

SOME NOTES ON THE LIFE OF CARRIE A. NATION  
KENTUCKY TEMPERANCE CRUSADER

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Thomas L. Riley

Carry Nation's family were early settlers of Garrard County, Kentucky. Her autobiography indicates that they were strongly religious by nature though somewhat partial to brandy. James Campbell, her maternal grandfather, a well-to-do landowner, was perhaps the leader of the clan-- certainly the hardest drinker of the lot. Carry notes that her grandfather thoroughly enjoyed his morning brandy while awaiting breakfast though not neglecting other toddies, juleps, cobblers, and even rum. None of these activities, though time consuming, interfered with his duties as principle deacon of the nearby Baptist Church.

Carry was born November 25, 1846 on a farm on the Dix River in Garrard County near the present town of Crab Orchard. Her father, George Moore, a trader, planter, slave owner, was in comparatively easy circumstances. In Garrard County Moore had been in the habit of buying hogs and driving them over the back roads for sale in Cincinnati. On at least one occasion he sat chatting and nipping in a tavern so long that the hogs, tiring, disappeared beyond hope of recovery into the woods. On another occasion he had taken a large drove of mules to Natchez, where he obligingly sold them "on time," but in the next few days Abraham Lincoln was elected president, the nation went to war, and Moore never collected as much as a down payment.

The Moore family moved from Garrard County when she was eleven to a farm near Danville, then to Midway, and then made a move largely via river boat to Cass County, Missouri, arriving in this Missouri-Kansas border area just as trouble was breaking out between this slave state and the free state



of Kansas. Representatives of both sides, the Jayhawkers from the Kansas side and the Bushwackers from Missouri, were constantly riding to and fro across the Moore farm. Moore had the unhappy task of attempting to placate both sides. Moore described himself politically as a "Union man but with Southern sympathies" which, not surprisingly, left neither side very happy with him.

On the trip over from Kentucky, Carry contracted a severe cold with various other complications--diagnosed somewhat indelicately as consumption of the bowels, leaving her bedfast for the better part of the next year. It was during this period of convalescence that Carry was to experience religion of the hard rock pioneer <sup>variety.</sup> meeting. It lasted her lifetime. Moore, rarely staying settled for any lengthy period and sensing the growing restlessness of the slaves, decided to move south to Texas. A number of misfortunes struck the Moore family during their brief stay in Texas and, in the midst of the Civil War, the family headed through the Confederate, <sup>and</sup> the Union lines to return to Missouri.

Education was a concern of the Moore family and every effort was made to provide Carry with an education. Finding persons remotely qualified to teach was no easy task in the frontier Cass County of the early 1860's.

Dr. Charles Gloyd applied for and received a position as a school teacher in the Cass County system in 1865. A strange request for a physician but it was Gloyd's contention that he "wanted to look around" for a year before settling down to a medical practice. Granted the job as teacher, he made successful application for room and board at the Moores. He was as much scholar as physician, speaking and writing several languages fluently. His attentions to Carry began to exceed those of the usual teacher and two years later they were married. Gloyd was also a magnificent

dud. He was to become a source of heartbreak and despair to his young bride and the touchstone which was to start her crusade against liquor, sex, tobacco, the Masonic Lodge, among other causes. The Masonic Order came in for a share of Carry's wrath for it was <sup>behind</sup> ~~to~~ the closed doors of the fraternity that Gloyd found perhaps drinking friends and certainly refuge from a wife and a mother who had now moved in. That Carry, now pregnant, made life a nightmare for Gloyd and the Masonic Order is putting it mildly--her violent hammerings at all hours on front and back doors of the Lodge, demanding that Gloyd be delivered to her drunk or sober added, perhaps, new dimensions to the fraternity's ritualistic work. Nor was the church to escape her demands for attention to Gloyd's case--specifically--the usual business of the congregation became more difficult to achieve for at intervals during each service she would rise and demand that the preacher knock off what he was doing and pray for Gloyd. Gloyd did literally drink himself to death within the next year.

Carry moved into her father's home, now in Belton, Missouri. Her daughter, Charlien, was born shortly afterwards. The child was born both physically deformed and mentally retarded and was to spend much of her life in and out of various asylums for the insane. It should, perhaps, be noted too that Carry's mother was to die insane.

