

THE CHAMPION OF THE WORLD-WIDE PROHIBITION MOVEMENT

SEABORN WRIGHT OF GEORGIA PROBABLY THE MOST ELOQUENT SPEAKER TODAY FOR THE "DRYS"



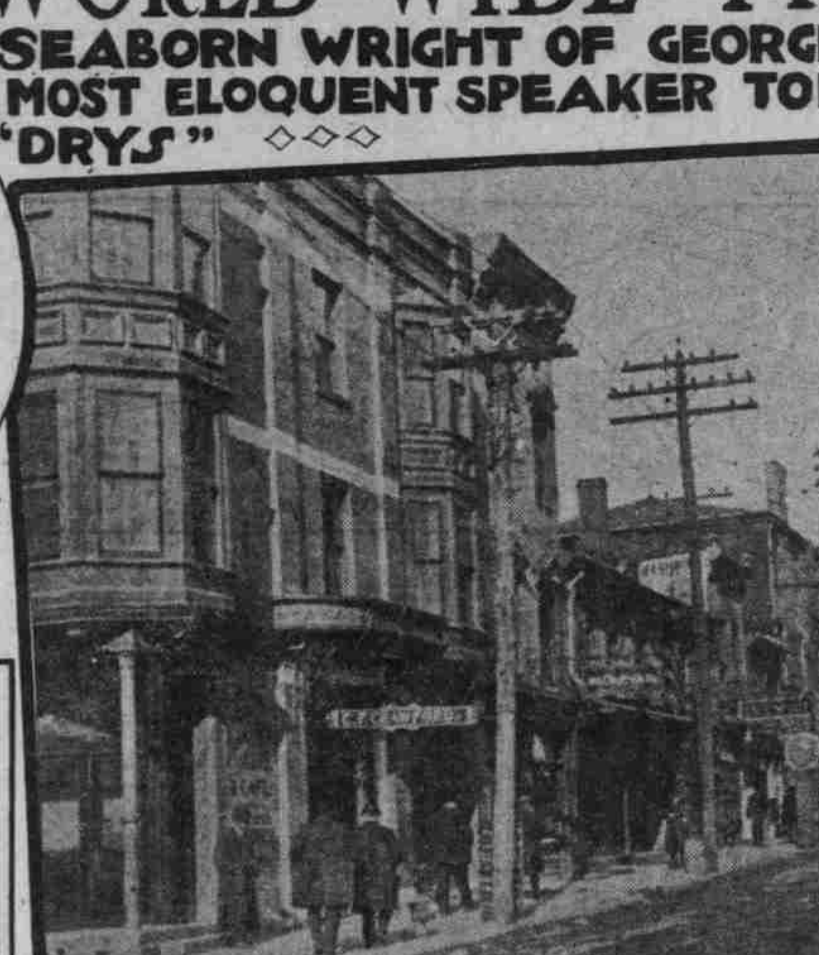
JUDGE PETER C. PRITCHARD



GOV. HANLEY



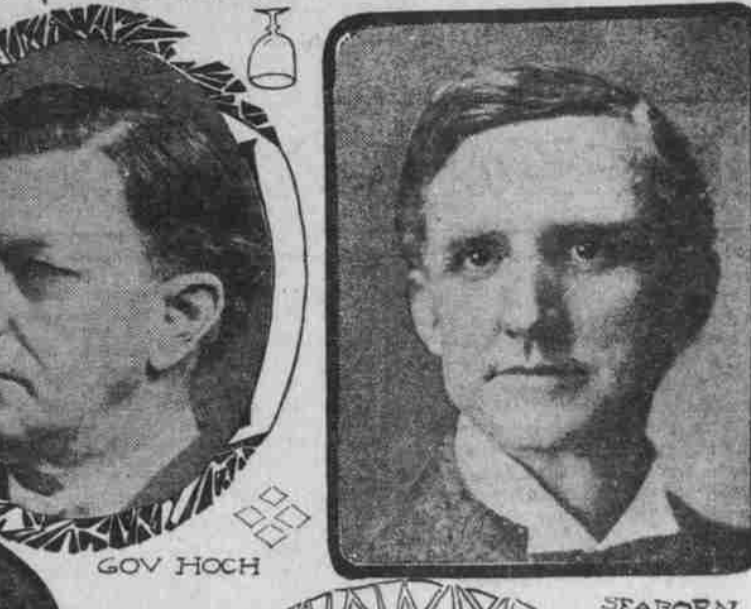
PRINCE BERNADOTTE OF SWEDEN



REV. DR. HOWARD H. RUSSELL



GOV. HOCH



SEABORN WRIGHT

TWENTY SALOONS IN TWO BLOCKS IN THE CENTER OF LEXINGTON KY



IX SENATOR CARMACK OF TENN

A TEN-YEAR-OLD boy with tears streaming down his face, stood in the streets of a little Georgia town nearly forty years ago, and with agonizing appeals and frantic gestures, tried to stop an armed, drunken woman from beating her child into insensibility.

The boy was Seaborn Wright. Today Seaborn Wright is probably the best known prohibition leader in the United States—he could have had the Presidential nomination this year had he but signified his willingness to make the race. He is generally credited in Georgia, by prohibitionists and saloon men alike, with doing more than any other man to put that state in the "dry" column; and throughout the South he is looked upon as being largely responsible for the spread in that region of the present-day remarkable temperance wave that is extending pretty much over the entire civilized world, but more especially in this country and the North of Europe.

It was the spectacle of the drunken mother—when sober, a charitable and loving woman—trying to kill her son, that gave Seaborn Wright his lasting impression against the sale of liquor, and from that day that he tried to protect the child until now he has been a fighter for prohibition. In the cause he has spoken in every state in the Union. For its advancement he has spent each year for many years a large part of his income that he receives from his 20,000 peach trees and other Georgia farm land and his law practice. And to further its cause he entered politics when a young man, and has been a member of the Georgia legislature for a quarter of a century, and a thorn in the flesh of the Cracker politicians for a long time.

Wright has attained his prominence as a promoter of the "dry" doctrine not only by his everlasting keeping at it, but also by his eloquence. It is to be doubted whether the cause he champions can be put today by a more forceful speaker. A few weeks ago he addressed on their invitation, the members of the Louisiana legislature on the favorite saloon question. He was present also an anti-prohibition delegation from New Orleans, but before he had been speaking long Mr. Wright had so completely won the hearts of the anti-prohibitionists standing upon their chairs and cheering for him like a lot of delighted college boys, that he was obliged to leave the hall and address addresses all over the South; not infrequently he has spoken night after night for considerable stretches, and his audiences numbered at the way from 1000 to 10,000 people.

