

How to Create and Perpetuate "Race Prejudice."

THERE was a young, robust, *male animal* in New York, named Hans Schmidt, whose name in English would be *John Smith*.

Now John Smith, like all other young, robust, male animals, was naturally a man of natural passions.

Had he gone the way of most young and robust male animals, he would have sown some wild oats, in the usual way, and after awhile he would have married and settled down.

Children would have grown up around him, and had he felt it a duty to enter the ministry, his wife and little ones would have acted as a restraint upon any further sowing of wild oats.

But his devout Catholic parents were eager for John Smith to become a priest; and so it happened that John went through the customary "studies," learned how to drone a Latin litany, got the list of "Saints" by heart, "told beads" like a Buddhist, became at home in a feminine chemise, and caught on to the trick of making *his* god out of wafers and wine.

In short, John Smith became a full-fledged priest, doomed to the unnatural life of a bachelor, and cursed by the hot desires of elemental manhood.

What happened? What was *bound* to happen? What *ALWAYS* happens?

Why, John did what any other young, full-sexed, unmarried man is apt to do—and generally *does*.

Not being allowed to have a mate, legally and in the open, he took one illegally, and in secrecy.

Anna Annueller was her name, and she also was a German, born in the Fatherland.

During the long months that she acted the part of wife to her lover-priest, he continued to officiate in his parish.

He preached to his congregation, he confessed the penitent, he forgave sins, he shrived the dying, he prayed souls out of purgatory, he made *his* god out of the wafer which his congregation swallowed, and out of the rich, rosy nectar which he drank.

In the course of time, Anna found herself in a condition which, *had she been John's wife*, would have filled them both with unspeakable happiness. That condition would have intensified his love for her, and her devotion to him; and both of them would have looked forward with blissful anticipation, as the baby clothes were got ready.

But, as their relation was unlawful, the poor girl's condition filled him and her with pain and fear. She dreaded shame for herself and death for the expected child: he was terrified at the thought of exposure, and the scandal that would follow.

Steeped in crime, already, the priest plunged deeper: he insured the girl's life, through a dummy, and then he killed her.

It was at night, and she was fast asleep in the bed where they had so often lain in each other's arms. No memories of past endearments softened the heart of the priest, as he gazed upon the face of the woman who had given him all that a woman has to give.

He slashed her neck almost in two with a knife—as brutally as a butcher ever stuck a hog. What to do with the body was the next terrible question; and he went about solving it with the same fiendish deliberation that had marked his purpose to kill her.

John Smith quartered the body of his mistress, cutting it into several portions which he could separately slip into pillow cases, and easily carry away.

These severed parts of the young woman's body he himself took to the River, night after night, and threw them in. At last the ghastly work was finished, and the priest believed that his awful sin would never find him out.

He went about his duties, as usual, during all this dreadful time. Half of the dead girl was floating in the River, and the other half still remained on the bed waiting to be carried off; but John Smith still officiated in church.

He said "mass," he heard sinners confess, he asked those nasty questions and listened to the women answer, he forgave sins, and he performed the miracle of creating his Creator out of wafers and wine.

Then the evidence of his hellish deed piled up on him, in the most unexpected way, and he was convicted and punished.

Now, suppose the Germans had made Schmidt's case *their own*, and had come to his rescue *as a race!*

Suppose they had assessed every German for money, to employ lawyers, detectives, newspapers, hack-writers, emotional actresses, sob-story experts, etc.

Suppose they had spent thousands of dollars to create a fictitious case, in place of the real one!

Suppose that they had used every possible German pull, to save a German, *because* he was a German!

Suppose they had poured upon the people and courts of New York torrents of misrepresentations, slanders, libels, and virulent abuse!

Suppose they had painted the convicted German as a martyr to mob law and race hatred, and had accused the Supreme Court of judicial murder!

What would have been the logical result?

Every other race would have resented the conduct of the Germans in identifying *their race* with a vile criminal, whose crime was horrible, and whose guilt was plain?

"Race prejudice" would have been the inevitable consequence of race prejudice: that is to say, the Germans, by *their* drawing of the race line, in favor of a German criminal, would have provoked the other races to draw it, *against him*.

