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While Leo Frank Is Loafing at the State Farm, the Rich Jews Continue to Defame the People and the Courts of Georgia

FROM the Marietta Journal and Courier
I clip the following, for it is certain to be an item of interest to many people:

At half past ten o'clock Friday morning, July 2nd, 1915, the monument erected to little Mary Phagan in the city cemetery by the Marietta Camp U. C. V. 763 was unveiled in the presence of a vast throng of people from Atlanta and Cobb county. The unveiling was by James Sauls, a crippled veteran, who was a soldier for four years in the conflict between the North and South.

Hon. Henry Boyd Moss made the formal eulogy of the martyred girl, and Rev. A. C. Hendley, of East Point, made a brief address.

Gazaway Hames made the opening invocation and Dr. Rembert Smith closed with a prayer and benediction. The grave was covered with flowers by friends of the family.

The modest monument, carved out of Georgia marble, and paid for by the old soldiers who went to the wars for Georgia; and unveiled in the presence of "a vast throng" of representative Georgians, will serve to remind the coming generations of the little Georgia heroine who perished at the age of fourteen—died because she would not yield her person to the insistent lusts of the vilest Jew that has lived, since the desert winds blew into space the ashes of Sodom and Gomorrah.

We Georgians have often been divided among ourselves by bitter political feuds; we differ among ourselves, now, upon many a question of Church and State; we are antagonistic and combative at many a point of material interest; but on this case of our little girl—just an humble daughter of the plain people—we are as warmly united, and as deeply stirred as any State ever was, for we know that Right has again been condemned and crucified.

While Mary Pragan's body lies mouldering in the ground, where is the lecherous beast who assaulted her, and choked her to death?

Apparently, there is no intention of putting Frank to work, at all. He is to piddle about, and pass away the time as agreeably as possible, until Burns, and Straus, and Hearst, and Ochs, and Pulitzer, and Abell, and the L. & N. Railroad, and the noble firm of Rosser, Slaton & Phillips can again set in motion the legions of hysteria, slanderous fabrications, bought affidavits, and forged letters.

The invisible powers which saved Frank from the just penalty of capital punishment, are merely taking a recess; they are awaiting to see the effects of the ovations which the rich Jews of the North and West are tendering to Slaton.

They are at a loss, for the present, as to the best method of renewing "the fight;" they have not agreed among themselves how to begin.

Talkative and boastful, and impudent, as usual, William J. Burns—who bears the brand of infamy burnt into him by the U. S. Department of Justice—told the Denver Times the following:

Ultimately, perhaps in the very near future, Leo Frank will be freed. He will come from the

Georgia prison, where he has been since Governor Slaton commuted his sentence of death to life imprisonment, vindicated of the murder of Mary Phagan, and the crime laid on the shoulders of the principal State's witness in the famous trial. Governor Slaton, hissed by mobs in Georgia, will be hailed a hero.

Blames Mob for Conviction.

"The conviction of Leo Frank was one of the foulest perversions of justice the United States has ever known," Burns declared. "The mob prevailed at his trial. The district attorney made his case on an appeal to the passions and prejudices of that mob. He had not a scintilla of true evidence. Perjury and intimidation was resorted to.

Lowest Strata Involved.

"Only a portion, and that portion of the lowest strata of Georgia's citizenship, are in the mobs that now threaten Governor Slaton, and that tried to get me when I went to Atlanta to make an investigation.

"The better class of Atlantans believe Frank innocent and will work to prove him so. Already some of the witnesses who helped the State, in

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face of the fact that for perjury in a murder trial in Georgia a witness can be given the same punishment as the person on trial, have repudiated testimony.

"One, Minola McKnight, a negro servant employed in the Frank home, swore on the witness stand that the affidavit she had sworn to against Frank had been obtained from her by the police, who held her in jail two days and nights to force her to sign the document.

Killed After Confession.

"She denied absolutely, in face of possible prosecution, that what she had sworn to was true. The State made no effort to punish her, but a short time afterward she was found dead, her face and throat gashed, in the street.

These threats as to what the Frank boodlers, bribers, and slanderers mean to do; and these astounding falsehoods as to what has occurred, make it plain enough that the battle is to be fought over; and the same old methods of bribery, intimidation, forgery, gagging the Atlanta dailies, &c., are to be used again.

"She was found dead, her face and throat gashed, in the streets."

Who was found dead? Why, Minola McKnight, the cook of Leo Frank.

So says this bewilderingly prolific liar, William J. Burns.

And of course the Times believed it, and the readers of the Times believed it, because Burns shouts it brassily, and no Atlanta daily will deny it.

Without a defender, without any way of answering these hired libellers, the people of Georgia have to sit silent and helpless, under an endless campaign of vilification.

Burns impliedly charges, that the State had Minola McKnight killed, because she went back on the affidavit she gave the State in the presence of her lawyer, George Gordon.

Minola McKnight is no more dead than I am: she is as much alive as William J. Burns.

She lives in Atlanta, and so does her husband.

This negro was the cause of suspicion fixing itself upon Leo Frank, for he it was who told three gentlemen, working for the Beck Gregg Hardware Company, what had been said in Frank's home.

Frank got drunk, at home, the night after the murder, and told his wife he killed the girl; and called for his pistol to put an end to himself.

Albert McKnight has never repudiated his evidence at the trial, nor has he ever said he was bribed to tell what he knew.

How can you be surprised at the furor that has been raised against the people of Georgia, when you see what arrant lies have been universally circulated, and not denied by the Atlanta papers?

Do those papers owe no duty to Truth, to the honor of the State, to the reputation of the South?

Are those three Atlanta dailies totally indifferent to the good name of their city, and the honor of their State?

Do these Democratic organs care nothing for the bad name that is being made for Georgia democracy—made by mercenary defamers?

Are they so cravenly terrorized by the Jew advertiser, and the L. & N. Railroad, that they dare not defend the integrity of Georgia people?

"The District Attorney made his appeal to the passions and prejudices of the mob!"

The readers of the Denver Times will see this brazen statement of Burns, and will not see the magnificent speech of Solicitor Dorsey, in which there is not one single line of appeal to any man's passion or prejudice.

The readers of the Denver Times will have learned that Burns says the Solicitor had not one scintilla of evidence to stand on; and they will not read the record, nor Dorsey's speech, where the invincible evidence appears.

