, that makes the sad day for Georgia.

If the Big Ben Hill were living, *he* would write this editorial, and mark it No. Twenty-three, of his "NOTES ON THE SITUATION."

If the Big Ben Hill were living, his pen would scorch the paper, as he wrote about *the causes* which produce these riotous conditions.

It is no longer a question of Blue coats and bayonets.

It is no longer a question of Republican Carpet-baggers and Scalawags.

It is no longer a question of the Federal Government trampling upon a State.

No! It is a question of the State's being defiled by a few of its own public men, and a few of its own newspapers.

It is a question of trampling upon the laws of the State *for a price*—a price paid by rich Jews, and accepted by rotten Gentiles.

Our nest is befouled, not by Carpet-baggers, not by Blue coats, not by recently-freed negroes, not by Republican Scalawags.

We are covered with shame and everlasting reproach, by a handful of men who claim to be loyal to Georgia, men who have been honored by Georgia, men who have betrayed the confidence of the people, men who sold the State to a cynical lot of mocking Jews, men who haven't the Judas Iscariot virtue of self-destruction, nor the Benedict Arnold merit of self-expatriation.

Would that the Big Ben Hill were alive to stamp upon these men the indelible brand of "Traitor!"

Would that his pen could preserve for posterity the burning indignation that every decent Georgian feels.

Talk about "respect for the Law!"

Why didn't the Governor show some respect for it—as he was so ready to do in the cases of Wilburn and the Cantrells?

Why didn't T. E. Patterson show some respect for it, as he did in the cases of the poor Gentiles?

What is it that gave to Slaton and Patterson a new code of law, and a new standard of ethics, in the case where unlimited Jew money was at work?

The highest law in the land forbade Slaton and Patterson to retry the Frank case.

The Constitution of 1877 expressly prohibits an executive from exercising judicial functions.

Why, then, did Slaton and Patterson trample this law under foot?

LET THEM EXPLAIN IT!

In the Wilburn case, these two men said, *last year*, that they were bound by the verdict of the jury.

In the Cantrell cases, Slaton and Patterson said, a year ago, that they were bound by the Law.

Why were they not bound, *this year*?

"A Sad Day For Georgia," Says Judge Ben Hill.

The law has not been changed; *but Slaton and Patterson changed!*

Why did these two officials of Georgia act so differently, *this year*, IN THE JEW CASE?

Let them explain it!

In the case of young Bartow Cantrell, both the Judge and the Solicitor interposed in behalf of the condemned Georgia boy—a pitiful illiterate, who had never had half a chance to be a good man.

Thousands of the best people of Hall County and other counties begged for mercy.

But Slaton paid no attention to Judge or Solicitor or petitioners.

Patterson paid no attention to Judge or Solicitor or petitioners.

Yet, this year, they pretend to be governed by a faked letter from Judge Roan, when Roan himself never wrote a line to the Governor, *nor to anybody else*; and when the Solicitor was vehemently protesting against a contemplated outrage upon the Law!

Tell us, if you can—tell us, if you dare! how you came to be so immovable, when

PROFESSOR JUDSON L. MOORE

Is authorized to take subscriptions to The Jeffersonian and Watson's Magazine ANY TIME, ANYWHERE

three Gentiles of low station and humble circumstances, were on the scaffold!

Tell us, if you can—tell us, if you dare! how you came to be so pliable and movable when a rich Jew—a Cornell graduate—was in the Tower!

"Why should I hang: I have rich people in Brooklyn," are the words that Jim Conley says Frank used on the day of the crime; and the negro said it, before he ever knew that the guilty Jew really had rich relatives, and that these rich relatives would make Frank's case a national race-issue.

"In Brooklyn!" the place where there is a Navy Yard, in which the youthful Leo Frank saw the sailors make the loop knot, and out of boyish curiosity learned to tie *just such a knot as was tied around Mary Phagan's neck!*

(No one else in the factory could make that knot—is my information.)

"Why should I hang? I have rich people in Brooklyn."

And immediately he schemed to lay the crime upon somebody else, choosing Newt Lee, the night watchman, who would come on duty a few hours later!

In those notes, he lays the crime on Newt Lee; and then he rushes home, ostensibly to dinner, eats nothing, hurries back to the factory, where he waits in vain for Jim Conley to return.

Jim is afraid to return!

He has gone as far as he dares to go, for his Boss; and, besides, niggers don't love dead bodies.

Jim didn't want to be down there in the dark basement, alone with the desperate Jew and the dead girl.

So Jim stays away.

Then Frank takes hold of the heels of the corpse, and drags it from in front of the elevator back into the farthest and darkest place in the basement, puts the notes and pad close by, as if a nigger had been sitting down beside the corpse to indulge in note-writing to the girl's mother.

Then, Frank turns down the gas jet, to the lowest possible point, so that Newt Lee, in making his rounds that night, will not see Mary Phagan.

But at 3 o'clock that night (after midnight), Lee is in the basement, and feels an urgent call of nature.

He goes to the toilet, near where the corpse lies; and, by the merest chance, the rays from his lantern fall on the white legs of the girl—*her clothes having been partly turned back from the legs, by the dragging.*

Nigger like, Newt Lee was scared half to death; and he scooted up the ladder, grabbed the telephone, and yelled "Police!"

He yelled to the police to "Come! come quickly! there is a dead white woman in the basement!"

Fate was good to that poor nigger that night.

If Newt hadn't happened to go to the toilet, and seen that girl's partly exposed legs, the noose would have closed on him.

The notes, his sole presence in the basement, his possession of the corpse, and the bloody shirt which Frank's friends planted in the nigger's clothes barrel, would have cracked Newt Lee's neck.

That was Leo Frank's plan: HE MEANT TO HANG NEWT LEE!

His meaning appears in the notes, in the effort to drag Mary's body out of sight, in the turning down of the light, in the refusal to allow Newt to enter the building Saturday evening, in the hints given to Frank's detective, and in the planting of the bloody shirt on Newt's premises.

Frank's mind was abnormally active at that crisis of his fate; and *Frank was too sane, THEN, to think that he could ever make the world accept the idea that a girl KILLED BETWEEN A JEW, at the head of the stairs, AND A NIGGER, at the foot of the stairs, could be killed by either man, WITHOUT THE OTHER MAN KNOWING IT.*

Here stands a Jew at the top of the stairs, and there sits a nigger at the bottom of the same stairs, and yonder goes a buxom girl of nearly 14 years, into a tragedy which most probably made her scream, and which most assuredly caused some noise of a blow and a fall—and yet there are intelligent men and women who have convinced themselves that a crime of this sort could have had its beginning, *within thirty feet of one of these two men*, without the knowledge of the other!

Only one flight of stairs separated Jim

Conley and Leo Frank: the doomed girl was between the two.

The doors were open between Frank and the negro: the girl, in going down stairs, would have had to pass some few yards from where Mrs. White saw the negro sitting.

If the negro had seized her, there would certainly have been the sound of a scuffle; if he had struck her, there would certainly have been the sound of a blow, and a fall; and it would have been a miracle if she did not scream—and the scream would have rung up the stairway into Frank's open office.

Is it not so?

But if Frank went with her, 200 feet back to the metal room, and closed the door, as Monteen testified, the scream would not have been heard by the workmen, two floors above, hammering, and tearing down a partition.

Jim says he heard the scream; but as nothing more followed, he naturally took it to mean that the girl had given in, as women often do, after a squeal of resistance.

I remember that when General John B. Gordon was in the United States Senate, his noble wife was misled by one of these squeals; and she pushed a couple of her male friends into an awkward interference with Congressman Acklin, of Louisiana.

Mrs. Gordon honestly believed that the woman's squeal was a sincere resistance to intended violence—but she was mistaken.

Next day, the woman was riding around in a carriage with the amorous statesman from Louisiana; and Mrs. Gordon's male friends had to bear a considerable amount of ridicule.

I merely mention this to explain how Jim failed to rush up stairs, and put himself between a white man and a white woman.

What negro would have done it?

Suppose that the men who rushed in on the privacy of Congressman Acklin had been negroes, what would Acklin have done to them?

Negroes don't like to meddle in white folks' fusses—especially their fights and their scrapes with white women.

Jim Conley was too much of a common negro, and was too used to Frank's dealings with the girls who worked for him!

Conley heard the scream, but as he heard only one, and as that was followed by silence, he believed that Frank was doing with Mary what he was in the habit of doing with Rebecca Carson—or with Daisy Hopkins.

This theory is absolutely credible, and is the only one which explains.

ONE OF THE SAMPLE LIES.

As an illustration of the methods used to deceive honest people about the Frank case, I ask your patience, while I quote what was told by Dan Lehon, who is the dirty rascal that attempted to palm off on the Court, the bought affidavits of Rev. C. B. Ragsdale and E. L. Barber:

LIFE HANGS ON LOCK HE SAYS WAS 'PLANTED'

Burns' Detective Declares Hair Was Placed by Reported to Get 'Scoop' in Frank Case.

Special to The Washington Herald.

San Francisco, March 20.—Evidence which it is claimed will clear Leo M. Frank of the charge of murdering little Mary Phagan in Atlanta on April 26, 1913, is in possession of Dan Lehon, a New Orleans detective, now in San Francisco. Lehon, who was instrumental in the discovery of faults in the State's case against Frank, was indicted in Atlanta for his activity in obtaining perjury in the Frank trial, but later was acquitted.

"One of the most startling bits in the chain of evidence which the State wove about Frank was a strand of hair found on the second floor of the factory," said Lehon today.

"I am prepared to prove that the lock of hair

was placed on the handle of a lathe by a newspaper reporter for the sake of a sensational "scoop."

Dan Lehon was fired from the Police Department of Chicago for blackmailing a woman of the town, just as his brassy Boss, W. J. Burns, was fired from the National Association of Chiefs of Police, for being such an all-round humbug and crook.

Lehon told the West that he was prepared to prove that a reporter planted the hair on the handle of R. P. Barrett's machine!

