The Press and Banner.

Twelve Pages.

Wednesday, Feb. 8, 1888.

GRADY'S GREAT SPEECH.

A FOMIDABLE ARRAY OF FACTS FOR PROHIBITION.

A Strong Appeal to Our Kinder Feelings and our Better Natures, without Giving Cause for Offence to Any Who May Differ in Opinion.

In the recent contest in the city of Atlanta, Hon. H. W. Grady made the following address, which is so full of the milk of human kindness for all mankind, and which presents the cause that he espouses with so much force, that we feel sure that every reader of the *Press and Banner* will thank us for reproducing it in these columns. The question is discussed from so high a plane that even those who may differ in opinion will respect him for his earnestness, and honor him for the fairness with which he has presented his cause, which is now as much our cause as it was his, when he delivered the speech:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I take it for granted that Atlanta is in earnest to-night. I am informed that there is a ten-cent circus, a dog show, a drama, and two patent medicine shows in the city, any one of which I would rather be attending than here listening to myself talk. [Laughter.] Your presence here convinces me that you have determined to put aside pleasure to-night for business. [Applause.] Will you pardon me now, one word of personal explanation? I alone am responsible for what I say here to-night. I have not attended a prohibition meeting and I am not acquainted with the details or theory of a prohibition campaign. My views on high license are well understood. They prevented me from an active paricipation in the last campaign, and made me slow to reach an opinion in this, but I have reached that opinion in sincerity, and you shall have it in frankness. [Applause.] One word more. I have no personal ambition. I have no political ambition, but were I consumed with it, and did I live to see its swift and perfect fruition, I should still despise myself if I had put your generous enthusiasm to its use to-night, or had shirked my duty that I might further it.

I speak with but one object. More concerned am I that, having always fought with Atlanta united, I appear to-night to be with the faction. But my heart is whole for her and I speak in love of her without enmity to one human being, as far as I know, within her limits. [Applause.] I utter a conviction so profound and deliberate that to leave it unexpressed were as cowardly as to deny it when questioned on it.

Now, I shall speak in perfect good humor, criticizing no man's action and impugning no man's motive. Atlanta has a serious problem to settle. If she reaches its conclusion in rancor and bitterness she will suffer, and this cause will suffer, no matter which side may triumph. If she reaches it soberly, thoughtfully and deliberately, her people, honest, intelligent and reunited in her service, will enfore your victory if you win it, and mitigate the evils you fear if the opposition should win. [Applause.] I have two points to make to-night. I want to make them with such coherence as I can command, and beg your patience and attention.

I believe that prohibition should be tried for two years longer.

Second, because this trial, imperfect and brief as it has been, is a demonstrable success. [Applause.]

In discussing these two points I shall not attempt to comprehend the general principles of prohibition nor indeed to commit myself to it. We are wisely left under our local option law to settle this question for ourselves. I speak to-night about Atlanta to Atlantians, about an experiment that is given us, it may be of God, to settle; and I am sure that if I can show you it has not had a fair trial and that its imperfect trial has proved successful, that even Mr. Jefferson Davis—for he knows that personal liberty and where public injury begins—even would say, "let this trial be extended for the good it has wrought among the people I love." [Applause.] The basic principle of government is, and has been since the lowly Nazarine walked this earth, "the greatest good to the greatest number."

