

Shall the Pope's Law Override the Law of Georgia?

(CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO.)

treason by breaking up a happy home at Arlington.

What is it, when the Bishop of a foreign church, holding a foreign commission, sworn subject of a foreign potentate, introduces among us the foreign law of his church, setting at defiance the statutes of the State?

What is it? How can you fail to see that it is moral treason?

If Bishop Keiley had lived in England, a few decades ago, and had brought the *Ne temere* decree into the realm, he would have lost his head.

Under the law of *praemunire*, the introduction into England of any foreign decree, bull of excommunication, or other papal order violative of English law, was TREASON, punishable by death!

It was because General Oglethorpe, and other planters of the Georgia colony were familiar with Rome's hideous record, that they forbade papists to settle in Georgia.

The time rapidly approaches when we will bitterly deplore the fact that the law was not retained, and rigidly enforced.

No papist can be a loyal American citizen, simply because the laws of the papacy are irreconcilable with those of this republic.

So much by way of prelude, for it is necessary for us to get our bearings, as we drift into a struggle with the foreign church whose tremendous efforts are being directed against our public schools, our freedom of speech, our free press, and our laws safe-guarding personal liberty.

The U. S. Constitution, and the Constitution of every State, guarantee a republican form of government, and the natural rights of citizens.

Those natural rights are well understood by everybody. They include full enjoyment of personal freedom, choice of vocation, the acquisition and use of property, and one's good name, health, and locomotion.

Bishop Keiley! you, an American citizen, deliberately chose to swear off your allegiance to our laws and government, and to become the sworn subject of a foreign power.

Not only did you swear yourself into blind obedience to the Italian pope, but you swore to persecute to the utmost YOUR FELLOW CITIZENS, who are not as treasonous as yourself.

Not only that, you swore—if you took the usual Jesuit oath—to carry this persecution of your fellow citizens to the extent as assassination!

Yet you live among those fellow citizens, fully enjoying all the privileges of our "accursed, heretical law."

You bring into free America a foreign monastic system, which has been a curse to every nation that has tolerated it.

That infernal system makes slaves of boys and girls, men and women.

Decoyed into those un-American dungeons, girls try to escape, and are flung back by Catholic policemen. Some leap from windows, and are killed in the fall.

With an astounding disregard for law, Juvenile Courts, Records, and Police Matrons have been parties to the filling of Roman sweat-shops with Protestant toilers.

Forty-five of those hell-holes disgrace our Union; and six thousand Protestant serfs are now slaving, from morn to night, for the profit of the foreign Pope.

In the nunneries, 58,000 American women are deprived of human intercourse, except with 20,000 bachelor priests.

The man doesn't live who can frame a decent excuse for Rome's infamous mistreat-

ment of nuns, and of Protestant girls in Good Shepherd laundries.

Christianity does not exact the immolation of women, and the merciless exploitation of children.

Every institution of Roman monasticism is a defiance to our form of government, and a violation of our laws.

The State owes it to herself and her citizens to inquire whether persons held in bondage voluntarily serve, and voluntarily endure confinement.

That investigation must not take place in the presence of persons interested in holding the prisoner.

No representative of the Pope shall defeat the purpose of the law by intimidating the inmate.

The presence of a papal agent, would do that very thing.

Bishop Keiley denounces the legislators as fools, and says they should be sent to the lunatic asylum. Not long ago, he was saying practically the same thing about the statesmen of France.

It hasn't been many weeks since he was denouncing President Wilson; but since Wilson has massed an army on the border, in readiness to invade Mexico after the elections, Keiley has become reconciled.

He says that he will appoint a "gentleman" to accompany the Grand jurors when they visit the houses to be inspected. A gentleman! How would "Father" Schadewell do?

I don't suppose Jerry Walsh wants to beat him, again.

Apparently, Schadewell had acted the "gentleman" quite in the Roman style, for Jerry couldn't even wait until Father S. left Bishop Keiley's mansion.

Jerry is a good Catholic, but he invaded the Bishop's house and came near killing Father S.

And it was beautiful to see how Bishop Keiley kept the story out of the Savannah papers, and swept the case against Jerry off the docket.

Bishop Keiley told the reporter of the Savannah Press the following:

I will of course feel called upon to insist that some gentlemen should be present, for I would not think of permitting members of this legislature to go into any religious house in this diocese unless the inmates had some gentlemen present upon whom they could call in case of necessity.

"I would not think of permitting!"

"Unless the inmates had some gentlemen present!"

Keiley can't think of allowing State laws to apply to Catholic marriages, and he can't think of permitting State inspection of Catholic bastilles, except upon his own terms.

It seems to me that the alien prelate is arranging for a trial of strength between laws made in Italy and laws made in Georgia. In that contest, there is no doubt as to which will win.

Individual Protestant wives are helpless, because we have not heretofore felt the need of penal legislation against moral treason.

We will amend our laws, so as to make it a felony for any Roman priest to introduce and enforce a law of the Roman Catholic church, in conflict with ours.