Yet, during all the months and months the case hung before the courts, the Prison Commission, and the Governor, this shameless liar, Lehon, made no effort whatever to show up that reporter.

He said it was one of the most startling bits of evidence in the case, and so it was; and he vowed that he was "prepared to prove that the lock of hair was planted &c."

What became of his proof? Why didn't he produce it before the Prison Commission, and explode the State's case?

Why didn't he produce it before Governor Slaton, and save him from so much sitting up of nights?

If Lehon had produced the evidence that he was "prepared" to fetch forward, Slaton would not have needed a war-zone, and a barbed wire *chevaux de frise*, and a machine gun.

The reporter who planted that hair might have needed a war-zone, but that's another matter.

What are the people of a State to do, when outside sentiment is maliciously worked up against them, by such a system of lies; and when their own papers are gagged into silence?

GET THE FACTS RIGHT!

For the honor of Georgia, for the vindication of her laws, her courts, and her people, get the facts RIGHT.

When they tell you that a mob influenced the grand jury which accused Leo Frank of this hellish crime, fling back the answer that four of those official accusers were Jews!

Fling back the answer that those four Jewish accusers of this most guilty Jew could not be softened by the Haas brotherhood, could not be coerced by the B'Nai B'rith, could not be moved by Rabbi Marx, could not be persuaded by Nathan Straus.

Tell them that after all the excitement naturally attendant upon such a crime had died down; and after the two-year propaganda in behalf of the guilty Frank had done everything that Money could buy, those four Jewish accusers of Leo Frank stood as inflexibly as did the nineteen Gentiles!

When you hear them say that the "mob atmosphere" convicted Leo Frank, fling back the answer that those twelve jurors separated, after their work was done, and that those twelve men are now scattered—one of them being a hotel-clerk in Houston, Texas; but no amount of pressure has ever succeeded in getting a single member of that jury to ask for clemency for the man he condemned; nor to express anything but the firmest conviction of Frank's guilt.

When they tell you, that Georgia had no other evidence against Leo Frank than that of a negro, fling it back in their teeth that his wife must have had something more, for she knew nothing of what the negro would swear, but knew enough "of her own knowledge," to so completely fill her with horror, that for three weeks, all the power of all the rich Atlanta Jews could not force her to go to her guilty husband in jail.

When they tell you that Judge Roan expressed a doubt as to Frank's guilt, fling back the answer, that the official record contradicts the statement; and that the Metho-

dist pastor who was the closest friend of the Judge, made affidavit that Roan told him that "according to the evidence, Frank was UNQUESTIONABLY GUILTY."

And if you want to become aggressive on that phase of the case—that shameful phase where four unprincipled lawyers play tricks on a dead man! just remind them that The Jeffersonian accused Rosser and John V. Moore of a ghastly fake, of which Slaton had full knowledge; and that none of the dastards have had the pluck to meet the issue.

When they tell you that our Supreme Court could not review and weigh the evidence against Leo Frank, fling back the answer that the 141st volume of the Georgia Reports shows that the Supreme Court devoted thirty-odd pages of closely printed matter to reviewing and weighing the evidence in the case; and that, after having weighed it in the scales, they did not find it wanting.

On the contrary, the court held that it was amply sufficient to demonstrate Frank's guilt.

When they tell you that two Justices differed from the majority, ask them to look into the 141st Georgia Reports, and learn what the dissenting opinion was based on.

The imperishable record shows, that the difference between the Justices was not on a controlling matter.

Justices Fish and Beck thought that Judge Roan should have ruled out some evidence which was merely cumulative, and which did not go to the merits of the case.

In brief, the two Justices thought that the evidence of sodomy, and of the Rebecca Carson conduct, should not have been admitted.

This was comparatively so small a point that neither Patterson nor Slaton referred to it, at all!

When they tell you that two out of nine Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States differed from the majority, answer back, that those two Justices went no further than to say, that if a mob was in court howling at the jury, threatening the judge, the lawyers, the jurors, the witnesses, &c., the Federal Courts should intervene.

But, the seven Justices not only declared that Frank's lawyers had failed absolutely to furnish evidence of mob violence, but that the record showed that the State of Georgia had given to Leo Frank the fullest measure of his legal rights.

When they tell you that Prison Commissioner T. E. Patterson recommended commutation, it will be a sufficient answer to say, that Patterson leaned upon the fake letter of Judge Roan, which never did have any legal right to be considered at all.

If letters can be raised from the dead to wash away the crimes of the living, Patterson, and Moore, and Rosser might quit everything else, and go to raising letters from the dead.

A bunk epistle, purporting to be written by a dying man, and which hides itself until the alleged author is dead, is just such a letter as deserves prominence among the infamies of this monstrous case.

If the record shows Frank's innocence, Roan's word should not have been needed; if the record shows Frank's guilt, Roan's word should not have been heeded.

The record is here, and speaks for itself. Roan is not here, and cannot speak for himself.

Obviously, then, the safe course is, to abide by the record.

In that connection, may I ask you to read the following letter?

Crown Point, Fla., July 3, 1915.
Dear Sir: It is too late now, but I have just learned something that I wish I had known sooner. I have a son living in Tampa. A short time after Frank's trial, one of Judge Roan's daughters was rooming at my son's, and Judge

Roan was on a visit there. My son and his wife both heard Judge Roan say, that he was satisfied as to Frank's guilt; and yet some people try to make out that Judge Roan was always doubtful as to his guilt.

I will go \$10 for a monument to Mary Phagan, with a history of the trial, from the jury to the Prison Commission, and that the death sentence was at last commuted by Governor Slaton.

With best regards to you and your labors, I am truly,
A. M. MINOR.

ABUSE OF PARDON POWER.

When they tell you that John M. Slaton acted conscientiously, and within his legal rights, answer back, that he did not confine himself to his legal rights, and that his own conduct proves that he wasn't ruled by his "conscience."

When the Constitution of 1877 gave the pardoning power to the Governor, it also put him upon notice that he must not exercise the power without a reason, which he must communicate to the Legislature.

The two constitutional clauses must be construed together; and when so construed, in the light of English law and practise, they mean, that the Governor's reasons for executive clemency must be such as the Legislature will approve; and such as will show to the people, that he did not act capriciously, did not arrogate to himself the right to set aside the verdict, and did not usurp the functions of a Supreme Court of review.

The prohibition of judicial powers, meant, that the executive must act upon something which occurred after the courts got through with the case; or upon some mitigating circumstance which tempered justice and softened the punishment of the guilty.

The Constitution never meant that a Governor could say, "I have re-tried this case, and return a verdict of Not guilty."

Nor did the Constitution ever mean, that the Governor should say—

"I have re-tried this case, and find that the evidence fails to connect the accused with the crime beyond a reasonable doubt."

The Supreme Court can say that, but the Governor cannot.

The Supreme Court has often said that; but no Governor ever said it, until Rosser's partner got hold of one end of the Frank case.

Last year, Governor Slaton held the Law to be, just as I have stated it.

He and Patterson both had the same idea of the Law, then, that I am expressing now.

To prove that they are right, as to the law in the Frank case, you have to argue that they were wrong when they sent Nick Wilburn, and Bartow Cantrell to the gallows.

If you can explain the sudden change, made by Patterson and Slaton, and do it on a theory creditable to human nature, for God's sake do it, quickly.

When they tell you that Slaton acted conscientiously, after the most laborious examination of the record—ably assisted by Jess Perry—answer back, that the Jews in New York have known for months that Frank would not hang; and that an ex-member of the Georgia State Senate knew, weeks beforehand, what Slaton meant to do!

Answer back, that some of Slaton's best friends begged him not to arouse suspicion of his motive, by saving his firm's client, but to relieve the man, and let his fate be decided by a Governor who is not a member of a law-firm employed by Frank.

Answer back, that on Friday before the commutation, a message over the Atlanta telephone carried the news that Slaton had commuted.

Answer back, that the rich Jews knew of it, Friday, and prepared for a joyous banquet at Frank's house, where they were feasting and drinking, for four hours on Saturday night, while Slaton was giving out lies, to the effect that Frank had better prepare for death, and that the decision in the

case might not be reached, until Monday.

Answer back, that there is no coherence whatever in Slaton's lengthy explanation, nor in his subsequent statements.

No man can tell from his 1,500-word document whether he believes Frank guilty or not: his failure to pardon, antagonizes the idea that he believed Frank to be innocent.

You are left in doubt as to whether he leans most on Judge Roan, on Patterson, on Justices Fish and Beck, on Justices Holmes and Hughes, or whether he is agonized in his mind by the experiments he made with the elevator at the pencil factory.

SALLY SAYS "LET'S COMMUTE!"

In his elaborately imbecile document, he says that the noise he heard in Frank's favor was the voice of Judge Roan, calling from another world.

But when he had safely landed in New York, Slaton gushingly told the reporters that the noise he heard in behalf of Frank was the sweet voice of "Sally."

Lest you may doubt the correctness of this statement, I will quote Slaton's delicious words:

"Sally," I said, "I have finished considering this case, and I am not satisfied that the man should be hanged."

"Jack," she answered, "if that is the way you feel, LET'S COMMUTE! So I commuted the sentence, and that's all there is to it."

"LET'S COMMUTE!"

"Says I to Maria, Maria, says I; and Maria she says unto me"—I guess you know the rest.

If Slaton's mind had really been made up, why the reference of the case to Sally?

And if Sally had said, "Let's not commute," where would that have left her Jack?

Was Sally the real commuter, after all? and was it Sally Fanny Grant who annihilated both the juries, and both the Supreme Courts?

I wonder if there is a lead-line that would sound the depths of Slaton's shifty shallows!

At one moment, he is hiding behind a dead man; and at the next, he gets behind his wife's petticoats.

Slaton cannot complain of the mention of his wife's name. Nobody had done it; and it was he who stopped over, in New York, and divulged the private conversation which took place in his country palace, "at 3 o'clock on Sunday morning."

Slaton even named the room they were in: it was their library; and Slaton says that he "had been pondering for hours."

