307 S. Main St.,
Wichita, Kansas, 9/28/30.

My dear Miss Tarbell:

Coming out of the Public Library the other day, I saw an old gentleman toiling up laboriously with the aid of a cane. When he reached the top, I stuck out my hand and introduced myself, saying that I had just put in a request to the Library Board to erect a substantial railing for the convenience of ancient pilgrims like us, enabling us to negotiate the steps with less difficulty and danger.

"I know you", he replied, and when he spoke I recognized Judge W. P. Campbell, the real hero of the whiskey fight in Wichita, thirty-three years ago. I called on him a year ago last summer, and suggested that he wrote a history of that fight, and he promised to do it. But when I spoke of it as we stood on the steps, I found that he had reconsidered the subject, and declared it impossible. And it is justas well, for as we talked, it became increasingly evident that his memory is failing. So I am hoping that Dave Lahey, a veteran newspaper man here, and whom you may have known in Washington a good many years ago, when he was a correspondent for the Eagle, and Vic Murdock's secretary, will do it.

In 1890 we had a metropolitan police system in Wichita. The commission was appointed by the Governor, and he appointed three reliable men, who really desired to see the ~~20 or 30~~ open saloons put out of business, as well as the numerous speakeasies. Judge Campbell was appointed assistant attorney general. Immediately Col. Dyer, his law partner, dissolved the partnership. Campbell's law business fell to nothing. He had no income from his practice, and received no compensation from the Attorney General's office. The Court was against him, and did everything possible to block the prosecutor's efforts, even permitting tips on search-andaseizure warrants to go promptly, or rather information of them to go promptly to the people against whom they were directed. The newspapers were against him, and he was continuously lampooned in their columns. He never won a case. He never hired a man to buy a drink of whisky in order to procure evidence. But he made it so uncomfortable for the saloons that the whisky people sent an agent out from St. Louis to see what could be done to get Campbell out of the way. "Can he be bought?" the agent asked Col. Murdock. "I suppose so", said the Colonel drily. "What will it take?" "Well, replied Col. M., "you might start with $50,000.00; I don't know how high you will have to go".

A new judge was elected, David M. Dale, a very different kind of man from Judge Reed, whom he succeeded. "We were on our knees", said the attornet for the whisky people many years afterward. They knew that those search-and-seizure warrants would work when issued by Judge Dale's court. They couldn't touch Campbell, and they couldn't touch Dale. So they went higher up, and interviewed Governor Morrill. That is, the Republican "boss" of Kansas, Mr. Cyrus Leland, and the traffic man of the Rock Island railway interviewed him. The result was a sudden change in the personnel of the commissioners. The new board would not approve anything that Campbell was doing, and of course he resigned.

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I am going to relate a few incidents of those days. One morning I went into a hardware store where I was in the habit of trading. I think that this happened just after I had made a short address at a temperance meeting. The proprietor asked me what I wanted the saloons closed for. I said that the Constitution of the State of Kansas forbade traffic in liquor, and that I thought that the law should be enforced. He broke out in violent and profane abuse of the law. One day I was in Salina, and went down to the Court House with my friend Mr. Wilson, a lawyer of the town. Mr. Wilson introduced me to the Judge, and the Sheriff, and went on to the Clerk's office. The sheriff asked me why we were raising so much disturbance in Wichita over the saloons. I made the same answer that I had made to the storekeeper. "G--- d---- the law!" he cried. In the presence of the Court, who said nothing. Mr. H. H. Dewey, one of the finest men whom it has been my privilege to know, had the temerity to say, in a meeting at his church, that the law should be observed, had a modest life insurance business. After he made that statement, his business fell off rapidly. He had to begin over again to build it up from the bottom. Not all who cancelled their policies were in favor of the saloon. Some of them were <u>told</u> to cancel them, and did so, rather than suffer persecution themselves. Mr. Knapp, District manager of the Mass. Mut. Life Ins. Co., had to eat dirt. I don't know just why - whether his Company advised him to remain silent or not. Even my poor little business was not immune. At that time I was representing the Conn. Mutual Life ins. Co. My Supt. came out from St. Louis at an irregular time. He audited my accounts, and asked me if I were speculating in Wichita real estate. It was to laugh. Some one had written an anonymous letter to the Home Office, informing it that I was using Company funds for that purpose. As I said in my last letter, it was a reign of terror. Merchants did not dare to speak out. The business would be boycotted, or an attack made on their credit.

Lewelling followed Morrill as Governor. I knew him well. He was a kindly man, but with no more backbone than the traditional tow string. A man had been set upon and severely beaten for having given evidence against a saloon. He brought suit against his assailants. The case was clear. The J. P. gave a decision of guilty, fined them each a dollar, and remitted the fine. The officers remitted their charges, or fees. I met Gov. Lewelling at the old Carey Hotel one evening, and asked him if he were going to stand for that. "Doctor", said Governor Lewelling very impressively, "if you will go out on the Avenue and get the signatures of half the merchants to a petition to enforce the law, <u>I'll enforce it</u>. It was to laugh again, but I couldn't. The matter was too deplorable for even cynical merriment.

