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The State versus John M. Slaton

ONCE upon a time a certain man bought some hills and gullies, in the midst of a small town, and he paid for them in chips and whetstones.

And it came to pass that shrewd builders of railroads picked out this town as the best place for iron horses to come together.

So, in the course of the years, the town grew into a city; and the man's hills and gullies became gold mines, not through any labor of his own.

He merely had the good luck to launch his boat on the river of Progress, and the river carried him on.

And it came to pass that Carpet-baggers from the North came to this Southern town, for Sherman's army had burnt it down, and Northern bayonets had pinned the Southern people down, and it was a good time for patriots with Carpet-bags, holding an extra shirt and a celluloid collar, to also come down.

They came, accordingly, and many of them were the descendants of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; and, while they no longer set up a golden calf to worship, it was because they had other and more profitable uses for the gold.

These Children of Israel became the tenants of the man who built houses on his levelled hills and his filled-in gullies; and while the man grew fat on the rents of the Jews, the Jews grew fat on their wisdom in the handling of merchandise.

Every sweat-shop in Boston, Philadelphia and New York poured cheap goods into Atlanta; and, by the time they had been transferred to the Gentiles, these goods were eminently respectable, so far as the price was concerned.

If the sweat-shops starved, brutalized and ruined the girls and boys who made the goods, the Gentiles did not know it, and the Jew merchants did not care.

And it came to pass that the Jew carpet-bagger became the Mighty Man of Atlanta.

He controlled the principal stores, he controlled some of the banks, he owned some of the mills, he bossed some of the newspapers, he cut a large block of ice in politics; and he took himself very seriously, indeed, as a man who could buy pretty much everything that he coveted.

He was found in many law-firms, he was found in the advertising agencies, he dealt in real estate, he dealt in stocks and bonds, he dealt in electric companies, and he laid a persuasive hand upon street-car lines. Incidentally, he made pencils; and his pull was so strong with men high up, that his pencils have to be used in the Public Schools of Fulton County, although they are stained with the life-blood of a little girl who ought to have been at school, at the time the Superintendent of the pencil-making entrapped her, assaulted her, and killed her.

And it came to pass, that when this Superintendent of the pencil making, had been duly tried and convicted of murder, according to Law, and had been legally sentenced to death, the carpet-bag Jews of Atlanta took a mighty oath that he should NOT die!

Indictment for Treason.

An insolent Jew editor, John Cohen by name, published a most inflammatory and incendiary article in his paper, denouncing the Gentile jury, the Gentile witnesses, the Gentile judge, and the Gentile Supreme Court!

These Gentiles had had the audacity to convict a Jew of aristocratic millionaire connections.

These Gentiles had dared to say that such a Jew should be hanged by the neck until he was dead.

These Gentiles had ventured to trample upon the sacred law of the Talmud which justifies a Jew for the killing of a Gentile, even as it glorified the crimes of ancient Jews against the pregnant women and chaste daughters of Midianites and Canaanites.

Consequently, the Gentile jury was savagely assailed by John Cohen, the Jew.

The Gentile judge, L. S. Roan, was wantonly arraigned by John Cohen, the Jew.

The four Gentile Justices of the Supreme Court—Beverly D. Evans, Joseph Henry Lumpkin, Samuel C. Atkinson, and H. Warner Hill—were furiously indicted by John Cohen, the Jew.

He told the world that these men who had dared to take the evidence of forty-odd white witnesses against Leo Frank, WERE ABOUT TO COMMIT "JUDICIAL MURDER."

He virtually ordered Judge Ben Hill to grant a new trial, on the Extra-ordinary motion—a motion based upon the most infamous series of perjuries, and attempted perjuries that were ever presented to any court in Georgia.

One of these perjuries was dictated by Luther Rosser in his office, after the Burns detectives, through Arthur Thurman, had bought the alleged Baptist preacher Ragsdale to swear that he had heard Jim Conley confess the crime.

For a very much less offense against the dignity of the courts, Judge A. S. Fite was pulled off the bench, humiliated and fined.

John Cohen and James R. Gray were not even arrested.

They were both guilty of gross contempt of the Supreme Court, and of Judge Ben Hill's Court.

In that editorial, John Cohen arrogantly set forth the preposterous proposition, that a portion of the judicial power was vested in the press.

He said that courts and juries were not alone responsible for the administration of justice, but that the newspapers had a "share."

Never before had any such doctrine been heard.

Never before had the *Journal*, or any other newspaper, set up such a claim.

What Cohen meant was, that Gentile witnesses, Gentile judges, and Gentile Supreme Courts were competent to hang Gentiles, but not competent to hang Jews.

This astounding and most offensive edi-

torial appeared on the evening of March 10, 1914.

Judge Roan had officially declared that Leo Frank had had a fair trial.

The *Journal* said, "Leo Frank has not had a fair trial."

The Supreme Court had officially declared that he had been legally convicted upon sufficient evidence.

The *Journal* declared that "he has not been fairly convicted and his death without a fair trial and legal conviction will amount to judicial murder."

The verdict of the jury was six months old, and before it was announced, Hearst's Sunday American had declared that the long trial of Leo Frank, stretching over a period of four weeks, had been as fair, as it was possible for human minds and human efforts to make it.

Nobody contradicted this deliberate statement of the Hearst Atlanta paper.

The *Journal* did not: Frank's lawyers did not: the correspondents of Northern papers did not.

But when the Haas brothers, months afterwards, followed up the Cohen attack on the witnesses, the jurors, the judges, and the people of Atlanta, there arose a clamor about the mob, the frenzied mob, the jungle fury of the mob, the blood lust of the mob, and the psychic drunk of the mob.