At that time of night, his hard-tail mule was probably trying to sleep off his tax assessment of \$25.

The noble cavalry horse, that had galloped after General Wheeler, was probably dreaming of the sixties, and fighting his battles over again.

The family carriage and pair—"merely kept for sentimental reasons"—were dozing together, with never a thought of a war zone, a machine gun, a barbed wire *chevaux de frise*, and a glittering array of brass buttons and bayonets.

It was in the library: it was three hours after midnight! (Ghosts walk at that hour.)

In New York, the rich Jews already knew that Frank had been commuted.

In Atlanta, the commutation was not only known, but the preparations had been made to celebrate the victory, in Frank's home, by Frank's rich connections—to celebrate it with wine and wassail, with song and jeer and coarse exultation!

Yet, John M. Slaton, in New York, told the reporter, that he was still deliberating on the case, at three hours after midnight,

on Sunday morning; and that he turned to Sally, and asked—

"What do you say?"

And Slaton told the New Yorkers that Sally threw her arms around him, and answered—

"Jack, let's commute!"

So, you see, we were unusually blessed in having two gubernatorial judges to retry the Frank case, and to upset all the courts; one was Chief Justice Jack, and the other was Associate Justice Sally.

The newspaper account proceeds to say—

The ex-Governor isn't sure that his political career is ended after all. It is no secret that his ambition for years has been to be United States Senator from Georgia. The World's reporter asked him:

"Will you be a candidate for that office at the next election, Governor?"

"If the people want me—and if Mrs. Slaton lets me," he replied.

"Here's one thing I wish the North to know," he said. "I didn't slip out of Allanta, or sneak away. Within a couple of days after my decision caused all the excitement I was walking about the streets as usual. I have nothing to fear."

So, you see, Judge Jack cannot even return to Georgia, and run for the Senate, unless free consent is given by Associate Justice Sally.

"I was walking about the streets as usual!"

"I have nothing to fear."

And all it cost us, to have Slaton walking about the streets of Atlanta as usual, was a thousand dollars a day.

And he wasn't afraid of anything, but merely war-zoned himself, as a luxury: barbed-wired himself, as a diversion; and body-guarded himself, as a humorous variation of his monotonous existence.

As a liar, Slaton is hard to beat.

He further said—

"Judge Roan realized that he made a mistake. He wrote to me and begged me to commute the sentence."

"Judge Roan . . . wrote to me and begged me to commute the sentence."

And yet the hard-hearted Slaton had never yielded to Roan, or to Rosser, or to Hamp McWhorter, or to the Chicago lollywops, nor to the jackass governors, nor to the Arizona and Tennessee Legislatures, nor to the 800,000,000 petitioners, nor to the convincing effects of his experiments with that elevator at the pencil factory—experiments discounted, however, by the absence of any soft substance at the bottom of the shaft, at the time the Governor was riding up and down in the vehicle.

In spite of all the strenuities of Jerusalem and Jericho; in spite of all the herculean muscularities of lawyers—attacking by platoons, attacking in thin red lines, and attacking *en echelon*—in spite of everything that could be done by the confederated hosts of Jerusalem and Jericho, our Governor wavered and waited, until the roosters were crowing for 3 o'clock that night; and then, at last, he wearily bent his tired brain toward his Associate Justice, and asked—

"Sally, what do you say?"

And Sally ups and says—

"Jack, let's commute."

Don't you go and blame me for bringing Slaton's wife's name into this thing: Slaton did it himself. Therefore, it is perfectly fair and legitimate for me to comment upon the facts which the sapient fugitive gave out in New York—and which Hearst's Atlanta *Georgian* fatuously republished.

Where, where was the merciful Sally, when so many noble women of Hall County were pleading with her Jack, for the life of that poor Georgia lad, Bartow Cantrell?

These Cantrells repented of their sins, sought peace of soul in the old, old way; and apparently became sincere Christians.

What they tell me about Bartow, the 17-

year-old boy, would move a heart of stone.

Mrs. Eula Harris wrote, in a local paper:

Their repentance was thorough and deep, and their witness to pardon clear and definite. Not one word of self-justification was heard from them, but only regrets that they had brought trouble on others. Some of us had the glorious privilege of being with them in religious service almost every Sunday afternoon for several months before their execution, beholding their shining faces and hearing their clear testimonies to the saving grace of God. They insisted that we come on the day of their execution as early as possible, and stay with them to the last, which we did. We held service with them until they were brought out to make their statements, and go to their awful, but glorious fate. The glory that rested upon them is indescribable. As we sang their favorite songs they walked back and forth in their cell, praising God that they would soon be at home, and exhorting others who were unsaved to get ready to meet them in heaven. They were so self-forgetful and thoughtful of others. They did not seek one bit of comfort for themselves, but spent their time in trying to comfort their loved ones, who were grieving after them. They fervently prayed for their fellow-prisoners who were unsaved.

My good old friend, Dr. A. L. Nance, writes me:

Gainesville, Ga., July 3, 1915.

Dear Brother Watson:

After their conviction they were the most law-abiding prisoners I have ever known, and vowed time and again that if the doors of the prison were opened and every prisoner went out, they would not go out, unless discharged. Hence, Brother Spencer, our Sheriff, allowed them the freedom of the corridors of the jail to the very last; and they were a great blessing to the other prisoners, as well as outsiders; and their religious experiences were powerful sermons within themselves.

You tell me such characters, after an eight-months' test, could it have been possible for them to have been pardoned, would not have made better citizens than Jack Slaton, Luther Rosser and Leo Frank.

Wish you could have seen the face of Bartow Cantrell—one of the sweetest, most benign faces that I ever beheld upon a boy. He was led unthoughtfully, by the buying of the revenue officer of Hawkins, to betray them; and mistreatment of his sister spurred him up to commit the deed: 'twas not premeditated murder.

As I wrote you before, the trial Judge, every member of the jury which tried them, and the Solicitor General signed the petition for the commutation of their sentence, and urged it; and there was not, within my knowledge, a dissenting voice in the entire county.

With my benediction for the grand, holy and righteous work which you are doing, I am truly and affectionately yours,

A. L. NANCE, M. D.

My lords, is the mantle of mercy cut for none but the rich, the great, the powerful in social, commercial, and political life?

Bartow Cantrell was a sinner, but he sinned after the manner of men.

He could write as well as Jim Conley, but not so well as Leo Frank.

He did not arouse the sympathy of Society Queens and Railroad Lawyers, by having a lot of poor, ruined girls to his credit.

He was no Cornell graduate; and he had not even learned how to loop a sailor's knot around the neck of a fatherless girl, so that with every effort she made to breathe, it sank deeper into her tender throat.

Bartow Cantrell did not have a dollar, much less a Haas Finance Committee, and a Nathan Straus to back him.

This North Georgia boy aroused no interest in Church or State, outside the narrow confines of his own community.

In the Cantrell case, were any prayers offered up in the Atlanta churches, asking that Slaton might be "divinely guided in dealing with the problem before him?"

The newspapers announced that prayers of that sort went up in the Frank case.

In the case of the 17-year-old Bart Cantrell, did the Rev. Dr. C. B. Wilmer pray, in St. Luke's Episcopal Church, that God would guide Slaton to "a decision that would save the good name of the State?"

Wilmer prayed to that effect in the Frank case.

Wilmer not only prayed for Frank, and virtually informed the Almighty that Frank's conviction was a disgrace to Georgia, but he took it upon himself to prance up and down with Yeomans, and to harangue the Governor at the hearing for commutation.

No Brisbanes wrote for Cantrell; no Connollys lied for him; no Burnses and Rossers faked for him; no Chicago lollywops hurried down here in Pullman Palace cars, to plead with Sally and Jack for the life of this Georgia boy.

And yet it seems certain that, had he lived, he would have won many an stray from the evil path that had led him into trouble; and surely a lifetime spent by such a Christian, in the midst of convicts, might have been of infinite benefit to some of his fellow creatures.

Colonel Dean actually took Slaton to see the boy; and Slaton heard testimonies to the lad's conversion, that might at least have raised a "reasonable doubt," in his favor.

But Slaton's heart was untouched: he was adamant toward this Georgia boy; and nothing the Judge could say, nothing the Solicitor could say, nothing the people could say, had the slightest influence on Slaton.

THE LAW IN THE CANTRELL CASE.

In refusing to commute, in the Cantrell case, Slaton wrote:

Under my oath I must uphold the law. It is not my province to make laws, but to execute them. If the people do not believe in capital punishment it is the duty of their representatives to repeal the law which provides for it.

The appeals that have been made for clemency by good men and women are the promptings of kind hearts and sympathetic natures. Oftentimes apparent severity is really philanthropy, and the enforcement of the law in this case may be the protection of many an honest freese in Georgia, and may afford security to many an honest husband.

The majesty of the law must be vindicated, and those whose kindly impulses urge them now to request clemency will in their more thoughtful moments recognize the necessity for law enforcement as a protection to the civilization of our State.

For the reasons stated I cannot interfere, unless at the same time I am willing to make the declaration that, while Governor, the law of capital punishment shall be repealed. This I am forbidden to do by my oath of office.

This July 30, 1914.

JOHN M. SLATON, Governor.

By the Governor:

A. H. ULM, Secretary Executive Department.

He did not even take the case to Sally. Or, if he did, Sally said, "Let's not commute."

My lords, it is pitiful—this case, contrasted with Frank's.

It is a sad day for Georgia, when her Governor usurps a power to abolish jury trial.

It is a sad day for Georgia, when her Governor overrides two Supreme Courts.

It is a sad day for Georgia, when her Governor, and one of her Prison Commissioners could not realize *what the Pinkerton detective and the Burns detectives AGREED ON.*

At first, the Pinkerton detectives employed for Frank, saw that they couldn't put Jim into it, without implicating Frank; therefore Harry Scott, left Jim alone, and trailed Newt Lee and J. M. Gantt.

The Burns detectives, employed for Frank, saw the same thing that the Pinkertons saw: hence, Burns' statement that the crime had been committed by some one who had never been suspected.