Selling Gloyd's medical books, scalpels and leeches and getting a bit of a cash advance from her father, Carry entered the nearby Normal Institute of Warrensburg where she gained a teacher's certificate. Grimly determined to support her daughter, herself and Mother Gloyd, Carry accepted a teaching position in the Holden public school. Within one term, she had all but come

to fisticuffs with the chairman of the School Board over a minute point of teaching techniques. She had the last word, also no job. Now all but impoverished, seething with indignation, completely frustrated with practically everything she found society, in general, enjoying--Carry set out deliberately, as she states forthrightly in her autobiography, to snare a provider in form of a second husband. Realizing her own shortcomings, she determined to leave the final selection of number two to Providence. Subsequent events seem to indicate that she did not give the Lord his lead in the selection process however. About a week after Carry's decision, she met David A. Nation, a Civil War veteran who, like his predecessor, had several professions, editor, lawyer, theologian, planter--all equally unsuccessful. Even though photography taken during the period leave much to be desired, David A. Nation was a startling looking specimen. One writer describes him as "on first glance appears to be a shifty Old Testament prophet dressed in a high-crowned black hat and a funereal, ill-fitting mail-order black suit. He wears a long white beard that straggles down offensively over his cravat, his eyes have the self-righteous grimness of a man about to set up a lynching and his mouth is a down-turned crescent of autocracy, bitterness and disappointment. In sum, he looks like a dead (or nearly dead) ringer for the kind of New England cleric that scored such triumphs in Salem. In a pinch, he might have been regarded as a good catch for an unemployed witch; how a buxom young widow of breeding could have viewed him seriously is beyond comprehension." But Carry indeed wanted him, married him (in 1877) and in doing so hammered the last nail into the coffin of her hopes for a life of fulfillment and domestic tranquility.

Perhaps the best thing to issue from her second union was a name-change that Carry saw as an omen. After becoming Mrs. Nation, the reformer saw that the combination--"Carry A. Nation"--indicated the high chore for which she had been singled out by God. In the succeeding years she derived further hints from both the words and the initials. "C.A.N." meant, -of course, that she must not fail: "C.A. Nation" signified clearly (to her) a republic free of booze, and there were other signs to which she alone had the key.

Carry, David, her daughter Charlien, Mother Gloyd, and a step-daughter Lola Nation are next found purchasing a barren tract of land on the San Benard River in Brazoria County, Texas where apparently Nation chose to broaden his professional talents. <sup>as a cotton farmer</sup> This venture, too, ended in disaster and the near starving family moved into Columbia, Texas where Carry took over the management of a dilapidated boarding house. Failing to drum-up any law cases, Nation turned to another of his dormant professional skills, newspaper editing. As this renewed career worked out, it would have been as well had Nation stuck to farming or lawyering. Following a series of his articles relating to the status of the Texas negro, the two high-tempered factors of this explosive issue both attacked him. Nation was nearly caned to death in one encounter. Finally after receiving many threats--letters forecasting his early burial if he didn't leave Texas--the family packed up and headed North.

The next chapter in the drama of the Nation family is located in Medicine Lodge, Kansas where David somehow revived the last of his several professions becoming minister of the First Christian Church. Carry's management of Preacher Nation was wonderous indeed. Church members recorded

the fact that Nation seldom got out an entire sentence from the pulpit without a helpful and noisy assist from Carry. To have endured the carnival is testimony enough of the extreme scarcity of Campbellite preachers in wind-swept South Central Kansas in the 1890's.

It was during this period that Carry began having visions. These could not be classed as just garden-variety visions but two and three day productions complete with angels flying through the room, flashes of lightening, Biblical passages glowing with an eerie light, etc. This religious frenzy subsided to a secondary phase perhaps more painful to Medicine Lodge than management of the preaching services at the First Christian Church. Witnesses report that she became obsessed with illicit sex, and appointed herself as a vigilante committee of one, concentrating on parked buggies. If she had reason to suspect dalliance, she crept forward, her Kentucky woods training at the alert, until she had a glimpse of the interior. Then, should her worst fears be realized and the buggy contain a couple happily necking, she leapt forward with warnings of hell and damnation. It should be mentioned that in this period Mrs. Nation had taken to carrying a wicked-looking umbrella, with a sharpened tip or ferrule, and this she brandished on all occasions of malefaction. In town the conjecture was often made whether she would actually strike or stab a sinner with it; nobody appeared sure nor particularly anxious to find out. Precisely why she was not horse-whipped or run over has never been explained. All Kansans are not mild, peace-loving creatures, as the admirers of John Brown will be quick to acknowledge, and the era was no time for a busybody to step between a man and his courting.