That clamor grew louder and louder, spread farther and farther, became bolder and bolder, until millions of honest outsiders actually believed that the mob stood up in the court-room during the month of the trial, and yelled at the jury

"Hang the damned Jew, or we will hang you."

It was not until John Cohen and James R. Gray had started this flood of libel against the State, that The *Jeffersonian* said one word about the case.

The files of this paper will show that it took no part whatever in the Frank matter, until after the unheard of attack which the Atlanta *Journal* made upon the courts.

Then The *Jeffersonian* did what no other editor with a general circulation seemed willing to do: I came out in defence of the Law, the Courts, and the People.

If that be treason, turn me over to Straus! Are the Laws not entitled to support? Are the Courts not worthy of respect? Are the People not deserving of fair treatment?

The *Jeffersonian* did not stoop to any personalities, or mean abuse, or malignant misrepresentation.

Our files will show that this paper went no further than to vindicate the conduct of our judiciary, and the attitude of our people.

We had given to Leo Frank as much as we had to give to anybody. We had measured him by the same yardstick that measures Gentiles before they are condemned.

We could not kill poor old Umphrey of Whitfield County, on circumstantial evidence, and then refuse to execute a Jew.

The one was an aged tenant, aggravated by a dispute with his landlord, about his share of a bale of cotton: the other was a

middle-age Superintendent of a factory, presuming on his power over the girls hired to him.

We could not kill Bart Cantrell and Nick Wilburn—led astray by evil women—and then find a different law for the 31 year-old married man, led astray by his own lusts.

No! By the Splendor of God! we couldn't have two Codes in Georgia, one for the Rich and the other for the Poor.

At the time the Atlanta Journal and other papers jumped on the witnesses, the jurors, the judges and the people, *Governor John M. Slaton was a member of the firm of Frank's leading lawyer.*

He had been so for nearly a year.

Mary Phagan's body was found Sunday morning, and on Monday morning, *early*, Rosser showed up with Haas, as Frank's lawyer.

Who hired him, *and when?*

Not a Gentile tongue had wagged against Leo Frank!

No detective, no police-officer, no civilian had accused this man.

Why did his rich connections employ the supposedly best lawyers for him, before he had been accused?

Do Atlanta lawyers go to their offices before 8 o'clock of Monday mornings?

Rosser and Haas were at Frank's side, *as his lawyers*, at 8 o'clock Monday morning.

Had the Seligs tipped it off to Montag and Haas, that Frank had drunk heavily the Saturday night of the crime, and had raved about the murder?

At any rate, Frank's lawyers were on deck, bright and early the next morning, at a time when nobody was working up a case on him, and when *he* was industriously working up a case against the night-watch whom he had accused in the notes that he placed near the dead girl.

Mark the date: it was April 28, 1913, when Rosser publicly appeared as Frank's leading lawyer.

Not long afterwards, the papers announced that Slaton had become Rosser's partner.

Slaton had been elected governor at the October elections of 1912; and was to be inaugurated in June 1913. Why did *he* need a new partnership?

And why did Rosser need a new one?

Ah, there's where the shoe pinches!

There's where the lash hits the raw place on Rosser, on Slaton, and on John W. Grant.

There are some of the Commuters who say that the Law does not forbid a governor to take law cases.

Doesn't it?

When the Law carves out an Executive Department, separating it jealously from the Judicial and Legislative, *and constituting the Governor as the embodiment of the Executive power*, with chief command of the Army and Navy, *to enforce the Laws*, does anybody, claiming to be a lawyer, deny *that the very nature of the office* debar a governor from practising law?

I am not aware of any law which forbids President Wilson from teaching school, but the very character of his office does. Suppose President Taft had taken law cases! Suppose President Cleveland, or President Harrison had done so!

You can't suppose anything of the kind. You know that a holder of a chief Executive office cannot be dabbling in the judiciary, where cases are always likely to come to him on some final appeal.

Governor Herschel V. Johnson quit the practise when he became governor. So did Gov. Henry D. McDaniel. So did Gov. Nat Harris.

There has been some dispute as to the date when Slaton became Rosser's partner. Samuel Adams says it was in July, 1913.

Does that date make it any better for Slaton?

Are we to be told that *after* Slaton became our ChiefMagistrate and Commander of our Army, he needed Rosser?

What for?

Are we to be told that Rosser waited until Slaton was sworn in as governor before *he* took him in as partner?

What for?

The new firm was advertising its existence in August 1913, and I presume they paid for the ad. I see a copy of it in "The Fulton County Daily Record," of August 18, 1913.

I see the same firm advertised in the Record for May 14, 1915.

Therefore, Slaton and Morris Brandon had continued to be the partners of Rosser & Phillips during the entire gubernatorial term of John M. Slaton.

In the Record for August 1915, I find that Morris Brandon has left Rosser and Slaton.

Why did he leave?

It is reported that he withdrew from the firm because he believed in Frank's guilt, and could not endorse the course which Rosser and Slaton had decided to adopt.

Is it true?

Anyway, he left the firm. Who took his place?

Stiles Hopkins. And who is *he*?

Why, Stiles is the hanger-on of the Slaton-Rosser firm who did some of the mole-work on that very Extraordinary Motion for New Trial.

His affidavit is in the record, and in it he swears that he was doing this mole-work for the firm of Rosser, Brandon, Slaton and Phillips—a firm with which he was "connected."

After Morris Brandon quit the firm, Stiles was taken in—his intimate knowledge of the inner workings of the Frank case being perhaps too valuable to take any chances on.