As General Grant wrote in his dying days, that form of popish aggression "must be resisted and suppressed at whatever cost."

On March 4th, this year, Bishop Keiley occupied half of the front page of Archbishop Blenk's paper, *The Morning Star*. Blenk referred to Keiley as "His Lordship."

In the lurid interview, His Lordship denounced the courts and the people of Georgia, because Leo Frank had been convicted; and His Lordship clamored for my removal from the State to some region where decency prevails.

The only editor in Georgia whom His Lordship did not include in his violent denunciation, was, of course, the Augusta Slatonite and Romanite, who editorially advocated my assassination, in commenting upon the Veazey bill.

Assassination being a peculiarly Jesuit practice, excites no horror in Benjamin Keiley.

His Lordship has a poor opinion of us Georgians. In March, he said that no honest jury could be secured in this God-forsaken State, and now he intimates that there are no "gentlemen" in the grand-jury boxes.

Truly, we are to be pitied—especially as Schadewell's name is not on the list. Suppose we ask Cardinal O'Connell to send us his priest, Petrarchi, who ravished the Catholic woman in the Catholic church of Bridgeport.

Archbishop Blenk might lend us his priest, Scotti, who swindled one woman out of \$62,000 and persuaded another to adopt him as her son—her bouncing boy of 42 summers.

Or we could borrow that Macon priest, who recently moved to pastures new, leaving a plump mulatto souvenir behind him—the negro girl was also left behind.

In conclusion, The Jeffersonian will speak plainly to Bishop Keiley:

There was never any objection to Roman Catholicism in Georgia, so long as it was a question of religious worship. Nobody believes that even the Catholics have any faith in a God, made by a man, out of a glass of wine and a piece of bread; but if they want to go into church and pretend to believe that sort of thing, that's their business, not ours.

The antagonism now existing, and increasing every day, grows out of Rome's political aggressiveness, and Rome's brutal crimes against free speech and free press.

When a Jesuit stands at the door of the White House, insulting California Masons, insulting an Episcopal Bishop, appointing to the most lucrative offices the members of one of the Pope's criminal secret societies, and influencing the President in all his policies, foreign and domestic, Protestantism resents it, as an intolerable affront, given deliberately.

When such papal lobbyists as Scharf and O'Hern hang on to Congress, session after session, wire-working for the Pope, securing appropriations for papal purposes—choking off such legislation as the Burnett Immigration bill; and moving heaven and earth to have the mails closed to anti-Romanist literature, Protestantism resents it, as an evidence of foreign interference with American politics.

When Cardinal Gibbons demands an increase of papist chaplains, and compels Congress to do his bidding; and when these Chaplains force non-Catholics to attend their papist services, Protestantism resents it, as a flagrant violation of religious liberty.

When the Pope insists on sending an ambassador from his foreign church, and compels our Government to receive this ambassador, and thus give to the Roman church a distinction not even claimed by any other, Protestantism resents it, as the entering wedge to foreign church-influence, and a union of church and State.

When the Pope, in 1908, at length feels himself powerful enough in America to revive the old medieval dogma on marriage, and to order its enforcement here, for the first time, PROTESTANTISM RESENTS IT, as the beginning of a foreign empire, within our empire—antagonistic, treasonous, the fatal harbinger of civil war.

Now, Bishop Keiley, listen to one more word:

Obey that law!

And if assassination becomes a game, rest assured it's one that two can play.

NOTES ON GEORGIA POLITICS.

THE anti-Dorsey forces are hoping and praying for a split between Hugh and myself. There will not be any. I'm with him, through thick and thin, until the last gun is fired. *And we've got 'em beat!*

If some of my friends lose their temper, because Dorsey can't do exactly as they would have him do, I deeply regret their petulance, without swerving a hair's breadth from the simple course of loyalty to our standard-bearer in this campaign.

In this battle, Dorsey is our leader, and we owe him fidelity.

Considering the fact that Speaker Burwell attempted to slip in an amendment, *authorizing the Legislative Committee to sell our Railroad*, and that a movement is on foot to have this useful little L. & N. tool returned to the House, it strikes me that Milton Smith has extremely good reasons for not wanting the Government to know what he is doing with his slush funds.

Does Burwell imagine that he is fooling anybody?

His amendment provided that the Committee was to sell the Road, *if* they could not make a satisfactory lease.

Had the amendment been adopted, the L. & N. would have done the rest. There would not have been a satisfactory lease offer, and there would have been a quiet little private sale to the L. & N.

Where were the people to come in?

Burwell magnanimously proposed that the people might say what should be done with the money.

The people own the property, whose vast possibilities, under the Extension bills drawn by Guyt McLendon, I will point out some time soon. But the owners of this immensely valuable property were not to be consulted as to the sale, but only as to the distribution of the proceeds, *after the sale*.

"Bully for Bill Burwell!" So cried the corporation dailies when the Speaker used all the power of his position to pass the Tax Inequality law, which exempts the *best-paying* properties in the State, and lays the crushing burden upon the *poorest-paying* properties.