Carry's attentions to women on the downtown streets were perhaps even more onerous. She stopped most females under the age of fifty for a session of earnest moral persuasion, of the most embarrassing sort. Principally, her message was--"Resist seduction, all men are monsters"--and the anatomical detail she offered up no doubt excited more than one virtuous maiden's imagination.

Apparently making little headway with either gender in the battle against sex, Carry's next attentions were turned with a vengeance against booze. In Kansas, after 1880, liquor could only be sold for "medical, scientific and mechanical" purposes. Druggists in Kansas, not unlike those in most other dry areas, simply set up a long plank beside the whiskey barrels in closed off back rooms to accomodate the legions of suffering men who daily arrived for medical aid and assistance. Carry, of course, made it her business to ferret out names and places of all such places in Medicine Lodge. Why she bothered is a mystery, for certainly everyone knew very well where such medical aid could be procured. Endearing herself next to all <sup>the</sup> druggists and practically every male in town, Carry made it a practice during each Sunday service of arising and announcing the names of all those who had sought medical, scientific and mechanical aid on the previous Saturday night. Her first significant strong arm encounter with saloons occurred in Medicine Lodge where, teaming up with the new Baptist preacher's wife, a Mrs. Wesley Cain, she tackled Strong's Drugs and Notions--in reality, and as everyone knew, a saloon. Mrs. Cain carried a dilapidated old <sup>and very large</sup> organ as they approached the den of iniquity. It being Saturday afternoon and a market day, <sup>as a result</sup> a very large crowd was attracted to the scene. Signals apparently were confused for onlookers reported that Mrs. Cain was cranking out "Nearer My God

to Thee" as Carry was singing "Yield Not to Temptation" at the top of her lungs. As the last split note died away, the two crashed the swinging doors. While the parched and medicinally deprived patrons scattered out the front door, Mr. Strong and his assistant unceremoniously and bodily tossed the two crusaders out via the swinging doors in the rear. A second and a third attempt to enter the swinging doors had similar results. Sitting on the street following the third attempt, Carry again launched into the hymn "Yield Not to Temptation." Not an auspicious beginning, but she was learning quickly, and it was enough that a chapter of the WCTU was organized and liquor in Medicine Lodge soon became a thing of the past.

Carry's next sally forth for the cause of temperance was a solo effort. Her planning was calculated to correct several obvious mistakes made in the Medicine Lodge effort. Filling a burlap gunny sack with fist size rocks, she placed these along with a dozen or so bricks on the floor and beside her seat in the buggy. Several handy throwing-size bottles (empty) were added at the last minute. The carefully chosen target was the town of Kiowa, a haven for all sorts of ruffians, which was situated nearly astride the border of the Indian Territory (later to become Oklahoma). Carry spent the night with friends enroute, arriving fresh and ready for combat the next morning. Parking in front of Dobson's saloon, she carefully wrapped her projectiles in newspapers and slung them over her left arm somewhat in bandoleer fashion. According to later witnesses, the interior of Dobson's at this fairly early hour was a picture of tranquility itself: Dobson was behind the bar whistling as he carefully polished glasses, and on the other side at a small table, a half-dozen men were attempting to revive themselves medically from a hangover from the evening before. At this point the swinging doors flew open



and a booming voice shouted, "Men, I have come to save you from a drunkard's grave !" With this preamble, the bricks, rocks and bottles began to fly. The first casualty was the large gilt-framed mirror in back of the bar, then with uncanny accuracy every bottle, jug and glass in the place was systematically smashed. Above the din of crashing glass, Carry was singing "Yield Not to Temptation" at the top of her lungs. The entire scene somewhat paralleling a Japanese banzei attack on Guadalcanal. Carry's parting comment "Now Mr. Dobson, I have finished. God be with you !" There was no reply, Mr. Dobson was crouched behind an overturned table in one far corner, three of the patrons under another, three had fled. As Dobson slowly raised his head above the table, there was one more huge explosion. Standing in her buggy, Carry had taken careful aim with a brick and the entire front glass disintegrated with the one blow.

Target number two was down the street one block where another saloon was administering medical aid to a select morning crowd. Carry again parked in front, loaded her ammunition, crashed through the swinging doors and absolutely wrecked the place as the stunned patrons watched in frozen terror. The completely addled proprietor, finally gathering his senses, picked up one of the bricks from the wreckage and hurled it through the only piece of glass remaining intact--his own side window.