We are blandly asked to believe by Samuel Adams, the blandest of Savannah railroad lawyers, that although this new firm of Rosser and Slaton was formed soon after Rosser was employed to defend Leo Frank, there was a written agreement to the effect that *partners should not be partners.*

Samuel Adams blandly invites us to believe that Rosser and Slaton were such chaste virgins that lawful wedlock meant no marriage to them.

They waived the Code; and, with suave smiles at each other, obliterated the encyclopedic accumulation of legal lore on the subject of Partnerships.

Yes, Samuel! We believe it. Is there anything else incredible that you want us to believe?

In this paper, I have stated, again and again, that just before ex-Congressman Howard was employed, Luther Rosser went to Senator Ollie James of Kentucky, and made him a proposition of a discreditable kind.

That proposition had no other meaning than that Rosser knew the sentence of Frank was to be commuted by his partner, Slaton, but, for the sake of appearances, Rosser and Slaton wanted to make the case for Frank as imposing as possible.

Rosser offered Senator James a fee out of all proportion to the service, and told him that his argument would be prepared for him, and that he could not possibly lose the case.

Will Samuel Adams deny this? Can he secure a denial from Senator James?

The accusation has been standing more than a month, and all of Slaton's commuters dodge it. *They plough round it. THEY DON'T DARE GO TO IT.*

Do you need any better proof of the complete understanding between Partner Rosser and Partner Slaton?

Can you ask any clearer evidence of the fact that Slaton wasn't caring two straws about the Judge Roan letter, the Chicago delegations, the Texas legislature, the tele-

gram from Vice-President Marshall, and the petitions from "all parts of the world."

Rosser and Slaton realized the need of all the strength they could muster, on the side of their client, and every possible resource was exhausted.

They drummed up commuters wherever there was political, financial, or professional influence which could be brought to bear.

It was a case where every little helped; and they got together as many mickles as they could, in the effort to make a muckle.

BUT THEY FAILED ON SENATOR JAMES!

Tell us about it, John Cohen!

Tell us about it, Samuel Adams!

If Rosser's assurance to the Senator did not mean *that he knew in advance what his partner would do*, *WHAT DOES IT MEAN?*

In effect, Rosser said to Senator James:

"*We want to use you! We want to buy your name and prestige. We want you to act a part in the drama of Treason, that we are staging in Atlanta.*

The Jews have bought the opera house; our troupe of players is already large and well practised; but we need a first-class orator to make a first-class appearance in the Final Act of the play.

Here's a large pile of Jew money! Will you take it? Everybody else is doing it.

You can't possibly lose the case."

But the Kentucky Senator remembered there was something else he might lose, and he spurned the offer which the circumstances justify us in believing was as much the offer of Slaton as it was of Rosser.

Add to the shame of this rejected proposition, the clandestine meeting between the two crooks, Rosser and Slaton, a few hours after the Prison Commission startled them by its adverse decision.

Why did Rosser slink up a side street, and take it afoot to hold a midnight meeting with his partner, Slaton?

Answer it, Samuel Adams!

Answer it, John Cohen!

Why talk to us about alleged agreements which exempted this partnership from the Law of Partnerships?

Why ask us to believe the unbelievable?

Tell us what Rosser meant by his statement to Senator James, and what he meant by his stealthy, thief-like visit to John M. Slaton.

No *legitimate* errand demanded this cover of darkness.

As to Leo Frank's guilt, it is sufficient, at present, to say that it was judicially ascertained, in the only way the English-speaking peoples have devised for that purpose.

His lawyers had had ample time for preparation, and they did not move for a continuance.

They made no objection to trying the case in Fulton County, nor did they, at any time during the trial, move for a mistrial, on account of any "mob violence."

When, at a much later day, they adopted that line, they themselves couldn't swear to any mob violence, for I have examined their long affidavit carefully.

The Sheriff and all officers of the court swore to the orderly conduct of the trial. The newspaper reporters did so. The Colonel of the 5th Ga. Regiment did so. The Chief of Police did so.

Most of the witnesses who made out the case against Frank were his employees at the time of the crime; and when they first reported the finding of the hair, and the blood, and the condition of the body, and of the basement, and of the elevator, and of the vacant office—vacant when Frank, if innocent, would have been there—they did not know *whom* their evidence would convict.

When Miss Monteen Stover told her mother, Saturday afternoon, that she had got her money from Frank, because she could

not find him in his office, the girl did not even know that Mary Phagan had disappeared.

None of the State's material witnesses could be impeached, and the defense had no evidence which at all shook the State's case.

In fact, the defense never did have a rational theory, and has none, now.

Like a lot of parrots they repeat, "The negro did it," relying upon prejudice and ignorance to lose sight of the fact that, at the time Mary Phagan and Leo Frank both disappeared, Monteen Stover came in at the front door, walked up the stairs, looked at the clock, went into Frank's offices—both of them!—and couldn't find him.

That was the time of the crime, fixed by Frank himself, before he learned of Monteen's visit.

That was the time the crime commenced; and, had the negro been at it, on the floor below, the Stover girl would have caught him in the act.

Only those who are ignorant of the record, or bitterly prejudiced in Slaton's favor, or selfishly interested in his return to the State he betrayed, can fail to see it.

The jury said "Guilty!" Judge Roan officially declared the evidence sufficient. The Supreme Court did the same thing.

THAT OUGHT TO HAVE ENDED IT. Had Mary Phagan been a Jewess, and Leo Frank a Gentile, the case would have ended right there.

