Dudding's Prison Story

THE MIRACLE AT MOUNDSVILLE

By EARL E. DUDDING

A WONDERFUL JAIL TRANSFORMATION
AND HOW IT HAPPENED

PRICE - - - - 25 CENTS

This remarkable prison story is being offered for sale with only one object in view, that of supporting the founder of the Prisoners' Relief Society, who was sent to prison, and while there conceived the idea of the Society, which he is now at the head of, and from which he has not received one cent of pay. Yet he devotes every hour of his time to the cause of helping the families of prisoners, and he will depend on the sale of this booklet for the support of himself and his family.

A duplicate of this booklet can be had at any book store, or sent direct upon receipt of price of 25 cents, by addressing E. E. Dudding,

Huntington, W. Va.

Dudding's Prison Story

THE MIRACLE AT MOUNDSVILLE

A WONDERFUL JAIL TRANSFORMATION
AND HOW IT HAPPENED

THIS STORY IS REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE
CHRISTIAN HERALD

March Eighteenth, Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen

EDITORIAL.

(Editorial from the Parkersburg News, Sunday morning, February 28, 1915):

THE CASE OF DUDDING.

The News publishes this morning the first chapter of the story of Earl Dudding of Huntington, by courtesy of the Christian Herald. It is a story of "Beating it Back," the narrative of an ex-convict who is finding the place in society of an unblemished freeman after serving five years within the walls of Moundsville for the crime of murder.

This story of "beating back" differs from some of its romantic and sometimes imaginary predecessors if the word of the young man is to be assayed at face value, for he never seemed unregenerated or never was criminal at heart.

It is a tragic tale of the unfortunate victim of most unhappy circumstances, leading to a denouement that it seems was unavoidable and that doomed him for five of the best years of his life to a living hell.

This young man has been thrown back upon society after having had the stamp of criminality and all that it implies put upon him. Despite the tortures and the stigma put upon him by his legal characterization as a murderer he is asking society at large to give him a chance and its confidence. Because of the extraordinary circumstances brought to the public attention which disclose the truth and acquit him in the court of public opinion of a crime of which he was guilty under relentless law he will have the chance. But not one in a hundred or perhaps even a thousand similarly set free is given even the most remote opportunity to achieve such restoration. It might be said that if society is unwilling to restore the ex-convict to his normal place it has no right to bestow on him the fiction of "freedom." Neither liberty or life are worth much to the majority of men who come from the penitentiary. The mission of the Prisoners' Relief Society is to make the theoretical liberty and freedom of ex-convicts actual.

THE STORY

The editorial notes mentioned in this article are by the Editor of the Christian Herald.

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—*Early one foggy morning in September, 1909, Earl E. Dudding, of Huntington, W. Va., shot and killed his uncle, Ira Chapman. The killing was the outcome of a series of family differences, according to Mr. Dudding, who maintained both before and after his trial that it was done in self-defense and that he had not the slightest wish to take the life of his uncle. Mr. Dudding was highly thought of in Huntington, W. Va., where he was a merchant of influence. So numerous, indeed, were his friends and so sure was he that everybody must regard the event in the light of an unavoidable occurrence that it never entered his head that he would not be set free. Wherefore, the imposed sentence of five years in the penitentiary at Moundsville dropped upon him like a thunderclap. It is of this sentence, five years out of his life how he spent them in prison and what he did to reform his companions in durance, that he tells in the following article.*

The Author before his conviction.

GUILTY!

Is there one other word in the English language or any other language that can hold so much sinister implication, that can so swiftly bridge the chasm between hope and despair?

To me the verdict was the very height of injustice, for I *knew* what the others might merely have faith to believe that I had shot my uncle only to save my own life; that if I had not done so, I would have been killed myself. Oh! how the horror of that September morning came back as I related it at the trial!

I could hear my uncle insisting that I accompany him to his office on the second floor of the passenger station. I could see him rush angrily upstairs from the street and then, when I followed reluctantly, my hands in my pockets, how he rushed at me with a pick-handle, raised ready to strike. I was too astonished to make any resistance at the moment. I threw up my hands and called out, "Don't hit me, uncle!" But the pick-handle caught me on the forehead. I fell in the doorway and he struck me four or five times while I lay there. He was perfectly mad. Finally I got about half-way up, and he struck me again, cutting down my left eye. I got to my hands and knees, started toward the hall, and almost reached the door of the hall, crawling as fast as I could. But he ran and shoved the door shut with the pick-handle, meantime striking me across the back. He used the handle like a flail, but the hall was narrow and as he aimed many blows at me the end of the handle would strike the wall, lessening the force of each blow. My arms were black and blue.

