Among the Philistines

The Story of Carry Nation

By HERBERT ASBURY

During the first year of her career, Carry Nation competed, as a source of news, with the death of Queen Victoria and the assassination of President McKinley, but not even these extraordinary events could keep her name off the first page. By some she was regarded as a menace, by some as her country's savior; but it was certain that she was a national figure and as such she was destined to shoulder her hatchet and come East

IN HONOR of her initial visit to New York, in the latter part of August, 1901, Carry Nation wore a new poke bonnet adorned with long white ribbons tied under her chin, a new dress of shiny black alpaca, and a linen duster which reached to her ankles. Over her shoulder was slung the satchel in which she carried miniature hatchets, photographs, souvenir buttons and sample copies of *The Smashers' Mail,* which she began to publish while in jail in Topeka; and strapped to her waist under the duster was a hatchet of unusual size, almost as large as a small broad-ax.

She was met at the railroad station by a score of newspaper reporters, and by a large and curious crowd which cheered her heartily as she strode vigorously through the waiting-room. But she received no greeting whatever from officials of the religious and temperance organizations; the few endorsements which they had given her crusade had been half-hearted and perfunctory, and they now, and afterward when she visited New York, ignored her. She observed the slight, and asked the reporters to inform "the poor creatures" that she would not embarrass them by any smashing "unless I see so many hell-holes that I can't stand it." The saloon-keepers, however, especially those in the Broadway theatrical district and in the Tenderloin, had made extensive preparations for her visit. Gaily ornamented hatchets, signs saying, "All Nations Welcome But Carry," and special drinks named in her honor and compounded of the strongest liquors, made their appearance; and the owners of many barrooms publicly invited her to call upon them, promising to provide bottles and kegs for her exercises and engaging press agents to see that they received due credit in the newspaper accounts. Others employed guards to protect their property. At the Hoffman House Bar at Thirtieth Street and Fifth Avenue, sentinels were posted at every entrance, with special orders to prevent the crusader from destroying the famous painting, "Nymphs and Satyrs," hung above the bar and said to be worth ten thousand dollars.

Nothing would have brought greater joy to Carry Nation's turbulent soul than a smashing campaign in New York, for she subscribed wholeheartedly to the mid-Western credo that the metropolis was the canker of a continent and the wickedest city since Gomorrah. But she never received even the slightest encouragement from New York prohibition forces, and although she frequently annoyed the metropolitan saloon-keepers by her caustic comment, she never used her hatchet upon their property; she was appalled by the magnitude and power of the eastern liquor traffic, and frightened by the obviously hostile attitude of the police. On this particular visit she was in New York only a few hours, and did not so much as enter a saloon. She was driven from the train to the hotel Victoria, at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-seventh Street, where she registered as "Carry Nation, Your Loving Home Defender, Kansas," in an ungainly scrawl that filled half a page of the book. She turned from the desk after sniffing the clerk's breath and admonishing him sternly not to smoke, and immediately saw a marble figure of Diana poised gracefully above a fountain in the center of the lobby. She stopped and covered her eyes with her fingers.

"Look!" she shouted. "She ain't got a thing on!"

SHE CALLED loudly for the manager. When that functionary appeared she shook her hatchet at him and cried:

"Look here, my man, you cover up that nasty thing or there'll be a little hatchetation around here!"

A large piece of cheese-cloth was hastily procured and thrown over the statue, while the crowd which had pushed into the hotel to see the famous smasher proffered jocose advice, and Carry Nation went triumphantly to her suite. There she received the reporters, and presented to each a little hatchet inscribed "Carry Nation, Joint Smasher." Then she regaled them with an account of her mission and her exploits in Kansas, and sang them a song of her own composition, which ran as follows:

Sing a song of six joints,
With bottles full of rye;
Four and twenty beer kegs,
Stacked up on the sly.
When the kegs were opened,
The beer began to sing,
"Hurrah for Carry Nation,
Her work beats anything."

About eleven o'clock the crusader came down-stairs with her reportorial escort, and the entire party clambered into carriages. With Carry Nation and her manager leading in an open barouche drawn by a team of spirited black horses, the parade proceeded gaily down Fifth Avenue, attracting considerable attention because Carry Nation insisted upon carrying her hatchet across her shoulder as if it had been a rifle. Occasionally she brandished it wildly above her head, and whenever she passed a saloon she rose to her feet and shouted, "Rummies! Murderers! Hell-holes!" She had intended to call upon Acting Mayor Guggenheim, but he refused to see her, and the cavalcade stopped at length before Police Headquarters in Mulberry Street, where Police Commissioner Michael C. Murphy was induced to grant her an audience. Entirely surrounded by reporters, she bustled into his office, leaned over his desk and peered at him intently through steel-rimmed spectacles, and said:

"I've come for an account of your stewardship. Don't you think New York is an awful bad place?"