Target number three was the Lewis Bar where the same tactics produced completely satisfactory results from Carry's standpoint. She ran out of ammunition at Lewis' but improvised with billiard balls from the recreational area. It was reported that one young man in attempting to scurry from one foxhole to another, had his hair gently parted by a billiard ball which missed him by a fraction of an inch. It was further reported that the long bar mirror and the front plate glass presented most wierd spider-like effects



as they disintegrated from the perfectly <sup>spherical</sup> spliced billiard ball punctures. Chairs and tables had their rungs and legs smashed, all fixtures were pulled down, and a brass cuspidor was drop-kicked the length of the bar. Again, above the din, "Yield Not to Temptation!"

By this time a very large crowd had assembled on the street outside. Carry climbed into her buggy, arose and briefly addressed the stunned gathering as to her Holy cause and the illegal nature of the joints. The town fathers, caught in the midst of a man-sized dilemma felt that they had no choice but to release her. Carry slowly drove away, the loud and off-key refrain floating back to the speechless crowd, "Yield Not-----." Kiowa gave Mrs. Nation and her cause national attention. The year was 1900, in June.

Seven months later Carry felt that she was ready to take on a much larger enemy. Her <sup>first</sup> big-city target was Wichita. D-Day and the storming of the beaches was set for the period between Christmas and New Years. Her prime weapon had now become a three foot iron bar. Carry arrived in Wichita at 7 p.m. on the 26th, registered at a dingy hotel near the railroad station, then set out on a scouting trip. Altogether she visited or at least peered into 14 saloons that evening according to her own account. The Annex of the Hotel Carey had been praised from coast to coast. (Similarity of names is purely coincidental). Without question, it housed the finest bar in the west, being constructed and decorated with many of the finest materials and furnishings from the Chicago Worlds Fair of 1893. The bar was more than 50 feet long, gracefully curved, of the finest cherry, rubbed and polished to a rich glow. A gleaming brass rail, an antique full length mirror, cut glass decanters,

polished brass spittoons, cherry tables and chairs--all gave ample evidence of true class. Immediately above the center of the bar was a life-size painting of "Cleopatra at the Bath" (formerly called "The Temptress of the Nile" while on display as a top attraction at the carnival peep-shows.) Cleopatra, the art work of a John Noble who spent 9 months at the task, was described by Wichita writers at the time as a masterpiece. In their words, "...The Temptress sprawled enticingly nude on a couch, her most debatable feature being a neat but unobtrusive swatch of pubic fuzz, not unlike that which had helped lift Goya's Naked Maja to the genius level and almost got the artist skewered. Cleopatra's Roman and Egyptian handmaids were comparably festooned (by Nature and by Mr. Noble) and a pair of over sized eunuchs busily kept off the flies." Cleopatra had become famous and, indeed, something of a civic rallying point for Wichita males.

It was into the Carey Annex bar that Mrs. Nation headed the next morning. As she bulled through the doors she saw, apparently for the first time, Wichita's pride, the Temptress, in all of her glory. From the entrance, Carry took a second look--it was more than enough to propel her into action. A Kansas tornado could not have been more effective. The seven men seated at the Cherrywood bar, nor the bartender, had any forewarning until they heard the first blast which ripped off the lower part of Cleopatra's right leg. The second shot, perhaps because of Carry's fury, was a wild pitch. The third brick hit dead center taking the entire bar mirror along with the Temptress, her handmaidens and eunuchs. At this point, the iron bar came into vigorous use. Carry ran back and forth along the bar taking vicious horizontal swipes at

everything in sight, (including the heads of the bartender and one of the patrons who had leaped behind the bar with him.) Chairs, tables, chandeliers, fittings, cigar cases, all were completely wrecked. Great chunks were gouged into the cherrywood bar from crushing blows of the iron bar. Cleopatra, the bartender and the lone remaining patron all lay drenched with liquor under inches of broken glass, with a river of mixed and aromatic fluids streaming along side them. The Wichita Eagle reported the next morning that the place was knee deep in broken glass and from the carnage arose a fog and the rich aroma of aged whiskey. Hundreds of hotel patrons and passers-by, including the police, rushed in to find Carry standing calmly in the midst of the wreckage with her iron bar in one hand and a great brass spittoon in the other. She was arrested on the spot.