Burns knew that if Jim was in it, Frank was in it also.

It is a sad day for Georgia, when a white lady, of splendid courage and character, can walk up to a retiring governor and say to him, in public—

"Now that you are a private citizen, in

the name of the womanhood of Georgia, I call you traitor and dastard.

"And if there is manhood enough in Georgia, they will attend to your case, *you Judas!*"

And when the retiring Governor thus addressed, cringes like a whipped hound, slinks away before the flashing eyes of the indignant lady, it is no wonder that soldiers have to save him from the infuriated manhood of Georgia, and that he flees to the North to enjoy the plaudits of the men at whose behest he betrayed his State.

THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES GAVE THE AMPLEST VINDICATION TO OUR PEOPLE, AND THE COURTS.

Don't you think that these Atlanta papers might at least have told the world, *that the greatest of all courts, after the most careful consideration of the record, vindicated the jury, vindicated Judge Roan, and vindicated the Supreme Court of Georgia, by deciding that the State had tried and convicted Leo Frank, in the strictest accordance with the Constitution of the United States, the Constitution of Georgia, and the Penal Code, which is the most lenient of all codes to a prisoner at the bar?*

Slaton has practically endorsed the libelous charges hurled against us by mercenary lawyers, detectives, hack writers, Jew editors, and Jew millionaires—*towit:*

That twelve jurors wanted to commit judicial murder; that twenty-three grand jurors, *including four Jews*, stood pat for judicial murder; that Judge Roan adhered to the murder program until saved by the late arrival of the virtuous John W. Moore; that our Supreme Court, in its first decision, favored judicial murder by a majority of vote; and in its second decision was *unanimously* in favor of it; that seven of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the Union favored judicial murder; and that Messrs. Rainey and Davison, of our Prison Commission, also wanted to commit judicial murder.

If Slaton's document means anything at all, that's exactly the size of it.

Yet, not a single line can any Democrat get published in either one of the Atlanta dailies, setting the truth of the Frank case before the world.

What is the hidden motive of the Georgia member of the National Democratic Executive Committee, in gagging his daily paper, and not allowing Democrats to defend Southern democracy from these Northern libels?

What harm could it now do, to publish both sides?

Has Clark Howell no pride in the good name of the Democrats of Georgia?

Ought the Atlanta Georgian collude with those Northern papers who traduce Georgia Democrats?

There were no Republicans on the Frank jury, no Republican mobs created an atmosphere of jungle fury around the loathsome Sodomite at his trial; no Republican sits on our Supreme Court; *and the Republicans and Democrats on the highest bench in the world vindicated us!*

Why should Mr. Hearst's paper continue their vilification of Georgia Democrats?

Why did Hearst, in his secret message to Slaton, malign the Democrats of Atlanta, the Democrats on the jury, and the Democrats on our Supreme bench?

Ah, it is a sad day for Georgia, for at last we know that a poor man's home, and a poor man's child, counts for nothing when Big Money starts out to muzzle the papers, libel the State, invent a case which does not exist, hide the case that does exist, and defeat the Law as laid down by the greatest tribunals in the world.

Woe to the State, in which the poor man

Atlanta, June 23.

has just cause to ask—"Where is my protection? Where is the strong arm that should be my sword and shield?"

"Where can I put my child to work, and feel that she is safe?"

What has become of my rights, my safeguards, my dependence upon Justice?"

Woe to the State! when the poor man has just cause to say—

"I am nothing! They only show me consideration when they want my vote, and when they put a gun in my hand to fight out the rich man's quarrel.

"I am nothing! The laws they make are against me. The taxes they impose lie heaviest on me: the burden of life is all mine, and none of the ease and enjoyment.

"I am nothing! If my boy—my boy whom the State neglected—commits a crime, he swings for it; but if some rich man's son lusts after my daughter, lays in wait for her, and leads her into a trap, and assaults her, and kills her—I am asked to respect the Law, while the Law is hiring automobiles and parlor cars to take her vile destroyer into a fake imprisonment!

Leo Frank's "life term" is a fake, and everybody knows it.

The next move in the game is, TO GET CONLEY TO TAKE THE WHOLE CRIME UPON HIS SHOULDERS.

Conley cannot now be punished for the rape and murder: Conley has been in jeopardy, has been punished, and cannot be re-arraigned.

If that negro is not a most exceptional man, he will be bribed, or scared, into saying that he did it all by himself.

He will be outside the State when he says it—and he will be running faster than Burns left Marietta.

Already, Burns has tried his hand at least twice at fixing the crime on a negro.

He tried to coach a negro in Chicago; but Allen got "dubious," and shied.

Burns was engaged in this noble effort, when he was yelling through the papers that the criminal was still at large.

When the Chicago coon took to the bushes, Burns came back to Georgia; and, soon afterwards, Ragsdale and Barber made those \$200 affidavits, with which the noble firm of Rosser, Slaton & Phillips attempted to fool the courts.

Then came the effort to produce a negro at the State Farm who would swear to a Conley confession.

Rosser was afraid to risk another Ragsdale fiasco, and he abandoned the State Farm project.

But Conley is out, and Conley is poor, and Conley loves liquor, and Conley can be made to see ghosts, and Burns can use on Conley one of the negro detectives, and one of the negro "witch doctors" that Burns boasts of using to scare negro witnesses in railroad cases.

Burns said, "The private detective is one of the most dangerous criminals we have to deal with."

Yes: we have been dealing with one, for more than a year; and we have learned that the private detective is just what Burns said he is.

And the worst criminal in the whole lay-out of private detectives, is William J. Burns.

A detective who could try to coach a fake murderer in Chicago; and then try to fool the courts with the purchased affidavits of Ragsdale and Barber; and then try to have Barrett and the girl witnesses bribed; and then create a mythical reporter who put Mary Phagan's hair on Barrett's machine, is a grand rascal who is capable of any crime whatever.

As soon as he thinks it safe to recommence his infamous operations, you will see

the Atlanta dailies blossom out into 2-inch headlines, as they did when William M. Smith—Conley's lawyer—announced that he would expose his client, and show the world that the negro alone committed the crime.

There will be a "confession" from Jim; and Jim will be following Slaton's trunks on their way to the Setting Sun; and the filthy Sodomite will disappear from the State Farm—to resume his pursuit of little Gentile girls in cities remote from Atlanta.

When General George Washington was implored by the British to save the life of the gallant young officer, Major Andre, he answered, substantially—

"Give me Arnold, and you may have Andre."

Washington passionately yearned to get his hands on the traitor—to hang him like a dog.

Benedict Arnold, sorely provoked by Congress, plotted with the enemy, to surrender one outlying fortress which his country had entrusted to his keeping.

John M. Slaton, not provoked at all, plotted to surrender, and did surrender, to the enemies of Law and Order, the very Citadel of our safety and honor—a citadel which a generous people had confided to his keeping.

The rich Jews knew him better than we did: when they employed the firm of Rosser, Slaton & Phillips to defend Leo Frank, they trusted much to Rosser, in the courts, but more to Slaton, in the executive office.

They knew what they were doing when they hired that firm: they knew what they would get, when they put up the ducats for that firm; and they got what they had expected, when Slaton reversed all the courts, AND RELEASED THE GUILTY CLIENT OF HIS FIRM.

How can any Georgian expect us to ever forget that? How could we forget it, if we tried?

Shall we condone it, forgive it, and forget it, and thus encourage another member of a law-firm to disgrace a noble profession, violate his oath of office, nullify the laws and the courts, and prostitute gubernatorial powers at the dictation of mercenary influences?

Must we obliterate the line between the deserter and the fighter: must we forget the difference between the honest cashier, and the defaulter who ruins the bank?

Must we quit teaching the children to abhor bad men, and to avoid evil communications?

Must we be silent, and let John M. Slaton take his place in our Hall of Fame on an equality with Stephens, and Jenkins, and Johnston, and Cobb, and Lumpkin, and Jackson, and Troup?

Away with such logic!

If the thing that John M. Slaton did was not wrong, nothing is wrong.

Confuse honor with dishonor, if you can: confound vice with virtue, if you can: when you have done it, you yourself have ceased to have either honor, or virtue.

To the drunk, all men are drunk.

To the confirmed thief, all men would steal, if they got a chance.

To the seared conscience of the harlot, the purest of womankind would fall, if she were tempted.

Let no man say we must rebuke wrong, by not rebuking it.

Let no man say we can preserve public and private morals, by not trying to do it.

Let everyone take this Slaton case into his thoughts, and his talk, and his future conduct, to the end THAT NO PUBLIC SERVANT WILL DARE TO BETRAY US THAT WAY, AGAIN.

As an appendix to this article, read the following:

Mr. Tom Watson:

What I tell you I know to be true as God is light, and it is this: The Jews all gathered at the home of the Seligs, on Washington Street, where Frank's wife and father-in-law live, and from 8 till 12 o'clock, they had regular old-time Belshazzar feast. They drank wine, high balls, whiskey and beer, and smoked and sang, and had music; and there were not less than a hundred and twenty automobiles full of Jews that came there from the time I say to the late hour.

Now, they all knew Slaton had commuted Frank, and were celebrating it.

And I know a policeman who was on the streets yesterday, to make out like controlling the mob, and he told me he passed the jail every night at 12 o'clock for a year and going on duty, and never saw a light in the office of the Sheriff till Saturday night, and he was surprised to see the Sheriff sitting there like he was waiting for somebody, and suddenly a Jew man came running up and tapped on the window, and the Sheriff raised the window and the Jew whispered to him, and the Sheriff smiled, and then the Jew ran off and the Sheriff closed the window. Now, that showed conspiracy, and that Slaton was working with the Jews all the time.

A big real estate man told me yesterday he had a friend in the pencil factory who had worked there some years, and he told him FRANK WAS THE ONLY MAN IN THE WHOLE SHOP WHO COULD TIE THE SORT OF KNOT THAT WAS FOUND ON MARY PHAGAN'S NECK. He said Frank learned it at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and although some of them tried to learn to tie it like that, none of them ever could do so.

