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

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

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

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

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

In a case of nerves, you see. It used to be that none except the women had nerves; but now we've all got 'em, now. Especially, us men who tell lies, abuse victories, and wake up suddenly, to find ourselves figured by a Slick Thompson-Lincoln.

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

After a Hereafter as that, is enough to make any man's cheeks hang down in pouches. It made Goliath Smith walk the floor, in the after his first series of perfidies and perjuries.

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

What I intended to say was this—
Nobody in our faction wants to drag the Frank case into politics.
If the Smith-Gray-Haas-Burns-Journal crowd drag the case in, we'll see to it that the case is taken care of.

Politics. But—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We are ready to meet the issue, right now.

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

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

We will see to that!

Try it on, Gentlemen, try it on.

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

WE ARE TIRED OF IT!

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

BRING IT IN, IF YOU DARE!

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

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

What say you, Gentlemen?

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

Choose!

What Are We Doing Down in Mexico, Where We Went

"To Serve Mankind?"

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

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

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

That's almost exactly what the President, in this Mexican business, has done.

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

He goes and puts his slender and lengthy neck into the yoke with this long-horned Mexican quadruped, and says soothingly—
"Come along now, and behave yourself, and I tell you, and, in a little while, you will be as respectable an ox as I am."

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

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

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

Consider the facts:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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