Now, has prohibition had a fair trial in Atlanta? [Cries of no, no.] It was passed by a bare majority; it was two months before that majority was legally declared, there were licenses extending about ten months—nearly one-half of its probation there was organized resistance to its enforcement; every step that was taken was experimental; there was not a door closed nor a fine entered and collected except by slow process of law. Every defense was exhausted and the cause had to fight with new mashinery, with undisciplined forces, and with half of its time consumed with unexpired licenses. I have heard many men say—anti-prohibitionists—"I would give half I am worth if prohibition would really prohibit." Is there any fair-minded business man who would commit himself to a business venture involving half he was worth and would abandon that venture at the close of such a trail as prohibition has had, and say "it won't work?" Is there any business man who would do that in his own business? Is there any business man who hears me to-night who believes, in the full sense demanded by the importance of the subject, that prohibition has had a fail trial in Atlanta? I am satisfied that there is not one. It has barely begun its work! has barely established the first premise of the grand demonstration to which I believe, in God's mercy, it is committed. And yet you talk about stopping it here because it has been proved that prohibition won't prohibit. If it has not had a fair trial, ought we not to give it a longer trial? Was there ever a city charged with so tremendous a problem as this? Whether or not it is better for men in large cities to live under prohibition; whether it is possible that men in large cities may reap the undeniable advantages of the prohibition of the liquor traffic, it is not too much to say America waits on the answer Atlanta shall give to this question. [Applause.] It is not too much to say that if we abandon it to-night, there will not be found an American city brave enought to take it up where we leave off. But if we carry it through two years longer and demonstrate its success, think of the harvest that will be reaped by American cities under American customs, and whose hearts beat true to American institutions. I know there are cities where it is impracticable, but I thank God Atlanta is not one of them. Chicago will lack seven heads of being as much that way after the 10th of this month. [Applause.] In insisting that prohibition has not had a fair trial, I do not mean to beg the second proposition I laid down, namely, that it has been a demonstrable success. If there is a man here to-night who has not the fairness and the unprejudiced mind that will lead him to give an important question a full trial—is there a man who will abandon this experiment when it can be shown that working even imperfectly, it has worked unspeakable good?

I commit myself to that word with perfect fearlessness. I say "unspeakable good." If I talk until my tongue loses its power of articulation, I could not give you one-half of the instances of good that have been put in my hands by kind friends this evening. I will hastily class a few, none of which will fail to prove significant.

When you go to get the effect of a new movement for good or evil, where do you go? Not to the rich and idle, because you may swell or diminish their income and yet not change their habits, you simply diminish their hidden surplus. Not to the middle class, because when you diminish their income they simply pinch themselves and pinch so quietly that their neighbors do not know it; or swell their incomes, and they loosen out a little and pass something up to surplus. You cannot tell it there, but go to the poorer classes; the men who labor for their daily bread, and whose wages barely suffice to give it to them, and there you find the first signs of a good or evil movement. It is at once the truth and reproach of our civilization, that starvation follows so close on labor that an evil movement is detected in the hollow cheeks of little children and the haggard faces of womne before it is made manifest to the higher classes.

Let me show you some facts—my facts—they always come out, remember that [laughter] they have been laughed at a good deal, but they always get there. (Applause.) When you want to discover the effect on the city you all agree that you must go to the poorer classes, because to pinch them means distress, it means outcry; and to help them means to still the cry and soothe the distress.

Mr. George Adair rents houses to 1,300 tenents. He states that he has issued in the last year one distress warrant to where he issued twenty-one, years ago. (Applause.) I claim to be an intelligent man with some courage of conviction, but I pledge you my word, if that one fact were established to my satisfaction I would vote for this thing if I never heard another word on this subject. Have you thought what that means—a distress warrant? It means eviction; it means the very thing that is to-day kinding the heart of this world for poor Ireland. It means eviction! It means turning women and her little children out of home that cover them, and to which they are entitled. I was astonished at Colonel Adair's statement. Mr. Tally, who rents six or eight hundred houses, say: "I used to issue two or three distress warrants—four or five—a month. I have not issued a single one in eighteen month." (Applause.) Now both of them are prohibitionists. Let me try you with Harry Krotise. He was an anit-prohibitionist. He said; "My distress warrants averaged thirty-six to the year, and I have not issued one in twelve months. I said;

"Then, my friend, I don't carry your conscience, but how can you be an anti-prohibitionist."

He said: "I ain't. My knowledge of the thing, day by day, among people I used to pester and evict has changed my convictions, and I am a red-hot prohibitionist."

I went down to Mr. Scott, who did not vote for prohibition and asked him. He said: "I have issued as many as twenty-five distress warrants in a month, and I have issued six in the last eighteen months, and five were to get people out of houses because they were obnoxious to the neighbors. I have not issued one single distress warrant for failure to pay rent."

I said, "You didn't vote for prohibition."

He said, "I did not believe it was practicable."

I asked, "What do you think now."

He said, "I am going to vote, and vote for prohibition." [Applause.]