As a member of the Georgia legislature Wright always remained on the side of the prohibitionists. When he wants to say anything he rises from his seat, walks to the front of the chamber, throws his right leg across the top of an unoccupied desk, removes a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, wipes them carefully with a handkerchief, leans his six-foot slender frame slightly forward and begins, with not a whisper to disturb his train of thought, for though he has had many opponents in the legislature, none disputes his oratorical powers.

Wright comes of a family noted in his section of Georgia for its orators as far back as the eighteenth century. Some of his ancestors were sturdy old pioneers of the Georgia backwoods. They were the leaders in the brush-fire political rallies, and swept the opposition off their feet by their oratory. Wright's father was particularly noted for this gift. A typical gentleman of the old Southern school, and one of the leading men of his town, yet, even at times of the greatest social or political importance, he declined to wear a collar or a shirt that sparkled in its cleanliness as far as could be seen.

When Wright made his initial appearance in the state legislature he declared his platform: "Anti-child labor, prison reform, prohibition, anti-bucket shop, pure food, and all legislation looking toward the device of protection of man, so as to make a clean, incorruptible citizenship."

This has remained his platform, and in order to promote it he has endeavored to the voters as a Democrat, a Populist, a Prohibitionist and an Independent. When he ran for governor with the backing of the latter party he was elected the first one in Georgia to declare for the abolition of the whiskey and the convict lease system. The platform on which Wright ran for governor was the first one in Georgia to declare for the abolition of the whiskey and the convict lease system. The platform on which Wright ran for governor was the first one in Georgia to declare for the abolition of the whiskey and the convict lease system.

his eloquence he has won numerous cases since. It is rather curious to note that he has never taken a case except as a lawyer for the defense. His law practice and his peach groves and his farms, by the way, have received from him but little personal attention during the last two years. But there has been plenty of this world's dollars with which to hire competent help, and his peach crop this year was exceptionally fine.

