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"SIMON CALLED PETER"—"LADIES OF THE EVENING"—WHAT NEXT?

A representative of The Jeffersonian had the pleasure, if it may be called such, to witness two of the most degrading plays that have dared to come into this community, and the wonder is that inasmuch as our movies are censored to "The Queen's Taste," why some measure has not been taken to put "the soft pedal" on some so-called broad theatrical productions.

"Simon Called Peter" our representative sat through, while a depraved audience clapped its approval. The brazen woman in the title role not only displayed half her naked body to the men in the cast, but the audience as well, and so great was the appeal of her hide that "Simon Called Peter" is now playing its fourth week in our midst.

Mr. Brady, the producer of the play, has made a neat sum out of the production, and it goes without saying that its success has been due to judicious advertising. "Simon Called Peter" is a money maker because it has been heralded by Mr. Brady himself as imodest and immoral. In some sections he has not been permitted to show it. The stunt of the woman in disrobing is extremely bold and there is no suggestion of a moral in the play and nothing to recommend it except its vulgarity and its entire departure from morality.

Yet about fifty clergymen out of the one hundred clergymen invited to view the play by Mr. Brady wended their way to see it.

It would be interesting to know the motives that prompted them to go—of course, it cost them nothing; Mr. Brady saw to that, but that could scarcely be assigned as a reason, and it will be hardly given as an excuse by them that they wanted to see just how bad it was, for they already knew. Mr. Brady told them that through the newspapers.

We are at a loss to understand why the "gentlemen of the cloth" went to see the worst play shown—but we think we know why they were invited, and Mr. Brady will be greatly disappointed if all who saw it do not speak of how unspeakably bad it was from their pulpits.

Mr. Brady knows that if the ministers would not take his word for the character of the play, but went to see it for themselves, that the congregation who got a discourse of it from their pastors will also want to see for themselves just how bad it is; hence Mr. Brady will have fifty ministers advertising "Simon Called Peter," which he admits is unfit for the stage.

How much better it would be for ministers of the gospel to inform their people of plays that are pure and wholesome rather than lend themselves and their pulpits to advertise vile productions.

In the face of "Simon Called Peter" comes "Ladies of the Evening," which would make "Sappho" take a back seat.

Yea, how harmless Shaw's celebrated Mrs. Warren seems to the wide-open spaces in this age of jazz.

According to theatre managers and theatrical producers a crimson lady must be all crimson and a yard wide—pink, even rose color, will not do. And she must be crimson in speech, crimson in action and crimson in everything.

"Simon Called Peter" and "Ladies of the Evening" reach new depths of outspokeness and are typical of the change which has come over the manners of our theatres.

It seems as only yesterday that Belasco was producing the beautiful "Music Master," and starring David Warfield in "The Merchant of Venice," yet, reacting to the new spirit of the world of make-believe we hear no more of David Warfield and Shakespeare. Instead, we have the sensuality of vile productions and no one seems really to mind—pulpit, press and public refuse to view these offerings with alarm. No angry, fist-like voice is raised against the change. One or two clergymen object half-heartedly, but these voices are lost in the applause of audiences.

Perhaps we are growing older, more tolerant, more sophisticated—perhaps we are surer of ourselves than we used to be—perhaps knowledge is opening the gates of wisdom. On the other hand, perhaps we are losing the moral integrity of our ancestors—perhaps our new found strength is no more than weakness in disguise.

Time, and time alone, can only tell. In the meantime "Simon Called Peter" and "Ladies of the Evening" have become heroes and heroines.

Yea, what next may we expect?

"JEFF" PLAYS NO FAVORITES.

Here's a letter The Jeffersonian received from a Towson woman, and we'll let you draw your own conclusions as to who is ignorant and who is not:

"After reading your very ignorant and unjust criticism of the Chautauqua we feel we can put the price of your paper to better use. Am sending the amount of subscription and want the paper stopped at once."

It is an impossible task for a publisher to compile a newspaper with each item appealing to individual readers, and in this case we fully agree with the writer that perhaps she can use the subscription price to a better advantage.

The Jeffersonian will always defend individuals and enterprises that it conscientiously believes deserve to be defended, and on the other hand will oppose, and oppose vigorously, individuals and enterprises that do not stand for the best interests of all.

We are opposed to Chautauqua for the reasons given in our last issue, the sum and substance of which is that Chautauqua makes all necessary monies guaranteed before it packs up to come to Towson.

If there are a few who want it, then let them pledge the full amount and not go begging among friends and acquaintances for the deficit as in years gone by.

