

The Jeffersonian

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ROME'S LAW, OR OUR'S--WHICH?

The Great Roman Catholic Convention in New York City.

ARE you willing to spend a few minutes, sizing up a terribly dangerous situation, and getting your bearings, as an American citizen?

There never was an oath required of a Christian minister, until hundreds of years after Christ. When the bishops of Rome began to usurp the powers of the pagan *Pontifex maximus*—in the absence of the Emperors who had removed the capital to Constantinople—the priests who supported the Bishop's usurpations were put under oath of allegiance to him, just as feudal vassals swore allegiance to feudal lords.

Professor Pulliam of Mercer University was kind enough to translate for me the original oath prescribed for all priests at the Council of Trent (1545-63) and I ask you to carefully read it, in order that you may comprehend how absolutely and unreservedly all priests are the subjects of the Italian pope, and how the oath places Catholic laymen on the footing of subjects to the priest.

Thus, through obedience to the priests they themselves become subjects of a foreign potentate:

PART OF "THE SACERDOTAL OATH."
(Translation from "The Holy Council of Trent.")
I declare, in like manner, that in the Mass a true, individual and propitiatory sacrifice is offered for the living and the dead, and that in

the Sacrament of the Holy Communion there is truly, really and substantially the body and the blood, together with the life and divinity of our Lord, Jesus Christ; and that there is a conversion of all the substance of the bread into the body, and of all the substance of the wine into the blood, which conversion the Catholic church calls Transubstantiation. I confess, likewise, that under another form only I have received Christ, the whole and complete and the true Sacrament.

I firmly maintain that there is a Purgatory, and that souls detained there are aided by the prayers of the faithful; and, likewise, that the Saints, ruling together with Christ, should be worshiped and invoked, and that they offer prayers to God for us, and that their Remains are to be worshiped. I most firmly declare that images of Christ, as always of the Virgin Mother of God, and of the other Saints also, should be had and kept, and that adoration should be given them, and veneration bestowed upon them. Likewise, I affirm that the right of indulgences was left by Christ in the Church, and that the use of them has been most salutary to the Christian people.

I recognize the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church as the mother and mistress of all the Churches; and I solemnly promise and swear true obedience to the Roman Pontiff, who is the successor of the Blessed Peter, the chief of the Apostles, and is the Vicegerent of Jesus Christ; likewise I accept and acknowledge unhesitatingly all the other things recorded, decreed, and declared by the sacred Canons, and by the Ecumenical Councils; and at the same time I in like manner condemn, reject and anathematize whatever heresies are condemned, rejected and anathematized by the Church.

This true Catholic faith, out of which

no one can be saved, which in the present vow I profess and truthfully uphold. I, in like manner, promise and vow and swear to keep and own (God helping) entire and inviolate up to the last breath of life; and that I shall see to it, so far as it shall be in my power, that it is held, taught and proclaimed by my subjects, or by those whose care shall appertain to me in my official service. So help me God, and this holy Evangel of God.

(Sacred Council of Trent. Padua, 1760, 800., p. 312. By permission and prerogative of the Superiors.)

On page 119, Book II. of Bishop Burnett's "History of the Reformation of the Church of England," you will find this statement:

On the 11th of May, 1532, King Henry VIII. "sent for the Speaker of the House of Commons, and told him that he found on inquiry that all the (Roman) prelates whom he had looked on as wholly his subjects, were but half-subjects: for at their consecration they swore an oath quite contrary to the oath they swore to the Crown; so that it seemed they were the Pope's subjects, rather than his."

The King wanted the Speaker to bring the matter to the attention of Parliament, in order that some action should be taken against this divided allegiance.

Bishop Burnett proceeds—

"Upon which the two oaths that the clergy
(CONTINUED ON PAGE FOUR.)

NOTES ON GEORGIA POLITICS.

There was a murder case in Jasper County, and it illustrates Cousin Joe's character as Solicitor-General.

A man by the name of Broadus was murdered in the Stripling fashion. That is, he was shot from behind. All three of Stripling's victims got it in the back.

This man Broadus had a wife who was suspected of being too warmly admired by the brother of L. O. Benton.

You may have heard of L. O. He controls a string of banks which enable him to grow rich, lending other people's money.

L. O. Benton's brother was indicted at Monticello for the murder of Broadus, and was put upon his trial. L. O. owns a bank at Monticello; and of course this bank has a cashier who is dependent upon L. O. for his job.

Now when L. O. Benton's brother was arraigned, the Solicitor-General is said to have chosen the cashier as one of the jurors.

Did you do it, Joseph?

I have a written statement to that effect! but if you deny it, your denial shall be published.

Tell us about it, Joseph!

You and Col. Nat Harris have insinuated that Dorsey is the hireling of the L. & N.

Railroad; and you have assailed him, repeatedly, because Mrs. Nelms saw fit to employ him to represent the Sheriff of Bexar County, Texas.

Mrs. Nelms has informed you, again and again, that her employment of Dorsey to represent the Texas officer, was her business, and not yours.

She has told you, time and again, that the Governor of Texas was not showing satisfactory interest in her efforts to bring Innes and wife from Texas to Georgia; and that, prompted by the natural feelings of a mother who had lost her daughters under distracting circumstances, she employed a lawyer whom she knew to be capable, indefatigable, and incorruptible.

In spite of all that Mrs. Nelms can say, neither you nor George Long (of Canada) have found consolation. You accuse Dorsey of robbing Mrs. Nelms of "the widow's mite."

Therefore, you deliberately challenge attention to your own record.

Did you select L. O. Benton's CASHIER to try Benton's BROTHER?

Answer, Joseph!

It's a fair question, and it's one that searches your character, as a State official.

If you chose L. O. Benton's cashier to try Benton's brother, there can be but two ex-

planations, and it is up to you to make the choice:

You either did not know that the juror was Benton's cashier, OR YOU WERE CORRUPTED

No other explanation is possible.

You were an experienced lawyer, and an experienced Solicitor-General. You had passed middle life, and you had been striking juries for 20 years.

