"Pussyfoot" Johnson

MR. W. E. JOHNSON

May, 1920

Photo: Nice.

"Pussyfoot" Johnson

By

F. A. McKenzie

Author of "Korea's Fight for Freedom," "Through the Hindenburg Line," etc.

"Let Johnson alone: more power to his elbow."
President Roosevelt.

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Introduction

THE Prohibition movement ranks among the most remarkable crusades of modern times. That is a fact hardly to be denied even by those who differ most strenuously from it. The majority of the English-speaking communities of the world, and some non-English-speaking nations, have voluntarily, within a few years, renounced a favourite and established habit—a habit which literature, tradition and custom had caused mankind to regard as one of the pleasures of life.

Alcohol had been for generations untold an anodyne in grief, a symbol of joy, a medicine for the invalid and comfort for the mourner. It accompanied men literally from their birth to their grave. No christening was complete without it; every birthday was made an occasion for the drinking of healths: a wedding-feast with-

out strong drinks would have seemed like a banquet without meat; and before they laid a corpse in its final home the mourners gathered together and decorously drank wine.

Then came the movement against alcohol. Men ceased to drink, at first individually. After a time they banded themselves in societies and formed an easy butt for novelists and satirists. Next they started to cut off the sale of drink in their own communities, village by village, town by town, state by state. More recently whole nations agreed voluntarily to stamp out the traffic. To-day men are dreaming of a "dry" world, and it is a dream that many hope may come true in our time.

Of all those associated with the Prohibition movement the name of only one has become, up to now, a household word throughout the world—"Pussyfoot" Johnson.

Fortune brought me in touch with Mr. Johnson in an exciting and adventurous hour. Our experiences then led to further meetings. In time I came to see the man as

he is, and to understand why he has won the place he holds.

When it was suggested by others that I should write this brief sketch of his life, Mr. Johnson hesitated. He would prefer to work for to-morrow and leave the adventures of yesterday to themselves. "I do not believe in a biography that is all praise," he once said to me. "The only perfect beings that I know are in heaven." His only request was that I should write as critic rather than eulogist. "I have learned a lot from criticism," he declared, "and I have a lot more to learn yet."

This narrative is a plain record of some of the main incidents in the adventurous life of an adventure-loving man who has been a fighter from his youth up. I have come to admire William Johnson because of his directness, his simplicity, his courage, and his shrewd capacity. It is a good thing to observe the life of a man who goes straightly and strongly on, with his eyes set at one mark, a man who is neither weakling nor pietist, trimmer nor ranter, who can and

does give hard blows, and who is ready to take them without malice.

" Pussyfoot " Johnson won the admiration of two continents by his cheerful courage when he lost his eye as the result of a students' " rag " in London. The qualities that he revealed then were not assumed for the moment, but were part of the man. I do not profess to share all his views, but I am proud to have the honour to tell of the life-work of a real " white " man.

F. A. McKENZIE.

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Chapter I — *From New York to Nebraska*

WILLIAM EUGENE JOHNSON was born in the village of Coventry, New York, on March 25th, 1862. He was the son of a farmer, and descended from good New England stock. His father's family was from Connecticut, his mother's (the Stiles) from Massachusetts; and they could trace their line back for two hundred years of pure Yankee strain. An ancestress on his mother's side was hanged as a witch in Salem, during the great witchcraft craze at the end of the seventeenth century.

His grandfather had come to Coventry in the days when Central New York was a wilderness, walking all the way from Colchester, Connecticut, to spy out the land, that he might settle there if he found it suitable. He discovered a good plot of eighty acres owned by a land company, and bargained for it with the company's repre-

sentative, a Frenchman. He had saved $300, which he had left in the care of his brother in the old home town. A deal was made with the land company, and the grandfather walked back to Colchester for his wife, his ox-team, and the $300. On reaching home he found that his brother had got drunk and had spent all the money. Undaunted, he took his ox-team, his axe, and his wife and travelled once more to Coventry, to tell the Frenchman that he could not complete his bargain because his money had gone.

"How much money have you?" the agent asked.

"None," was the reply.

"You take the land and pay for it when you can," was the unexpected response. The land agent even helped to fit him out with a barrel of flour.

It was on this land that, two generations later, William Johnson was born.

The grandfather had two sisters, Clarissa and Jerusha, both missionaries among the Cherokee Indians in Arkansas. A medical missionary there, Dr. Marcus Palmer, mar-

ried Clarissa, and when she died, married Jerusha. He lost his sight, and came back East to Fitzville, Ohio. Here he was apparently engaged as a preacher, but his main work was very different. He was an active worker in the Anti-Slavery campaign, and he ran a station on the famous " Underground Railway " by which escaping negroes made their way in safety to the North.

The Palmers took a negro-boy, Henry M. Wynder, into their home, and educated him so that he was able to become a teacher in a private school kept by their daughter. He was, for a time, William Johnson's teacher. Heredity and early home training mould the man. William Johnson, reformer, received his bent in the roomy old farmhouse at Smithville Flats, to which his family moved when he was two years old, and where he passed his childhood. It was a temperance farmhouse all the time. The Johnsons had had their pew in the Presbyterian church near by as long as men could remember. The ideals of the old anti-slavery campaigners were bred in them.

The lad was brought up to an open-air

life. He early learned to master horses, which is not a bad beginning in the art of learning to master men. The last time he was thrown off a horse was when he was five years old. His old friends still recall him as a square-toed, sturdy-shouldered youth, full of physical and mental energy, always ready for a fight, and going through with it to a finish.

Johnson himself declares that the supreme influence in his life was his mother. She was "just a mother." She lived to a ripe old age, and her son to this day always carries her portrait with him. It is to her, he declares, that he owes all. People who knew her describe her in her last years as "an old, old, white-capped lady, supremely proud of her son's battle for an ideal, supremely confident that, no matter what the overwhelming obstacles, he could not fail. When she died there passed a fine woman who had, more than anyone else, implanted in the son the ideas and the steadfastness that had made him suffer for his ideals, and laugh at his persecutors, with a gameness that almost disarmed them."

The son paid tribute to her in the preface of one of his books :

> "To my Mother.
> From the beginning she has been an eternal inspiration to higher and better things."

Johnson when a very young man spent two winters in his home state of New York, "teaching school," taking out part of his payment in board, as was the custom in country districts at that time. Most houses had one room facing the north-west for the preacher or the teacher when they visited their district. In some homes the "preacher's room" was not so carefully looked after as in others, and sleeping in a damp bed gave the young fellow a severe illness which left him a physical wreck and with an asthma from which he suffers to this day.

He went out West to regain his strength, to a ranch near Fremont, Neb., owned by his father and his uncle, and there put in a summer of open-air work, increasing his weight from 120 to 165 lbs., and regaining condition. As winter approached there was nothing more-

for him to do on the ranch, so he thought that he would teach school again. He called on the State Superintendent of Education and asked for work. The Superintendent informed him that all teachers had to pass an examination, and that the examinations for that winter were already over.

" Couldn't you hold a private examination for me ? " asked Johnson.

The Superintendent agreed, and fixed the next morning for the ordeal. He handed Johnson a list of the subjects in which he must pass. One was physiology. Now the lad from New York knew nothing of physiology. He was not even quite sure what it was ; but he went to a second-hand bookstall, bought an old text-book, sat up all night studying, and next morning passed his examination triumphantly.

There were only two schools vacant, and Johnson was warned not to try for one of these as he would not like it. The first school was twenty miles away. He borrowed a horse and set out for a ride across country to see the authorities there. The horse was a real bucking broncho. It took two men

to hold it when he mounted, and once in the saddle there came a right royal fight between man and beast. But Johnson had not been brought up on a farm for nothing. The horse did not throw him, and by the time the day was over even the broncho had lost its "pep," for man and horse rode sixty-eight miles that day. He found when he reached the first village that the place was already filled, so there was nothing for him to do but to turn round and ride another forty miles to the second district—the place he had been warned against.

This district was the home of a number of German-American families. The local authorities told Johnson that he could try his hand at keeping school there if he liked, but on their terms. "We will pay you forty dollars a month salary, but we will only pay it if we are satisfied that you are maintaining proper discipline. We are to be the sole judges as to whether you are or not."

The young teacher readily agreed. A form of contract was drawn up. He signed

it, scarcely troubling to read it, and was duly installed.

He soon learned what was in front of him. There had been no school at this place for two years, because no teacher was willing to undertake the work. For two years before that no one had succeeded in remaining there for more than about a week. The boys prided themselves on their ability to beat any teacher in that time.

School opened, and thirty pupils came—twenty-eight boys and two girls. Johnson studied them carefully as they clumped in, their wooden shoes clattering on the floor. They were an ordinary-looking group. He anticipated no difficulty with any except one, a young giant as old as the teacher himself, of amazing muscular development, and weighing quite 220 lbs. Johnson knew who would win if it came to a straight trial of strength between him and that youngster. So he made his plans accordingly.

Here, as in many other parts, the school-teacher was school-janitor also. Johnson provided himself with a good heavy poker

for the stove, and saw that the poker was always within reach.

For the first few days nothing untoward happened. Then one afternoon the teacher noted that his dangerous pupil was throwing a book at another lad.

"Cut that out," said Johnson shortly.

"Haw! You shut up!" retorted the young giant. "We've had enough of you. You've been here long enough. Get out!" And he rose from his seat and made for his teacher, the others jumping up at the same time and following in his wake.

Johnson remained absolutely still until the young fellow was within easy reach of him. Then with a quick movement he hit out, and hit effectively.

There was no more trouble in that school. A fortnight afterwards the young giant returned to his place in class, the meekest of the meek. The authorities paid Johnson forty dollars a month without a question. They admitted they had at last found a man who could maintain discipline.

From school Johnson went to Nebraska University, working his way through by

doing all kinds of odd jobs. He remained at the University for three years, but did not graduate. His career from an academic point of view was not a great success.

The new West was in the making; fresh population was pouring in. All kinds of enterprise were afloat. A man had to be ready to put his hand to anything, from doing chores to maintaining law and order. A local newspaper badly needed a circulation manager. It had a subscription list of eight hundred. Johnson took up the post, and by hard work raised the number to three thousand.

Just about this time one of the periodical land booms which swept over the West struck Nebraska. These land booms are the maddest form of gambling. Values go up—on paper—out of all reason. When the boom is at its height a plot in a back street in a country town will sell for nearly as much as a small plot in Michigan Avenue in Chicago, or in the City of London. "A" buys a plot for $100. He sells it to "B" next day for $200. Some one else pays "B" $20 for a short time option to buy the plot at $300,

and succeeds in selling it for $350, and so on. For a time every one makes money, and there is an appearance of amazing prosperity. Outside speculators are drawn in. Costly undertakings are launched, and the boomsters-in-chief metaphorically "light their cigars" with $5 bills. This is the hour for the wise man to step from under, but very few people are wise. A slump always follows and leaves a sadder and wiser community behind it.

Johnson bought an option on a plot of land for a few dollars, and sold it next day at a profit of $150. Why should he go working hard and making a scanty living as circulation manager when he could pick up hundreds of dollars in that way?

He threw up his job and opened an office as Real Estate dealer. He bought and sold, dickered and bargained, and secured an interest in all kinds of enterprises, from a Turkish bath to central town lots, until at the end of a few months he was worth $30,000. Like nearly every one else, he kept on too long, was caught in the slump, and finished up worth $4000, less than nothing.

He had married during this time Miss Lillie M. Trebitt, of Lincoln, and found a wife ever ready to stand by him in dark hours, to cheer when things looked most threatening and to take her full share of toil. There was a stiff row to hoe before he recovered his financial stability again. He took seriously to journalism, became manager of the Nebraska News Bureau, and here the way opened up that led to his real life-work.

Chapter II — *The Real Start*

WILLIAM JOHNSON'S life has been so bound up with the movement for the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic drinks that it is impossible to appreciate the one without knowing something of the other. The modern Prohibition movement took its rise in the State of Maine over eighty years ago. A Committee of the Maine Legislature reported in 1837 that: "The traffic (in strong drink) is attended with the most appalling evils to the community. It is an unmitigated evil. Your Committee are not only of the opinion that the law giving the right to sell ardent spirits should be repealed, but that a law should be passed to prohibit the traffic in them, except so far as the arts or the practice of medicine may be concerned."

Neal Dow, the son of a rich Quaker farmer, began a vigorous agitation to have this

opinion embodied in the law, and the first Prohibition Act was passed in Maine in 1846. It was an imperfect and experimental measure, only the sale of ardent spirits, not wine or beer, being forbidden. The Act was a failure. Learning from experience, Mr. Dow, five years later, framed a more drastic Bill. This was carried through the State Legislature in two days and was actively enforced immediately in spite of much opposition and some rioting.

The Maine example was quickly followed, and by 1855 thirteen states, including New York and Pennsylvania, had adopted prohibition. Then came a time of reaction. In some states the law was not enforced. The nation became more and more absorbed in the battle over slavery and in the growing cleavage between North and South. Prohibition was declared unconstitutional, a decision which was reversed some years later. In state after state prohibition was repealed and in some where it was retained it was only enforced in a half-hearted fashion.

The movement received a set-back, from

which it took many years to recover. Maine remained faithful, but even in Maine enforcement of the law was irregular. In the early eighties the new West launched a fresh campaign, the State of Kansas in particular presenting an example of successful prohibition which was to have wide-reaching effects. The fight was much harder now than in the early days. The liquor trade had become thoroughly organised and had reduced the bribing of legislatures and the manipulation of the Press to a fine art.

The prohibitionists at this stage aimed to secure, not merely the passage of State Laws forbidding the sale of drink, but the passage of State Constitutional Amendments embodying prohibition an integral part of the Constitution of each State. One large section of temperance reformers made what is now generally recognised as a mistake in establishing a separate political party of their own, the Prohibition Party, rather than in working through the established parties.

A number of well-intentioned people, including many men of great influence,

believing prohibition to be impracticable, introduced measures for the more effective control of the drink trade. High licence, the chief of these, was fathered at first by many prohibitionists as being a step towards their desired goal. The principal planks of this were a great reduction in the number of saloons and the payment by each saloon-keeper of a high licence fee. In place of being a step towards prohibition, high licence was quickly found to be the most effective weapon for fighting it. It gave the tax-payer a financial interest in maintaining the drink traffic, the licence fees going towards the reduction of taxes. The Dispensary system originated in South Carolina; under it the State itself became the retailer of intoxicants.

When the historian of the future comes to analyse the forces that lay behind the Prohibition movement, he will find one of the chief among them to be the revolt of decent citizens against the influence of the saloon in public life. The saloon-keeper was not the old "mine host" of ancient times, the landlord who cared for the comfort of man

and beast, but the seller of strong drinks, directly concerned with selling as much strong drink as possible and with nothing else. It was to his interest to control the police so that they might not be too active against the disorderly conduct of his customers. In order to make his control more effective be became partner with the local "bosses." His overlords, the brewers and distillers, did the same, only on a bigger scale. The saloon became the centre for the worst elements in national, state and local politics. It was partner with the gambling hell and house of ill-fame. The decent citizen who wanted to "clean up" corruption and immorality in his locality found the saloon his greatest enemy. The saloon-keeper had no real friends. Even the men who patronised him most freely scorned him and were often the first to fight for his elimination.

A struggle was developing at this time in Nebraska which was to have a profound effect on Johnson's future life. Nebraska was the first State in the union to adopt high licence. In 1889 the prohibitionists made

ready to put up a real fight for a constitutional prohibition amendment, and Johnson threw himself into the campaign. He was well under thirty years old at the time, full of energy and of great physical strength. His experiences as a newspaper-man had taught him ingenuity and resource. If he had to fight the devil, he believed in fighting him with fire and turning his weapons on the forces of evil themselves.

Johnson was brought into the reform movement by heredity, through the influence of Andrew G. Wolfenbarger, a Lincoln attorney, by the influence and example of his mother, and by his association with a remarkable character, " Bishop " Skinner. The Bishop was a livery-stable keeper in Lincoln who was given his nick-name because of his episcopal appearance, his white hat and long whiskers. He had a picturesque and variegated past and his language was noted for its variety and profanity, even in the West. He reformed, quit drinking, and cut off all his vices except swearing. He started a temperance movement—the Red Ribbon Club—which was for a time famous.

One Sunday afternoon, while at college, Johnson was at his hall with a dozen other students. There had been music and speeches, and an appeal was made for men to come up and sign the pledge. Johnson turned to his companions. "What is the matter with you fellows?" he demanded. "Come up and sign."

"We will, if you do," some one declared.

"Come right along," Johnson responded. He led the way to the front, ten or twelve following him. They had not gone half-way before the organ and viola struck up the Sankey hymn:

> "See the Mighty Hosts advancing,
> Satan leading on."

There came a quick burst of laughter from the audience. The advance paused. But from that time Johnson was openly committed. He was one of the reformers.

He gave quick proof of his qualities. There had been a great deal of talk of wholesale corruption by the "wet" leaders. The

subject was a matter of common gossip. No one had any real proofs. Johnson set about obtaining them.

He had some letter-heads printed, "Johnson's Pale Ale," and wrote to a number of prominent liquor dealers and others who had taken a leading part in the anti-prohibition campaigns in other States, asking them how best prohibition could be defeated in Nebraska:

"DEAR SIR,

"There is a prohibition amendment pending in this state, and I would like to have your advice, as a member of the trade. You have had experience in fighting prohibition in your state, and you know what the best plans are.