The readers of the Denver Times have no means of knowing that William J. Burns and his man Lehon came to Georgia, after the Supreme Court of Georgia had UNANIMOUSLY refused Leo Frank a re-

hearing; and that the employment of detectives, at that desperate stage of the game, was notice to the world that desperate methods were needed to save a guilty man—a man whose guilt had been proven in the usual way, by those legal processes created by law for that very purpose.

And the reason why Burns and Lehon aroused such intense indignation was, that they intimidated and bribed the State's witness, George Eppes; that they intimidated and bribed the State's witness, Duffy; that they paid \$200 to a preacher to make a false affidavit; threatened the girl witnesses with compromising disclosures of their private lives, unless they perjured themselves in behalf of Frank; offered to buy off R. P. Barrett with "a barrel of money" and a good position in New Orleans; and used the most extraordinary means in the effort to get rid of the damning testimony of the State's witness, Miss Monteen Stover.

Let me give you the facts as to how Burns and his crew went after that irreproachable young lady: the information being given to me by one of the oldest members of the Atlanta bar, a thoroughly reliable gentleman:

I had an interview with Mrs. H. W. Edmondson, the mother of Monteen Stover, who said: At the request of Mr. Samuel A. Boorstein, attorney at law, who had been taking an interest in the case, about four weeks ago she and her daughter, Miss Monteen Stover, went to his office. After talking about things in general, the Mary Phagan case was incidentally brought in. About that time, Detective Burns made his appearance in the room. As soon as she found out who he was, she arose from her chair and started to leave the room with her daughter, when the lady stenographer immediately took hold of her daughter and tried to detain her; that she jerked the child loose from her and started towards the door; that the stenographer tried to prevent her from going out, and that she pushed her aside and led her daughter out, and returned home.

About the middle of last week, the wife of Leo Frank called at her home with Rabbi Marx. This was in the morning, and took up with her the matter of her daughter's testimony; that she told them that her daughter had sworn to the truth in court, and told the same story that she told her immediately after the killing of Mary Phagan; that they then left.

In the afternoon of the same day they returned, bringing Detective Burns with them. Detective Burns remarked that he had come to apologize for what had happened shortly before that time in the office of Mr. Boorstein; that Mrs. Frank said to her daughter, Monteen Stover, that one little word from her would help her so much, and she was again told, that what she swore in the court was the truth and that she would not change it. Detective Burns said, "Well, you will have to bear the thorn."

I have some other information that I will get the straight of about Daniel Lehon, the detective that Burns had to come here to take charge while he was in New York, Chicago and Cincinnati, investigating something about the case. I hope to get this information and send it on at once. It will be a copy of the statement sent here by the Chief of Police of Chicago.

(This reference to Dan Lehon concerned the Chicago police records, which showed that Burns' lieutenant is as vile a scoundrel as Burns himself.)

Now, ask yourself this question:

When two so-called detectives—one branded by the United States Government, and the other by the Chicago police records—are hired by the rich connections of a criminal (whose conviction has been finally confirmed by the unanimous voice of the Supreme Court), to destroy evidence, on the one hand, and to manufacture evidence, on the other; and when these unscrupulous rascals come into your community and carry their lawless methods to such unparalleled lengths as I have already indicated, what is the community to do, IN SELF-DEFENSE?

Burns fled from Georgia, not because he was investigating, but because he was hir-

ing some men, and trying to hire others, to swear to lies, in order that an extraordinary motion for a new trial for Frank might win in the courts.

Out in Iowa, where he addressed the bankers, Burns said, a few weeks ago:

"Frank is as innocent as I am, but the Atlanta police are so determined to fix the crime upon some one, after the many murderers that have gone unpunished, that they are satisfied to condemn an innocent man. They selected Frank as their victim, because he was the last person known to have seen the girl alive, and they knew he was a Jew, and that on this account racial prejudice would assist them."

What does the official record show, on this point?

It shows, that the Atlanta police and detectives made every possible effort to trace the crime away from Leo Frank: in this, they were aided by Frank himself.

Because of the dark hints of Frank against the negro night watchman, the Atlanta police and detectives arrested him, and kept him manacled in jail.

Frank saw him, in that condition; and went through the pretense of trying to get the innocent negro, Newt Lee, to confess.

But Newt says that Frank hung his head all the time, and used the expression, "Newt, if you stick to your present story, we will both go to hell."

(In his statement to the jury, Frank did not deny this.)

The Atlanta police and detectives failed to make progress against Newt Lee, although Frank suggested they search his premises, where a bloody shirt was found in the negro's clothes barrel—placed there by somebody who wanted to save Frank, by finding "a nigger in the woodpile."

(They are still trying that game.)

After the failure with Newt Lee, came the effort to fix the crime on J. M. Gantt. Why Gantt? Because Frank had hinted, and insinuated to the Atlanta police and detectives, that J. M. Gantt knew Mary Phagan well, and was, perhaps, too intimate with her!

Because of Frank's hints and insinuations, the Atlanta police and detectives arrested J. M. Gantt.

Here, then, we have the record showing that nobody was after the Jew, but that the Jew was after two perfectly innocent men.

So far from its being true that the Atlanta police and detectives "selected" Frank, because "they knew he was a Jew," they exhausted every effort to get clues leading away from him; and they were eagerly willing to avail themselves of all the help that Frank could give them in doing so.

The official record shows it!

It was not until after the complete breakdown of the efforts to take the crime to any other persons, that the police and detectives were forced to believe that Frank and Conley were the guilty parties.

And when Frank's own detective, Harry Scott, had to give up hope of clearing Frank; and the accusing hand was laid upon the Jew, it immediately transpired that the Jew had already employed the best law firm in Atlanta!

In other words, the Jew had virtually accused himself before the Gentiles accused him.

When did a thing like that ever happen before?

And the very time that Frank was accusing Newt Lee, and J. M. Gantt, of the crime, he had thrown an anchor to windward, by employing Luther Rosser's firm to defend him, Frank.

Slaton rushed to Frank's defense on this vulnerable point, by telling mankind that Frank's friends employed this big law firm for him.

Let us see if that explanation is beneficial to Frank.

Who were his officious friends, that had the ducats to retain such a high-priced article as Rosser's firm?

They were Jews—the Montags, Seligs, &c. Then, the Jews employed lawyers for Frank, before Frank was accused, by the Atlanta police and detectives.

In other words, the rich Jews suspected that Frank would need the best legal talent, before the Gentiles suspected it!

This shows what they thought, as to who assaulted and murdered the little girl.