And a lady told me yesterday her aunt lived near the Selig home, and that a few days after the murder, and after they took Frank to jail or police quarters, his wife's sister came over to see her and told her they all knew Frank killed that girl, and that his wife had not gone to see him, and, what was more, she never would go to see him, as she was done with him and was going to get a divorce; and the Selig woman also said there was no excuse for Frank not going to the ball game with her husband, because he told them the night before that he had finished his work on the balance sheet Friday evening.

I asked the woman who told me all this, why her aunt did not give it to Dorsey at the trial, and she said her uncle held a job in the County Courthouse and was afraid he would lose his place, if he let his wife get into it, so he would not let her tell what the Selig woman told her. This Selig woman is the WIFE OF THE MAN FRANK HAD THE ENGAGEMENT TO GO TO THE BALL GAME WITH.

Slaton sure was disqualified to act on the case, if he wanted to be an honest man, for he had two law partners interested in the Frank defense Ben Phillips, the son-in-law of the rich Elsis, and Rosser, his other partner, who defended Frank; and if there is one man in town who Slaton looks up to as if he was a god, it is Rosser; and of course Rosser has been pouring it into Slaton's ear for a year, at least.

Your true friend,

ATLANTAN.

Please Accept This as an Answer to Many Letters.

PROBABLY no private citizen in Georgia ever received so many letters of earnest approval as have come to me within the last three weeks.

It is the heartfelt outpouring of a great people who wish me to feel that my efforts for Law and Order, and the State's honor, have been appreciated.

It is not to be thought by any one that these letters, many of them from men who have always fought me hard, are not deeply gratifying.

Perhaps the thing which moves me most is the profound pleasure of my life-long friends at seeing the scales drop from the eyes of so many who have heretofore misunderstood and misjudged me.

I wish it were in my power to write a personal letter to each boy, each girl, each good woman, each civilian, and each old soldier who has taken the trouble to send me words of "Well done!"

OUR ATLANTA REPRESENTATIVE.

Any one wishing to subscribe to THE JEFFERSONIAN (Weekly Paper)

Or to WATSON'S MAGAZINE (Monthly)

Can give the money to

MR. G. W. SEALS,

502 Austell Building, . . . ATLANTA, GA.

The New Tax-Assessment Law of Georgia is Unconstitutional and Undemocratic! Repeal it!

(1.) THE Constitution of Georgia (Article II., Section 2) declares that *County Officers shall be elected by the qualified voters, and shall hold office for two years.*

The Legislature and the people have unwisely lengthened the term of the old county officers to four years, but the Constitution has not been changed so as to authorize the *appointment of county officers.*

The three County Assessors are certainly County Officers; and therefore the new law which deprives the people of the right to elect, *is unconstitutional.*

(2.) While the terms of the old county officers have been increased to four years, that law does not apply to tax assessors: therefore *two members of each board are illegally commissioned.*

No tax assessor can be appointed in any county for a term of four years and more, without violating *both provisions of Section 2, of Article II. of the Constitution of 1877.*

(3.) The new law creates a six-year office for a Tax Boss, who is not elected by the people, and who cannot be removed by the people.

The Governor is elected, his term is only two years, but he appoints a Tax Boss, who holds on for six years.

This is not democratic.

If the people had not been completely ignored, and deceived about this new law, it would never have been adopted.

(4.) The new law creates more than 600 new office-holders, who are not elected by the people, and who cannot be removed by the taxpayers.

One of these officials, *in each county*, holds his office for six years, which is two years longer than any county officer's term.

This is undemocratic.

(5.) These new office-holders fix their own salaries.

Such a thing was never heard of before!

IT IS UNCONSTITUTIONAL.

The new law says the assessors are to charge not less than \$3 a day, but fails to say that they must not charge *more than a certain sum.*

No such law was ever made before.

In some counties, the assessors are taking \$3, in some \$5, and in others they may be taking \$20.

THE LAW DOES NOT LIMIT THEM!

Under this law, they could charge \$100 a day, and dawdle at the Courthouse until they busted the county!

(6.) This law originated with the General Counsel of all the Railroad lobbyists, and was fathered by the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce; and its secret aim is, to *unload on land, THE RAPIDLY INCREASING EXPENSES OF THE STATE GOVERNMENT—leaving almost exempt from taxation the Northern corporations that are bleeding the State to death.*

It is the land owner, and the owner of other stuff which cannot be hidden, who suffers under this new law.

The note shaver, the loan shark, the millionaire owner of stocks and bonds, the absentee Wall Street monarch who exploits our people in corporation tariffs—he is the favored pet of this new tax law, which has so greatly pleased the daily papers whose policy is controlled from New York!

(7.) The new law was drafted in such clumsy haste, that it left one gap down for the victims.

The assessors must give you written notice of any raise in your sworn valuations of your property.

Within ten days after you are served with this notice, you can file with the assessors a written notice of your dissatisfaction, and *name your arbitrator in this written protest.*

Then the assessors must name their arbitrator, and notify you who he is.

Then there is nothing doing until an umpire is chosen. See?

Your man should not agree with the assessor's man, until the third man suits you, as well as he suits the assessors.

Of course, if no umpire can be agreed on, the raise in your valuation cannot go into effect; and your taxes remain where your sworn return to the Receiver put them.

(8.) If the Tax Receivers are not to be of any service to the State, their office should be abolished.

The law gave these officers the right to reject any tax return which they considered too low.

The law provided a method to settle the difference between the Receiver and the taxpayer, and the method is simple and practical.

Why are the Tax Receivers deprived of their real usefulness?

Why are they virtually cast aside for the tax assessors?

The answer is—The Northern corporations wanted men in office *who would be out of the reach of the people.*

These six-year tax bosses will become as independent as life-term Federal judges; because human nature is built that way.

We ought to repeal the new law, restore the power of the Tax Receiver, and abolish these un-democratic six-year appointive officials, who enjoy the unconstitutional power to fix their own salaries.

As to a Daily Paper in Atlanta.

FROM Atlanta itself, and from all parts of the State, appeals have come to me for the establishment of a daily paper in Atlanta—a paper which would not allow Jew advertisers to gag it with a golden gag, and which would not be silent while the Northern corporations despoil the State.

The propositions that have been made, and the good that might be accomplished, are very attractive inducements, and I have not fully made up my mind.

In any event, I would think it my duty to consult the stockholders and the directors of The Jeffersonian Publishing Company.

After several years of the hardest work I ever did, the affairs of the Company are in good shape, our credit is established, the Roman Catholic boycott has been defeated all along the line, and our paid-up circulation is greater than that of any periodical ever published in Georgia.

To tear all this down, and start anew in Atlanta, would be a serious risk, especially as a daily paper, such as I would run, would have to fight so many powerful influences, at a place where those influences are entrenched.

To make such a fight, would require a large sum of money, and those who put it up would have to understand that every dollar of it might be lost.

When the Interstate Commerce Commission officially reports that the Louisville and Nashville Railroad has spent \$20,000,000 to buy up Southern newspapers, politicians, courts, legislatures, &c.; and when we see this Rothschild-Belmont corporation throwing its tentacles around the papers and politicians in Atlanta, we can form some idea of the battle which an honest daily would have to wage.

The L. & N. Railroad lobbyists had Governor Goebel of Kentucky shot down in the streets, and the man who had it done made his successful get away.

Neither Democrats nor Republicans would

ever compel Taylor to return to Kentucky to stand his trial.

The L. & N. Railroad lobbyists shot down ex-Senator Carmack, of Tennessee, for no other reason than that Carmack was running a daily paper in which he was showing up the rotten methods which the Interstate Commerce Commission has officially verified.

The influences back of Carmack's cowardly assassins were powerful enough to save them from punishment.

Carmack's widow was not permitted by the Atlanta dailies to publish her comments on that bloody assassination and that miscarriage of justice.

The Rothschilds are the Jewish bankers whose banks are located in London, Paris, Vienna, and Frankfort.

August Belmont is the New York Jew who is the American agent of the Rothschilds.

These millionaires own the L. & N. Railroad.

These influences were at work in getting the millionaire Grants to use John M. Slaton in the virtual pardon of Leo Frank.

Hamp McWhorter, the railroad lobbyist, was at the bottom of the later mole-work in that case.

The very influences that released the Man of Sodom from the wrath of the Law, are at work trying to steal our Western & Atlantic Railroad.

Jack Spalding and his gang are co-operating with Hamp McWhorter and his patriotic group.

These are the tremendous powers that a new daily would have to combat.

These are the powers that now exert despotic control over the Georgian, the Constitution, and the Journal.

The very magnitude of the fight, is a temptation hard for me to resist.

When the Georgia member of the National Democratic Executive Committee not only refuses to defend the Democrats of his State from villainous libels, but closes his columns to other Georgians who ask space for that purpose, we are certainly at a great disadvantage.

When Mr. William Randolph Hearst can issue his orders to the Governor of Georgia, and have them obeyed; and when that Governor—before his flight from the State—can issue a twelve-column manifesto which can be construed into an endorsement of every libel which Hearst, Burns, Ochs, Pulitzer, Abell & Company have published against our courts and people, we are certainly much in need of an Atlanta paper that is not owned and controlled by the millionaire Jews of New York and London.

However, if the demand for such a paper is sufficiently strong, *in Atlanta*, some man will be inspired to start one.

Let those who are in earnest about the new paper get together, and show how earnest they are, and how much they will do.

Do You Want to Understand Why Our Country Is In Its Present Condition?

THE business depression and financial crisis now afflicting the people are the results of evil laws.

This is fully explained in two books that we sell.

Read our "Handbook of Politics and Political Economy," and Watson's Speeches which treat of these very matters.

"Socialists and Socialism" by Thos. E. Watson, has a vast amount of information of interest and value to those who think they know what Socialism stands for. Price 50c. The Jeffersonian Pub. Co., Thomson, Ga.