Had Leo Frank been a man without means and without wealthy relatives, nothing more would have been heard.

He had had his day in court: he had been defended by able lawyers: he had been legally convicted: nothing more remained except to let the Law take its course.

That was the way it was last year, with the four Gentiles.

Why wasn't it the way, this year, with the Jew?

But John Cohen and James R. Gray found a new Code for Frank. They made the discovery that judicial power is not vested solely in the courts.

Criminals must be tried in the newspapers, and acquitted on the sensational statements of Hessian writers.

The Haas Committee set itself up, to defame the Courts, and defy the Law.

The Burns Agency was imported, to buy off, and to buy up, witnesses.

They tried to get rid of George Eppes, and they took him out of the State.

They hired one of the girl witnesses to undertake to change the evidence of the other girls. They tried to get Mary's chum, Helen Ferguson, to accept money and leave the State. They tried to bribe the machinist who found the hair. They tried to intimidate those who found the blood.

Burns, Rabbi Marx and Mrs. Frank, all three, beseeged Monteen Stover, and the girl was passionately urged to change her evidence.

When she refused, Burns wrung his hands in despair and virtually told Mrs. Frank there was no hope.

They tried to "persuade" another negro man to swear that he and Conley committed sodomy with each other. They tried to get another negro to swear he heard Conley confess. They tried to get the cook's husband to swear away his court-house evidence. They did everything that knavery could suggest and money pay for; and when they finally hired Ragsdale and Barber, the bottom fell out and the people of Georgia got a glimpse of what Burns was doing.

Then they ran him out. The extraordinary motion for new trial was denied unanimously by our Supreme Court; and the case had the unprecedented luck to reach the Supreme Court of the United States.

When it was lost there, we naturally supposed that at last, the case was ended.

Not so. The clamor broke forth worse than ever. Big Money was determined to "save Leo Frank."

The Prison Commission transformed itself into a Court of review, and went over the same ground the Supreme Court of Georgia had traveled.

But again the case was lost. Then it was up to one of Frank's own lawyers—the New York attorney having speeded up the sending of the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, and ex-Congressman Howard having abruptly ended his argument before the Commission.

It is now denied that Louis Marshall requested the U. S. Supreme Court to transmit the decision, without waiting the usual length of time.

All I know about it, is what the newspapers said. Nobody denied it, then.

It is said that nobody raised the point with Slaton that he ought not to pass on the Frank case—being Rosser's partner.

Wrong again! The point was raised, by a member of the Atlanta bar, and it was done in writing, and in a most delicate, respectful way. I published the letter.

The point was also raised, in a Cobb county mass-meeting, held at Marietta, last year.

The question was put squarely up to Slaton, while he was in the race for the Senate, and he evaded it!

What a reckless thing it is, therefore, to say that the point came too late! Dorsey knew of the letter, and knew of the Cobb county action; consequently, he knew it was useless to again endeavor to reach the "honor" of a man who has none, or to arouse a "conscience" that doesn't exist.

It has been said that it would have been "cowardly" for Slaton to have reprieved Frank and left him for Governor Harris to dispose of.

Why, then, did he reprieve the negro who was under a death sentence, and leave him to Governor Harris?

And if he is such a brave man, why didn't he pardon the Jew whom he says was innocent?

I am very credibly informed that Leo Frank, on his way to Cobb county, denounced Slaton as a crook.

This must mean that Frank had been promised a pardon.

If innocent, he was entitled to one; and if Slaton believed him innocent, he acted pusillanimously, in not setting him free.

There is no middle ground.

Those who admit that they believed Frank to be guilty, but favored commutation, can only excuse themselves by saying they oppose capital punishment.

If married men of middle age are not to be hanged when they deliberately leave young and healthy wives, and pursue young girls to such a horrible death as fell to the hard lot of Mary Phagan, then we've got no use for the law of capital punishment.

Slaton saw lots of use for it, last year, as a protection to homes, and human lives; the commuters saw it, too; it was not until this year, AND THIS CASE, that the railroad lawyers and some Doctors of Divinity became such rampant commuters.

It is said that Slaton made no money by the commutation.

That is an assumption which settles the question without debate. It is perfectly clear to every lawyer that, as Rosser's partner, he was legally entitled to share whatever Rosser got.

It is said that Slaton knew that the commutation would kill him politically.

He doesn't talk that way. He expresses the most buoyant confidence in his future popularity.

He says that none of the best people are against him. He says that those who made the outcry against him are mere scum, riff-

raff, rag-tag and bobtail; men whose wives take in boarders and washing.

He says that these low-down creatures have always been against him, and he hopes they always will be.

Unless your political eye-sight is failing, you can easily see a formidable line-up in favor of Slaton for the Senate.

The Jews will be solidly for him. So will the Chambers of Commerce, of Atlanta and Savannah.

So will the L. & N. Railroad system. So will the Hearst papers. So will the Atlanta dailies.

The Roman Catholics will support him almost to a man, on account of The Jeffersonian being against him.

You need not doubt that Slaton made himself reasonably certain of a powerful combination, before he ever took the bit in his teeth.

He is crafty, and he doesn't act upon impulse.

It will be remembered that while the Frank case was on its way to him, Nathan Straus, of New York, came to see him.

It will be remembered that while the Frank case was on its way to him, William Randolph Hearst came to see him.

It will be remembered that immediately after the commutation, and the flight from Georgia, he was banqueted by Mr. Hearst in New York.

It will be remembered that Mr. Hearst's personal representative, John Temple Graves, in his address to a Northern press-club, proclaimed the intention of Mr. Hearst to put Slaton in the race for the Senate or the Vice Presidency.

