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The Proper Time



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SO MANY WOMEN

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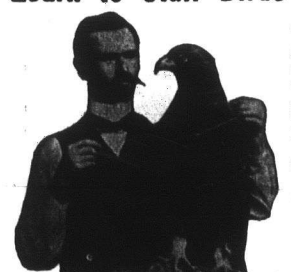
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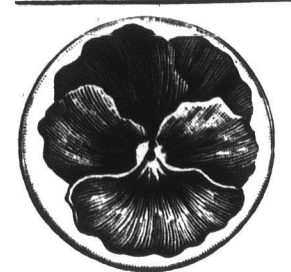
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Temperance Talk.

Carrie Nation as a Reformer.

As everybody knows, Carrie Nation is a reformer of the axe and bludgeon style. She hates the saloons and would like to clean them out, so she enters the saloons with an axe and begins to smash things generally. She splinters the counters, makes a glass pie of the decanters and bottles, shivers the mirrors into a thousand fragments and cuts up generally.

Some people have wondered how she dare do this. Is she not a law-breaker in proceeding in this tempestuous manner? Why don't the saloon-keepers arrest and put her in the states prison to protect their business?

Mrs. Nation knows that she is all right. The saloon-keepers are law-breakers themselves. They break the law every day and every week in the most flagrant manner. Every one who sells liquors to minors, keeps open after midnight, furnishes habitual drunkards with intoxicating beverages, or keeps their saloons running on Sunday, are breakers of the law. This probably includes them all.

No wonder Carrie Nation feels that she is on safe ground. A law-breaker will not be very likely to appeal to the court, because some one else is breaking the law. It is a case of "dog eat dog." "When Greek meets Greek" there is trouble of the hand-to-hand sort. If they should bring Mrs. Nation into court for smashing up their goods, the inquiries would be raised: "What day was it?" "What time of night was it?" etc. Mrs. Nation is very careful to go into these saloons on Sunday or after midnight, because she knows full well that the complainants must convict themselves in order to prove their case.

This solution of the liquor problem by Mrs. Nation reminds us of doctors who give a poison to antidote another poison. In some cases it is necessary to do this. Some one has swallowed a large dose of morphine. He is in danger of dying. The doctor comes along and gives him a large dose of atropin. Both the morphine and atropin are poison, but the poison of the atropin counteracts or disturbs the course of the poison of the morphine. Thus the two poisons begin to combat each other and the system is freed from them both.

We have a poison in society. It is the saloon-keepers who are law-breakers. They poison society, because they hold the law in contempt and break the requirements of the statutes every day. Moral suasion seems to be ineffective. Legal proceedings do not avail anything. In comes Mrs. Nation as another poison. Just as much of a law-breaker as the saloon-keepers, and, therefore, to be classed as belonging to their kind. But her poison is of a different sort from the saloon-keepers. It is a poison radically opposed to their poison. While these two poisons are fighting it out in some saloon on Sunday or after midnight, society is getting rid of them both. If Mrs. Nation should accidentally kill some saloon-keeper, society would be rid of that law-breaker. If some saloon-keeper should accidentally kill Mrs. Nation, again society would be rid of that law-breaker. Thus, it will be the same whichever way it works, and society will be benefited in that it will be rid of one more law-breaker.

We admire Mrs. Nation's pluck and courage. We agree with her that the law-breaking saloons should be abolished. We agree with her heartily; but, up to this moment, we have not felt impelled to copy her methods of warfare. It may be a want of courage or patriotic enthusiasm, or it might be a doubt as to whether her methods of warfare will finally succeed. Perhaps the poison of the law-breaking saloon-keeper might be eliminated in a simpler way than smashing the saloon-keeper's property. But Mrs. Nation does not do it in this way, and she has the shrewdness to see that the saloon-keeper will never dare to have her arrested for breaking the law.