Mr. Roberts was a prohibitionist. He is a square man and an intelligent man, and is running for council, which is a good sign. [Laughter and applause.] He says, "My testimony is the same. I formerly issued two or three distress warrants every month, and I have not issued one in twelve months."

Gentlemen—and ladies, [laughter] especially ladies: Is there any possible answer to that? Is there any industrial, any social, any economical evolution that has been worked since this world began that would account for the diminution in this most vicious and intolerable of legal enactments? Have you thought about what a distress warrant is?

Have you ever thought about a woman being turned out of her house—the little cottage that covers her and her children? Can you picture—you who live in comfortable homes filled with light and warmth and books and joy—can you think of these people—human beings, our brothers and sisters—the poor mother, brave though her heart is breaking, huddling her little children about her—and the father weak but loving, and loving all the deeper because he knows his weakness has brought them to this want and degradation—and little children, those of whom our Savior said, "Suffer them to come unto me and forbid them not," there asking; "Mamma, where will we sleep to-night?" Can you picture that and then their taking themselves up and the woman putting her hand with undying love and faith in the hand of the man she swore to follow through good and evil report, and marching up and down the street—this pitiable procession—through the unthinking streets, by laughing children and shining windows, looking for a hole where, like the foxes, they may hide their poor heads?

My friends, they talk to you about personal liberty; that a man should have the right to go into a grog shop and see this pitiful procession—now stopped—parading up and down our streets again. They talk to you about the shades of Washington, Monroe and Jefferson. I would not give one happy, rosy little woman, uplifted from that degradation—happy again in her home, the cricket chirping on her hearthstone and her children about her knees, her husband redeemed from drink at her side—I would not give one of them for all the shades of all the men that ever contended since Cataline conspired and Ceasar fought.

[At the end of this sentence there was tremendous cheering. Men and women waved their handkerchiefs, some of them standing up.]

Mr. Grady proceeded:

Now, my friends, we are told in opposition to what I have said to you—and they are facts, they are my facts, they always "get there"—that's the variety I breed now entirely. We are told in opposition to that, and Mr. Adair will testify, and see Mr. Tally—I see him tonight out there (he was crying just now but he is smiling now) and I see Mr. Roberts—their books are testimony. Go and look at them. It means simply this, that where Mr. Adair, renting to all sorts of people, issued twenty distress warrants a year ago, he issues one now; it means that out of every twenty families evicted two years ago there are nineteen happy in their homes to-night. [Applause.] And yet we are told we must vote to restore the old order because it has reduced Governor Brown's rental column $5,000 a year. [Applause.]

[At the end of this sentence the scene was almost indescribable. Thousands of handkerchiefs waved as before, men held their hats and walking sticks and whirled them in the air. The cheering was almost deafening.]

Mr. Grady resumed speaking.

My friends, I don't believe that statement, to begin with. I do not believe his rent income is fairly and permanently diminished five thousand dollars a year—and if it is he is my friend, and I congratulate both him and myself on the fact that he is able to stand it. I say this in no spirit of sarcasm or criticism, but I do say if there is a law, if there is a governmental theory, if there is, may it please you, an untried experiment that will shelter one honest woman and two unconscious children in their homes, it is our duty to vote that law and this government's duty to enforce it, though it should cut it down $25,000. (Tremendous applause.] And the reason for that it is not based in communism, but in humanity. If the government owes any duty to the individual it is that every man, woman and child that leads an honest life is entitled to food and shelter; and there is a difference to be found between diminishing the luxury of the rich and protecting the poor in their birthright; it is manliness, and humanity, and good government to let the rich suffer. [Applause.]

THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE.

I am going to stick to the home because it is the type and center of our city, of our civilization. Prosperous homes mean a prosperous city; cheerless homes an unprosperous town. From the comfortable home, with its ruddy windows and its laughing children, streams the light that illumes every department of trade or industry, whether the light comes from the cottage or a palace. From the cheerless and desolate home comes the chill that paralyzes every interest worth preserving.

