

THE LADY WITH THE HATCHET

BY JAMES L. DWYER

IN 1800 Kentucky was in the throes of a great revival. The mountaineers, exhibiting the effects of frontier cookery on the dour temperament inherited from their Scotch and North-Irish ancestors, were ripe for the army of wandering evangelists who took the State by storm, exorcising demons, and spreading terror. No monument at Gasper River marks the spot, but here, during the upheaval, for the first time in America a whole countryside met to worship God with yells, writhings and convulsions. Thus was born a highly characteristic American institution—the camp-meeting.

Forty-six years later the same great State and the same Scotch-Irish primates produced a second cosmic phenomenon in Carrie Nation, corn-fed Joan of Arc and Mother of Prohibition. It has been said of her that she was insane. She probably was. But there is a difference in the Republic between being merely crazy and being crazy on the subject of religion, the difference, to wit, between confinement in a psychopathic ward and freedom to harangue the multitude. So Carrie was allowed to run at large—a fact of immense historical importance, since even the briefest examination of the effects of her crusade offers proof positive that the cause of Prohibition owes as much to her as to any other agent of God, male or female, clerical or lay.

Her father was George Moore, a moderately well off slave-owner and zealous Campbellite. The Moores were frequently on the move—the Civil War found them in Missouri and later in Texas, whence they returned to Kentucky. Carrie's girlhood, described in her autobiography, was

unhappy: "My parents regarded me as hard headed." When she was ten the twig was definitely bent toward a holy life by two important religious experiences. Like so many other moral crusaders she once knew evil ways, and as a child, it seems, she lied to escape punishment, and stole food from the pantry and ribbons for her dolls. Fortunately, a little book was given to her, telling how a child who began with such small sins would inevitably end on the gallows. At once, she was overcome with shame and remorse, and from that day on she never sinned again. Her "conversion"—a necessary Campbellite rite—soon followed. She was taken to an icy stream and totally immersed, and "the little Carrie who walked into that water was different from the one who walked out."

As a maiden she was lofty of soul and pure of heart. Although not averse to the attentions of young men she permitted no nonsense.

I see young ladies and gentlemen who entertain each other with their silly jokes and gigglings that are disgusting. When I had company I always directed the conversation so that my friend would teach me something, or I would teach him. I would read the poets, and Scott's writings, and history, . . . mythology and the Bible. . . . I would go to country dances. . . . But my native modesty prevented me from ever dancing a round dance with a gentleman. I cannot think this hugging match compatible with a true woman.

How, then, came such a violet to give herself to a man, even in marriage? It happened this way. In 1865 Charles Gloyd, a young physician of some education and refinement, was boarding with the Moores. In a rash moment the young doctor caught the daughter of the house unaware and

kissed her. This sealed his doom, for the horrified virgin at once threw up her hands to her face, repeating over and over, "I am ruined!" Obviously, there were not many courses left open to Dr. Gloyd. He did the honorable thing, however, and—ruined himself.

The match turned out badly from the start. Says Carrie of her love: "When Dr. Gloyd came up to marry me I noticed with pain that his countenance was changed. . . . I did not find Dr. Gloyd the lover I expected. He was kind, but seemed to want to be away from me; he used to sit and read, when I was so hungry for his caresses and love." Eventually, Gloyd took to drinking heavily and to spending most of his time at his Masonic lodge. To a woman like the then Mrs. Gloyd the secrecy which Freemasonry imposed on her husband was torture. "Thus," she said, "is confidence destroyed in the sacred precincts of the home." One can imagine the curtain lectures and the supper-table philippics which the doctor had to suffer. His nights at home, therefore, became less and less frequent, and he sank deeper into Rum and Masonry. At last, a few weeks after the birth of her daughter Charlien, Carrie abandoned him to the devil. Gloyd, by this time a hopeless alcoholic, died within six months, and the widow went to the home of her parents, nursing an intense and growing hatred of drink and secret orders.