You would not, knowingly have selected Benton's confidential employee to try Benton's brother, unless you had some motive.

If you knew that the juror put upon you was Benton's cashier, and accepted him, nevertheless, you acted corruptly.

If you accepted the juror, not knowing him to be Benton's cashier, you acted with the grossest negligence of the State's interests.

If you, knowingly accepted that juror, you would sell out to the L. & N. Railroad, and to other Northern corporations, if you got the chance.

If you ignorantly accepted the juror, you might, with equal carelessness, lose our W. & A. Railroad, or other valuable State property.

In either event, you are not a fit man to be trusted with the governorship, at this critical time.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE FIVE.)

the dogma, that the Pope has the power to depose non-Catholic rulers, and to destroy non-Catholic governments.

According to the affidavit of the Rev. P. A. Seguin, and the editorial statement of Bishop Manuel Ferrando, the oath of the priest is fully as treasonous and murderous as that of the Jesuits.

There is no doubt whatever that the 4th Degree Knights of Columbus and the Ancient Order of Hibernians take a similar oath.

In Ireland, it has been proved in Court on the Hibernians, time and again; and Father McDermott accuses them of the Molly McGuire murders in Pennsylvania.

Now reflect what all this tends to, inevitably:

Three Irish cardinals sworn to persecute their fellow citizens;

Bishops and Arch-bishops sworn to the same thing;

Twenty thousand priests sworn to persecute; and Jesuits flocking here from all parts of the world, sworn to *extirpate* non-Catholics.

Are the oaths meaningless?

If so, why do they sign them?

Those oaths led to civil war in Ireland, England, and Scotland.

Those oaths drenched Italy in blood, blasted Protestantism in Bohemia, and cursed Germany with a Thirty Years' War.

Those oaths brought a French army upon Mexico in 1864, and caused the Armageddon now raging.

The Pope is a Jesuit—and the private secretary of President Wilson is not only a lay-Jesuit, but a 4th Degree Knight of Columbus.

The three Irish cardinals are Jesuits, sworn to persecute and *TO EXTIRPATE*, if they took the usual Jesuit oath.

Fourth Degree Knights of Columbus hold the most powerful governmental appointments.

Systematically, they are driving non-Catholics out of the public service.

The head of the Army on the Mexican border is O'Ryan, an Irish Catholic, and I presume a 4th Degree Knight of Columbus.

Knights of Columbus in Congress are striving to close the mails to anti-Catholic literature.

In the New York Convention, orders were issued for all Catholic young men to form rifle clubs, of their own.

None but Catholics can join these rifle clubs; and as the K. of C. and the German Central Verein are already armed and drilled, the Pope will have three standing armies in this Republic, ready to obey the three Irish cardinals who are the sworn enemies of their non-Catholic fellow citizens, and the sworn subjects of a foreign church whose law calls for heretic BLOOD.

Separate Popish colonies aloof from Americans: separate schools where un-American principles are taught: separate secret societies which none but Catholics can join: separate rifle clubs whose guns are for Catholics only: a separate code of laws, irreconcilable to ours: to what does all this tend, if not to Civil War?

Notes on Georgia Politics.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.)

Joseph, I am told that in addressing the jury in the Broadus case, you made use of substantially the following words:

"This man is my friend, I hope you will turn him loose, if you can do so without stultifying your conscience."

Did you prosecute Benton in words of that kind, Joseph?

If so, your services were worth far more to Benton, than all the lawyers that L. O. could have hired.

Your position as Solicitor-General made you the spokesman for the State: if you prostituted that position and used it for the defendant, you must have had some powerful motive.

What was it, Joseph?

If Hugh Dorsey had talked that way in the Frank case, he could have made a fortune by it.

But he wouldn't take the money.

Joseph, when you made that sudden flop in 1892, after having received the Populist nomination for Congress, there were ugly rumors as to why you did it. I will not at present go into those. But the next time you face an audience in the old Tenth, give the old Pops your own version of that sudden flop.

They are not specially interested in Mrs. Nelms' employment of Dorsey, or in Dorsey's "recommendations;" but they are mightily concerned in the matter of choosing a firm, honest man for governor.

They don't want an old jelly-fish, who is controlled by Hamp McWhorter, E. J. Reagan, and John M. Slaton.

Nor do they want a man who deserts his colors on the eve of the battle, and who surrenders the State's interests when a rich banker is on the other side.

Can anybody tell us about Perdue's health? Some time ago it was poorly.

Perdue, you remember, is the patriot who way-laid and shot the town marshal, (or night-watchman) at Barnesville.

Col. Nat Harris sympathizes deeply with men who are constrained to way-lay their fellow men, and shoot them unawares.

The Col. weeps over these back-shooters, and calls it "mercy" to let 'em loose. The Colonel's tears were not so much in evidence, when he made his first race, but they are running from him copiously, this time.

As to Perdue, he hadn't done a thing but way-lay the night-watch, and kill him. Bob Berner did some of his fancy stunts on the case; and, if he had got a third trial, he might have succeeded in getting his client hanged.

At the first trial Perdue got off at manslaughter and 15 years. Then Bob insisted on another trial, and Perdue was convicted of murder, with a recommendation. Bob was scared to ask for another trial, for fear he might lose the recommendation.

Things looked squally; so Bob rushed to Hoke Smith, and got the sentence put back to 15 years.

Whether Bob owed Hoke \$1,000, and paid it, at that time, I do not know; but there are reports to that effect.

Anyway, when Col. Nat became governor, it was soon discovered that Perdue was in delicate health, and he was turned loose.

The Cobb County boy who snatched the purse, and got 15 years, was unlucky. He ought to have way-laid the woman and shot her: then he would have been the deserving object of gubernatorial "mercy."

When Col. Nat spoke at Fort Gaines, he pathetically explained the pitiable circumstances which caused poor Stripling to shoot

Cornett through Cornett's bed-room window, at midnight.