When you go into a home, what is the first thing you look after? It is the hearthstone, to see if there is a fire. The hearthstone is the heart of the home, and the fire glowing and sparkling, with the little children gathered about it ruddy faced and happy, is to the house what sunshine is to God's flowers. It is about the hearthstone that the family gathers. There you find the wife, the helpmate of the husband and his joy—who has shared his sorrow and his trouble—you find the little ones cherished. The old grandmother in the corner, smiling and peaceful, her last, best days blessed and softened by filial love and care. [Applause.)

Think about the picture around the hearthstone in an humble home. Did you ever think about grandmother and a little child? Is there any love on earth as sweet and pathetic? See them, as they sit about the hearthstone of the home. How they cling to each other! How the little one clambers about her knees and looks into her face. How the old heart is bathed afresh in the rapture of the child, and how the old withered lips are attuned and used to the childish prattle! How closely they cling together! and yet how diverse are their ways! The old grandmother with the lengthening shadows falling on her back as she walks down the hill, her face turned towards the skies beyond the pearly gates of which she can almost hear the singing of the hosts awaiting to bid her welcome; the child turned with ardent face to the attractions and contentions of the world, with the rising sun falling full on its eyes. (Applause.)

At last the time for separation comes. As each takes its God-given way, how ready to go, and yet how loth to part! How they turn as they drift away, looking one to the other, while the parting words grow fainter and fainter and fainter, until they all fall by the wayside and the child's voice is lost in the rising clamor of the world, and her voice melts away in the kindling music of the skies. (Applause.) There they sit about the hearthstone, the grandmother and the child, and between them the wife, holding in her heart the double love that binds them together. (Applause.)

Think of the master of this house—father, son and husband in one—as he works at his bench or walks, whistling through the icy night, all happy in the consciousness that his loved ones are warm and snug, and happy in their home. What would he take for the consciousness that instead of huddling comfortless about a chill heartstone, the fire burns brightly for them? What would you take to rob him of that consciousness? Well, now keep that picture in your mind while I tell you what the coal dealers of Atlanta say about their retail trade this winter.

Here is their testimony!

Do you remember how you used to see the women with a quarter or fifty-cent piece shivering at the coal yards, hurrying to buy a handful of coal, that they might get home where their little ones were suffering? How you used to see men hurrying through the streets with a basket coal of on their arm, knowing that at home the breath from their lungs was almost freezing on the children's lips? And the little hand-carts that used to fill your streets, carrying a handful of coal, barely enough to give a child a taste of fire? And don't you know the number of houses there were that in spite of all this were cold and cheerless and without relief?

Where are the people who used to buy a pinch of coal, and the hand-carts that used to haul it? They are gone! Mr. Wilson testifies: "There has been a remarkable change in my business. Men that used to buy fifty cents worth now buy a ton. I used to have twenty little hand-carts to deliver coal in; now I use but one, and I have doubled my two-horse teams." (Applause.)

Mr. Bridger testifies that he scarcely has a call for coal on credit now. Mr. D'Alvigny testifies that he cannot get enough to supply the demand. Mr. John Stocks says there is twice as much sold as ever before.

Every coal dealer testifies that there has been a remarkable increase in his business. Instead of buying it haphazard, in little quantities, when the twenty-five cents that bought it was chanced between the barkeeper and the coal dealer, they testify without break, that the people have laid in twice as much coal as ever before in a single fall; that they buy in large quantities and on cash almost entirely. Houses will be warmed this winter, day and night, that scarcely knew what fire was last winter. Ask the coal dealers, and if their testimony convinces you, ask if it isn't worth something to accomplish this.

Take the item of furniture. Mr. Snook says: "There is a great change in my business. It has increased in a retail way, especially among the poorer classes. They buy a better class of goods and pay cash where formerly they asked credit."

Mr. Neal testifies that he has done a three months' business one month in this year in furniture, and for cash, selling better goods. Mr. Miller says he has sold more than ever in his life, and of better class goods, and to cash buyers. He says the poorer classes buy three times as much as they ever bought, and almost entirely for cash.

Mr. Rhodes testifies—and, by the way, he has one hundred thousand dollars in houses, and not one vacant, and he gets more rent than ever before out of them—he says that the purchases the year are almost three times as much as he ever sold before, and that he gets five times as much cash from the classes he deals with. So of all the furniture dealers—ask them.