I had not thought of the pistol up to that moment but when I realized the determination of the man, I managed to scramble to my feet, jerked my overcoat open and got the pistol out of my pocket. He still came at me. I pointed the pistol into his face and walked backward the full length of the building, at least thirty or forty feet, telling him I would shoot if he didn't stop. I finally got into the east room. He struck me on the neck and I fell into a corner. As I fell, the pistol exploded. I think I was down on the floor when I fired the shot but I cannot tell for certain. I could hardly see for blood. (I had fallen under a table.) Blood was coming out of my eyes and face. I was the bloodiest man you ever saw. I wiped the blood out of my eyes with my hands.

Finally I saw my chance to clinch him. I dropped the pistol on the floor and grabbed him by the legs and pulled him close to the table above me. I grabbed his pick-handle with one hand and he dragged me bodily from under the table. We were all over that room wrestling for that handle during the next five minutes. In the course of our struggles each of us stepped on the pistol and finally he made an effort to get it. I gave it a kick and sent it clear out into the hall. Finally I got the pick-handle away from him and hit him on the forehead. He went over backward.

I ran out grabbing the pistol as I went and rushed into the street. As I ran away my uncle came to the window, and called for some one to stop me. I went to the doctor's office and had my wounds dressed, after which I called up police headquarters and told them I was ready to surrender. The chief of police came up and arrested me.

At police headquarters we went over the whole affair. I told my story, and they sent out men to investigate it. They reported that the physical evidence bore out my story; that the condition of the furniture and the room showed that there had been a terrific battle. They found my hat under the table, lying in a pool of blood. My uncle's bleeding was all internal. They took him to the hospital and gave him an anesthetic and operated upon him, but he died two hours after from internal hemorrhage. The only statement he ever made concerning the affair prior to his death was (when asked what was the matter), "Earl shot me."

So I was taken to jail! For several days my life hung in the balance. My pulse went as high as 130. During twenty-six days twenty physicians had reported to the court that in all probability I would not survive. I was released on bail the first of November, 1909, to February 7, 1910. My trial lasted six days, beginning February 7. There are thousands of men who believe that I was improperly convicted, and even the judge of the court afterward told me that he believed everything I had sworn to on the stand. And later the court stenographer wrote a letter to the governor in my behalf in which he said that he had never seen evidence so distorted as it was in this case. Nevertheless, my appeal to the Circuit Court for a new trial was refused and I had to go to the penitentiary. Meanwhile, my wife lay ill in bed and there was very little money to buy food for my family. The expense incidental to my trial took up all the surplus that I had saved.

* * *

POLITICS figured in this trial, of course. I had been a hard opponent of the "wets" in our section and I had made some enemies. I was never really in jail in Huntington. I had a room in the jailor's apartment and during my stay there I received over 1,500 people as visitors, which goes to show how much sympathy my case had awakened among the better classes of the community. I was never without visitors from early morning until late at night. My friends were streaming in and out of the jail all of the time.

After the new trial was refused I demanded to be taken to

the penitentiary at Moundsville, as I could stand the strain no longer. The sheriff had arranged to take me out, but the clerk of the penitentiary was there, and the sheriff told the clerk that he would hand me over to him provided he would not handcuff me. The clerk refused to be responsible for me unless I was handcuffed, so the sheriff told him to take me at *his* risk.

Perhaps it was the strangest prison entry ever made. The sheriff drove me over to the depot and left me there until the clerk of the penitentiary arrived. I stayed at the depot for half an hour waiting for the officer to come. Between two and three hundred friends came down to bid me good-by. I did not feel inconvenienced in the slightest. It was just as though I was about to take a pleasant trip on the train. I waited around the depot until the clerk arrived with two other prisoners. They boarded the train and as it started I stood on the step and waved goodby to my friends. During the trip I went backwards and forwards through the train at my own pleasure.

The warden met me outside the prison shook hands with me and greeted me very cordially. They took the handcuffs off the other prisoners and sent them to the South Hall. The warden knew that I had been in bad health; in fact, I could swallow nothing but milk; so he ordered me conducted to the hospital, meantime telling me to loaf around for a few days and get acquainted with the institution. Of course I would have been sent to a cell had I been well.