Man Behind Anti-Saloon League.

Howard H. Russell, organizer of and chairman of the headquarters committee of the Anti-Saloon League, and as such one of the big personal forces in the present temperance movement, arrived at his present eminence by the farm, a clerkship in a Government arsenal, a cattle-rider's saddle, a schoolteacher's certificate, a country newspaper editor's chair, a lawyer's name, political defeat and the ministry.

His failure to secure re-election as County Superintendent of Schools out in Iowa proved, in the early eighties, the turning point in Russell's career. For several years before the voters decided not to return him to office, Russell's wife had been begging him to go into the ministry, his political disappointment came to him he acquiesced in his wife's desire, threw up his lucrative law practice, went to Oberlin with the wife and daughter and, at 28, began to equip himself to begin life all over again.

It was while he was in the seminary that he made his initial acquaintance with the "rum, becoming interested in the work through the influence of the late Francis Murphy. The organizer of the movement that routed the saloons from Berea, Ohio, which has kept them out ever since, he was rather badly beaten up by a saloonkeeper in a street assault. To the sympathy that this attack upon his aroused for his cause Dr. Russell attributes the success of his first anti-saloon movement by just half a dozen votes. Later on, when the Berea saloonkeepers took the case to the state supreme court, Russell, calling his legal knowledge to his assistance, collected evidence against the lawbreakers, conducted the resultant trial, and secured such heavy penalties that the liquor laws were rigorously observed as long as he remained in town.

Two years later Russell led the Ohio fight for a township option law. This was his last in charge of this work by a temperance alliance. His first move was to open a headquarters in Columbus, the state capital. Then he organized the pastors and churches of the state into a compact body for circulating petitions for and literature and other arguments in behalf of the local option bill. The pressure that this organization brought to bear on the House caused it to pass the bill by a small majority. Several days before the vote was to be taken on the bill in the Senate a poll showed a majority of one for it. Just before the 11th hour arrived one of the Senators, yielding to pressure from the other side, consented to Russell's plan that he could stand by his first pledge and vote for the bill. No sooner said than Russell got busy, and the Senator was flooded with personal letters and telegrams demanding that he vote for the bill. Which he did, and saved the day for local option.

The lesson of organized, systematic appeal in behalf of temperance that Russell learned while conducting this campaign ultimately led to the organization of the Anti-Saloon League on much the same lines of his local option organization. But before he became the father of the league he went, first to Kansas City, where he began preaching in a tent on a vacant lot, later moving his big congregation into a building; and second, to Chicago, at the solicitation of the late Philip D. Armour, where he directed the work of the famous Armour Mission. It was while he was on a sick bed that Russell determined to give all his time to promoting the cause of temperance, and when he was in full health again he quit the active ministry, once more sought out Oberlin, and here practically began his career all over for the second time. This was in 1893. He started his new

gubernatorial campaign on the Prohibition issue, largely, he cannot be classified as a temperance worker. Brown, of Florida, who has introduced the prohibition bill if one should ever be put up to him, is likewise in the Hoke Smith class of governors as regards temperance enthusiasm. Florida by the way has been one of Seaborn Wright's more recent fields of endeavor.

Hanly, Hoch, Glenn, Carmack and Pritchard are all men who deserve much credit for their perseverance in climbing up that ladder which eventually brings a man into the public eye in a more or less reputable manner. Pritchard can tell you from actual experience what a printer's apprentice in a country newspaper office does to earn the few dollars a week that are placed in his weekly pay envelope; he, like Ansel of South Carolina, received only a common school education, and not any too much of that. The Civil War left the Glenn fortunes impoverished and not until several years after his marriage did Hoch still run this paper—the Marion News—and through it he largely gained the state prominence that led to his first nomination as governor. When he was struggling to pay for the paper, his weekly worked steadily 15 and 18 hours a day for days at a stretch, and slept in the office.

Carmack, of the famed flaming pool, who also made his first hit in newspaper work, incidentally being challenged numerous times to fight pistol duels, was the son of a minister, and his father, a widower and his boy had very little of this world's goods from him. Carmack, however, did inherit a few good books, and through them he became a self-made man, and through them he became a self-made man, and through them he became a self-made man.

Gubernatorial Temperance Workers.