"No!" replied the Commissioner sharply. "I don't think anything of the kind!"

"Oh, yes, it is. It's full of hell-holes and murder shops."

"You don't know what you are talk-

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ing about," said Mr. Murphy. "You ought to go back to Kansas and stay there."

"Do you think I'm crazy?"

"Yes, I do."

"You say just what the wicked, riotous, rum-soaked, beer-swilled, bedevilled Republicans in Kansas say. And they don't believe it, either."

"Well, I believe it."

"Are you angry with me because I want these rum-holes closed, my Father?"

"What the devil do you mean, Madame?" shouted the Commissioner. "I'm not your father!"

"I know it," said Carry Nation. "But you look it. You're old enough to be my father. I'm fifty-five, and you're eighty-five if you are a day. But there is no shame in being old, my Father."

The indignant Commissioner, who was a veteran of the Civil War and very proud of his erect and soldierly figure, could only sputter incoherently. She continued:

"Father, don't you think a little hatchetation would be good for New York?"

"If you violate the law here, I'll have you locked up!" exploded the Commissioner.

"Now, Father." She patted his shoulder soothingly, and he flinched. "Don't be upset, Father. Good-bye, Father."

"Good-bye!" shouted the Commissioner. "And don't come back."

Carry Nation left the room chuckling, and in a corridor met Chief of Police William S. Devery, better known as Big Bill, who had just heard that she was in the building and was hurrying to enjoy the discomfiture of his superior officer. She talked to him for a moment, and when she was again in the street she said to the reporters:

"It'll take mighty strong wings to waft those men into Heaven."

A few days before Carry Nation arrived in New York, when her coming was the talk of the barrooms, John L. Sullivan had publicly boasted in his saloon in Forty-Second Street that "if that old woman ever comes around to my place, I'll throw her down the sewer." She now expressed a desire to see the noted pugilist.

"This Mr. Sullivan thinks he's mighty smart," she said. "I don't allow any man to stick me in a sewer hole. Not while I've got my senses."

The reporters joyfully escorted her to Forty-second Street. Sullivan's bulky figure was discerned among the loungers in front of the saloon door when the barouche whirled around the corner from Broadway, but when the vehicle stopped at the curb he had vanished. Carry Nation sent in her card, but the messenger returned with the information that Mr. Sullivan was asleep in his room upstairs and could not be disturbed.

"Well," she said, "you tell him I'll be back, and then we'll see if he'll stick me in a sewer hole."

The driver of the barouche clucked to his horses, and as the carriage rattled away, a shutter above the barroom slowly opened, and the great prize fighter appeared at the window, peering at the martial figure of the crusader. But, perhaps fortunately for John L. Sullivan, she did not look back. She went to a restaurant in Sixth Avenue for lunch, and was greeted at the door by a woman who wore an extremely low-cut dress and almost bubbled over with effusiveness.

"Oh, Mrs. Nation!" she cried. "I am so glad that you have come East to save our boys! I believe in temperance, myself. I really do."

"Is that so?" demanded Carry Nation, glaring angrily at the other's bosom. "Then you ought to go home and put about four inches more of solid cloth on top of your corset cover!"

Blushing indignantly, the woman flounced away and retreated to the sidewalk, where she stood for a moment apparently in deep thought. Then she flung the door open, looked in, and shouted:

"You go to hell, you old fool!"

She ran madly down the street while Carry Nation screamed with rage, plucked her hatchet from her girdle, and started in pursuit. But she was soon outdistanced, and returned to her meal.

"I'll not go to hell," she remarked, "but that woman will. God will see to that."