If you believed that your friend was innocent, and that there was "not a scintilla of evidence against him," would you take it upon yourself to employ lawyers for him?

No other man in Atlanta was blessed with that particular variety of "friends." It was a breed peculiar to Leo Frank.

No friend of J. M. Gantt rushed secretly to a lawyer's office, before Gantt was accused. Newt Lee had no such extraordinary friends.

So far as I know, Leo Frank is the only man in Georgia whose friends were ever so certain of his guilt, that they secretly hired the best lawyers, before anybody had accused him of the crime.

Therefore, the literal fact is, as our official court records prove, THAT THE RICH JEWS OF ATLANTA WERE THE FIRST TO SUSPECT LEO FRANK OF THE CRIME.

And there is one other terrible detail which Frank never mentions, which Burns never mentions, which Hearst never mentions, and which Slaton dared not mention; and it is this:

For three weeks, Leo Frank's wife's abhorrence of her guilty husband was so unconquerable, that she resisted all efforts to persuade her to go to see him at the jail.

Thus we have the appalling truth of the case: the Jews, on the inside, knew of Frank's guilt, and acted upon that knowledge—the Seligs, and Montags, by secretly employing lawyers; and the wife, by refusing to associate with him.

To the end of time, they will never get away from those two facts.

John M. Slaton, the gubernatorial partner of the law firm employed by the rich Jews who knew Frank to be guilty, intended all the time—as a last resort—to save the client of his law firm; to stultify his own record in the Milburn and Cantrell cases, and to give Frank what the Supreme Court Justices unanimously refused, to wit, a re-hearing.

The elaborate arguments of the attorneys, and the pretended weighing of the voluminous evidence, was mere stage play and sham: Slaton never intended that HIS CLIENT should hang.

Do the out-of-Georgia papers catch the point?

It is time they did!

Instead of hailing Slaton as a hero, they should see him as he is: they should be willing to see the prosaic fact, that the rich Jews hired a law firm which enjoyed the immense advantage of having one of its members in the office of Governor; and that after the other members of the firm had failed, all along the line, the gubernatorial partner rescued his guilty client.

The Bible tells us that no man can serve two masters: it tells us that he will be certain to betray one of the two.

Which one did Slaton deceive? He shamelessly continued to be a law-partner of Luther Rosser and Ben Phillips while they had charge of Frank's case; he refused to respite his client, and leave him to the incoming Governor Harris.

Therefore, Slaton placed himself where,

in the words of Holy Writ, he was certain to betray one master or the other.

If the papers published outside of Georgia would care to realize the shame we feel over our disgrace, let them suppose a case in which **THEIR GOVERNOR** uses the executive office as an asset in the law-practice of his firm.

When they bring the facts home to themselves, in this practical way, they will be less inclined to crown Partner Slaton as a hero; and they will be able to take his true measure, as a secondary member of the firm that is absolutely dominated by Rosser.

Slaton had many friends who, directly and indirectly, endeavored to impress upon him the ambiguity of his position, the impropriety of his legal connection with Frank's lawyers, and the impossibility of his acting faithfully, both as Rosser's partner, and as Georgia's Chief Magistrate.

I was one of those friends!

The files of this paper will prove that I did my utmost to warn Slaton of the abyss into which he was plunging.

But some relentless, invisible power held him, and he refused to be advised, or warned.

I was not by any means the only Georgian who implored him not to act in the dual capacity of Georgia's Governor and Rosser's partner.

Read the following, and see how delicately a member of the Atlanta bar broached the subject to Slaton:

Atlanta, Ga., June 3, 1915.

Hon. John M. Slaton, Governor of Georgia:

My Dear Sir: In reference to the Frank case that will shortly be before you for your consideration, as Chief Executive of the State, I beg to state that it is being commonly discussed that it is a move to hurry the case before you for action before your term of office expires. Your enemies are criticising now this movement.

As the case has not at this time reached you for your consideration, but has been upon application heard by the Prison Commission and now there for their final consideration, which means shortly to be transmitted to your consideration, I make this suggestion: that as it is common knowledge that you have a great deal of detail work to dispose of before your term of office expires, and as your successor has been elected by the people before the application for a pardon or commutation of sentence in the Frank case was filed, and as your successor will shortly be inaugurated and assume the duties of Governor, and as the record of the Frank case, on account of the different stages in which the case has travelled through the courts will be voluminous and will require careful examination, which will be very lengthy, and as it is common knowledge that you are a member of the firm in which the Hon. Luther Rosser, senior counsel for Mr. Frank is a member, notwithstanding that you have never practised law as a member of that firm or otherwise, since you were inaugurated Governor, I suggest that a reprieve by you in Frank's case be issued and granted and let the case go to Mr. Harris, the Governor-elect, for final consideration; and in granting the reprieve, let the people, through the order granting the reprieve, know that you send it to Mr. Harris UPON THE HIGH GROUNDS OF YOUR CONNECTIONS.

Now, dear Governor, if this course is pursued from my viewpoint, your bitterest enemies would shrink with shame in charging improper motives in dealing with your action in the case.

As to the Frank case, I beg to state that I have no interest, directly or indirectly. It is immaterial to me what disposition is made of his case.

Respectfully yours,

S. C. CRANE.

Slaton did not deign to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. Crane's letter—a letter which put him especially upon notice that it was common talk that the case was being hurried before him, to keep it from being passed upon by Governor Harris.

I am informed that the Judge who sentenced Frank the last time, suggested the same thing to Slaton, and offered to fix the date of Frank's execution so that Governor Harris would have to pass on the application for clemency; and that Slaton said "No!" He demanded that the case come before him!

To the New York World, Slaton said:

The Supreme Court of our State never passed upon the merits of the Frank case, and under our Constitution could not do so. Under our Constitution the Supreme Court is a court to correct errors of law, not fact. In New York you have an Appellate Division, which can review facts.

Power of the Trial Judge.

We have no such court in Georgia, but our Supreme Court is limited to the correction solely of errors of law, and if there be any evidence tending to convict Frank the Supreme Court has no power to set aside the verdict of the jury.

Under our system in Georgia the only judge who has any power to review the merits of the case and to consider the weight of testimony or to determine the justice of the cause is the trial judge who presided at the trial. This was Judge Roan.

Isn't it a shame that Slaton should be telling this sort of stuff to the Northern people, when every lawyer in Georgia knows the utter mendacity of it?

The Supreme Court of Georgia does review the facts, just as the Appellate Court of New York does: every volume of Georgia Reports shows it.

