

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1901.

Pen Sketch of Mrs. Nation

It is unimportant to chronicle the fact that Mrs. Nation was born in Kentucky, and to follow her life as it led her through Missouri and Oklahoma into Kansas. But it is well to note in passing that her first husband, whom she probably married for love and whose wrongs she has never forgotten, died a drunkard. Often these hidden springs in the human heart move with tremendous power. After marrying David Nation she settled down to make a comfortable home for herself and her husband, and to live out her life in the fear of the Lord.

She has but one mental output. For years she has been considering the evils of the liquor traffic. She has acted when Nature would stand the strain no longer in a primitive way—with savage music! In Medicine Lodge she used to get out a hand organ through which perforated paper sheets are passed, and, sitting on a prominent corner of the town, she would grind out dolorous temperance songs to the citizens. In time they came to give her about as much notice as one gives to the waterplug on a corner. Another form of self-relief was to haunt the local jail and constabulary and pray with the prisoners, who usually voted her a nuisance.

She is a deeply pious woman, and has re-read the Bible so many times that Biblical quirks and tropes and metaphors put a wholesome bark on her conversation. She is argumentative and given to much wrangling. Like many persons of limited mental capacity, she is sure of her distinctions between right and wrong. Therefore she has been free to act without restraint. The person who spends valuable time toying with the etiquettes of a circumstance, trying to locate and mark out the boundaries of exact justice before proceeding, is unlikely to follow the strenuous life. With Mrs. Nation, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead," translated, means, "Interpret your Bible then get your hatchet." This absolute confidence in one's correct reading of the Scriptures generates the faith that stores up courage of great voltage. This faith of a little child sustained Joan of Arc; it guided Peter the Hermit; it sustained John Brown at Harper's Ferry. It is often misdirected faith; frequently it destroys those who hold it; certainly it is blind, and those who nurse this faith are probably mentally diseased. But some way—perhaps in God's own way—this faith moves mountains, often, mountains that seem to be highly necessary and almost respectable. But when they have moved, in their stead men find still waters and green pastures that are altogether good and lovely.

There is no doubt that the farmers, who compose the majority of the citizens of Kansas, favor the prohibitory law; and yet there is also no question that the law is laxly enforced in many parts of the State. In certain of the larger towns the law is absolutely disregarded, and a system of monthly fines imposed—amounting, in effect, to a license—upon the liquor dealers. On the other hand, again, this is the fact, that less liquor is consumed in Kansas, reckoning by the old 'per capita' method, than in any non-prohibition State. There are, of course, joints of a kind in every Kansas town; but they are sporadic; they move from one livery stable box stall to another, from one abandoned building to another, from one shack to another, as the town officers discover them. No business man frequents them; no young man can afford to be seen in their vicinity. The fixtures are primitive. A cigar box full of salt for the beer; a plug tobacco box full of sawdust to spit in; a limp towel; a number of unwashed, thumb marked tumblers to drink from, and three or four backless, spavined chairs to sit upon. Save in a half dozen of the larger Kansas towns, the 'gilded palace of,' which used to agitate the temperance orator in the blue ribbon days, is extinct, and hundred of young men have grown to manhood in Kansas without ever seeing a Kansas saloon.

This was the condition which confronted Mrs. Nation six months ago, when she left home with her hatchet. She set out to destroy the saloons. In her lexicon, 'to destroy,' means 'to smash.' She smashed, and fame discovered her. The

Nations are well-to-do. She can afford the luxury of saloon smashing. She dresses as most elderly ladies dress, and is not entirely devoid of pride in a pleasing personal appearance; for she is not a sexless creature—she is a woman to the core.

So much for this St. Georgiana. Now for her dragon. Commonly he is known as a rum fiend, familiarly as the saloon. The saloon is an evil. It may be deemed a necessary evil by those who feel bound to apologize for it; but it can have no defenders. Even where it is licensed, protected by law, under restrictions which narrow its iniquities to moderate and expedient vice, the saloon, personified by its devotees, may be characterized by no adjective more flattering than miscreant. At its highest estate it is an outlaw, and the greatest legal distinction the saloon has achieved after a century of fighting for statutory recognition is to be branded generically by the United States supreme court as a nuisance. Its purposes are all venial. It is in business to promote violence and crime; to injure the public health; to dissipate the public wealth in taxes that support the criminal court; to burden our charities; to corrupt the civic morals. The saloon is incarnate calamity. Because its work is slow and indirect, people often fail to see how it kills and maims men and tortures women like a malicious spirit.