She left early in the afternoon for College Corners, Ohio, calmly ignoring the fact that her manager had booked her for a lecture that night at Ocean City, New Jersey. But she returned to New York on the morning of Sunday, September 1, 1901, and again went to the Hotel Victoria, where the marble Diana had been redraped with cheese-cloth in expectation of her coming, and half an hour later appeared in the lobby becomingly attired in a white piqué frock and cape, and the ubiquitous poke bonnet. A miniature hatchet encrusted with bits of colored glass was pinned to her breast, but she carried no weapons. Having first fortified herself for the day's labors by attending services at St. Patrick's Cathedral (though born a Campellite, she cared nothing for creeds and always went to whatever church was convenient), she returned to the hotel and caused great commotion among a group of cab drivers by questioning them closely about their morals. She finally found one who assured her that he didn't drink, smoke, chew, curse, gamble or trifle with women, and engaged this paragon to drive her to the Democratic Club, which a newspaper reporter had suggested as being worthy of her attention. She rolled grandly down the street, bowing regally to the crowd that surged shouting and laughing about her carriage, while her driver cracked his whip and urged his steeds into a trot. Once at the club she banged the great brass knocker, and when the door was opened she attempted to rush inside. But a servant stopped her, and she was arguing shrilly with him when the manager appeared.

"You cannot come in here, Madam," he said. "This is a gentleman's club."

"I want to hold a Sunday School and Bible reading in there," said Carry Nation.

"The club was not organized for that purpose," said the manager.

"That's what those rummies need," persisted Carry Nation. "Look at them glaring out the windows and puffing hell-fumes at me!"

But the manager slammed and locked the door, and the crusader turned to the reporters.

"Well," she said, "I'd hate to be in that man's shoes on Judgment Day."

When she returned to her cab she was horrified to see the driver smoking, and she scolded him so fiercely that at length he put the lash to his horses and galloped wildly down the street, puffing so vigorously at his cigar that long streamers of smoke curled behind him. He seemed to be on fire, and the crowd roared with glee. Carry Nation said that she would trust no more cab-drivers, and at the direction of the reporters she trudged across town to Seventh Avenue and Fiftieth Street, where she saw several men slip unostentatiously into the side doorway of a saloon on the southeast corner. She promptly followed them, but some one blew smoke in her face and she emerged

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gasping and choking, and thoroughly aroused.

"I'll smash your hell-hole for that!" she screamed.

She charged valiantly, but retreated in considerable haste when a bartender appeared in the doorway and not only threatened her with a bung-starter but puffed huge billows of cigar smoke at her.

"Isn't there a law to close this drunkard factory on Sunday?" she cried. "Those rummies are trying to poison me!"

The reporters urged her to visit other saloons in the neighborhood, the owners of which had never heard of the Sunday closing laws, but she insisted upon returning to the hotel for medicine to counteract the effects of the noxious tobacco fumes. She had lunch, while crowds waited patiently in the street, and during the afternoon she again sallied forth and visited the Tenderloin, which comprised, roughly, the area between Sixth and Eighth Avenues and Twenty-fourth and Forty-second Streets. She entered a saloon at Sixth Avenue and Thirty-first Street and scolded several men who were drinking at a table, and invaded another at Twenty-ninth Street, where the bartender assured her that he sold nothing but lemonade. However, she insisted upon tasting his wares, and when he gave her a glass of beer she shattered it upon the floor. Then the reporters hustled over to Eighth Avenue, where she aroused the manager of the Apollo Music Garden and rebuked him for engaging in such a nefarious business.

"Bring out your woman sinners," she demanded. "Let me save them."

"We have no sinners of either sex, Madam," said the manager.

She received a similar answer at the Abbey Music Hall, and for the next hour she roamed up and down Eighth Avenue, peering into saloons and shrilly predicting eternal damnation for their occupants. Meanwhile the crowd which had trailed her about the city had grown larger and more boisterous, and by five o'clock in the afternoon, Eighth Avenue was packed from curb to curb by a jostling mass of men and boys, through which street cars and vehicular traffic were unable to move. And it was probably as enthusiastic a throng as had ever assembled to watch the smasher at her labors, although it might have been expected that a New York crowd would be violently antagonistic, since it was well known almost everywhere that citizens of the metropolis were exceptionally depraved. But on this particular occasion every one was having a splendid time, and was exceedingly grateful for the diversion which Carry Nation had provided for a dull Sunday afternoon. She was wildly cheered as she bustled busily from place to place, but when she was arrested at 5.30 o'clock for blocking

From a contemporary cartoon in Life

traffic, the cheers gave way to roars of anger, and there was much talk of rescuing her. A policeman took her in custody at Eighth Avenue and Twenty-eighth Street and started to the West Twenty-third Street police station, but the crowd was so turbulent and threatening that in half an hour he had gone but three blocks. He finally reached Twenty-fourth Street, where he released Carry Nation on condition that she return immediately to her hotel. She boarded a street car, and the mob soon sought other amusement.