The Colonel said that Stripling had taken his shot-gun, and had spent the whole day looking for Cornett. All day long the slayer, with murder in his heart, sought his victim—according to the public statement of the Chief Executive of Georgia!

After having spent the whole day looking for the alleged author of the alleged letter—which was never produced—Stripling went to Cornett's home; and, finding him absent, waited for him, until midnight. Then as the man was undressing, Stripling shot him, from the dark, outside.

Nat Harris has been a lawyer all his professional life; and he knows that there isn't a single line of statute, or of Supreme Court decision, that tolerates homicide for revenge.

He knows perfectly well that the law says, that where there has been—between the provocation and the killing—sufficient time for reason to re-assert itself, the killing shall be attributed to revenge, and shall be punished as MURDER.

Again and again, the law prohibits "revenge." Even in cases of manslaughter, the statute demands that the sudden heat of passion, "supposed to be irresistible," shall prompt the slayer.

The words are, "if there should have been an interval between the assault or provocation given and the homicide, sufficient for the voice of reason and humanity to be heard, the killing shall be attributed to deliberate revenge, and be PUNISHED AS MURDER."

That's the law which Nat Harris solemnly swore to observe. That's the law which Stripling violated.

The Governor of the Empire State addresses the citizens of Georgia, and pleads with them to consider the midnight assassination of Cornett, as pardonable, because Stripling had hunted for his intended victim "all day," and he was no where to be found!

Here is the Chief Magistrate, publicly telling the people that a man may take the law in his own hands, and revenge himself upon every other citizen who has excited his rage!

Great God! What sort of influence will such speeches have on men inclined to be lawless.

What sort of lawyer-governor is this, that publicly proclaims the very doctrine which the Bible and the Code both condemn?

"Vengeance is MINE, said the Lord."

The law says exactly the same thing. "Bring me your grievance, and I will redress it, saith the law."

But Governor Harris tells the people, that if any man is reported to have insulted the sister or the wife of another, the brother, or the husband may take a shot-gun and go hunting for the offender, not to prevent harm to the sister and wife, but to take revenge for the insult.

And if the hunt occupies the whole day, and is unsuccessful, the hunter may hide in the bushes, at the house of the alleged insulter; wait for him, hour after hour, in the calming stillness of the night, and shoot him to death through his window.

It was weak enough to say that Stripling's pardon was due to the promise made his girl; but it is positively dangerous to human life, for the Governor to be preaching justification, for homicidal REVENGE.

The truth of the business is, the Harris campaign this year, is John M. Slaton's desperate attempt to "come back."

His clique pushed Col. Nat into the Stripling pardon, in order that some of the odium attaching to Slaton might be worn off.

Over in Jones County, T. W. Duffy wants it again. He is a Romanist and voted against

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the Veazey bill. Why do Protestants vote for such a man?

Jones of Wilkinson also wants it again, and he voted against the Veazey bill.

Here's hoping he gets left.

As to cotton seed, why dwell?

A South-Georgia friend sends me a package, about as big as the old-time sack of bird-shot. These seed look all right. But, as they were sent into South Georgia recently, they are a little too late for this year, and a little too soon for the next. Evidently, they were intended to be planted where the best crop of votes might be expected.

If James Price has no objection, I will keep this little bag of seed, and experiment with them.

Out of compliment to James, I will name them "Price's Political Prolific."

That's a nice name and ought to make every one of the seed come up.

In the official Report of the Public Accountant, I find that James Price charged us \$42.40 for ice in 1914, and \$110.00 in 1915.

This indicates a sad change in the weather. The summers in Atlanta are not only growing longer, the longer James stays there, but are becoming more sultry.

The jump from \$12 to \$100 in ice-water, is fearful testimony against the claim that Atlanta is a pleasure resort in hot months.

I tremble to think how much Jim's ice bill is going to cost us, this year. He is finding the climate more torrid than ever before.

James, I am distressed by the Accountant's Report on you, and Worsham, and Bahnsen.

You give your Stenographer \$1,800 and then employ an assistant.

Who dictates to your Stenographer while you are running around over the State, making deals for your re-election?

I find that your Assistant digs us for \$354.29 for travelling, and that you dig us for \$695.53.

Who dictates to the Stenographer, when you and he are spending a thousand dollars of our money on the railroads?

What's the hurry, in your Department, that calls for \$250 in telegrams and telephones?

Does the law authorize you to spend hundreds of dollars on maps, newspapers, newspaper-clippings, and "publicity?"

James, you lavished \$60 on clips, and you apparently paid somebody \$81.59 for cutting out the clippings from the papers.

What were they about, James?

Do you have to look to the daily and weekly papers for current news of cattle-ticks, boll-weevils, and centipedes?

When you go out to make speeches for your re-election, you charge the expense to us.

Where are your vouchers, James?

Sixty thousand dollars gone, and no vouchers, hardly!

THAT LOOKS ROTTEN!!!

I find an item of \$20.25 for "Flowers and floral designs."

What were the flowers for, James?

If it was Decoration Day, you and the Stenographers, and the twenty-odd Cattle Inspectors, and the half-dozen Veterinarians, might have patriotically chipped in and bought some flowers.

It was a small sum, but you charged it to us, without telling us who got the flowers.

James, when we tax-payers are charged for flowers, by men who spend \$16,000 a year travelling to their homes, and elsewhere, don't you think we are entitled to know what law authorizes it?

We do; and you'll hear from us, on the 12th.

You seem to have done nothing about Garfinkle, yet; although he is said to hold two offices at \$100 a month, each, and has rushed into the papers backing Bishop Keiley in his threats to resist the enforcement of the Veazey bill.

Do you think your highly-paid and double-paid Garfinkle ought to assume this attitude of endorsing Catholic defiance to Georgia law?

How came you to give the gentleman from Jerusalem two fat offices, when there are so many good Gentiles in Savannah who would be glad to get one?

Neither Pottle nor Harris will tell the folks whether he is in favor of allowing the Roman Catholic religious schools to continue their raid on the State treasury. Two of the Pope's sectarian schools in Savannah live on Protestant money, in violation of the State Constitution.