In the 141st Volume of the Supreme Court Reports, there are numerous criminal cases where our Supreme Court reviewed the facts, and the case of Leo Frank is one of them!

In the 20th division of the opinion, the Court says—

"We have given careful consideration to the evidence."

Could the Appellate Court of New York do more than give careful consideration to the evidence?

Could any court of review do it?

Didn't Slaton himself announce, in his 15,000-word document, that he sustained the verdict of the jury?

Hasn't he contended that all he did, was to change the punishment, on account of Judge Roan's alleged ignorance of the law?

Slaton's statement to the World continues—

Governor Alone Could Save Frank.

Therefore, when Judge Roan, the trial judge, writes me a letter and asks me to commute the sentence of Frank and in effect asks me to correct the mistake which he made, and especially in view of the grave doubt created by the evidence in the case, it is almost inconceivable that any Governor would hesitate to exercise the power vested in him by the Constitution for meeting exactly such emergencies. The imposition of the penalty had passed beyond the trial judge, because the term of court had passed, and he asked me to prevent an injustice which might occur because of the judge's oversight, and I exercised my power to correct a mistake when I was the only one who had the power to correct it.

"When Judge Roan writes me a letter."
JUDGE ROAN NEVER WROTE ANY SUCH LETTER!

Judge Roan never asked Slaton to correct any mistakes of his.

Judge Roan went to his grave firmly believing that his rulings on the law were right; and that the evidence in the case showed that Frank was "unquestionably guilty."

The clumsy effort to produce a letter from Judge Roan, long after his death, was as bare-faced a fraud as was ever pulled off anywhere!

And if Judge Roan made a mistake of law in charging the jury as to the penalty in the case, why was it that Partner Rosser was blind to this mistake? Why was Partner Phillips blind to it? Why were Justices Beck and Fish blind to it? Why were the majority Justices blind?

Judge Roan made no mistake, and Slaton knows it; but the World does not know it, and the Northern people generally do not know it.

The evidence of James Conley was a part

of the record, and Conley swore that he saw the criminal commit the crime.

This being true, how could Judge Roan treat the case as one of circumstantial evidence, only? How can anybody do it?

Nobody can do it, save a demoralized renegade, desperately trying to defend his base betrayal of trust.

Continuing his statement to the World, Slaton says:

Governor's Judicial Function.

The Governor in the exercise of his constitutional power of clemency is but a part of this judicial system and may be likened to the cities of refuge in the old Israelitish law. When by necessity the case is beyond the courts with their formality of procedure there is yet an appeal that may be made to the Executive and by so doing remove the impossibility of injustice. Every civilized State and every civilized Nation vests somewhere this power and generally in the Executive. The Governor of every State, or acting in conjunction with a pardoning board, performs this function. The President of France may do the same thing. The Executive in England does the same thing. When it is not abused it ought to be a safeguard of the people and its sacredness as much exalted as the proper performance by the courts of their function.

The editor of the World may not know that the pardoning power is not a judicial function, and never was.

The editor of the World may not know, that Slaton took an oath to support a Constitution which expressly FORBODE HIM to exercise JUDICIAL FUNCTIONS.

The editor of the World does not know, that when Slaton usurped judicial functions, and re-tried Leo Frank, he was violating his oath of office; and had not he and his partners spun out the appeals, and the hearings, and the travels of the case, until it was TOO LATE TO IMPEACH SLATON, he would have been IMPEACHED.

Slaton knows that Governors do not retry criminal cases, on the same evidence that was before the jury. He knows that the Executive in England never did such a thing; and that the President of the French Republic never did.

Presidents in this Republic also use the pardoning power; but they do not retry cases, on the testimony which went before the jury.

SLATON BOASTS OF FANGING BART CANTRELL.

In the Chicago Daily Tribune, the fugitive ex-Governor of Georgia said, on July 10, 1915—he being on his way to the Yellowstone Park, on that delayed honeymoon of his:

"They said I am afraid to allow a man to hang. This is untrue.

"I allowed a boy of only eighteen years to go to the gallows."

This reference is to Bartow Cantrell, of Hall County, Georgia, the ignorant boy who had shot and killed a grown man.

The Georgia boy whose death on the scaffold is cited by Slaton as a proof of his courage, had never been in the habit of debauching \$5-a-week work girls, nor had he ever been seen to commit the crime of Sodom, nor did he rape and murder a little girl who ought to have been at school.

Therefore, Mr. Hearst did not send Clarence Shearn to Atlanta, to reverse the Supreme Court of Georgia.

Therefore, the Chicago lollywop, Mary Delaney Fisher, did not Pullman-car herself down to the Gate City to slop over the Governor, and to do the sob-racket with the Governor's Sally.

Therefore, Doctors C. B. Wilmer and Jake White did not ascend the Throne of Grace in behalf of just a plain, common, unromantic Georgia lad, who had killed a man.

It required all the peculiar horror, loath-

someness, and atrocity of the Leo Frank case, to arouse that morbid interest—that weird fascination exerted by the crimes and criminals that are abnormally hideous—to influence the sensational Hearst, to enthuse Mary Delaney Fisher, to capture the Doctors of Divinity, and to set 800,000,000 idiots to signing petitions.

To the Hearst reporter, Slaton said:

Trial Judge Asked Action.

"I would reply that the only man who could reasonably ask me to commute Frank's sentence was the trial judge; he did so, then he died. The other courts decided only on technicalities.

"Evidence appeared after the trial which was highly important, and yet this evidence could not be introduced in the other courts.

"That evidence was at my command and I made use of it."

What will be your disgust with Slaton, when I tell you that Slaton's statement as to Judge Roan is an absolute falsehood; and that the new evidence which he claims to have "used," was carried to our Supreme Court!

The alleged new evidence was so utterly nothing, that the Supreme Court unanimously refused to grant Frank a new hearing.

Will it always be impossible to get the outsiders to understand how Slaton misrepresents the case?

SLATON, AND ANOTHER CASE OF "CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE" HANGS AN OLD GEORGIAN OF 65 YEARS.

In September, 1914, there was an effort to save the neck of an old Georgian, made by some people who had little money and no organization, and no subsidized daily papers, and no Doctors C. B. Wilmer and Jake White, and no Hearst-Ochs-Pulitzer-Straus combine, and no champions among the snobs who are Slaton's "best people."

The old man was named Umphrey, and he was nothing but a tenant farmer—whose wife had no doubt sewed, washed, and would have kept a boarding house if she had been able.