POSTOFFICE DEPARTMENT FOR SERVICE, NOT PROFIT, IS IDEA OF MANY STATESMEN.

Washington, Andrew Jackson, Sumner And Woodrow Wilson Attacked Profit-Making Principle Now Being Pushed By Republican Postmaster General.

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the post office and of publications in these words:

"But here I can not forbear to recommend a repeal of the tax on the transportation of public prints. There is no resource so firm for the Government of the United States as the affections of the people, guided by an enlightened policy, and to this primary good nothing can conduce more than a faithful representation of public proceedings, diffused without restraint throughout the United States."

President Woodrow Wilson.—President Wilson, when a socially destructive postage increase law was being urged, stated:

"It must be that those who are proposing this change of rates (magazine postage rate increase) do not comprehend the effect it would have. A tax upon the business of the more widely circulated magazines and periodicals would be a tax upon their means of living and performing their functions.

"They obtain their circulation by their direct appeal to the popular thought. Their circulation attracts advertisers. Their advertisers enable them to pay their writers and to enlarge their enterprise and influence.

"This proposed new postal rate would be a direct tax, and a very serious one, upon the formation and expression of opinion—its more deliberate formation and expression—just at a time when opinion is concerning itself actively and effectively with the deepest problems of our politics and our social life.

"To make such a change now, what ever its intentions in the minds of those who propose it, would be to attack and embarrass the free processes of opinion.

"Surely, sober second thought will prevent any such mischievous blunder."

Benjamin Rush.—Benjamin Rush, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, in 1787, wrote an article entitled—"The Revolution Is Not Over"—in which among other observations, he made the following:

"For the purpose of diffusing knowledge, as well as extending the living principles of the Government to every part of the United States—every state, city, county, village, and township in the Union should be tied together by means of the post office.

"This is the true non-electric wire of Government. It is the only means of carrying heat and light to every individual in the Federal Commonwealth. 'Sweden lost her liberties,' says the Abbe Reynal, 'because her citizens were so scattered that they had no means of acting with each other.' It should be a constant injunction to the postmasters to carry newspapers free of all charges for postage. They are not only the vehicles of knowledge and civilization, but the sentinels of the liberties of our country."

Andrew Jackson.—Andrew Jackson in his message to Congress in 1829 declared:

"In a political point of view, this department is chiefly important as affording the means of diffusing knowledge. It is to the body politic what the veins and arteries are to the natural—conveying rapidly and regularly, to the remotest parts of the system, correct information of the operations of the government, and bringing back to it the wishes and feelings of the people. Through its agency we have secured to ourselves the full enjoyment of the blessing of a free press."

Charles Sumner.—Senator Charles Sumner's great speech on postal principles of June 10th, 1870, is clear and convincing:

"There is nothing in the Constitution or in reason to distinguish the Post Office in this respect from the Army, the Navy, or the Judiciary. The Constitution confers upon Congress the power 'to establish post offices and post roads' precisely as it confers upon Congress the power to 'raise and support armies'—the power 'to provide and maintain navies,' and the power to 'constitute tribunals inferior to the Supreme Court,' and in each of these cases it is empowered 'to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers.' Nobody suggests that now in peace our armies shall amplify their commissariat by enforced contributions; that our Navy shall redouble its economies by supplementary piracy; or that our tribunals inferior to the Supreme Court shall eke out a salary by requisitions on the suitors—to the end that each of the departments may be in some measure 'self-supporting.' Why, then, should the Post Office be subjected to a different rule? Not, surely because it is less beneficent; not because it is the youngest child of Government a very 'Benjamin' coming into being long after the others. But such is the case.

"The rule for others is discarded when we come to the Post Office, and here for the first time we hear that a department of Government must be 'self-supporting.' As there is no ground in the Constitution for this pretense, so is there none in reason.

"Of all existing departments the Post Office is most entitled to consideration, for it is most universal in its beneficience. That public welfare which is the declared object of all the departments appears here in its most attractive form. There is nothing which is not helped by the Post Office.

"Is business in question? The Post Office is at hand with invaluable aid, quickening and multiplying all its activities.

"Is it charity? The Post Office is the good samaritan omnipresent on all the highways of the land.

"Is it the precious intercourse of family or friends? The Post Office is carrier, interpreter, and handmaid.

"Is it education? The post-office is schoolmaster with school for all and with scholars counted by the million.

"Is it the service of Government? The Post Office lends itself so completely to this essential work that the national will be conveyed without noise or effort to the most remote corners, and the Republic becomes one and indivisible.