That evening Carry Nation lectured in Carnegie Hall and delighted a large audience with a violent attack upon the corset, declaring that wearing it transformed a woman's heart, liver, lungs and intestines into a single and solid lump. Next day she went to Coney Island, where James E. Furlong, who had arrived from Rochester to assume in person the management of his protégée, had arranged for her to lecture twice daily at Steeplechase Park. She made the trip to the resort on the steamer Pegasus, of the Iron Steamboat Company's fleet, and broke the monotony of the voyage by chasing the waiters about the deck whenever they appeared with trays of beer. And so adept was she at this sport that presently they made their rounds in threes—one to carry the beverages and the others, armed with bung-starters, to repel the smasher. She contented herself, thereafter, with holding her nose when they passed and commenting upon their empurpled faces, which, she confided loudly to the other passengers, was the inevitable result of swilling beer. She was an attraction at Coney Island for ten days, and what time she was not lecturing she was scurrying around, snatching cigars and cigarettes, and annoying the managers and bartenders of saloons and open-air beer-gardens. It was her custom to step into one of these places and inquire, pleasantly, "How many souls have been murdered in this drunkard factory today?"

She was repulsed and disarmed when she attempted to smash the bar in the Steeplechase Auditorium, but on September 7 she made a successful attack upon Charles Wallenstein's cigar stand at the end of Steeplechase Walk. During the early afternoon she stood near the stand and watched with glaring eyes while several men bought cigars, lighted them and strode away puffing. At length she approached Mr. Wallenstein and said:

"Young man, don't you know that tobacco is an abomination to the human race?"

He stammered uncertainly, and she screamed:

"Answer me, you rummy!"

She had no hatchet, but she raised her satchel high above her head and brought it down upon the cigar case with a resounding smash, shattering the glass top. When a policeman arrived she bestrode the ruins like a shirted colossus, plucking cigars from the broken boxes and tearing them to bits while a huge crowd surged about the stand and howled in delight and pocketed as many cigars as possible. In Coney Island police court, her trial was

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postponed and she was remanded to jail, but when told to enter a patrol wagon she resisted so strenuously that a policeman, whom she described as "purple and bloated from beer drinking" became enraged and struck her with his night stick, breaking a bone in her right hand. She cried:

"Never mind, you beer-swilled, whisky-soaked, saturn-faced man! God will strike you!"

And later she wrote in her autobiography:

"In six weeks from that time this man fell dead in the streets of Coney Island."

The police finally handcuffed her, flung her into the wagon, and took her to jail, but she was soon released on bail furnished by George C. Tilyou, manager of Steeplechase Park. Next day she was found guilty of disorderly conduct, but sentence was suspended when she paid Mr. Wallenstein $100 for the damage done to his property, and she left the court-room denouncing the magistrate and the policemen as snakes and vipers. She remained at Coney Island a few days longer, but her engagement was not a financial success. Despite the attention she had attracted, the audiences which heard her diatribes against liquor and other evils were small, even after the price of admission had been reduced from fifty cents to twenty-five cents.

Throughout her career Carry Nation displayed an astonishingly vindictive animosity toward President William McKinley, based principally upon the fact that he was the head of the Republican Party, and of the government which granted Internal Revenue licenses to the Kansas jointists. In her editorials in *The Smashers' Mail,* and in her speeches, she frequently vituperated him as the friend and protector of the liquor traffic, and accused him of renting his property in Canton, Ohio, for saloon purposes. And, as she had done in her first smashings at Kiowa, Kansas, she continued to envision his downfall whenever she swung a hatchet against a bottle or a bar fixture. He was shot in Buffalo on September 6, 1901, by the anarchist Leon Czolgosz, and two nights later, while Carry Nation was lecturing at Coney Island, some one cried:

"What about the President now?"

"I have no tears for this McKinley!" she retorted. "Neither have I any for his assassin. I have no sympathy for this friend of the brewers."

A chorus of hisses and cat-calls interrupted her, and within a minute the audience was stamping and yelling angrily.

"Shut up, you sots!" shrieked Carry Nation. "My loyalty to the homes of America demands that I denounce such a President!"

SEVERAL MEN shouted "Lynch her!" and others hurled popcorn and peanuts, wads of wrapping paper, and other missiles, many of which struck her. But she brushed them aside, and instead of attempting to escape, leaned over the edge of the platform and screamed:

"You sots and hell-hounds! You'll all go to hell! God will strike you!"