He was convicted on purely circumstantial evidence, of having killed his landlord.

He was sentenced to death; and there were a few generous Georgians, in and around Dalton, who took pity on the old man—upon whom a motherless daughter of thirteen years was dependent for a support.

But Slaton felt no pity: he devoted no anxious days and nights to the study of that case; he made no mysterious visits to New York while that case was pending; and he had nothing to say against circumstantial evidence, then.

His snobbish soul can see nothing to appeal to him in the case of a condemned man who would not look nicely in the parlor of a Peachtree palace, or in the elegant quarters of an Atlanta Locker Club.

In the Umphrey case, there were no unscrupulous lawyers so highly paid that they forged a letter of a dead Judge, to use it before a Governor who must have known it was forged.

Who cared for the old tenant?

He had no money; he had few friends, and these few had no more money than himself.

Hang him! Hang him on circumstantial evidence! Hang him, and leave his little girl to the cold mercies of the world—a world in which she can do what Mary Phagan did, work where Mary worked, and fall a victim to some rich employer's lusts, as Mary did!

And they hanged him, nine months before Slaton repealed the law of capital punishment, abolished the jury-system, obliterated two Supreme Courts, and rode into Fame on a pretended mistake of law (which was never made), and a pretended letter of

Judge Roan, which was an audacious fake.

And with his latest breath, old man Umphrey protested his innocence!

When Slaton isn't talking, Burns is; and I therefore return to Burns. He said to the *Denver Times*:

"And it made them angry when I offered \$5,000 reward for the slightest evidence showing immorality in all of Frank's life. That offer still stands and has never been sought—and still the stories continue in Georgia that he is a pervert.

"I have never known a cleaner, more honest, more God-fearing man than Leo Frank. Only his abiding faith in his God has, according to my belief, kept him up through the ordeal he has experienced. And that faith will be rewarded, for he will be proven innocent."

The \$5,000 which the noble Burns mentally offered for evidence of Frank's immorality, seems to worry Burns: the ducats are a burden to him: they fatigue him as he totes them around: he grows warm and indignant because no one will relieve him of the load.

"The offer still stands!" Where?

If he will place \$5,000 in The Georgia Railroad Bank, Augusta, Georgia, and will authorize the cashier to give it to the women who make affidavit to Frank's immorality, I will undertake to have the affidavits made.

Now put up your \$5,000—you lusty liar!

Daisy Hopkins is entitled to a finger in that pie, and so is Rebecca Carson.

And if attempts to seduce white girls militate against Burns' clean, "God-fearing man," and create any presumption that he isn't much more moral and God-fearing than Burns is, I can easily produce about a dozen such white girls whom Frank vainly sought to debauch.

Commenting on this record-breaking Frank case, the Miami, Florida, Daily Metropolis says:

All the South Dishonored.

The better manhood of old Georgia must feel sadly humiliated by the action of Georgia's Governor in the Frank case; the commutation of the Frank sentence is not to be taken as merely the saving of a man from capital punishment—it means that the pressure of dollars has been strong enough to sway justice, strong enough to undo a verdict of twelve jurors, who were convinced beyond a doubt that Leo Frank was guilty of that heinous crime!

Governor Slaton has yielded to outside pressure—either through weakness or through some potent influence—and has cast a blot upon the history of his State never to be effaced. He has told the people of Georgia, by this action, that riches will buy pardons; that the treatment of a man with rich friends should be different from that of a poor man! And from his action, crimes will germinate; and men will become more helpless in their attempts to get justice in the courts.

Suppose that the negro Conley had been found guilty of that vile crime; suppose that the negro Conley had been surrounded with identically the same doubts as have been trumped up for Frank; suppose that the negro Conley should have been found to be the same sort of degenerate as is the fellow Frank—would Governor Slaton have commuted his punishment yesterday? Isn't it entirely probable that the negro Conley would have been lynched before he had had a trial?

But Frank had thousands of dollars spent for him; not by "friends"—we cannot believe that Frank has real friends—but by members of his race who abhor the thought of a Jew dying on the gallows. This money was used by master minds; it was used to buy up venal newspapers; used to work up sentiment in distant States where the hideous details of the crime and the type of character of the murderer were never told; used in numberless ways, and at last its effect brought commutation from the Governor of Georgia.

The transaction is one of the most disgraceful that the South has ever known—THE GOVERNOR OF GEORGIA HAS BETRAYED HIS PEOPLE.

On the same line, the Baltimore Trade Journal says:

It means something to be the Governor of Georgia! The Czar of Russia rules not more despotically! What if a State trial court and jury—that great American pillar of liberty—

passed upon the guilt of Frank; that the State Appellate Court affirmed that finding; that the State Supreme Court did likewise; or of what consequence, to the Governor of Georgia, was the individual opinions of the members of the Supreme Court of the United States, and later of the unanimous ruling of this same Supreme Court—that the original findings of the trial court was correct! All these can be lightly tossed into the waste basket when the Governor of the State of Georgia elects to consider the evidence and pass judgment as he sees fit—as he did in the Frank case. We do not care a rap about Frank, one way or the other; but we are interested in what has become of our courts, our boasted bulwarks of liberty; particularly of our United States Supreme Court, whose findings this Governor does not consider worthy of consideration. What is the use of courts, and all their attendant expenses, if the Governor of a State can disregard the findings of even the highest court in our land, review the evidence on his own account and pass sentence as he pleases? What are we coming to?

So you will notice that there are editors outside of Georgia who have begun to realize the foul miscarriage of justice, and the cynical defiance of law, manifested in the illegal favoritism shown to Frank.

What is to be the consequence of all this Big Money campaign against the Law? What are to be the results of setting up one standard for the rich, and another for the poor? How are we to adjust our relations with the Jews, when the Jews defiantly tell us that such libertines as Leo Frank shall not be punished for rapes and murders of Gentile "factory girls?"

Gentlemen! It is time we were looking the situation squarely in the face.

How much more of this sort of thing do we intend to put up with?

The "factory girl," as the rich Jews and the rich Peachtree people contemptuously call her, is turning to dust in her grave—her blood yet crying vainly to high heaven for vengeance—and the lecherous Simian who marked her for his enjoyment, pursued her like a wolf after its prey, assaulted her and choked her to death, disports himself lightly at the State Farm, in his new blue serge suit, his patent leather shoes, his insolent arrogance of successful dandyism.

How much more of it can we stand?

How much MORE will the rich Jews RUB IT IN ON US?