Slaton himself has repeatedly told the Northern people that he would re-enter politics in Georgia, and make his action in the Frank case an issue before the people.

It's none of my business to stir anybody else's pot, but if one of our Senators has not maneuvered to oust the other, I fail to read the signs.

Those who defend Slaton say that his previous character had been good.

Once upon a time, I said that much to Judge Pottle, in Columbia county, when a client of mine had been convicted of stealing a cow.

Judge Pottle answered me, by saying that the previous character of the cow had also been good.

If the character of Judas Iscariot had not been good, Christ would not have made him one of the Twelve, and Keeper of the Treasury.

If the character of Benedict Arnold had not been good, Washington would not have made him Commander at West Point.

If the previous character of Seigel had not been good, he would not have been able to steal two million dollars from the work-people who put their savings in his bank.

Lots of folks enjoy the reputation of being straight, when in fact, they are crooks who have not been found out.

When John W. Grant hired a man to write against The Jeffersonian, and carefully corrected the proofs himself, he should have remembered that there is no personal issue between his rascally brother-in-law and myself. No such issue can be made. I am not to be side-tracked on personalism, and thrown off the true issue.

Prove that I am the worst man in the state—as Doctor Cicero Boanerges Wilmer says I am—that does not clear the skirts of John M. Slaton.

It was he who was governor last year, and it was he who then correctly stated the Law, in the Umphrey case, the Wilburn case, and in the Cantrell case.

It was he who officially declared, last year,

Slaton finds himself, and I did not consider it a part of my duty to unmake it.

On the contrary, as he himself now tells his brother-in-law—and through him, the public—I did all that was possible to prevent Slaton from betraying his trust. Since he heeded his Rosser and Hearst and the rich Jews, they are the ones to now take care of him.

They are trying to do so, and the first step in that direction is the carefully planned and elaborately written attack on Watson.

Rosser supplied the brains for that attack, John Grant furnished the money, and while they used another to sign his name to the document, that name isn't worth mentioning.

The attack itself emanates from Slaton, Rosser, Grant, Rabbi Marx and the rich Jews who financed the noble Burns and the equally noble firm of Rosser, Slaton & Phillips.

These men allege that my motive in defending my State against outside libels, was to make money!

Indeed? Who knew that money could be made in that way? Was the knowledge a Watson monopoly? Was he the only editor who could see it?

I suppose that John Grant and Luther Rosser do not care for money. John wasn't intimidated by the threats of his Jewish tenants, was he? They didn't threaten to vacate his houses, did they? He lets out his Atlanta houses gratuitously, doesn't he?

And Rosser—that noble man does not charge fees in law cases, does he? Isn't he merely working for his health? When he helped prepare an attack on me and charged me with the Love of Money, he would have added immense interest to his performance by stating the amount of the fee paid to the law firm of Rosser, Brandon, Slaton & Phillips by the rich Jews.

In 1914, John Slaton told Dr. Jarnagin to explain to me that the reason why he did not run against Hoke Smith for the Senate instead of against Hardwick and Felder, was that he, Slaton, was a poor man, and that John Grant wouldn't let him have the money to run against Smith.

John Slaton explained that it was his wife who was rich, and that John Grant was the manager of the property, and therefore Slaton had to go to Grant for cash.

In Los Angeles a few weeks ago, he told the newspapers quite a different story. He said:

"I am a man of wealth."

His exact language as reported in the Los Angeles paper is this:

Spends His Own Money.

"I have been accused of capitulating to the overwhelming influence of public sentiment," he said, "of reversing the judgment of the courts, and many other violations of my oath, but no one in Georgia who knows John Slaton believes the charges, and I am proud to say that, amid all of the censure I have received, there has not been even an insinuation that I profited financially as a result of my action.

"My record of seventeen years in public life, Speaker of the House, President of the Senate, and Governor for two terms, precluded the possibility of such a taint. I am a wealthy man, my family is rich, and I am one of the few men of the country who has been elected to office without accepting funds from any outside source for my campaigns. Every penny spent in the interest of my candidacy came from either my own pocket or from members of my own family. As a result I have never been under obligations to anyone. No corporation or clique has ever been able to control me."

If Slaton told Dr. Jarnagin the truth in the Spring of last year, and told the California reporters the truth, in the Fall of this year, the question arises,

Where did this sudden wealth come from? Possibly John Grant can explain it. Possibly Rosser will, on his next hurried trip to Augusta—when he goes down there to re-

load the small howitzer, which they have strapped to the back of a little jackass.

Watson worships Money!

O, how scandalized the Jews are!

They wail over it. Haas refuses to take comfort. Ben Phillips weeps. The Rich Brothers are giving away their stock of goods, as a rebuke to Watson, and the Michael Brothers, of Athens, are transforming their stores and bank into eleemosynary institutions.

John Cohen and Dick Gray frown heavily at Watson; he loves Money!

My, my! Whither are we drifting?

Was it Watson who stripped the wedding-ring from the finger of a Confederate widow and sold it at public outcry?

Did Watson charge the widow a big price for publishing some letters in which she believed she was rendering the public a service?

Was it Watson who had so little reverence for the memory of Lee's Old War-horse that he pounced upon an heirloom of the Longstreet family—a ring that the old soldier had himself placed on the finger of his betrothed?

God in Heaven! Think of the Atlanta Journal denouncing Watson, and saying that he loves Money!

Think of James R. Gray publishing that kind of rot, when he so recently slunk into a bankrupt Court and scaled off his honest debts by the surrender of a watch and a shot-gun!

