PART THREE
HALF-TONE
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A PAPER FOR THE HOME
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YOUR MONEY'S WORTH

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FAITH THE PROPELLING POWER OF W. C. T. U. CRUSADE

Human Interest Plays Big Part in the National Convention of White Ribbon Soldiers Camped for Five Days at the Auditorium in Omaha

Miss Rose Bower — CORNETIST
Mrs. Francis W. Graham — NAT. MUSIC DIRECTOR
Miss Ruth Fonville — CORNETIST

Mrs. E. G. Atkins

Mrs. Anna A. Edworthy
Lydia Pearl Edworthy
Master Chas. Varney

Jennie Smith
"THE RAILROAD EVANGELIST"

Mrs. Jennie Murray Kemp

COLORED DELEGATES TO THE CONVENTION
MRS. G. E. JOHNSON. MRS. S. J. MCWILLIAMS.
MRS. M. J. TURNER. MRS. ELIZA PETERSON. MRS. FRANCIS PRESTON

FOR FIVE days an army besieged Omaha. It was not the army of militarism—the battle-girded fighting force of modern warfare with its caparisoned troops, emblazoned accountrements and embroidered uniforms—but the Army of Temperance. It was a Christian army, following a white flag—which did not mean surrender—and its roster was made up of temperance soldiers.

These Christian soldiers are marching onward—onward across the country like the crusaders of heraldry, proclaiming to sweep vice and desecration from their path and leave happier homes in their wake. Behind the troops rolls a great wave with a high crest—the wave of temperance. The soldiers are women—Christian women and Christian soldiers—whose assiduous endeavor is bringing in a harvest of victories.

One cold day in March, 1883, a gentle woman strolled along the bleak shores of Lake Michigan. The storm-lashed beach was piled high with ice and in the fissures made by the ice crags was snow of purest white. Beyond the ice were the cold waters of the lake, black against the dull horizon. Behind her was Evanston, the temperance college town, and to her right—on the south—was black, sinful Chicago.

"This entire country is just like this," said the woman as her eyes surveyed the picture. "There are white places among the black. Part of the country is bad, part is good; part of our people are black at heart, part are white. Why can't the whole country be white? Why can't the bad people be good? Why can't Chicago be clean like Evanston? Surely, if all cannot be good, the bad can be better. They must be helped. There must be an influence."

The woman who thus soliloquized was a leading American reformer. She was at that time an active worker in the National Woman's Temperance union, was on the staff of the Chicago Evening Post and a prominent factor in the prohibition party.

Today all that is mortal of that wonderful woman has been laid away—she died thirteen years ago—but though her life was only ephemeral, a great institution lived after her. She was the influence that started this crusade against intemperance. Today there is a monument of stone erected on the campus on Northwestern university known as Willard hall, but there is a living organization, greater than a mausoleum of brick and mortar, known as the World's Woman's Christian Temperance union. This organization was incorporated in 1883. Its founder was Frances Elizabeth Willard.

For twenty-six years her followers have waged a battle against intemperance and they have fought a good fight. They are women of the self-sacrificing nature, devoting their efforts to others. In this respect enters another touch of pathos. Many of the most active workers, the most persistent and most helpful, are women who have lost through death. Many of them—hundreds of them—are widows or wives without children who have no household duties to perform and who believe in centering their efforts where they may prove the most valuable. On the other hand, many of the most persevering workers are married women with families who find time for public-spirited work.

Faith the Motive Power

Agreeing or disagreeing with the principle of these women's work, the man must have been extremely lacking in philosophical instinct who could not find a deep human interest in the simple faith of those crusaders who made up the thirty-sixth annual convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance union at the Auditorium.

Faith, faith, faith! It was manifested in everything they said or did. With a prophetic vision, to them as clear as that which animated the apostle of old who stood far back against the sky line of history, "limned in heroic outline on the flushing east of legendary time," and foretold the doom of the man who gave his brother drink, these prophets of the twentieth century proclaimed their belief in the ultimate triumph of their crusade against the Demon Rum.