"Please tell us frankly what you think we should lay the most stress on in Nebraska, for accomplishing the best result for the liquor trade. It is my opinion that if the Nebraska dealers will take up high licence and show its advantages as a revenue measure, and a plan for regulating the traffic, etc., they will get the support of the best people, and even some preachers. What do you think of this?

"What effectiveness is there in using anti-prohibition documents? What class of documents are best? Do you know of any documents that will have weight against prohibition among the religious people?

"How should campaign funds be distributed for the best results? Is it worth while to hire speakers or to engage in debates with the prohibitionists? I think myself that the trade will accomplish more by spending the bulk of the funds among newspapers, and for quiet work with men of influence, especially politicians. Give me your best plan for working through political machinery, and especially how to silence the pulpit and the press."

The organisers of the liquor dealers' campaigns fell into the trap, and wrote him long letters describing their plans. One of the chief among them, Mr. Harry P. Crowell, suggested that Johnson should come and see him. "If you are going to have a fight, if you was to come here I would give you, I think, in three hours, more than I could write in a week." Johnson did not go himself, but sent a deputy, and Mr. Crowell

opened up in conversation his whole plans, how he had raised money, how much he had paid to different politicians for their support, his methods with the newspapers, and the like. "Make a plea for high licence and the battle is yours—that is if you have the papers and politicians with you, and you can get them if you have the money," was the substance of his advice.

The publication of these letters and of the interview caused an immense sensation and had the effect of drawing national attention to Johnson's work. The New York *Voice*, the leading organ of the prohibitionists, offered him an engagement during the campaign in the West. He at once became a marked man. Every abusive adjective that could be strung together was used in describing him. Journalism in the West was very full-blooded in those days. Johnson's opponents would start by describing his personal appearance in anything but complimentary terms. Then they would turn to his morals and his manners.

Apparently the only good thing they could find in him was his personal courage, and this

even his bitterest enemies never attempted to deny. "Whatever may be said about this prohibition deteetive Johnson, to his disadvantage, it must be admitted that he is a brave man," wrote the *Omaha Journal.*

Johnson gave his enemies as good as he got. He was in real fighting form. He smiled when the other side hit him and then puneched harder baek. Here, for example, is his deseription of Omaha, where he was engaged in a fierce prohibition battle:

"Omaha has degenerated into an ineorporated band of outlaws. It presents today the most extraordinary speetaele ever witnessed in the polities of any state. The whole city is in a state of moral stupor and mental delirium tremens. It has absolutely lost sight of every eonsideration of deeeney, fairness and respect for law whieh usually govern the relations of men in soeial and business life, and is wallowing in the filthy embraee of the saloon, while it fortifies itself by abuse, vilifieation and slander on the street and in the press, and defies the law by a eriminal use of the boycott in business

circles. Claiming a majority of six to one against prohibition, it is in a crazy apprehension lest the prohibitionists will intimidate licence voters, impede registration and voting, and inaugurate a reign of terror. It is a truly remarkable combination of crime, degradation and absurdity. If it were not damnable it would be pitiable. If it were not pitiable, it would be ridiculous."

The fight at Omaha was of unusual interest. The big Nebraska city was the centre of the struggle over prohibition. Johnson went there to help his side. One of the first things that he did was to make a careful study of the conditions under which the ballot for the constitutional amendment would be taken. He discovered that the last census returns had been padded to an amazing extent. He put enumerators to work, and found in one ward three times too many names. The census returns made Omaha appear as a city of 139,000 people: Johnson declared that the real population was not over 115,000. This estimate was subsequently confirmed.

The bogus names had been added to enable the liquor party to cast a number of dummy votes on their side.

Johnson published these facts. Once more the vials of wrath opened on him. He was a "prohibition liar," "conscienceless," "notorious," "shady," "a slimy serpent," and so on and so forth.

His articles dealing with the situation were published in the New York *Voice* and the Lincoln *Call*. Thousands of copies of these papers containing the exposure were mailed to the people of Omaha. The anti-prohibitionists, however, were in control of the machinery of administration, and they discounted Johnson's activities by holding up the copies sent for sale and by delaying the distribution of the mailed issues of the *Voice* until after the election was over.

A few days before the election Johnson proposed that he and his friends run a temporary daily paper of their own. The leading newspaper in Omaha was the *Bee*. The new paper was to be called the *Bumble Bee*. It was a hard-hitting sheet. Ten

thousand a day were printed, and boys were sent out to distribute them in the streets. By now the anti-prohibitionists were concentrating their fury upon Johnson, who had become the outstanding figure in the campaign. Day by day the papers attacked him, in some cases directly urging the people to do away with him. His friends seriously feared that he would be murdered. Mr. V. O. Strickler, a prohibition lawyer, went to the newspaper offices and warned them of the probable results of what they were doing. He told them that they had no right to stir up bitter animosity against Johnson. He was a newspaper correspondent and in no sense a detective, simply reporting for his paper. "If Johnson is murdered while in this city it will be because the papers have inflamed the public mind against him," he told them. Johnson himself was the least disturbed man of all. He quietly went on with his work, producing his paper day by day.

At first the other side did not see how to stop him. On the last day, however, a group of men lay in ambush in side-streets waiting

for the boys as they emerged from the printing office with their *Bumble Bees*. They caught them, took their papers away, gave them a kick and a cuff, and told them to "Cut off home." All did so, except one youngster who hurried back, showed a wound in his head, and told how he had been treated.

Johnson saw red. He gave the boy some more papers, and sent him out again. "I will see that you are not hurt," he said, and he followed after the lad, who was barely out of sight of the office before a street-corner man jumped on him. That street-corner man must have imagined the next second that a cyclone had struck him. He was scarcely on the lad before Johnson was on him.

Johnson admits that he could never recall afterwards what happened during the next few minutes. A very limp-looking opponent was left on the pavement. A crowd gathered and the man's friends made a rush for Johnson, who cleared them off by a vigorous use of his fists, and got his back to a telegraph pole. A sympathiser tried to reach

him to hand him a revolver so that he might defend himself. Johnson had a revolver of his own in his pocket, but he had no intention of using it. At that moment a police patrol came up. His friend was arrested, and while Johnson was defending himself from attacks in front, some one got behind the telegraph pole and caught him by the neck, so that he was soon firmly secured.

The police took him to the station. On the way Johnson suddenly remembered his own revolver and managed to slip it quietly from his pocket up his sleeve. Inside the station he was roughly searched down to see if he had any arms on him. Then the policemen and station hands attacked him. They regarded him as fair sport.

The young reformer turned sharply on them. "You mutts," he said; "you thickheads! Talk about catching anything! Why, you couldn't catch the itch, if you tried. You felt me down for a gun and found nothing. Look here!" He took his revolver out of his sleeve and handed it over to them. "You couldn't even find that on me."

This formed the basis of a fresh charge of carrying dangerous weapons and threatening the police with them. It was Saturday night. Johnson was not even allowed to communicate with his friends to obtain bail. When some of them forced their way in and demanded that they be allowed to go bail for him, the police refused.

Then a fresh party arrived on the scene, the father of the boy who had been injured. He too saw red, and was full of fight against the police and the politicians who had hired the men who had hit his son. When the case came to court every one wanted to compromise it, every one, that is, except Johnson. "I don't want to be let off," he said. "I beat that man up, and I want it to go on record that I did. He deserved a beating up. I did it, and I will pay a fine for it." He did not go as far, however, as another noted character in a different trial, who paid double the fine that had been fixed so that he might pay in advance for the opportunity of doing it again.

Johnson put away and carefully preserved

in a place of honour the official receipt for his fine.

No. 1647 $7.50

POLICE COURT.

State of Nebraska.

Omaha, Neb., Nov. 7, 1890.

W. E. Johnson.

Received of W. E. Johnson
the sum of Seven & $\frac{50}{100}$ Dollars.
Fines and costs in the above entitled case.

LEE. HELSLEY,
Police Judge.

(Original.)

Chapter III — *Back to New York*

JOHNSON was now a busy and successful newspaper-man, well-known, and in some quarters well-hated, in the West, and with established connections in New York. He had become famous in his own sparsely-settled section of the country both as an organiser and a writer.

He did a great deal of work about this time for a Kansas City paper, the *Sunday Sun*. The *Sun* was out to attack anyone or anything, no matter how highly placed or how influential. No business, social or political reasons were allowed to keep anything out of the paper. Naturally it had a very stormy career, having to fight about three hundred libel actions in three years.

Johnson was one of its most fiery and racy writers, and citizens of Dallas, Texas and elsewhere have still lively memories of the battles he raised and the fights he fought.

He had been keeping up his work for the

New York *Voice*, and at the end of 1895 he received an invitation to join the staff of that paper at New York. He did so, remaining there until 1900, when the *Voice* was reorganised and transformed into the *New Voice*, its head-quarters being shifted to Chicago.

Johnson came prominently to the front in New York in 1896 over the examination then being made into the administration of the Raines Law. Under this law, which had been introduced by Senator Raines with a genuine desire to increase temperance, various reforms were introduced. Saloons were compelled to close on Sunday. Intoxicants could be sold on that day only in hotels and when served with meals, etc.; the abuse came in defining what constituted an hotel; the outcome was the addition of a few sleeping rooms as an adjunct to the common saloon, and the serving of a single sandwich was considered a meal.

After his arrival in New York, Johnson examined the "Raines Law" hotels carefully. The Senate of the State of New York ordered an enquiry into the working of the Raines Law, and Johnson was called

as a witness. He gave first a number of statistics which he had collected, showing that as soon as the law came in force there had been an increase of eighty-four per cent of arrests for drunkenness and seventy-four per cent for all causes under the new law. He then proceeded to bring further evidence proving that the new type of hotels had become active centres for immorality. He told the results of personal enquiries, and went on to give a number of opinions he had collected from prominent people. Soon Senator Raines had had enough and suggested that Mr. Johnson should stop. "I would like first to give some letters from police captains," Johnson replied. These letters were still more damning and difficult to refute.

He went on to describe how he had investigated faked clubs opened under the Raines Law, and had found that they were simply centres for unlimited drinking and assignation.

Johnson's evidence caused a sensation. It was so precise, so documented, so free from surmise and full of facts that it was impossible to ignore it. His testimony, to quote the reporters present, "annoyed

Senator Raines who gave evidence of temper in questioning the witness." His crowning blow was a letter from a famous police officer, Captain Max Schmittberger :—

" The fact is that under the Raines Law, so-called ' Raines Law ' hotels are permitted to keep open all night and dispense liquor provided a sandwich is served. The back-rooms of many of those have become sinks of iniquity, where women of both colours and of the lowest type resort and ply their calling, and many of these places are nothing more than disorderly houses. The police are powerless to a certain extent, and where arrests have been made upon evidence obtained in my precinct of proprietors of such places for keeping disorderly houses, they have escaped on the plea that the people registering at these places registered as man and wife, and that the character of the woman was unknown to the proprietor. Although I keep the strictest watch on these cases, I have succeeded in only one case in having the proprietor indicted by the grand jury.

MAX SCHMITTBERGER,

Captain Twentieth Precinct."

This letter was, as one subscriber said, "The blow that nearly killed father." At the close of the day Senator Raines himself practically acknowledged that his measure, which was intended to take the saloon out of politics and preserve the sanctity of the Sabbath, had resulted in the establishment of large numbers of doubtful resorts of all kinds. "Lo! The Religious Sleuth," was the headline of one New York daily, above Johnson's evidence.

It was recognised that a new kind of man had come into the reform business, a man who got up his facts as carefully and as accurately as the most precise prosecuting counsel, who dealt in facts and left emotional appeals to others.

This same quality in Johnson's work was again strikingly demonstrated by his investigation into the South Carolina dispensary system. This system was introduced by Senator Benjamin R. Tillman to defeat prohibition, because the Senator believed that prohibition would not work. It gave the State a monopoly of the liquor traffic, abolishing all liquor shops and substituting

for them dispensaries where the liquor could be purchased in bottles for consumption off the premises. A State Board of Control, with five members elected by the Legislature, supervised the trade.

Johnson made no secret of his belief that Senator Tillman was honest and sincere in his attempt and that he did his best to give it a fair trial. "For ten years," wrote Johnson, "he was the dominating interest in its management. He fought for it fiercely in season and out of season. No system of liquor selling was ever tried out under more favourable circumstances and with more powerful support. The plan had every advantage conceivable for its success. Yet Senator Tillman, having tested his own project in the furnace of experience covering nearly two decades, was so convinced of its unworkable character that he turned upon it and helped to put an end to the project which he had himself established. Thanks to Senator Tillman, no man can now say that the state monopoly plan has never been tried out under favourable circumstances."

In May, 1899, Johnson visited South

Carolina to study the working of the dispensary law on the spot. He returned again later. He adopted his usual methods of collecting all the facts. He examined the reports of the dispensary and the liquor legislation of the State, and studied the books of the Collector of Internal Revenue. He visited the liquor dispensaries, interviewed innumerable people and further visited and examined more than 250 "Blind Tigers," places where intoxicating liquors were illegally on sale. He made maps of some of these localities indicating where the "Blind Tigers" were, and then he issued his report.

It showed that there had been a large increase in the consumption of drink under the dispensary system, that it had no monopoly of the traffic except in name, that illicit trade was very largely carried on, that the illicit sellers were practically immune from prosecution for political reasons, and that it had had a disastrous effect upon the morals and sobriety of the people.

His investigations received a very remarkable testimonial to their accuracy. There

came a dispute between the State of South Carolina and the Federal Government over the question of the payment of certain liquor taxes. The State urged that the dispensary system was an exercise by the State of police powers, and therefore could not be taxed under the Internal Revenue Laws. The Federal Government argued on the other side that the dispensary was purely a business enterprise, operated for profit and that it ought to pay. The Federal Government had, however, no evidence to back its contention. It called upon Johnson. He produced the results of his enquiries before the Court, and on his evidence the Federal Government won its suit. His enquiries had a still wider result. The prohibitionists, who had been temporarily defeated, reopened their battle with renewed strength, and eventually the dispensary system was abolished and prohibition re-enacted in South Carolina by a popular vote of nearly three to one.

When the *New Voice* shifted to Chicago Johnson could not accompany it, owing to his asthma. He still retained the post of

staff correspondent and visited England to study municipal enterprises. From there he went to Sweden to study the Gothenburg system, and his series of articles analysing and condemning it was afterwards published as a pamphlet, and led to considerable controversy, particularly with the English authorities, Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell.

The Gothenburg System had been adopted by the Municipal Council of that city to check the fearful ravages caused by the drink traffic there. The main part of the trade in spirits, but not in beer, was managed by a company, not for private gain, but in order to remove as far as possible the evils of the trade. The sale of food was encouraged. Neither shareholders nor managers were pecuniarily interested in pushing the sales and the company received no profits except a fixed percentage on its paid-up capital.

Johnson, as a result of his investigations, declared that the system had generally been conducted in Gothenburg with remarkable purity of purpose. It had always been

managed by men of the highest standing, and scandals such as had attended the South Carolina dispensary had been conspicuously absent. The drink-shops were clean, attractive, light and well conducted: the food offered in them was clean and wholesome. Nevertheless, he summed up the result of the system in some deadly findings:—

1. There are no reliable statistics of the consumption of spirits in Gothenburg. The statistics hitherto published on this point have been misleading to the point of fraud.

2. Since the bolag (liquor company) was established, the number of paupers for each 1000 population has increased fifty per cent, and the cost of maintaining them, per inhabitant, had nearly doubled.

3. The number of convictions for drunkenness per 1000 population has nearly doubled.

4. The cases of delirium tremens per 1000 population has more than trebled in the past eleven years.

5. During the year 1898, Gothenburg had 1600 more arrests for drunkenness than the most drunken American city of similar population.

6. The number of liquor shops in Gothenburg is a Chinese puzzle.

Johnson was now brought into very close intercourse with John G. Woolley, the temperance orator and prohibition candidate for the Presidency in 1902. They combined in, among other things, the production of a substantial book of over five hundred pages, *Temperance Progress in the Century*. To say that they combined to write this book is, perhaps, a figure of speech, for practically the whole burden of it fell on the shoulders of Johnson. Woolley had entered into a contract to write a book of 147,000 words, and to deliver the manuscript by a given time. A history of the Temperance movement could not be undertaken without considerable research, and Mr. Woolley's brilliant talents did not incline him to heavy labour on detail. Accordingly he engaged a preacher to read up the matter, and make

notes for him. The preacher duly made his appearance with an enormous stack of notes of all kinds. Woolley had no time even to read them, so he appealed to Johnson to join him in the enterprise, and to divide the promised royalties between them. Johnson agreed. He examined the notes and found that they were worth nothing to him, so he emptied them into his waste-paper basket, and started at the book *de novo*. It was completed in due course, but the troubles were not over yet.

Mr. Woolley left his son to read the proofs for him. The son proceeded to cut out some 40,000 words. This made the book too short and led to trouble with the publishers, and a charge for the matter held back. Then the publishing firm became bankrupt, and the promised royalties were for a long time invisible. One day John G. Woolley received a letter saying that the accounts for the book had been balanced, and seventy-five cents were coming to him.