Walter Wood states that his Saturday night's trade in selling stoves and cooking utensils, which used to be about $10 or $15, is now $75. A. P. Stewart and Hunnicutt & Bellingrath confirm this. Ask them!

I could weary you with testimony like that. I have a score of notes from prosperous merchants, on this table, telling how their trade has increased—showing that in everything that makes homes happy, that makes the women and children comfortable—in everything that profit the buyer and his friend, and the community he lives in, that the trade has increased, and that this year's increase over last is simply phenomenal, and that is owing to prohibition. [Applause.]

Why, the East Tennessee road brought nine million pounds of freight into Atlanta in August, 1887, over August, 1886. This was one month. Nine million pounds increase of freight brought to Atlanta over the same month in 1886. This is prosperity by the record.

See what the increase on the other roads has been. Here are the figures, as shown by records in the Railroad Commission office:

He was converted against his convictions.

Mr. Grady turned and caught sight of Judge Hillyer, whose face was beaming, and having occasion to ask the judge a question, said:

"By the way, doesn't the judge look happy to-night!" whereat the audience cheered heartily, and the judge laughed and looked happier than before.

Mr. Grady continued:

Mr. Riordan was an anti-prohibitionist in the last race. He came into Colonel Maddox's office—by the way, Colonel Maddox's office seems to be a sort of a place for them to come. Mr. Riordan says: "I was an anti-prohibitionist on principle." A personal liberty man, I suppose—"but I work from 60 to 100 men, and I have seen a change that, as an honest man, loving my fellow man, I dare not disregard, and I am for prohibition."

Ladies and gentlemen, how can you answer such as that? I am not a profound lawyer. I don't know how much personal the liberty I have got; sometimes I wish I had more [looking with a smile at Mrs. Grady, who sat in the audience,] that is purely a personal matter to which we need not allude further—I don't want any profound knowledge of law that clouds my brain and judgment when such facts appeal to me.

Colonel Maddox did not vote in the last election until the last moment. He believed prohibition was impracticable and visionary. He might have had the personal liberty touch. He was not going to vote, and his wife said—and the wife is nearly always the best half of the two, and is in this case. His wife said: "My dear, you vote to-day; we have a boy."

He voted under protest, he did not believe in it—it was new fangled. Six months afterwards he was sorry he voted for it; looked like the town had gone to ruin; but to-day he is a wise and intelligent man, and he has looked about him and heard what people say, and seen the town prosper and thrill with a growth grander than she ever felt before, and he is a dyed-in-the-wood prohibitionist.

Mr. Rucker was the same way, and is ready to work night and day for prohibition.

Do you know J. C. Allen? Those who do not are behind. He was an anti-prohibitionist; he was so strong an-anti-prohibitionist that he would not let his boother-in-law—not his mother-in-law—talk to him on the subject. He did not want to discuss it. He had a little dry goods store next to a saloon. Prohibition was voted in, and he has prospered since in spite of himself, which reminds me of a distinguished Frenchman who was kicked upstairs. The saloon was vacated owing to circumstances over which the owner had no control. It did not look well vacant, and Mr. Allen rented it; and where the old red-eye used to stand, he put up calico, and to-day he is doing a splendid business, and people who used to go there to buy their body's injury and their soul's damnation, go there to buy ribbons and dresses for their wives and little ones, as good men ought to do.

"Seeing all this," I said, "how can you be an anti?" and he says:

"I ain't; I have changed, and I am dry as a powder horn."

On Decatur street there were twenty-three bar-rooms where there are now four winerooms in what you might call the last extremities. All except one are occupied by grocers, drygoods stores, boot and shoes shops, or by some sort of business that builds up a man in place of a traffic that tears him down. Where is the paralysis of business? Four saloons and nineteen stores doing business in place of twenty-three barrooms.

I have told you in getting evidence of improvement or deterioration in a city that you must go to the working classes. Especially is this true of Atlanta, because this is the third city in the United States in the proportion of workers to population. Lawrence, Mas., leads with 51 per cent. of her population wage earners, Lowell follows with 49 per cent., and Atlanta and Fall River tie for third place with 47 per cent.