Before going into the hospital I was sent to the state shop, where incoming prisoners must exchange their street clothes for prison garb. That was the most trying ordeal I had gone through. When I pulled off my citizen's clothes it required all the nerve and energy I could command to keep me from breaking down. I have no language to describe how awful it seemed to me. It meant the difference between a free man and the convict.

The officer in charge went through my belongings and gave me back almost all the little trinkets I had—my pocket-book, my knife. (It was unusual for a prisoner to be permitted to carry a knife, a knife being a weapon.) The putting on of these clothes was the beginning of several days of the worst mental agony I ever experienced. I could not eat, I could not sleep. I managed to keep my face straight, but that was about all. I entered the prison on a bright May day, with the sun shining outside, lending all the more contrast to the misery and gloom within. The prison band in the yard played popular airs, some of which I knew before I was sent to prison. They did not attract me at all.

At first they put me at the "blackboard," in the dining room of the penitentiary. A man was detailed to pick out news from the daily papers—items that would have special interest for the prisoners—and these were printed with chalk on the board, as some of the men could not read writing. I went to the board and tried to scribble upon it, but my physical condition was such that I was unable to do so. I went to the captain and told him about it. He was very kind and relieved me of the duty, telling me to write a few letters to my friends and see if I couldn't chase the clouds away in that manner.

As it was I could go anywhere inside of the walls of the prison, and that was my opportunity to observe the condition of the prison as it then existed. I associated with the men, observed their physical condition, the sanitary (?) arrangements of the prison, visited the shops and especially noted the condition of the hospital. The hospital was full of roaches, bedbugs, rats and everything that would help to make a filthy place. The walls were in bad condition; the sewage-disposal arrangements were worse.

After I had been in the hospital four or five days the doctor said to me: "You are able to get around, so we are going to give you a little work to do in the hospital. It will be your job to go around the halls and get the sick reports." I did so, visiting patient after patient, taking the names and reports on the charts and the condition of the patients. That gave me a still better opportunity to observe how things were conducted in the hospital. After awhile I got to be an all-round handy man.

The vermin were so bad I could not sleep at night so I got four empty cans, filled them with water, and put the bed-posts in the cans of water to keep the bugs from getting at me at night. I went to the warden and told him of the conditions in the hospital. He wanted to know what would kill the vermin. I told him I would fix up a preparation to kill the roaches and bugs; he told me to work on it. I excited the enmity of the steward of the hospital with my aggressiveness in this matter.

Men lay dying of tuberculosis and other diseases in that hospital. The beds in the wards were cheap wooden cots with springs in them. There were two wards containing thirty men divided between them; one room for colored and one room for white. This left about fifteen men to a room hardly twenty feet square. I had complained to the warden about the hospital, and presently the attendants began to make matters hard for me.

I was living on milk furnished by the hospital. They began to cut down my allowance of milk until presently it got so low

there was not enough to sustain me. I complained to the doctor but it did no good. I went to the warden again and he eased the matter up a bit; but I suffered from the emnity of the attendants. There was nothing they would not do to make it uncomfortable for me. For instance, they made a trail up the posts of my bed of syrup and sugar. procured a quantity of red ants and trailed them to the bed. In the middle of the bed they sprinkled some sugar. After I had been in bed half an hour that night I could feel a nettling all over me. I grew alarmed over my condition. In such surroundings one's imagination becomes highly excited. I thought I was going to die. I got up and lighted the lamp and discovered hundreds if not thouands of red ants crawling over me. The hoscpital was full of red ants. I just cleaned up my bed and said nothing. What was the use?

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—*The first installment of this remarkable story of a jail transformation appeared in the Christian Herald of February 24, and described the quarrel between the author and his uncle in which the latter was killed and in consequence of which Earl E. Dudding received a jail sentence, unjustly, according to his story. His physical condition necessitated his being sent to the jail hospital, where he witnessed and experienced conditions little calculated to benefit sick men. Because of his activity in bringing these things to the attention of the warden he found himself the object of hostility on the part of attendants, who apparently determined that he should not get well. The present instalment of the story will be followed by a third.*]

* * *

The steward of the hospital realized that if I stayed there much longer I would be appointed in his place, and graft might be done away with. They were taking food away from the patients and selling it to other prisoners. Eggs, milk, beef, bacon and fruit that should have gone to patients were constantly sold by the attendants. In fact, they were doing everything that they ought not to do and I acquired an intimate knowledge of their rascality. They tried to bribe me and I refused to be bribed. I also told them I was not responsible for being there and I would not pay a person for doing something which he ought to do for me as a matter of duty. I had to do without many privileges because I would not pay for them. I could have had more milk had I paid the cook. I could not get my washing done because I refused to pay extra for it. The warden, however, was not aware of this graft system.