We cannot exactly applaud the Amazonian Carrie for her prowess and pile-driving piety, but there is a tint of humor in the whole business that turns the laugh on the saloon-keeper. The saloon-keeper is smashing the ideals and proprieties of

well-behaved society. Mrs. Nation comes in and smashes his nice fixtures and disturbs his customers. Thus he gets "an eye for an eye" and "a tooth for a tooth." After all, it may do the saloon-keepers good to get a taste of their own medicine. Society has suffered from their lawlessness and they are treated with a little suffering from lawless depredation of another sort. They have "sown to the wind," and they are "reaping the whirlwind," and the spectators hardly know whether to laugh or cry.

What Money Can Buy.

The following touching incident, a recent occurrence in a Western county jail, as related by a keeper, is retold with the hope that the good work begun that night may go on and on:

"Last evening, just before the lights went out in all the rooms of the county jail, and while the prisoners on the ground floor were gathered in the corridors telling coach stories, uttering oaths, and indulging in the low, vulgar conversation so often heard among many who go to make up the crowd in the jail, the attention of the boisterous throng was suddenly arrested by the sound of a strong, sweet baritone voicesinging 'Something Money Cannot Buy,' which came from one of the rear cells. In a moment every sound was hushed except the sweet voice of the vocalist singing:

"Gold hath its powers, sages will say; Riches in life hold a wonderful sway, But there's a power that hails from above, Richer and grander—power of love! There strolls a noble, money and land, Lives in a mansion, costly and grand, Yet he's unhappy, no one knows why. Love is a power no money can buy."

"The voice quavered as the last lines were sung. The sound of the sweet music reached the office of the turnkey, and softly the door leading to the cell room was opened and those who were in the office when he started tiptoed into the hall.

"Several of the prisoners meantime were noticed with a suspicious moisture about the eyelids. The voice of the singer was choked for a moment, and then clearing his throat as if with an effort, he began the chorus:

"Love of a mother for her darling child, Love for a son, tho' he's wayward and wild—"

"Here audible sobs were heard, both in the cell of the singer and from other parts of the corridor. Recollections of the mother love that had long been dormant in the breast of wayward boys had been stirred and the floodgates of memory broken down. For a few moments it seemed as if some of them could not control their emotions, but it finally became still again and the singer once more began, starting at the commencement of the chorus:

"Love of a mother for her darling child, Love for her son, tho' he's wayward and wild,

Love that brings joy and tears to the eye— This love is something money can't buy."

"As the singer ceased those in the corridor rushed to the cell, and hands were shoved through the bars in their desire to grasp those of the vocalist.

"Put her here, old chap, that song has done me more good than all the sermons I ever heard," said one. "I've got a mother, boys, and she's a grand good woman, too!" It would break her heart if she knew where I was, I want you to witness what I say. I have got twenty-seven days yet to serve in here. When I get out I am going to write to my mother that I'm comin' home and goin' to work, and I ain't never goin' to drink another glass of whiskey as long as my mother lives."

"Here's another in the same fix," said a second boy. "I have not written a letter to my poor old mother in two years. God only knows what she has gone through on my account. I'm going to reform right now."

"The sweet singer, scarcely twenty, a vaudeville vocalist, who was arrested for drunkenness just before he completed his engagement, saying as the tears streamed down his handsome face:

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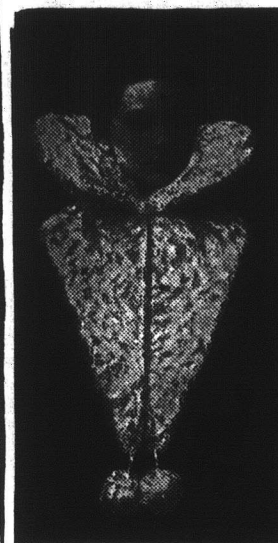
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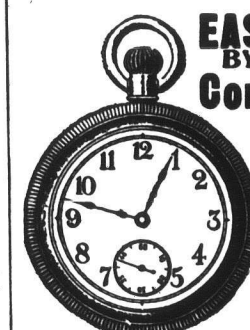
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