For months, The Jeffersonian has called the attention of Governor Harris to this illegal condition, and he is afraid to say a word, for or against it.

For years, The Jeffersonian has called upon M. L. Brittain to respect the law, and to discontinue his support of those sectarian schools.

He disdains the call, and continues to trample our highest law under his foot.

He and Harris want the Catholic vote in Atlanta, Macon, Savannah, and Augusta. They are playing for it. They maintain an attitude of contemptuous disregard for law, and for Protestant principles.

Pottle, also, is mum. He dares not say that, if elected Governor, he will see to it that no State money goes to Catholic schools.

Why is he afraid to speak a word in favor of the law?

Dr. Hardman's platform is sound on that question; but, so far as I know, Hugh Dorsey is the only candidate for governor who brings it out in his speeches.

So far as Nat Harris and Joe Pottle are concerned, public-school funds may continue to support the Pope's sectarian schools; Miss Lovett may continue to burn the Testaments of Protestant pupils; and Miss Riordan may continue to drill the Protestant children in the primary lesson—

Question: "Which religion is the best?"

Answer: "The Catholic religion is the best."

Fine conditions, truly!

We pay Miss Parrish and two others big salaries, to supervise the public schools; and this supervision costs us \$12,000 a year; and the Supervisors do their work so well that Catholic teachers burn the Bibles of the Protestant pupils, and teach the children that the Pope's religion is the best.

But what can you expect, when the Protestants of Fulton County are so utterly mis-

guided as to elect E. M. Horine, who is President of the Board of Education.

Horine is a Roman Catholic, and the subject of a foreigner who officially damns our whole Public-School system.

Horine's daughter is Lee Worsham's wife; thus you see how the Pope's influence creeps into our public service, and silences our daily papers.

No wonder Miss Lovett felt safe in burning the hateful Protestant New Testaments!

No wonder Miss Riordan felt secure in teaching Catholicism to her pupils!

Ah, yes! Here comes R. E. Carroll, whose name has a good Maryland, Carrollton, Catholic sound.

Bro. R. E. Carroll happens to be Superintendent of the Public Schools of DeKalb County.

On his Board, I find the names of Messrs. L. T. Y. Nash, W. A. Womack, N. H. Maddox, and M. C. Farrar.

Under date of August 25, 1916, Bro. Carroll issues a circular letter to his "Teachers." The cost of the circular, postage, etc., will no doubt be charged up to the school fund.

In closing his printed address "To Teachers," the Superintendent says—

"I suggest the following:

That you spend some time of next week in your district to meet your patrons and to arrange for a good opening.

Since some efforts are being made to defeat our most worthy and efficient State Superintendent, Hon. M. L. Brittain, YOU ARE URGED TO DO ALL YOU CAN FOR HIS RE-ELECTION IN THE COMING ELECTION.

Wishing you a great year's work, and to see you soon,

I am yours truly,

R. E. CARROLL, C. S. S."

I have little doubt that other Superintendents are using the State's money and their official influence, to retain in office a sleek hypocrite, who has proven himself to be the asiduous ape of the Yankee Book-trust thieves, the stubborn enemy of our school-children, the favorer of the Catholic schools in Savannah, and the protector of Catholic Supervisor and teachers who make anti-Protestant speeches to the children, burn their New Testaments, and compel them to recite

"The Catholic religion is the best."

If McClatchey is Secretary of the approaching Convention, Dorsey's friends had better watch out. He's the lad who made the tie-vote between Price and Brown, and thus gave the Brown delegates—who were Price men—the chance to vote against the will of the counties they represented.

Why should Dorsey's friends risk McClatchey? They should caucus on a clerk whom they can trust, and then elect him. They don't have to take McClatchey.

E. J. Reagan felt the sting, all right. He knew he deserved it. If he thinks that he can run another convention as he did the last one, he is mistaken. Neither in the chair, nor behind the chair, will he be permitted to do it.

He was bragging in Atlanta, and he needn't deny it; and he did cause Governor Jellyfish to veto the County-unit bill of Cecil Neill—about which the Governor has been telling whoppers.

E. J. Reagan's language was substantially as follows:

"Hugh Dorsey will get more votes than Harris or Hardman, but WE WILL RUN THE STEAM-ROLLER OVER HIM, IN THE CONVENTION."

He made that statement in Fayetteville, the morning that Hugh came out, and I can prove it. He was blowing in Atlanta, threatening the same thing.

My warning to him was *conditional*, and I stand by it.

If Reagan is wise, he will not attempt to run any Hearst-Slaton-Hardwick steamroller over Hugh Dorsey, *after* Dorsey gets more votes than his opponents.

Reagan says that The Jeffersonian has no regard for the truth. If that were so, The Jeff. would have no influence. Like all human creatures, The Jeff. makes mistakes, *but always corrects them, publicly and promptly.*

In this respect, The Jeff. differs from the Georgia dailies, and the Georgia politicians. They tell lies on each other, and on The Jeff., *but never correct them.*

The people have confidence in The Jeff., because they know that if anything it prints turns out to be a mistake, that mistake will be manfully admitted.

To control a Governor in so important a matter as a Superior Court judgeship, is a tremendous power. At the hearing before Judge Emory Speer, in the Jim Smith case, Judge Dave Meadow was sworn as a witness, and he testified to facts which probably ruined his chances of ever again holding an elective office.

He swore that Hamp McWhorter wanted him out of the judgeship, and offered him a contingent share in the millions which the Man of Many Mothers had amassed.

David being on a high mountain, and listening to the temptings of the Devil, decided to swap his judgeship for a contingent slice of the Jim Smith melon.

Hamp McWhorter *knows* Col. Nat Harris, and was not taking any chances; so he gathered his man into his automobile, and dashed through the country to Atlanta. Hamp was determined to boss that shuffle of judges, in person, and not let any cog slip.