All these things were taking place in an atmosphere that, God knows was sorrowful enough without them. For instance, there was the case of old Sandy Ficklen, a colored man who lay dying of tuberculosis. I went to him and said, "Sandy, haven't you some people to write to?" He said, "Yes, but I can't write." I said, "Well, I'll write them a letter if you want me to." So I wrote his mother a nice letter, and told her where he was, said he was sick and that his chances of recovery were doubtful. I wrote it as though he had written it. I sent the letter off for him.

In a few days a reply came back. He had not heard from his folks for several years. But that letter from his mother was one of the finest I have ever read. She told how distressed she was to hear of his physical condition, but on the other hand, how glad she was to hear from him at all. Thirty minutes after I read that reply from his mother, Sandy Ficklen died. So then I wrote his mother again and told her how her letter had arrived just in time and how her son had died with her name on his lips.

A parallel case was that of a mere boy seventeen years old. He called me to his bedside about ten minutes before he died and asked me in a firm tone, "How long will it be?" I said to him. "Boy, it won't be long." He said to me, "Won't you write mother and let her know that I was thinking of her in my last moments?" I assured him that I would and I did. At the last sound of his voice, my attention was drawn to someone entering the ward. It was the chaplain, the Rev. Dr. Riker. He was greatly interested in the lad and would visit and pray for him every day. He inquired of me how the boy was. I went over to the bedside to see if he was still conscious and found that death had settled it all. The next day a pardon came for the boy, but it was too late!

You can see how distressing all this was. People lying there suffering and dying in the midst of such unsanitary and immoral conditions. After a time however, I prevailed with some of the attendants. I suggested ways to the cook for improving the cooking; I even helped him cook and did as much as I could to alleviate the condition of the poor patients.

We got rid of the roaches; in two weeks there was not one left. We got the bugs out of the beds. The walls, however, were still full of them. I got the warden interested in the problem and he told me to go ahead and clean up all I could. I managed finally to get the prison hospital in as fine a condition as was possible under the circumstances. I was in the hospital for two months.

Gradually my health got better but in the meantime I suppose no man experienced greater agony of mind than I did. There were times when I thought I would go insane.

The vermin or bed bugs, to make it plain, were so very much worse in the cell building, than in the hospital, that it was indescribable.

Meantime, while I was in the hospital, certain events occurred which showed that the misery of prison life was not all confined to the hospital. After I had been there five or six days some attendants came in carrying a man on a stretcher. They laid him down on the veranda. He was unconscious. In fact, he had been whipped until he became unconscious. Then they brought him to the hospital. I asked what the trouble was, whereupon another prisoner whispered to me that I had better keep quiet and mind my own business. I did what I could for the man. They had left him lying there without further attention. I felt his pulse. It was very high and I discovered that he was very feverish. I got him some water and gave him a stimulant of some kind. He revived at last but as soon as he recovered consciousness he was sent back to his cell. He should have been treated in the hospital; but the idea of punishment which prevailed in the place at that time did not permit of it.

He had been beaten in the Tower, which composed one of the corners of the building. In there they bound a man down to whip him, fastening his hands and his feet together. This fellow was whipped until it seemed there was no skin left from the middle of his back down to his knees. Yet in spite of this fact, he was sent to his cell with no other treatment than such as I had been able to give him. He was unable to go to work next morning. But it was the rule to put a man to work immediately after he was whipped. And if he complained he was taken to the Tower and whipped again. What good do such whippings do? They just harden the men and make anarchists of them.

There were men, of course, who had been in other prisons, and from information gathered from them, conditions in a number of other prisons were a great deal worse than in Moundsville. There were three prisoners, whom I recall, who had served time in the penitentiary at Richmond, Va., and they all stated that sanitary conditions and cruelties were worse there.