Soon Carrie again left home to live with Gloyd's widowed mother. For four years she supported Charlien and the elder Mrs. Gloyd by teaching, until some original ideas on pronunciation got her into trouble with the school board. Her position gone, she resolved to marry again and prayed to God for a husband. The answer to her prayers was David Nation, aged fifty, a preacher, lawyer, and Union veteran. But here again there was a hitch. Carrie's severely Christian life and over-zealous churchly interests were offensive even to her minister husband. At one period it was her pleasure to sit in a front pew while

he addressed his flock and to pass audible judgment on his efforts. When she felt he had said enough she would remark. "That will be about all for today, David!" So in 1901 Brother David divorced her, charging cruelty and desertion, after living with her twenty-four years.

Shortly after their marriage the Nations bought a cotton plantation in the San Bernard river region, Texas. This proved disastrous. They were soon in want, the Rev. Mr. Nation was forced to resume his law practice, and Carrie took charge of a small hotel in Columbia. In the meantime there was Charlien to worry over, then about twelve.

This, my only child, was peculiar, . . . the result of a drunken father and a distracted mother. . . . She seemed to have taken a positive dislike for Christianity. . . . I used to pray to God to save her soul at any cost. I often prayed for bodily affliction on her, if that was what would make her love and serve God. Anything for her eternal salvation.

The bodily affliction arrived. Charlien became stricken with an erosive disease, severe and lingering, which kept her in hospitals for many months. Carrie, however, attributed this to the parentage of Gloyd and not to the power of prayer.

II

Soon after, the Nations moved to Richmond, Texas, where in 1884 Carrie received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. At a Methodist Conference she began to feel very strange. A halo appeared above the minister, ecstasy possessed her, an angel seemed to be speaking and the church and all in it ascending to heaven. When it was over she inquired if others had felt anything extraordinary. None had, so she concluded that this was a visitation of the Holy Spirit on herself alone, and announced to all present that she was consecrated. Visions, warnings, and miracles followed. One night a heavenly presence filled her room; next day when a fire threatened her hotel she allowed nothing to be carried out, confident that the vision was a guar-

antee of protection. During a drought she successfully prayed for rain. She walked with God. But she did not walk with the church authorities—both Methodists and Episcopalians dropped her as a Sunday-school teacher for insisting on unorthodox instruction. Whereupon she started a class of her own, gathering about thirty children who did not belong to the “regular” churches. Sometimes she held session in a graveyard. “I wished by this to impress the little ones with the purpose of the Gospel.”

The year 1892 brought the Nations to Medicine Lodge, a Kansas short grass town and the home of Sockless Jerry Simpson. Greater fame awaited it, for here Carrie’s mission took definite form, and here she received the Call that was to put her on the front page of every newspaper in the land. It was several years before the Call came. Indeed, her beginnings in Medicine Lodge were most inauspicious. Her testimony concerning the Holy Ghost failed to impress her fellow Campbellites, and even elicited the pastor’s opinion that she was not sound in the faith. Matters were not helped when she found this same pastor idling in front of a questionable drug store and rebuked him for “sitting in the seat of the scornful.” Finally, her constant rows and bickerings in church got her cast out as a “stumbling-block and disturber of the peace.” That is, they told her she was cast out, but she continued to occupy her pew.

Before long she was appointed Jail Evangelist in a newly organized branch of the W. C. T. U., her duty being to annoy the inmates of the neighboring bastilles. This was congenial, but the more important aims of the society soon claimed her full attention. Kansas, of course, had gone legally dry by virtue of the heavy farmer vote. This, inevitably, meant two things: the saloons paid a nominal monthly fine in lieu of a license fee, and the drug stores began to do an enormous prescription business.

Everybody was happy—but Carrie. She saw that the Demon Rum, though like her-

self officially cast out, still occupied his pew, and she resolved to oust him once and for all. Novel plans occurred to her. She dug up an old hand organ and serenaded the various dives, choosing W. C. T. U. battle songs not calculated to fill her listeners with cheer. Since she was now a town character little heed was paid to her, least of all by the town drunkards. More heroic measures were needed, so, keying herself up, she entered a saloon for the first time in her life. The proprietor, Mart Strong, seized her by the shoulders and cried, “Get out of here, you crazy woman!” But Carrie, with the fire of God leaping within her, brushed him aside and lifted up her voice in lusty song:

Who hath sorrow? Who hath woe?
They who dare not answer no;
They whose feet to sin incline
While they tarry at the wine.