Did Gov. Harris do what Hamp told him to? *Yayr.* At once? *Yayr!* And without a grunt? *YAYR!!*

Hamp slipped one Superior Court judge out, and another in, before you could say Susan Dusanberry.

Who is Hamp McWhorter?

Why, he's the "General Counsel" of all the Railroad Lobbyists, the Lawyer who is never seen in the Court House, the Law-killer and Law-maker who never appears at the capital. He stays behind the curtain, and pulls strings on the fellows that act on the stage—does Hampy.

Lord! what a racket they made, when Dorsey rode from Atlanta to Alma on his firm's pass, just before the dissolution. You'd never have thought that Nat Harris had a whole private car to himself, *the same being No. 3, the official rolling-palace of the Superintendent of the Southwestern Division of the Central Railroad.*

As I remarked awhile ago, George Gilmore is the man for our boys to support for the State Senate in the Sandersville district.

We don't need any more Hardwick, at present. Hyman is another way to spell the name of the Poll-tax Senator.

Hyman wrote Rule 9, by which an Executive Committee undertook to shackle in advance a *Sovereign Convention*, and to prevent it from voting as it saw fit to vote, in the effort to find a satisfactory nominee.

Conventions are direct from the people, and are sovereign: committees are from the convention, and are subjects, agents, and mouth-pieces of the convention.

Rule 9 reversed these relative positions, and made the convention the servant of the Committee.

Hyman was merely the tool of Hardwick, but any man who will obey his master on a thing like that, is not to be trusted in the legislature.

Gilmore is standing on *our* platform, and

he is a clean, honest man, not the rubber-stamp of a rotten little politician.

Robert W. Haynie is running for the Senate, his opponent being the son-in-law of Hamp McWhorter.

Mr. Haynie's platform is, (1) Opposition to sale or paralleling of the W. & A. Railroad; (2) Free school-books, and free education in the primary English studies; (3) the County-unit plan; (4) the repeal of the Tax Inequality law, (5) opposition to State-aid to sectarian schools, and to the holding of any office by men who are the subjects of a foreign potentate, (6) opposition to the fee system, (7) favors the Referendum: (8) is a Prohibitionist and favors enforcement of that law and all others.

That's a bully platform, and I hope our friends will support the candidate who is man enough to run on it.

His opponent, Mr. H. H. Price, hasn't got any platform. He is a fine young man, a prosperous farmer, and will be much happier if he remains satisfied with his beautiful home at High Shoals.

We need two laws *badly*,—the Initiative, which will enable the people *to start* legislation which they want; and the *Referendum*, which will enable the people *to check and defeat* such infamous laws as the Tax Inequality, which was secretly hatched by the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce, and rushed through, before the people realized what was happening.

Bill Burwell put that infernal new system upon us, *and exempted the Northern corporations*, which make such enormous profits out of us.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON BILL!

They are to re-elect him, and again make him Speaker, in order that the virtuous patriot may help them shark the State Road.

Is Bill for Dorsey? Nunck.

Bill is for Pottle, Harris, Slaton and Hamp.

Let all of us observe the cat-steps of Bill, as he moves softly around among the eggs.

Then, there is Perry who tells us novelties about Horse-power. So many dollars to so many horses. Perry says that McLendon put more dollars on the horses than *he* did. All right, Perry: they were horses of another color, you know.

Before you can convince us that Guyt put too many dollars on the horse, you must attach the horse to your complaint, as an exhibit.

The trouble with *you*, Perry, is this:

On a certain day, you heard all the evidence, all the law, and all the argument, and you decided that so many dollars on that particular horse, were a plenty.

Then on another day quite soon, *you reversed your decision*, without any more evidence, law, or argument.

Your somersault was worth exactly ten million dollars to the corporation in whose interest you made it.

Did McLendon make any somersaults, after any one of *his* decisions?

Did he flop on any ruling, and enable any corporation to make ten millions by the flop.

Hurry up, Perry: come on down the line!

Cousin Joe is a rampant Prohibitionist; and, with a couple of drinks in him, becomes eloquent about it.

And yet, he should not go behind the door in the Sheriff's room, to empty a flask, with that respectable official, when the Grand-jury is waiting for bills to be drawn up against "blind tigers," and such.

Brethren, picture to your self the melancholy scene:

The Grand Inquest of Hancock County seated around their table, wearing a truly Inquisitorial aspect, and seeing in their

mind's eye the demolition of jugs, quart bottles, demijohns, and pocket-flasks: the Solicitor-General absent from his post, and no bills for the Grand-jury to act on: a member of the body sent on a journey of discovery, seeking said Solicitor-General, and finding him—*where?* And doing *what?*

O Heavens! Behind the door in the Sheriff's office, hastily transferring, to his parched interior, the liquid contents of an illicit flask!

Did this afflicting event happen at the last session of Hancock Superior Court? Alas, it did!

The Grand-juror who wrote me about it, had a letter from Cousin Joe, requesting support; and the gentleman detailed these heart-rending facts, *in his reply*, declining to support Joseph.

The politicians try to impress the voters with the idea that the election set for the 12th, *is a Democratic primary.*

It is not.

It is a legal affair, and the law makes no distinction between Democrat, Republican, Progressive, Socialist, and Prohibitionist.

All men who are registered, *can vote as they darn please*, regardless of what their party affiliation is, has been, or will hereafter be.

Any Manager who refuses to receive and count the ballot of a legal voter, *will commit a crime.*

How to prepare your ballot:

Run your pencil through the names of Harris, Pottle, and Hardman, leaving the name of Hugh M. Dorsey.

Mark out James D. Price, leaving the name of J. J. Brown.

Mark out the name of M. L. Brittain, leaving the name of Alexander E. Keese.

Mark out the name of James A. Perry, leaving the name of S. G. McLendon.

Mark out the name of Robert E. Davison—and also Tuggle, if he is on—leaving the name of A. H. Henslee.

Because he helped us so manfully on the Veazey bill, in the Senate, I am going to vote for E. P. Dobbs, who is opposing Wright.