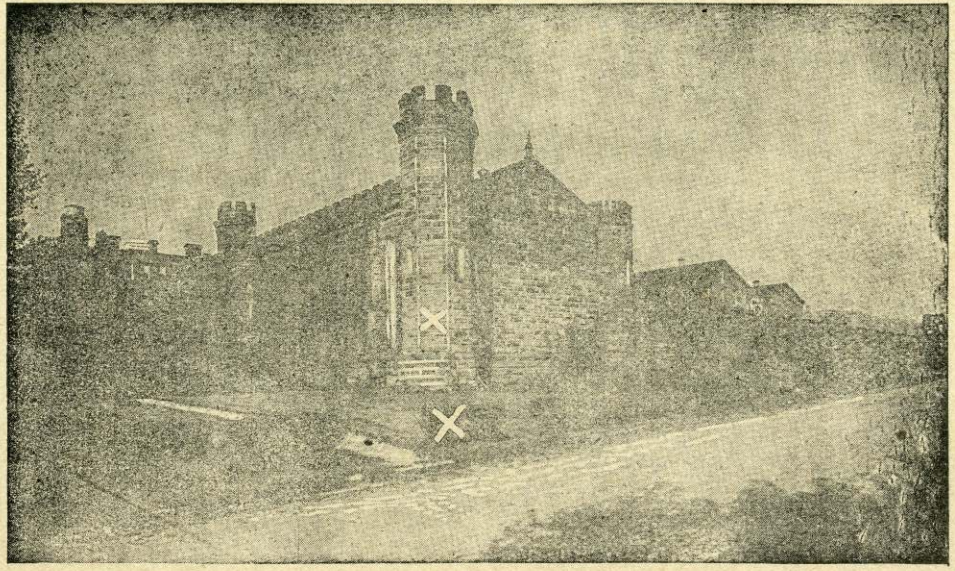
When I first entered the institution they whipped as many as eight and ten men every day. In fact the whippings were so common that I got used to them. You always knew when a man was being whipped by hearing him scream and yell. The Tower

was at one end of the prison. I have heard the cries of men being whipped clear to the other end of the intsitution. In fact, the yelling of the men became such a nuisance and a horror to citizens living near the prison that they protested against it.

The whippings were regularly prescribed. A man would be sentenced to five or ten lashes, but when he was given the sentence of five lashes he usually got fifty; and when he was given ten he usually got a hundred. I saw one man who, after he was whipped and taken down, was handcuffed to two rings seven feet up on the wall and compelled to stand there half hanging to the rings for ten hours. One man who was whipped unmercifully and afterwards handcuffed to the rings on the wall, lost his mind and was sent to the asylum.

I saw one man, who was unmercifully whipped, having been given about one hundred lashes with a sole-leather paddle five feet long and six inches wide, built up and doubled with sole-leather so as to make a handle at one end, and it weighed about three pounds Three days later, after the man's injuries and parts became swollen and inflamed, he was taken back to the whipping post and given another unmerciful beating.

Whipping was only one form of punishment. They used a water cure also. In administering the water cure they fastened the man to the wall, his arms stretched out so that he took on the form of a cross. Having bound him in that position they would turn sixty or seventy pounds' pressure of water from the hose upon him. They shot it into his mouth, his face or any part of his body and the water would knock the skin off in spots where it touched. I have seen them keep it on a man's face until his eyeballs seemed ready to burst from their sockets. Sometimes the pressure was not as heavy at one time as it would be at another. But it was terrible torture at all times. In winter time the water was turned on just the same at the temperature it came from the main. The treatment generally lasted from two minutes up to five. However, the water cure was administered in extreme cases. There were grades of punishment, such as taking away privileges, putting men in stripes (only the lowest grade men wore stripes), and the whippings. A great many of the latter were for failing to make "tasks." A "task" is a prescribed amount of work which a prisoner is required to accomplish within a definite time. The task system is a direct result of contract labor and is the outcome of the rapacity of the contractors, who look upon the prisoners as mere beasts from whom the greatest possible amount of labor should be exacted.



The Moundsville Prison, X--Indicates where the Whipping was done.

I remember one man who was whipped repeatedly for failing to make his task. This man had been put at a machine to make trousers. Now, there are some men who simply cannot acquire the knack of doing certain work. This man, H——, was one of those fellows. They found it was impossible to teach him to make trousers, so they were trying to teach him to make women's skirts on a sewing machine. For a long time he could not seem to manage it, and during that time he was whipped repeatedly. Finally, he got so that he could stitch pretty well, but even then he could not finish his task in time. The first time they punished him for being short on his task he was hung upon the cell door for half an hour. In a day or two there was another report against him for being short on his task. This being the second offense, they hung him up for five hours. The third time they whipped him for it. This happened again and again with many prisoners.