This faith at times was pathetic, it was so simple. And what made it so, largely, was that it animated the hearts of women grown old in the toil. Many a matron with the lines of anxious care undeniably inscribed upon her serious countenance was there leading her daughter or granddaughter on down into the line of battle for which she had given the better years of her life. The zeal that drove that immortal reformer up and down the land of Europe proclaiming his frantic slogan, "Deus Vult," "Deus Vult;" the zeal that sent Mother Thompson, the pioneer temperance crusader, out upon her mission in Ohio far back in the last century; the zeal that impelled the tireless energy of Frances Willard—this zeal burned and blazed in this convention and was the motive power that drove its machinery.

Believe they would one day wipe out of existence every saloon in America? Yes, indeed. They believed this with a faith sublime. In the things they did, the speeches they uttered, the songs they sang, this one crowning fact stood boldly out.

Song!

When the movement that led up to the Woman's Christian Temperance union was young they must have had queer battle crys and martial airs, for quaint tunes were hummed, queer little songs sung and slogans that seemed feolish were shouted, and they told you these were the shibboleths of the early warfare.

Back in the vast building some piping, squeeking little voice would start up a wierd old air and when a thousand eyes had focussed out the inspirited leader 500 voices would join and lift that air in large volume until it swept from one end to the other of the Auditorium.

To this convention had come women with whom the current of life had not always been smooth. Maybe they were caught in a tidal wave and washed back upon the shoals, or maybe they had been shipwrecked outright; anyway, they had been mariners on a rough sea and the voyage was perilous. Some who had found the struggle unusually hard had drifted out into the west to take up land in an endeavor to get what they might call home. On they had come to this mecca of their faith and out they poured the libation of their hearts on the altar of temperance reform and into the swelling chorus they had spent their hosannahs of jubilee and in the quiet of the intermittent prayer hour they had sent up their supplications to their One Leader, "uttered or unexpressed."

We say this simple, living faith, approved or not by the looker-on, was striking, was a subject of serious thought.

But don't get the idea that this assemblage was one of women who had known only misfortune. There were women large enough in material wealth to pledge a good sum of money from every local union in their states and pay the pledge. Some of the most aristocratic families of the south were represented by their women folks.

Jennie Smith, Railway Vigil

In the ranks of this Christian army that invaded Omaha was one little woman who has shaken hands with more railroad men than any other woman in America; she is known to every engineer, fireman and conductor on the entire network of American railroads. For over thirty years she has worked among railroad men; for over twenty years she lay prone upon a stretcher and traveled in the baggage coach ahead, but she never let up in her great work. The train men protected her and gave her every comfort within their power. She has no use for money—unless it be to help someone less fortunate than she—and she never needs a railway ticket.

This woman is Jennie Smith—a plain, homely name, but of wonderful significance to the railroader. She is the national railroad evangelist of the Woman's Christian Temperance union. But she is more to the men of the road. She is the "white light ahead" to the grimy engineer, the dirty fireman and the immaculate conductor. She is their Jeanne D'Arc, the Eva Booth among the workingmen, the Florence Nightingale to the injured.

Twenty years ago Jennie Smith addressed the employes of the Union Pacific railway at the Boyd theater. Wednesday noon during the lunch hour she went down to the Union Pacific shops and talked to the men. She was not a stranger there, for they had all seen her or heard of her.

One of the first men to greet Jennie Smith upon her arrival in Omaha was a leading business man. That man is E. G. Hampton of the Hampton Lumber company. Thirty-five years ago Mr. Hampton, then a tender youth, used to wheel Jennie Smith—crippled Jennie—about in her wheel chair. She was an invalid then, but today she is well and strong. Can those two ever forget one another.

Another Omaha man to greet Jennie Smith upon her arrival at the Rome hotel was J. T. Brilliant of the Independent Telephone company.

"God bless him," said Miss Smith afterward. "I'll never forget him. Twenty years ago he signed the pledge before me and I know that pledge has never been broken."