Now here is a class of people representing in the workers of number forty-seven per cent. of the entire population. Add the women and children who do not work, and we see this class represents sixty or seventy per cent. of our population. If I have shown that this class is benefitted in an unspeakable manner by the untried experiment of prohibition, is it not our duty to continue this experiment that the greatest good may come to the greatest number.

"One minute further," said Mr. Grady, looking at his watch. [Cries of go on, go on.] "There is just one thing further. What harm has it done? If it has done harm, let us see what. They said we were going to be ruined, that bats and owls would fly in and out, and the real estate men have the renting of nine out of ten houses that are rented. They testify without a break, absolutely without a break, that they have fewer houses on their lists than they have ever had since they have been in business. Two of them have advertised in the last few days for one hundred houses, and to-day Mr. Tally told me that he actually left his office because he was bored by people who wanted to get somewhere to live in this town.

Mr. Scott told me that he could put tenants in 500 houses in thirty days from to-morrow. They tell us we have lost in population. There are just as many houses in Atlanta to-day, and more, and they are all full. Well, if the population has decreased, who fills them? Perhaps they are occupied by shades of Lincoln and Jefferson and Monroe!

A distinguished friend of mine—and he is my friend, and worthy of your confidence always—printed yesterday some figures to show that there were fewer street taxes this year than last. He was correct as far as he went, but he did not get ta the forks of the creek.

He took his figures from the tax assessor's books. Now, the men who give in their taxes are rich men, careful men, like Judge Hillyer and Mayor Campbell Wallace—not like me and a few fellows around me. This is important, because those figures looked like something. He showed that the number of persons who paid street tax in 1885 was 3,814. He showed that the number who paid their tax at the assessor's office in 1885 was 3,500. That shows an apparent decrease of 214 people. Well, I am seeking after truth, and that sorter staggered me. "Is that a fact? I asked. "Is that the end of it? I asked Judge Hillyer, and he has been stuffing me anyhow. "No. In addition to the men who gave in at the tax assesor's office in 1885, there were 4,180 who were looked up"—made to pay with a little addition. That made a total of 7,994. Next year there were 3,900 people who gave in, or 214 less than the year before, but they found out among the hedges and byways 8,490, one of whom I have no doubt I was with. That makes a total of 12,064 total taxes paid last year, against 7,994 the year before, showing a gain in this good old city of 4,070 poll taxes.

The figures for this year have not been furnished. To be perfectly frank, they have not got me yet. I think they will show an increase of three or four thousands poll taxes in this city, two-thirds of which, in my honest conviction, are due to prohibition. These are the figures. They came though Judge Hillyer to me, and I give them to you without change. There are 829 more children in attendance at the schools this year than last. How do you account for that? (Laughter.) It has been two years since prohibition was adopted, and there are 829 more children in the schools. That means one of two things, and you can take either horn of the dilemma, either there are more people here or there are more people able to send to school. Take the fact of owning houses, Artemus Ward says:

"A man may die for his home, but who ever heard of a man dying for his boarding house?" I say to you here, it is the poor man's home, and the poor man's home alone that has stood time and again between Jay Gould and Vanderbilt and the enraged mob of American workingmen. It is the conservatism of the home-owning wage-worker that has kept socialism out of the admirable labor organization. In the last two years there have been 678 citizens who have become home owners, against 153 in the two years previous. Owing no man and owning no man, as master, wearing the collar of no faction, free born American citizens, not quibbling about personal liberty, but standing with wife and little ones, honest and independent, above penury and degradation. (Applause.)

There are a great many things about prohibition that people do not like. I think it was an outrage to arrest those two young fellows on Marietta street, and I don't hesitate to say so in this company. But if you judge every cause by a single incident, what cause will hold itself blameless? If you judge prohibition by every act done by one of its adherents, where will you find anti-prohibition.? (Great applause.)

When I find an objection I turn to look for a good. If it is more serious in my opinion than the good, I simply stand back, but if the good outweighs the objection, there is simply one course for the man who has got honest convictions—that is to waive the objection.