The numerous cruelties were so horrid it would be impossible to describe them.

The contractors paid the state 62½ cents a day for the work of each man. A man worked nine or ten hours a day for the contractors. Each contractor has his foreman inside the prison. It is the contractor who makes the task, and if the man is short the contractor's foreman reports it. The state has a guard in each department of each shop, and this guard is supposed to stand between the prisoner and the contractor. In each case of dispute, the matter is referred to the captain of the guard. I know of cases where only nine hours were allowed to a man to do what would require fifteen hours to accomplish. Naturally he was short of his task and was punished.

Of course abuses of the task system are flagrant. A man is given a task which may take him two weeks to accomplish. If he accomplishes more than the task during the two weeks he is supposed to be paid for it. This is to encourage him to work as hard as possible. They let him run along, making a little extra money for a while; then the contractor advances the amount of the task up to the greatest quantity of work which the man has accomplished during the time allowed. He now has to work regularly as fast as he formerly worked in trying to accomplish more than his task. This might seem to encourage a man never to do more than his task. However, the foreman sees to that. If the prisoner just accomplishes the task and no more, the foreman will complain that he is not speeding up; whereupon it is up to the prisoner to produce more work or be punished.

The system of selling privileges, in vogue when I entered Moundsville, was another means of exacting graft. In those days a man who got any privileges had to buy them. The officers carried on this system of graft through the trusty convicts. There are two classes of prisoners: those who are locked in cells and "trusties," who are given special work to do and have more or less freedom through the penitentiary. For instance, one method of obtaining money was carried on in practically the following manner: With the knowledge of an officer, a trusty convice would interview a convict locked in a cell saying to him, "You see how easy I have it. I have a job in the office, and I can talk as much as I please. You are working in the shop on a sewing machine, from bell to bell. However, if you can get hold of $25 or perhaps $50, I can get you on the lockout. You can have a job sweeping the street, or helping the cook."

So the locked-in convict, under inspiration of the trusty, writes to his folks at home, telling them that if they can send him $25 or $50 his condition in prison will become much alleviated; that he has no opportunity to show that he can be a better man, whereas with the freedom of the jail, he might be able eventually to work out his release.

As it would not do for this letter to go out in the regular way, the convict in the cell hands it to the trusty, who gives it to the officer with whom he is in collusion, and the latter takes it out and mails it. The mother, or the sister, or the wife of the convict may sell the last cow or mortgage the farm in order to send the money to the convict in prison. Of course, it would be directed to Mr. John Doe, the guard officer out in the city. He would receive the money, and the man in the cell would be put on the special privilege list. The officer in return would permit the trusty to do a little grafting on his own account, sellling pies, beef, or anything he could sell.

Again, the trusty would engage to make it easier for a man in the matter of tasks, by erasing the record of work from another man's ticket and adding it to the first man's ticket. Or a convict foreman working under the contractor's foreman would graft through his power to accelerate or retard the operation of a sewing machine. Such a man would let the work out and would be responsible for the oiling of the machine. He would give the convict a good machine if he paid for it, or he would fix the machine so it would not run fast enough, thus preventing the convict from making his task. Afterward he would offer to make the machine run fast if paid for doing so.

Guards even exacted their chewing tobacco from the prisoners, and forced them to buy cigars to smoke. The contractors kept cigars and tobacco for sale inside of the prison and would sell this commodity to the convicts.

The Warden was fighting all this graft and crookedness on the part of the guards and contractors but he was powerless because he did not have the backing from the higher ups.

I cannot recall all of the graft systems that were in vogue there. You even had to tip the convicts, who waited upon you in the dining room. Everybody demanded pay. If you were a poor man, absolutely without friends or funds, you entered the institution doomed to be crushed. You would be so neglected that you would not get enough to eat, and you might die from absolute neglect, in the meantime suffering from many whippings. Money simply had to be procured in one way or another. The convict foreman would demand it. If you did not pay, he would report to the contractor foreman, and have you whipped, by making out a false report against your work, was a detail in the process that was all too frequently resorted to.