The crowd surged forward, but suddenly turned and rushed into the street, where it dispersed after giving three cheers for McKinley. But inside the hall, Carry Nation continued to clamor denunciation and invective, and insisted upon finishing her speech, although the seats were empty. She was hissed again the next afternoon, and whenever she appeared on the streets she was jostled by threatening throngs. Her contract with Steeplechase Park was cancelled, and that night her manager, fearing serious trouble, induced her to leave Coney Island and New York. About a week later, after President McKinley had died in Buffalo, she went to Rochester, New York, to fill a lecture engagement, and was hooted and booed by an unruly crowd that met her at the railroad station. But she paid no attention to the uproar, and although the police advised her to remain in her hotel, declared that she was not afraid and insisted upon speaking as advertised. Her audience was large, and very restless, and when she mentioned McKinley's name, though not disparagingly, a man leaped to his feet in the rear of the hall and shouted:

"You ought to be lynched, you old wretch!"

"Sit down, you drunkard," screamed Carry Nation, but others took up the cry, and a score of angry men left their seats and began running down the aisles, while throughout the house men and women yelled threats and curses. Her face contorted with rage, Carry Nation shrieked at them for a moment, but when several stones hurtled from the crowd and crashed against the platform at her feet, she abandoned all thought of resistance and fled out the back way. She was standing uncertainly in a doorway, bewildered and afraid, when two policemen appeared and led her up the street, while the mob swept tumultuously behind them, throwing stones and yelling "Lynch her!" and "Get out of town, you old hag!" The situation became increasingly dangerous, and after struggling through the crowd for half a block the policemen sought refuge in a barroom, despite Carry Nation's fierce struggles and her vehement shouts that she would rather die than accept the protection of a saloon-keeper. Once inside, she attempted to wreck the bar, but was restrained, and the door was barred and locked. But the mob attacked the windows, and when a large panel of plate glass was smashed, the policemen rushed the crusader through a side entrance into an adjoining hotel, where they locked her in a room on the second floor and mounted guard at the head of the stairs. Unable to find its prey, the mob soon dispersed, and Carry Nation was escorted to the railroad station by a detachment of policemen armed with nightsticks and drawn revolvers. She was greatly upset, but neither then nor later did she retract what she had said about McKinley. When she wrote her autobiography, she declared that "William McKinley was no martyr," and described him as "The brewers' president, who did their bidding."

CARRY NATION, again in Kansas in November, 1901, returned to Medicine Lodge for the first time since her departure for Wichita in December, 1900. The suit for divorce brought by David Nation was tried late in November, and although Carry Nation was exonerated of the charge of cruelty, the court held that desertion had been proven. On November 27, David Nation was granted a decree, and gratefully retired to private life. He died on October 3, 1903, whereupon Carry Nation remarked, "Well, I shall meet him 'at that day when the secrets of all hearts shall be made manifest.' I am glad God is our judge." Their property was about equally divided, but Carry Nation failed to receive a share of his pension. He took a parcel of land near Medicine Lodge, and she received the home in Medicine Lodge, where they had lived together for so many years, and in which she had received the divine call to go forth and smash. A year later she sold it for eight hundred dollars.

"I will not put any of this money

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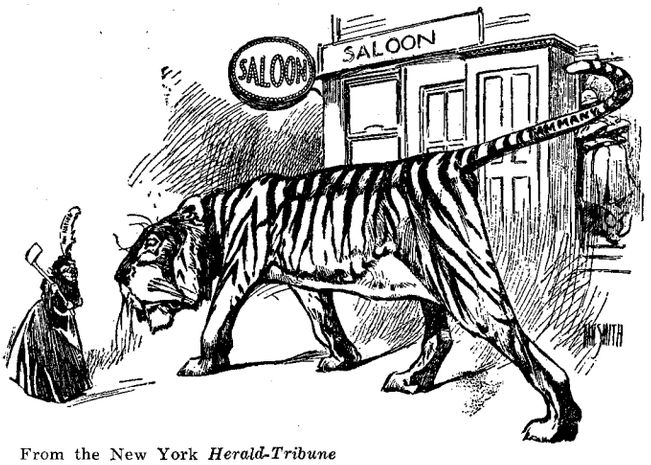
in fines," she said. "I will lay it up in Heaven."