As to the three Appellate judges, John M. Graham, the Roman Catholic, is not one whom we can support, *because he owes first allegiance to a foreign potentate*, and is no lawyer.

We want judges whose allegiance to the State, is undivided, and who are lawyers.

Henry Fullbright was born and reared in McDuffie, but he fought us on the Veazey bill, and so did *Yeomans*.

Within the last few days the following developments have been noticeable:

(1) Supporters of Hardman and Pottle are being urged to unite on Harris. The plan is to consolidate the field against Dorsey. I do not believe that Dr. Hardman is, himself, a party to this scheme. The Doctor, in my opinion, is above any such dishonest trifling with vital issues. He will probably run next to Dorsey, and come out of the race with honor unstained.

(2) *Slaton* is behind Harris, and is using poor old Nat as a stalking-horse for his own "come back." This is abundantly evident from the Hearst-Slaton paper, *The Georgian*.

(3) Slaton has caused Harris to shift his ground on the Stripling case, and to plead an excuse *at law*, for the pardon, instead of resting it sentimentally on the promise to the little girl.

This shift of ground, from sentiment to law, was made because, if the outrageous pardon of that cold-blooded assassin was allowed to rest on *sentiment*, it would not help Slaton escape the odium attaching to him on account of the Frank case.

(4) The election of Harris will rehabili-

tate Slaton, whose partisans will argue that, if the people can overlook the unconditional pardon of a cold-blooded assassin, they cannot afterwards continue to ostracise the governor who commuted the sentence of Leo Frank.

A vote for Harris, NOW, is a vote for Slaton, HEREAFTER.

(5) From some source, Governor Harris is getting lavish campaign funds, just as James A. Perry and James D. Price are doing.

Who puts up the money?

In hundreds of weekly papers, and in all the dailies, we can see flaming pictures of Harris and of Price, and long "readers" by Perry. This space is costing tens of thousands of dollars.

WHOSE MONEY?

Dorsey is not able to advertise himself in this circus-going style. J. J. Brown is not. Guyt McLendon is not. Dr. Keese is not.

Where did their opponents get all those ducats?

(6) The tremendous importance which is attached to the defeat of Dorsey, proves that powerful and invisible interests fear him.

Why have those Moneyed Interests avoided Dr. Hardman, and centered on Nat Harris?

The Doctor came very near defeating the Railroad lawyer, two years ago. He was therefore the logical man to beat Dorsey with, provided they wanted a strong man, other than Dorsey.

Why have they selected a notoriously weak man, and one who has been so completely under Hamp McWhorter's thumb?

Look out, folks!

The L. and N. Railroad is in the woodpile.

Congressman Frank Park asks me to say that he was requested to sign the application for commutation in the Frank case, and that he declined to do so. The request was made by Mr. Jacob Wigodner, of Sylvester.

I have examined the list of commuters published by Slaton in self-defense, and do not find the name of Frank Park.

James A. Perry is able to publish a long "reader" advertisement in the paper of Stockbridge, the Yankee carpet-bagger who attempted to impute lewdness to Mary Phagan, and thus defile that little Georgia girl's grave.

Stockbridge took sides against us in that fight, lied about us venomously, and was no doubt paid for his loathsome services.

Why did Perry buy space in *The Ruralist*, which was the only paper that accused our heroic little Georgia martyr of being a lewd wench?

SHAME UPON YOU, PERRY!

By patronizing such an obscene old buzzard as Stockbridge, you show your own want of scruple.

After that little girl had died in defense of her honor, it was a horrible thing for Stockbridge to insinuate that she was a prostitute.

Shame upon you Perry, for giving your campaign money to a carpet-bagger of that peculiarly vile stripe!

In the matter of the Romanist manipulations in the Atlanta schools, the facts stated in *The Jeffersonian* are strictly true, but Dr. Keese (my informant) was given the wrong name as to the Davis Street School.

The PRINCIPAL of the school is MISS RIORDAN, A CATHOLIC; and it is she who has been teaching our Protestant public-school pupils that "the Catholic religion is the best."

Miss Stewart, a teacher under Miss Riordan, is not a Catholic, and is innocent. Of course, I deeply regret that the wrong name was given me.

Miss Riordan is the guilty party, and it is up to M. L. Brittain, E. C. Merry, E. M.

Hodine, and other members of the Board, to explain how it was that *this papist* held a place in our Public School system, and used it to poison the minds of Protestant pupils.

Mr. H. Johanning, 161 Jones avenue, Atlanta, will testify to the facts.

Mr. Stewart D. Jones, 124 Whitehall St., Atlanta, will testify as to Miss Lovett and her burning the Testaments of the Protestant children.

Fine conditions are growing up under Britain!

No wonder the Catholics are all supporting him.

Brittain is hustling his Supervisors over the State, at your expense, and at least one of them is telling it, that "Dr. Keese is too old and infirm, etc."

Don't you fret, Mr. Supervisor Land!

Dr. Keese was not too old and too infirm to catch on to the Catholic propaganda in the Public Schools of Atlanta.

Dr. Keese is four years older than I am; and when he was here, a few days ago, he looked quite strong enough to take and tote the scalp of the Book-trust-Catholic crook, M. L. Brittain.

I entreat every friend of mine in the First Congressional District to rebuke the Executive and the candidate that threw over the County-unit plan. It had been in use for 25 years, and the people were not consulted about changing it.

The Committee went to Savannah, was dined by Meldrim, (according to the Savannah papers) and was in close personal touch with him when it changed the time-honored rule.

When *The Jeffersonian* condemned the change, there was ample time for Meldrim's committee to re-convene, and get right.

It scorned the wishes of the Country Counties, and stood pat.

All right: we stand pat, also.

We are hell-bent on maintaining the rights of the Country Counties, against the big-city encroachments.

Let every friend of mine and of constitutional law, get into the fight for *OVER-STREET*, and give him such a majority that the Catholics of Savannah cannot overcome it.

After having read Sunday's papers, you cannot longer doubt who is running for governor.

IT IS JOHN M. SLATON!