These Are the Real Sentiments of the People

BERRIEN COUNTY DENOUNCES SLATON.

We, the undesigned, herewith attach our names to this protest against the act of John M. Slaton, Governor of Georgia, in commuting the sentence of Leo M. Frank to life imprisonment, when the evidence of the case as reviewed by the courts of Georgia and the United States Supreme Court clearly shows that the crime for which Frank was sentenced to hang was committed by him in an effort on his part to satisfy a fiendish and lustful desire on an innocent young girl.

We do not believe that John M. Slaton was controlled wholly by the evidence of the case;

We do not believe that John M. Slaton was not under outside influence when he commuted this foul murderer's sentence from death to life imprisonment.

If John M. Slaton was without outside influence why did he give out that he would render his decision on Monday morning and then at 10 o'clock p. m. Sunday hand down his decision and instruct the Sheriff of Fulton county to rush Leo M. Frank to the State Penitentiary?

By his acts in this manner John M. Slaton has shown to the people of Georgia that he distrusts them, and by the same token we, the undersigned, desire to register our protest against his actions as pertains to the case of Leo M. Frank, believing that the sentence of the courts should have stood, and that the Governor should have used his office in maintaining the dignity and supremacy of the courts of Georgia and of the United States. We also desire to protest that we will, on this account, have no further confidence in any of the actions or manner of actions of John M. Slaton.

Sixty-five names signed in a few minutes.

Sparks, Berrien County, Ga.

FROM SOME CITIZENS OF PAULDING COUNTY.

Dear Sir: We, the undersigned citizens of Hiram and Paulding county, desire to express our sincere thanks for your noble and patriotic defense of our State in the noted case of Leo M. Frank.

We are thoroughly disgusted with John Slaton, and every one here believes he was paid a large sum of Jew money to betray the State of Georgia.

Mr. Watson, we have lost confidence in the three Atlanta daily papers, and will hand them the boycott if you will come to Atlanta and publish a daily paper which will stand for truth, equity and justice, as The Jeffersonian is doing.

Signed: Amos Shipp, Fred Phillips, P. D. Shipp, F. B. Clark, J. I. Alexander, and many others.

A MISSISSIPPI MAN ANGERED AT GEORGIA.

Dear Sir: I want you to know that I am with you in the fight you have made in the Frank case, and against political and journalistic prostitutes.

I believe that Governor Slaton committed the most cowardly act of modern times, and should be banished from decent society and be made to begin paying the penalty for his crime in this life.

It seems to me that Governor Slaton has approved and legalized as far as he could, rape of innocent poor girls by rich degenerates.

In his defense of Frank, can Governor Slaton wash the blood of poor Mary Phagan off his own hands?

I cannot express my contempt for the method of the defense of the perpetrator of the blackest crime ever committed against decency, law, and the State of Georgia.

Wishing you many more years of health and prosperity to continue your great work, I beg to remain

Your friend, S. B. MYERS.
Miss.

JACKSON COUNTY DENOUNCES SLATON

We, the undesigned citizens of the city of Jefferson and the county of Jackson, hereby condemn the decision of the Governor, John M. Slaton, in commuting the sentence of Leo M. Frank, believing that the law of the State and of the United States has been annulled, giving free license for rape and murder.

Signed by citizens.
Georgia, Jackson County.

STEWART COUNTY SPEAKS.

Dear Sir: When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for a people to arise in righteous indignation in order to secure protection to the virtue and womanhood of our Southland, a decent respect to womankind impels us to denounce the act of Slaton in commuting the death sentence of Leo Frank to that of life imprisonment as being unjust to the judicial authorities of Georgia, and as being an act that the greater number of citizens of our State cannot approve of.

We, the undersigned, request that this be published in The Jeffersonian, and that it be known that we fail to endorse this act as being consistent with the verdict of the jury.

Signed, J. T. Goree, Jr., B. W. McLean, J. T. Goree, Sr.
Ga.

STEPHENS COUNTY LOATHES TRAITOR SLATON.

Dear Sir: Jack Slaton hung and burned in effigy here June 23rd, with this inscription on same: "John M. Slaton, Leo M. Frank's Governor. A traitor to his friends, a disgrace to the State, and a reflection on womanhood."

Your friend, W. A. STOWE,
Sheriff.

Toccoa, Ga., June 28, 1915.

CITIZENS OF DOERUN CONDEMN SLATON.

Doerun, Ga., June 28, 1915.

Dear Sir: We, the undersigned citizens of Colquitt county, do hereby condemn the action of John M. Slaton in regard to the Leo M. Frank case. We, loving the State of Georgia as we do, and its people, and its laws, that we are not willing for the slander that John M. Slaton and his gang has brought upon us. We want to know if there is any way that this matter can be readjusted by heavy petitions and the State of Georgia can be restored to its honor that is due it. If so, please send a copy of petition to S. J. Harrell, Doerun, Ga., Route 4. By so doing you will gratefully oblige.

Signed my many.

DON'T FORGET THE COUNTRY PEOPLE WHO ELECTED YOU, GOVERNOR HARRIS!

Dear Sir: I quote you copy wire message to Gov. Nat E. Harris this afternoon, which speaks for itself:

"This is to inform you that your friends and supporters here earnestly protest against the maintenance of a guard around the premises of Jack Slaton at the expense of the taxpayers of the State."

Your friend and admirer,
F. L. PITTS, Mayor.
Locust Grove Ga., June 2, 1915.

DEPLORES GEORGIA'S DISGRACE

Dear Sir: Sixty-six of Poulan's registered voters have signed and mailed to Georgia's traitor Governor a strong letter of condemnation relative to his action in the Frank case.

We are indeed proud that Slaton's term of office has expired, and here's hoping that he never again will occupy a position of trust given him by the people.

We bow our heads with you in sorrow at Georgia's disgrace.

Respectfully, C. W. WILSON.
Poulan, Ga., Jun 25, 1915.

AN ATLANTA CITIZEN WHO EXPRESSES HIS VIEWS.

Dear Sir: Under caption of "The Old Paths—and the New Path Taken by the Frank Case," in The Jeffersonian of June 27, which came from your pen, we wish to go on record as commending in the highest possible terms. It was a masterpiece of logical reasoning and argument against a Governor of Georgia who has turned traitor to his State, vilified the oath he solemnly took when elected to the highest office in our boundary, and brought shame and disgrace upon a people who want nothing but honesty, justice and fairness.

That the finger of the world should now point to us and remind us of this breach of all the highest principles of the Constitution of our country, and say with truth that we have been guilty of dishonesty, injustice and unfairness, let us thank Almighty God it is not our fault, but solely that of a single individual—a bought Governor—who sold not only his State, but the virtue and purity of its womanhood; for, as you say, "She was true: he was not."

We are grateful to you for the article and for the good work you and The Jeffersonian are doing. With best wishes. Yours sincerely,

S. B. ALEXANDER,

C. S. HILL,

Atlanta, Ga.

AN OLD FRIEND WRITES.

Dear Sir: Words can not express the feeling of the people of Butts County.

We are in sorrow, and disgusted with Slaton and the three daily papers of Atlanta.

It appears to me the time is opportune for a new daily—and I hope there are enough good people in Atlanta to see this necessity—and will establish one.

You fought a fearless fight for the little girl, and the laws of the State, and you are appreciated by eight-tenths of the people of Georgia.

Pardon this intrusion, but I felt that I must say this to you.

Your faithful friend,

R. W. MAYS.

WHAT A GEORGIA LADY SAID TO JOHN M. SLATON.

Dear Sir: During the inauguration ceremony the other day a striking incident occurred which has not been mentioned in the local papers, and it goes without saying that it never will be.

It seemed to be the sense of the people that it was the inauguration of Nat Harris. Consequently there was no disorder, except that from floor to dome every move or remark made by Slaton produced a storm of hisses that swept the place like a gale. The contrast between the wild enthusiasm with which Harris was greeted, and the cold, deliberate contempt poured out upon Slaton, was carried out from start to the latter's crushing finish. So soon as Harris had been inducted into office, and seated himself after his speech, a lady, who had been sitting near the rostrum, suddenly mounted the steps, took possession of the platform, and facing Slaton directly, said:

"Now that you are a private citizen, in the name of the womanhood of Georgia, I call you traitor and dastard. And if there is manhood enough in Georgia they will attend to your case, you Judas."

Slaton had first looked up with that pathetic eagerness he showed towards any stray individual who gave him a nod of recognition, but at her words he dropped and he seemed fairly to cringe. The gentlemen on the rostrum had listened in silence, but as the lady passed quietly down, one of the guard of honor shook hands most cordially with her, and there seemed to be no disapproval. A member of the Senate, sitting on the rostrum, said to the lady: "While the Legislature is in session, you had better retire."

"What is that to me," replied the lady. "Who pays the bill? I will pass out at my leisure."

I am personally acquainted with this lady, who is well known throughout the State. In my opinion she deserves the sincere thanks of the women throughout the State of Georgia for her fearless voicing of their sentiments.

Yours very truly,

Ga.

B. Z. WOOTEN.

A Book About the Socialists and About Socialism

In this work, Mr. Watson takes up, one by one, each of the propositions of Karl Marx, and discusses them fully and fairly.

He also analyses the great book of Herr Bebel, the world-leader of Socialism, "Woman Under Socialism."

Mr. Watson cites standard historical works to prove that Bebel, Marx and other Socialist leaders are altogether wrong about, *The Origin of Property, the rise of the Marital relation, the cause of the inequality of wealth, etc.*

Mr. Watson demonstrates that Socialism—as taught by Marx, Bebel, LaSalle, Engel, &c., would annihilate

Individuality and personal liberty, Home-life, as we know it, The White Man's Supremacy over the inferior races, the Marital relation, with its protection to women, and finally RELIGION OF ALL KINDS.

Mr. Watson proves that *SPECIAL PRIVILEGE*, entrenched in law and government, is now, and always has been, *the Great Enemy of the Human Race.*

PRICE, 25 CENTS

JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING COMPA.

