

My address to Mothers in Coleman
brought Chau-tangua Salute and
request for publication.
Let me have your honest crit-
icism L. D. L.

MOTHER'S CLARION CALL

By

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(MRS. J. P.) COLEMAN, TEXAS, SEPTEMBER 16, 1917.

Who knocks at our front door? Spirits of departed Saints
you say? 'Tis the Savior Himself!

Attention Listen mothers! God is sounding His "bugle blast" to us,
through this American Spirit of "Protection."

When our agonizing prayers and bitter wails seemed so long
unheeded we grew tired, faint and weary, but now, God is piercing
deep into the ears of delinquent Fathers this shrill Clarion Call,
Protection!

Soul-testing duties are appealing to the nation's greatest bur-
den bearers, but when the Master's hand drafts us into His moral
service there must be no Slackers. The opportunity is imperative! In
taking stock of ourselves, let us be determined to measure up to the
highest ideals of spiritualized Motherhood—filled with justice and
love and be illumined by an unconquerable faith.

"Old Glory" is our Country's "Honor Badge," and not one
citizen should disgrace it. Remember it was Germany's mistake
in "Lack of Principle" that drove us into the war.

With General Sherman's historic declaration "War is Hell" all
agree; but was he referring only to the devastation produced by fire
and leaden bullets, or did he possibly include such camp accompan-
iments as whiskey and prostitution?

These debasing accompaniments poison more lives than Ger-
man Gas, afflicting future generations with a leprous and pitiable
list of hereditary human derelicts.

We have justly berated the German soldiers who tortured the
"girls of Louvain," the memory of their shrieks paralyze American
hearts, and especially does that remembrance haunt the Christian
Mothers of our own girls, still surrounded by the purity of the
home circle. But Hark! Let's listen to the report from our Texas
border camps, where Uncle Sam uncovered the face of shame.

These Army and Navy statistical reports are absolutely reliable;
and I am sure honorable men will resent the disrepute brought up-
on the uniform by these debauched soldiers and will offer no ex-
cuse for the camps condemned by Dr. Exmer in his report to
Secretary of war Baker and published in "Social Hygiene Maga-

zine" April 1917. When we entered this World war Dr. Exmer found only one camp clean, and says; "They were the Happiest lot of boys and the Proudest set of officers he ever met"—mankind's subtle enemy had not played havoc with their strength—they deserve a monument, pure as snow, for reversing all former ideas about the "necessary evil," and such deportment braces up the hearts of all mothers making them burst forth with grand "Hallujah" for "Old Traditions Turned Upside Down".

Now, that such unspeakable conditions (as can not be transcribed here) have been revealed to our National leaders, we expect them removed with a "big push." Texas being the greatest Military Training Camp in the World—it devolves upon "Texas Mothers" to make a more strenuous effort in assisting the War Department in its anti-vice crusade—steering clear of sickly sentimentalities and ridiculous coddlings. Our government is caring affectionately for the soldiers—paying more than any other nation—providing them abundantly with healthy physical activities. Gen. Pershing writes back to Washington, "Too much spending money in the trenches destroys Democracy, and is demoralizing to the French who get only \$1.80 per month while our enlisted men get from \$30 to \$90."

The Nation derives from its GOOD MOTHERS, the very foundation of its existence—civilization would perish without her—immoral women do not become mothers of heroes, and should not be consulted, neither by voice nor vote. They serve only as material for reformatories; but if she is unsouled, since "no evil can see God," that process is equally shared by her partner. Statistics give 1,000,000 fallen women and 25,000,000 fallen men known in the United States.

As for those poor female unfortunates, housed in bunks and tents on the Mexican border; they were some boy's beloved sister, gone wrong—some father's pet daughter—some mother's sweet girl baby—some were perhaps orphans, made outcasts by the desperate loss of all hope, when seduced by the first white slaver they ever met; possibly under the power of some deadening dope, or obsessed with sin when a sexual stimulant was administered by some quack doctor. Even the poor boys too, were likely advised to follow the old Satanic falsehood about, "wine, and women"—hullabalooing our "Dear Absaloms" into the living hell which consumes their manhood.