Carry Nation's travels and adventures during the remainder of her life differed only in detail from those of the six months which had followed her debut upon the lecture platform. She continued to attack against Masonry and all its works; to snatch cigars and cigarettes and vehemently berate the debauched puffers of noxious hell-fumes; to condemn corsets and long skirts; to advocate equal suffrage, and to invade the strongholds of rum. Her onslaughts upon the saloons, however, were mainly verbal, for bartenders had become thoroughly acquainted with her methods, and she no sooner darkened their doorways than they threatened her with bung-starters, fully-charged seltzer bottles, buckets of water, and other deterrents. But "time could not wither nor custom stale her infinite variety," and wherever she went and whatever she did she aroused excitement and commotion. Before the infirmities of old age had compelled her to retire to her farm in Arkansas and thereafter to make only occasional public appearances, she had instigated a score of riots of varying degrees of seriousness, she had been beaten by a dozen saloon-keepers and other enemies, she had scandalized politicians high and low by attempting to investigate the personal habits of the President of the United States, and she had been arrested no fewer than twenty-five times, principally for causing unruly crowds to collect in New York, Denver, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington; Scranton, Pennsylvania; Bayonne, New Jersey; Wheeling, West Virginia; Nebraska City, Nebraska; Hot Springs, Arkansas; and even in England and Canada. And she was also locked up again in Wichita and in Topeka, where she was already familiar with every nook and cranny of the jails and police stations. She was arrested seven times in Washington, thrice in Pittsburg, and twice in Scranton. Her last arrest in Pittsburg occurred on May 26, 1908, when she pointed to a man with a Masonic pin in his lapel and shouted to a woman companion: "That man is wearing a symbol of heathenism and idolatry. He has a worshipful master and belongs to an oath-bound fraternity, who swear to have their tongues cut out, their throats cut across, their heart torn out and given to the beasts, and their bowels taken out and burned to ashes. These oaths originated in hell and are blasphemous, and unman every one who takes them." The Mason resented her strictures, a crowd gathered, police reserves were summoned, and she was fined twenty-five dollars.



From the New York *Herald-Tribune*

The Lady and the Tiger

But all of Carry Nation's conflicts with the law were merely spectacular interludes in an astonishing itineration that kept her on the move for ten years. She was fervently welcomed everywhere by the more radical elements of the temperance and prohibition societies, but her eccentricities, the shrewdness with which she appraised local conditions, and the devastating frankness with which she discussed them embarrassed and irritated many of the solid citizens who controlled the churches, and she found it increasingly difficult to obtain permission to speak in a house of worship, while ministers of the Gospel who had formerly hailed her as a chosen instrument of the Lord began to proffer adverse criticism, and to avoid her as one demented. Instead of resenting their changed attitude, she calmly remarked that "the Devil has his agents in the churches," and whenever religious edifices were not available, she spoke in secular halls, in vacant lots, and on street corners; and often delivered her message from atop an empty beer keg provided by a kind-hearted saloon-keeper, who thereafter used it to draw trade—it was handsomely adorned with ribbons, appropriately placarded, and prominently displayed upon the bar. For several years such kegs were very popular bar-room decorations throughout the Middle West.

Eventually, however, Carry Nation abandoned even the remnant of dignity which this method of spreading her propaganda permitted, and became frankly a freak attraction. She first appeared at country fairs, street carnivals and amusement resorts in the summer of 1902, and on November 17 of that year, attired in a becoming white silk dress, she made her debut upon the professional stage, lecturing during the final act of a burlesque show at Springfield, Massachusetts. She learned to tolerate, though never to approve, the ribaldry of the performances and the abbreviated costumes of the chorus girls, and thereafter, especially in the winters, she frequently obtained engagements in the lower-class theatres, and sometimes toured the country with traveling troupes. "I got hundreds of calls to go on the stage before I did," she wrote. "Gradually I saw the light. This is the largest missionary field in the world. No one ever got a call or was allowed to go there with a Bible but Carry Nation. The door was never opened to any one but me. The hatchet opened it. God has given it to me. I take my Bible before every audience. I show them this hatchet, which destroys or smashes everything bad and builds up everything that is good. I find the theatres stocked with boys of our country. They are not found in the churches. They need me most. They are as brands to be snatched from the burning."