Woolley wrote to Johnson that he did not know what to do with so much money,

so he sent him seventy-five cents to see if he had any use for them.

By this time Johnson was in the Indian Service. He had recently made a series of raids on gambling establishments, and had been breaking up a number of captured poker-chips until he was tired. He had quite a big pile of them. He put them in a box, spent the seventy-five cents on express charges and sent them to J. G. Woolley.

While Johnson was abroad he received a cablegram asking him to go to the Philippines to investigate the drink question. He set off at once for Hong-Kong, cabling back to his people to send him some money there. When he reached Hong-Kong there was a letter waiting for him care of the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank, saying that the money was being sent in another envelope. The envelope had not arrived. Johnson went on, however, to Manila, expecting that his remittance would follow him by the next mail. Unfortunately for him the remittance had been posted on the famous Peace ship which was taking Mr. Taft on his mission

of conciliation to the Philippines. When the Peace ship reached Hong-Kong Mr. Taft and his party learned that there was a plan to burn Manila when they arrived, in order to show the feelings of the populace towards them. As they did not want this kind of welcome they sailed to Nagasaki, and killed two weeks' time, to give the popular excitement time to calm down. The mail remained on the ship, and people in the Philippines had to wait for their letters.

Johnson had no money for waiting. His funds were soon exhausted. He pawned his watch for $12 and received, in addition to the money, a ticket big enough for the deed for a town lot.

His $12 did not last long. One day as he was getting to the end of it he met an old Omaha newspaper man, Al Ewan, on the street.

"Al, what are you doing here?" he asked.

"I am managing editor of the *Manila Freedom*," came the reply.

"How much do you get?"

"Sixty dollars a week."

"Well, I am busted, so you had better divide your salary with me until I get some money."

Ewan split his salary until the Peace ship arrived, and Johnson's financial troubles were over.

Shortly after that Ewan left the paper, and Johnson temporarily took his place, becoming managing editor of the *Freedom* for five or six weeks. This gave him every opportunity to get all the details he wanted of the drink question in the Islands.

He discovered that an army surgeon, Dr. Ira A. Brown, had been investigating the quality of the whisky sold in Manila, and had severely condemned the kind generally supplied to the troops. His report was suppressed, and Brown was ordered back to America. He actually went on board ship, but there was a typhoon outside the harbour, and the ship lay there for four days. Johnson learned something of the report, and wrote an editorial article demanding that Brown be recalled and his report made public.

The military authorities who governed the Philippines could not do anything against the *Freedom* for this, but they watched their opportunity. Shortly afterwards the *Freedom* prepared a story about a fight between a Frenchman and the Belgian Consul. It was all ready when the military censor came along and would not allow it to be printed, declaring that it might make war between the United States and Belgium.

Next day an officer came round and called Johnson aside. "We were not afraid of war between the United States and Belgium, and the suppression of your paper had nothing to do with it. You keep your face shut about the whisky, and it will be all right. That was just a reminder that you had no business to print that editorial about Brown."

Johnson returned from the Philippines in due course, and plunged into the Presidency campaign when Woolley was candidate. He wrote one pamphlet that ran into a circulation of hundreds of thousands. It was entitled *Benevolent Assimilation of*

the Philippines, and consisted of a list of two hundred outrages committed by American soldiers when drunk. The point of it was that the Government ought to cut off the supply of drink for the army.

The years up to 1906 were full up with hard detail newspaper and organising work. Johnson now made his home in Laurel, Maryland, within easy reach of Washington. In 1904 he was prohibition candidate for Congress for the Fifth District, Maryland, but was not elected.

The association between Johnson and Woolley grew more and more intimate. In 1902 Woolley secured control of the *New Voice* and Johnson became managing editor. They fought many battles together, both inside and outside the ranks of the Prohibition Party. Johnson's views of the best ways to fight the liquor traffic were developing. In 1905 they matured a plan for an Encyclopedia of Temperance and Prohibition, which was to give every fact known about the liquor traffic in all the ages.

In that same year, Woolley set out on a forty-thousand-mile temperance campaign overseas, leaving Johnson as managing editor of the *New Voice*. Johnson was now consistently advocating co-operation with other reform agencies, including the Anti-Saloon League, in temperance work, against the narrower section of the Prohibition Party. While Woolley was far away an event arose which terminated his connection with the paper. The directors of the *New Voice* sold, at regular advertisement rate, nearly a page of pure reading matter to the head of an organisation opposed to trade-unionism. The article was a severe attack on the Labour Union movement and appeared without any marks to show that it was advertising matter.

Johnson thereupon wrote an editorial denouncing the publication of advertising matter as news.

"When organised corruption and greed wish to fight against the development of reform movements the crooks begin at once

to hunt out the crooked newspapers and there poison the springs of information.

"Just so when organised crookedness and greed seeks to crush out the life of labour organisation battling for their own uplift, the crook comes sauntering into the business office of a crooked newspaper jingling gold in his breeches and asks, 'How-much-a-line-for-news-space-to-fight-Labour-with?'

"The business office of the modern newspaper is the bedhouse where the two classes of crooks meet for these assignations.

"There the boodler and the boodled meet on common ground, with the curtains drawn and cotton in the keyhole; there the gold is counted and the plots made to pollute the streams of information which feed the intellectual republic."

Not unnaturally the directors of the *New Voice* had the editorial suppressed and ordered Johnson to quit writing editorials of that kind. The editor retorted by resigning his post.

The door was soon to open for him to a much wider field, but while waiting he

engaged himself in a new campaign—to remove the tax on denatured alcohol in order that it might be used for commercial purposes. This measure was successfully carried through Congress.

Chapter IV *Life in the "Bad Lands"*

IN the summer of 1906 the United States Government was seriously concerned over the general lawlessness existing in the Indian Territories and Oklahoma. These regions had for forty years been a land of refuge for criminals from every part of the Union. The murderer in the East naturally fled to Oklahoma if he could, knowing that there he would be comparatively safe. The bad whites intermarried with Indians and negroes, and a half-breed population grew up that knew little law but the law of the gun. The U.S. marshals did their best to keep order and were engaged in perpetual war with the heavily-armed desperadoes who defied them. But they were all too few. This was the real Wild West, where murder was counted as a comparatively small offence, but where a man would be lynched for stealing a horse.

The Territories were supposed to be under prohibition, but this was openly defied. Whisky peddling was carried on to a very great extent. Large quantities of spirits were brought in by express almost without hindrance. Brewers outside the Territories were openly shipping in low-grade beers under various names: "Uno," "Ino," "Long Horn," "Mistletoe," "Non Tox," "Short Horn," "Pablo," "Tin-Top" and the like. These beers had a way of growing stronger as time went on, until even the expert could not distinguish them from the most potent brews.

There were hundreds of saloons, ostensibly for selling temperance beer, but in nearly every case also carrying on a heavy traffic in whisky. Many of these saloons had gambling-houses and resorts of vice run in association with them. The beer-joints were scattered all over the Territories.

Congress appropriated $25,000 towards a special effort to enforce prohibition. The authorities looked about for a really good man, and their choice fell on William Johnson. He was selected, as the Commissioner

for Indian Affairs officially reported, "Because he had already proved not only his capacity for the sort of work to be demanded of him, but his absolute contempt of danger in the performance of a difficult task." He was given the title of "Special Officer of the Government, Indian Bureau, for the Suppression of the Liquor Traffic in Indian Territory," with a salary of $2500 a year and expenses, and the right to engage his own assistants.

Johnson was fortunate in that he had at the beginning the whole-hearted support of his departmental chiefs. He was made his own disbursing officer so that he should not be hampered or delayed over questions of payment. Roosevelt was President, and he knew something of Johnson as a man who "got things done." Mr. Garfield, the Secretary of the Interior, backed him to the full, and his direct chief, Mr. Francis F. Leupp, gave him whole-hearted support.

When politicians tried to interfere with Johnson's activities, the President pulled them up quickly. "Leave Johnson alone, more power to his elbow," was his direction,

written on the top of a letter of a prominent politician who was trying to check his work.

Mr. Garfield believed, like Roosevelt, in the policy of "Thorough." On one occasion when Johnson was visiting Washington he called on Garfield to pay his respects. He had just come out of three or four fights and had a black eye, while one fist was knocked out and bandaged. "Mr. Secretary," he said, "have you any kicks about what I have been doing? Have you any instructions as to my conduct in the future?"

Garfield glanced shrewdly at him. "Yes," he said, "you go right back to your Indian territory. Get as many folks there in jail as you can and keep them there as long as you can. When they come out, put them back in jail again."

Johnson had scarcely arrived in Oklahoma before, by one bold move, he created alarm in the ranks of the whisky traders. He went quietly to Tulsa, a town of about 5000 inhabitants, notorious even in Oklahoma for the amount of whisky consumed there. No one knew him. He thoroughly investi-

gated, located strategic points, mapped out the town and then went away and had a conference with a famous Government Marshal, L. M. Bennett of Muskogee. A dozen Deputy-Sheriffs were summoned and the party, heavily armed, swooped down on the place. The greatest pains had been taken to keep the move secret, and even the Deputies were not told their destination until the last minute. They captured eight men and secured eight barrels of whisky, which were promptly emptied out on to the ground. The city dog-catcher, who was also a special policeman, was caught with a barrel of whisky. One of the principal real estate dealers was taken, Johnson personally raiding his office and finding a number of empty bottles and one full one in his desk. Of the eight persons, two were held as witnesses, two gave bonds for $1000 each, and the remaining four were taken back to Muskogee and put in jail.

"Booze busting has been due for some time," said the local paper, the *Democrat*, commenting on the event. It had come in earnest!

During the next three or four weeks similar raids followed one another so fast that the trade was thrown into a panic. Johnson and his men swooped down on Eufaula and made a big catch there. They spilled two thousand gallons of whisky and put a famous "boot-legger" out of business at South McAlester. They invaded the railway stations and confiscated express packages. They investigated drug-stores and found some amazing traffic going on in them.

Two events which happened within a few weeks of his arrival made Johnson's fame secure throughout the whole Territory. The first was at Eufaula. A popular druggist there was well known to be illicitly selling liquor. Attempt after attempt had been made to catch him, but in vain. In the back-room of his store he had a monster safe, in which he kept all his drinks. The place was raided by the Deputy-Marshal, Johnson taking part. The druggist managed, however, before the men broke through, to get his drinks in the safe, and to lock it. When the deputies demanded that the safe

should be opened, he flatly refused. One of the Marshal's men sought out Johnson and asked what they should do. He told them to hurry back and see that nobody tampered with the safe. Soon afterwards he returned and said, "Open that safe." The druggist laughed at him. Johnson pulled out his watch.

"I give you fifteen minutes to open that safe," he said.

Then he went out, found a sixteen-pound sledge-hammer with a long handle, and returned with it. There were still three minutes of the fifteen to spare. The druggist had a lawyer by his side and a crowd of several hundred men stood around, all with guns, and ready to shoot down the Government officials at the drop of a handkerchief. Johnson had five or six deputies with him, all armed, and he knew that his men, trained to work together, were good for at any rate twenty-five to thirty of that crowd.

He again looked at his watch.

"Three minutes yet," he remarked.

The three minutes passed in silence. He turned to the druggist.

"Time to open the safe."

The reply came from the lawyer, who stepped forward and gave Johnson formal notice that the safe must not be touched.

Johnson had expected to bluff the druggist into doing as he bade him. His bluff had been called.

"All right," said he. "I will have to open it myself."

He had not the slightest idea how to force a safe open, but he believed that he could at any rate fix the lock so that nobody else could open it until he had had sufficient time to think out a fresh plan of campaign. He took off his coat, raised the sledge-hammer as high as he could, and brought it three times down with all his strength on the nose of the combination, hoping to jam it. At the end of the third blow he turned a handle. To his surprise the door came easily open. He had struck it with such force that the flanges had flown out. The druggist readily consented to open the

inside door, to save it being forced open too, and there a great stock of whisky was found.

"I was the most astonished man there when the safe door opened," Johnson afterwards admitted. "It was spread all over the country that I was a safe expert, and that there was no use locking a safe, for I could break into it. I never had to ask a man a second time to open his safe after that. I never told anybody, however, that my action was bluff."

The druggist was hailed before a Federal judge and held in a $2000 bond. A gaming-house-keeper arrested at the same time felt that he had not had a run for his money. He had built the gaming tables the day before and had not yet started business when his paraphernalia was seized and burned. The whisky captured was spilt in the streets and negroes tried to scoop it up with their hands as it was running away.

The second incident, which happened two or three weeks after the safe episode, was certainly no bluff, for it involved a cool, open-eyed march into about as ugly a position

as anyone could desire. A man called John Harris lived with his two sons-in-law, McKeehan and Jack Trumbly. They were all thieves and made their home in a camp and a house-boat in the heart of the Canadian river, Bottom Thickets, spending their time fishing, stealing and selling illicit whisky.

McKechan was married to Harris's sixteen-year-old stepdaughter, Nora. He was a thrifty man and had money in hand when the others had none. They were often forced to go to him to borrow a dollar, and he would take the watches or other effects as personal security and exact a high rate of interest. Harris fell in love with his own stepdaughter and she evidently fell in love with him, so there was a double reason for wanting to get rid of McKechan.

Harris and the others determined to murder McKeehan. They suggested to him that they should go out and steal some Sorghum cane. On the way to the field Harris hit McKeehan over the head with an iron bar, smashing his skull in. He collapsed, killed at a blow. Then Harris

and Trumbly crammed the body into a bag, tied the bar of iron to it, and sank the bag in the river.

About a month after this a ferryman went out fishing. It was low tide, and suddenly the head of a corpse emerged from the water, the feet still being held down by the bar of iron. The sack had come away from the head, and it seemed to the man as he moved hastily away that the face of the corpse gibbered at him. He hurried back to Paw Paw, and raised a hue and cry.

At first no clue to the criminals could be discovered. A little later the police of Fort Smith raided Harris's house-boat, not in connection with the murder but when searching for some stolen goods. They found some clothes stained with blood, and thinking that here was a clue, they arrested Trumbly and his wife, and put them in jail. Nora, McKeehan's wife, and John Harris had disappeared. The blood-stained clothes had nothing to do with the murder, but the police, believing in their clue, cross-examined Trumbly and his wife so relent-

lessly day after day that in the end they bluffed and bullied the wife into a confession.

Harris, the main criminal, and Nora McKeehan could not, however, be found. Johnson arrived at Fort Smith just about this time, and the police appealed to him for aid. He asked a number of questions about what they had found in the house-boat. They mentioned that, among other things, there was a grip (bag) containing some clippings. "Had they examined it?" he asked. "Only casually," he was told.

Johnson took the bag and went over all its contents. In it was an unsigned letter: "Send my fishing-tackle to Eufaula." That was all. Johnson suspected that this letter might be from one of the missing parties, and knowing where they would most likely go for fishing, he immediately took train to Eufaula. There he went to the Express Office and asked if a package had come from Fort Smith for John Harris. It had, about a week before, but the Express people could give no description of what the

man was like, nor did they know where he was. Johnson had, however, also found in the bag a group photograph with Harris in it. He had the photo enlarged. Employing his common sense he concluded that if they were going fishing the most probable place would be where the Canadian river and the Verdigris river met, about eight miles from there. He went there.

Acting on the old belief that a ferryman knows all about everybody in the district, he made for the ferry. The ferryman was half-drunk. He had just piloted somebody across the river, and taken as his pay a bottle of whisky. Johnson showed him the photo, and asked if he knew that man. The ferryman recognised him at once. He and the woman were in a camp some distance away with a number of outlaws. Johnson, keeping silence about the murder, declared that they had been stealing, and he had got to have them.

"You can't go near them," the ferryman replied. "They all have rifles and they are crack shots. You go, and you will be a dead man."

Johnson, however, borrowed a double-barrelled shot-gun, obtained two horses, and impressed the ferryman into his service to show him the way to the outlaws' camp. After a time they saw a camp-fire in the distance. The ferryman now revealed considerable signs of alarm, and wanted to get out of it. Johnson turned sternly to him.

"This is a murder business," he said. "These people have to be captured, and you have to help me to take them."

He ordered him to stand by with the horses until he heard a whistle, a signal. Then he was to come quickly, and if there was any shooting he was to take part in it and was to shoot to kill.

Johnson saw, before he reached the camp, that there were seven men, and their rifles were leaning up against a tree. He pulled his vest down to hide his revolvers, and walked into the camp playing the part of a casual tourist.

"Have you any fish to sell?" he asked. "I have been out fishing all day and have got nothing. I don't want to go home empty-

handed. Every one will have the ha ha! on me. If you have any fish I will buy them."

The men agreed to sell.

All this time Johnson was quietly edging himself so as to reach a spot where he would be between them and their rifles. Suddenly he whipped out a couple of revolvers and ordered them to put up their hands. They promptly did so, when he bade them turn round with their backs to him. The signal whistle brought the ferryman. Johnson bade him search the party for guns. Two had revolvers which were taken away, and all the ammunition was appropriated. Putting Harris and Nora on a horse and fastening them securely there, Johnson started to go, the ferryman leading the one horse, and he riding behind. Before he started he turned to the outlaws, who thought that their moment for revenge was approaching.