THE GLOVER CASE

John Cohen, John Grant, Rabbi Marx, and Adolphus Ochs reproach me with the Glover case.

Old straw must be threshed again, it seems.

The "girl" whom Glover killed was a full grown woman, and a bad one. She had caused tragedies before, and one of these cost a human life. She was Glover's kept woman, and he suddenly discovered that she had a "kept man"—kept on Glover's money. This enraged him, and he went to the mill where she worked, making a business engagement for the afternoon, as he was on his way.

He taxed the woman with her treachery to him, and her reply was of such a nature as to make the ill-balanced man lose his head. He shot her and killed her, in the same way that Lep Myers, the Macon Jew, shot his woman.

It is true that I asked the Governor to spare Glover's life, telling him of the wound he received on his head when he was a youth, and of his being notoriously crack-brained. The doctors who examined him pronounced him defective mentally, and those who had charge of him in prison considered him so.

Glover was one of the young men who helped the police save my life, on the night of the Black-Watson debate, in the Cotton Hall, on the old Exposition grounds. I believed then, and believe now, that Boykin Wright tried to have me assassinated.

The fact that Glover was hanged and Lep Myers pardoned, when the two cases were exactly alike, merely illustrates the inconsistencies of the Law.

To compare a grown woman, the paramour of two men at the same time, with little Mary Phagan, who died in defense of her virtue, is to inflict an additional pang upon her mother, and to heap another insult upon Mary's grave.

It is quite in keeping with the conduct of Luther Rosser and Leo Frank, who both insinuated that Mary Phagan was a little strumpet.

THE CIRCULATION OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

John Grant, John Cohen, James Gray and Rabbi Marx are greatly worried because I have made a success of The Jeffersonian Pub-

lishing Company. They seem to regard it as a personal affront to themselves.

Isn't the Atlanta Journal a success? Has it declined in circulation?

If so, they'd better put on another prize contest and unload something on the prize-winner, at its full value. That's the way Fred Seely used to do with his Georgian.

Can't the Journal find 200 members of the legislature who need a \$25 write up? Two hundred statesmen written up at \$25 apiece, pile up a real nice heap of ducats.

Why not offer John Slaton's cavalry critter as a prize?

Why not make a circulation booster out of his emaciated mule?

If the old darkey whom he keeps for sentimental reasons—as he told the Northern papers—would harness that ancient ruin of a horse, and that feeble remnant of a mule, to Slaton's dilapidated family carriage, and drive it over the state, advertising the Atlanta Journal, and offering a Dick Gray watch and a Dick Gray shot-gun as premiums for the biggest list of subs., the Journal's circulation might soon equal that of The Jeffersonian.

If I have made a success of our business, I can assure John Grant that the work has been harder than that of the man who buys a piece of land and squats on it, until the enterprise of other men has boomed its value.

It cost me eight years of labor to build up our business, and I staked my fortune on it.

The stock in our Company is widely distributed, and John Grant made a mistake not to buy some of it. He had the same chance as the boys and girls, the men and women who did buy. I hope he won't begrudge those stockholders a good investment. I hope Cohen and Gray are not envious. I hope they won't cry their eyes out, if the dealers who handle our stuff see fit to pay us enough to cover the cost of it.

The public pays the same it always paid, and if the Editor-in-Chief charged the Company the salary that he was offered to edit a New York paper, there would be no profit in our circulation even at the present figures.

I have never charged, or received, a dollar for my eight years of hard work for the Company.

If money were my object in life, I would have continued to practice Law, deliver lectures, or edit the Hearst newspaper.

If the People bought 67,000 copies of our paper, it was because the People wanted to know the truth about the Frank case.

They couldn't get it, in any other paper. The Atlanta dailies would not give the facts, nor would they allow anybody else to do it, in their columns.

The State was being vilified throughout the nation, and our people were denounced as blood-lust savages who had condemned a

Full Argument and DIGEST OF THE OFFICIAL BRIEF OF EVIDENCE AGAINST

Leo Frank

Contained in the two numbers
Watson's Magazine,

AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, 1915

Price, 10 cents each for one;
20 cents for the two.

JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING CO.,
Thomson, Ga.

ords reek with the blood of Christian martyrs.

I detest a church which declared that "Ignorance is the mother of devotion," and which destroyed libraries, closed the schools, penalized mental research, outlawed science, and plunged Europe into darkness and horror and carnage for a thousand years.

No Roman Catholic who *knows the law* of his foreign church, and obeys it, can be a loyal American citizen; for the one master is the enemy of the other, and a Catholic cannot serve both.

Samuel Adams, whose sudden interest in this particular murder case was mystifying, called for all the commuters to come out and fight Slaton's battle for him.

Samuel gallantly showed them the way. Dr. Wilmer fell into line, with extraordinary grace and vehemence.

Rosser flings to the breeze the names of the few scattering patriots who followed the lead of John Cohen and James R. Gray.

In spite of the fact that men were hired to circulate petitions, hardly any names at all could be secured. Leave off the Jews, the railroad lawyers and the Atlanta Doctors of Divinity, and that bunch of commuters looks very much like thirty cents.

The questions I put to Samuel Adams last week remain unanswered.

It's not polite to ask the same questions twice; therefore I will vary the catechism.

Samuel, when did *You* first feel the symptoms of your sudden and violent interest in criminal law?

I thought you were a *civil* lawyer; and the poor figure you cut in trying to argue the Frank case, inclines me to suspect that you rushed into it without much preparation.

Samuel, where do *you* say that Leo Frank and Mary Phagan were, at the time Monteen Stover was in Frank's vacant office.