I doubt if our women—God bless all—can do their best work in the public turmoil of this campaign. I wish it was so we could take hold of it with such manliness that every woman could go back home and rely on her prayers and our efforts the carry it throug. Woman's best work is gentleness. She should come as the dew comes, not in the garish sunshine or the rushing strom, but when the earth is wrapped in night's sober hush falling like a soft distillation of the stars on the sleeping flowers. (Tremendous applause.) Better work there, but I honor her when she comes to the front in an emergency like this, bringing her scarred heart and tender nature and shining eyes to our aid.

When I read in the *Constitution* the report of Mr. W. A. Pledger's speech last night, in which he said: "Don't be misled by women and preachers; listen to me!"—Bill Pledger. "Don't let Hawthorne, or Barnet, or Mr. Gaines, mislead you; listen to me!"—Bill Pledger. "Don't let the good women of the city—the salt of the earth, wearing heroism as a garment—don't let them mislead you; listen to me!" When, he said, talking about the women in this campaign, the mothers in Israel and the wives of the best men in this town, when they left their homes and put away their womanly nature they forfeited their right to man's homage, and this sentiment met with applause at the hands of that audience. (Hisses and cries of shame.)

No matttor what my opinion may be, I will never cast my vote with a people that applaud that sentiment.

(Tremendous cheering and cries of "Amen!" "That's right!" and "Go on; we will stay all night.")

Mr. Grady—I want to catch the last street car.

A voice: "We will hire a carriage for you."

Continuing, Mr. Grady said:

"My friend, Mr. Hooper Alexander, has sent me a note in which he says:

"I see you are on statistics. If it is worth noticing, I can add a few. I examined the city court criminal docket this afternoon, and it shows a marked and steady increase in misdemeanors from 1881 to 1885, a falling off of twenty per cent. in 1886; the record of 1887 shows 313 indictments against 765 in 1885 and 440 in 1886." Mark that. An increase in 1885, and in 1886 there was a decrease from 675 cases to 440. That was with the experiment only half tried. The present docket extends from 1881 to 1887. Crime in 1887 less than half that of '85 and less than any year of the docket. There was scarcely a case of vagrancy for a year past.

I assume to keep no man's conscience; I assume to judge for no man; I do not assume that I am better than any man, but that I am weaker, but I say this to you, I have a boy as dear to me as the ruddy drops that gather about his heart. I find my hopes already centering in his little body, and I look to him to-night to take to himself the work that, strive as I may, must fall unfinished at last from my hands. Now, I know they say it is proper to educate a boy at home; that if he is taught right at home he will not go wrong. That is a lie to begin with, but that don't matter. I have seen sons of some as good people as ever lived turn out badly. I accept my responsibility as a father. That boy may fall from the right path as things now exist. If he does, I shall bear that sorrow with such resignation as I may, but I tell you, if I were to vote to recall barrooms to this city, when I know that it has prospered in their absence, and that boy should fall through their agency, I tell you—and this conviction has come to me in the still watches of the night—I could not, wearing the crowning sorrow of his disgrace and looking into the eyes of her whose heart he had broken—I could not, if I had voted to recall these barrooms, find answer for my conscience or support for remorse. (Applause.) I don't know how any other father feels, but this is the way I feel, if God, permits me to utter the truth.

Now for a last word, my friends. I never spoke to you from deeper conviction than I speak to-night. I beg of you, in the interest of peace and fairness, to give this experiment a fair trial. Note what it has done in a year of imperfect trial. Give it two years more that it may demonstrate what it can do. Then if it fails it will fall, if it is good it will stand. If you are in doubt about what you should do give us the benefit of the doubt. Give the doubt to the churches of the city that stand unbroken in the cause. Give the doubt to the 20,000 prayers that ascend nightly for this cause from the women and children in Atlanta, prayers uttered so silently that you cannot catch their whispered utterance, but so sincerely that they speed their soft entreaty through the singing hosts of heaven into the heart of the living God. If you are in doubt as to what your duty is, turn for this once, to your old mother whose gray hairs shall plead with you as nothing else should—remember how she has loved you all her life and how her old heart yearns for you now. Take her old hand in yours, look into her eyes fearlessly as you did when you were a barefoot boy, and say, "I have run my politics all my life, and today I am going to give one vote for you. How shall I cast it?" Watch the tears start from her shining eyes, feel the lump rising in your throat, and tell me if that is not better than "personal liberty." If you are in doubt ask your wife—ask her who years ago put her little hand in yours, and, adoring and trusting, left the old home nest and went out with you into the unknown world—remember how she has stood by you when all else forsook—how she has lived only in your life, and carried your sorrows as her own, and ask her how you shall vote. I do not believe that women should counsel men in politics, but this question is deeper than politics. Your wife need not tell you how to vote on tariff, or on candidates or on any political issue, but this is her election as well as yours. On this jeopardy is staked the home you builded together, the happiness you have had together, and the welfare of the little children in whose veins your blood and hers runs commingled. Her stake and theirs on this election is greater than yours. Then ask her, if you have any doubt how you shall vote on that day.