"I suppose you think you are going to try to rescue these two," he said. "Well, you won't do it alive at all events. At the first bad sign I am going to shoot the man. Then I will shoot the woman. I will shoot to kill.

Then I will kill you if I can, if you don't kill me first."

He got back in safety. Harris and Trumbly were convicted, and sent to the penitentiary for life.

The story of the capture of John Harris and the woman made his reputation secure. The West knew that a real man had arrived.

Chapter V How "Pussyfoot" Won His Name

PHOTOGRAPHS of Johnson taken in his early days as special agent show something of the man. He was in the prime of life, with face and bearing telling of strength, vigour and resolution. He wore a soft round felt hat, broad-brimmed and trimmed in cowboy fashion. He usually carried a cloak which served to conceal the featherweight Savage rifle which was his constant companion.

He gradually gathered around him a staff of deputy-marshals who, as he was ever ready to proclaim, were the finest men to be found anywhere. There was Bud Ledbetter for instance, a strapping six-footer, with a keen grey eye, whose fame as a fighter was known wherever Westerners met. Ledbetter would go anywhere and face any crowd. He could draw and shoot like lightning and was reputed to have killed

at least eighteen men. He always claimed that he had never fired a shot until the other man had tried to shoot him first. Ledbetter's name carried such awe that often enough when word came that he was approaching the criminals made quick tracks away. There were Grant Cowan, Bass Reeves, Sam Roberts, and the like. Some of them were within the next few months to be shot down while helping Johnson to enforce the law.

He made use of the Indian police, and the grim nature of much of his work may be judged from the fact that eight of his assistants were killed by outlaws. One of these assistants bore a somewhat striking personal resemblance to him, and was mistaken for him when he was shot at. Johnson handled over six thousand criminal cases during this phase of his career, most of them mixed up with the whisky business. Out of all the cases which he brought to trial, he secured a conviction of over ninety-seven per cent. He endeavoured never to prosecute unless he was absolutely certain. "I would not present a case unless I was entitled to a con-

viction," he says, "and when I put in a case I expected a conviction. I not only was careful to have a perfect case, but I was also careful to have it intelligently presented, with the same energy and the same fullness of detail that you would employ in a murder prosecution."

Very soon his activities became the subject of common talk. His lightning strikes became famous. Men nicknamed him the "Booze Buster," and cartoonists loved to picture him, revolver in hand, accompanied by his agents, fighting the demon rum. "He is one of the cleverest 'Booze Specialists' that has ever invaded the territory," declared the *Oklahoman*. "The presence of Mr. Johnson seems to have redoubled the efforts of the deputy-marshals all over the territory and there has developed a sort of rivalry to see who can locate and destroy the most liquor."

He had great trouble from the delivery of spirits by express from areas outside his districts, so he went to the heads of the Express companies and convinced them that it would be genuinely to their interests

to observe the law against carrying drink into the Indian territory. At Christmas-time he put an Indian agent outside every railway station to seize any consignment of liquor that might have got through. He had the so-called "soft" drinks analysed, proved that they were "soft" only in name, and then opened a campaign against them. The drink-sellers tried threats. They tried entreaties. They tried every method known, but in vain. One South McAlester paper dropped into poetry as Christmas drew near:—

"TO MR. JOHNSON

"Say, Mr. Johnson, turn me loose,
And let me have my Christmas juice.
Don't break these bottles; let them be;
There's plenty there for you and me.
Just shut your eyes, don't make a row;
Be good this once, right here and now.

"Say, Mr. Johnson, please go 'way,
And come around some other day.
Be good this Christmas, what's the use
Of spilling all our good red juice?
Say, Mr. Johnson, you're too fly;
Come, old man, just wink your eye.
Just let expressmen turn it loose;
It's Xmas now, a good excuse.

"Say, Mr. Johnson, what's the use
Of spilling all the good bug juice?
You won't make good, there'll come a time
When you must find another clime.
Say, Mr. Johnson, just you skiddoo,
Let 23 be good for you.
You're on the slate when we're out loose;
We'll then get plenty of red juice."

Never within the memory of man had there been such a dry Christmas in Indian territory as that of 1906. On December 14th, Johnson invaded the Ardmore Express Office and destroyed 1920 bottles of so-called temperance drinks. It took about two hours to break all the bottles. At McAlester the agents for one beer, supposed to be a temperance beer, brought suits aggregating $157,000 against him for smashing their stock. The local papers reported that $25,000 of this was for mental anguish. Johnson retorted by presenting twenty-three indictments against the men who filed the suit.

A day or two after the destruction at Ardmore, he paid a visit to the Choctaw nation and destroyed twenty-three con-

signments of liquor. Then he moved across the line to serve notiee on the brewers to stop shipping into Indian territory. While there he met the instigator of the damage suits against him. "Well!" the man jocularly said. "I am still selling the stuff at MeAlester." "Thanks," said Johnson. "I will stop on my way up." He did so and broke up 900 bottles there. At Welch a few days earlier he had smashed six eonsignments of "red-eye" whisky.

The drink-sellers tried to serve legal injunetions on him restraining him. He dodged what injunctions he eould and defied others. The men who issued the injunetions usually found that they were soon indicted before grand juries.

It was shortly after this that his famous sobriquet first came into use. I find in the Muskogee *Democrat* for December, 1907, two little notes: "The Booze Department of the United States Government under the able direction of 'Demon-fighting' Johnson has saved many a man from swearing-off this New Year's Day. . . . Special Agent Johnson, he of the 'Panther' tread, has

resented the action of the peddlers of bogus beer and had them all indicted by the Grand Jury. It is evidently *lèse-majesté* to sue a velvet-shod emissary of Uncle Sam's Booze Department."

The owner of a pool-hall at Haskell sent a public notice to Johnson that if ever he came to Haskell he would shoot him at sight. Everybody knew that Johnson had been challenged. He could not afford to refuse to notice it for, in the West in those days, the man who showed a sign of weakness or cowardice was done. He enquired if the pool-hall-keeper had ever seen him. He was told that he had not, but had a very good description of him. Thereupon Johnson altered his make-up, mounted his horse, and went to Haskell. He tied up his horse in front of the pool-house, and walked in, pretending to be drunk. Slamming a dollar bill on the counter he demanded a drink. The pool-hall-keeper passed him over a bottle of sarsaparilla. Johnson flung the bottle down in sudden passion. "What's the use of that to me?" he yelled. "You give me real hell-fire!"

The pool-hall-keeper studied him, and concluding that he was a genuine customer, opened a trap-door, took out a bottle of spirits and handed it over. Johnson poured out the drink and then demanded some tobacco. The saloon-keeper had a .44 revolver sticking out of his pocket and was of the type that would shoot at the first suspicion. Johnson wanted to get him so that he could not readily reach his gun. The man turned round to take his tobacco-jar down out of a cupboard. Instantly Johnson had whipped his revolvers out of his pockets and placed their cold barrels on the ears of the bravo. He had his man disarmed and led out a prisoner in no time. The West after this little adventure named him "Pussyfoot."

Johnson's activities naturally made him many enemies. On one occasion a reward of $3000 was offered for the man who would kill him, and the reward was nearly won. The story is worth telling.

There were two notorious law-breakers, the Tittsworth brothers, Eugene and Ben, who lived in part of the Indian territory

wilderness, famous in Western annals for cold-blooded murders. Johnson hearing of their doings made a raid on one of the Tittsworth brothers' joints, accompanied only by one assistant, Deputy-Marshal Sapper. It was near midnight when he reached the place. He knocked at Tittsworth's door, and a man came to answer. "Is this Mr. Tittsworth's house?" asked Johnson. "Yes," said the man, "and I am Tittsworth."

"My name is Johnson, and I came down here to get you," said the chief officer.

"I guess not," came the curt reply.

Johnson asked him if he was armed, and when he said no, he took off his revolvers and threw them aside. Then they started at a hard fight. Tittsworth was no mean antagonist, and he gave his opponent at least one mark which he bears to this day, but in the end Johnson won, and took his man off to the jail at Fort Smith.

Johnson was invited to Porum to help to maintain order on July 4th when there were

to be some seasonable celebrations. The Tittsworth brothers were opening a cider-booth there.

Johnson was called away at the last moment on some more urgent business and sent one of his assistants, Sam Roberts, accompanied by Deputy-Marshal Dr. Sapper. Roberts unfortunately resembled his chief in height and figure. The two deputies went to the cider-joint to seize the liquor there. A professional " bad man," commonly known as Jack Baldridge but whose real name was afterwards found to be Jack Pattman, shot at Roberts, instantly killing him, and then turned his revolver on Sapper, inflicting a serious wound.

Pattman at once cleared out. He concealed himself in the wild country and sent back messages of defiance, daring anyone to come and fetch him. Bud Ledbetter and Grant Cowan were put on his track and traced him across the Canadian river into the Choctaw lands. Pattman's brother was with him. Suddenly they found themselves face to face with Ledbetter, who had revolvers levelled on both of them and

curtly bade them throw up their hands. They were quickly handcuffed and shackled together and taken back to Muskogee, the people gathering at every point to see them pass.

When Pattman was in prison, however, his nerve failed him. He turned State evidence and declared that he had committed the murder because he had been offered $3000 reward by Tittsworth to kill Roberts. Afterwards this confession was amended and he said that the money was offered to him to kill Johnson and Dr. Sapper. The Tittsworth brothers and Pattman were put in jail.

Ben Tittsworth was first tried. The evidence in his case was very conflicting, some witnesses declaring that he shot Sapper, and others that Pattman fired both shots. Dr. Sapper's own account was that when he entered the booth and took hold of the cider-keg Ben Tittsworth seized him, and a struggle followed and he then lost consciousness. The jury was unable to agree, eight voting for conviction and four for acquittal.

Eugene Tittsworth was then placed on trial. Pattman went on the witness-stand and stated that while in jail at Fort Smith with Tittsworth, the latter wanted him to work for him. "He said that if I would do away with Sapper and Johnson I would be paid $2000 or $3000." The jury, however, refused to accept his statement and the second Tittsworth brother was found "Not Guilty."

On at least one other occasion a reward was offered for Johnson's murder. This second affair had its humorous side. Let Johnson tell the story:

"I went up to Byars and an enterprising fellow, J. W. Lincolnman, was running a pool-hall there. He sent out letters stating that he had a man who would kill me for $1000 and he wanted a fund to be collected for this purpose. One of my scouts got hold of one of those letters and found that Lincolnman had collected about $700. So my assistant arrested him and telegraphed to me and blazed it out to the newspapers. At Byars I looked into the matter and satisfied myself that he did not have anybody

to kill me and had no intention of killing me. All he wanted was the dollars. That rather amused me, and so I went round to the jail and told him, 'Get out and get the rest of that money.'"

There was a man on the borderland between Kansas and the Indian territory who claimed that he had discovered a strip of land that belonged to neither state nor territory. On it he put up a gambling establishment, sixty feet long and ten feet nine inches wide. At the front of the building there was a bar where drinks were freely sold, while at the rear of the bar roulette, faro, craps, three-card monte, stud-poker and baccarat could be indulged in to the heart's content. One side of the building faced Kansas, the other side Indian territory. "The Sheriff and Marshal from Montgomery County, Kansas, can sit upon the outside of the building and see the thirsting patrons pass in and out; they can hear the monotonous rattle of the ball around the roulette-wheel—but they are powerless," wrote one local scribe. "On the other side of the structure the United States

Marshals of Indian territory sit astride their ponies and roll cigarettes as the dice bounce on the table and they can hear the pop of the bung from a fresh beer-barrel of Budweiser—but they are helpless. Lewis insists that he will go on forever, unmolested by the law. It will remain for Congress to take some action before Lewis can be ousted from his gambler's paradise."

Alas for Ernest Lewis! He had forgotten to reckon with Johnson. A few days later the house was going at full blaze when Johnson quietly stepped in with two deputies behind him. He did not seem to care whether the place was in Kansas or Indian territory. He broke the gambling paraphernalia, poured out the whisky, scattered the frequenters, arresting three bar tenders and landing these managers of a new Monte Carlo in jail. "The Monte Carlo of No-man's-land has been put out of business by the velvet-footed man with the soft voice and the veiled fist," said the Muskogee *Phœnix*.

A vivid picture of Johnson's work at this time was given in the *Literary Digest* of June 15th, 1907. It was headed, "Special

Agent Johnson, a Prohibitionist who prohibits," and was sent from Tulsa :—

" A few days ago, Special Agent Johnson began his campaign by slipping into the city accompanied by three picked men, arriving shortly before midnight. Their movements were so swift and sudden that many believed there were ten times that number. For four hours the business section of the city was in a fever of excitement. In that time three big gambling-houses were destroyed. The flames from the big bonfires reached as high as the tallest buildings. In addition to the burning out of three gambling-houses, about five hundred bottles of whisky were seized and destroyed and eleven men arrested. The names of the men who assisted Johnson in this wild night's work were Sam Cone, Ed. T. Egan and Frank West, the latter being an allotted Creek Indian of mixed blood.

" In the two days following, in which the boot-leggers and gamblers were chased all over the city, it was estimated by the *Tulsa World*, the leading daily paper here, that one hundred and fifty gamblers and boot-leggers left the city.

"The raiders in pairs then began making forays in the surrounding towns of the oil-field where the Texas gamblers had found abiding-places, and were attempting to sell whisky as a side-line. Many of these trips were made in wagons as the 'spotters' of the gamblers would telegraph to all the towns on the railways whenever the raiders started by train in any direction.

"At Collinsville, the gambling-house was destroyed, a wagon-load of paraphernalia being burned in the streets, and about fifty gallons of 'spiked cider' destroyed. At Mounds, a small quantity of liquor was destroyed in a drug-store. At Skiatook, the gambling-house of 'Snake' Morris was burned and about twenty bottles of whisky destroyed. Morris and his brother were arrested and taken to Tulsa where they were placed under $1000 bonds each for boot-legging. Here an advertised 'bad man' named Bill Burke armed himself and sought to frighten the officers out of town. Johnson at once turned the two prisoners over to his assistant, Cone, and taking his magazine-rifle started down the middle of the street to give battle to the 'terror.' The special agent was covered

with sweat and mud, and blood was running from a fresh cut in his hand received on broken glass. Burke failed to 'make good' when thus confronted. On the contrary he jumped on a horse and galloped for the woods without even waiting to saddle his horse or get his coat. At Tullahasse there came near being a tragedy. Johnson sent Cone on a hurry-up trip to head off a couple of trunks full of whisky which had been sent there as baggage. Cone seized and destroyed the liquor, and found it necessary to spend the night in an old house, in company with Dr. Mann, a physician at Wagoner. Tullahasse is a settlement of 'Creek negroes.' About midnight a gang of negroes began shooting at the house. Some of the bullets struck the bed on which Cone and Mann were lying. One grazed Cone's hand and another pierced his clothes. Mr. Cone and Dr. Mann went into the darkness and returned the negroes' fire, driving them away and arresting two of the culprits whom they succeeded in landing in jail in Muskogee.

"At Red Fork a small quantity of liquor was destroyed. Two raids were made on Sapulpa, the last one being marked by the

destruction of two big gambling-houses, one for the second time. Two dray-loads of gambling paraphernalia were burned at noon of the following day. John German, a leading meat-dealer of the city, was caught in the first raid by Johnson, who found twenty-three bottles of whisky hidden in the walls of the back part of his butcher-shop. German is now under $1000 bonds as a result of the find. Numerous other seizures were made in Tulsa, the largest being that of one hundred pints of whisky which came into the city tied in gunny sacks and tied to the rods under freight cars arriving from Oklahoma. This capture was made by West and Egan. Two more gambling-houses that attempted to reopen in this city a few days ago were promptly burned out by West and Cone.

" The climax came in this city in a monster bonfire of gambling outfits and paraphernalia, the result of a ruse on the part of Special Agent Johnson. Johnson had sent all of his men out on special assignments, and left town himself, allowing the misinformation to leak out that he had departed for another part of the territory and was through with Tulsa for the present. But

instead he suddenly slipped back into the city at nightfall. In the meantime Dick Borden had rushed from a warehouse a full, new and elaborate gambling outfit for his hall over Tate Brady's store. He had installed poker tables, a faro bank, crap-tables, a roulette-wheel, Klondyke tables, and hung mirrors on the walls and installed a new outfit of furniture, electric fans, a side-board, and had called in the 'customers.' About thirty gamblers were playing when suddenly Johnson, accompanied only by United States Deputy-Marshal O. S. Booth, forced open the door.

"In an instant all was bedlam. Everybody made a rush for the back window and began jumping out on the roof of an adjoining building. Johnson jumped out too, and drove the gamblers back into the hall, firing a few shots at their feet with his revolver to enforce his orders. The gamblers then made a rush for the front stairway, but were met at the door by Deputy-Marshal Booth with a drawn revolver. After the gamblers had deposited cash bonds for their appearance the next day, there came a dramatic struggle for the $400 roulette-wheel. One gambler seized it and ran down a hall-

way, but was overtaken and floored by a blow from Johnson's fist. Another then seized it, threw it out of a window into an alley where a confederate grabbed it and ran. But the fugitive was instantly covered by Johnson, who appeared at the window with his six-shooter. The fleeing gambler dropped the wheel, which was later consumed in the flames. At this juncture a squad of police arrived, and an enormous crowd, which had been attracted by the shooting, filled the street, and witnessed the bonfire of a thousand dollars' worth of gambling paraphernalia."