In the meantime, the warden of the prison left us, and in his place was appointed Mr. M. L. Brown. Before his arrival, I had been given charge of the telephone switchboard. Prior to my taking charge of the telephone, it had been used in many ways to promote the graft system. Warden Brown knew of this, and seemed much worried over it. However, after he had learned of my record in the prison, he and I became very good friends. He was a congenial fellow, who tried to be friendly with the prisoners, wherever he met them. He gave them all to understand that he was our friend, and as quickly as time would permit he expected to adjust all the things that were going wrong in the penitentiary. The officers began to get scared, and to shut down on the petty graft. As telephone operator, I was in a strategic position in the penitentiary and I resolved to help Mr. Brown all I could.

It was about this time that I received a letter from the Christian Herald which had been forwarded from my old address in Huntington and it asked me to remit a dollar and a half for my yearly subscription which had expired. I wrote the Christian Herald in reply, and told them I had lost practically everything I had, and that I felt my family needed every cent that was left. I told them I was sorry to lose the paper, because I believed it had helped me. I asked them to discontinue my subscription, and

when I got out of prison I would try and remit them a dollar and a half.

In a few days I received another letter stating that they would continue to send the paper to me as long as I was in prison. I was so impressed with this letter that the next time Warden Brown came, I asked him to read it. He did so and said: "I don't take that paper, but I have heard a great deal of it. It is a mighty good paper for a man to take, who is in prison."

Such little incidents mean very much to a man with the prospect of spending years of his life behind bars. Warden Brown was himself a very sympathetic man, and I am sure he understood my feelings, because I noticed that his eyes were wet when he finished the letter. So I said to him: "If you will give me permission I will get a few subscribers in this prison for the Christian Herald, just to show them that my heart is in the right place." And he replied: "All right. I will be the first subscriber. Put me down for the paper."

I interested a number of prisoners, and got twenty-eight of the guards to take the paper. All of these subscriptions were sent in to the Christian Herald office, and as time went on I did all I could to spread the influence of the paper throughout the penitentiary. Warden Brown became very much interested in the work, and grew most intimate with me. I told him a lot of things that it would have been impossible for him, personally, to have found out. I told him all about the unsanitary conditions. I told him about the graft system and of those who were carrying it on. He got right after the matter, and tried hard to eliminate the evils. He tried to improve the sanitary conditions and did so, one by one. He called the officers together and lectured them on the necessity of improving conditions. He told them what he knew of their conduct in the past; of their grafting on the prisoners; and how he meant to discharge any officer thereafter caught taking anything from a prisoner. He inquired into the whipping business. He opened a police court of his own at which he dictated the punishments. It got so there would not be a man whipped in the course of a week.

The whipping-post was abandoned months before I left the prison.

The dampness in the penitentiaries is one of the burdens connected with prison life but very few have given it a thought. The cell buildings are always built of heavy stone and with either stone or concrete floors. The cells, of course, are all made of steel with concrete floors, and the result of this is seen through

the summer season. The dampness is so very bad that the straw in the bed ticks mould and become matted together, as you have seen it around straw ricks. And the men are forced to sleep upon these damp, mouldy beds. I have taken a piece of fresh bread to my cell and the dampness was so terrific that the bread would become all moulded in from 12 to 15 hours. It kept one busy wiping the mould off your shoes that would accumulate during the night.

In the winter time this dampness is not present, because of the fact that they use steam heat. The floors in the prison in the hall are concrete, and are cleaned once a week by water being thrown on them by means of a hose and washed off, and of course this water causes a kind of a sweat, which doesn't dry from one week's end to the other.

Many men contract malaria, pneumonia and fevers in prison from this dampness. Warden Brown was the most thoughtful man about matters of this kind that I ever had the pleasure of being associated with. After his first summer at Moundsville, he determined to remedy this problem of dampness. So once a week after the men were sent to the shops for the day, he had the engineer turn on a full head of steam into the cell buildings and dry them out.

It is hard to imagine the amount of dampness that will accumulate in these stone buildings through the summer season. I have been told that the dampness is even much worse in many other prisons than in Moundsville, because in many prisons the ventilation is not so good.

The question of feeding the prisoners should be the most important, but it has been the most neglected. Of all my prison experience I do not know of any one thing that is as grossly neglected as that of preparing the food for the prisoners.

The diet usually consists of heavy, coarse food, such as bacon and beans, potatoes and other articles of diet suited for a man who has plenty of exercise and plenty of physical labor. They use a great quantity of cabbage and turnips in the West Virginia penitentiary and everything is usually cooked with enormous quantities of grease. Through the summer season at Moundsville of late years abundance of vegetables, green beans and the like were prepared, but they were usually cooked with entirely too much grease.