One Who Opposes Early Closing

This is the story of a Woman's Christian Temperance woman who doesn't believe in closing the saloons at 8 o'clock. It's against her principles and she doesn't mind telling about it. She is a colored woman. She hails from the Lone Star state, where she is known as "some worker." Texas is a hot, dry state, where the men folks have thirsts, and in that respect it's somewhat like the land somewhere east of Suez.

That's what she says, anyway, and she laughed a good old southern laugh at the allusion to Kipling.

"That reminds me of an old story I once heard at a colored barbecue," she continued. "It just made me laugh so. It was the story of a colored man that fell down the back stairs with three bottles of brandy. He never broke a one of them, no, sir, not a one of those bottles was shattered. He had drunk them all before he fell." Then she smiled out loud again.

"Well, the reason I don't believe in closing the bar rooms at 8 o'clock is this," she went on. "There's no infernal use in saloons anyhow. Down south if they closed those drinking emporiums early the negroes and white trash would be hanging round the bars before their suppahs had settled. They'd just simply work overtime to get puffed before the doors closed."

"What do you mean by puffed," she was asked.

"Well, up north you men folks call it pifed, or pificated, or sometimes orey-eyed, I guess, but down south it's just puffed.

"Well, the principal reason I don't believe in closing the bars at 8 o'clock is because I don't believe in opening them. Isn't that a good 'nuff reason? If they don't open them they won't need to close them."

Second Ruler of This Dynasty

Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens is the national president of the Woman's Christian Temperance upion. She not only is, but has been and will be for some time to come.

For a dozen years this woman has led this formidable host of temperance workers in its march across the country. She is now entering upon her thirteenth crusade. She was the successor of Francis E. Willard, the founder of the order, and is therefore the second of the reigning house.

If there's a better woman executive in America she would have to be "going some" to beat Mrs. Stevens. When she stands up in the front of the crowd, with head erect, shoulders back and straight as an Indian maiden, and peers through her nose glasses, there's bound to be attention to orders. She is a real executive. She is an errorless umpire on parliamentary law, and when it comes to handling the crowd she's there.

Mrs. Stevens is not a large woman, neither is she strong in appearance. On the contrary, she is slight and one might imagine her frail. She is of medium height. Her hair is dark, with possibly a tinge of gray about the temples, and she has a mass of it, and parts it in the middle. Her eyes—and they are beautiful, powerful eyes—are grey, and they flash defiance at the liquor element. They are also kind eyes, the eyes that rule by appeal.

Mrs. Stevens has the endurance of an athlete. Through seventeen long sessions in the Auditorium she has been on duty. Most of the time she was on her feet, standing before the convention, leading work of legislation.

Her re-election as president was a foregone conclusion. She is the greatest woman executive engaged in temperance work; she is tireless in her efforts and never grows weary or discouraged. Like Jane Addams of the Chicago Hull house, whom former President Roosevelt called the foremost of American women, Mrs. Stevens is the very exponent of self-sacrifice for a great principle—the principle of temperance.

"How do you stand the work so well?" she was asked.

"I'm well seasoned," she replied; "the more I do the better prepared I am to work."

And her loving eyes showed that she meant what she said, for she is a part of her work.

Colored Heroine of the South

One of the most interesting characters at the convention was Mrs. Frances E. Preston. Mrs. Preston is one of those good old southern negro women with a great, big heart throbbing in her breast, always willing to serve anyone worthy to be her "marster."

It is Mrs. Preston's charming personality, her marked intelligence and executive ability that has won for her an important post in the Woman's Christian Temperance union. She is the national lecturer and organizer of the Loyal Temperance Legion and superintendent of the work among the colored people.

Her voice—which, secondly to her kindly face, wins friends—is like soothing syrup to a child. She is often called the "Golden-Voiced Evangelist." When she talks there is soft music and pale moonlight combined in one. She has that soft, musical voice that sounds good, for it is comforting

Mrs. Preston can tell a thrilling story of negro life in Alabama and can recite and sing the favorite epics and lullabyes of the southland. She often appears on the stage in various darky roles. "De Valley an De Shadder" is one of her most remarkable recitations. She delivered this before the National Association of Elocutionists at their annual convention in Chicago in 1893.