Among the political leaders, big and little, of the country who have identified themselves more or less prominently with the temperance movement, Frank J. Hanly, Governor of Indiana since 1905, is looked upon by prohibitionists generally as one of its most earnest and forceful advocates. Largely through his instrumentality, the question of local option will play an unusually important part in the approaching state campaign in Hoosierdom, and it may have a direct influence on the state's Presidential predilection. Big, jovial "Bob" Glenn, the six-foot-and-over occupant of the North Carolina executive mansion, won his gubernatorial honors by his telling prohibition speeches delivered before the farmer population of the Tarheel commonwealth. Singularly enough, he and Peter C. Pritchard, the Federal Judge and quondam Federal Senator from North Carolina, who upset him in the election, were on the state railroads by his injunctions, were head and front of the movement which caused the Legislature to place North Carolina in the "dry" column in May of this year.

South Carolina, too, has a gubernatorial champion of prohibition—Martin F. Ansel, who led the fight against the retention of "Ben" Tillman's pet state institution, the dispensary, with the result that the neither Carolina has a local option law, and county after county is voting out the saloon. In the meantime it fares badly with the traditional remark that this governor of North Carolina once made to his fellow executive immediately to the south of him.

Edward W. Koch, whose second term as Governor of the Snowflifer State is drawing to a close, has been a big card for the temperance workers for a number of years, and he always tries to arrange more or less prominently with the temperance cause. A few weeks ago with one "dry" column in May of this year.

It will be noticed that four governors are prominent temperance advocates and workers. There are other state chief executives whose names have been identified more or less prominently with the temperance movement. There is Hoke Smith, of Georgia, for example, but though he signed the bill that put the Cracker commonwealth in the "dry" column and made

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Carmack, whose periods are frequently as glowing as his thatch.

Among thousands of churchmen who are now systematically engaged in championing the cause of temperance under the guidance of the anti-Saloon League, Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden is best known nationally. He, you may recall, was responsible for the "tainted money" discussion that convulsed the country two or three years ago, and before he placed herself in the hands of the court surgeons for a serious operation. The queen was the only member of the groom's family at the wedding festivities.

Titled Temperance Advocates.

Two famous champions abroad of temperance wear titles—Prince Bernadotte, of Sweden and the picturesque Countess of Carlisle.

Bernadotte, you may recall, is that son of the late King Oscar who forswore the Swedish throne and all rights thereto that he might wed the lady of his heart, Ebba Munck, a lady-in-waiting to his own mother, Queen Sophia, when she finally realized that her son was bent on marrying as he had planned, became his ardent advocate before the king, gaining his reluctant consent to the marriage in the hands of the court surgeons for a serious operation. The queen was the only member of the groom's family at the wedding festivities.

Bernadotte, perhaps, is the most ardent temperance advocate today in the north countries of Europe, where, of late years, the temperance movement has gained great headway, especially in Finland. With an income not that of an American multimillionaire, he still is most comfortably situated financially, and his public is continually being used to advance the cause of prohibition. He also writes and makes speeches on this subject, which now seems to possess him as another one of his kind. In politics husband and wife are at loggerheads; the Earl is an aristocrat of the aristocracy; the Countess is so thoroughly democratic in

her ways that she frequently has shop girls as her guests in one of the other of her three country seats. But though the Earl and the Countess view the world through widely different spectacles they get along famously together—and they have been married since 1864, when the Earl was 21 and the bride three years his junior.

For her life-long devotion to the cause of prohibition the Countess two years ago was chosen president of the world's "white ribboners," succeeding Lady Henry Somerset, still an ardent temperance worker, but somewhat handicapped by advancing years. The political astuteness of the Countess has been acknowledged by such great politicians as Gladstone and Balfour, and the helping hand she has extended to numerous poor children and others of the slums bespeaks her love for humanity and her philanthropy. Altogether, she is one of England's most remarkable, versatile and influential women.

