

# LOUISIANA PLOT AGAINST THE KLAN REVEALED AS COWARDLY CONSPIRACY

## Governor Parker and Catholic Cohorts "Framing" With Low White Trash and Outlaw Negroes of Morehouse Parish

John M. Parker, Governor of Louisiana, and his papal cohorts now stand pilloried and condemned on account of the miserable fiasco of the Mer Rouge "murders." They had hoped by Machiavellian craftiness to flood the country with the "perfidy" of the Ku Klux Klan and to charge the Order with crimes and get away with it for propagandist purposes. Parker wanted the Catholic vote. The king of darkness tips his hat to the Governor of Louisiana. The real sensation of Mer Rouge is told in this story, which should make the editors of the daily press, who have been promoting the conspiracy against justice, hang their heads in everlasting shame.

There are two sets of white people in Morehouse Parish, Louisiana. One, the flower of the old South, where trust in God and deference to womanhood are the ruling emotions that sway the lives of many men, to whom the traditions of the old South are sacred.

The other is a motley crew of renegade Caucasians in whom dishonesty and depravity blend like mud and miasma in a swamp. They are a set of jack leg gamblers and moonshiners who play sardine games with the darkies in the day time and sleep with their dusky daughters in the night time. A set of lecherous white men who go warm from the beds and kisses of colored wenches to press their lips on the mouths of their white wives and babies, and openly boast of the nocturnal prowess of their senegambian consorts, a set of men who send bon bons to negro sweethearts, and

appear with them in motor cars on the open streets of the village in broad daylight and serve them drinks in their cars, while white girls accuse them to the crime from childhood, move down the street in shame and discomfort. A set of married white men who proudly maintain a cabin and a home, with the choice of provisions for the cabin. A set of white men married to bulldozed wives who are forced to endure the savage jeers of black paramours on the open highways of the town, whose daughters eternally suffer the humiliation of being half sisters to negro brutes who defiantly proclaim their kinship to make the villagers laugh. Added to this is thievery, bootlegging and moonshining, and with this set the governor or Louisiana and his Catholic cohorts are aligned.

That is the motley crew the Governor of Louisiana is lined up with in his assault on the manhood of the Pelican state, in his effort to destroy the Ku Klux Klan for personal aggrandizement.

The South stands appalled at the disclosures made at Mer Rouge. The nation hangs its head in shame, that a Governor should stoop to consort with an element like that to vent his spleen on strong men who are striving to maintain white supremacy, and the peace and dignity of their community.

And on top of all this we have the spectacle of the lawless negro equalityites, lying in ambush to assassinate the white citizens who spoke in open condemnation of the depravity that had settled like a fog over the Mer Rouge community.

Watt Daniels, the man who disappeared, terrorized the people with gun

displays, dashing through the village in his whiskey car with his nigger wench by his side, laughing at the fleeing white girls and white boys.

The father of Watt Daniels runs a gambling hell in his own home where negro men gamble with white men, where whiskey is sold to white women and negro men.

That is the appalling condition that prevailed at Mer Rouge.

That is why the citizens arose one day and drove Watt Daniels and his friend Richards from the community.

That is why conditions became unbearable and intolerable to the respectable white citizens of Morehouse parish.

Things had reached the stage where the white manhood of the parish had to turn the community over to the outlaws and their negro women, or drive the bestial degenerates from their midst. They chose the only course.

The white men stood all that white men could be made to stand; they stood too much.

Watt Daniels was driven from the community, and his friend Richards was made to leave the town.

The Governor of Louisiana is lined up with the nigger lovers against the white manhood of his State. The harlot press of the country is used as their servile tool.

He took advantage of that situation and turned on the best, truest and noblest white men of his state with the ferocity of a tiger to make political capital for himself.

Parker never sought to correct those unbearable conditions at Mer Rouge. He never sought to stamp out the illicit whiskey making; he never sought to break up the open adultery of lecherous white men and bestial negro women; he never sought to protect the white people of his state from the outlawry of white degenerates.