When we read how the law of Spain forbids the Jews to live in that country; and when we learn how intensely they are hated in other parts of Europe, we are puzzled to account for it.

Our sympathies have gone out to the Polish Jews, the Russian Jews, the Jews from Austria, and the Jews from France.

Our doors of Immigration have stood wide open, and hordes of Israelites have poured in upon us, from all parts of the world.

The Chosen People have prospered in North America, as they never have prospered anywhere else; and if, now and then, a Seigel goes to jail for stealing two million dollars from the depositors in his bank, his term is only eight months.

If he had been a Gentile, and had stolen ten cents, or a bottle of milk, he might have got a sentence of eight years.

Twenty years ago, the rich Jews of Atlanta, Macon, Augusta, Savannah, and Athens wouldn't have been insolent enough to conduct against their Gentile fellow citizens the coarse campaign of falsehood and detraction which they have kept up for two years.

Twenty years ago, the millionaire editors and bankers, of the Ochs, Pulitzer, and Straus type, would not have arrogated to themselves the privilege of re-trying and liberating a Jewish criminal whose guilt had been judicially ascertained.

Twenty years ago, a decision of our Supreme Court would have settled the Frank case.

Twenty years ago, there would not have been a fresh outbreak of libellous virulence, after the Supreme Court of the United States had decided that Frank had been convicted in strict accordance with the highest law.

The question is—

Do the rich Jews want to create among the Gentiles of this country the same deep dislike which they have created everywhere else?

There must be some general cause for the universal feeling against the Jews in Spain, in France, in Russia, in Poland, and in Hungary.

What is that cause?

There must be some reason for race hatred, wherever race hatred exists.

Why is it that all Caucasian races, in the Old World, are "prejudiced" against the Jew?

Having had no such "prejudice," ourselves, we have freely welcomed the immigrant Hebrew, and given him a *National House of Refuge*.

If they destroy the friendly relations that have always existed between us, where do they expect to go?

If they continue their rancorous and villainous abuse of the people who wanted Leo Frank punished for his awful crime, they will raise a tempest which they cannot control.

Do they want it?

Is this lewd, loathsome murderer worth the price?

The utter madness that has taken possession of the insolent rich Jews, is shown in the latest issue of Nathan Straus' magazine, *Puck*.

There is a large cartoon, representing Slaton, with a club in his hand, protecting Leo Frank from the Georgia vultures, "Race Hatred," "Mob Rule Penalty Death," "Frame Up," and "Persecution."

Slaton's club is labelled "Commuted Sentence."

The title of the cartoon is, "A MAN AT LAST IN GEORGIA."

Slaton, you see, was the Man, and the only one we had—and now he's gone; and so we are without any Man, at all.

Beneath the cartoon appears the following editorial, written, I suppose, by Nathan Straus, Jr.—the son of the Nathan who pussy-footed down to Georgia to see Slaton, before Slaton made so many trips to New York, to see about those bonds that Asa Candler bought:

The fight for the vindication of Leo M. Frank has not ended; and even with his acquittal—and his ultimate acquittal is only a matter of time—the fight for decency in Georgia will only have begun. This fight for decency will not end until low-lived slanderers without moral character, without public spirit, ARE RUN OUT OF THE STATE OF GEORGIA. The fight will not be won until men like Thomas Watson, the very embodiment of the beast in looks, manners and conduct, are removed from any influence upon the public sentiment of the community. This creature, whose private conduct is such that we cannot describe it in our pages, will be FURTHER EXPOSED AS OUR PROBE GOES DEEPER.

But so much we can now say: It is not the State of Georgia, which produces fine men, real heroes like Governor Slaton, that is to blame for the injustice that has been done, but it is the presence in Georgia, in positions of influence, of reprobates like Thomas Watson, of men who, like Thomas Watson, properly belong in jail or in exile, of men who, like Thomas Watson, have no place in an America of decency, of liberty and of mutual self-respect.

In order that you may know more about the Straus family which proposes to run me out of Georgia, I submit the following:

Atlanta, Ga., July 9th 1915.

Dear Sir: I note that one Nathan Straus claims to be a Georgian, and puts a great deal of stress upon that fact.

About one year ago, I spent some weeks in

New York, and you know that this same Nathan Straus owns a very large retail store on the corner of Broadway and Thirty-fourth street, and that he also conducts a big restaurant on the eighth floor of the building. Mr. Straus owns the building and the merchandise. I was greatly surprised on entering this restaurant, which is a very large one, to find that negroes were being served at regular tables, and that white girls were compelled to wait on them.

I mean that they have a large number of white girls who serve as waitresses, and that it is not infrequent to see a bunch of negroes, six or eight in number, go into this restaurant that belongs to Nathan Straus and take any table they choose and be served by white girls.

This condition does not exist in any first-class hotel or boarding-house in the city of New York, outside of this store, so far as I have been able to ascertain, and I have made a good deal of investigation on this subject. I wish you would also have an investigation made and then be kind enough to let your readers know just how much Mr. Straus is in sympathy with the sentiment of the people of Georgia. I would not write you concerning this matter except for the fact that I want the Southern people to know the kind of place that Mr. Straus is conducting.

I am, yours very truly, ATLANTA.

The store referred to is the great Department Store, and mail-order house, known as *R. H. MACY & CO.*

Nathan Straus owns it, and he makes WHITE WOMEN THE SERVANTS OF NEGRO MEN IN IT.

When the running-out-of-Georgia begins, let us hope that Nathan will come down and take personal charge of the campaign.

Perhaps, Nathan will return when the noble Slaton does; and they will act as joint commanders of the running out drive.

Turn about is fair play: as Slaton ran himself out, he will the more keenly enjoy running out other Georgians whose private conduct is unfit for mention in *Puck* magazine, *WHICH GLORIFIES A SODOMITE.*

Slaton told the *New York Sun* that—

"The only people who really are aroused against me are the scum and riff-raff of the State, boys and men whose wives support them by keeping boarding houses, taking washing or sewing."

So, you see, if I'm run out of Georgia, I will have plenty of company, such as it is.

If I am to go, Slaton and Montag and Selig and Rich and Straus and Hearst and James R. Gray, and the Georgia member of the National Democratic Executive Committee, will never allow the other scum and riff-raff to remain.

The other riff-raff will have to get out, too.

The boys and men whose wives support them by keeping boarding house, must prepare to trek.