The Countess' two sons occupy seats in Parliament and are among that body's most earnest prohibition advocates. Of the four daughters, two of whom are single, Lady Dorothy has inherited her mother's gift of speechmaking, devoting it largely to attacks on the "demon rum." (Copyright, 1908, by the Associated Literary Press.)

scoring in a hack career—the most brilliant nursery performance on record. Next season he walked over for the Epsom Cup and won the Ascot, Goodwood and Newmarket cups, after which he was retired to the stud. Originally his fee was \$250, but so immediate and great was his success that in a few years his subscription were difficult to obtain, except by personal influence, even at \$2500. His earnings for some time averaged about \$100,000 a year and it can be no exaggeration to say that in this way alone he added quite \$1,250,000 to the ducal wealth. No other horse has ever equaled his earnings in the stud. There is the large sum which his progeny won in stakes for his grace, \$300,000 probably, if not more. St. Simon himself won only \$28,350 in stakes, but he would have "twept the decks" if Prince Bathany had lived and all his valuable engagements held good instead of being invalidated. Altogether he ran ten times in two seasons.

St. Simon's influence on the thoroughbred is incalculable. His stock are

found all over the world. Perhaps no breed of horses ever showed more marked peculiarities. They are not race horses, they are racing machines. It was once said of his stock, the allusion being to the smallness of so many of his daughters, though some of them could go "like the wind." Perseimon, however, was a very commanding horse. Five of St. Simon's daughters won the Oaks, all of them, with the exception of La Fleche, belonging to the Duke of Portland. His Derby winners were the brothers Perseimon and Diamond Jubilee.

There is no guide to the relative merits of St. Simon and Ormonde, and it is a matter of opinion which was the better horse. Most people are agreed in regarding the former the best two that ever lived. St. Simon was an irritable animal. More than once he had to be muzzled and some idea of his temperament may be gleaned from the following remark which fell from the lips of his attendant, G. Fordham, on being questioned about behavior: "Talk about Job, sir; Job never done a St. Simon."

It was through the death of Prince Bathany that the Duke of Portland became possessed of this equine gold mine. The price expired suddenly at Newmarket just before the race for the "Princess's year" when his two sons, Perseimon and St. Frusquin, ran first and second for the Derby, with \$300,000; and 1900, when the chief contribution to his total of \$2,649,665 was \$100,000; the late second Derby winner, who also carried off the \$10,000 and St. Lager.

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One Horse That Earned \$2,649,665

Atlanta Constitution. (The eight thousand dollars are uncommonly well laid out when in the course of twenty-four years the investment returns nearly \$2,500,000. This was the happy experience of the Duke of Portland when the famous horse St. Simon, who died recently at the age of 27, was retired to the stud. Originally his fee was \$250, but so immediate and great was his success that in a few years his subscription were difficult to obtain, except by personal influence, even at \$2500. His earnings for some time averaged about \$100,000 a year and it can be no exaggeration to say that in this way alone he added quite \$1,250,000 to the ducal wealth. No other horse has ever equaled his earnings in the stud. There is the large sum which his progeny won in stakes for his grace, \$300,000 probably, if not more. St. Simon himself won only \$28,350 in stakes, but he would have "twept the decks" if Prince Bathany had lived and all his valuable engagements held good instead of being invalidated. Altogether he ran ten times in two seasons. St. Simon's influence on the thoroughbred is incalculable. His stock are

The Fighting Race

Joseph I. C. Clarke. "Read out the names!" and Burke sat back, and scaly dropped his head. "While she's—they called him Scholar Jack— Went down the list of the dead. Officers, seamen, gunners, marines, The crew of the gig and yawl, The bearded man and the lad in his teens, Carpenters, coal-passers—all. Then, knocking the ashes from out his pipe, Said Burke in an offhand way: "We're all in that dead market, but he Kelly and Burke and Shea!" "Well, here's to the Maine, and I'm sorry for Spain," Said Kelly and Burke and Shea. "Wherever there's Kellys, there's trouble," Said Burke. "Whenever fighting's the game, Or a spice of danger in a grown man's play," Said Kelly. "You'll find my name." "And do we fall short," said Burke, getting up. "When it's touch and go for life?" Said Shea. "It's thirty rods back, bedad. Since I charged to drum and fife Up Marce's Heights, and my old canteen Stopped a rebel ball on its way. There were blossoms of blood on our sprigs of green." Kelly and Burke and Shea— And the dead didn't brag. "Well, here's to the Bag!" Said Kelly and Burke and Shea. "I wish 'twas in Ireland, for there's the place," Said Burke. "That we'd die by right, In the cradle of our anster race. After one good stand-up fight, My grandfather fell on Vinegar Hill, And since he's a 2-year old, the last he's been a rusty pike in the cabin still, With Hessian blood on the blade."