Now, a word to the good women here. You can do great work quietly and gently in your homes for this cause and for the good of your city. You can do this work in the home circle, where no man can say you nay.

Mothers, go to your son on election morning, call him back to the time when he learned God's name at your knees, and wake when he would in the night, he would find your soft eyes above him and your loving arms about him, and say: "My son, find your way this morning in memory to those days when nothing stood between us, and when these kind hands sheltered and protected you."

Wives, go to your husbands that morning. Not in pique or criticism, but with a love and tenderness that shall break through his pride and indifference, lay his hand lovingly on the heads of the little ones, the pride of his life and yours—oh, you who went down into the very jaws of death that you might give them to him!—and say: "My husband, whatever you do to-day, do it for these little ones and me!" [Applause.]

Now, my friends, I have done. What I have spoken to you to-night I have spoken in sober earnestness and truth. If what I have said has impressed you, I beg of you to let the impression deepen rather than pass away, for I know and you know that this issue goes deeper than words can go. It involves thousands of hearts now rejoicing that late were breaking; it involves the happiness of women and children, the most sacred charges vouchsafed to our care, it involves the fate of this tremendous experiment that Atlanta must settle for the American people. Against it there is nothing but the whim of personal liberty. Your city has prospered before. If you are a merchant or manufacturer, your books will tell you this. You know that you have prospered this year in your business, ask your neighbor of his business. Look abroad about you on these bustling streets, and on these busy stores; on these shops and factories, in which the fires scarcely ever die, and then vote in the light of reason and of conscience, and however you vote, may God bless you, and the city you love so well. [Tremendous applause.]

Then looking over the vast audience, stilled to hear the voice of the speaker, Mr. Grady said with great earnestness and eloquence:

"The best reforms of this earth come through waste and storm and doubt and suspicion; the sun itself when it rises on each day wastes the radiance of the moon and blots the starlight from the skies, but only to unlock the earth from the clasp of night and plant the stars anew in the opening flowers. Behind that sun, as behind this movement, we may be sure there stands the Lord God Almighty, master and maker of the universe, from whose hand the spheres are rolled to their orbits, and whose voice has been the harmony of this world since the morning stars sang together. (Tremendous, loud and long-continued applause.)

Card from Mr. Grady.

Mr. Grady on the morning after the election printed the following card:

When everything else I have said or done is forgetten, I want the words I have spoken for prohibition in Atlanta, to be remembered. I am prouder of my share in the campaign that has ended, in its defeat, than of my share in all other campaigns that have ended in victory. I espoused its cause deliberately, and I have worked for its success, night and day, to the best of my ability. My only regret is that my ability was not greater. I am firm in the conviction—and from this conviction I shall never be shaken—that Atlanta has prospered under her two years of prohibition, as she never prospered before, and that the experiment of "prohibition in a large city" succeeded in Atlanta as no experiment under like obstructions ever succeeded before. I write these words in behalf of a cause that enlisted my heart and reason and conscience as no other cause did, and from which they can never be estranged. It is to the honor and strength of that cause that its defeat but deepens the devotion and loyalty of those who have fought and suffered with it.

HENRY W. GRADY.

No man has a right to destroy his own life, and he, therefore, can not delegate the power to destroy it to a government or community of men. Reviewing the events of late years, in other countries, and in our own and looking upon what is now passing around us, we are strengthened in the belief that all war, all destruction of human life, under whatever plea of policy or necessity, and with whatever object, is utterly opposed to the religion of Christ and the true welfare of mankind.