Account for Frank, and account for Mary, too, at that time.

Do it, Samuel! Get *Rosser* to do it, if you can't.

Why was it that Mrs. Leo Frank wouldn't go to see her husband in jail, until after Rabbi Marx and others had worked on her for three weeks?

Why was it that the Jews employed Rosser on Sunday, *the day Mary's body was found*? No Gentile then suspected Frank.

Who, in your opinion, bloodied that old shirt, and put it in Newt Lee's clothes-barrel?

Who, in your judgment, hid the genuine time-slip of the clock, and forged a new one which gave Newt Lee an hour unaccounted for, the night the girl's body lay in the basement?

Who, in your judgment, has Mary Phagan's mesh-bag?

Samuel, put your mind on one queer detail: When the two officers went to Frank's home, early Sunday morning, on the day the corpse was found, he presented the rickety, nervous appearance of a man who had been drunk, the night before. Neither the night-watch nor the officers had been able to get him on the telephone, though they had tried long and hard. One of the officers advised Mrs. Frank to give her husband a drink of whiskey. *He was told that the whiskey had all been used up during the night*, by Emil Selig—the father of Frank's wife. Selig, it was said, had had an attack of acute indigestion during the night, and had consumed all the liquor.

Selig swore at the trial that he ate breakfast and dinner as usual, that Sunday, and he did not swear to any indigestion and to drinking up all the whiskey in the house.

Now *the cook said* Frank drank the whiskey, and got so wild in raving about the murder, that his wife had to sleep on a rug, on the floor!

Now, Samuel Adams, give us *your* views about this detail.

Sunday morning, following the crime, Selig did not look, or act, like a man who had just got over being drunk, to cure indigestion, but Frank did look and act like a man whose nerves were all to pieces.

Who, in your opinion, Samuel, drank that whiskey?

Does not this neglected detail give powerful corroboration to the cook's story?

Samuel Adams, tell us how Jim Conley could have described the night-watch in those notes, *when Rosser proved that one of these negroes had never seen the other?*

Samuel, explain why the notes indicate unnatural use of the girl, refer to the toilet and describe Newt Lee *twice*.

Tell us why Frank, at the trial, would not offer to answer a single question, and why Rosser was afraid to ask those white girls any.

Tell us why every bit of the work of the detectives was limited to attempts at changing the evidence of the state's witnesses and to finding a man, or men, who would swear they heard Jim Conley confess that he alone committed the crime?

Samuel Adams, why was it that Rosser was afraid to try to show, as the defense alone *could* lawfully do, that the finger prints of Leo Frank were different from the bloody finger prints on the back door?

Tell us why the Jew shielded the negro, and tried to "frame-up" an innocent man, until after the negro confessed and told all about it?

And since you have made your advent into the criminal law, tell us, *do* tell us, your theory of the hair on the handle of the lathe machine and the blood spots on the floor near the toilet, where Frank said he might have been while Monteen Stover was in his office.

Give us *your* theory of the hands folded across the breast, *in the basement*, and the absence of any sign of blood in the basement, on the ladder, or on the floor at the trap door.

Give us *your* theory of the trail of the dragged body, a trail 136 feet long, leading directly from the elevator to the corpse.

The Jeffersonian is singled out by Slaton, Rosser-Grant for venomous attack. What have I done that *the people* condemn? How can Slaton succeed in making the Docket sound, *Watson versus Slaton*? There is no such case on the Docket. The case sounds:

"The State *versus* John M. Slaton: Treason."

"If he wants to come home, and stand his trial at the bar of public opinion, let him do it.

The evidence is all in; the jury is attentive; the Great Judge is on the bench.

Let the battle begin—and God defend the right!

"The 4th Degree Oath of the Knights of Columbus."

TO meet the bluff and the falsehoods of those Americans who have foresworn loyal principles, and have become oath-bound subjects of a foreign power, I have carefully prepared the above-named pamphlet.

The men who take that oath are traitors to our government, and spies in our camp.

They are armed and drilled, as military men, and kept in readiness to use their steel swords, and their up-to-date rifles against their fellow citizens.

Get my pamphlet, and study the facts for yourselves. Priced ten cents.

This question of Popery is the most important question facing the people of America.

How the Government Has Aided the Wall Street Gamblers to Rob the Southern Cotton Growers.

THE older men will tell you, that we had flush times right after the Civil War, and on up to the Panic of 1873.

This seems strange, until you consider that flush times in business means, *plenty of money in circulation*.

These who understand political economy, will explain to you how it is that commerce languishes when money is scarce, and flourishes like a green bay tree, when money is abundant.

There was never any Resurrection of prostrated industries, such as took place in the South, after Lee's surrender.

Cities sprang out of their ashes, new towns began to rise all over the country; the fields were soon covered with corn and cotton; and nearly everybody had some greenback money in his pocket.

Why was this? It was, because the Government had used its supreme power to create money; and this money had been *issued directly to the Union soldiers, sailors, contractors, officials, etc.*

It paid salaries to the civil officers, it paid the salaries of Generals Grant and Sherman and Sheridan, and it paid the wage of the men in the ranks. It paid the bounties for enlistment. It paid the men who sold arms, ammunition, provisions, horses, &c., for the use of the armies.

In this way, the new money filled every artery of trade and industry; and probably the first greenbacks that came South were brought by the ragged Confederate, who had sold a part of his tobacco to the friendly Yanks.

How much of that new paper money was created and put in general circulation during the war?