Incidentally Johnson and his assistants seized and dumped into the Arkansas River some 25,000 bottles in that little raid.

The warmest and most detailed commendation of Johnson's services during his first year of office was given in the report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated September 30th, 1907. He declared that the hope expressed in his last report that the sale of intoxicating liquors to Indians would be greatly diminished, had been realised beyond all expectations. For this he gave credit to

the services of Special Officer William E. Johnson.

"During the eleven months of his service, he and his deputies have made, or directly caused to be made, 491 arrests in whisky cases that have resulted in grand jury indictments, though in a considerable number of instances the indictment was procured first and the arrest followed. This list is exclusive of arrests in cases where the United States Commissioner failed to bind the prisoner over to the grand jury, as well as of many arrests made by deputy-marshals on information furnished by him.

"Owing to the fact that nearly all the gamblers in the Indian territory also traffic in whisky or are active abettors of whisky peddling, Mr. Johnson has had occasion to make war on those people, and his raids have resulted in the conviction of fifty-three gamblers and the destruction of forty-nine gambling-houses and the collection of nearly $15,000 in fines. The value of the gambling paraphernalia captured has been estimated at some $12,000. Arrests in other cases incidental to his work but not exclusively for traffic in intoxicants have been more or

less frequent, and include seven for the high crime of murder.

"These results have not been attained without hardship and peril. Two of Mr. Johnson's men and one posse man have been killed in skirmishes with boot-leggers and ten violators of the liquor laws have met a like fate. Mr. Johnson has had several narrow escapes himself, and during a good part of the time has worked in the face of a reward of $3000 offered by outlaws for his assassination. His courage and devotion to duty deserve the highest praise. I know of no more efficient officer in the Indian Service; and indeed I may safely give him the credit of turning what used to be a rather dreary farce into an actual accomplishment in the enforcement of the Acts of Congress forbidding the liquor traffic in the Indian territory. . . . Mr. Johnson has seized thirty-two horses, thirteen wagons, thirteen sets of double harness and five saddles which have brought at public sale $482. During the eleven months ended on June 30th, he and his deputies have made 902 separate seizures, and destroyed intoxicating liquors in the following quantities:

Alcohol	gallons	269
Choctaw beer	do.	247
Spiked cider	do.	3,329
Intoxicating bitters	bottles	3,286
Beer	pints	4,637
Wine	do.	286
Low-grade beer	do.	25,949
Whisky	do.	28,559
Brandy and liqueurs	do.	175."

Chapter VI *More Adventures in the West*

JOHNSON'S reputation as a fighter was now assured throughout the West. Rumour and report credited him with marvellous deeds. One widely-quoted story told how he fought threescore men single-handed, killing three of them, during one particularly daring raid.

This story arose, however, out of a misunderstanding. Johnson heard that there was a pool-hall at Chelsea, in Indian territory, selling a new kind of drink. He determined to go there and obtain some of the drink for analysis. He went, apparently single-handed, but he adopted a device which he on several occasions found of the greatest service in his work. While entering the place alone from one side he sent one of his deputies in from the other side. It was the business of the deputy, who was without distinguishing marks, to mingle with the crowd

as one of them and to prevent anybody shooting Johnson from the rear. On this occasion the device undoubtedly saved Johnson's life.

The two left their horses in the wood and came into the town by different directions after dusk. Johnson entered the pool-hall, turned most of the people there out, locked the door, made a search and found the liquor he was after.

Meanwhile the people of the place held a meeting in the street, and determined to give Johnson a hammering. The former Town Marshal was elected to do the job. Johnson opened the door to go out. He had four bottles under one arm. As he stepped into the darkness of the street, the Town Marshal gave him a tremendous blow in the eye with his fist. Johnson staggered back, and the bottles fell. A second blow came swiftly, but he had recovered sufficiently to ward this off and retorted with a heavy blow on the Town Marshal's jaw, knocking him clean off his feet. The crowd thereupon called for fair play and formed a ring. Johnson waited until the man stood up

again and soon had him down for a second time. Once more the Marshal came on, and a third time he was knocked over. Then somebody slipped a knife into his hand and he rushed at Johnson with it, but Johnson hit him on the head with the butt of a billiard cue and he went down like a log.

A free fight followed. One of the crowd standing about three feet from Johnson's head, drew a revolver and aimed at him. Lowe, his deputy, who was in the crowd, hit the man over the wrist with a "billy" and the bullet went wide. Then the Special Officer and his deputy went for the crowd. When the battle was over one of the men had to be carried out and two others led out by their friends. The Associated Press representative circulated the story and told how Johnson had "sent three men to sleep" down at Chelsea. This was quickly made into a story that he had killed three men.

Oklahoma was now emerging into statehood. A dual election was held on September 17th, 1907, for the people of the then Indian

territory and the territory of Oklahoma, on the adoption of a constitution for the new combined State and on a provision for state-wide prohibition. There was a desperate fight over the prohibition proposal, in which Johnson took a very prominent part. Prohibition was in the end carried by 130,361 votes for and 112,258 against.

One result of Oklahoma's changed status was to modify considerably Johnson's position and powers. The new State wiped the slate clean of a large number of cases awaiting trial. The State now became largely responsible for law enforcement formerly carried out by the Federal authorities. The liquor-dealers thought that Johnson would at any rate shut his eyes while they held final celebrations of the change. They made a great mistake. He raided them remorselessly to the very end.

In the summer of 1908 he was promoted to the post of "Chief Special Officer." His field now covered the suppression of the liquor traffic on all the Indian Reserves in the United

States. His head-quarters were removed from Muskogee, Oklahoma, to Salt Lake City, and he was given two special lieutenants, Jess E. Flanders in the North-West, and A. G. Pollock in the South-West. The annual appropriation for the carrying out of the work of liquor suppression was increased in Congress from $25,000 to $40,000.

Johnson entered into his new duties with the same zeal he had shown in the old. His hand was soon felt in California, where sixteen arrests were made. A Deputy-Sheriff found himself suddenly arrested in New Mexico. Then there came a big raid in the Nez Perce Reservation in Idaho. The place was first carefully examined, a number of deputies specially sworn in for the occasion and Indian police moved forward in posses. All the principal towns were raided at the same time, over a dozen prominent bootleggers arrested and their stocks of liquor destroyed.

"A whirlwind has been playing havoc among the whisky peddlers of the Indian Reservation west of the Rocky Mountains since July 1st, when William E. Johnson

of Maryland was made Chief Special Officer," one Chicago newspaper stated in the following September. In six weeks Johnson and his deputies had thrown more than a hundred whisky peddlers into jail. One of them was now in prison on a fifteen months' sentence and many more were bound the same way.

During the first weeks of this new service a dozen officers had knock-down fights, two had shooting affrays, and they were compelled to beat one man into submission who attacked one of the officers with a bowie-knife. Their prisoners included one Justice of the Peace in Montana, two policemen and one official of the Government Forest Reservation Service. In Montana, where Johnson personally operated for two weeks, the criminal business piled up so rapidly that the United States Attorney arranged for a special grand jury to take care of the fifty cases awaiting attention. One Californian " bad man," who had a collection of Indian scalps, and boasted that he used to kill Indians so as to get their teeth for rifle-sights, publicly declared that he would

" meet Johnson in the road with a rifle " if ever he came to his section. Johnson met him in the desert, sixty-five miles from the nearest railway, captured him and carried him overland to jail. When he arrived in court the advertised " bad man " broke down and wept. One of Johnson's deputies captured three whisky-peddlers across the South Dakota border, and there being no jail at hand, he chained them to a tree and waited until a Government Commissioner could be summoned twenty miles away.

What made the liquor interests specially apprehensive was Johnson's reputation for never letting go. If men tried to escape conviction by committing perjury he would hunt down their lies and prove them to be lies. The whisky-peddlers found that the best thing they could do when Johnson had them, was to own up, plead guilty and take their medicine. Another habit of Johnson's was to go after the biggest men and secure their conviction. This helped to drive the smaller fry away.

One very important prosecution which

Johnson initiated was known as the Ninety-mile Alibi Case. In the autumn of 1908, two of his assistants who were working in the vicinity of the Crow Reservation in Montana caught a saloon-keeper, D. R. Willis, red-handed, selling drink to a squaw over the bar. Willis was indicted by the grand jury, but having abundant resources, he hired lawyers and put up a stiff fight. He pleaded an *alibi*. "I had a bar-tender who impersonated me, sold the liquor and has since disappeared," he declared. Six men came into court and swore that he was ninety miles away at the time when the drink was sold. The jury, however, returned a verdict of "Guilty" and Willis was sentenced to seventy days in jail and $100 fine.

Johnson reproached the judge for the inadequacy of his sentence. "This case cost me a lot of work," he said. "If you only give the man a trivial sentence like that when found guilty it is not worth my while." "You go out and get these fellows for perjury," the judge replied, "and then I will show you some."

Johnson promptly put two of his best men on the trail. The District Attorney, during the trial, had spent two days examining the witnesses as to where they were, who they talked to, and so on. Every statement of theirs was carefully analysed, and as a result four men were arrested on a charge of perjury. Johnson concentrated on the one of the four whom he judged to be the weakest, William Bartlett, and induced him to confess the whole business.

When the trial for perjury came on Bartlett took the stand and told his story. The remaining prisoners promptly abandoned their defence, pleaded guilty and received sentences of from three to eighteen months' hard labour, with substantial fines. Liquor perjury was at a discount for a time in the Indian territory after this.

In the summer of 1909 one of Johnson's deputies, Charles Escalanti, a full-blooded Yuma Indian, was fatally stabbed by two Mexicans who came to the Indian Reservation with whisky and whom he intended to arrest. Escalanti was badly cut about, and after lingering for two weeks, died.

He had been conspicuous in the effort to break up the liquor traffic among his people and a year before had been set upon and nearly beaten to death by a crowd of toughs. He was only one of several killed in the work.

Special campaigns were planned in different cities, and with both sides armed, the fights that occasionally followed demanded nerve and resource. The year ending June 30th, 1909, can be taken as fairly typical. During that period Johnson and his men made 1091 arrests, secured 548 convictions, including about 350 grand jury convictions mostly for selling liquor to Indians. Forty-nine men out of every fifty who went to trial were convicted.

Johnson caused a certain number of men who were notorious law-breakers to be turned out of the Indian territory on the ground that they were detrimental to the peace and safety of the Indians. Some of these promptly brought damage suits against him.

A very interesting battle was fought in Minnesota in 1909. Johnson hunted out

Article 7 of the Treaty with the Chippewa Indians in 1855, which provided that the Prohibition Laws in the Indian country should continue and be enforced within the entire boundary of the ceded country until otherwise provided by Congress. Congress had never made any provision revoking this section of the Treaty. The greater portion of the northern half of Minnesota lay within the boundaries of the territory. Johnson gave the liquor-dealers of Mahnomen County thirty days' notice to close up their saloons and remove any and all of their intoxicating liquors to points outside the district.

The announcement caused a great sensation and the liquor authorities determined to defy the Federal directions. The General Counsel of the Minnesota State Breweries Association made three trips to Washington to have the matter squashed, but the Department of Justice took the same view of the law as Johnson. Counsel for the breweries offered to co-operate with Johnson and eliminate traffic with the Indians. He held meetings of liquor-dealers and secured pledges in writing from all of them in one

district, the Leech Lake Reservation, to quit selling to Indians. In other districts, however, the liquor-dealers refused to have anything to do with the movement, declaring that they were operating their own saloons and would do as they pleased.

Johnson began his operations by notifying the saloon-keepers of Mahnomen to quit business in thirty days. All except eight did so.

After the time-limit expired Johnson allowed the eight dealers a few days to get rid of their stock. They regarded his order as a bluff. So one night a simultaneous raid was made at ten o'clock on a number of saloons in and around Mahnomen. Johnson quietly brought his deputies into the place, divided them up into squads for each saloon, and gave them the signal for action by stepping out of his hotel with a cigar in his mouth. He took as his part of the work two saloons where trouble was expected. The first of these was thoroughly smashed up. He was busy in the second saloon when some people knocked at the door, and a voice said, "We are the Mayor and City Council. We are going

to stop this." "Get away," Johnson replied brusquely, "I am busy." He slammed the door and kept on.

A few minutes later the City Marshal, accompanied by a posse of armed citizens, arrived on the scene. The Marshal had his gun with him, but he forgot to hold it in the right position for action. As he forced his way in with the gun hanging by his side he found himself suddenly looking into the black muzzle of Johnson's business-like revolver. "I represent the Department of Indian Affairs," said Johnson quietly. "I represent the United States Government, and you and your men had better get out of here until we finish our work." The Marshal protested. "Suddenly smiling, Johnson became transformed," wrote a local reporter at the time. "Get out of here," he thundered advancing a step in the direction of the frightened Marshal and his posse, and they accepted the invitation." They went out, rang the fire-bell, and soon the whole town came marching down the street. Everybody who had a gun carried it and those who had no guns brought pitchforks.

Johnson had now almost completed his work of breaking up the bottles of liquor. He quietly went out into the street and walked up to the Marshal and asked gently, "Do you want to arrest me?" "Yes, I do," stammered the Marshal. "Well, go ahead and arrest me," and so the arrest was made. "Come and be arrested," Johnson called to his deputies. He asked the Marshal if he wanted any more. The rest were at the hotel, he could go round and get them. Then he invited him to arrest the deputies who were elsewhere in the district, offering to ring them up on the long-distance telephone.

By this time the Marshal had become uneasy, and suspected that Johnson was fooling him. "Go to hell," he said roughly, "I have had more than I want."

The saloon-keepers in Mahnomen had at the first alarm sent out telephone calls to their fellows in the neighbouring places, warning them that Johnson was on a raiding expedition, and that they had better look after themselves. "Too late," came back the

mournful reply, "our places have all been raided, too."

Johnson and his men were arraigned before the local Justice of Peace. He told his deputies to say nothing, and to let him do the talking. The Justice read the warrant, and asked if he desired an examination, or if he pleaded guilty. Johnson replied that he would not plead. "But you have to plead." "Have I?" came the reply. "Suppose I don't plead, what will happen then?" The Justice thereupon put down a plea of not guilty. Johnson refused to offer bonds. "But you must get a bondsman," said the Justice, "we have no jail to keep you in." "Well," replied Johnson, "we will wait here until you build a jail."

Finally the party were taken to the City Hall and shut up there. Some humorist telephoned to the Sheriff that 150 Indians were on the way to rescue Johnson and his men.

It was Johnson's purpose, and the purpose of the Federal authorities, to secure a clear legal pronouncement that would place beyond question once for all what the law

was. They feared that if he was brought up before a judge merely on a charge of smashing, the judge would dismiss the whole case on a technicality. To avoid this Johnson sent for the Assistant County Attorney. "I and my men have smashed up 7000 dollars' worth of your goods," he said. "Why don't you put yourself in a position to get your money back? You have a record of what I actually broke, and I won't dispute it." The County Prosecutor, wondering at Johnson's simplicity, was ready to assent, but feared that it was too late. The party were already arraigned on charges. "Wipe off the record," said Johnson generously, "and make a new one."

The Attorney was so overcome that he offered to sign half a bond for Johnson's men if Johnson signed the other half, and let them go. That did not suit Johnson's purpose. He forced the authorities to take him and his men to Crookston jail. From there they were released on a plea of habeas corpus. When the trial came on a definite ruling was secured not only that Johnson

had the right to do what he did, but that it was his duty to do so.

The case was taken up to the Supreme Court of the United States. Johnson won. "This is how I deliberately went to jail," he says when telling the story.

Chapter VII — *Johnson Resigns*

'PUSSYFOOT' JOHNSON has put more saloons out of business in a given time than any man now on earth," a newspaper writer in Minnesota declared early in 1911. The statement was justified. Johnson and his assistants were convicting men, many of them men of means, at the rate of a hundred per month, month in and month out. His service had been extended until it received an appropriation of $80,000 a year, and about one hundred men worked under him on the one task of preventing the sale of liquor to Indians.

Wherever possible these assistants were Indians themselves. They did not let red tape stand in the way of effective action. "We have not been very tender in our dealings with these hyenas who would get an Indian drunk so as to rob him of his blanket," wrote Johnson in that same year. "Nothing but the unrelenting cold steel of absolute justice will have any effect on the

cuticle of such. There is no quarter asked or given, and no sympathy wasted."

But there was one offence for which Johnson never invoked the law. He did not once prosecute a man for making an assault on him or attempting his life. In place of that he went for the man.

Here is a typical statement of his, made about the same time: "In some States we follow a radically different course than in others. Conditions and laws are not always the same in different localities, even of the same State. This not only confuses friends but confuses the enemy. When I get a joint-keeper on the carpet, he often asks why I do this with him and do something else with the offender in the adjoining State. My stereotyped reply is 'Go hire a lawyer. The lawyer usually skins the offender out of most of the money that he has skinned out of the Indians. The scamp is thus punished even though we fail to convict, which seldom happens."