Chorus:

They who tarry at the wine cup,
They who tarry at the wine cup,
They who tarry at the wine cup,
They have sorrow, they have woe.

There were four more verses. As the last died away Jim Gano, the constable, uttered a wistful desire—a desire that within three years was to be echoed and re-echoed by police, magistrates, and office-holders throughout the republic. “I wish,” he said, “I could take you off the streets.”

Emboldened, Carrie invaded other joints; other women, inflamed by her railings and infected with her savage zeal, followed her. The lawbreakers grew uneasy. In Henry Durst’s place she threw herself on her knees, prayed long and hysterically, and informed Durst that he was going to hell. Most amusing was her adventure in Hank O’ Bryan’s dive:

I smelled the horrid drink and went in. A man by the name of Grogan was there, half drunk, and I said: “You have a dive here. . . . Let me see what you have in the back room.” He took me to a very small room with a table covered with empty bottles, and in one corner sat a man, Mr. Smith. Grogan introduced me and he, Mr. Smith, looked terrified and astonished. I took one of the bottles and asked what it had contained. He replied: “Hop tea.” I asked: “What name is that

on the label?" It was Anheuser-Busch, but I could get neither of them to pronounce it. I told them it was beer and I could take an oath it was. Grogan threw up his hands, saying, "Now, Mother Nation, if you get me into trouble I will do something desperate." When I said I would not tell on them the look of gladness on their faces was pitiful to see. I said: "I am going to pray God to have mercy on you. Kneel down." Like two obedient little children, they knelt. Some may laugh at this but I was deeply affected.

Her crusade in Medicine Lodge ended when, at the head of her train, she entered the drug store of O. L. Day and overturned a whiskey keg with loud hosannas and resounding hymns.

She had been successful. Those "jointists" who had not already sought other towns were in a state of fear. Well they might have been, for the opposition of small-town churchwomen, organized and led by a Christian Amazon, is truly formidable. But as yet Carrie had done no smashing, having confined herself to verbal abuse and noisy prayer. When, however, the outside world beckoned her she decided that more ruthless tactics were needed.

III

The Call came in June, 1900, in the form of various supernatural signs. For a long time she seemed to be hanging by a rope over a bottomless chasm; then she was swung to solid ground. God stood behind her for three days, and at length a soft, musical voice urged her: "Go to Kiowa. I'll stand by you." Kiowa, near the Oklahoma border and about twenty miles from Medicine Lodge, was then slightly smaller than the latter town but bore a reputation for its quota of thriving saloons. Before starting for this godless center Carrie loaded her buggy with paper parcels. Inside each parcel was a good-sized rock. Leaving Medicine Lodge, she saw "in the middle of the road a dozen or so creatures in the forms of men. Their faces were those of demons, and the gestures of their hands as if they would tear me up." She invoked heaven, and the demons scampered off across the Kansan fields. The rest of the

trip was without incident. She arrived in Kiowa after dark and spent the night chatting with the Lord.

In the morning, laden with her packages, she entered the nearest saloon. Pronouncing doom on the place and warning the customers to stand back, she let fly. In this way she wrecked three saloons; not a hand was raised to stop her. While in the first dive she had a vision of McKinley toppling from his chair—this meant the fall of the Republican party, the "tool of the liquor interests." Her smashing done, she made an appropriate speech from a street corner. The mayor interrupted with a request that she pay for the damage, to which she replied with threats of fire and brimstone. He decided to let her go. So, mounting her buggy, she delivered this somewhat incongruous benediction to the crowd in parting: "Peace on earth and good will to men."

Probably her sex, as well as the Holy Ghost, saved her from leaving town astride a rail, clad in tar and feathers. As it was, she did not go scot free. The saloon-keepers dared not prosecute, but their friend Griffin, the county attorney, sued her for slander; she had accused him of not only allowing dives to exist, but of patronizing them. While her accusations were indeed defamatory they were evidently not unfounded, for the jury awarded Griffin one dollar. The costs, however, came to two hundred dollars, and a judgment was secured. When later, she came to pay this it was but a fraction of her week's salary.

