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THOMSON, GA., FEBRUARY 1, 1917.

Brief Notes on Big Topics.

GREAT grief will pervade the partisans of Leo Frank when they learn that William J. Burns, "the great Detective," has been convicted of a crime involving moral turpitude.

The New York Courts have come down upon William J.

His tribulations in Gotham probably remind him of the busy day he partly spent in Marietta, two years ago.

That was a very busy day with William J.

Part of the time was spent in getting into Marietta, and another part—much the smaller of the two parts—was spent in getting away.

They were holding an election in Cobb County, that day, and many men were running for the offices; but, at five o'clock in the evening, nobody was running except Burns; and even Burns didn't want office in Cobb County.

Burns was running for fresh air, outside.

The Lord didn't make many men that are such pluperfect rascals as William J.

But, after all, Burns made a mess of it, both in Georgia and New York.

Rascals can overdo it, just like other enthusiasts.

Daddy Noll's *Sunday Visitor* says that "the Catholic church played no part in bringing Watson to trial."

Didn't it? Why, then, did Secretary Anthony Matre make official reports on the case, at every annual convention of The American Federation of Catholic Societies?

Why did the Secretary in his official report, in 1915, state that the Knights of Columbus started the prosecution?

Why did the Secretary make further report on the status of the case, to the Madison Square Garden Convention, of 1916?

The *Sunday Visitor* knows as well as I do, that the American Federation of Catholic Societies adopted at New Orleans, six years ago, the written Resolution that "Watson must be put out of business."

Archbishop Blenk's paper, which is published in New Orleans, printed that Resolution, immediately after it had been adopted by the New Orleans Convention.

I have the clipping among my papers; and it was this information, conveyed to me by the late A. J. S. Bordeau, of *The Protestant Magazine*, that gave me warning of what to expect.

Their first move was, to scare off our advertising patrons; and Matre wrote the threatening letters, on the official stationery of the Catholic Federation.

Matre signed those threatening letters officially, as Secretary of the Catholic Societies.

When the desertion of the advertisers, and the boycott of the Catholic News-Stand Trust, failed to intimidate me, the same Italian scoundrel, ANTHONY MATRE, got on the blind

side of Anthony Comstock, and started the criminal prosecution.

The American Federation of Catholic Societies, therefore, were the prosecutors, according to their own official action and reports.

They resolved to put me out of business, and they tried to accomplish it, first, by the news-stand boycott; second, by threatening to boycott our advertising patrons; and, third, by instigating the criminal prosecution.

They got whipped, all along the line; and, of course, they would like for it now to appear that "the Catholic Church played no part in bringing Watson to trial."

Pappy hates to admit a sound drubbing.

When Secretary Matre makes his 5th and final Report on the case, at the annual Convention this year, I presume he will concoct some soothing syrup for the occasion.

In a letter from the father of a soldier who is on the Border, occurs this statement:

At a moving picture show the other evening there were shown some nice pictures of our army on the border. When the Sunday morning religious services were shown on the screen, there you were—THE FULL CATHOLIC SERVICES AND OUTFIT.

Gee, but it's tough!

Yes, it's tough. The Roman Catholic papers are loudly and continuously jubilating over the increased number of Chaplains they have put over the troops; the regular attendance of Government officials at Catholic functions; and, the fact that "Cardinal's Day" is celebrated in Washington City with more pomp than Washington's own birthday.

At Hereford, Texas, is published a pitiful little papal paper, called *The Antidote*. In a recent issue it says—

Watson NOT GUILTY. We expected no other verdict from Georgia. We wish to congratulate Thos. E. Watson on his perspicuity—he knows his men so well and manages to fool them all the time. He is the fellow that advocated Convent Inspection for fear of Convent immorality; and yet sends his daughters to a convent for their education. Poor Georgia people! How easily humbugged.

Poor little *Antidote*! It hasn't got sense enough to know when a papal lie is worn out.

My only daughter is a matron of middle age, a prominent member of the Baptist church; and is educating her only daughter at home, her tutor being a fine young Methodist girl.

My daughter was educated in the Presbyterian College, at Decatur, Georgia—"The Agnes Scott"—that institution having been chosen because it afforded the advantage of letting my daughter live with her aunt—Mrs. Dr. William Durham—during her 4-year course in the excellent school.

My daughter never spoke to a priest in all her life; but, for three months only, she was taught by Catholic ladies, when she was a mere child, before seriously entering upon her education at the Agnes Scott.

The Jeffersonian never tells lies, and never hides anything.

The record of the U. S. Court will forever show, that I put my whole life in evidence before the court and country, summoning witnesses who have known me since my bare-footed boyhood, and who have lived neighbors to me ever since; and whenever the District Attorney asked a question of me which my attorneys considered legally objectionable, my prompt and invariable comment was—

"I don't object, but will gladly answer. I have nothing to hide!"

Incidentally, the record will forever show that I wasn't apologizing to anybody, either.

If any American has ever stood more up-

rightly on his shoe-leather, and fought his Catholic persecutors more defiantly, the case is not on record.

No wonder Pappy and his boot-lick American papers are disgruntled! Still, they might at least invent some fresh lies, and not continue to use the stale one about my "daughters" being in a convent.

No daughter of mine, was ever in a convent proper, for one second.

As I made a point of assuring the jury, in my speech, I have never said that the schools taught by Catholic ladies were immoral.

On the contrary, I expressly stated that such schools may be as clean as any others.

Between the schools taught at a convent, and the convent proper, wherein single women are immured for life and are accessible to no men except the bachelor priests—the difference is as great as the difference between any other two opposites.

When the Madeline Pollard case of 1893 disclosed the hideous fact that 500 babies had been born in the big convent in the District of Columbia, it wasn't a school that was involved.

The guilty institution was a cloistered convent, full of young nuns, accessible to young unmarried priests.

The Antidote has apparently never read up, on the case of Congressman Breckinridge and Madeline Pollard. Yet the record can easily be found.

Won't The Antidote invest a few ducats in pursuit of knowledge in that direction?

Won't The Antidote please give us its theory as to the paternity of those 500 babies?

When convent babies come along by the hundred, they stimulate curiosity, and invite investigation.

But The Antidote yells at us Georgians, because we have provided for convent inspection.

Let The Antidote hold its potato: Texas will have a Veazey Bill before long, and then the lid will be lifted off those hell-holes in San Antonio and Dallas.

I was sorry to see that Speaker Champ Clark was one of those who flunked to the foreign church, on "Cardinal Day."

The crafty old Jesuit, James Gibbons, sat proudly upon a purple "throne," during the pagan performance, and the most powerful Protestant in Congress lent his countenance to the creation of Christ out of bread, to the pretended eating of God by humans.

The negroes of Africa make their God, too, but they don't eat it.

The Catholics are the only people who pretend to eat the Almighty.

The Africans make their god out of rags and sticks: they call him by the name of "Mumbo Jumbo:" after they finish making him, they set him up, like you place a scarecrow, and then they fall down before him, in worship.

We don't think much of the intelligence of these black folks; and I am sure that Speaker Champ Clark would not attend a Mumbo Jumbo performance, if African idolaters should stage one in Washington and invite him to it.

The Catholics make their alleged god out of wheat flour, or rice paste: they call this god by the name of "The Host;" and after the priest makes it, by talking Latin to the wafer, he holds the wafer aloft in both hands, and the intelligent humans prostrate themselves before it, in worship.

Then they eat it.

And when they invite the Government to attend the ceremony of God-making, the high officials respond to the summons; and the Cardinal struts on his purple throne, while "God," made at the altar, is swallowed by the worshippers.