Between 1907 and the end of January, 1911, Johnson and his deputies made 5473 arrests. He aroused a very great amount of bitter personal enmity against himself. The liquor-dealers saw in him not merely

an active official but a personal foe. Many of these men used all their political influence to have him removed. While Roosevelt was President they tried in vain, but when Roosevelt was followed by Taft and Mr. Leupp was succeeded by a new Commissioner of Indian Affairs, it became evident that Johnson's enemies in the Interior Department were obtaining more influence.

Adverse influences in this Department sought to compel Mr. Johnson to recommend to the President the annulment of all the anti-liquor clauses in Indian treaties involving the State of Minnesota and some neighbouring States. Johnson prepared an elaborate report, recommending the annulment of certain anti-liquor clauses that, for one reason or another, were ineffective, but strongly recommending the retention of the useful clauses, especially involving territory really inhabited by Indians. He secured the approval of Robert G. Valentine, for a short time Indian Commissioner, to this recommendation, and thus fortified, he laid the matter before the Department. There followed a stormy scene in which Johnson was violently accused of insubordination, but he stubbornly held his ground, backed by Commissioner Valentine.

The outcome was that President Taft finally followed the recommendation, revoking only those clauses which were ineffective, and retaining those of real value. Johnson's bold stand in defeating the plot to destroy the effectiveness of these Indian treaties involved him in further trouble with Department chiefs who, from that time on, redoubled their efforts to "get him."

Following this a number of prominent offenders were pardoned by Presidential action after being convicted of selling drink to Indians. The Chief Officer found in different ways that spokes were being put into the wheels of his activities.

The relations between Johnson and the Department at Washington reached a crisis later in 1911, over the case of Juan Cruz, one of Johnson's assistants among the Pueblo Indians, charged with murder.

The condition of things in New Mexico had for some time been unsatisfactory. For several years a group of American and Mexican politicians had run their cattle on a Pueblo Indian thirty-thousand-acre reservation without compensation. It was openly stated that the Local Superintendent of Indian Affairs played into the hands of

these land-grabbers, and he was further charged with permitting the sale of drink to Indians in a drug-store at Santa Fé in which he was interested.

Conditions were very strained between the Superintendent and the Indians themselves. Johnson found himself up against the same Superintendent in various ways.

The Santa Clara Indians became crusaders in a big voluntary total abstinence campaign. They sent delegates to other Indian communities and formed a federation which soon included almost every Pueblo Indian in New Mexico, for the purpose of stamping out the liquor traffic and protecting themselves from the robbery of their land and pasturage.

Juan Cruz was one of the early recruits in this federation. Johnson described him as "a young Indian Sir Galahad. . . . Cruz had the spirit of a crusader. He was devoted to his church, to his young wife, Dolorita, and to their baby, José." One of Johnson's assistants made Juan posseman deputy and employed him on various occasions, Juan being officially paid for his services.

The Superintendent advised some Indians who objected to Juan's activities that he had no authority and that no attention should be paid to him. Four rough Indians of bad character attacked Juan while he was seizing a bottle of whisky which one of them had just purchased. They beat him with stones and clubs, smashing in his mouth and loosening two of his teeth. Juan drew his revolver and fired, hitting the leader, Garcia, who died an hour later.

Juan was arrested for murder. The Superintendent took up an unfriendly attitude, and to Johnson's astonishment the authorities at Washington telegraphed to him to take no steps in the matter of his defence since Cruz was not a commissioned employee. "I could not see the boy go to the gallows undefended," said Johnson. Since the Department refused to help he went to some leaders of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. They promptly organised a Defence Committee. The affair had by this time received so much publicity that the Department can-

celled its first instructions and ordered Johnson to do all that he could for Juan. In the end the Indian was found "Not Guilty" and released.

But there was now a condition of almost open war between Johnson and the Washington Department. He protested vigorously against the theft of the Indian lands. He was called up to Washington, and there given a very unfriendly reception. "You are getting too many convictions and it is causing trouble," one politician told him.

Attempts were engineered to make trouble over some of his payments. He was charged with insubordination, and after a hot controversy resigned his office. The Acting Secretary of the Department of the Interior gave out a statement that no fault had been found with his integrity or with his character, but both the Department of the Interior and Mr. Johnson himself thought that it would be better for him to quit the service because certain views he held regarding the administration of his office did not coincide with those held by the Department.

The resignation excited widespread comment. The newspapers openly attributed it to a cabal of the liquor interests. Johnson received many expressions of sympathy. But what perhaps pleased him most was a letter from his Indian friends: —

"Espanola, N.M.,
Sept. 19, 1911.

MR. W. E. JOHNSON,
Chief Special Officer U.S.I.S.,
Denver, Colo.

DEAR SIR,

The Pueblo of Santa Clara, mindful of its regeneration through your efforts, most cordially invites you to be its guest for as long a time as you will enjoy it. Horses, saddles, guns, guides and tents, with the best rations at our command, will be provided you as long as you can make use of them. We hope you will come to us and go to the mountains for a much needed rest. All we have is yours now and always. This is but small pay for the manhood you have restored to this village by stopping the liquor traffic here. We know you helped us at the

price of your position. No other man in the Indian Service would have risked his head by staying with us and saving the life of Juan Cruz. You may go down in apparent defeat before the whisky ring at Washington but in the hearts of a quarter of a million American-Indians you are a hero. There is probably not one of this great number but what had come under the influence of your work.

Come and be a good Indian with us.

Very sincerely,

The Council of Santa Clara,

By VICTORIANO SISNEROS,

Acting Governor."

As a result of Johnson's battle for them, the Indians recovered the use of their thirty-thousand-acre reservation.

Chapter VIII The Campaign for National Prohibition

JOHNSON went straight back to his old business as a temperance writer and organiser. He took up, for a time, literary and research work for the Presbyterian General Assembly Committee on Temperance, and shortly afterwards accepted the post of managing editor of the American Issue Publications, the literary side of the Anti-Saloon League. He started a paper for the League, the *New Republic*, at the beginning of 1913.

The Indian Department tried to create trouble for him and made a battle over his accounts. Johnson had engaged a doctor as medical expert at the trial of Juan Cruz. The Indian Office questioned the engagement, refused to pay the doctor's hotel bills and cut down his fees from $10 a day to $5, out of which the doctor was to meet all

his own expenses. Johnson promptly hit back. He sent a letter to all the medical papers, stating the facts and asking them if they thought the official estimate by the United States Government of the value of an American physician's services was fair. This publicity produced such a storm of protest in the medical press against the Government's action that the authorities were glad to yield. But they still kept back certain accounts, and the dispute over these was not ended until the beginning of 1920, when a special Act of Congress was carried, settling the matter in Johnson's favour.

The fighting reformer soon made his personality felt in his new field. The Rev. U. G. Robinson, formerly an Anti-Saloon League official, had for some time, while professing to be a temperance reformer, devoted himself to stirring up strife within the ranks of the prohibitionists. The people he attacked had submitted quietly, not knowing what else to do. Johnson got after Robinson, investigated his career, and published a detailed exposure which finished that particular adventurer's activity. He

showed that Robinson was really in the pay of the liquor interests, and he secured and reproduced letters from Robinson to the liquor organisations and from the liquor organisations to Robinson, placing this beyond doubt.

"For a year or more," wrote Johnson, "this monumental Iscariot has been playing both ends against the middle. He has been getting money from radical prohibitionists to fight the Anti-Saloon League with. He has been getting money from the National Liquor League to fight the Anti-Saloon League with and using it to fight the very prohibitionists who were giving him the money with which to fight the Anti-Saloon League people. From his dark cellar in St. Louis he has been pouring into the mails with liquor money a veritable flood of slime, smearing indiscriminately nearly everybody who has lifted up his voice against the saloon. He has been blocking, thwarting, undermining the work of all prohibitionists to secure any legislation whatever."

Robinson retorted with a savage attack on Johnson. Johnson riposted with a suit

for libel. After two trials Johnson was awarded $1500 damages, and the Rev. U. G. Robinson was finished.

Next came the adventure of the Trevitt Letters. A fight was being waged for State prohibition in West Virginia and the prohibitionists had reason to believe that some papers there were looking for an opportunity to sell themselves to the liquor side. Johnson had letters sent out, signed by C. L. Trevitt, a "literary agent" at Washington, D.C., offering to furnish matter and to pay liberally in advance "for the privilege of laying arguments against prohibition before your readers. . . . Advise me what rate per line you will charge for pure reading matter without advertising marks and also what rate you will charge for editorial matter. I am willing to pay for editorials against prohibition, even if written by yourself." The letter was sent to a large number of papers, and the majority fell into the trap. Some editors asked that the promised money might be sent by wire. "I am in the market for business," wrote one editor, a Sunday-school super-

intendent, " and I accept your proposition. I am hard up too, and the sooner you send your matter, and a small cheque, the better it will be for me."

Out of seventy papers approached, less than ten unequivocally refused to sell their columns.

When Johnson published his exposure with photographic copies of the various letters, there was a furore in West Virginia, and the editors naturally turned on him and could find no words hard enough for him. " Forger," " Vulture," " Blackmailer," were among the mildest of their adjectives. Many people not sympathetic to the liquor trade disliked this method of fighting it. Johnson had no hesitation. " These were the rascals I was after," Johnson told *Collier's Weekly*. " I have no apologies to make. I went out after scamps and got them. It is not the first time I have set bear-traps for crooks."

Johnson was now finding himself more and more absorbed in the work of the Anti-Saloon League, to which he was from this time to devote his life. The Anti-Saloon

League, the main force in carrying national prohibition in the United States, differed materially from the Prohibition Party. The purpose of both was the same, to end the liquor trade, but the Prohibition Party had as a Party to frame a programme covering all kinds of political and social issues on which there were profound differences of opinion among men opposed to the liquor traffic. The American people were becoming growingly wearied of party machines. The whole tendency of recent years had been in the direction of placing more and more power in the hands of the electors. The Australian ballot, the Power of Recall, and similar measures, all meant ensuring the elector more direct authority in actual legislation and control. The Prohibition Party was pulling right against the stream all the time.

The Anti-Saloon League went on another plan. "The League pledges itself to avoid affiliation with any political party as such and to maintain an attitude of strict neutrality on all questions of public policy not directly and immediately concerned with

the traffic in strong drink," was the second clause in its constitution.

The League owed its life largely to the activities of Dr. Howard H. Russell, who organised the Ohio Anti-Saloon League in 1893 and who carried on a fight under very discouraging circumstances for ten years. He had special qualities for his task. He had been a lawyer with seven years' active general practice before entering the church, where he had seven years of successful pastoral work previous to undertaking his special campaign. An able organiser, a convincing speaker, a man of great physical strength and full of passionate devotion to his cause, he faced dark days cheerfully. By 1903 his work had led to the organisation of Anti-Saloon Leagues in forty states and territories.

He then retired, to be followed by Dr. P. A. Baker, also a clergyman, a man bred in poverty who had forced his way to the front rank by sheer executive ability and tremendous enthusiasm. It was under Dr. Baker that the League made its full development. With him have been associated men

like Mr. E. H. Cherrington, who controls the publicity work of the Anti-Saloon League and whose activities are felt everywhere in America; Mr. W. H. Anderson, who is regarded by the American liquor interests as one of their most dangerous enemies; Dr. Dinwiddle, and Mr. W. B. Wheeler. When these entered into their campaign the brewing and whisky interests, with almost limitless funds behind them, seemed in secure control of the political machine. They set to work, educating, organising, fighting. A tradition is already beginning to grow up around them and their methods. The liquor interests, fighting for their lives, spared no effort to defeat them by the vilest scandal, by expenditure of money and by, when occasion served, the organisation of personal violence.

The first fight was for State prohibition. In 1913 a fresh step was taken when the Anti-Saloon League launched a campaign for National prohibition embodied in the Constitution of the United States. A committee of one thousand from the Anti-Saloon League, with a committee of one

thousand women reformers, marched to the Capitol at Washington and officially presented a petition to Congress, demanding a prohibition amendment to the Federal constitution.

The demand seemed to many at the time a mere extravagance of uncontrolled and irresponsible fanaticism. These folk soon discovered their mistake. State after state in the Union and province after province in Canada were now rapidly going "dry." In 1915, urged and aided by the spirit of individual and national sacrifice aroused by the war, a resolution calling for the submission of a National prohibition amendment to the legislatures of the several States was carried in Congress by the necessary two-thirds majority. From that time the landslide began which ended in victory four years later.

To this campaign, first for State and then for National prohibition, Johnson wholly devoted himself from 1912 to the autumn of 1918. It was a time of great battles. There were States to be organised, books to be written, economic and political studies to

be made, funds to be raised. The business interests had to be convinced that prohibition would be good for them, that it was their duty to support it with all their force. Churches had to be kept at white heat, and Legislatures had to be watched.

Johnson and his friends were aided by the foolish tactics adopted by the defenders of the drink trade, who succeeded in arousing against themselves the women, the reformers, the churches, a large part of the manufacturing and business interest and all the forces making for the uplift of the Nation. They despised their opponents, and even when prohibition was sweeping like a prairie fire over the Union, they continued to assure the world that the thing was absurd, that it could never pass into law, and if it did pass into law, could never be enforced.

Johnson, before leaving the Indian Service, had written a detailed and careful study of the national aspects of the drink question under the title, *The Federal Government and the Liquor Traffic.* He issued other volumes and pamphlets during this time. One of the most remarkable and attractive

of these was on the liquor question in Russia, written during the war. To obtain the facts for this he visited and spent some time in Russia. This book contains what is generally admitted to be the fullest and most exact account of the *vodka* monopoly to be found in the English language.

His activities were more and more extending outside of America. He visited England to study the situation there; he went to the Continent of Europe as delegate to various conferences. His name became well known in temperance circles in many lands.

In the summer of 1918 he and his colleagues looked around and knew that the battle, over the passage of National prohibition in the United States, was already won. The hour had come for still more ambitious campaigns.

Chapter IX Launching the World Campaign

IN November, 1918, a new step forward was taken in the history of the Prohibition movement, when the Anti-Saloon League of America resolved to launch a great campaign to make the world "dry." A Conference was held at Columbus, Ohio, attended by delegates from all parts of the United States and from many foreign countries. A world-wide programme was there fixed.

It was decided to extend the movement into other countries by sending speakers and writers abroad, by cultivating publicity and by using varied means "to establish in the minds of the people of other countries the facts as to the benefit and successful operation of prohibition in the United States."

The Anti-Saloon League pledged itself to render financial assistance to temperance

organisations working along these lines, and to help to create fresh organisations. The League further proposed to take up with similar bodies in other countries the importance of international action, with the idea of calling for a conference "for the purpose of organising a League of Nations in the interests of the complete extermination of the beverage liquor traffic throughout the nations of the earth."

Johnson started out as a pioneer in the world campaign some weeks before the Columbus Conference passed its resolutions. In the summer of 1918 he was invited by Mr. W. J. Allison, Secretary of the Scottish Permissive Bill Association, to cross the Atlantic and help in a coming liquor option campaign there. A measure had been passed through the British Parliament, giving the people of Scotland the right to decide by ballot whether they would have prohibition in their localities or not. This was a radically new departure in British legislation and a battle had been maintained for two generations before the right had been granted. Even now the powers extend only to Scot-

land and not to the rest of the United Kingdom.

Under this measure, the local authorities were required, on receipt of a requisition signed by not less than one-tenth of the electors in any area, to cause an election to take place, each elector being given the choice of voting for leaving things as they were, for reducing the number of licensed houses by one quarter, or for prohibition. Fifty-five per cent of the votes must be recorded in favour of no licence in order to carry prohibition, and these must represent not less than thirty-five per cent of the electors on the register. The first election was to take place at the end of 1920. It was now up to the prohibitionists to convince the electors, hence the appeal for Johnson's aid.

At first he refused, but after a conference with his friends he changed his decision.

Johnson arrived in Britain on September 13th, 1918. He first travelled over Scotland and investigated conditions there. He sent a series of reports home to his colleagues

in America, and they thereupon suggested that he should go to London, take an office and begin work there. He found admirable head-quarters on the first floor of a building in Fleet Street, in the very heart of newspaper land.

The Englishman by tradition and instinct places great emphasis on the liberty of the subject. He absorbs almost from infancy an atmosphere of hostility to officialism and to regulations which prevent him from doing what he likes with his own.

He learns in youth that "An Englishman's house is his castle." "If any policeman or State official dared to try to invade the privacy of my home," said an outspoken reformer, Mr. W. T. Stead, on one occasion, with passion, "I would shoot him down without hesitation."

The war with Germany had for the time removed the individual Englishman's personal rights. He had "voluntarily made a temporary surrender of liberty in order to secure permanent liberty for all men." But the results of this voluntary surrender made the Englishman more bitterly hostile

to officialism than ever before. The extravagances, the excesses and the absurdities of Government service were the favourite topic of conversation wherever half a dozen men gathered together.

There was one field in which Government regulation had, without question, produced enormously beneficial results. The Government had, as a war measure, instituted a stricter control of the liquor traffic, closing all public-houses except for two hours and a half at midday and for three hours and a half in the evening, forbidding treating, forbidding the sale of spirits in bottles from Friday afternoon until Monday morning, and forbidding the sale of drink on credit. The alcoholic quantity and strength of beers and of spirits had been considerably lowered, and the price greatly increased. Spirits for sale were limited in quantity.