True, James R. Gray is supposed to be supported by his wife, ever since he sponged off his indebtedness by surrendering his only earthly assets, a watch and a shotgun; but there is no allegation that Mrs. Gray stoops to anything so unutterably low as the keeping of a boarding house.

Then, again, Slaton can put up a poor mouth upon occasion, and tell you that he has not been blessed with any taxable property, excepting a melancholy remnant of a hard-tail mule, and a derelict cavalry horse that galloped after General Joe Wheeler in the Sixties.

Slaton is supposed to be supported, more or less, by his wife; but it is not charged that she has ever demeaned herself by taking in boarders.

As to the men whose wives support them by sewing and washing, I wonder at the accuracy of Slaton's information. War-zoned as he was, day and night, and compassed all round about by policemen and soldiers, it is marvellous how he traced his would-be lynchers to their secret lairs and fastnesses, and discovered that every Georgian who hissed him, every Georgian who

cried "Traitor!" every Georgian who jeered him at the Capitol, and rushed at him in the grounds, were mere despicable scum and riff-raff, men whose wives run boarding houses, and sew, and wash!

How infinitely despicable a snob is, when he puts himself, unconsciously, upon public exhibition!

Slaton has apparently saturated his poor mind and soul with the idea that any man who works with his hands, holds the plow-handles, wields the trowel and the hammer, and earns bread by manual labor, is a part of the scum and the riff-raff, and is not to be classed with what Slaton snobbishly calls "the best people."

It does not seem to have entered his brain, that there are tens of thousands of honest men in Georgia who make their bread ploughing, that would scornfully reject the companionship of the dissolute, indolent, and immoral men whom Slaton runs with, and considers to be "the best people."

As to his insolent sneer at the Georgia women who keep boarding houses, who earn food with their needles, and who bend their backs at the wash tub, no words in the lexicon could fully express my contempt.

That such an insult to honest work-women comes from an upstart whose own ancestors were not ashamed to do the same work—as yours and mine were not ashamed of it—only emphasizes the moral decadence of a man who marries into the realm of the newly-rich, and mistakes the glamor of money for the reality of good breeding.

Not only does the Straus family threaten to run me out of the State of Georgia, but Alexander Brin, of Boston, Massachusetts, publishes similar menaces.

Brin belongs to the Hessian Regiments, that have been slandering us, and creating public sentiment for the Man of Sodom. In a Boston paper, Brin quotes Slaton as saying:

"I did not pardon Leo M. Frank, because he did not ask for it. He did ask for commutation of his sentence. It is never the custom to grant more than is asked. If Frank had asked for a pardon I would have considered it very seriously."

Brin comments as follows:

This is a remarkable and significant statement from one of the ablest legal minds of the South, who, after making a careful investigation of the records and evidence of the case, averted a monstrous injustice, the taking of an innocent man's life by the Georgia courts.

Then our Jerusalem friend, Brin, goes after The Jeffersonian thus—

It is almost incredible that a publication like The Jeffersonian should be allowed to be on sale in the streets of any American city or sent through the United States mail. Many passages therefrom would be held as imprudent in this city. The Jeffersonian is a weekly paper published at Thomson, Ga., by Thos. E. Watson, once Populist nominee for the Presidency. The articles published in that paper are appeals to prejudice and passion. For years it has been conducting a scurrilous campaign against the Catholic church. Since the Mary Phagan crime has been committed the paper has also been filled with abuse against Frank and the Jewish race.

The Jeffersonian has poisoned the minds of the ignorant Georgia masses, who form a majority of the population. The most fabulous stories around the life of Frank have been published as fact. His character has been unspeakably blackened. He has been described as all kinds of a degenerate. The riff-raff of Georgia believe the stories published in The Jeffersonian about Frank chiefly because they see them "in print."

Brin shows that the whole Frank combine is determined to deprive Georgia of the one paper, of general circulation, that has defended our courts, and people:

A movement is now on foot to stop The Jeffersonian from the United States mails. Promi-

The Jeffersonian

Issued Every Thursday.

Office of Publication: THOMSON, GA.

Entered as second-class matter, Dec. 8, 1910, at the post office at Thomson, Georgia, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Price.....\$1.00 Per Year.

In clubs of ten only, with cash accompanying the order, can The Weekly Jeffersonian or Watson's Magazine, be offered at the rate of fifty cents for a year.

Where lists containing less than ten names, are sent, the subscriptions will be entered only for six months.

There can be no deviation from this rule.

Advertising Rates Furnished on Application.

The Jeffersonians cannot assume responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts or letters sent them. When found available, they are published; if accompanied by stamps for return postage, they are returned if not available.

Jul 15 If the above date appears on the label on your paper it means that your subscription expires this month. Subscriptions are discontinued promptly on date of expiration. **RENEW NOW.**

THOMSON, GA., JULY 15, 1915.

gent citizens of this commonwealth are in back of the campaign.

To those friends of justice, who wish to see Frank entirely vindicated, the suppression of The Jeffersonian seems a necessary preliminary. Certainly it played no inconsiderable part in arousing the Georgia riot spirit.

The suppression of The Jeffersonian a necessary preliminary to the pardoning of the murderer of Mary Phagan!

To stop this Jeffersonian, would be a service to humanity and civilization!

So there you have some foreshadowing of the conspiracy to throw our paper out of the mails because it can neither be bought, muzzled or duped.

In the Montgomery Advertiser, is a letter, from which I quote:

Atlanta, Ga., June 25, 1915.

Editor The Advertiser:

I am a sergeant-major in the National Guard of Georgia, and went on duty at 11 p. m. Monday night, and was on continuous duty until 1 p. m. Wednesday of this week. I had, however, seen copies of the Atlanta papers Tuesday and Wednesday. Being unable to learn anything of the situation in Atlanta, from them, I proceeded to the Carnegie Library here, and reviewed about a dozen newspapers from cities in the Southeast and North and Northeast, from which I learned something of what had occurred here.

Not only have the papers here taken sides in this affair, which is bad enough, but they have actually suppressed news—big news.

A few weeks ago, on a Saturday night, there was a mass meeting on the State Capitol grounds, which drew seven or eight thousand people. The military was held in the armory, and large numbers of traffic and mounted police patrolled the adjoining streets. The meeting was orderly, but pathetic. It passed resolutions calling on the Governor to let the law take its course, etc.

Next morning the Journal and Georgian made no reference to it—The Constitution had a short article on an inside page, referring to the meeting as being attended by a large crowd. Similar meetings were held on Friday, Saturday and Sunday following, attended by thousands of peaceful people. No reference was made of them, except that a "small" crowd assembled, etc.