"Without the post office where would be that national unity with irresistible guarantee of equal rights to all, which is now the glory of the Republic? Impossible — absolutely impossible. Therefore, in the name of all these, I do insist that now, in these days of equality, the post office shall be admitted to equality with all other departments of the Government, so that it may discharge its own peculiar and many-sided duties without being compelled to find in itself the means of support. It has enough to do without taking thought of the morrow. On every side and in every direction it is the beneficent helper. To the Army it is a staff; to the Navy it is a tender; to the Treasury it is a support; to the judiciary it is a police; to President and Congress it is an adjunct; and to all else, public or private, whatever the interest, aspiration, or sentiment, it is an incomparable ally. Better than two blades of grass where only one grew before, and when the precious product is measure dby millions you see the vastness of the benevolence."

THE WHITE APRON.

I am so glad
That when I was young
My mother wore a long, white apron
The one with the hand-made lace;
It was all so splendidly large—
Enough to gather one into
Its clean white folds
If need be.

Worn over dark woolen dresses
Whose buttons invited one to count
"Rich man, poor man—"
It made one to think
Of bright colored yarns
Half-burned logs
Damp autumn leaves
Brushing the window pane

Mother's apron
Was not a garment
(And I am sure of this)
It was an influence
Wholesome, restful and pure
As such it will live forever.

NOT EXACTLY.

The Reporter (interviewing a notorious prisoner recently released from prison)—And then shall I say that you walked from the prison a free man?

The Prisoner—No, you can't say that. I had my wife with me.

THIS LOOKS SERIOUS.

Judge—What's this man charged with, officer?

Cap—Careless walking, yer honor. He bumped into a truck and bent both the fenders and radiator.

LOGIC, JIMMIE AND TEACHER.

Every speaker must remember that there is more intelligence in his audience than in his head. An audience is many; he is only one. Be sure of your facts, think them out. Present them logically. Jimmie proved the value of advance thought when he giggled.

Jimmy giggled when the teacher read the story of a man who swam a river three times before breakfast.

"You do not doubt that a trained swimmer could do that, do you?"

"No, sir," replied Jimmy, "but I wonder why he did not make it four, and get back to the side where his clothes were."

HER DOWNY COUCH.

Teacher—Willie, what is an average

Willie—It's something a hen lays on.

Teacher—Explain, please.

Willie—Well, I can't explain it—but I know our old Leghorn hen lays on an average of three eggs a week.

MARRIED AGAIN.

A clergyman, who was a widower, had three grown-up daughters. Having occasion to go away for a few weeks, he wrote home from time to time. In one of his letters he informed them that he had "married a widow with six children."

This created a stir in the household. When the vicar returned home, one of the daughters, her eyes red with weeping, said:

"Where's the widow you married, father?"

"Oh, I married her to another man. I ought to have told you that!"

WASN'T NECESSARY.

Mr. Brown—You certainly have some wonderful chickens, Mrs. Newrich. Do they lay well?

Mrs. Newrich—Oh, they could, you know, but in our financial position, of course, they don't have to.

QUITE ANOTHER MATTER.

Irate Papa—No, sir. My daughter can never be yours.

Bright Suitor—Quite right, sir. She can not possibly be my daughter. I only wanted her to be my wife.

WANTS TO KNOW.

"Children," said the Sunday-school superintendent, "this picture illustrates today's lesson: Lot was warned to take his wife and daughters and flee out of Sodom. Here are Lot and his daughters, with his wife just behind them; and there is Sodom in the background. Now, has any little boy or girl a question before we take up the study of the lesson? Well, Susie?"

"Pleath, thir," lisped the latest graduate from the infant class, "where ith the flea?"

WASN'T WORH IT.

Jean longed for a kitten. When illness made it necessary for Jean to go to the hospital her mother said:

"I will make a bargain with you, Jean If you will be a brave little girl about your operation, you shall have the nicest kitten I can find."

Jean took the ether, but later, as she came out from under the enesthetic, she realized how very wretched she felt. The nurse leaned over to catch her first spoken word.

"What a bum way to get a cat!" moaned the child.

LOOKING AHEAD.

"When I grow up," said little Ethel with a dreamy, imaginative look, "I'm going to be a school-teacher."

"Well, I'm going to be a mamma and have six children," said tiny Edna.

"Well, when they come to school to me I'm going to whip 'em, whip 'em, whip 'em."

"You mean thing!" exclaimed Edna, as the tears came into her eyes. "What have my poor children ever done to you?"

SURE REMEDY.

Customer—Can you tell me what I can do to avoid falling hair?

Manicurist—Jump out of the way.

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