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THOMSON, GA., MAY 8, 1913.

Hello! What!! Can This Be Dear Doctor Lovett?

IN the current issue of The Wesleyan Christian Advocate, my eyes gloat upon the following gloatsome paragraph:

It is high time all of our people were familiarizing themselves thoroughly with the acts and the tendencies of the Roman Catholic Church in this country. We are sending our missionaries to countries dominated for hundreds of years by that ecclesiasticism that our fellow men may have the gospel and the liberty and freedom which comes with its proclamation and acceptance—This Protestantism should do more and more. But while we are seeking to remove the horrible oppressions of Roman Catholicism in the Latin-American countries, we should open our eyes and see that no encroachments on our American institutions and attacks on our liberties are made at home by this same ecclesiastical organization whose past history reveals its thirst for political honor, and its merciless use of it when once it is obtained.

That's an editorial written, I suppose, by Dear Doctor Lovett.

It reminds me of something that T. E. W. has been saying for a couple of years, and for which he has been cussed in all the varied colors of the rainbow.

"We are sending missionaries, &c."

"But while we are seeking to remove the horrible oppressions of Roman Catholicism in the Latin-American countries, we should open our eyes, &c."

Why not call in all our missionaries and fight Roman Catholicism *here*, before it gets our country in the same fix that Latin-America is in?

Why not save the house from catching afire?

With our Presidents and our Cabinets aping Roman Catholicism in our national capital, with Bryan and Wilson imitating Taft, with Wilson and wife employing Romanists for private secretaries, with Bryan sending his son to the Jesuits to be educated and making speeches in praise of the treasonous Knights of Columbus—with the Romanist priests employing child labor in their Good-Shepherd slave pens, with the Romanists waging war upon our Public Schools, and with the Romanists trying to bulldoze, boycott and penalize the freedom of the press,—it seems to me that we have about as much Latin-America on this side of the Gulf as anybody could wish.

Let's fight the Roman Peril here at home, BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!

"How Atlanta Cleaned Up."

IN the Literary Digest of last week there appears nearly two pages of optimistic mush-gush under the above heading.

The optimistic mush-gush starts off in these words:

In Atlanta all the houses of professional vice have been advertised out of existence by the churches. The crusade that affected this constitutes, in the opinion of Mr. William T. Ellis, the most remarkable story in the present religious life of North America. The Christian sentiment of this Southern city has been solidified, a ruler of the underworld has become a matron of a new home for rescued girls, and "a tense political battle wherein Christian men showed that strategy and the ability to win are the possession of the righteous"—such are some of the outstanding features of the campaign. The "unforgettable address of Jane Addams" at the Men and Religious Congress in New York last spring sent the Atlanta delegates home with a new vision of their city's local conditions. "They discovered what may be found in almost every other large city in the country—a 'red light' district wherein the social evil was protected, or at least winked at, by city officials." The Continent (Chicago) gives Mr. Ellis's account of how these men went to work.

Without quoting Mr. Ellis' account of how it was done, I may say that nobody could have mixed more rose-water than Ellis did with his ink.

Just think of those statements!

"All the houses of professional vice advertised out of existence."

"More than 200 women forsook the old life of shame."

"The advertisements were marvels of effectiveness."

"These advertisements got Chief-of-Police Beavers, and he publicly promised to close the houses."

"In possession of the righteous."

And so forth, and so on.

Would to God that these well-meaning crusaders against vice would mix common sense with their zeal.

When Carrie Nation went around with her little axe, smashing saloon windows, she was actuated by a good motive, but did she benefit her cause?

When the British suffragettes resort to physical violence, do they add strength to the demand for "Votes for Women?"

When we wage war upon the vice district of Atlanta, or any other city, do we really accomplish anything?

I fear not.

Men and Brethren! let us use our horse-sense!

In the old days when nearly everybody kept a decanter, and took three drams a day, nobody knew there was such a complaint as *delirium tremens*.

Nobody had ever heard of "a nervous wreck."

In these days, when Coca-Cola is even given to the babies, and when the soft-drink spreads a flowery carpet on the pathway to Hell, you can't shoot off a shot-gun in any direction without bringing down "a nervous wreck."

In the old days, if a man *did* get drunk now and then, he soon slept it off, took a purgative, started anew, and looked all the brighter from his "clean out."

But it isn't that way any more. Men have been driven into *hiding their habits*, and disguising their appetites. Denied one thing, they have gone to another.

Instead of pure wines and whiskeys and beers, which rarely ruin the constitution, men have taken to cocaine, morphine, and coca-cola—which always destroy the human system.

Yet, the very crusaders who say the most violent and sweeping things against whiskey, *never say a word against Coca-Cola*.

And that brings me to my little sermon:

Men and women are much alike: God made them so.

If women did not crave very nearly the

same things men crave, the human race would soon die out.

Now, this God-given appetite, *when frustrated*, leads some men and women astray.

The male, having no mate, may become a rake. The same man, fitly married, becomes a model husband.

The female, having no mate, *suffers*. She either controls her inborn longings, and thus gradually weakens them to a degree where they give little trouble; or, she may become a courtesan.

If you have not already fainted, please get ready to do it:

The greater number of prostitutes are so, BY CHOICE.

Don't you doubt it. Many women go to the bad because they want to. That's shocking, but it's the truth.

Some girls are over-persuaded by boys whom they love: some are doped at the soft-drink fount: some are driven into lives of vice because of poverty: some drift into shame, on account of the lonesomeness and the drudgery of the home.

Many are attracted to the big cities, as the moths are by the bright light: the *life*, the glare, the human side of it, the diversions, the never failing objects of varied interests, the cheap enjoyments—all these things fascinate and draw the young into the whirl-pool.

But in more than half of all the cases of fallen women, you may be sure that the woman knew what she was doing when she fell.

Now then, what follows?

If it were possible for Chief Beavers to chase every prostitute out of Atlanta, and to close every house of ill-fame, the peril of pure women would be fearfully increased.

Is it any proof of the truth of what I have said that, *since the vice resorts were reported closed*, the very worst crime against a pure girl was committed in the heart of Atlanta?

The horrible fate of Mary Phagan appalls everybody.

Here was a pure little girl, hideously outraged, in the centre of a great city, in ear-shot of the churches, in the midst of a Christian population, and within a few days after Mr. Ellis had written the glowing account of "*How Atlanta cleaned up!*"

To attack the Red Light district, as a cure for social putridity, is on a par with treating an ulcer *from the outside*.

All surface eruptions are the evidences of impure blood: *get the blood purified, and the sores disappear.*

GET YOUR LAWS RIGHT! Get your home-life conditions right! **GET YOUR OWN LIVES RIGHT!** Do all the good you can to those among whom you live!

In this way, you can reduce, to the lowest possible notch, the evils that are always going to be here, until Gabriel blows his horn.

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