Wednesday night a big crowd met at the circus grounds here. Last night there was a big gathering at Inman Park. The papers carry no reference to either.

The papers here try to give the impression that the masses of the people wanted the Frank sentence commuted; they now, on the surface, endeavor to create the impression that Slaton is being showered with telegrams and letters of congratulation from his people.

Monday of this week there were numbers of numerous crowds assembled. In an early edition The Georgian referred to one of these; the article did not appear in the later editions.

All in all, the papers here certainly have misrepresented the people. Puck magazine printed a

cartoon showing a black coffin marked "Justice" being lowered into the grave, in Georgia. Similar cartoons, insulting this State, were printed. False stories slandering the people and the State have been printed by the hundreds—our papers have not resented it—have not spoken for their people.

As to the mob which went to the Governor's home. I am of the same opinion that you are. I believe in law and order all the time. But the people, as a whole, lost their heads completely in this case. They say there is no law. It is not the poor class of people I refer to—but the upper middle class. I have personally heard a number of people who stand high in the business and social world say this. You cannot imagine how excited the people are as a whole. It is unusual. Everyone is on one side or the other. In the office in which I am engaged there are over fifty men. One of them thought Frank was innocent—the others thought he was guilty. After the trial, one of them thought he had not had a fair trial—the others thought that he had. One of them wanted the sentence commuted—the others wanted it to stand.

Half of them believe Slaton took money, the amounts ranging from \$350,000 to \$1,500,000. But I should think that half of them think he did not accept money, but that he didn't do the right thing; and they are all incensed against him.

They are angry with the Jewish race, but not at any individual Jew. No harm has been done to a Jew here. This seems to me to show that there is no strong anti-Jewish feeling here. At first there must have been practically none, but it is true there is an anti-Jew feeling rising. Cards are being printed here today by the tens of thousands and circulated, copies of which I am enclosing.

At 8 o'clock in the morning all the Atlanta military forces go on duty again. Perhaps you would not learn this from the Atlanta papers. We are not on parade, either, but will go out fully armed.

Yours truly,

L. O. GRICE.

14 Terminal Station.

You will be impressed by the spirit of fairness shown in Sergeant Grice's letter.

I put it in the record, so that the outside world may realize how one of the soldiers who guarded Slaton viewed the situation, and how he felt.

Here was an Atlanta man, called upon to risk his life in the defense of Slaton's, and he could not learn from the Atlanta papers what was happening!

He was under the necessity of going to the Carnegie Library, where papers from other States were accessible to him.

Sergeant Grice tells the Montgomery Advertiser that "the mob" was not composed of the "scum and the riff-raff;" but of the "upper middle class," and substantial business men—citizens who felt that the Atlanta papers, the Governor, and the ruling powers were trampling the law under foot.

Let every outsider who wants to be fair to Georgia weigh carefully what Sergeant Grice says about the constituent elements of the Atlanta "mob."

Let every one remember that Grice was on duty, day after day, protecting the life of Slaton, who had aroused in the hearts of the best men and women in Georgia the same passionate resentment that Frenchmen feel for Marmont who betrayed their great Emperor, and that Americans of Washington's time felt against Benedict Arnold.

Whenever Treason ceases to be odious, and the Traitor a person abhorred, let us rearrange our Halls of Fame, and give the place of honor to the statue of Judas Iscariot.

Sergeant Grice says that the "mob" was composed of the upper middle class, the business men—not the poorest and lowest class.

What did the cowardly fugitive say, after reaching Chicago, and glad-handing with the rich Jews?

Slaton said, of the Atlanta "mob:"

"They are the scum, THE THIEVES, the corner loafers."

(Hearst's Chicago paper so reports—July 9, 1915.)

Bishop Candler's Dangerous Demand for a Union of Church and State.

IN the old times, pills were so disagreeable to the taste, that a saying became current, "a bitter pill to swallow."

We still use the phrase, as a common saying, although pills have been sugar-coated and are no longer disagreeable to the taste.

But the sugar-coated pellet gets there just the same.

Bishop Warren Candler and Dr. John D. Walker have laid their heads together, and decided to sugar-coat the old, old bitter pill known as the Union of Church and State.

A bill of that sort is now pending before the Legislature of Georgia.

If passed in Georgia, the same bill will bob up in every other State, with the same influences behind it.

What are these influences?

They are the denominational coteries, rings, cliques, and boards which believe that sectarian institutions should be supported by the tax-payers under a law of compulsion.

On that subject, some so-called Protestants are good Catholics.

When the Romish priest, Shealy, preaches in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York (in the presence of Cardinal Farley), and denounces the Catholic politicians for cowardice, because they don't force the State of New York to divide the State school funds with the Romish schools, that Catholic priest is actuated by substantially the same purpose which moves Bishop Candler.

Men of the Bishop's way of thinking have begun to say that ministers of the Gospel are doing a good work for the State, and should be put on the State's pay-roll, as salaried officers.

That is the Catholic view, exactly.

Only a few years ago, there were riots, bloodshed, and much danger of civil war in France and Spain.

Why?

Because, each nation had been paying salaries to the Catholic priests out of the public treasury, and had decided to stop it.

France had been paying the Romish priests ten million dollars a year; Spain, eight millions.

Naturally, the Pope and his greedy gang did not want to lose \$18,000,000; hence, Rome bitterly opposed the separation of Church and State, in France and Spain.

Now, Bishop Candler demands that the Georgia Legislature begin to enter upon the fatal course that France abandoned, which Italy abandoned, which Portugal abandoned, and which Spain tried to abandon.

Bishop Candler wants to lead us into the very dangers which our forefathers so well understood, and which they endeavored to guard us against, by constitutional barriers.

The highest law of the Union, and of the State, forever prohibits appropriations of public money for sectarian purposes.

To grant tax exemptions on any kind of church property, is an indirect appropriation to that amount.

If my annual taxes are \$1,000, and the Legislature passes a law saying that I can keep the \$1,000, the Legislature has indirectly donated to me the annual sum of \$1,000.

In an evil hour, some imp of Satan concocted the hell-brew known as Coca-Cola; and it is doing more harm to boys and girls, young men and young women, than was ever done by the barrooms where whiskey and beer were sold.

Out of the net profits of this demoralizing Coca-Cola business, Asa Candler gives to the Denominational College, in Atlanta, a million dollars.