A few years later came Carrie Nation and her little hatchet. I hold no brief for Mrs. Nation, but she did arouse the conscience of the people of Wichita and Kansas. Notwithstanding the opposition of the newspapers, and the persecution of the whisky people, that is, persecution <u>by</u> the whisky people, the "dry" sentiment grew, until about 1906 Wichita elected a dry mayor and council, and the saloons had to go, for they could not stand against the determined affort to enforce the law.

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They went in a spectacular manner. They loaded their equipment on drays, and paraded down Douglas avenue to the railway station. They were leaving the town to its fate - for the grass to grow in the streets. A week or so later, Fred Dold, of the Dold Packing Company, comparing the week's sales with the previous week, remarked: "The women and children of Wichita are eating more meat". They were also wearing more clothes. A gentleman told me this story: He was in the store of Morgan Bros., dealers in shoes. The proprietors were very gloomy at the outlook. This was on the day of the Parade. Just a year later, to the day, he was in there again, and remembering the dire predictions of the merchants, asked them how their business had compared with the business of the year before. It had increased twenty percent. Now this prosperity meant greater happiness, a more wholesome life, among the people, and especially among the working classes. Still, strangely enough, these merchants wanted the saloons back again. they thought that it would increase business. One part of his trade had fallen off - the superfine, very expensive ladies' shoes. A lot of people who were his profitable customers for those shoes had gone with the saloon & equipment.

~~Big biz~~ Soon after that, Colorado went dry. A Wichita gentleman told me this story: He was in a public meeting in Denver during the Referendum campaign, and heard a speaker refer to Wichita as a horrible example of what might be expected if the misguided people should vote for prohibihion; that there were three hundred empty business houses vacant ~~in this~~ on Douglas Avenue between the Santa Fe tracks and the river. The Wichita man rose, and the speaker courteously gave him leave to say a few words. He said that there were not three hundred business houses between the tracks and the river, and if the speaker would come with him to Wichita, and find three, he would pay the expenses of the trip, and give him a hundred dollars. Further, he would deposit the amount of the expenses and the $100.00 in a Denver bank before starting for Wichita. My informant told me that he talked with the speaker after the meeting was over, and believed that he had made the statement honestly. He had not pretended to have personal knowledge, but had depended on posive information, which he had believed.

Sept. 28. This is going to be a very scrappy letter, and I fear a very long one. I have just got to get these things out of my system. And this letter will, if I don't change my mind, remain on the little Corona until that is accomplished. Do you remember urging me to continue writing, if only for the personal satisfaction that I get out of it? Well, my dear lady, your fate be on your head. That is just what I am doing. You happen to be the victim. Oh! Before I forget it, let me thank you for the word "under" in the article in the Woman's Journal. That's better.

Now about the private bars. They are not important. Spectacular, yes. But it is a safe bet that the people are not drinking any more than they were before. They had all that they wanted before. And I doubt whether, when the newness wears off,

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a guest will drink quite as many cocktails when he has to go to the bar for it, instead of accepting it from the dainty hand of his charming hostess.

No women at public bars in the old days? True, I never saw any women at the bars in the Palmer House, or the Lexington hotel, Chicago, but in the saloons along State Street, down below 12th, and on Wabash Ave., and at countless other locations, the sign: "Family entrance", or "Ladies' Entrance", was common. And down in the Stockyards district the children carried beer home to their parents, and women bought cans of beer and sat on the sidewalk, or in the street and drank it. No, whisky "under" prohibition hasn't pulled off any new stunts. It has only found new channels. This was to be expected. And the closing of these channels is the work of the present.

You speak in one of your articles of the sudden drop in drinking immediately after the adoption of the amendment, that is, after is became effective - and the rise since then. This is not disputed. But when you consider the situation, I think that you will find no cause for discouragement. The whiskey interests had to reorganize their system. That took time. On the other side, the Government was slow in meeting the condition. One might say "necessarily slow". I don't know just how much interest Mr. Mellen had in the prohibition end of the treasury department. He had a tremendous job on his hands in cleaning up the postwar mess. So did Mr. Coolidge. They did that work mighty well. Moreover, the departments did not work together with the utmost efficiency. Perhaps that could not be helped. In addition to these handicaps, there were officials in high authority who were not in sympathy with the law, and not only did nothing worthwhile themselves to enforce the law, but interfered with its enforcement by others. Some of these are now in private life; some in semi-public life, wards of the Government in Atlanta or Leavenworth. The service, as I stated in "Teamwork versus Anarchy", had long been the object of the corrupting influence of the whisky power. It was not the first time. You must know of the whisky ring scandals during the administration of General Grant. General Grant was not smirched, but two of his official family had to resign.