Carry was, of course, jailed. The charge: Destruction of private property. During this, her first week-long stay, the Sedgwick County Jail had never experienced such a prisoner. After efforts to dismantle the jail proved ineffective, Carry settled down to convert her fellow travelers, an interesting collection of rustlers, drunks, pimps, con artists, and high-spirited cowboys incarcerated with her. Some conversions may have been made, certainly all enjoyed the novel diversion of learning and singing temperance hymns which they did with an enthusiasm equalling Carry's. Her crusade against tobacco in Sedgwick Jail appeared to have gained few converts, however. Telegrams, letters, financial aid, messages of support arrived for Carry by the bushel basket; newspapers were being

forced to take a stand, her fame was now, indeed, nation-wide--the snowball of a reform movement was beginning to build.

On the morning she emerged from Jail the streets were filled with her supporters plus more than a few curiosity seekers wondering where all Hell would break loose next. An answer was quick in coming. A mass meeting and special muster of all WCTU's was set within the week, January 21, for the stated purpose of destroying the saloons of Wichita and, as an added attraction, the horsewhipping of the Mayor and the Chief of Police. Carry somehow managed to get out of town and to refresh herself for the new offensive. The word "blitzkreig" was yet to be coined, but generally sums up what was to happen on the 21st--Carry emerged brandishing a hatchet--a weapon which was to become a trademark--at the head of a long column of her crusaders. Another three of Wichita's best known saloons were shortly to be demolished and liquor was indeed flowing all along the gutters downtown before a massively reinforced police department could restore any semblance of order. Carry and her three chief lieutenants were finally subdued and jailed. Her supporters managed her release the next day. Enterprise, Kansas, then one of the toughest towns in the west, was the next city occupied by the enemy (apparently quite willing) to be forcibly liberated. Forcible hardly describes the onslaught on Enterprise. She and her crusaders literally clobbered the saloons. It was here that she first became a candidate for a Purple Heart. The enterprising saloon keepers of Enterprise had imported a group of the toughest whores to be found from Kansas City who brought buggy whips, black jacks and an ample

supply of rotten eggs with them. Carry was singled out for their attentions. They nearly killed her. But the next day, with a large chunk of beefsteak strapped over an angry gash on her cheek and a black eye, Carry emerged again at the head of the attack. Abilene; then the capital city of Kansas, Topeka, were to follow as targets in Carry's pattern of liberation from the enemy, liquor. It was in the Senate Bar in Topeka--a symbol to Carry of the depths to which Kansas politicians had sunk--that she perhaps reached an apex in the art of saloon smashing. One blow of her hatchet could now debung a beer keg, one wide horizontal slash could smash as many as 25 decanters, etc. Many of her exploits have, naturally enough, been exaggerated but it was recorded by the Topeka Daily Eagle next morning that at the height of Carry's fury she had ripped the heavy refrigerator door from its hinges, and had thrown it across the room demolishing the beautifully framed long bar mirror in the process. Likewise, a 250 pound cash register had somehow been thrown through the cigar case.

Following another wild but brief stay in jail, Carry began her way toward, as she put it, "the cesspools" of the East--Chicago, Indiana, Michigan, Atlantic City, New York.

It is against this background that Hopkinsvillians read as follows in the personal items of the Hopkinsville Kentuckian on Tuesday, September 15, 1903: "Mrs. Carrie Nation of Kansas arrived in the city Sunday to make a visit to her uncle, Esq. Campbell, whom she had not seen for 20 years. She has recently been lecturing in Indiana and other Northern States. Mrs. Nation will not work with her hatchet while here, though she will find some rather tantalizing opportunities. One of the local saloons has this inscription

on its window: "All Nations Welcome Except Carrie." If she sees it, Mrs. Nation may have trouble in restraining herself. Yesterday Esq. Campbell and Mrs. Nation spent the day in the country at Dr. J. P. Peyton's. She will leave next Thursday for Michigan to prosecute her crusade against saloons." Squire Campbell, Carry's maternal uncle, lived <sup>with a son, Esq. Campbell, Jr.</sup> at 808 North Main where he lived with a son.