And, when the manhood of Morehouse parish finally did assert itself, the governor of the state, seeing in the incident an opportunity to foist himself into national fame via the route of Catholic venom and prejudice, he moved on his own people in fury.

The bodies of those men in Mer Rouge lake.

"But," said one, "the lake has been dragged repeatedly."

"Leave it all to me," said a shrewd detective.

The next move in the plot follows. The militia of the state moved to the pater of newspaper typewriters on a peaceful community.

Publicity men spread the story over the nation with photos of Governor Parker and other figures in the plot.

An imported diver with twelve carefully guarded trunks came to Mer Rouge. We see the diver posing in the lake for a picture, and that is the only time he gets into the water. His carefully guarded trunks were on the bank of the lake. The militia is moved away, only two or three of the faithful are permitted to be present at the dynamiting. A great charge of dynamite is exploded on the bank, a terrific hole is torn in that side of the bank, for newspaper pictures, and then two bodies, with their heads cut off, "arise to the surface"—from the trunks. Heads cut off to prevent recognition.

Is the local coroner sent for in accordance with the law? No. He is told to stay away under penalty of being shot.

The father of Watt Daniel, the gambler who consorted with negroes in his own home, is sent for. Watt carried a goodly sized life insurance. Old Man Daniel showed more interest in that insurance money than he did in the body of his son. He seemed anxious to prove his son dead—too anxious for the investigators.

"How are you going to explain about the heads being cut off?" asked one of the plotters.

"Frame a story about the men being tortured," was the answer, and the nation was given the most horrible story of "torture" and brutality ever read even in fiction. It was too ridiculous for belief. One of the leading attorneys for the case left the job after this happened. He is a prominent New Orleans lawyer, and he quit the case. He had enough.

The mother of Richards is a Christian woman. The conspirators had no clothing for Richards, and there was no way of inducing her to enter the plot, so they found the body of Richards naked. His bones were also brok-

en and "tortured" to explain the de-captation.

The story is the most monumental fake ever perpetrated in a civilized nation.

The effort to connect the Ku Klux Klan began to crumble.

The investigation is drawing to a close, with nothing whatever proven against the Ku Klux Klan.

The only thing that is left standing is the fact that the governor of Louisiana is lined up with the most depraved set of white negro lovers the South has ever known against the white manhood of his state, and in the effort to blacken their fair names, he has devised the most hellish scheme ever conceived.

Morehouse parish should have been put under martial law many months ago for not driving Watt Daniel and Richards from the parish a long time ago.

When white men with white wives go to living openly with negro women, and bring in a white and black edition of children openly and brazenly, they forfeit their right to exist in a decent community. They forfeit liberty and their right to be treated as men.

The white people will not stand for it, never have stood for it, and never will.

The Catholics are welcome to all they get out of Mer Rouge.

### At Random

By Allyn Jayne  
A REVIEW OF YE PAST ELECTION METHODS.

In ye olden tyme (not far remote) when a manne chose to run for office, he sat about it in this manner:

He first called his henchmen together and the spoils that might be derived, should such a venture prove successful, were carefully considered, their possible values measured, and a division pre-arranged that appeared to be satisfactory to all. Then each one went his way and procured votes for ye prospective candidate in every manner possible; some by show of greata and sudden friendliness; some by promises that they meant not to remember, and still others by threatnings and coercion of those whose affairs made them dependents.

But greatest of all aides to ye candidate was ye daily paper, the favor of which was most essential. If suitable dole was forthcoming to buy the support of said sheet, ye election could be presaged with comparative safety—as to the making of ye bettes, etc.

The support of ye paper might be explained in this wise: Many glowing accounts of ye candidate's virtues were printed, together with lengthy writ upon his past attainments and future (?) intentions. All of said person's mistakes and bad qualities were mysteriously deducted and added to ye opposing candidate's record; indeed, one might well believe that wings were sprouting upon the first, and cloven hoofs upon the latter!