In the Kansas towns where the saloon dominated, the citizen who stood for law enforcement stood as powerless as a wooden Indian. And the joint was growing bolder and bolder. It was moving from the little towns, where foreign colonies controlled the public sentiment, to the suburbs of the country seat and it was coming nearer and nearer to the main street. A sort of locomotor ataxia was creeping over the morals of the State. Last spring a dozen towns that had been 'dry' for a generation elected 'wet' city administrations. The saloon infection was spreading. Saloonkeepers became more and more insolent. Brewers from Kansas City and St. Louis began to take an interest in the situation. They slipped in elaborate bar fixtures where they dared. The joint became a saloon, and the devil was having a merry time withal. The whole growth of the evil was incendiary, lawless, riotous. The lawlessness of the Kansas joint bred Mrs. Nation's mob. Kansas planted the joint and reaped the hatchet. When the glass breaking, liquor-spilling, frantic mob laughed at law, the laughter was an echo. The brewers who started the lawless Kansas saloons laughed first at law—always a dangerous and generally an expensive experiment. Between the two outlaws there is little choice. The joint is bad. The mob is bad. As they say at the vaudeville, 'both are equally as worse as each.' When the two negatives met they formed a positive—an object-lesson. It was respect for law, taught probably by some sort of an unconscious reductio ad absurdum.

The local effect in Kansas of the Nation joint smashing was the sudden development of enthusiastic moral courage to demand the enforcement of the prohibitory law. Public sentiment crystallized over night. A law was enacted giving the prosecuting attorney inquisitorial rights. Under this new law he may summon any citizen, who is required to testify whether or not he bought liquor at certain places and of certain persons. There can be no longer the least excuse for officers or citizens winking at violations of the prohibitory law in Kansas. All this the woman with the hatchet has done—by indirection. For she set out to defy the law, and she has strengthened the law.

That much is certain; it may be set down in the balanced book of this hatchet account as net profit. But has not Mrs. Nation made a larger investment, which shall return in a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory? God moves in a mysterious way. This is true, whether one thinks of God as an omnipotent, omniscient personality, even as the orthodox God, or whether one feels that God is only a 'stream of tendency.' But God moves and moves forward. And when one considers what poor sticks of men have carried God's

banner—the insane, the brutal, the ignorant, the lame and the halt and the blind, but always the brave—one pauses before condemning even the most despised of creatures as unfit for the work. Did the savage veneration of the insane arise from the possible fact that too many of those who seemed mad were stoned to death have proved that they were prophets? Are not inflamed nerves supersensitive to waves of feeling that precede great moral changes?

Is it altogether impossible that this frantic brawling, hysterical woman in the Kansas jail, brave, indomitable, consecrated to her God, may be a prophetess, whose signs and wonders shall be read and known of man by the light of another day?

HOW DO YOU CARRY AN UMBRELLA?
Woman's Character Revealed by This, Thinks One Man.

The man who sat nearest the window said he didn't mind the wet weather.

"It gives me a chance to see how people carry their umbrellas," he said. "I have such firm faith in my umbrella deductions that I wouldn't be afraid to choose a wife with them for a guide."

The woman on his left smiled. "I'm glad I'm not out there in the street she said. 'You'd be picking out all the kinks in my disposition along with the rest of them.'"

"Oh," said the man, "I sized you up long ago. You carry your umbrella, when it is furled, just like that woman across the street. You grasp it in the middle and and go forging ahead with ends of the handle digging into the unfortunate pedestrians who go before and follow after."

"And what does that signify?" asked the woman on the left.

"Alertness, activity, selfishness and inconsiderateness."

