

MOST DASHING WOMAN CRUSADER of the Day



Mrs. Mary Harris Armor

How Mrs. Armor, Temperance Joan of Arc, Fights Her Battles.

FIRE burns in the eyes of this woman; sweeps in a torrential flow of words from her lips; it seems to envelope her when she talks. It is the spiritual fire of the crusader, the enthusiast, imbued with one absorbing mission in life. Such a fire filled the soul of the Maid of Orleans as she hearkened to the voices of the saints.

Largely due to the passionate campaigning of one woman—Mrs. Mary Harris Armor—is the wave of local option sentiment that has been sweeping communities and entire states. She is known as the "Joan of Arc of Temperance," "the Georgia Cyclone" and "the Whirlwind White Ribboner of the South." During campaigns she has seemed absolutely tireless, addressing sixteen, eighteen, twenty, sometimes more meetings in a week. Her words are flaming, her exhortations sway audiences as a storm lashes the trees of the forest.

Hundreds of people have asked the secret of this woman's power. Her influence over the negroes of the South during recent campaigns was marvelous. Saloonkeepers gave up their trade after hearing her. Since last July she has not rested a day, touring the country and stirring the local option movement in the North.

"What am I? Who am I? What does it matter what I am, from whence I come? I am merely an instrument in the hands of God. And I'd die to see the country go dry," she says, when questioned.

YES, Mrs. Mary Harris Armor burns with enthusiasm. Whether one believes in the cause she pleads or not, he is struck by the manifest sincerity of the woman. She is in deadly earnest. She believes absolutely in the divine mission entrusted to her.

Caught in the tempest of inspiration, as she stands before an audience, her body sways, her hands wave, she swells her arms, pleads, exhorts, thunders her denunciation of the saloon and in a tremulous voice tells of the havoc she asserts is wrought by drink.

She is an orator. Epigrams sparkle on her lips. At times her wit scintillates. Yet her first temperance lecture—and as she claims the best one ever delivered in her life—was impromptu, before a country Sunday school meeting. Five minutes before the address she never dreamed of publicly pleading the cause which, in her private life, she strongly favored.

"I was called by God," she explains. "When I spoke well, it all came over me. I was an instrument in the hands of God."

Today Mrs. Armor speaks to audiences numbering from 500 to 5000. She moves them and sways her hearers by the magic of a remarkable eloquence. As she stands on a platform decorated with flags and white ribbons, she is the same plain, unassuming woman who attended, when she was a child, to her farm home at Eastman, Ga.

Just a plain, motherly, sweet-faced woman. She is rather thin and dressed in black. About the collar of her dress a band of white ruffling and at her neck a sunburst of pearls.

Her hair is brown, her eyes gray. If one were asked to designate the chief characteristic of the temperance worker he would be compelled to say her eyes. Pleasant and bright always, they simply flash with well, one might say a white heat, when she talks.

"In ten years the liquor traffic will be wiped from the map of the United States," she exclaims. "The fiat of the Almighty has gone forth! The doom of the accursed, brutal, damning traffic is written upon the wall!"

She points to heaven. Her face glows with ecstasy. "They say I am a visionary. I am! The Bible tells us that we shall see visions, that our God will pour out His spirit upon all flesh."

"Yes, I see a vision. It is of the conquering hosts of heaven sweeping out the blighting curse of the ram. It is of the Church of God marching to the destruction of the foe of the Almighty. Arm us, O God! and clothe us in the power of Thy might."



Flocking to Hear Mrs. Armor in a Country Town



A Dramatic Method of Appeal—Wrapped in the Flag

vice. From Australia and New Zealand, where the temperance movement has spread, people write and ask her to tell how Georgia went dry.

Mrs. Armor is now 45 years old. It was twenty-two years ago when she began her career.

"My first temperance speech—it was delivered without forethought. I had no idea of doing such a thing five minutes before," Mrs. Armor declared. "It was at the Old Liberty Church in Green county, Georgia. This is a large country church, and it is the custom in the South for Sunday school classes from all parts of the county to meet for religious celebrations."

"I was there with my husband, and there was to be a great temperance lecture by a well-known speaker. But he didn't turn up. While sitting there the superintendent of the Sunday school came up to me and said: 'Mrs. Armor, the speaker hasn't come. We want you to speak.'"