If they frown at the mirror, it frowns back at them.

We see this truth illustrated in the case of negro rapists. Whenever a black fiend is lynched for his hellish crime, the negro leaders and their Northern sympathizers never waste a tear upon the white woman who has been overtaken by a fate worse than death.

Invariably, the sympathy of the Garrisons, the Pulitzers, Wanamakers, the Villards, the Booker Washingtons, etc., is with the criminal.

Thus the negro race identifies itself with the negro rapist, and "race prejudice" results.

If a few black rapists were lynched by the blacks—feelings would change.

Apply all this to the Frank case, and you will understand how the Jews created prejudice against the Jews.

It was Frank's own lawyer who flung the word "Jew" into the case. He did it with the sinister purpose of arousing Jewish sympathy and securing Jewish money.

A Jew editor wrote the editorial in the *Atlanta Journal* denouncing the jury and the courts, and telling the world that Frank's execution under the Supreme Court decision would be judicial murder.

Jew editors in Montgomery, Chattanooga, New Orleans, Baltimore, New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, etc., took it up, and furiously fanned the flames.

Jewish rabbis, Jewish bankers, Jewish merchants, Jewish politicians, and Jewish Socialists jumped in, and they vilified the State of Georgia from sea to sea.

We Georgians are merely human, and we resented this nation wide, mercenary, and scurrilous crusade.

We were indignant that *any* race should defy us to enforce our laws upon a member of *that* race.

We had been executing Gentiles for murder,

and the whole world had *not* gone into convulsions about it. John Slaton himself had sent white boys and men to the gallows, without causing any special disturbance to his own digestion, or to that of Ashby Jones, Major Black, Major Cumming, Bishop Candler, old Brother Brewster, or the Rev. John E. White.

We couldn't understand why eminent theologians and railroad lawyers should be so cool and content when the 16-year-old Cantrell boy was swung off, *for shooting a man*, but so hot and dissatisfied when a middle-aged, married Jew was sentenced to be swung, for the cruel lustful murder of a poor little 14-year-old girl.

In short, all this phenomenal and utterly unprecedented concert of action to save a convicted Jew, on the ground of his being a Jew, *did*, at last, create prejudice against *the race which had chosen to identify itself with its worst member*.

This prejudice will grow, if the provocation grows. It will die out, if the fuel ceases to be heaped on.

The Jewish people will do themselves and their posterity lasting harm, if they persist in *Frank-case methods*.

Unreasoning abuse of the State of Georgia is the unwise course that non-resident Jews can pursue.

In fact, *any* race which stands apart, *racially*, and makes a race-issue, *against American laws*, will most assuredly arouse racial antagonism.

Jacob Schiff and Louis Brandeis told their brethren the exact truth in New York.

Any church which does the same thing, will stir up the same antagonism.

When the Romanists, in the recent New York meeting, defiantly declared that their church would unite its 3,000,000 voters *for the purpose of promoting the political power of Roman Catholicism*, they themselves put an end to peaceable relations between *their* church and all the rest of the American people.

The thing for the Jews to do, *as citizens*, is to forget that they are *Jews*, and remember that they *are* citizens.

In their religion and their manner of living in their homes, they are "a peculiar people," and have a right to be; but, *as citizens*, none of our people can be *peculiar*.

Where were General Carranza's Daughters Educated?

LAST week I called attention to the brazen falsehoods of Bishop Keiley and Archbishop Blenk in regard to the education of Carranza's daughters and my own daughter.

At the time, the name of the Protestant school patronized by the General had escaped my memory, but the fact had not been forgotten.

Last week there appeared, in the *New York Times*, the following letter, after The Jeffersonian had been mailed:

To the Editor of The New York Times:

I feel constrained to call your attention to a misstatement in the very readable article by Joseph de Courcy on Carranza in your magazine section. He says of the Catholic Church, "There is no other Church in Mexico," etc. Protestant churches, not for foreigners, but for Mexicans, are everywhere. Carranza's Minister of Education, Andres Osuna, a personal friend of mine, formerly Superintendent of Education in Coahuila, when Carranza was Governor, and Principal of the Normal School in Saltillo, is a Methodist preacher. Before occupying his present position he was official translator for the Methodist Church in Nashville, Tenn.