With refinement, but with firmness, Christian Mothers must envelope themselves in a Joan-of-Arc Prudence Armor (not Prudishness whose affectation is the handmaiden of vice) and make it

the main object of their lives to blot out these vicious places which burn up the body and soul of our children unto the fourth generation when extinction follows.

It would be criminal for us to side-step this vital issue longer, with the excuse of ignorance—we are simply impelled to squarely face our responsibilities in a "brave publicity and agitation campaign" till the Hydra-headed monster is vanquished. The viciously guilty abhor the ghost of their own acts—reminders of guilt make conscientious cowards of them, like Jacob of old, when he exclaimed "How terrible is this place, God must be near"—then the leaven of reformation concludes the work of the Most High God.

No good woman should under-estimate her effective moral power, never let a sneer or bluff divert her from her sacred purpose, nor misrepresentations drive her from the God given duty of protecting both living and unborn children from the dreadful results of "legalized vice"—not even allow herself stunned by the satirical thrust that "the polecat has only been jabbed and its scent will remain at our front doors," but trust in our Combined organizations to deodorize and bury the brute. A pure woman's power is greater than an evil one; however, she must unswervingly believe it, Exert it Heroically, presenting the Bright Side of human nature. Let us intelligently use it, unclad with "modest ignorance"—conduct the reformation right in our own homes—our own society and schools, our own Army and Navy, and never be lulled into relaxation, till the wings of our American Eagle have scattered the Pollen of Purity throughout the world.

Necessarily did the reading of that nauseating revelation sicken and crush many wives and mothers unto tears. Yet, they should not become stampeded and swept off their feet by this sudden exposure of a very old state of affairs. Ancient history's "Rape of the Sabines" was no myth, nor does such vicious insanity" as our Texas border camps exhibited during the trouble with Mexico, belong alone to our own country; instead, the honor goes to "American mothers" as the first Women in the World to demand "clean conditions in camp life for their sons"—given freely to their country, not to vice.

We are making a remarkable history now—we are blessed with an aroused National Conscience—Christianized, and willing to throw its weight against this moral peril, that barnacles America's progress. This is no bluffing at purity either, but clinches "efficiency" where Uncle Sam has power. When he stamps his foot vice—laden rats scuttle to their holes. On first impulse we exclaim, prayers unbounded as Eternity have not availed like one

of his commands! But deeper reflection convinces us God sent Uncle Sam's help in answer to the heart-consuming prayers of women, whose votes made Woodrow Wilson President of these United States.

Civilians, we hope, will note the profit in this splendid conservation of our young manhood and, by force of example, condemn their own extravagant expenditure of morals, and get a clear vision of lessons to be learned from this war. When parents asked Dr. Holmes how young their children should be instructed, he replied "two hundred years before the children are born." Yes, forgive our forefathers, but ourselves, "suit the action to the word."

That Secretary Baker has sent out sanitary experts who must truthfully report their investigations, should lesson our alarm. Our President, his Official Family, and Congress have all agreed to help us and are faithfully carrying that promise to completion.

Virtue rejoiced "with her heart in her voice" when President Wilson raised the "Purposes of War" to its highest level—teaching us not to expect to conquer the Evil Others until we could first conquer our Evil Selves; and believing no nation can rise above its homes, every attainable homeforce is expected to be utilized in this anti-vice campaign. Remember men say "commercialized vice is better organized than booze," but their Waterloo is "casting its shadow before." and as they scamper from the white zone their death knell is sounding.

So long have "selfish habit" and "double standards" been tolerated by womankind that we must now employ great patience, deep pity, and much common sense in re-modling our requirements.

Take courage, Mothers, from the fact that our government is "casting out the life line" and by the universal admission that the scales of purity are tilted by the weaker sex; that super-agency itself will help us save the stronger sex. Good men have shown themselves ready to help us set up better standards for these warriors if we be truly in earnest about pressing this work to a finish. Womanhood need not lay the "flattering unction to her soul" that she is "The Glory of the Nation", unless she gives the full strength of her being to wipe out this obscene smirch upon our National Escutcheon, by remoulding public opinion into a White Life For Both Sexes. This will efface the biggest part of War's Hell, and bring forth the purest peace the world has ever known; making the Eagle and the Dove symbolize America's War Aims. What a beautiful coat of arms for the United States! The Eagle in his strength, uplifting the Dove of purity!