The people of this State had better keep their eyes open, or the W. & A. will be sharked, in spite of the plain dictates of common sense.

I can demonstrate to your satisfaction, that, if the W. & A. be extended to deep water, in Tennessee and Georgia, *it will be the most valuable railroad in America*.

Ex-Gov. Brown is in error when he says that such an extension will not enable us to regulate freight rates. Such an extension will do that very thing. *The law cannot prevent a sovereign State from lowering its rates, on its own line.*

Milton Smith sees this, and consequently he is moving heaven and earth, *to shark that road*.

I see that the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce has decided to organize a Legislative Club composed of those members who can be relied on to vote as the Corporate tax-dodgers dictate.

Burwell is to be titular head of this Legislative Lotus Club. Bully for Bill! Why not apply for a charter and incorporate Burwell? As an L. & N. asset, he is too valuable to be left in his natural state. We must incorporate Bill, under the old English law applying to the Corporation sole.

Bishop Mundelein of Chicago is a corporation sole, and he owns \$50,000,000 in Chicago, holding it for the Italian Papa: Burwell

doesn't own fifty millions, but the L. & N. does; and its ownership of Bill is worth another million or so, at least.

Let me give you an illustration of the danger of employing Roman Catholic teachers in our public schools.

Miss Stewart, the Catholic teacher of the Davis street school in Atlanta, put the 2nd grade Protestant pupils through the paces, as follows:

"Now, children, I will ask you what is the best religion, and you will answer by saying, *The Catholic religion is the best.*"

Then Miss Stewart puts the question:

"What religion is the best?" and those dutiful little Protestants answered—

"The Catholic religion."

I am prepared to prove this, if the statement is denied.

Another Catholic teacher in the Atlanta public schools, Miss Lovett, went even farther in her popish fanaticism.

She took away, from the pupils of the Ormond Park school, some Testaments which had been given them by a New Testament Society, and she chucked those Testaments into the stove, *where they were burned*.

Miss Lovett not only confiscated the property of these Protestant children, but destroyed it.

What do you think of Catholic teachers burning Bibles in your public schools?

When this Catholic outrage was reported to Superintendent E. C. Merry, he took no action whatever.

Miss Lovett held her place, but Professor Merry lost his.

The people voted him out of the office of Superintendent.

He is now supporting Brittain ardently, and we are going to give Brittain a dose of the same medicine that we gave to E. C. Merry.

One of the patrons of the Ormond Park school was Stewart D. Jones, and while his daughter was in attendance upon it, he lost an infant child. *Miss Lovett had the bigoted barbarity to tell the little Miss Jones that her infant sister's soul was in hell.*

The infant had not been baptized, and the Catholic insanity on that subject is, that unbaptized babes go to "limbo," which is a special hell made by Roman Catholics for innocent infants who have not had a drop of water dripped on their heads by a priest.

When the indignant parents of the dead child reported Miss Lovett's conduct to Prof. E. C. Merry, he told them they could send their children to some other school!

Merry protected Miss Lovett, and Brittain protected Merry, none of them suspecting that the people might rise against that sort of thing.

Prof. Merry was born and reared in good old Columbia county, and Prof. Otis L. Ashmore, in the good old county of Lincoln; yet, Merry stood for Bible burning in Atlanta, and Ashmore stands for State-aid to Catholic schools in Savannah.

City environment makes queer changes in some country-reared men.

The people are taxed to have our public schools supervised. Twelve thousand dollars of public money goes for school inspection, yearly.

Did these well-paid Inspectors get on to the fact that Catholic teachers were injecting their papal dope into the minds of small Protestant pupils?

Did these salaried Inspectors never hear of

Miss Lovett's burning of the New Testament?

If the Inspectors cannot discover such outrageous conditions as these, what are they worth to the State?

One of these salaried Inspectors, Miss Parish, seems to be as much of a papist as Miss Lovett. She rides around at your expense, defending popery, praising M. L. Brittain, and abusing "Tom Watson."

Miss P. will fall down in a fit, some day—possibly on the 13th of September, coming.

Ah, yes, about those cotton seed: I came near forgetting.

James Price has been in office six years, and the Public Accountant says in his Official Report that James has been spending five thousand dollars a year, buying cotton seed to give away.

James did not buy these seed with his own money, you understand, but with *yours*.

You paid the taxes, and James spent the ducats.

If I make no mistake, six years of cotton seed at \$5,000 a year, comes to \$30,000 of gift seed.

My! that's quite a pile of gift seed. Even at a dollar a bushel, James had 30,000 bushels of seed to give away.

Did you get your share?

Ask your neighbors if they got any.

Come, now, James! you are running on your "record," you know. You haven't got any platform and you don't need any. Brittain doesn't, either.

You've both got records that could be separately smelt in a tanyard. A nose accustomed to a fertilizer factory could get a fresh sensation out of your record, James. And another, out of that of your running-mate, M. L. Brittain.

But do hasten, James, and let us know who you bought those cotton seed from, and who got them from you.