Hopkinsville had enjoyed a busy but a rather normal kind of a September: Articles of incorporation for the Peerless Manufacturing Co. were filed, plans were announced for a 50 room housing addition to South Kentucky College, a runaway horse wrecked a buggy at 10th and Main (woman was unhurt), the Athenaeum Society met on the 3rd at the Hotel Latham with Dr. Robert F. McDaniel presenting "A Few Facts About Bacteriology." A gentleman who should best remain unnamed was fined \$50 for selling liquor on Sunday, plans were finished to hold the State Bankers convention at the Latham on the 16th and 17th. The Kitty League closed its season on the 16th instead of two weeks later on the 29th as planned (Hopkinsville finished last in a 6-team league but promptly announced a doubleheader with Louisville of the American Association for the 18th). Not entirely by coincidence, the famous stage show "10 Nights in a Bar-room" was to be presented at the Holland Opera House on the 29th. Judging by the size and number of ads, I. W. Harper was far and away Hopkinsville's favorite bourbon, the ads in fact ranked only behind those for Lydia E. Pinkhams delightful concoction, My-favoriet (one word) truss, and Dr. Philemon E. Gorman's "Like-Magic Cure for Hemmoroids."

Back to Carry and Uncle Alex. An impromptu committee apparently was appointed to secure her services as a lecturer for the cause of temperance at the Tabernacle. Feeling that Hopkinsville's state of sobriety and moral turpitude could do with a bit of repair--the city directory of the period lists nearly as many saloons in the city of 3,000 as are listed in today's city of 25,000--she consented to the speaking engagement. As saloon keepers held their breath and hastily erected barricades, the word of her appearance swept the city and countryside.

Even allowing a bit for Editor Meacham's enthusiasm in estimating the crowds, the Hopkinsville appearance was a hugh success. The Kentuckian of September 18 had the following heavy-headlined front page article, the lead paragraph--"More than 2500 people turned out at the Tabernacle Tuesday night on short notice to hear Mrs. Carry A. Nation's discourse of her crusading methods to put down saloons!"

This was undoubtedly the largest crowd to turn out for a Tabernacle performance up to that time, perhaps, even to current times for an indoor crowd. Carry, to the disappointment of many and to the immense relief of others, evidently did not unsheath her hatchet in Hopkinsville. Certainly her refrain from saloon smashing was not to spare her local relatives embarrassment but rather she had now reached a new period in her crusading career. The battle-scarred old warrior was nearing 60 years of age, she had more jail time behind her than most of her adversaries had spent in saloon keeping, she was becoming increasingly content to stay on the sawdust



trail of the speakers circuits and to let the growing temperance battle be led by others. While the old veteran was tired, she was as pithy as ever.

Carry's trail from Hopkinsville led to Indiana, to Michigan, to the East Coast cities, to England, back to the states. Her home for the next few years was a dingy railroad coach and the seedy hotels close by the railroad stations. She spoke to untold thousands in hundreds of cities, criss-crossed around the nation

Her celebrated visit to John L. Sullivan is illustrative of the attention she was to receive. The champion was holed up in a New York saloon, training for a fight. During the course of an average day's workout, he drank several gallons of beer, frequently laced with whiskey to keep him from falling asleep. In the annals of relaxation, Sullivan was in a class apart. He fought best as his intake of poisons deepened, and his belly was a source of civic pride. Thus he had become an unfortunate symbol for emulation. Children not yet in their teens were swilling beer in the hope of gathering strength for the title, and Mrs. Nation decided to take a hand. But when she stormed through the saloon's front door, Sullivan retreated to the rear. In the presence of reporters, the crusader permitted herself a string of essentially masculine epithets and dared the giant to come out. Puzzled by-standers later agreed that the implication was strong that, in any bare-knuckle fight, she could beat him to a pulp. Sullivan, a gentleman behind the facade of beer fumes, declined to be drawn from his lair, upon which Mrs. Nation made the open declaration that he was yellow.



The champion fought again, and fought well, but several observers noted a lack of spontaneity in his movements. A little of the spirit appeared to have seeped away.

Her profits were given to dozens of pet, though often fraudulent, charities. The old warrior, still on the speaker's trail, died in January 1911.

Carry Nation was a fanatic, and as is usually the case, appeared on the social scene 10 years ahead of her time. One must give her credit, however, for starting the pendulum to swing. She, of course, joined a number of other "fanatics" in the reform movement on all fronts in those years from 1900-1910. The massive industrial revolution of the preceding three decades had obviously sown seeds of societal disease--child labor, corporate abuses, graft at many levels of government, wanton destruction of natural resources, poverty, as well as wide-spread intemperance. As today or in any other age, the pendulum of the reform movement began its swing only after there was an aware and an aroused public. The muckrakers continued to fan the flames of reform and changes were, indeed, to come about. Few would doubt that Carry A. Nation had done her part to bring about an aware and an aroused public.