Late in 1902 she began to write her autobiography, *The Use and Need of the Life of Carry A. Nation,* but she was so impressed by the facility with which words flowed from her pen, and by her graphical delineation of situation and character, that she laid the work aside for a year and wrote a temperance play which she called *The War on Drink,* meanwhile taking daily lessons in acting from a Topeka elocutionist. But she failed to find a producer, and began another drama, *Hatchetation,* which was never completed. The title, however, was used for a special version of *Ten Nights in a Bar Room,* in which she opened at the Lyceum Theater at Elizabeth, New Jersey, on November 10, 1903. She played the rôle

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of Mrs. Hammond, the heart-broken mother who finds her son carousing with evil companions in the "Sickle and Sheaf." The play had been rewritten to include a saloon-smashing scene in the fourth act, and so thoroughly was Carry Nation at home in the part that at her first performance she destroyed forty-four goblets and twenty-nine bottles, and overturned three tables and four chairs. The surroundings in which she found herself during this period of her career were very distasteful, but the work was profitable; her salary ranged from fifty to three hundred dollars a week, and she thriftily increased her income by selling souvenir hatchets and buttons before the curtains rose and between the acts. By the end of 1902 she had saved sufficient money to pay the final installments on her Topeka fines, with which she was in arrears, and to erect a large brick building in Kansas City, Kansas, which she sold when the Salvation Army declined to accept it for a mission. With the money she received for it, and the eight hundred dollars obtained from the sale of her house in Medicine Lodge, she made the first payment of $5,500 on the Home for Drunkards' Wives and Mothers, which was also established in Kansas City. The Associated Charities, incorporated for the purpose, took possession of the Home in December, 1903, and operated it successfully until 1910, when it was closed for lack of occupants.

Even when she appeared as a star in plays wherein every line pointed a moral, Carry Nation delivered one or more temperance speeches during the progress of the show. But the brands which she was so eager to snatch from the burning caused her much trouble, especially in the burlesque and variety houses, where they were overwhelmingly pro-liquor. To combat their freely expressed antagonism, she developed a highly specialized and effective technique of lecturing. She was never dismayed by the hostility of an audience, nor was she at a loss for words, for she always spoke extemporaneously and, as it was put in the expressive argot of the period, her tongue was hinged in the middle and loose at both ends. When hecklers annoyed her, and made organized attempts to drive her off the stage with hisses and cat-calls, she stood her ground angrily, her shrill voice rising high above the tumult and flooding the auditorium with such a crackling stream of abuse and vilification that her tormentors were left gasping and amazed. She simply out-screamed them. And when this method failed to get their attention, as occasionally happened, she leaned over the foot-lights and began talking in a low, earnest voice to persons in the front row or in a box. Her opponents usually subsided, unable to withstand their own curiosity.

From the National Magazine

High-lights in Carry Nation's life

Her extraordinary performances, not only on the stage but wherever she appeared, bore their natural fruit of discredit and derision. Despite her early success in influencing legislation and law enforcement in Kansas and elsewhere, by the end of her first year's lecture tour she was a fallen idol. Her notions of indiscriminate violence were no longer accepted, save by those whose own peculiarities impelled them always to follow in the train of a fanatic, as a possible solution of the rum problem; she was ridiculed and reviled from coast to coast; she was looked upon almost everywhere as a meddlesome, cantankerous and demented old woman; and she was the prey of unscrupulous reformers whose interest in her cause was wholly mercenary, and who manipulated her sincerity and obsessions for the benefit of their own purses. Although she remained the darling of the extremists, she was never again able to summon to her banner even a modicum of the impressive following which had kept Kansas in an uproar for two months, and had augmented temperance zeal everywhere.

On February 28, 1901, the Women's Christian Temperance Union of New York County, comprising Manhattan Island, adopted resolutions expressing the hope that "Mrs. Nation's work might prosper in the Lord." But the Rev. Phoebe Hanaford, who read the document to the convention, added *sotto voce*, "That doesn't mean that we approve of it." On September 4, 1901, in an address before the convention of the Women's National Auxiliary of Stationary Engineers, Susan B. Anthony, perhaps the most influential woman of her time, said, "If Mrs. Nation had been doing what I consider her duty she would have stayed at home and put down the whisky by instructing the women in Kansas, where they have the ballot, how to use it."

Nevertheless, until the day of her death she was one of the great driving forces in the onward sweep of prohibitionary sentiment, and continued to promote the most important and far-reaching phase of her crusade. None believed in her, but they never failed to chronicle her doings. And since publicity for Carry Nation meant also publicity for the liquor traffic, the net result of her fantastic exploits was to keep the worst features of the saloon constantly before the public eye.

(To Be Concluded)

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First Aid to the Oil Industry

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

The basic facts and events which underlie the trend of business are presented in this weekly financial page. Mr. Gammack is one of the well-known younger men in Wall Street

SEPTEMBER IS a month of testing for one of the most comprehensive experiments yet made to bring measures of conservation into the oil industry.