Publish some glowing testimonials, James

Goodness! it must be fine to have \$16,000 a year to travel on, when the money is furnished by others. We go junketing into the Carolinas, and charge it up to the patient taxpayer.

We go merrily to political log-rollings, and charge it to Uncle Rube.

We suddenly remember the wife, and go to see her, and charge the expenses to the husbands of other women.

Who said that we Georgians don't have any fun?

What greater fun *could* we have, than to sport a Commissioner of Agriculture who charges us for going to see his own wife?

You needn't think we Georgians don't know a joke when we see it.

James, you come of a mighty good family. I never heard of a Price being accused of anything dishonest. But your environment in Atlanta has made you different from any Price that ever I knew; and I knew your brothers, and loved Pink and Weldon both.

James, you are not reflecting any credit on your name.

Your lieutenant, Lee Worsham, was a defaulter for a very large sum. He banked the State's money in his own name, and you either winked at it, or were too careless to notice it.

Lee Worsham used \$14,000 of the State's money. Did you know this, James? And did you know that it was a penitentiary crime?

(CONTINUED ON PAGE SIX.)

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THOMSON, GA., AUGUST 24, 1916.

Why is This Democratic Administration Working with the Knights of Columbus to Destroy the Freedom of the Press?

WE find the following editorial in the Milwaukee Free Press:

A VEILED PRESS CENSORSHIP.

Section 7, of the pending post office appropriation bill, should be eliminated.

Section 7, under a false pretense attempts to give the postmaster general a censor's power of life and death over periodicals that may offend him or his party.

It is a vicious effort to break down the constitutional safeguard of the free press in the United States.

Frank Morrison, secretary of the American Federation of Labor, says:

Section 7 is an extremely dangerous prohibition equal to censorship of the most drastic character. It would permit officials to discriminate against labor publications.

Thomas Flaherty, secretary-treasurer of the National Federation of Post Office Clerks, says:

Section 7 returns to the post office department power to censor the press by ordering publications shipped either by mail or by freight, at its pleasure.

Senator La Follette has offered an amendment permitting publishers whose papers may be ordered shipped by freight to appeal to the federal courts.

This amendment is worthless; few small publishers could afford such an appeal; their business would be bankrupted by delay in delivery of their papers to their subscribers while the appeal was pending.

The power to deny fast mail service to any publisher, and to order that his paper shall be sent to his readers by slow freight, is the power to destroy that paper.

A bill which confers this power upon the postmaster general, who may thereupon either punish an editorial critic by destroying his paper, or prevent honest criticism by threatening editors with ruin, is a vicious bill, a corrupt and dishonest bill.

Better a free press without a government, said Thomas Jefferson, than a government without a free press.

Section 7 should be stricken out in conference. The vote for and against striking it out should be published in every American newspaper. The congressmen who may vote to retain it should be defeated.

It is curiously characteristic of a so-called Democratic administration, whose organs have resented all criticism of it as if such criticism were lese majeste, that its postmaster general should ask to be entrusted with power thus to punish its journalistic critics.

Compulsory Military Service.

THE two Georgia Senators made a big noise in opposition to the Child Labor law.

Write and ask them whether they made any fight on Section 70 of the new military law which Prussianizes this country, by MAKING MILITARY SERVICE COMPULSORY.

Notes on Georgia Politics.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE.)

James, there is a section of the Code which reads as follows:

"If the State treasurer, or any other officer of this State, shall use, directly or indirectly, the money of this State, he shall be punished by imprisonment in the penitentiary for not less than five, nor longer than twenty years."

Now, James, that's a plain law. The gist of the offense is the using of State money. The crime is complete when the State's money is used by any official of the State.

Consequently, Lee Worsham was guilty of a felony, the moment he banked the State's money to his credit, and began to draw on it, for his own use.

Now, James, that gets mighty close to you, my son.

Grand juries in Fulton County have been properly indicting all manner of humble folk, for all manner of crime; and we have not forgotten the Cobb County lad who snatched a woman's purse, and was sent to the penitentiary by Judge Ben Hill for 15 years!

Do you suppose the purse had five dollars in it?

Did the lady trust the lad with the purse, before he converted it to his own use?

James Price and Lee Worsham are high heads, big men, constantly in the newspapers. They travel around at public expense, uplifting mankind with Solomonic utterances on sundry subjects—and yet they are both as rotten as stale hen-eggs.

Right now, Lee Worsham could be sent to the penitentiary for using \$14,000 of trust funds, belonging to the State, and Jim Price could be handled for allowing Lee Worsham to bank State money in his own name, and for the illegal expenditure of the travelling fund.

It is very doubtful whether Price can make a clean showing as to that \$30,000 alleged to have gone into benevolent cotton seed.

You have the right to demand a showing as to that \$30,000. Suppose you write to James D., addressing him, "Atlanta, Georgia, care of Lee Worsham and Peter Bahnsen."

Be in a hurry about it, for after Sept. 12th, he won't notice your letter, no matter how the cat jumps.