As a result of all this the convictions for drunkenness had declined by over seventy per cent in two years, and diseases and crimes associated with drunkenness had shown a corresponding decrease. Cases

of delirium tremens were becoming reduced to a minimum, the number of deaths from diseases caused by alcohol sharply dropped, the over-laying of infants, due in the vast majority of cases to the accidental smothering of the babies in bed by drunken mothers, had been reduced by over two-thirds.

On the other hand the brewers and distillers had made enormous profits during the war and had accumulated greater funds than ever before. The public, in its impatience of control, was ready to jump at any relaxation of Government regulations about anything, including the liquor traffic. The Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, was individually exceedingly sympathetic to temperance reform, and was an old advocate of strict regulation, if not prohibition. But anyone who had studied the situation at the beginning of July, 1919, must have regarded the outlook as almost hopeless from the prohibitionist point of view. Then in a day, by a single newspaper interview, the whole aspect of affairs was changed.

A member of the staff of the *Daily Mail*, Mr. Ferdinand Tuohy, heard of Mr. Johnson's campaign and went to see him. Next day nearly a column and a half in the most prominent position in the *Daily Mail* was given to a vividly written interview with the "Field-Marshal of the Prohibition Forces of North America, who is reputed to have done more to make the United States 'dry' than any other single man."

"Mr. 'Pussyfoot' Johnson," said the writer, "is to-day established in commodious Fleet Street offices. He is a stout, heavy-featured, bespectacled man with the gentlest, almost inaudible, pleasantly-modulated voice. He first made Oklahoma 'dry'—it took him ten years—then Kansas, then largely the United States. Now he has come over here to make this country 'dry.'

"The Anti-Saloon League, an organisation that it would be infantile to scoff at, has sent its best man to this country. It has sent him with carte blanche in strategy, tactics and finance. The others are coming, 'large numbers of men and women experts, includ-

ing Mr. Bryan' ; meanwhile Mr. 'Pussyfoot' Johnson is inaudibly, invisibly clearing the field for action."

What, however, particularly startled the British public was a statement, based on a misunderstanding of what Johnson had said, that the Anti-Saloon League was going to take active part in the British elections. Johnson had been telling of what they did in America and of what might happen in England. His interviewer understood him to say that this was what the Anti-Saloon League would do :—

"Your British organisations have been at us for over a year to come over here. The whole thing has been in response to their asking. We're going to teach them how to get this country dry. I've reported to my head-quarters that the position here is entirely different from that back home, but that it is far from being as hopeless as appears on the surface. Our workers who come over here—field representatives—are all going to be paid by us—300 dollars (£60) a month and upwards.

"The United Kingdom Alliance may,

of course, pay their expenses when they speak at their meetings, but we'll pay their expenses as well. Our steady income at home is about £300,000 a year, though, of course, we have good capital besides. We have 500,000 regular subscribers and 500,000 irregular ones. We don't particularly search out for wealthy men. Rockefeller used to give us 1500 dollars a year till we butted in and beat one of his Congress candidates. That made him mad."

"Are you going to butt in on our elections?"

"Why, yes. Our intelligence service will keep us informed as to when a district is possible, and down we'll send our campaigners. We'll bill the place and buy space in the local newspapers and show films at the kinemas, and give addresses. Why, we're over here to get behind all your organisations and press the matter home."

The average Englishman after reading this interview was convinced that the Americans were sending an army of spell-binders across the Atlantic to sweep the country, with enormous funds behind them, and that they were going to enter into a great campaign,

obtain control over the newspapers, subsidise kinemas and flood the country with printed matter. The interview created a profound sensation. There was no more question of the temperance movement being in a rut. It had been lifted out of the rut at a bound.

Johnson, by the time the interview had been published, had gone to Finland to assist in helping to celebrate the coming of prohibition there. He first learned of the furore the interview was causing from the Scandinavian and the Finnish press. He purposely remained away from England for some weeks to give the situation time to cool down.

The general reception given to the interview was exceedingly hostile. There were furious protests everywhere, and even leading British temperance advocates expressed their doubts and hesitations as to the possibilities of a forward movement. The brewers and distillers came together and established organisations to fight the new prohibition campaign. An Anti-Prohibition League was established, and the retail trade,

the brewers and distillers all entered into movements of their own against this new menace.

When, after an absence of five weeks, Johnson returned to England, his office was besieged by newspaper-men seeking statements. "I understand that you have been having a sort of Sioux-Indian-ghost-dance over my affairs and the affairs of the Anti-Saloon League in America," he said.

"What I have been doing, and what I expect to do in the future," he told a representative of the *Manchester Guardian*, "is merely to explain the American action against drink. Neither I myself nor the Anti-Saloon League has had the slightest intention of interfering in any way with British affairs. We will not take any part whatever in any British elections. I am under the most positive instructions not to interfere in any way with such things: I have not discussed British affairs in Britain, and will not in the future. What I have been doing, and what I expect to do in the future, is merely to explain the American action against the drink, tell why and how we did it, and the result of this action. The

British people are under no obligation to adopt the same policy unless they choose to do so.

" All this is in the direction of promoting friendly relations between the two countries along the line of the work of the English-speaking Union, of which I am a member, and of which Mr. William H. Taft and Mr. Arthur J. Balfour are the presidents. America and England are arranging an interchange of college professorships and interchange of clergymen, and why not an interchange in other things which will help to make each side understand the view-points and ambitions of the other ?

" We sent a couple of million soldiers over to France to work side by side with the sons of Britain. That helps us to understand each other. Before America entered the war the British publicists flooded America with literature explaining the British purpose in the war, and seeking American aid. The British Government even opened a publicity head-quarters on Fifth-avenue, New York, in charge of a capable publicity man, Mr. Geoffrey Butler, seeking to enlist American sympathies for the Allied cause. No loyal American objected to that. We welcomed it all and only wish that it had been

done on a larger scale so that we would have seen our duty sooner and got into the conflict sooner.

"During the past few weeks, according to your own newspapers, British bondholders in brewery stocks and bonds have sent large sums of money to America to fight against the enforcement of our National Prohibition Programme. According to American newspapers this money has been used in part in employing Mr. Samuel Untermeyer, of New York, one of the best American lawyers, to fight against Prohibition in the courts. Mr. Untermeyer himself announces that he has been so employed. No loyal American objects to this. We will help British shareholders to spend the money. The fact that British capitalists got stung by investing their gold in German breweries in America is no concern of ours.

"All this interchange of discussion helps to promote a community of help and a community of interest among English-speaking people. I came over here at the urgent and repeated invitation of the dry organisations of Great Britain to tell the story of prohibition in America, and to counteract some of the grotesque yarns that are being circulated on this side of the water about

the effects of the dry policy in America. Those who wish to listen ought to have the British right to do so : those who do not wish to listen can have the British right to stop up their ears and make whatever comment they please about it. Then the British public will likely exercise the good old British right to do whatever they please about it."

But the British public had received an impression which no explanation could remove. The country was quickly flooded with literature, not prohibition literature, but anti-prohibition. One cartoon which was displayed in most of the public-houses in the country showed the figure of a long-nosed individual whose nasal extremity stretched from the United States into the private premises of John Bull in England. "Pussyfoot Nosey Parker from across the sea," it was headed. "Dollars for Dirty work in England. Shall he Pro-boss-us ?"

Leaflets were issued widely, urging the public to "send the alien agitators home." Meetings called by the temperance supporters in many parts of the country were broken up.

The name of " Pussyfoot " was in every one's mouth. It was introduced in the music-halls and theatres, and the writers of pantomime songs made ready to exploit him to the full. " Pussyfoot " bade fair to become the bogey man of England.

Chapter X How "Pussyfoot" Lost His Eye

AMONG the numerous invitations which Johnson received to address all kinds of assemblies in Britain was one from Major Evelyn Wrench of the Overseas Club, asking him to take part in a debate on the "How and Why of American Prohibition." Mr. Johnson assented, and November 13th was fixed as the date. Mr. R. Mitchell Banks, a barrister, representing the anti-prohibitionists, was to speak on the other side.

The Overseas Club is an active British Imperial organisation with a large number of members scattered throughout the world. It has Club-rooms in Kingsway, London, close to the Law Courts, and regular afternoon lectures and debates are usually held in these rooms. So many applications came, however, for tickets for the Prohibition debate that the Club-rooms were too small,

and Essex Hall, in Essex Street near by, was taken.

About this time the students of the University of London took it into their heads to demonstrate to the world that London is really a University city. On the Monday of the second week in November two groups of University students, from University College and St. Bartholomew's Hospital, had engaged in a pitched battle in the ground of University College over the possession of a gun valued by both of them as a relic. On Tuesday they had marched down into Fleet Street and demonstrated in front of a newspaper office as a protest against some criticisms passed on them.

The Prohibition debate was to be on Thursday. The students from King's College and University College, and from the hospital schools, resolved to come together to rag "Pussyfoot" Johnson. There was no intention to injure him. Word was passed round by the organisers that no real damage was to be done. If he was pelted it was to be with little bags of flour and nothing harder.

Essex Street is a narrow thoroughfare running from the eastern end of the Strand towards the River Thames. The organisers of the meeting knew nothing of what was being planned. The newspapers, however, were better informed and shortly before four o'clock on the afternoon of the meeting, flashlight photographers mounted various points of vantage around Essex Street and took possession of windows opposite the entrance to the hall. Company after company of students marched in military formation for the one point. The first section rushed the doors and occupied the greater part of the seats in the hall. A considerable host waited outside, with banners and beer-bottles, to seize "Pussyfoot" on arrival. Every taxicab approaching the place was searched. Johnson, however, quietly walked through the crowd into the hall, no one recognising him. A few policemen were on the scene and later on the iron gates of the hall were shut.

Long before the meeting started the students within and without were shouting:

"Pussyfoot, Pussyfoot, we want Pussyfoot.
Bart's wants Pussyfoot;
Guy's wants Pussyfoot;
We all want Pussyfoot.
Pussyfoot!"

As the chairman and the two speakers mounted the platform, they were greeted with wild shouts and cat-calls. The chairman called upon the interrupters to be sportsmen and give the speakers a fair hearing. He might as well have spoken to the winds. Major Wrench supported the appeal for fair play, mentioning that the Overseas Club had collected £1,000,000 for the war and had presented the Government with three hundred aeroplanes. "As Britishers, as I understand most of you are, I ask you to give our guests a fair hearing." He was shouted down. "I have as much time to spare as you have," said the chairman, "And I am prepared to wait here all night, if necessary, until you are willing to listen." Mr. Johnson intimated that he was willing to wait also.

"We want Pussyfoot," came the chorus in reply. Then the chairman offered to allow a representative of the students to

state their case from the platform. One of them, disguised as a stage Irishman, promptly came up from the back and was enthusiastically greeted.

"We say that if Britain wants to be wet or dry," he declared amid tumultuous cheers, "that is a thing for Britishers alone to decide. We don't want Americans coming over here with elaborate and ornate speeches, telling us what we ought to do. We won the battle of the Somme on rum, and rum only, and the sooner Mr. Johnson realises that the better."

Several newspaper photographers who had taken possession of the little gallery to the rear of the hall were busy taking flash-light pictures and the flashes added a weird touch to the extraordinary scene.

Mr. Banks, the anti-Prohibitionist, now asked for fair play for his opponent. Then Johnson himself stepped to the front, quiet, smiling, and looking, as the reporters next day said, as cherubic as Mr. Pickwick. The tumult had left him quite unruffled.

He started by declaring that he quite

sympathised with the views of those people who said that it was for Britishers alone to decide if Britain wanted to be wet or dry. "I came to this country not on my own initiative, but on the invitation and partly at the expense of a body of British people. I claim the British right to invite anybody into their homes that they think fit, and if this right is denied them, then this country is false to its traditions."

Amid yells and songs a party of students rose from their seats as though going out. Then, at an arranged signal, one section opened a barrage of bags of flour on the platform and another section rushed up. Picked men had been allotted to the task of seizing "Pussyfoot" and his chairman.

Chairs were smashed, tables overturned. Johnson, getting his back to the wall, put up a first-class fight, and with hands and knees tried to keep his opponents back. A clergyman rushed up to his assistance and the two together made it very lively for a brief space of time for the army of lusty youths around them. Johnson was momentarily blinded by little bags of flour

bursting in his face and was seized and borne out triumphantly. The chairman had already been knocked down a couple of times while trying to reach " Pussyfoot's " side, and he too was seized and carried into the street.

The kidnapping occurred so quickly that it was impossible for the ordinary members of the audience to do anything to protect them. Most of them, apart from the students, were ladies.

" The situation in the body of the hall," said one paper next day, " was at one time distinctly dangerous. Chairs were overthrown and broken, and women who were roughly pushed aside screamed for mercy. One of them, turning boldly around and facing the mob, shouted defiantly, ' You scoundrels ! You cowards ! I wish I were a man ; I would soon show you what I would do with you.' "

After the tumult had died down, Mr. Mitchell Banks returned to the platform and said, " I hope you will take my word of honour that I know nothing of this disgraceful scene. I repudiate it. I propose to you

that we pass a vote of condolence with Mr. Johnson on the unfair and rough treatment he has received."

Essex Street, and the Strand facing it, were now packed with an army of close on two thousand students. Some had commandeered a newspaper-cart and had taken the horse out of the shafts. The chairman was carried into this, the police vainly trying to rescue him. Then he was dragged off to King's College near by, the top of the covered cart being smashed in by crowds of young fellows around. Johnson was borne by another route and the two were carried into the yard of King's College amid triumphant yells of "Pussyfoot, Pussyfoot, We've got Pussyfoot."

The wilder spirits demanded that Pussyfoot and his companion should be ducked in the Thames or in the fountains at Trafalgar Square, but the leaders of the "rag" had the matter well in hand. They wanted a "rag," not a tragedy.

Johnson was carried along to King's College and offered beer, which he, of course, refused to drink. Speeches were demanded,

but there was too much noise for any except those in the immediate circle around to hear what Johnson and his companion had to say. The Prohibition leader, realising now that the thing was no more than a "rag," entered good-humouredly into the spirit of the proceedings. Another enormous procession was formed. Johnson was placed on a stretcher, his chairman behind him in a cart drawn by a number of lads, and they set out in slow mareh through the West End of London, up the Strand, around Charing Cross Road, through Leicester Square and Piccadilly Circus, and up Regent Street. Some of the students carried banners. One of these bore the inscription :

"Pussyfoot, Pussyfoot, why are we here ?
We've come to prevent you from stopping our beer.
Pussyfoot, Pussyfoot, there'll be a big riot.
We drink in pubs, but you on the quiet."

The streets were lined with thousands of people. The poliec, having vainly attempted reseues, marched alongside of the proeession. Chorus after ehorus was sung, rival sections of the students singing against each other.

"What won the war?" one man would thunder.

"Beer," the chorus answered amidst tumultuous cheers.

College poets had written their rhymes for the occasion. Some of these were very halting.

> "We don't want beer and whisky,
> We don't want gin and bitters.
> All we want is frisky
> Pussyfoot."

But the favourite chorus kept up nearly the whole time was:

> "Pussyfoot, Pussyfoot, we've got Pussyfoot.
> Guy's have Pussyfoot;
> Bart's have Pussyfoot;
> We've all got Pussyfoot.
> Pussyfoot."

Meanwhile Johnson, his clothing covered with flour, sat smiling on his stretcher. His hat had gone; one of the students offered him his. Another student offered the chairman, who was securely guarded on his cart, whose shirt was ripped open, and whose tie had disappeared in the struggle, an overcoat

to keep him warm, for it was a cold autumn evening.

The procession reached Great Portland Street at a point near where Oxford Street and Regent Street meet. Police reserves had been called for and arrived on the scene. They manœuvred in such fashion that they cut off the section with Johnson from the rest of the procession. Then they made a rush and bore him away from his captors. A motor-car was near by and they hurried him into it.

Up to now the affair had been nothing more than a "rag." At the last moment it took a more serious turn. Some one on the outside of the crowd—the students declare that it was none of them—threw a stone which caught Johnson full on the ball of his right eye. The police took him quickly off to Bow Street Station, where a surgeon, Dr. Thomas Rose, attended to his injury. The pain was intense and it was evident that the damage was serious, but owing to the suffusion of blood it was impossible to tell its full extent. Johnson, despite his pain, pulled a handful of cigars from his pocket

and sent them to the police who had rescued him. Then he returned home with heavily-bandaged eye. The reporters sought him out. They found him smiling, despite the pain. " Tell the boys there is no ill-will on my side," he said, " not a grain."

Chapter XI The "Bogey Man" Becomes a Popular Hero

THE Englishman loves a "good sport." By a "good sport" he understands a man who plays the game, who can take punishment without whimpering and who goes through hard times with a smile.

When the news was published that Johnson's eye had been badly injured in the struggle on the Thursday afternoon and that he had made light of it and sent a message of good cheer to the students who ragged him, there was a tremendous reaction in his favour, shared by every class of the community. The students themselves wrote a letter of sympathy, and sent a deputation to visit Johnson in his home and to express their sorrow. "It was not one of us who threw the missile," they said. "There was a distinct order given from the first that

no sticks or other weapons were to be used, and that there was to be no 'rough-house.' "

Expressions of sympathy were heard as freely in public-house bars and hotel saloons as anywhere else. The Chairman of the Wine and Spirit Trade Defence Fund sent a letter expressing sincere regret at his treatment. "Your campaign to secure Prohibition in Great Britain will be strenuously opposed by British methods, but we entirely deprecate anything which is not fair play."