"I'm growing old in the work," says Mrs. Preston. "I've been in it now for nigh onto twenty-eight years, but I reckon if the Lord is good I'll be there many more."

Another colored woman of national prominence was Mrs. Eliza E. Peterson of Texarkana, Tex. Mrs. Peterson is the national superintendent of the colored Woman's Christian Temperance union and state president of the Loyal Temperance Legion.

Mrs. Peterson is a slender little woman, but there's dynamic power in her heart. She has done effective work in Texas and points to the fact that the Lone Star state is going dry "powerful fast."

There are 157 totally dry counties in the state, ninety partially dry and only eighteen totally wet.

Some Humorous Spots in [illegible]

With all its solemnity, its religious character and its purely business motives, the convention was not without its humorous features. There were happy incidents galore and funny situations innumerable that will linger in the memories of many, even though they may be unchronicled.

Twice during the convention parliamentary rules were laid aside in order that business at hand could be attended to. The election of Mrs. Stevens as president to succeed herself was entirely unconstitutional, but it will never be questioned. According to the order of business the election should have been held Thursday morning.

It was long after noon when the balloting took place. Mrs. Stevens appealed to the parliamentarian for her decision as to the legality of the proceeding, when someone chirped up, "Turn the clock back."

The clock was not turned back, but the election was declared legal. That was more important than the rules of order.

The resolutions committee made its report Wednesday afternoon. According to the bylaws of the union the report should have been made following the election of officers. Thus the constitution was shattered in two specific instances.

Another instance of unparliamentary procedure was the long session of Monday morning, when the women spent hours trying to figure out just what they had done at the previous session Saturday afternoon. It was a tangled mass of explanations that remained, after all, to unravel.

At the Saturday session important legislative action was pending regarding the use of the white ribbon and the fluttering or waving of handkerchiefs as a sign of recognition between members. When Monday morning dawned none seemed to know what had been done previously and it took heated debate, long-winded arguments and frantic appeals to settle the question.

Girls Are Kept Busy

The girls in the bureau of information not only answered questions sensible and otherwise, but were called upon to furnish notions of fifty-seven brands. In the category of varieties were pins, buttonhooks, hairpins, hatpins, handkerchiefs, lead pencils, paper, time tables, street maps and nose glasses.

When one of the girls was asked if she thought the Schlitz hotel was the proper place for a woman to stop she didn't know the answer, as she had glowing recollections of the name being associated with the place made famous by a name.

Some women, too, have that propensity of taking short routes. It was not an uncommon thing for delegates to file through the Rome vineyard or the hotel bar room on their way to the Auditorium. It was time they were evidently after, even though they migrated as the crow wings it.

The woman who asked a man with an Eagle badge on the lapel of his coat and an Elks' tooth hanging from his watch guard if he knew where she could get a drink, certainly knew where to get the information. The kindly man piloted her over to the distilled water tank and "drew one." She said it tasted "flat," but that wasn't any fault of the man's.

Mrs. Ruth M. Thompson of Texas has gone back to the rolling ranch lands with a new hat. All women are proud of new headgear, Mrs. Thompson placed her old bonnet on a hot radiator one morning and when she went bareheaded back to the hotel she was carrying a warped piece of felt and some straggling feathers which had been steam-cleaned to perfection.

Mrs. Thompson didn't figure things out quite right when she inquired at the bureau of information if it would be possible for her to leave Omaha Saturday noon on the Burlington, as she did not like to travel on Sundays.

Who is Who in the Gallery

Lydia Pearl Edworthy, whose picture is shown above, was one of the convention pages. At 2 years of age Francis E. Willard, the founder and first president of the Woman's Christian Temperance union, tied a white ribbon about the girl's chubby wrist as she nestled in her mother's arms at the convention at St. Louis. This was in 1886. Mrs. Anna McPherson Edworthy, the mother of the girl, was a granddaughter of Ruth McPherson Morris, who died last year, aged 102 years. She was the oldest "white ribboner" of her day.

Three prominent missionary workers present were Mrs. Jennie Connor, missionary to Alaska; Mrs. Abbie B. Hilleman, to the canal

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