THOMSON, GEORGIA

Regarding the Commutation of Frank Sentence

A VOICE FROM ALABAMA.

Dear Sir: I received my Jeff yesterday and certainly did enjoy reading your editorial on the famous Frank case. Today more than a dozen men have been to my office, asking if I had finished reading the paper, as they wanted to see what "Tom Watson had to say on the Frank case and Slaton's commutation of the death sentence." I have promised to pass it around with the recommendation that they all subscribe for the Jeff and Magazine and keep up with you not only on this noted case, but on all the burning issues of the hour, including Romanism.

Mr. Watson, I want to commend you for the brave stand you have taken in defending your native State, her courts, her honor, her fair name in the campaign of slander and misrepresentation, carried on mostly by outsiders in their efforts to save the guilty Leo Frank from the gallows. Your exposure of the prostitute press, the dirty work done by the Haas Finance Committee, the brilliant and heroic fight which you have led to have the laws of Georgia enforced and little Mary Phagan's murder avenged, has made you a hero even in the eyes of many who have hitherto refused to read anything you had to say.

I desire to say that nine out of every ten Alabamians feel that the action of Governor Slaton in commuting Frank will breed mischief throughout the country. It is a practical demonstration of what so many have believed for a long time, namely: that we have one law for the poor and another for the rich. I wish to say further that many of us bow our heads in shame to know that the Chief Justice of our Supreme Court allowed the rich Jews of Mobile and Montgomery to persuade him to write Governor Slaton, asking for Frank's commutation. I want to tell you now that we are going to remember Judge Anderson for the part he took in the Frank case. I repeat it, we are going to defeat him on account of the part he took in favor of the rich criminal who outraged and murdered little Mary Phagan. Sincerely yours,

Ala. E. C. GLOVER.

DID THE ATLANTA PAPERS TELL THIS?

Dear Sir: Sitting in the gallery of the House this morning at 10:30, where I had gone to be present at the opening of that body, I witnessed the stinging rebuke to our near Governor. The Speaker called for the reading of the Comptroller-General's and the Governor's message. The Clerk read the first mentioned, and then took up the Governor's message. He had read only a line or two, when a member of the House arose and said:

"Mr. Speaker, I hold in my hand a copy of Tom Watson's Jeffersonian. I submit that we should have it read instead of the Governor's message." It took but a moment for the House to recover from the shock, when a member shouted, "Out of order." The Speaker ruled "Out of order," sounded his gavel, and the clerk began to read. He read possibly a page. The members turned to each other and began a regular hubbub of conversation; the Speaker shook hands and chatted with several members who walked to his stand; the people in the gallery whispered and talked; the Clerk seemed to take in the situation, and hurriedly turned page after page of the message, mumbling something that no one seemed to hear, and tossed the paper aside.

The Speaker, noticing the silence of the Clerk, turned, sounded his gavel and called for the next order of business, and in less than five minutes another severe rebuke had passed into history.

ATLANTA BUSINESS MAN.

IT WAS THE INFLUENCE OF BIG MONEY THAT ENGENDERED THIS SENTIMENT.

Dear Sir: Please find enclosed remittance for a club of sixteen. We wish to thank you for the part you are taking in condemning the most damnable disgrace that was ever perpetrated upon a people. Hope you will keep up the fight. If you can make it stronger, do so. If this is impossible, keep repeating the worst you have already said.

What do you think of organizing clubs all over the State and South to boycott commercially, politically, religiously, and otherwise everything Jew and pro-Jew—first named for aiding with money and influence the brute that should have been burned, the latter for their dirty work, for which they received tainted money. One Jew committed the crime and a million backed it up by their contributions, which was accessory after the fact. Now let the retribution be upon them: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Viewing things from New York might have had something to do with the mistake. It is said at a period in life people can see at a distance better than at close range, but we didn't think Jack that old.

We will never forget, thus making it impossible for us to forgive. You added insult to injury in the farce review of the case, when you rushed matters in order that you could act instead of your successor. Shame, shame, where is thy blush?

How degrading for you to even think of hoeing and plowing. This does not harmonize with your former spiel to the horny-handed farmers, "Fellow Citizens."

Migrate to parts unknown, isolate yourself, begin life anew.

Pat C. Roe, A. A. Johnson, N. B. Roe, H. T. Hammond, J. D. Farr and many others.

A VOICE FROM SAVANNAH.

Dear Sir: I have just finished reading J. M. Slaton's statement, or his attempted statement, and it reminds me of a statement made by a ten-year-old school-boy. I say shame on Slaton. He is a traitor and a disgrace to the State of Georgia. Also, one little item I noted in his renowned statement is this: that Judge Roan's voice had been crying to him from another world to please pardon Frank. I would like to ask Slaton a question which is quite singular to me and all of the people of Georgia: if he, Slaton, could hear Judge Roan's voice crying to him from another world to please pardon Frank, I would like to ask Slaton if he could hear Judge Roan's voice so plainly. It is quite singular he did not hear Mary Phagan's voice crying to him, also, from another world. But I expect that the jingle of gold which this Jew finance committee was so loud around the Governor's ears and eyes that it drowned poor little Mary's voice, or possibly this pervert, bloody-handed murderer, Frank, had tied the cord so tightly around her neck while in life she had never gained breath enough to make the Governor hear her.

As for me, Mr. Watson, I think J. M. Slaton is a disgrace to the State of Georgia, and to all the people of Georgia. Respectfully,

J. M. GARDNER.
Savannah, Ga., June 22, 1915.

LISTEN TO THIS, GOVERNOR HARRIS!

Funston, Ga., June 2, 1915.
We, the undersigned citizens of Colquitt county, hereby ask the Hon. Nat. E. Harris, Governor of the State of Georgia, to remove the State militia from the home of John M. Slaton, and that he be asked to leave the State.

B. F. Henry, J. G. Phelps, C. O. Huff, Joe Manning, R. A. Hunnicutt, and scores of others.

SOCIAL CIRCLE TELLS SLATON TO STAY AWAY FROM GEORGIA.

To John M. Slaton, Governor,
Atlanta, Ga.:

We believe that in commuting the sentence of Leo M. Frank you have disgraced the name of our grand old State and lowered her commission given you into the lowest depths of perdition. We feel that we, as her law-abiding citizens of Walton county, have been grossly insulted; therefore we earnestly request you to remain away from our county, where honor and the true spirit of citizenship may continue to reign.

Signed by citizens.
Social Circle, Ga.,

A WOMAN'S INDIGNATION.

Dear Sir: I am so indignant at Slaton for turning Frank loose (which is the same) and the way the Atlanta papers are doing, that if I do not give vent to my feelings I believe I will burst.

For Frank to have been carried out of Atlanta Saturday as a sick man, and Monday's paper saying that the decision will not be handed out until Tuesday (always putting it further off) is an outrage.

If Big Money and the Devil had not been at work in this case, Sunday's papers would have flashed the news all over the world by now.

I hope that Frank will be lynched yet, and Slaton with him.

I felt like the devil was at work when the papers announced that Slaton would pass on the case. His love of money, and his colleague's, is such that they did not want to pass this over to Governor-elect Harris, for fear they would not get their share.

When the wicked reigns, the Nation mourns.

Why are the Jews any better to escape punishment than anybody else? We will see if the same crowd that worked to save Frank, will do the same by future criminals.

As for the Atlanta papers, we have dropped them from our list. If they suppress news, and refuse to give space to our utterances, what do we want with them?

Another thing, the Gentiles ought not give M. Rich their trade, after discharging a Gentile clerk because he would not sign for Frank's freedom.

Of course, Frank will get his just reward, but to make such a differ-

ence in the rich and poor, is awful to think about.

I see no need of high officials, if we can not look to them for justice. Mr. Watson, I wish we had thousands of men like you. Times sure would be better.

If we had you for President, and men like you to fill every office in the United States, life would be worth living. But I thank God he has placed you where you are, to guide the oppressed people of the land.

Ga. A WOMAN.

CORONER'S JURY'S VERDICT ON SLATON.

Georgia, Brooks County.

We, the jury, sworn to investigate the lynching at this place, render this our verdict:

First. That the body is that of John Slaton.

Second. That he met death at the hands of an indignant mob on the 22nd day of June, 1915, by hanging and burning as an accessory after the fact to murder of Mary Phagan.

Third. That we, the jury, find the same to be justifiable homicide.

J. B. Hicks, coroner pro tem; H. R. Lastinger, foreman; G. W. Belcher, R. L. Collum, S. Dekle, W. S. Duncan, C. E. Dekle.

EMANUEL COUNTY HEARD FROM.

Dear Sir: We the undersigned citizens of Emanuel county desire to contribute our part in the public prints to the cause you represent in the matter of the commutation of Leo M. Frank's death sentence. We feel that the fair name of our good old State has been trailed in the dust and our citizenship outraged by the action of "Georgia's Traitor Governor" and "King of the Jews." This matter will not end just here; but just as the faithful comrades of the lamented Carmack have lived to avenge his blood in Tennessee, and the matter of his murder still lives there, just so patriotic men and women in Georgia will see to it in future years that the blood of the virtuous and sainted Mary Phagan shall be avenged.

John M. Slaton carried this county in his race for the Senate and has stood high with our voters, but today he could not be elected in Emanuel county, were he a citizen here, for Coroner.

Signed by many.
Graymont, Ga., June 24, 1915.

DID YOU KNOW

That in every city in the United States there are hundreds of children whose parents are too poor to send them to public school?

DID YOU KNOW

That the people of the United States lead the world in sending money to foreign countries to educate the children of foreigners?

READ WATSON'S BOOK:

Foreign Missions Exposed

And learn what we are doing for the FOREIGNER, while we ignore the claims of our own children

Price 30 Cents.

THE JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING CO.

Thomson, Ga.

GENTILES THINK IT TIME TO FIGHT BACK.

Dear Sir: At a mass-meeting of ladies held here last night, the undersigned, were appointed as a committee to give a letter of publicity to our meeting as well as our motive for same.