AN INSPIRATION

"I turned to him. 'You're crazy,' I said. 'I don't have a speech. Then the preacher joined him. There were several hundred persons there and they insisted that I make the speech.'"

"I maintained that I couldn't, and so they left me. Then the thought came that perhaps I was turning back from what God wanted me to do, so I said: 'Lord, if you want me to make the speech send the preacher back to me.' I knew He would if He wanted me to do so. Well, in five minutes the preacher came down the aisle. He stopped and asked me again."

"Remember, I had never heard a woman speak in public. I turned to my husband and asked him what I should do. 'Yes, go on,' he said. So I went up and spoke. It seemed something came over me. I didn't have time to think anything out beforehand, but I know the speech I made was as good as any I ever made in my life. The people were enthusiastic, and after that I had many calls."

Before she started her "whirlwind campaign" several years ago Mrs. Armor was active in the temperance movement. "I joined every temperance society I could," she declared. "When my father died I pledged myself never to

lay down an arm in my fight against rum. But I decided I would not talk until all bitterness had passed out of my heart."

Back of every great work lies some personal cause—some great incentive. What inspired Mrs. Armor with a hatred of drink? What caused her to go heart and soul into the anti-liquor crusade? About this the woman hesitates to speak.

"There was a tragedy in my life," she said, in response to the question, and her eyes filled with tears. "No person hated liquor worse than my father. He was an intelligent man, a wonderfully brilliant man, yet he died in the prime of life."

"In the South many men take toddy, and when my father took it he was miserable. All his children were brought up as Christians; all his sons became clergymen; all his daughters married Christian men. Yet both my father and mother suffered what ten thousand times ten thousand suffer. That is why I am against liquor."

As she spoke of her father, this woman—who has fearlessly faced packed meetings of threatening antagonists—sobbed.

"For years I engaged in missionary work. My father died when I was 18, and I taught public school for three years. I hated liquor. I hated the liquor dealers. I felt such awful bitterness in my soul that I could not talk; I did not trust myself to talk until God had taken the bitterness out of my heart."

"I decided not to raise my arm in the fight until I changed so I should be willing to save the barkeeper as well as the trader. I hate the infamous business, but I no longer hate the men in it. It was a struggle, when I thought of what I suffered, what many others suffered. For twenty years after my father died I did not mention the tragedy—but now I am free to go out and say what I please. What if I suffer? Some one must bleed or the world will die. What am I, who am I, that I should mind suffering? My father died in the prime of life. That thought burns and burns and burns."

Mrs. Armor was born in Penfield, Ga. When a child her family moved to Greenborough. She was raised a Presbyterian, but later joined the Methodist Church, and was the first woman to start a Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in Georgia.

As a child of 4 years she recited, and, after joining

the Methodist Church, testified at experience meetings. She never experienced the least embarrassment when speaking; in fact, her gift was hereditary. For generations her forebears had possessed no little of the oratorical faculty.

When Jennie Hart Sibley was compelled to retire because of illness, Mrs. Armor was elected head of the Georgia White Ribboners. This was several years after her debut at the country rally.

"The first campaign in which I took part was in Tallapoosa county," Mrs. Armor tells you. "My brother, the Rev. H. E. L. Harris, led the fight. We got local option in Georgia in 1884, and one by one the counties went dry. Every four years there was an election, and the campaign was educational."

IN GREAT DANGER

"In Tallapoosa county there were three negroes to one white man. They knew nothing but whisky. The purchasable vote was so great we knew the best we could do was to educate them and try to open their eyes. This first campaign lasted two weeks and—well, we almost carried the county."

"A meeting was planned in a far corner of the county that night by the hundreds. A woman had never spoken in Georgia and it was a great sensation. The liquor men sent to Atlanta for negroes. They packed the church where the meeting was to be held, and when my brother and I got there the barkeepers sat on the front bench. They had captured the meeting. I felt that my life was in God's hands."

"As we drove through the dark woods to the church we knew something was up; I knew my enemies were not too good to kill me. But we went on. Nearly all those in the church were drunk. A liquor man was in the chair."