Johnson was removed on the following day to a nursing home. "Tell everybody that it is not serious, and that I had a good time," he said. "It is only this little eye trouble which is the fly in the ointment. I have nothing against the boys. They are all right, and I hope to meet them again soon, when I will give them the interrupted address."

A portrait of him sitting up in bed smiling, with bandaged eye, which appeared in many newspapers, helped still more to turn the current of popular sympathy in his favour. "Anyone who could smile like that under

the circumstances must be a real good sort," said men to one another.

"Don't let the boys think that I am a martyr," he told correspondents. "I'm not. I am fifty-seven, but last night the boys made me feel twenty years younger. I am feeling to-day a bit stiff, and the eye gave me a bad night, but the only thing that really bothers me is that the doctors won't let me read the story of the 'rag' in the papers."

The King made enquiries about Johnson's progress, and made no secret of his feelings over the matter. The students had rather a surprise when on the Friday evening Lord Birkenhead, Lord Chancellor of England, took opportunity, when speaking at the Connaught Rooms in London, to condemn the "rag" in severe language. "I speak with all sincerity," he declared, "when I say that I profoundly regret the incident in which a citizen of the United States was concerned. Mr. Johnson holds views which I do not happen to hold. He was invited here by Associations of English people who shared his views. He was entitled to express

his opinion in this country just as freely as I would be entitled to do if I were invited by American Associations to express my opinion in that country. Making every allowance for the high spirits of youth, I profoundly regret that a citizen of the United States should have been subjected to such an outrage. I do not know that anybody would be advised to treat with levity and flippancy what has happened."

The public, encouraged by Johnson's cheerful words, were not inclined to regard the damage to his eye seriously. The suffusion of blood continued to prevent an exact diagnosis from being taken. After a few days word came that the eye was worse. It was feared that the optic lens had been broken. Then the bulletins stated that Johnson was in great pain and that there was little hope of saving it.

A fortnight after the "rag" it was found necessary to remove the eye. "We found in consultation," said Mr. Harold Grimsdale, "that it was impossible to save a useful eye; so in view of the pain which could not

be relieved, we found it necessary to remove it."

The London *Evening News* promptly started a popular subscription as a mark of public sympathy. Johnson was in no state to be told anything when the subscription was opened, but when he learned of it he found himself in a somewhat awkward position. He fully appreciated the kind intentions that lay behind the proposal, but he was anxious not to do anything that might make it appear that he was trying to exploit the accident for his own benefit. He asked that the money which had been subscribed should not be given to him but should be devoted to Sir Arthur Pearson's great work for blinded soldiers at St. Dunstan's Hostel in London. This was done.

The reformer's letter-bag at this time bore striking evidence of the wave of feeling in his favour. Messages of sympathy came in from all parts of the country and from many parts of the world. Societies of all kinds met and formally expressed their disapproval and regret over what had happened. Non-prohibitionists wrote cordial

letters telling Johnson that while they did not like his doctrines, they admired him. Here is a typical letter :—

"45 Queen's Gate,
London, S.W. 7.

GOOD OLD PUSSYFOOT,

I don't agree with your opinions, but no one can deny you're the greatest sport living. I am just about to drink your health, and not in water either! Here's wishing you the very best of luck, and every success in your campaign.

Yours in Sport,
(Sgd.) ARNOLD L. HASKELL."

The Editorial Staff of the *King's College Review* wrote :—

"King's College,
(University of London,)
Strand, London, W.C.

DEAR SIR,

We are sorry to hear of the accident which happened to you last night and trust that it may not prove serious.

We are also sorry that your speech from the balcony at the College was not given a fair hearing. Therefore we are writing to ask if you will send a letter to the students of King's College through the medium of the official magazine, *K. C. Review?*

We are just going to press, and your letter could be included in this number. This would enable you to get a fair 'hearing' from every one of the students which, unfortunately, you were not accorded last night when in the College precincts.

We are, Sir,

Yours truly,

(Sgd.) C. H. DRIVER (Editor),
„ MAY G. MINNS (Sub-Editor),
„ REG. HATTON (Business Editor)."

The message which Johnson looked at first, however, was a cable from his wife away in Ohio:—

"Westerville.

ANTISALLEG LONDON.

Keep courage Will come right Am praying for you. With love

LILLIAN JOHNSON.

Dated 18."

The Minister for Education, the Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, sent this letter :—

"Board of Education,
Whitehall, London, S.W.,
15 *xi* 19.

DEAR MR. JOHNSON,

I am much concerned to hear of the treatment which you have received from a body of University students in London. Had you been an Englishman, the proceedings which are described in the newspapers and which have had the result of inflicting on you a serious bodily injury would have been generally condemned as a violation of the canons of decency and fair play. But you are not an Englishman. You are the citizen of a foreign country bound to us by the closest ties of friendly association and you came to us on the express invitation of a body of our countrymen to ventilate an important question of social policy. All the more should you have been protected from ill-usage by the sentiment of hospitality which all right-feeling Englishmen entertain towards a guest.

I have not the least doubt that the students acted from an impulse of thoughtless levity

and from no feeling of ill-will and that they will on reflection be ready to acknowledge their fault. Indeed I am glad to hear that expressions of contrition have already reached you.

Nevertheless it is an incident most deeply to be regretted and entitling you to the expression of the most complete and unreserved apology.

With best wishes for your speedy recovery.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

(Sgd.) H. A. L. FISHER."

The Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis sent a message to the American Consul-General :—

" The Commissioner desires me to assure you that there were no steps that he would not have taken to prevent this deplorable incident, had it been possible to have foreseen it, and he wishes me to express his personal regret, which he hopes you will convey to Mr. Johnson."

Here is a letter from a famous sailor, Admiral Sir G. King-Hall :—

"7 Albany Villas, Hove,

17*th November*, 1919.

DEAR MR. JOHNSON,

I send you my sincerest sympathy on the dastardly outrage that you have been the victim of, so foreign to all gentlemanly and chivalrous feeling, and as an Englishman cannot understand the childish and ungenerous conduct of young men in having treated you thus.

I am a life-long T.A. and President of the Royal Naval Temperance Society, consisting of some 50,000 members, and thank you for having come over to show what an advantage T.A. in America has been in the cause of efficiency.

I sincerely trust your eye may not be permanently hurt, and as a British officer, apologise for the unwarrantable conduct of a small number of my young countrymen, for having forgotten the rules of hospitality to a stranger.

Yours sincerely,

A. KING-HALL."

His old friends of the Anti-Saloon League sent him long messages and the Executive

Committee of the League passed a resolution on the matter on January 19th, 1920. Two of the letters are specially worth producing. The first comes from Mr. E. H. Cherrington, one of the foremost figures in the League. He wrote :—

"Your eyes have been of great service to the cause of righteousness in general and the Prohibition movement in particular, and yet I am fully persuaded that all the great service which both your eyes have rendered in the years gone by is not to be compared with the remarkable service which you have rendered in the loss of one of them.

In fact, you have gone Samson one better, for you still have one eye, and from all evidence there are other assets still remaining.

I want to congratulate you, first of all, on the faithful, persistent, determined and successful effort which you have made since you have been in England to properly represent the Anti-Saloon League movement in America.

I want to congratulate you, in the second place, on standing your ground to the point of physical exhaustion in defending your

right as a free man and an American citizen lawfully to express your views.

I want to congratulate you, in the third place, for the masterly manner in conducting yourself and the remarkable qualities of good sportsmanship shown in the way in which you accepted the inevitable and tried to make the world believe you enjoyed it.

I want to congratulate you, in the fourth place, for the superlative good judgment in declining to accept for yourself the contributions raised through the London *News* and the turning of the same to the benefit of the hospital for blind soldiers.

I want to congratulate you, in the fifth place, for the fortitude and diplomacy you have shown toward other temperance representatives from America and the leaders of other temperance organisations in England and the British Isles other than those which were first recognised in the formation of the World League.

I want to congratulate you, in the sixth place, because you have 'run true to form' and have been able to more than justify the confidence which some of us have always had in your ability to make good on practically any proposition.

I want to congratulate you, in the seventh

place, for having the privilege of rendering the greatest service to the prohibition cause throughout the world that has ever been rendered by one individual in the space of time which it took you to make good in England.

The Anti-Saloon League of America is, and 'of right ought to be' proud of your remarkable achievement.

Most cordially yours,

(Signed) ERNEST H. CHERRINGTON."

Mr. William H. Anderson, New York State Superintendent of the League, another of the foremost figures in the American Campaign, sent this message dated November 14th, 1919:—

"In the opinion of the New York Office of the Anti-Saloon League you are a Christian gentleman and a game sport.

We have read the newspaper accounts of your 'ragging' by a mob of London medical students, and we feel a keen sense of pride in the sportsmanlike manner in which you took the experience.

Over here they have a way of presenting

the prohibitionists as long-haired, sour-faced kill-joys. If there are such—and we have never met them yet—you don't belong to that school.

It did us all good to read that when you were interviewed after you had been man-handled by the mob you were 'cheerful and chuckling' and said you had had 'quite a good time and thoroughly enjoyed it.'

It made us swell with pride to note your gameness and absolute fairness in not wanting the medical students to be blamed for throwing the missile which caused a hæmorrhage of the eye and in saying 'The police worked it very nicely indeed.'

It was a joy to hear—as we could almost hear—you say 'At first I scrapped a little, but when I found it was a "rag" then I played the game.'

You have always played the game fair and square. You have always come up smiling and you have always won out in the end. We trust your injuries are slight. We know the gains to the cause of decency and fair play will be great in England as a result of your experience.

John Bull loves and admires a good, clean fight, and you are making one."

The Resolution adopted by the Executive Committee of the Anti-Saloon League of America on 19th January, 1920, was as follows :—

"The Executive Committee of the Anti-Saloon League of America has learned with deep regret of maltreatment of our Mr. W. E. Johnson by students in London. Concerning the moral quality of such treatment we do not wish to say more than to express our surprise and disappointment that an honoured and eminent citizen of the United States of America should be so treated by the citizens of Great Britain, when his only offence was to respond to an invitation by Britishers to visit their country and to give testimony concerning the benefits of Prohibition in America.

It is a matter of great satisfaction to us, and, we believe, to the American public, that English public opinion as expressed by telegram and letter, and through the press, has strongly condemned the conduct of the students.

We hereby record our unbounded admiration for the fine qualities exhibited by Mr. Johnson under the trying circumstances

and throughout his suffering and loss. While his course in no sense surprises us it is none the less gratifying. We congratulate Mr. Johnson upon the fortitude, chivalry and good temper which he exhibited throughout.

We would also hereby record and instruct our secretary to convey to Mr. Johnson reassurances of our continued esteem and support in his faithful and efficient services. We do not believe that such services will fail of appreciation and moral support from the British public."

Johnson's cheerful acceptance of his ill-fortune did more to advance his cause than three years of regular work could have accomplished. Britons love a "good sport."

WHEN the Englishman wishes to do anyone honour, he raises a fund for him or gives him a public banquet. Johnson had refused the fund, so as soon as he was fit the temperance workers tendered him a luncheon, followed by a big meeting at the Central Hall, Westminster. The gathering was described by the *Methodist Times* as one of the largest, most enthusiastic and representative of its kind ever held in Britain. Over three thousand people were present and many could not obtain admission.

"Our guest," said Dr. C. W. Saleeby, who presided at the luncheon, "has given his eye to lighten the darkness of the dupes, victims and parasites of the liquor trade and to free them from the miseries of their condition. He has succeeded in making prohibition in Britain a live political issue and it will henceforth so remain."

"I can see the demonstration just accorded to me with my glass eye," said Johnson when the applause and musical honours accorded him had died down. "So far as the affair in Essex Hall was concerned, I do not intend to grieve about that. The benefits which I believe have accrued to the cause we have at heart more than outweigh my sense of personal injury through the loss of an eye."

Sir Alfred Pearce Gould, the famous surgeon, presided over the public meeting, and it would have been difficult to surpass it for enthusiasm and high spirits. When Johnson arose the audience rose too, and applause ended in the whole audience uniting in singing, "For he's a jolly good fellow." "The welcome you give me," he said, "reminds me of the words of King Agrippa to Paul, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a—Britisher.'"

Was it not possible, he asked, that under the leadership of England's "oldest daughter," the whole world—and especially the English-speaking world—might speedily see the end of a business which Gladstone

said was a greater curse than either pestilence or war? "If I can contribute in a small measure to the consummation of this great ideal, I shall esteem it to be the highest privilege granted to me by my great Creator, who I believe is with me in the effort. Once again, may I say 'Thank you' for this magnificent greeting. God bless you all."

The strain and suffering before the operation had told on the reformer and made it necessary for him to go for a time to North Africa to recover his health. On his return to England he found a very different atmosphere awaiting him from the previous summer, when he started his London campaign. Then the temperance cause in England had seemed almost moribund; now prohibition was in the air.

The apathy of the Government in dealing with temperance reform in Parliament and the growing relaxation of the old war-time prohibition restrictions were producing a marked increase in drunkenness and in crimes due to drink. But many men were convinced that this in itself would, when the right moment came, lend real force

to the campaign for reform, proving in the clearest fashion the relation between relaxed control and crime. It would be too much to say that even then any large section of the British people in the United Kingdom were in favour of prohibition, but the movement had begun and great sections of influential people were beginning openly to avow themselves as favouring limitation of the sale of spirits and the heavier alcoholic drinks, to a degree never yet attempted or thought possible.

Johnson was not to be long in England; urgent affairs were calling him to America. The great Encyclopedia on Alcohol which his assistants there had been working on during his absence, now required his personal supervision. He was wanted for a short public campaign. He started from Southampton on April 13th.

A day or two before he sailed I discussed with him the outlook in the United Kingdom. I remembered how, some years before, he had prophesied that the United States would be " dry " by 1920 and how his forecast had come true. What would happen in England ?

"England will be 'dry' by 1930," the reformer assured me. "That is not my view alone. 'If America stands firm and makes good on prohibition, England will adopt the same policy within ten years,' Mr. Lloyd George told a friend a few weeks ago. Many heads of industry admit that England must, within a decade, follow America's example if only for economic reasons, provided America makes good.

"America is going to make good. Let there be no mistake about that. You will hear much concerning reaction, but prohibition has come to stay. On the surface, the drink traffic seems to be triumphant here. It is enormously wealthy, strongly entrenched, and during the past few months has won victory after victory. That is a fact. It has secured the relaxation of war-time restrictions on the sale of drink, despite overwhelming official proof of the benefits of these restrictions.

"It has obtained for itself such place in the very Government itself that it can prevent for the time all effective temperance legislation.

"The Government has time after time promised a Temperance Bill. The Bill continues to be postponed. When the Bill does appear there is little hope that it will mark any real advance. Welsh veto was killed. I expect very little in the way of genuine temperance legislation from the present Coalition Parliament. The present Government is not organised along the lines that make advanced legislation possible.

"You may ask me on what grounds, then, do I base my prediction of England becoming 'dry' in ten years? I expect it first from the character of the Prime Minister. Mr. Lloyd George is for the moment unable to do anything effective. But Mr. Lloyd George is known to be a fierce opponent of the liquor traffic, and no man in Britain more certainly has his own way in the end than the Premier.

"I expect Britain to go 'dry' because of what I know of the character of the British people themselves. Here is a nation that studies facts and acts on them. England has led the way in all kinds of great reforms,

except in the reform of the liquor traffic. Trace out history for the last hundred years and see how often Britain has been in the van for advance.

"When the Englishman is first offered a new idea, he grouses at it or ignores it. If he grouses, it's hopeful. England has been passing through the grousing stage over prohibition. Meetings have been smashed up all over the country. Now men are beginning to cease grousing, and to recognise the facts.

"Two great classes are being won, business men and organised labour. The working-man knows what the cutting out of the public-house will mean for him.

"Drinking habits among employees mean a loss of ten per cent in efficiency. That is the calculation of some of the largest American employers. Great manufacturers here are more and more recognising that a drinking nation cannot hope to compete economically with a nation that has finished with drink. Some of the most important gatherings I have had here have been with the heads of great undertakings, who are

to-day placing themselves behind the Prohibition movement. Some of them are not even teetotalers, but they are willing to have their own whisky cut out for the general benefit. The whole English-speaking world is moving our way. The United States is 'dry'; almost the whole of Canada is 'dry'; the majority of New Zealand voters have supported prohibition; Australia is growing 'dry'; Wales wants local option, and is only prevented from having it by the English votes; Scotland will declare large areas 'dry' in a few months; both Ulster and the South of Ireland will adopt local option when Ireland has Home Rule. England will not remain permanently in the tail of the procession. Like the man from Missouri, she wants to be shown why. The example of her own kinsmen will show her."

Confident, smiling, quiet-spoken, he made his farewell.

A fortnight later, as his ship passed by the statue of Liberty in New York harbour, and approached the dock-side, he was to discover that his own countrymen were preparing for him a reception such as

Americans tender only to those of their own people who have worthily upheld American tradition and the American name overseas.

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