He has picked up Harris, Prohibition, and the Frank case, has linked them together, and hopes to "come back" by vilifying, slandering, and crushing Hugh Dorsey.

For whom will you vote—

Dorsey or Slaton?

Dorsey, the tireless and unpurchasable Solicitor, working for months at his nominal fee-bill compensation, vindicated the Law and the Courts, against a most repulsive criminal, and against a phenomenal combination of Hearst papers, Hebrew papers, Burns detectives, marketable politicians, and peculiar Doctors of Divinity.

On the contrary, Governor Slaton, sworn to enforce the laws, remained Leo Frank's lawyer, and worked for him, CONTINUALLY, in his law-office; and this work was an elaborate attempt to defeat the law, by fabricating an Extraordinary Motion for new trial based on perjuries—such perjuries as that of the "Rev." Ragsdale and his "deacon."

Luther Rosser is the legal adviser of Slaton's "come back" campaign; and both he and Slaton—as well as Hearst—realize that Dorsey's election will be Slaton's condemnation.

Destroy Dorsey, and then Slaton can "come back!"

That's the watch word.

Denying the facts, as to his having favored

the commutation of Leo Frank's sentence, Congressman Schley Howard told Mr. Patton at Fairburn—

"You know I didn't favor the communication, for if I had, that little red-headed Devil, down the Georgia Railroad, would have been on my neck about it."

Fie, fie, Slippery! I am not so narrow and proscriptive as to jump on everybody who favored that commutation. Sympathetic women, men who did not know the evidence, those who oppose capital punishment, and thousands who believed the Burns lies about Frank's conviction resting solely on the testimony of a negro—these constituted many of those who were duped into signing the application.

I noticed your position at the time, Slippery, but you were a small bird, hardly worth good powder. Besides, no one knew that you would have an opponent, running on the biggest issue which now looms up before the American people.

Slippery, my head is not so red as it was when I made the long fight against the man who sold out the Farmers' Alliance to Pat Calhoun—of which fight you were the beneficiary.

We hoped that you would be an improvement on Lon Livingston, and we have given you two terms, to make good. You haven't done anything in Congress, Slippery: that is, nothing in particular. You have had \$30,000 of our money for salary, more than \$7,000 for Private Secretary, and 10 cents a mile to travel on.

You made a great todo in the papers about Flood relief, and your constituents have been offered 60 cents a day by the Government for the labor of a white man, and only one man out of the family can get even that.

Flood relief of that sort is a mockery of distress.

It is the same way up in Gordon Lee's district, I hear—Gordon being the only one of those 23 deserters who hangs on in Georgia, Alabama, and Florida. The others have been beat out.

Last week, when the country was on the brink of an abyss, and the President was calling on Congress to be ready to stand by him in the crisis, where were you, Slippery?

You were down here in Georgia, sliding around in the rural districts, and whispering lies where you thought they could not be contradicted.

You went back on the Gentiles, to curry favor with the Jews, and now you've gone back on the Jews, to reinstate yourself with the Gentiles.

Tried in the balance and found wanting: that's our verdict on you, William Schley.

Every true American, and every friend of mine is most earnestly urged to work, as well as vote, for Hon. Robert P. Blackburn, whose platform contains the greatest of all political issues, and whose valiant service in putting the Veazey bill into law, proves that he will make good in Congress.

M. L. Brittain is spending somebody's money freely, publishing falsehoods about Dr. Keese and myself. He says that I tried "to dictate" to him.

When, where, and as to WHAT?

He cannot, to save his double life, show that I have ever made a request of him, sought a favor at his hands, or attempted the slightest influence upon his policy, excepting one thing:

I have earnestly protested against the use of the State's money to support the Pope's sectarian schools in Savannah.

In other words, I have appealed to him to obey the law; and he does not, even now, say that he will do it, if you re-elect him.

He superciliously says that the objection to State-aid to Catholic religious schools "is threadbare."

Britain has persistently defied the public opinion on the question of free school-books, and he has never failed to serve the Yankee trust, slavishly, by lobbying against every bill which sought to infringe upon this most hateful monopoly.

He has also been utterly contemptuous of criticism, in the matter of violating the highest law of this State by financing the teaching of Roman Catholicism, at the expense of Protestant tax payers.

In his latest expensive cards in the papers, he virtually proclaims his intention of pursuing his illegal methods.

His motto seems to be, "D—n the law!"

And the scornful Brittain says that the law against church-use of State-money is "threadbare!"

Is the law against *theft* any less threadbare than the law which says that public funds shall not be given to religious institutions?

Is the law against murder any younger than the law which requires a complete separation of Church and State?

What a nakedly indefensible position is occupied by this sworn officer of the State, when his only reply to the charge that he has constantly violated the highest law, is that the charge "is threadbare!"

The more threadbare the accusation, the deeper the guilt of the official who can't make any other answer.

Do you want to condemn Hugh Dorsey for convicting Leo Frank, and re-establish the recreant governor who acted both as State officer and the murderer's attorney?

Do you want to ruin the Solicitor who did his duty, and vindicate the Governor who betrayed his trust?

If you do, vote for Slaton's candidate, N. E. Harris.

Slaton's entrance into the campaign, on the Frank case, means exactly *that*.

Slaton and his newspaper organs have made the issue:

A vote for Harris, NOW, is a vote for Slaton, TWO YEARS FROM NOW!

Where You Can Find the Jeffersonian in Alabama.

Birmingham—117 1-2 N. 20th St., Wetsen Harris.
Birmingham—Birmingham Terminal Station.
Gadsden—Riley Bros.
Opelika—Union Depot Restaurant.
Bessemer—No. 14, 19th St., F. T. Scott.
Slocumb—Mr. Zell McGhee.
York—Hill & Hill.
Anniston—The Smoke House.

FROM HON. FRANK PARK.

Sylvester, Ga., Sept. 4, 1916,
Editor The Jeffersonian,
Thomson, Ga.