"Um-m-m," said the woman. "But just look at the third woman in the procession," said the man. "I pity the men folks about the house, I'll warrant they have to get their own breakfast about six mornings out of seven. I never yet saw a woman drag her umbrella along so that you could track her by the trail of the tip who wasn't dilatory and shiftless. She never sews on a button or darns, or mends, and her breakfast dishes are seldom washed before 2 o'clock."

"That other woman who is bustling along holding to the top of the umbrella handle like grim death and pointing the tip down and forward in a kind of south-by-south-westerly direction is altogether different. She would set the world on fire if it wasn't water-logged. I am not sure that I'd want to be married to her, either. She'd be too energetic. She'd push everything before her and when she took a notion to clean things up a mere man would have nowhere to lay his head. What she is good for is serving on committees."

"That woman in the gray skirt is a year and nay sort of person. She wants to agree with everybody and follows wherever led. Women who carry their umbrellas with the point backward and downward are always unassertive."

But just look at that girl who spins along swinging her umbrella around in a circle as if it were a magic wand. I like her. She's jolly and good-natured and gets more pleasure out of life than ten ordinary people. There's a woman carrying her umbrella swung across her shoulder like a shotgun. She's a true soldier of fortune and was never known to say die. I can't talk of anything that would feaze her."

The man paused. "And what would you say," asked the woman, "about that girl who carries her umbrella horizontally across the small of her back and catches either end into the crook of her elbow?"

"Well, admitted the man, "she is a new one on me. I never met her before, but I wouldn't be afraid to wager that she is conscientious to a degree and has a heart as big as all outdoors. But here, he added comes the most even-tempered woman of the lot. She cuddles her umbrella protectively under her arm as if she doesn't want even it to get hurt in the crowd. That woman is gentle and thoughtful and kind."

"Henry," she said, thoughtfully. "What is it?" responded the worried business man rather shortly.

"I wish you could rearrange your business a little bit."

"How?"

"So as to be a bear on the Stock Exchange instead of at home."

Tried to Abduct a Prince

The reported contemplated visit on the Prince of Wales to Canada, and the probable extension of his visit to the United States, revives the memory of his tour through Canada in 1860, when he came to the United States on the invitation of President Buchanan, who had made the acquaintance of the Prince during his term as Minister to the Court of St. James, under the administration of President Pierce, remarks the New York Post. On his way to Washington the Prince accepted the hospitality of the city authorities, and during his stay in New York not only did the Volunteer Fire Department honor him with a grand torchlight parade but a grand parade of all the State militia was arranged in his honor and made an imposing display. The New York Irish regiment, the Sixty-ninth, refused, however to take part in this parade, a course of conduct which made a stir at the time on both sides of the Atlantic, and our city authorities and military authorities regarded the refusal as not only a direct insult to the distinguished visitor but a positive disobedience of orders, for which latter offence the regiment was deprived of its colors and came very near being disbanded.

But the Prince of Wales was not the first member of a royal family who had paid a visit to New York city. Just as the American colonies were fighting their way out of England's control, and while British rule in this city was on its last legs a hard-some young English midshipman landed in New York. The midshipman was Prince William, afterward King of England.

Prince William came to New York under the guardianship of Admiral Digby, who travelled with him, and they made their headquarters in the fine old house of Governor Beekman on Hanover Square, then the aristocratic portion of the city. There the Prince gave some elegant dinners. Many young ladies 'set their caps for him, and the admiral had much trouble in nipping in the bud his royal ward's flirtations. Prince William was free and easy in his address, indulged in no airs, became very popular. He repudiated the idea of being attended by a body guard, and insisted upon going about the streets of New York, like any other man or boy, 'all by himself.'