Carranza sent his own daughters to the Methodist school in Saltillo, and personally contributed liberally to the school.

I assure you that you would find Protestant churches with Mexican members in almost every small town in Mexico.

JOHN C. GRANBERY.

Eagle Pass, Texas, Sept. 14, 1916.

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Casual Comment on Affairs in Georgia.

JUDGE ROBERT HARDEMAN, delivering his charge to the Grand-jury of Washington County, strongly denounced the freedom of the press.

Of course those who indulge in this kind of talk always pretend that they do not oppose the right kind of liberty of the press. What they oppose, they say, is the wrong kind, namely, "license."

This is mere bosh. Between liberty and license, there is no difference. Any book of synonyms will give you the one word, as the exact equivalent of the other.

In the Lippincott "Handy Book of Synonyms" (1888), I find—

"Liberty, leave, license, permission, freedom."

In the "Dictionary of English Synonyms," by Fenby, published in Great Britain, in 1907, I find—

"Liberty, independence, unrestraint, freedom, privilege, immunity, leave, license, permission."

Under the word "License," I find the following synonyms—

"Leave, permission, license."

Roman Catholic priests are loudly condemning liberty of the press, saying that what they object to is not liberty, but license.

Judge Hardeman has evidently been reading this Romanist rot, and been taken in by it.

When the Pope controlled Europe, scholars had to get a license, before they could print.

Roman Catholics have to do it, YET!

No Catholic dares to publish any work on faith, morals, theology, or any other thing touching religion and the church, without first obtaining the o. k. of his bishop.

The great Catholic publishing house, The Benziger Bros., of New York, Chicago, and Cincinnati, printed "The Great Encyclical Letters of Leo XIII," in 1903; and, before they dared do so, they secured the permit of Cardinal Farley and of the Pope's censor in Rome, Remigius LaFort.

These official approvals had to be printed on the fly-leaf of the book!

Formerly, all persons were obliged to secure a similar license, as a condition precedent to publishing. That's how the word license came to be equivalent to liberty. The Pope gave the license to print, which meant, liberty to print.

Now, when John Milton hurled against the Pope's censorship the celebrated "speech" in favor of freedom of the press, he called it a "Speech in favor of unlicensed printing"—that is, he wanted every one to enjoy unhampered freedom to print.

If Judge Hardeman had used the word "licentiousness," instead of "license," he would have said something; and the Grand-jury, too, could have said something, by reminding him that our laws provide ample

restraints and punishment for licentious printing.

Judge Hardeman expressed deep indignation against those wicked men who even go so far as to criticise the President of the United States! Those men are truly wayward and wicked, but what can be said of miscreants who even have the temerity to criticise Judges, such as Bob Hardeman?

Mere words are inadequate. Violent pantomime is needed, and even then one's horror and wrath are not commensurately demonstrated.

Less than two years from now, somebody will be in the race against Bob; and that hateful opponent will rake up Bob's tirade against the freedom of the press; and Bob will be running over the circuit, telling a dozen different sorts of lies about it.

I hope Bob will not stop, though, until he repeats his Sandersville charge in Emanuel, Jefferson, Screven, and Bulloch.

John Slaton rushed into the New York Times (Adolph Ochs) with a letter which claims, in effect, the recent election in Georgia was a vindication of himself.

Mr. Ochs was so pleased, that he put Slaton on the editorial page.

What do you suppose the alleged vindication is based on?

Slaton says that John H. Boykin was elected to succeed Dorsey in the Solicitorship, and that the two dissenting Judges of the Supreme Court had no opposition—therefore Slaton is vindicated!

Gov. Harris doesn't seem to see it that way: old Nat intimates that Slaton and the Frank case played h—ll with him.

Col. Nat ought to know, for he was sure out in the climate, where melancholy events were transpiring.

Slaton did not tell his friend Ochs that Justices Fish and Beck did no more than decide, that Judge Roan had erred in allowing Conley to state what he saw Frank doing to the girl from the upper floor, when he, Conley, peeped through the key-hole.