Six months elapsed before Carrie's second expedition. Meanwhile she enjoyed her usual visions, chief among which was one of the Saviour and herself standing in a blaze of glory, and she kept on disrupting divine service by marching up and down the church aisles, clapping her hands, and shouting: "Hallelujah!" and "Praise the Lord!" Mrs. Hutchinson, State president of the W. C. T. U.—and, incidentally, wife of a political appointee—withheld official sanction, but the local sisters gloated over her. Her readiness to achieve martyrdom

was proved with the aid of several bottles of Budweiser procured from a "sneaking, degenerate druggist."

One of the bottles I took to a W. C. T. U. meeting and in the presence of the ladies I drank the contents. Then I had two of them take me down to a doctor's office. I fell limp on the sofa and said: "Doctor, what is the matter with me?" He looked at my eyes, felt my heart and pulse, shook his head and looked grave. I said: "Am I poisoned?" "Yes," said the doctor. I resorted to this to show the effect that beer has on the system.

In December, 1900, she again felt the urge to destroy—inspired, perhaps, by the emotional stimulus of Christmas. This time she selected Wichita. Arriving there at night she entered the Carey Hotel bar, the "swell" saloon of the town; the usual painting of a nude woman caught her eye and she informed the bartender that this was an insult to his mother. She ranted on for a while and, since she was unarmed, left without violence. In the morning she gathered several rocks—and the trusty iron rod she now carried under her cape when chasing the devil. "I had found out I could use a rock but once." In the Carey saloon she stoned the painting and swept the glassware off the bar. This earned her several weeks in jail, which, however, did not dampen her spirit in the slightest. On her release she immediately smashed two other saloons in company with sisters Wilhoite, Muntz, and Evans—on this occasion she first used a hatchet, which thereafter became her symbol and trademark. Locked up, the four held a continual revival meeting, which may or may not have been the reason for Carrie's speedy release on a writ of *habeas corpus*. Going directly to Enterprise, she broke up the place of one Stilings, for which she was horsewhipped and scratched by the proprietor's wife and lady friends. The town marshal escorted her to the railroad station through a gauntlet of rotten eggs.

Next on her list was Topeka, where she was jailed three times. She was now a national figure—the "Hatchet Woman of Kansas." Everywhere the press gave her prominence and eagerly awaited her next

outburst. In her cell she edited a journal, the *Smasher's Mail*. Offers from lecture agencies and lyceum bureaux poured in, "one as high as \$800 a week, a palace car and a maid." These she at first refused, having a horror of anything that savored of the stage. But later, convinced of the wide missionary field that lay before her, she yielded to the promise of James Furlong, former manager of Patti, that he would pay the fines necessary to secure her release if she would come under his wing. Her success was immediate and enormous; within a few years she became rich.

IV

The reaction of the public was characteristic. Hitherto there had been feeble attempts by her victims to have her adjudged insane. These now ceased. Many citizens felt she was "in it for what she got out of it," others advised that she be put in jail and kept there, and judges frequently accused her of advertising herself through the courts. But the overwhelming proof of her sanity was her earning power. Insane people do not make several hundreds a week, reasoned the American: "She's no fool." Here it can be said for Carrie that the frequent cries of commercialism that pursued her were ungrounded. Her messianic obsession and the actual use she made of her money seem to answer all such charges. She gave liberally to various moral causes: in Kansas City, Kansas, she endowed a Home for Drunkards' Wives (which closed for lack of these rum widows); and any panhandler wise enough to pose as a repentant sinner was generously rewarded by her. Though a born show-woman she had little business sense; more than once she was mulcted of large sums by bogus temperance workers. When she accepted bookings in burlesque theatres and drinking halls she likened herself to Christ among the publicans. If she were well paid for carrying the Word to these sinners, it was but further proof of God's favor. There is no doubt that like many

another nuisance she was sincere—completely, hopelessly sincere.