There are some honest men who ask, "Why should Dorsey be elected Governor on the Frank case?"

Nobody seeks to elect him on the Frank case. His enemies drag that case in: his friends don't.

But we say this:

It is the test that proves the Man. Often one crisis, one emergency, one law-case shows what a man is.

In New York, the Becker case made the prosecuting attorney governor; and the same case is about to make a governor out of the judge who presided at the trial.

Whitman is the Republican governor, and he will be succeeded by Judge Samuel Seabury, who supported me for President in 1904.

That great case showed to the people of New York two real men, who could not be duped, bought, or intimidated.

The Frank case did the same thing for Hugh Dorsey. It proved him, as by fire!

During that prolonged battle, he was never caught napping, he was never outwitted, he couldn't be intimidated, he couldn't be shaken off, and he couldn't be reached with money.

When Governor John Slaton was in his law-office, plotting with detectives to scare those girl witnesses, or to run them off, or to bribe them—when the Governor of Georgia was doing this foul work to defeat the law which he had sworn to execute, the Solicitor-General was just as vigilantly watching every

move of those detectives; and every time Slaton and Rosser played a card, Dorsey trumped it.

In all my practise of 25 years at the bar, I never saw a court-record which disclosed such perseverance, such indomitable pluck, and such unerring judgment, as Dorsey's counter showing to the extraordinary motion for new trial, which Governor John Slaton had helped Rosser fabricate.

The Frank case simply brought out what was in Dorsey, the qualities which otherwise might not have become generally known. Those qualities are, courage, perseverance, patience, wisdom, legal ability, and old fashioned honesty.

In a case similar to Frank's, in many respects, Joe Pottle "laid down."

Why did you do it, Joseph?

Judge Reagan of McDonough has been in Atlanta several days, blowing around, and bragging about his intention to put the steam-roller to Dorsey, at the Convention.

Go slow, Judge.

You wouldn't look too pretty, wearing a new suit of tar and feathers; and you can ride on the cars with more comfort than you could get out of a ride on a fence-rail.

If you try any of your steam-roller tactics on Hugh Dorsey, you will soon learn what it means to be man-handled.

All of us know how desperate the anti-Dorsey combination is, and we know that it will not hesitate at any crime; but, knowing this, we will be ready for the fray.

Leave your Hardwick-Pottle-Robson steam-roller at home, Judge.

Hon. Prior G. Veazey is now a famous man. Throughout the country, his Inspection bill is a topic of eager discussion.

A plain country preacher, who had no early advantages, who never went to college, and who can't spell a bit better than General N. B. Forest, thus becomes a celebrity because of a great victory, won after two years of persistent effort.

Brother Veazey wants me to say that the Hon. Bob Blackburn was of the greatest service, in getting the bill before the House, debating its merits there, and in pushing it to a vote in the Senate.

Mr. Veazey feels that without the assistance and experience of Mr. Blackburn, the measure would never have left the Committee on Rules.

Here's hoping that every friend of mine, and of the Veazey law, will remember Bob Blackburn as really the hero of the fight.

The magnitude of that victory can hardly be over-estimated.

I see by the papers that Cousin Joe has been down to Johnson County and carried everything by storm. Of course. Johnson was one of my strongholds, and while I was in Washington City, fighting for Rural Free Delivery, the Automatic car-coupler, and government loans direct to farmers, my Democratic friends mutilated my dear old district, and gave it Hancock in place of Johnson.

And it came to pass in those days, that Charley Barrett and other Populists held a convention at Forsyth, and nominated Joseph Pottle for Congress—Joseph being a shining light in Populism.

Joseph and I stood forth to address the people at Gordon, where we didn't have much of a crowd, because the Democratic Road Commissioners inadvertently selected that day to call out the road hands.

But Joseph and I comforted each other the best we knew how, and we came away hoping that the roads might soon get fixed to suit the Democrats at Irwinton.

Judge of my dismay, demoralization, and general debility, when the newspapers an-

nounced, in a few days, that Joseph had left his brethren, and gone down into Egypt after some corn.

Yes, sir, it's just like I tell you: Joseph was the Populist nominee at breakfast, and a Rockribbed Democrat, at supper.

Joseph's resemblance to Saul ends with the suddenness of his conversion.

Can it be that Joseph spoke in Johnson, and failed to explain this peculiar little episode.

Character comes out, in such incidents. Joseph's character was revealed in that sudden flop, just as it was in the Benton murder case at Monticello.

And the dead man's back was full of holes; and Benton was said to be fond of the dead man's wife.

I wonder how Perdue's health is, nowadays! Perdue is the gentleman who killed the town marshal. Bob Berner was Perdue's leading lawyer.

At the first trial, P. was found guilty of manslaughter and sentenced to 15 years.

Bob B. moved for a new trial, got it, and managed to have his client convicted of murder, next time.

That was terrible on Bob, wasn't it?

Bob's anguish must have been extreme.

In the gubernatorial chair, there chanced to be a former partner of Bob—a person of the name of Smith, not Burton, but a worse than Burton.