Meanwhile, the news of the Prince's visit to New York and of his freedom of action spread far and wide, and the fact that he was in direct succession to the throne and might, if he lived, be some day the King of Great Britain, led some of the colonists to conceive the idea of getting hold of him and keeping him as a hostage, and so dictate terms of settlement of the colony's affairs with Great Britain. Among the Jerseymen at that time prominent was a gentleman named Ogden, of Irish descent, who held a commission as colonel in the Continental army. This Col. Ogden was the originator of the scheme to abduct the Prince. He arranged to have two trustworthy army officers and thirty-nine men to aid him. It was planned to land on a dark night as near as possible to the old Beekman mansion, force the door, seize the Prince, gag and bind his guardian, leave the Admiral a prisoner in his own room, and carry off the Prince to a designated place. It was a bold plan, and its very boldness lay its safety and its likelihood of success. The plot was arranged in all its details. A dark moonless night was chosen, and the participants in the scheme were landed in three boats. An advance was then quietly made on the Beekman mansion; but they did not secure the prince nor the admiral. "The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley," wrote Burns, and it was true in this instance. Nothing extraordinary had happened, no alarm had been given, yet Col. Ogden's scheme and all the trouble incident to it went for nothing on account of a door-knocker.

They did not indulge in door-bells in those days. Even the most aristocratic door had big knockers on them to announce callers; and on the night on which Ogden and his two officers and thirty-nine men landed to secure the prince, the prince had gone to a party 'out of town'—that is, about as far out of town as present Canal street—and did not think of

starting for his place of residence until late and then returned on foot, because he wanted to indulge in one of his favorite amusements when out on a lark—wrenching off door knockers and door-knobs from the houses he passed, a fad with young English aristocracy.

It was nearly three o'clock in the morning, or about an hour and a half after Ogden and his party had gone back to their boats in disgust, before Admiral Digby and his royal charge were inside their domicile. One of Ogden's men had been chosen to 'shadow' the Prince on the appointed day and night, and it was arranged that no attempt should be made to force the door of the Beekman house until this spy had assured them, at an appointed rendezvous, that the Prince was inside. The man who did the shadowing was faithful to his duty, but when he found that the Prince was on a 'jamboree' and in the company of a dozen or more military officers, he hurriedly made his way to Ogden's party, to advise the colonel of the unexpected situation. Ogden, believing that, under the circumstances, it would be best to defer the arranged programme till a more propitious occasion, retired with his party to their boats. But the propitious moment had gone for ever. An individual residing opposite the Beekman house, having noticed the suspicious movements of Ogden's aids, reported the fact to headquarters the next day, and a guard was thereafter stationed in and around the Beekman mansion.

KING EDWARD'S FAVORITE CLUB.

It was the Marlborough which he Founded as Prince of Wales.

King Edward VII. may like being a King; but he must sigh secretly over some of the good things from which his added dignity cuts him off.

Some unwritten law makes a combination king and clubman an offence against the proprieties, but in the good days when King Edward was Prince of Wales he was one of the most popular clubmen in London, and no ordinary man was more devoted than he to his clubs.

The Royal Yacht Club, the Jockey Club, White's and several others had the Prince among their members; but, of late years, he has been seen most often at the Marlborough Club, of which he was the instigator and in which he was prime mover.

The club has only about six hundred members; and as the Prince himself was chairman of the executive committee and always presided, and one blackball would exclude, there was absolutely no chance of a member whom the Prince of Wales did not like. The membership was not controlled by snobbishness. Monarchs and royal personages like Oscar II, King George of Greece, Leopold of Belgium, the Duke of York, and the Duke of Connaught are among the members; but popular soldiers, sailors, diplomatists and professional men have been welcomed quite as warmly as royalty, and the club represents, perhaps, the best brains as well as best blood of England.

Studied comfort and simplicity are the keynote of the club. Any touch of ostentation is avoided. The lounge, billiard room are models of quiet comfort. The dining room, which may [at a pinch seat seventy, is absolutely unpretentious, the walls being covered with fine old engravings and the mahogany furniture being modelled on the most severe lines. The service is unimpeachable and the cuisine one of the best in London.

It was thoroughly understood that the Prince frequented the club for the sake of absolute freedom from ceremony, and that he would resent any special attention or recognition of his rank. Whenever he was in London he dropped in at the club late in the afternoon and usually after the theatre, and took a cue at billiards or chatted with friends. If he spoke to a club member while passing through a room the man probably looked up, nodded and let it go at last.

Various startling stories have been told about high gaming at the Prince's favorite club, but have been vigorously denied. The rules of the club lay down a limit for card games, and no other of gambling are allowed, although a ticker in the office gives the results of the races and a great many turf and sporting wagers are laid in the clubrooms.