Moreover, a fair estimate must allow her other qualities less dubious than sincerity. There were limits to her narrowness. A Southerner, she was without the Southern rancor toward the Negro. She had high regard for the Jews, and except for Christian Science, which she dubbed witchcraft, she was tolerant of other creeds. And though she would have elected a Kaffir President on a Prohibition ticket, this same zeal for her cause led her to discover much sham and corruption in politics and to form shrewd judgments thereon. The disparity between the public utterances and private views of Great Men did not escape her, nor did the loftiness of office dazzle her. "Government," she said, "like dead fish, stinks worse at the head." Roosevelt she denounced as blood-thirsty, reckless and extravagant. Of the late minister plenipotentiary from heaven and lineal descendant of Adam and Eve she asserted: "Bryan was for Bryan and what Bryan could get for Bryan." Indeed, her blasphemous assaults aroused something like popular fury against her when she undertook a too ardent defense of Csolgosz, McKinley's assassin. In Rochester, N. Y., at the time, a delicious irony of circumstance forced her to hide in a saloon from a large and dangerous mob.

Contrary to the general impression, Carrie smashed but one legally operated saloon. The exception was a Texas grogery named in her honor; this was too much for her. Her convictions outside Kansas, about thirty in all, resulted from disturbing the peace, drawing a crowd, and like charges. A well advertised tornado, she swept from Coney Island to San Francisco, from Texas to the Maritime Provinces. She harangued train and steamship passengers, Baptist congregations, girls in segregated districts, a few drunks gathered about a bar.

A saloon-keeper in Kentucky pursued and belabored her with a chair, another in Maine knocked her head against a stone

pillar; admirers in her home State gave her a medal inscribed: "To the Bravest Woman in Kansas." In Washington she burst into the Senate chamber and shouted: "Treason, anarchy and conspiracy! Discuss these!" Seated in a Pittsburgh street car she espied a man wearing a Masonic pin and remarked to the car in general: "That man . . . belongs to an order who swear to have their tongues cut out, their throats ripped across, their hearts torn out and given to the beasts, their bowels taken out and burned to ashes. Such oaths originate in hell."

In Sacramento she visited the California legislature in joint session and in a loud voice revealed the members' caches of liquor. "In the bill-filing room . . . liquors are kept, also in the sergeant-at-arms' room; in room 56 is a safe where bottles of beer and whiskey are kept . . ." and so on. The law-makers received this like a "lot of bad boys caught stealing watermelons," and the session was adjourned. She swooped down on colleges, to the delight of undergraduates and the consternation of deans. She found that the Yale students were being ruined body and soul by the alcoholic sauces served with their food, or so they told her, and at Harvard she saw professors brazenly smoking cigarettes.

One day she entered a New York bar where the famous John L. Sullivan was tarrying at the wine cup. A clash of Titans? No. The Boston Strong Boy, terror of the ring and tyrant of the grog-shop, discreetly withdrew into a back room, there to sit quietly until the coast was clear. His wisdom is attested by a description in *Current Literature* for April, 1901:

Mrs. Nation is quite fierce when aroused. Her face . . . becomes distorted with wrath, and she is not pleasant to look upon or to deal with. . . . She . . . can talk your arm off if you will let her. . . . When she sets out to get contributions she cannot be shaken off. . . . She is nearly six feet tall, weighs about 175 pounds, has iron-gray hair, small and very black eyes and a strong arm.

Other celebrities were less fortunate than Sullivan. Once successful in bearding a politician in his office or home she was not easily got rid of. If the prominent one,

thus cornered, had any sense he would call the police wagon without further delay; if not, he would call it some minutes later and pray to God it had a fast horse.

Hostile audiences never fazed her. When heckling became serious she would simply lean over the platform and talk to those immediately about her in a low, earnest voice; the hecklers, realizing they were wasting breath, would usually subside. Sometimes this device would not work—in a cheap burlesque theatre she was apt to be drowned out. On such occasions she would denounce the crowd as hell hounds and sots and stalk off. A forceful speaker, her imagery was vivid and her rhetoric vigorously effective, with a King James flavor decidedly heartier than the sanctimonious billingsgate of the average evangelical baboon. She enjoyed the most vehement and tireless tongue a woman ever had, and her invective would have paralyzed a fishwife. A smartly dressed woman was a "manikin on which to hang the filthy rags of fashion," clubmen were "diamond-studded, gold-fobbed rummies whose bodies are reeking masses of corruption," judges were addressed as "your dishonor," a policeman who bundled her into the "hoodlum wagon" was denounced as a "beer-soaked, whiskey-swilled, saturn-faced man," and in one jail she saluted the warden and his wife as "Ahab and Jezebel."