Dissatisfaction with the law has undoubtedly grown. But why? Because people want whiskey more than they did? No. It is because they are discouraged, just as you are. I believe that a few months will see a pronounced change of sentiment in that respect. It is often said: "The law can't be enforced". There are 44 enterprising gentlemen in Wichita today who would give a good deal to be assured of that. They are members of the gang that was pulled last summer in S. W. Kansas. Their cases come up for trial this week. You will probably see the announcement of the verdict before this letter reaches you.

Sept. 29. You speak, in one of your articles, of the destruction, by the Eighteenth Amendment, of the rights of the individual. Yet I know that you recognize the right of Society to exercise more or less control over the liberty of the individual. Individual, carried to an extreme, is anarchy. The right of

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of control, carried to an extreme, is State Socialism. Neither of us can for a moment tolerate either anarchy or state socialism. The golden mean lies somewhere between. It varies with the needs of the social order, and the social order is concerned with the needs of the individual. This is discussed, if I remember rightly, in a book by Charles Kingsley, "Yeast". I have not seen it for thirty years, but it runs in my mind that in the story a clergyman contracts smallpox by means of a coat which his tailor has sent to a seamstress, perhaps to sew on the buttons. There is smallpox in the household, and the high dignitary of the Church is brought into very intimate and disastrous touch with a sort of life of which he had scarcely dreamed.

Col Roosevelt touched on that subject one evening in a speech in Wichita. The legislature of New York had passed a bill forbidding the manufacture of cigars in tenements. The danger of the transmission of foul and fatal diseases by that means was clearly seen by the assemblymen. The court of last appeal declared the law unconstitutional. "The decision", said the speaker, "was a gem". The ground of the decision was "the invasion of the sacred precincts of the HOME."

When you and I were children, we heard more or less ~~afx~~ criticism of the assumption by the State of the right to tax the people for the support of public schools. I remember hearing my father saying that he preferred the private school. I don't think that he objected to paying taxes for the education of his own and his neighbors' children, but many did. Perhaps you did not hear so much of this in Ohio as I did in Illinois. Many men, who had no children, or who were able to send them to private schools, declaimed against this taxation as an outrage; as an invasion of their personal rights. Yet now every community has its public school; almost every village has its High School, which gives the students a better education than did Harvard in the days of Holmes and Lowell, and many cities, like New York and Wichita, have their Municipal Universities. And no one, or practically no one, complains of it. The whole community, and every individual in the community, is benefitted by it.

The sweat-shop is no more. The tenement manufacture of cigars is no more. The State exercises control in the matter of hygiene and education. Shall not it also exercise control in the matter of morals? It does to a limited degree. It is simply a matter of judgment as to how far that control shall extend. Shall not the State exercise control as to the distribution of a substance which so vitally ~~affects~~ the morals of the people as whisky does? It has done this for many years. Again, it is simply a matter of judgment as to extent, in morals as in hygiene and education.

In one of your articles you spoke with admiration of the communities which had banished or curbed the distribution of alcoholic beverages. Did not that proscription, absolute or partial, interfere materially with the right of choice by individuals in those communities? And what is the difference in principle between the exercise of this proscription, whether by village, or State, or Nation?

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When I was a boy, I knew a lawyer in Jacksonville, Judge Dummer. He was a fine, scholarly man, one of the finest type of the New England gentleman. I remember him when he must have been about sixty years old, though he lived much longer. Not until after his death did I learn the story of his struggle with whisky. Early in life he was addicted to its use. Then he quit. It was a hard struggle, that ended only with his death. I was told that he would walk blocks to avoid passing a saloon. When he was compelled to pass one, he hurried by. The appetite never left him, but he won out. What a character! What an inspiration that must have been to his children! I knew his son Harry. We went to the High School together. He adopted the law as his profession. I was told, years after I last saw him, that he had fallen a victim to drink. His "choice" was whisky.

We don't know much about heredity. I don't know what strain of weakness there was in Harry Dummer that led him to ignore the inspiration of the noble character of his father. Perhaps he couldn't do otherwise. A paralytic finds it impossible to scale a cliff which another, in full bodily vigor, mounts with comparative ease.

Now I must close. I have only touched a few of the questions which your articles have brought up. I have not yet read the one in the Delineator. That I shall have read to me this afternoon, and I may "continue" this "in our next" if you are not so disgusted with me as to write me that I need not take the trouble. No, I don't mean that. I know that you are too good a sport to be offended by anything that I have said. But that figure "6" stares rebukingly at me, so I will now bid you goodby for the present.

With kindest regards,

Walter Graves.

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