Bob's agony of spirit took him to this gubernatorial Smith, and Smith commuted Perdue's sentence to its original 15 years.

A curious story of a transaction in ducats floats around Barnesville, and the sum mentioned is \$1,000; but that's another matter.

Bob Berner has made his residence in Macon for some years, to the general joy of the inhabitants.

It seems that Bob's interest in Perdue is co-terminous with Perdue ducats; and when Col. Harris stumbled into the gubernatorial chair, on the County-unit plan, Perdue soon got a parole, which is a soft word for pardon.

Perdue's health was poorly; and Col. Nathaniel's long, Prince Albert suit is "mercy." Perdue merely asked that he be allowed to die outside the pen, but he didn't fix any date. His health has improved considerably, and he thinks of going on a fish with Stripling, as soon as Col. Nat and the little girl quit publishing their correspondence.

If that little girl keeps on writing to old Nat, she'll get on his nerves, and he won't be able to tell all that he has done for the human race, since he began it, a year ago.

It's a pity that Col. Nat did not begin to redeem mankind sooner. Think of what we have missed!

The alacrity with which Col. Nat vetoed the County-unit bill, indicates that he had the veto in his pocket before the bill passed. Somebody wasn't taking any chances on the Col., that time.

The somebody was Judge Reagan, perhaps, as he was hanging on in Atlanta at the time.

Well, it's all right: we will attend to it, and put the County-unit plan into law before we quit.

There would be as much justice and consistency in giving Fulton County 40 members of the legislature, as there is in giving it 40 times more weight in nominating candidates.

Those who argue that every vote in the big cities should count equally with every vote in the country counties, ought to go where the logic takes them, and give the big cities about 100 members of the House of Representatives.

Even Bob Neely of Waynesboro would hardly like that.

A farmer lost five cows, of a mysterious

disease, and naturally wanted to know what was the ailment. So he sent the stomach to Atlanta, with the request that the contents be analyzed.

Peter Bahnsen wrote back a heartrending letter, on the back of which was printed a cattle-tick map, in three colors—red, white and blue.

Peter informed the farmer—Mr. R. F. Anderson, of Chipley—that the law did not permit the Agricultural Department to make the analysis requested.

The gentleman from Prussia says—

Your communication to hand. In reply will say this Department has no way or means for determining by general analysis whether or not live stock has been poisoned. The laboratory is equipped and maintained for scientific purposes set forth in the act creating the office of State Chemist, and providing funds for the support of this particular branch of the Department. Under no circumstances is the State Chemist permitted to make examinations which are not enumerated or specified in the law.

Mr. Anderson's cows were apparently in the best of health the night before some were dead and the others dying. Every known remedy was tried, and none had effect.

Evidently, poison of some kind killed the cattle, and it is important to discover what the poison was. But the law, which gives away \$30,000 for cotton seed, can't analyze the contents of a poisoned animal's stomach.

I would like to know what statute authorized this Prussian to spend the State's money on a colored cattle-tick map.

What possible benefit is that costly map? Why not issue hog-cholera maps, in red, white, and blue?

The average citizen would much prefer a map showing the progress of the L. & N. drive against our W. & A. railroad.

I greatly fear that Milton Smith is getting close to our Verdun.

My old friend, Peter Meldrim, writes me at some length, saying that he is not in any way responsible for the change made in the First district rules.

His word is enough for me, and I promptly give him the benefit of the disclaimer.

His friends did a bad day's work for him, when they changed from the County-unit plan which has been in force there for 25 years.

Is it too late for the Committee to re-convene, and rescind their resolution?

George Long edits the Macon Telegraph, and does it in a way to make the late Charles Pendleton turn in his grave.

George is a Canadian, and the subject of King George. In France, there is urgent need for George Long, and for all other Canadians who are able and willing to fight.

But George Long much preferred to come South, and write mean editorials for The Telegraph. He has no stomach for facing German guns.

This is what George Long says about the Veazey bill:

A bill has been passed to let grand juries find out if there is any truth in the report that nuns eat fresh roasted babies for breakfast every morning of the year, except on church holidays, when it is rumored they eat them broiled.

George's delicate humor was not sufficiently appreciated in Canada, and perhaps that was his principal reason for fetching it with him.

George should go to Savannah, investigate, and tell us about the three skeletons found in the soil beneath the "Sisters' house, all three bearing evidences of quick-lime, the three being piled one above the other.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, Hugh Dorsey, Georgia's next Governor."

Mr. Dorsey responded to the introduction, thanking Mr. Quillian for the tribute paid him,

and proceeded at once to the discussion of the issues of the campaign.

He said that if elected governor he would use his best endeavors to improve and enlarge our public school system and showed the need of such action by saying that there were now thirty-two thousand white people in Georgia who can neither read nor write. He said that school books should either be free or furnished at cost; that when he began the practice of law, law books cost twice as much then as now; then they were printed as school books are now and sold to the lawyers, now they are printed by the State and the lawyers get them at cost. He declared that he wanted as much done for the school children of Georgia as had been done for his profession in the supplying of necessary books. He further declared that sectarian schools were receiving public school money, and affirmed that should he be elected governor sectarian schools would be cut off from public school funds.