A report of her interview with Gov. Stanley of Kansas appeared in the *New York Times*:

"Do you think my method is right?" she asked.

"No, I do not," the governor replied.

"Well, governor, have you a better one?"

"No, I don't think I have," he finally replied.

"What can I do? I am powerless. . . ."

"If necessary, call out the militia," was Mrs. Nation's prompt reply. As she proceeded she became more vehement and . . . pointing her finger at him, called him lawbreaker and perjurer without the least show of fear. He tried to make reply, but she gave him no chance, the words of invective proceeding from her in a rush that would not be stemmed. Finally Gov. Stanley volunteered: "You get the prosecuting attorneys of the different counties to put the joint-keepers in jail, and I will use my power as governor to keep them there." This . . . transformed Mrs. Nation. She fairly beamed with joy.

Carrie's influence was felt far beyond Kansas. As a matter of sober record, it extended all over this great Christian Republic; that New York and other large cities ridiculed her in no way alters the fact. The city dweller enjoys many a good laugh at his country cousin, but while he is thus merrily employed the countryman is busy stuffing the statute books with anti-cigarette laws, prohibition laws, and other such lunacies. Carrie, it is true, fell flat in the cities, but in the cow States, where superannuated socks are used to cure abscesses, and where the late William Jennings is believed to be promenading the streets of Paradise with St. Paul—in these wide regions her work produced tangible results. Following her raids in Topeka the *Review of Reviews* stated: "The people of Kansas have had time to consider Mrs. Nation's position carefully and tens of thousands are indorsing it." The *Rochester Democrat* (N. Y.) observed: "She is unquestionably a stirrer-up of dry bones." According to the *Springfield Republican*: "Kansas lawyers there are who support her . . . and say she cannot be punished. . . . She is a distinct moral force. . . ." And at her death, ten years later, the *New York Evening Post* commented thus: "Since she appeared on the scene a Prohibition wave has swept through the Southern and Western States, and the anti-saloon movement has gained thousands of voters, with the result that scores of new excise laws have appeared." These quotations are typical.

V

Messiahs are wont to take a great deal on their shoulders. Carrie's burden, by the will of God, was the United States. This she divined by a mystical interpretation of her name, based on an early misspelling of her father's to which she later adhered; it is at once ingenious and awful.

I do not belong to the "can't" family. When I was born my father wrote my name Carry Amelia Moore, then later it was Nation, which is more still. C. A. N. are the initials of my name, then

C. (see!) A. Nation! And altogether, Carry A. Nation! This is no accident, but providence.

The job of carrying a nation was somewhat ramified, embracing such evils as smoking, "lodgism," and feminine immodesty in dress. "I have the right," she said, "to take cigars and cigarettes from men's mouths, and they ought not to be allowed to injure themselves." She inspired Lucy Page Gaston, pythoress of the Anti-Cigarette League, to write to Roosevelt inquiring if it were true, as reported, that he was guilty of the vice; and these two old busybodies received a solemn assurance from a secretary that, really, the president had never smoked a cigarette in his life. Masonry she fought by publishing one of the numerous "exposés" of that order; and in the matter of women's dress she contented herself with lecturing bedizened victims encountered on the street. One other concern of hers was the purity of little boys. How many little boys were accustomed to read the *Hatchet*, a monthly edited by her in 1906, is not known, but they had other habits of which she did not approve and against which she issued a sinister editorial, of such nature that the postal authorities suppressed the July number and summoned her to Washington. Her dealings with the young were characteristically severe, as revealed by her encounter one Summer night in Kansas:

As I was going down to a neighbor's one dark night I heard low voices of parties sitting by the roadside. I got a lantern. I found them to be those of a young man of Medicine Lodge and a young girl visiting there. I warned them, telling the young boy to act toward the girl as he would toward his sister. I told the girl that ruin would be her fate; and she hid her face, and soon both of them ran down the alley.