That was a detail, not at all necessary to the making out of the complete case against Leo Frank—as I demonstrated in the September 1915 number of our magazine.

But these two Justices sided with the others in refusing to hear a re-argument. They also decided that there was no merit in the Extraordinary motion for new trial, which the then governor Slaton had helped to fabricate, and which he stressed so much in that 15,000 word defense of his.

There was absolutely no criticisms of Justices Beck and Fish, any more than there has been of Justices Holmes and Hughes, of the U. S. Supreme Court.

The furious rage aroused by Slaton grew out of his dual role in the case, and out of his manifest intention to disregard laws, courts, and justice.

To act as governor and lawyer in the same case, shocked popular instincts of right. As governor of the State, he was sworn to execute the laws: as attorney for Leo Frank, he was actively working to save a convicted criminal.

As governor, he owed a duty to the State and to the Law: as Frank's lawyer, he worked with the detectives who were trying to suppress evidence, manufacture testimony, and run witnesses away.

It was this duplicity, SUGGESTIVE OF CORRUPTION, that caused the storm to break.

Then when all the Courts had decided against Slaton, the lawyer, Frank's attorneys went through the farce of pleading the case before one of themselves, ACTING AS GOVERNOR.

Senator Ollie James examined the record of the official evidence, and refused to accept a big fee to participate in the comedy

which Slaton's associates in the case were to act before him.

When as bold a man as Luther Rosser thought it advisable to creep to Slaton's house, at midnight, for a final conference between partners, they both were bound to know they were defying destiny.

In any event, Dorsey would have defeated Harris; but if the Governor had avoided Slaton, and not allowed him to secure the pardon of Stripling, the votes would have been much more evenly divided.

An amazing thing to see a new man like Dr. Keese, unknown to public life, cut into the campaign, without fuss, speaking tours, daily papers, big advertisements, money, or patronage, and beat the Harris-Slaton-Rosser-Senators combine by 38,000 votes!

Even in Fulton County, where the Frank case issued was most intense, Dorsey beat the whole bunch!

Where then, does Slaton's vindication come in?

Ask Gus Fite what the Frank case did to him.

As to John Boykin, a little knowledge of the facts may be illuminating:

In the first place, Boykin's violent abuse of me, and his frenzied zeal for Leo Frank assured him practically all of the Catholics and Jews.

In the second place, there was the financial backing of Slaton, Grant, Rosser, and some others.

In the third place, his running-mate, Stevens, was considered a fine man and good lawyer.

In the fourth place, Nat Harris had loaded Eb Williams with Hamp McWhorter's son; and Hamp had done the only fool thing I ever knew him to do in politics; he had written letters to Fulton County voters, soliciting votes for his son.

It was reported that Eb Williams had been married by a priest, that his wife was a Catholic, and that Ebenezer had been forced to sign a bill-of-sale, as it were, to his expected children, delivering them to the Italian pope.

Besides, Eb. was accused of being a Leo Frank sympathiser, himself.

Hence, the average voter in Atlanta was between the Devil and the Deep Sea. He couldn't enjoy himself, in either direction; and, in many cases, the perplexed citizen took to the woods.

Of course Slaton didn't explain all this to Mr. Adolph Ochs, of the New York Times.

By the way, suppose Hughes is elected President!

That would be another vindication of John M. Slaton.

Are Hearst, Ochs, Pulitzer, Abell and Slaton supporting our Baptist brother, Charley Hughes?

If not, why not?

Vindictory logic should be consistent.

If the re-election of Justices Fish and Beck is a vindication of the pro-Frank champions, they should rally to Brother Charles. He, also, dissented from the majority of the Justices.

Is the Atlanta Journal for Hughes?

Is the Georgian supporting Brother Charles?

Is the Catholic morning daily in Augusta roaring for Hughes?

Is George Long of Canada bringing The Telegraph over to the dissenting Justice whose decision was so loudly praised, last year?

I guess our vote for Fish and Beck commits us to voting for Hughes.

Is it not so?

Don't all speak at once.

Hon. Carl Vinson paid the old Pops a nice compliment, by naming J. C. C. Black as first man on his delegation to the Congressional convention.