The following letter was received by me today from a gentleman in Grady County which I will thank you to print in this week's issue of The Jeffersonian, together with my statement regarding the matter referred to which follows:

Hon. Frank Park.

Sylvester, Ga.
"Dear Sir: It is reported to me reliably, although I am not at liberty to divulge the source that on the day of the election there will be circulars distributed at every voting precinct in the district that you signed the petition requesting Governor Slaton to pardon Leo M. Frank. I think you can count on this as reliable and am letting you know in confidence so you can take the same for what it is worth."

Soon after I returned from Washington when these petitions were being circulated, I was approached on two occasions by Mr. Jacob Wigodner, who has been in the mercantile business in Sylvester for twenty years and urged to sign a petition, or write a letter to Governor Slaton in behalf of Leo Frank.

I told him that I had not kept up with the case, was not familiar with the facts and evidence, and did not feel that I was in position to do as requested. When subsequently approached I still refused to sign the petition or write a letter.

As the Jeffersonian is familiar with the names of those who did sign such a petition and wrote letters or sent telegrams, I will thank you to state the truth as you have found it. I wish to add further, that there is being circulated in the district a telegram written by R. P. Hale, Clerk Superior Court, Dougherty County, who has always been my bitter political enemy, which states that I appointed a Catholic as one of the Jury Commissioners in Dougherty County. The Jury Commissioners appointed by me were selected by the Law and Order League of Dougherty County. Five names were submitted to me as being men who would stand for law enforcement and would select jurors who would enforce the prohibition law in the county. On this recommendation I named them as Jury Commissioners without investigation on my part as to their qualifications or religious beliefs. They did select jurors who enforced the prohibition laws in the county. This was be-

tween four and five years ago, before my first election to Congress. It was told to me subsequently that one of the revisors selected by the Law and Order League was a Catholic. The fight that is now being waged against me in Dougherty County is by those who were opposed

For Representative in the 65th Congress.

To the Voters of the Second Congressional District:

Feeling profoundly grateful to you and deeply conscious of the great obligation and responsibility resting upon me, I hereby acknowledge the debt of gratitude I feel for the confidence you have so generously reposed in me.

I have spared no effort to serve you faithfully.

My record for the short time I have served you is before you and I am willing for you to pass upon it, confidently relying upon a fair verdict at the polls in September from a great people who are just as well as generous.

to the enforcement of the prohibition law, and who seek revenge at this time in every conceivable way and by circulating statements which are part truth, but have all the vices of falsehood.

FRANK PARK.

How the Constitution of the United States Prevents Noble Congressmen from Doing Good.

IT must have made the heart of Senator Hardwick bleed, when his sensitive conscience coerced him into siding with Wall Street *billionaires* against the Railroad workers.

Jerome Jones must have suffered in his mind, and those Labor leaders who were so ardent for Hardwick must have grieved sorely.

Hardwick's virtue would not allow him to support the President and his Democratic colleagues because, he said, the Government should not yield the demands of men "highly organized."

Therefore, he deserted his President, and his Democratic colleagues, carrying his conscience and his vote to the *Republicans*.

Clarke of Arkansas was the only other Democratic Senator who voted with the Republicans and billionnaires, against the men whose toil, last year, enabled the billionnaires to pocket net profits to the amount of a *thousand million dollars*.

Not long ago, the Hardwick virtue endeavored to defeat the Child Labor bill.

Although the U. S. Constitution expressly gives Congress the power to regulate commerce, and although the *Child Labor bill merely forbade commerce in the products of Child labor*, this conscientiously virtuous Senator denied the power of Congress to protect the Republic's little white slaves.

Thus, you will observe that the highest law of the land is perpetually frustrating our Steam-roller Senator from doing good for the lowly.

Strange to say, it does not hamper him in the other direction.

His conscience does not torture him when the interest of the Sugar Trust are at stake.

He suffers no qualms when the Government pays an army of spies to gather up information for Wall Street speculators.

He does not sweat blood when the military law is centralized, the power of the State destroyed, and *compulsory service* slipped into the system.

He made no war upon the new postal law which clothes the Postmaster-General with despotic power to destroy the freedom of the press.

He saw no invasion of Constitutional law in the Ben Johnson Juvenile Court Bill, which provides that children can be secretly rail-

roaded into the Pope's hell-holes, without notice to parents, guardians, relatives, or friends.

His conscience erupts violently when Northern owners of Southern mills wish to continue the exploitation of our children, and when Wall Street billionnaires demand a continuance of their arbitrary control of the National Highways.

The Senator—who is one by virtue of E. J. Reagan's steam-roller—says that he is opposed to governmental surrender to "men highly organized."

Since when?

The Sugar Trust, "highly organized," demanded and obtained a continuance of the tariff duties which were to have expired in May of this year.

The railroads, "highly organized," demanded and obtained a general advance in freight rates.

The cotton gamblers, "highly organized," demanded and obtained governmental insurance at 4 and 5 per cent, to escape the premiums of 25 and 30 per cent asked by the private insurance companies.

The national banks, "highly organized," demanded and obtained new governmental paper money at a nominal cost, and are now amassing fabulous fortunes by *farming* the sovereign power of controlling the finances of one hundred million people!

Did Senator Hardwick's virtue and conscience trouble him on any of these demands of "men highly organized?"

No, indeed. He himself was writing insolent letters to distressed farmers, in 1914, declaring himself opposed to government loans to farmers, because such government loans were *unconstitutional*.

And, in behalf of the highly organized express companies, he was ridiculing and lying about the Parcels Post, *pretending that farmers wanted to ship bales of cotton by express*.

Hugh M. Dorsey's Speaking Dates

Columbus, Muscogee County, Thursday, September 7, 8:00 p. m.
Savannah, Chatham County, Friday, September 8, 8:00 p. m.
Atlanta, Fulton County, Saturday, September 9, 8:00 p. m.

"Socialists and Socialism" by Thos. E. Watson, has a vast amount of information of interest and value to those who think they know what Socialism stands for. Price 25c. The Jeffersonian Pub. Co., Thomson, Ga.