

there never were more faithful soldiers than the rank and file of the women of Tennessee. (Applause.) As I think of them my eyes grow dim. We stationed these women at the church doors, at the factory, at the mill doors, everywhere where men passed. We stationed them with these little dodgers in their hands. They passed them out silently as the men came out. We got out huge posters to contradict the posters that were sent out by the enemy. We covered out state with these. Then we sent out literature by the thousands and tens of thousands—yes, there were

### thirty thousand letters

and packages of literature mailed from Mrs Holman's own home during that time.

We not only used literature, we used women. We covered the state. There were at times as many as seven or eight women speaking in the state of Tennessee. We spoke in the hamlets, in the cities, from gospel wagons, from court house steps—wherever three or four or five could be gotten together we begged, with the tears rolling down our cheeks, that they vote for only such men for governor and legislators as would protect our homes and our babies.

In Chattanooga I saw women with elbows out, scantily clad, all of them in thin calico wrappers. They were hungry and they were poor. I saw one woman who stood with a baby on her hip all day long, and with one hand gave out dodgers. I saw their trembling lips as they joined in "Rock of Ages, cleft for me." I saw sorrow and agony written on their faces, as they said to me, "Oh, lady, lady, do you think there is any hope for us; oh, do you think we can ever get out from under it?"

But when the next morning dawned we knew that

### our night of suspense was in vain.

The man who had dared to espouse our cause had been defeated by the liquor traffic, robbed, and plundered. I could not tell you—oh, I could not tell you how the heart of Tennessee W. C. T. U. seemed to break. But here was where Mrs Holman climbed the heights,

She steadied herself, as it were, and at once took up the pen and began to write the stirring letters, "We are not defeated; we have yet a chance to win." The papers were filled with assurances by Mrs Holman that prohibition had not lost. The time flew by, and just when the liquor forces were exultant and happy in the belief that they had eliminated Mr Carmack from the fight, hope came again. Large it loomed up before us; for that magnificent paper, the Nashville *Tennessean*, that had been always our friend, elected for its editor Edward Carmack, who, as all the nation knows, was second to no man as a journalist.

Cheerfully he took up the pen and began to write. And oh, my friends, it is true,

### "God moves in a mysterious way."

Where Carmack had reached hundreds he began to reach thousands, and he began to make it clear to the Democrats of Tennessee that they could not be loyal to their platform and still remain true to the brewers. He kept at it until he made the politicians of Tennessee see that they could be loyal and still not support a platform in the making of which the people had no part at all. The little state papers scattered all up and down the valleys copied his editorials, and shortly the state was flooded with Carmack's mind and Carmack's thought. It penetrated every spot, and never has a man lived who had such devoted followers as Edward Ward Carmack had.

When election day came, a majority of those who were believed to favour state wide prohibition were elected to both houses, and Mrs Holman said, "Mr Carmack, if Tennessee can write a prohibition law on her statute books, it will be due to your loyalty and support;" and he replied, "If Tennessee writes a prohibition law on her statute books, I shall be more than paid for all I have suffered."

So the time went by, and it was said publicly by the liquor element that

### the fight was not yet won.

One of their friends said, in the lobby of one of the hotels, "If we could eliminate Carmack from this

question, we could yet organise both branches of the house." Four days from the time we returned to Tennessee from the Denver Convention, that matchless man, the man that we love and honour, lay dead upon our streets, shot through the back by a cowardly assassin, the deed dictated by the liquor traffic of Tennessee and the nation, so we all verily believe. Then in deed and in truth it seemed as though our hearts would break. The darkness shut us in once again. But from the tomb of Carmack there sprang an army. Men who had been lukewarm on the liquor question, but who loved Carmack, who would follow him to the death—these men took up the cudgels and came to the rescue of Tennessee.

Then the liquor men called together what they termed the state Democratic committee—it was called everywhere else the state whisky-craic committee. The awful fight came on for the election of the two speakers. Need I tell you more? It is history! How we elected not one speaker, but both, and victory was in sight. The liquor men, driven to desperation, asked for a hearing before the committee on legislation. They actually believed that they could present the business side of the saloon question so forcibly that the committee on liquor legislation would fail to report the bill favourably. Oh, I wish you had been there!

### We went early and stayed late.

The papers said there were going to be hundreds of friends of the liquor element in the city that day; that they would preëempt the grounds to see that this arbitrary law did not pass. We got wind of it, and on Monday morning we began to make sandwiches. By one o'clock we were down there with them. By three o'clock there wasn't space to put the sole of your foot in that building. The liquor men were there clamouring to get in. (Applause.) Along about five o'clock one of the friends of the liquor interests looked up to the gallery, and he said, "Mr Speaker, I move we adjourn; I see the galleries are filled with ladies, and I am quite sure they all want to get home and get supper, and I thought to myself, "Brother, you don't know this