In Senator John A. Logan's speech of March 17, 1874, in the United States Senate, I find the following:

I will give the following tables showing the amount of currency in circulation in the years 1856 and 1866:

	1865.
National bank notes.....	\$ 171,321,903
Legal-tender and other notes....	698,918,800
State bank notes.....	58,000,000
Seven-thirty notes.....	830,000,000

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LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

FROM AN OLD CONFEDERATE.

Dear Sir: I am writing you a few lines to let you know how I appreciate your paper. I am an old soldier who wore the gray. I was a volunteer from Bartow County. I served in the 18th Georgia regiment in 1861. I followed General Lee and Longstreet for about three years. I was with General Lee when he surrendered at Appomattox. General Lee, in my mind, was a model christian gentleman. After the surrender I walked home, found my wife and two little boys, she had cared for while I served in the army.

Now we are old and can't do any more hard work, but we sure do enjoy reading the Jeffersonian. We are glad to say that among all the papers we have read, the Jeffersonian is, in our judgment, the only paper that has given out facts in the Frank case. It has defended our state, her people and our homes. It is waging a great fight and should be read by everyone who wants to acquaint themselves with Rome's influence on our government.

Now to close with, please find money order for fifteen subscribers to the Jeffersonian, whose names and addresses please get correctly. We are looking for you to keep us posted in politics and especially Sally Fannie's Jack.

Yours for the truth,
W. R. BROCK.

THE JEWS PLAN A SEPARATE NATION.

Dear Sir: As you seem to be about the only person with sufficient courage to publish anything as to the true character of the greedy Jews, I am sending you a clipping from the Chicago Daily News, under date of August 16, 1915, which is additional proof that the Jews have never amalgamated or have any intention of ever amalgamating with our people or of becoming a part of our government.

The clipping sent reads as follows:

TELLS JEWISH NATION PLAN.
Pincus Ruttenberg Addresses 1,800;
Begin Raising Funds Today.

A meeting was to be held in the Morrison hotel today to outline the campaign for obtaining money to hold the American Jewish congress in Washington next October and to launch the movement to renationalize the Jewish people. Speaking before 1,800 men and women who crowded into the West Side Auditorium. Pincus Ruttenberg and Dr. H. Zittlovski related the purpose and plans of the movement.

"We want to care for all the Jews of the United States, the rich and the poor; for all the Jews of Europe and Asia and the other parts of the world," said Mr. Ruttenberg. "We want the Jews to be placed on an equal footing with other people. We want national and political rights in every country where we haven't such rights now."

"We intend to weld the Jews of all countries into a tribe, a union, a nation so powerful that we shall rank with other nations. We don't need to assemble our people in one country to do this; that wouldn't be possible. But we must have the Jews organized; we must have a safe home in Palestine, our historic country, and we must have ambassadors and envoys and ministers."

If every class of immigrant would colonize a nation in this country as the Jews and Romanists do, and as the Germans try to do, what kind of government would we have, if any? It would be tribe against tribe.

Why do the Jews want an organization with its national lead in Palestine and its tail the U. S.? Has not the Jew enjoyed full citizenship in this country? Has the Jew ever been discriminated against politically, financially or otherwise in

America? If so then maybe Congressman Sabath and Judge Sabath are victims..

Also Corporation Sam Insul and Erbstein who seem to have a sort of strangle hold on the city council as well as the courts of Chicago. At least I notice that they get about whatever they go after. A band of outlaws could run rough shod over New York until they made the mistake of killing a Jew, for which five men were executed. It would seem that they too, have some hold on the justice shops of New York. Bank loot Morse of New York is another victim, so is Jacob Shiff and Strauss. So is immune Julius Rosenthal who is alleged to own \$40,000,000 worth of stock in the Sears-Robuck concern and pays taxes on \$150,000.

There are hundreds of other fine specimens of discrimination, too numerous to mention.

In fact the Romanists and Jews have been allowed to rake in about all of the wealth, capture the public offices and corrupt the courts without interference.

And was getting away with it unnoticed until they made themselves so conspicuous in the Leo Frank case.

All honor to men who have courage to uphold the dignity of a sovereign people.

Yours respectfully,
LEE GREEN.

THIS JEW COULD NOT SIT WITH A READER OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Dear Sir: I believe you come the nearest knowing everything or something about everything of any man in the world, but then you cannot know everything.

Perhaps you do not know how fast you are gaining territory and how the people are turning to you.

I travel nearly all the time, and you are growing faster than any other man in the South.

I believe your stand in the Frank case has made you a round million friends, who are 100 per cent. for you. People who have been bitterly against you are now for you, and they are from every walk of life.

Not long since I was riding a train out of one of the large cities of Georgia, and the train was crowded and some people were having to stand up. I had a seat all to myself as my friend, who was occupying a part of the seat had gone to the smoker. So here come a Jew to sit with me. I moved over towards the window and he was pulling up his coat and just ready to sit down, when he glanced his eye over at me and saw I was reading the Jeffersonian, and he would not sit with me. I never did see him again.

I hope the Lord will bless you and spare you for many years to come and that you may continue in your work, and I hope that you will live to see accomplished what you have undertaken through your paper to accomplish.

Very truly yours,
G. B. WILLIAMS.

A LETTER TO THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL, ATLANTA, GA.

Sir: You will please scratch my name from your subscription list, as I don't care to patronize a paper that can be bought with Jew money, and not defend its own town and state. You will find that my subscription expires July 17, 1916, but can afford to give you that much as this is the last you will ever get out of me. Had much rather have Macon News or Watson's Jeffersonian anyway.

Respectfully,
W. E. BROWN.
Sylvester, Ga.

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