A far more powerful weapon than her hatchet, or even her tongue, was publicity. To read about Carrie Nation was to read about the bar-room, a form of continual advertising that could not have been otherwise than harmful to the latter. Although the country was not then ready for Volstead, nobody had a good word for the

saloon, for which, consequently, any publicity was adverse publicity. The saloon-keeper was a pariah who thrived in the shade; the brewers and distillers let him fight his own battles, in the main, smugly confident that more genteel vendors of their wares would replace him were he driven from the street corners. Few dreamed that when he finally walked the plank the whole business would be dumped overboard with him—that the cry, "The saloon must go!" was but the thin end of the wedge whose broad base is the Eighteenth Amendment. This wedge is now driven home, and to Carrie Nation belongs much of the credit for inserting it where it was most effective—the South and Middle-West. She forced Kansas to pretend to live up to its pretensions, thereby making it a model for other theocratically ambitious States, and in general focussed public attention on the liquor traffic to a greater extent than a whole host of temperance workers before her had been able to achieve.

Early in 1911 she entered a sanatorium in Leavenworth, where she died of paresis the following June. Her death, unattended by relatives or friends, was strangely peaceful. Told the end was near, she smiled; and when, some days before, she had observed a doctor smoking, she merely remarked, "I have done what I could to eradicate the evil." She had expressed the wish that the words, "She hath done what she could" be inscribed on her tombstone.

Others might provide her with different epitaphs. A psycho-analyst, no doubt, after tearing her to pieces would find her crammed with all sorts of psychoses and neuroses; certainly, some of her anti-social activities are obvious indications, while others are immensely suggestive. Such a post mortem is not for the layman, but one may be permitted the gloomy observation that Carrie was a lifelong inebriate. Her ungovernable lust for righteousness led her to deplorable excesses; the murderous broth distilled by theological moonshiners in the backwoods maddened her brain; she never knew when to stop.

A MENDELIAN DOMINANT

BY SARA HAARDT

LILY KENDRICK had decided, after much deliberation, to adopt a baby about whose parents she knew nothing. "It is just as well," she called to Walter Kendrick through the butler's pantry as she warmed his late supper. "What you don't know doesn't hurt you, and there isn't too much good that you can hear about even the best of such people." It was Lily's opinion, too, that environment, or home atmosphere, as she called it, was the really important factor in the rearing of a child.

Walter assented, "Uh-huh," but he was hoping that Lily would get over the notion. Lily was like a child herself when you came down to it. She was petulant and flighty, a miserable little whiner, weepy or giggly-glad as the mood struck her—either up in the air or down in the dumps, with nothing to sustain her but a wilful disposition to achieve her own wishes. What would she do with a baby after she got it? Why, she didn't know the first thing about 'em!

Lily put the ketchup where Walter could reach it and subsided into a chair across the table, resting her dimpled elbows on the edge of the linen center-piece. "Nell Bandy was telling me that she saw a darling baby at the Refuge Home yesterday. A little boy."

Walter Kendrick sighed dubiously: "Well, now, I wouldn't be in too big a hurry. Plenty of time. I thought maybe you'd given up the idea after talking with Mother Baker." Lily's mother had declared emphatically that she didn't believe in a young couple saddling themselves with the responsibility of somebody else's

progeny. Decent people didn't put their children out for adoption. At any rate, she was getting too old to want to share in the care of foster grandchildren.

"Mama was just talking," Lily said wisely. "She would be as crazy about it as anybody else, once we adopted it."

Walter smiled patiently. He and old Mrs. Baker had been through a siege with Lily's adoptions: the woebegone puppies and kittens that had strayed into the neighborhood; the gold fish that died, bloated and discolored from overfeeding; the canary that had to be chloroformed because it developed pneumonia when Lily forgot to bring it in off the porch.

"Your mother was thinking of the practical side of it," Walter said, after a pause, "the responsibility of it." He had a soft, purring voice for a man. "Responsibility," "coöperation," "reliability," and "mobilization" were favorite words of his; he fell back on them to give his speeches the proper punch whenever it came his turn to do his bit for the Civitans.

Eight years ago he had talked to Lily about the responsibilities of married life and how inspiring they were to a man who wanted to get ahead in the world, put it over the next fellow. "A man has to have responsibilities—home ties—to make him want to do," he had argued impressively. "You take a fellow who's got a pretty little wife at home to look out for, he's goin' to rake in the iron men or know the reason why!"

Lily was the type of girl who could wind a simple-minded fellow like Walter Kendrick around her little finger. She was small and delicately molded, blonde, with