The emergency oil law of California, signed May 31, taking effect September 1, aims at the restriction of petroleum production indirectly. It may provide a means of salvation for the industry without resort to national legislation with its trespasses against local rights or suspension of provisions of the Sherman act.

Directed at the oil producers, the law prohibits the unreasonable waste of natural gas, which escapes in connection with the production of crude oil. The blowing, release or escape of natural gas into the air is held prima facie evidence of unreasonable waste, which the state's oil and gas supervisor is empowered to correct.

Since the effect of the law will be to curb drilling activities, it is estimated that California oil production may be shut down as much as 200,000 barrels daily. If the gas is shut in, overproduction of crude will be curtailed, allowing supply and demand to come more nearly into balance; permitting slower and more orderly development; and enabling the gas to perform its valuable function of driving oil to the mouth of the well.

If the law is observed, the eventual result will be recovery of more oil, avoidance of periods of great over-production, elimination of expensive storage for surplus petroleum, extension of California's supply of oil and gas, and postponement of the day when the state might have to import petroleum.

Oil men admit readily that difficulties lie in the path of effective enforcement of this state law, but co-operation of producers with the State authorities is under way.

California has been an important factor in the inland and Eastern market for oil this year. The flush production has found its way into competition with Pennsylvania oils, contributing to three successive cuts recently in Pennsylvania crude. Mid-continent too has found wider distribution in its search for markets for surplus stocks. Both the mid-continent and the Eastern producers would benefit immediately from successful enforcement of the California conservation measure.

The Texas and Oklahoma refiners have felt the competition from tank steamer shipments by California companies to the East coast and Europe by way of the Panama Canal. At this writing, the fear of a cut in price of mid-continent crude, so prevalent early in the season, has been allayed by the hope that nothing would have to be done pending observation of the results from California's restrictive law. The odds among the initiates are on the probability that this cut cannot be delayed indefinitely.

Prices in general have held well this year in spite of the tendency of production to get out of hand. Various measures to curtail output were not sufficient to prevent a gain of about 300,000 barrels daily, or 13 per cent, above 1928 figures in the first six months of the year. New records were made almost weekly until after the middle of the year. The unprecedented demand from motor vehicles, of course, has prevented a disastrous upset in the balance of supply and demand, and with the help of economies in productive and refining processes the oil companies have been setting up a very satisfactory record of earnings. Reports for the first half year indicate net profits about double those of 1928, and only slightly below 1926, the banner year for the industry. Earnings last year were about twice those of 1927, the period of acute depression.

Production two years ago was badly out of control. Co-operative efforts by leading producers led to restriction in the principal fields and the gain in consumption helped to stabilize prices, until early this year, when proration agreements expired and crude oil prices were dropped.

Faced with record daily production in this country, sharp increases in foreign output, and rapid additions to oil in storage, leaders of the industry took steps to avoid another period of surfeit and price war. Regional committees appointed by the American Petroleum Institute to study the situation recommended the limitation of production in their respective territories to not more than the 1928 daily level.

Much against the wishes of many producers, the plan for limiting production was sent to the Oil Conservation Board for approval, probably in the hope that the Federal Government would grant immunity from the operation of the anti-trust laws. The attorney-general, however, held that the board could not grant immunity, though he did not state that the plan would violate the law.

While leaders of the industry are still seeking a way out, through co-operation within the provisions of the law, the president of the American Petroleum Institute, E. B. Reeser, is advocating amendment of the Sherman Act to permit a united effort at curtailment.

The Sherman anti-trust law, Mr. Reeser asserts, has been held up for an ulterior purpose by those opposed to taking part in a collective movement. He favors amendment of the law to eliminate that excuse and at the same time have its operation in particular cases controlled by the Interstate Commerce Commission or the Federal Trade Commission under proper rules and regulations. Otherwise, the only legislative hope is in uniform State laws.

Curtailment of crude oil production is actually in effect in all countries, except Russia, as an outcome of international conferences a few months ago. Russia is playing a lone hand, increasing production as rapidly as possible and exporting oil at a rising rate because domestic demand is below normal.

This individualism, between nations, has its counterpart among corporations. Personal jealousy is the greatest bar to co-operation in the fight against uneconomic conditions within the industry. The concerted efforts to meet the problem seem certain to be fruitful, even though the way is not yet clear. The main point is the old principle of every man for himself has been abandoned.

In any study of the question, it is apparent that Oklahoma is the key state. That state and others will be watching keenly the results of the California experiment.

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