The above is clipped from the Gainesville Herald of Aug. 17th. It should put at rest all doubts as to Dorsey's being in complete accord with me, with Dr. Keese, with J. J. Brown, and with Guyt McLendon.

Commenting on the speech, the Editor—Guy Clopton—says:

The people know that he has the power, the will, and the determination to bring about law enforcement in Georgia, which has become one of the crying needs of the day.

The old soldiers heartily endorse his pension policy and will trust him to care for the pension appropriations, of which they are in need and which their glorious deeds so rightly merit, during his term of office.

Those who believe in the separation of church and State, and all true Protestants believe in this, and who are opposed to the illegal manner in which certain sectarian schools receive public school funds, believe what he says when he tells them that, should he be elected governor, the illegal payments of sums of money to sectarian institutions, from the public school funds, will be stopped.

In fact, the man himself is a greater platform than all the documents written by those who are vilifying him in this campaign, and who have sought to overcome his influence and power in the enforcement of law during his term as solicitor-general in Atlanta, because of the fact that in the performance of his official duties he was no respecter of persons, and believed that the rich and powerful should suffer the penalty of the law, after breaking it, in the same manner as the poor and influential are made to suffer for the crimes they commit.

Neither money nor abuse can keep Hugh Dorsey from being the next Governor of Georgia.

Twenty years ago, I was in Atlanta lending a hand in the framing of the Populist State platform. When the legislature adjourned last week, memory swept back to the old days when the tempest of abuse, misrepresentation, and ridicule beat upon our heads.

Gone are many of the old familiar faces that used to meet and greet me, when I went to Atlanta for one of our State Conventions.

They passed away before the coming of the time of vindication. God rest their noble souls!

In 1896, we Pops demanded the State-wide abolition of bar-rooms, and Seab Wright led the fight for us. It was the first time such a plank had been put into any political platform.

I don't remember distinctly whether Seab wrote the plank and I assisted, or whether I wrote it, and he assisted; but we two framed it, and secured its adoption.

In the Populist platform, we also put the demand for the election of all officers by the people.

That principle became effective and remained so, until the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce hatched the infamous Tax Inequality law which created 600 appointive offices.

We also demanded the abolition of the fee system.

The legislature has at last made a great step toward that needed reform, by placing Solicitors-General on salaries.

We demanded free text books for children studying the elementary English branches.

My friend Dr. Keese tells me that the news-

papers did not accurately report the Yeomans bill, and that it is decidedly a good step forward in the matter of free books.

A careful examination of the bill shows that the County Boards have the option to furnish free books, *selected from the State-Board list*; and the publishers are required to sell as cheaply in Georgia, as elsewhere.

Mr. Yeomans demonstrates that the prices heretofore charged, have been extortionate.

The Populist platform of 1896 also demanded the abolition of the Convict Lease system, and the putting of the convicts on the roads.

These various planks had never before been put into a political platform in Georgia.

We were the pioneers: we blazed the trail: we took all the hard knocks of the interests antagonized: we stood to our colors, and never faltered, no matter how hard the storm of hatred bore down upon us.

And now, I look at the Code of Georgia, and it begins to look like a Populist platform of the Nineties.

Bar-rooms, gone: convict leases, gone: gubernatorial appointment of all officers, gone: the fee system, badly battered; and free books, on the way.

But it took twenty years; and when we wrote the platform, we were young.

The fact that Carl Vinson is eulogized in the *Pope's morning paper*, in Augusta, proves how completely he has gone back on the issue which elected him.

His Committee did not meet until July 23, and it closed the entries for candidates the seventh day afterwards.

Before the District knew what Carl and his hand-picked Committee had done, the time limit had gone by.

Once isn't but once, Carlo!

You can play the Hardwick game, if you are that kind of man, but you will learn later what it has done both for yourself and your little bob-tail boss.

Here's hoping that every stalwart Protestant in Richmond County votes for Sam Olive for the State Senate.

The Italian pope's crowd are backing Pierce, because they are afraid for Grand-juries to see inside the pope's monastic institutions.

Bishop Ben Keiley defies the law, and says that it shall not be enforced in his diocese.

We will show you about that, Benjamin. Don't forget that Georgia is not New Jersey or Massachusetts.

Gov. Nathaniel Harris, vetoing the County-unit plan, *under which we nominated HIM*, declares himself "a part of the legislature."

The biggest part, apparently.

But the law says that the three Departments shall forever be kept separate, and that no person exercising executive powers shall ever assume legislative authority.

Poor old Nat! He seems to have forgotten both his law and his facts. *The County-unit plan made him governor*; and the Constitution forbids his assumption of legislative powers.

What is it in the Atlanta atmosphere that transforms the Grover Edmondsons, the Jim Prices, the M. L. Brittain's, and the Nat Harries?