Meanwhile, even before election took place, ye paper was quietly gaining financially from the greata space required for pictures and further eulogies, purporting to be the desires of ye candidate's committee and signed by them as a "paid adv.," but in reality ye candidate was the whole committee himself and not infrequently his entire assets were used up in such procedure. When election day arrived, ye paper designated ye ticket with ye candidate's name marked "yes" and ye populace repaired to the polls and voted as directed and ye cut and dried plans were carried through.

But such procedure was destined, not to continue. An order of men arose who questioned the fairness of ye methods and they organized in the name of justice, integrity and loyalty. This order was not afraid of ye presse, neither could its votes be bought or influenced by unfair methods. Choosing candidates for honest reasons only, it proceeded to elect them, independent of ye olde methods and politicians.

At the conclusion of such brave and successful demonstration, ye populace was speechless with astonishment. Could they have found voice they would have spoken thus: "Note the passing of corruption and behold the result of united, earnest effort and true Americanism!"

Twelve-Year-Old Mechanic.  
He was keenly interested in automobiles, knew all about them—could

name their different parts, actions, etc. As usual with boys, practice on the piano (insisted upon by mother) was very irksome, and his mind ran on, automobile-wise, while he practiced. When he had mastered some accidentals he called thus: "Mother, come and see me play these different tials."

He disliked fish and when urged at table to eat some, and refusing, he was asked why he disliked it, he said: "Because the taste and smell of it backfire up my throat."

Impatient they wait at the tomb of Tutank'

Soon we'll hear all about him and learn of his rank;

'Tis said, "Holy Moses, the king of the Jews"

May have known the old duffer and shared in his views.

If rich men were buried the same now-a-days—  
With all of their wealth and costly outlays—  
'Twould require an army to keep all intact.

For lone guards would pilfer or by holdups be whacked.

There are many sects; some of them might be better designated by the prefix "in."

(Tommy, aged six, teasing to see a picture being shown in episodes):  
"Mother, if you don't let me go to the show, I'll miss the fifth estipede."

We note that a certain Astoria church uses very expensive tabernacles.

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**THE DEVIL'S PRAYER BOOK**  
BY WILLIAM LLOYD CLARK

We have just issued from The Rail Splitter press a new edition of "The Devil's Prayer Book," an exposure of aricular confession as practiced by the Roman Catholic Church. It is a great eye opener for husbands, fathers and brothers. No male relative is allowed to be in the confessional or to be so located that he can hear the questions asked his wife, sister or sweetheart during the ordeal of confession. When you read this book you will know why. The book has an illustration showing the attitude or pose of both priest and woman while in confession. It also publishes the questions which the priest is compelled to ask his female dupe through the hole in the wall before he can grant an absolution. It also contains other valuable information. This office is able to produce a book of this kind for the reason that we own one of the largest if not the largest and most complete Anti-Papal library in America, including the secret works of the church. You get in this book for a trifle what it would cost you a vast sum to accumulate if you gathered the information at random. It would also cost you the research of a lifetime. Mr. Clark commenced the work of building a great patriotic library over forty years ago. He has succeeded in accumulating a vast collection of the most carefully guarded secret works of the church and you get the benefit of his tireless labors in this book for the insignificant outlay of twenty-five cents. The material used could have easily been elaborated and padded out into a larger volume and sold for two or three dollars. But it is the purpose of this concern to reach the masses and this matter has been accordingly condensed in a document within the reach of all. It is for MEN ONLY and should be kept out of the reach of children. It is a book for real, red-blooded HE-MEN. The price is 25c for single copies or five for \$1. We want agents in every community in America to peddle this book. You can make big wages selling it. Go to your lodge and sell two or three hundred copies in a single night. To those who will act as our agents we will make a rate of \$12.50 per 100 post-paid cash with order. This is the best chance you ever had to make fast money and do good at the same time. The figures are plain. Don't ask questions. Order your books and push the work. We are going to sell 100,000 copies of this book this year and you are going to help us do it. Watch The Rail Splitter for reports in this great book-selling campaign. Address

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