"My brother went up and told him the meeting was ours. 'It's our meeting,' he said. 'Well, my brother said, 'since you've got ahead of us you might let us talk.' 'You can speak,' he said to me. 'I'll speak last,' I said. 'How long do you want to talk?' he asked. 'An hour,' I replied. I thought it would be little use, but we waited, and finally I got up. I felt my life was in God's hands and I said to them, 'You shall hear the gospel tonight if you never hear it again.'"

"And they got it red-hot. We had to drive fourteen miles that night back to the county seat through a dark country. But God protected us."

"The danger gave me inspiration. That night the liquor men got lost in the woods, and on the morrow the negroes voted the dry ticket. That precinct went dry."

"Strangely Mrs. Armor was never attacked or insulted during her work. On many occasions liquor men congratulated her. 'I took care always to say the things I could prove and the liquor men never slandered me.'"

"Into the worst mining districts of Alabama Mrs. Armor carried her slogan. 'It was a place where the men went armed, where a minister had been shot in his study and women were in danger of their lives. The Old Scratch is there, I was told. 'Be careful.' Well, after I left the liquor men wanted me to come back and promised to pack the biggest hall in the place."

Most dramatic was Mrs. Armor's plea before the Georgia Legislature for state prohibition last July. Many Georgians declare it was this speech that won the day, for two weeks later the bill was passed.

Mrs. Armor is the mother of four children, of whom she is extremely proud. The youngest, a girl of 12, is at her home. Another daughter and two sons are at school. All of her children were converted and joined church before they were 7 years of age. Mrs. Armor's husband is a farmer. He is superintendent of the Methodist Sunday school at Eastman and president of the Board of Stewards.

At home Mrs. Armor never spends an idle minute. She is a capable housekeeper; can cook and sew and like poetry. She keeps up with the daily news and regularly reads the Congressional Record. Elizabeth Barrett Browning is her favorite poetess. Of novelists she favors George MacDonald, Walter Scott and Bulwer. She gets regularly all the liquor dealers' organs and daily reads the Bible.

"I operate a typewriter," she says. "My mail got so great I had to take it up. In one week I was able to write faster than with a pen. I can do anything I undertake. I am afraid of nothing; only I fear at times I may not measure up to what is expected of me."

The Newest Science—Reading Character by the Feet.:



The Church, Represented by Bishop Potter. The Navy—Admiral Dewey. Those of Congress—Nichols, Loggsworth. The Army—Gen. Grant. Rather fast extremes of Secretary, Tull. Finance—J. Pierpont Morgan. While President Roosevelt is speaking

THERE'S a new science in the land—pedology. Ever heard of it?

It means reading character by a study of the feet; it's a kind of first cousin—maybe a closer relation—to palmistry.

Pedology's philosophy teaches that, to the observant mind, man may henceforth be better summed up—and, in some instances, found wanting—through the "features" of his feet than

through the lines of his palm, his face or other visible characteristics.

BELIEF in pedology centers in the idea one gets by slightly paraphrasing one of Shakespeare's often quoted expressions: "There a divinity that shapes our ends, rough shoves them as we may."

So far as known, the new cult hasn't attained, as yet, the proportions of a fad in this country, as it has in England, but its popularity across the seas warrants a safe guess that it will be raging here in a short time.

A leading London detective asserts that from long and careful observation he has found that almost every thief is a quick walker. His short and rapid steps are indicative of the agitation that possesses him and of the energy he generally has. From long experience the detective declares he can pick out a thief by his walk.

Suppose we study, for a little time, the feet of American celebrities shown above, applying to them the learning of an expert in pedology. Can we note characteristics typical of the owner? Can we not, for instance, the feet of President Roosevelt while making a speech. Energy, intensity of purpose, forcefulness of expression—all are shown by

the indication of the body pose. He is undoubtedly reaching forward to drive some thought home, he is hurling words at his listeners like shot from a Gatling gun.

For some reason most clergymen toe inward. Here we see a photograph of the feet of Bishop Potter, of New York, as he is descending a stairway; he is toeing inward.

"A marked turning in of the toes," says the expert, "the general shallowness of the feet show a gentleness of character. Such a man usually is affectionate and fond of home life."

Admiral Dewey's feet are small; those of General Fred D. Grant not large. They may be taken as types of the navy and army.