In the Stripling case, Col. Nat argued that an alleged copy of an alleged letter, insulting to Stripling's wife, authorized Stripling to wait in the dark, outside the alleged letter-writers house, and shoot him through the window, as the alleged letter-writer undressed for bed.

And in the Perdue case, he virtually pardoned a convicted murderer, because confinement in the penitentiary was injurious to his health.

The old Colonel gets maudlin in his speeches

on this subject of "mercy," but I haven't seen any of this mercy, except in cases where the convict had pull enough to enlist big lawyers and daily papers.

The Cobb County boy, sent up for 15 years, because he snatched a lady's little hand-bag, hasn't had the benefit of Col. Nat's "mercy." That lad has already served two years, and Col. Nat might now parole him, in order that he may go fishing with Perdue and Stripling. He could cut bait while they caught suckers.

From the hilarious manner in which the Governor is advertising his wonderful achievements, in the dailies and in the weeklies, I judge that he has a luscious campaign fund. Wonder if John Grant and John Slaton, know where it comes from!

It takes money to pay for big ads in all the papers, and Col. Nat did not spend it so lavishly, two years ago. At that time, no Frank case had sent a recreant governor to Limbo, and no discredited ex-governor was trying to "come back."

Before Hugh Dorsey severed his connection with his father's old firm, he used the free pass belonging to the partnership. Since he withdrew from the firm, he pays his way like other passengers. When Col. Nat Harris was a railroad lawyer, he was furnished with a private Pullman car, and he rolled around the hemisphere in lordly luxury. Those who arraign Dorsey for going to Alma on his firm's pass, should ask Uncle Nat for the photograph showing him and his interesting family touring the Continent on the private Pullman.

Confidence is a plant of slow growth and precarious existence. For 36 years, I have been more or less in public life, and I have never once gone back on a candidate or a platform. I stood by Thomas M. Norwood in 1880; stood by General Weaver in 1892; stood by Hoke Smith when some of my oldest and best friends implored me not to do it; stood by Hardwick when the mere turn of the hand would have been his ruin; stood by Joe Brown when he had angered all the Unions and alienated the greater part of a loyal following; stood by Populist platforms when even the Old Guard lost heart; and yet when the Sunday papers represented me as deserting Hugh Dorsey, there was doubt and dismay from one end of Georgia to another.

Enemies jubilated, while friends were heart-sick.

Is there no such thing as living long enough, and serving faithfully enough, to create undoubting confidence?

Col. Nat's managers sprung the Edmondson stunt too soon. They should have reserved that card, and played it on the last round. Hoke Smith's managers were shrewder in 1910: they held back Judge Hines' card until it was too late for me to publish a repudiation.

Congressman Schley Howard was reported in the Savannah Morning News, of Tuesday, June 22, 1915, as saying that the Slaton commutation in the Frank case was "a most courageous act."

The Congressman added—"Everybody in Atlanta has known a long time how I stand on that question."

Well, everybody may have known how Schley stood on the Frank case, June a year ago, but there seems to be a whole lot of uncertainty about it, now.

I wonder if Asa Candler will go to dodging, too?

Asa and the Bishop were apparently in the same boat as Schley, last summer.

One swallow does not yet mean that Gentle Annie and the Spring-Time have arrived, but it frequently happens that one mis-step can play the dickens with a candidate.

Hugh M. Dorsey's Speaking Dates:

Sparta, Hancock County, Wednesday, August 23, 10 A. M.

Sandersville, Washington County, Wednesday, August 23, 3 P. M.

Irwinton, Wilkinson County, Thursday, August 24, 10 A. M.

Jeffersonville, Twiggs County, Thursday, August 24, 3 P. M.

Cochran, Bleckley County, Friday, August 25, 10 A. M.

Hawkinsville, Pulaski County, Friday, August 25, 3 P. M.

Perry, Houston County, Saturday, August 26, 9 A. M.

Fort Valley, Houston County, Saturday, August 26, 1 P. M.

Knoxville, Crawford County, Saturday, August 26, 3 P. M.

Camilla, Mitchell County, Wednesday, August 30, 10 A. M.

Thomasville, Thomas County, Wednesday, August 30, 3 P. M.

Quitman, Brooks County, Thursday, August 31, 10 A. M.

Valdosta, Lowndes County, Thursday, August 31, 3 P. M.

Tifton, Tift County, Friday, Sept. 1, 10 A. M.

Fitzgerald, Ben Hill County, Friday, Sept. 1, 3 P. M.

Forsyth, Monroe County, Saturday, Sept. 2, 10 A. M.

Griffin, Spalding County, Saturday, Sept. 2, 3 P. M.

The above is a schedule of Hugh M. Dorsey's speaking engagements the next two weeks. The dates as arranged are the only speeches Mr. Dorsey can make on this trip. You are invited to attend the meeting nearest you and bring all of our friends. The ladies are cordially invited to attend. Mr. Dorsey has been greeted by magnificent audiences throughout the State. His discussion of the issues of the campaign is the one big feature of the present gubernatorial race.

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