The "ball has started rolling," and the ladies of our city are going to keep it rolling. Our motive is this: Boycott the Jews (we have plenty of Gentiles to buy from who carry anything we need) and, last but not least, the three daily papers: the Journal, Georgian and Constitution. Our reasons are this: Our class is distinct from the Jews, and while we believe there are some good ones, they, like we disgraced Georgians, will have to suffer the consequences of a deed done, which can never be undone, by one of their own race.

As for the papers: When Frank first murdered Mary Phagan who was the first to paint a horrible picture in words and spread the news not only to the people of Georgia, but to the United States? It was our papers, and after they have brought us up to the time when justice should have been meted out they sold out for Jew gold, along with Slaton. We hope they will enjoy it, for the women are in the fight to stay.

As for Slaton, we feel that he is too small to even be noticed, as he has disgraced the grandest State in the Union for money, but we are going to show the people that we have the self-respect, humanity and Christianity to resent such insult to our womanhood.

We met at the home of one of our committee to prepare our letter, and feel that we have been paid the highest honor that we have yet had as our Chief of Police Beavers sent one of his most trusted men out to watch over us to see that we did not make an effigy of Slaton to drag through the streets, blazing, tonight. They are afraid of us—afraid we can really do something—and we will. The Jews will have to go sooner or later, as we will starve them out.

Several little speeches were made at our meeting, and if we could only have had your honorable self or our faithful and dear beloved Hugh Dorsey with us we feel we could have won the world. Respectfully,

Mrs. C. W. McDade, Mrs. W. C. Glass, Mrs. G. W. McDaniel, Mrs. S. B. Adamson, Mrs. J. A. Stallworth.

ATLANTANS WANT A PAPER THAT WON'T SELL OUT.

Dear Sir: We, as citizens of Atlanta, beseech you to come to our city and establish a daily paper in the interest of letting the facts be known instead of false reports being forced upon the general public, and assure you a subscription of not less than fifty thousand almost immediately. The recent outrages perpetrated by our Governor, Jack Slaton, against the law-abiding citizens of our State, compel us to make this request.

E. L. Baugh, H. B. Moody, H. G. McKee, Geo. W. Ryan.
Atlanta, Ga., June 25, 1915.

A TELEGRAM FROM FLORIDA

Sherman will be forgiven and forgotten, but Frank and Slaton and money will ever be within the memory of Georgia's people.

ROBT. T. KYLE.
Marathon, Fla.

Dear Sir: The citizens of Valdosta have organized and started a movement to raise \$1,000 for a monument of Georgia granite or marble to "little" Mary Phagan, and erected over her grave.

The committee wishes every town in Georgia to be represented in this movement. We will thank you to solicit funds for this movement, and report same to this committee, not later than July 10th.

It is a movement that every fair-minded man in Georgia should be interested in. Little Mary Phagan was a sweet, pure, refined girl; and the greatest thing she had on this earth was her virtue; and all will agree

that she gave up her life for her virtue.

This committee will be known as the Committee Raising Funds. After the funds have been collected and paid in, it will be turned over to a committee selected from different parts of the State, and will be known as the Purchasing and Inscription Committee.

The committee wishes to state, that there has been several telegrams and letters received from over the State of Georgia, all joining and encouraging the movement.

Very respectfully,

C. W. ARNES,
Secretary and Treasurer.
Committee On Raising Funds For
Mary Phagan Monument.

Dr. J. C. Wilson, J. P. Legg, W. F. Pendleton, T. B. Converse, Dr. E. P. Rose, J. E. Roberts, A. L. Davis, M. R. Ousley, Geo. H. Feagle, T. A. Baker, A. F. Langford, Wm. Edwards, G. W. Varn, C. B. Carswell, J. H. Stump, Fred Bergstrom, A. W. Varnedoe, J. J. Newman, C. W. Barnes.

"THE DIFFERENCE 'TWTIXT THE RICH AND THE POOR."

Dear Sir: It is fully demonstrated, especially by the late action of John Slaton, that, in Georgia, there is one law for the rich and another for the poor.

I want to call the attention of the people to the action of our most estimable (?) Governor, John M. Slaton. The wide difference in the way he handled the case of Nick Wilburn, of Jones County, and that of Leo Frank.

When Wilburn's case was carried before him for commutation of sentence to life imprisonment, he comes forth with the remark that it was not his business to commute the sentence of criminals when they had been tried by twelve jurors who had heard the sworn evidence in the case. That he had no right to interfere. Therefore, Wilburn was hanged. Now, why this great change in our admirable (?) Governor?

Was it not because Wilburn did not have the money to hire detectives, bribe witnesses and muzzle the press? Can't we all see there is something "dead up the branch?" What does he think about having the blood of Nick Wilburn on his hands?

I agreed with Slaton on that case, and said Wilburn ought to hang; but a good many of my neighbors voted against him because he would not commute this sentence to life imprisonment, while the woman in the case was set free. I contended that did not lessen Wilburn's crime at all; also contended that Slaton could not afford to commute Frank's sentence, after what he did in this Wilburn case. Nevertheless, we see what money has done when Frank's case got to Slaton, after having been handed down by all the courts of Georgia and the United States courts as well.

In his long drawn out statement, Slaton says that Jim Conley is the guilty man. Now, does not he, as well as every one else know that if the people of Georgia had the least suspicion that Conley was guilty of that hideous crime, he would not be able to stay here as long as "Pat stayed in the army." Further, there are none who believe that Slaton believes that.

Again I say, there is something suspicious looking about this affair. He comes out in his long statement and goes over the same thing that has been before the best legal talent, not only of Georgia, but the United States, also, and why is it that he sees this thing so differently from those learned judges, and Pardon Board?

Leo Frank is the guilty man, and he should have paid the debt with his life for the death of little Mary Phagan, the victim of one of the most brutal crimes in the history of Georgia.

Mary Phagan was a poor working girl, working for a low-down, no-

principled, big-nosed Jew, that ravished her and butchered her up worse than if she had been a hog, and Leo Frank, who did the crime, can go on living and be sent to the penitentiary, which is the first step towards freedom for him.

Now, can we wonder at Lynch law, when such things as this are permitted to be? I say, away with capital punishment in Georgia, if it hangs the man who has no money, and saves the one who has.

We are glad to say that in Hugh Dorsey we have one Georgia man that money cannot buy. If he had been for sale, he could have gotten any price he asked for; now I say he can get anything at the hands of the voters of Georgia that he asks for.

Just what kind of a feeling, now, can Solicitor Dorsey and the twelve jurors that sat on this case feel toward John Slaton? (I say John Slaton because I think that he is unworthy to be called Mr. or ex-Governor Slaton. I feel that it would be a disgrace to the good name of the grand old State of Georgia to address him thus.)

I am ashamed and sorry to say that I have voted for Slaton twice in my life: once for United States Senator and once for Governor, but today I would vote for a "yellow hound" quicker than I would him, and when I say this I speak the sentiment of everybody in our neighborhood.

Ga.

L. M. HALL.

HERE'S A LETTER THAT DID GOOD TO THE WHOLE JEFF FAMILY.

Dear Sir: We heartily endorse your stand on every point, and think your publications the most straight-out to the point of any we receive. I have a friend here who was an official in the Piedmont Hotel in Atlanta at the time of the murder and has watched the Leo Frank case

from the first. He attended the trials when admitted and has studied your paper every week since coming home. He says you are right on that every time. How strange so many Northern people should try to meddle with what is none of their business. Respectfully,


Vt. F. S. MORGAN.

\$3.98 Only **Worth \$12.** **READ OUR OFFER** **33** Presents FREE if you remit Cash with order. **SEND US \$3.98** Special Wholesale



sale for One Box (50) of our Regular \$80.00 per thousand CIGARS—ten Cent Sellers which we want INTRODUCED QUICK, Staple Brands, and we give in SAME PACKAGE this S. & W. Mod. 32 or 38 Cal. REVOLVER, Safety POLICE—any length barrel at no Extra price, also Genuine Stem Wind Watch worth \$3, together with 33 Additional Presents Free which we have not space to mention but consists of Knife, Scissors etc. if you send Cash with order. Will ship C. O. D. \$3.98 by Express or Parcel Post but you only get the REVOLVER as PREMIUM. No Examination can be had by Parcel Post, but can be EXAMINED by EXPRESS. If offer is not as we say return goods and we return your money—That's all. Name Express office. DIXIE CIGAR CO., Dep't 30 Jacksonville, Fla.

ENGINE PRICES LOWER



200,000 customers testify to quality of Galloway-built goods. Our engines rank in our factories. Modern design. Built for long, hard continuous users' satisfaction. Don't buy until you investigate these heavy-weight, long stroke, large bore, low speeded, HEAVY DUTY engines. Free book free. W. M. GALLOWAY CO., Box 2595 WATERLOO, IOWA.

HIGH CLASS MEN for the United States Consular Service. Positions of high social prestige and unequal opportunities, making a dignified career. Write for particulars and free offer. Esoteric Library Bureau, Atlanta, Ga.

THE FOOL-KILLER

The hottest and funniest paper on earth. Written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup. It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope. Death to fools, rascals and hypocrites. Monthly, 25c a year. SPECIAL OFFER: Send ten cents and ten names and get it a year for your trouble. THE FOOL-KILLER, 16 A St., Moravian Falls, N. C.



REMOVALIN
Registered

An effective and harmless remedy for removing Jaundice Spots and Patches
An External Remedy
Effective or Money REFUNDED
One bottle sufficient in most cases
Price \$1.25 per bottle, postpaid, direct from the manufacturers

Penn Chemical Company,
1522 55th Street
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

THE HOUSE OF HAPSBURG

Thos. E. Watson
NOW ON THE PRESS

The latest in the Series of Historical Works by Mr. Watson.

Giving a true history of this house, which has caused the present upheaval in Europe.

Paper Covered Well Printed Illustrated

Price, \$1.00, Postpaid

The Jeffersonian Publishing Co.
Thomson, Ga.