The men in the prisons all work, of course, but the work is usually at machines and they get no exercise and no fresh air and consequently should be fed strictly on a light diet, if there is to

be any thought of taking care of their health. A man who eats heavy food must get plenty of exercise if he hopes to keep well. The whole system of feeding men in prisons should be thoroughly gone into, and a line of diet prescribed suitable for a man who gets no exercise.

The windows of the penitentiary had not been cleaned for years. In fact, the glass panes had been painted over to keep the men from seeing anything of the outside world. Warden Brown had the paint scraped off the windows, so that the men could see the trees and the flowers from their cells. He got a better crowd of men on the lockout. Conditions began to improve rapidly indeed.

In the meantime we enlarged our subscription list for the Christian Herald, and the influence of the paper on the morals of the men made itself felt. And we all began to work together to help out the warden in his fight for better conditions. The boys read the stories. They read the Sunday school lessons, and other departments of the Christian Herald, which was rapidly becoming the most widely read paper in the penitentiary.

Of course, there was difficulty at first, because my motives in offering even the Christian Herald to some convicts were mistaken. The men had had so much injustice done to them, they had been imposed upon so many times that this new project of mine to them meant simply a cloak for a new form of graft. I argued the matter out with many a prisoner many a time in vain. Then I began to take up the individual cases of the men. I listened to their complaints and if I thought the man was worthy I communicated to the Warden, who would call the man over, have a heart-to-heart talk with him, and make an investigation. Such men were generally removed from contract work, because they stood in danger of bodily harm from the guards, who tried to graft from them.

I was told that the Department of Justice at Washington, D. C., made an investigation of the cruelties at Moundsville about the time I went there, and they moved all the government prisoners to another prison, because they were unable to control the punishment meted out in the Moundsville Prison. After Warden Brown abolished the whipping-post, and other cruelties, the government made a new contract with the State of West Virginia, and there are now probably 100 Federal prisoners in the Moundsville prison.

One very unsanitary arrangement I found in connection with the beds. While they changed the sheets and pillow cases once

a week, the blankets were not changed but once a year. A man, who occupied a cell might have a loathsome disease, and after he was discharged, the new prisoner coming in was given the same blankets. This, I think, was one of the causes of so many men contracting tuberculosis. I called the guards attention to the fact that blankets should be disinfected, but he gave no heed to my suggestions, so the matter was taken up with Warden Brown at the first opportunity, and he immediately ordered all blankets disenfected before they were used by the second person.

While I was in the penitentiary at Moundsville I remember of one occurrence, where a guard reported a deaf and dumb man for swearing. I just point out this case to show how a guard reports a man, just to keep up his record number of reports for the week. A report against a prisoner of any nature is a very serious matter, as it deprives him of all privileges such as writing letters, ordering anything from the outside world and forbidding him to walk in the line on Sundays with the men.

I seen one guard report as many as twenty men in one night for speaking to the man in the next cell. The guard had put on sneak shoes, as you call them with padded soles, and slipped around the cell buildings, like a cat slipping upon a mouse, to catch the men talking to their friend in the nearby cell in order to get a report in against them.

When I first went to the penitentiary the qualifications for a good guard was a man who would report the most prisoners for such offenses as talking from one cell to another; the prisoner was usually hung up or hand-cuffed up to the cell door for from three to five hours, besides this lost all his privileges for thirty days.

One of the most horrifying of the unsanitary conditions I found in the penitentiary was the fact that perhaps one hundred men were suffering with pulmonary tuberculosis who were unable to work, but still were able to walk around, were allowed to expectorate all over the yards, and this tubercula bacilli soon became dry, and was blown all through the institution. I took this matter up with Warden Brown immediately after he arrived there, and he immediately got several barrels of crude oil and had the entire inside pavements of the penitentiary oiled, then thoroughly swept all trash accumulations, and burned them, thereby putting the place in the most sanitary condition. Then each tubercula sufferer was forced to use a sanitary cup.

All the prisons have a large number with tuberculosis and are neglected as in this case, so I have been told. State authorities should look into such matters.

Columbus Belcher a lifer, kept his cell scrupulously clean. The fact is known by every guard and prisoner in the penitentiary. One guard, who disliked Belcher, decided that he would get a report against him, and get him punished. He had some large cards printed to put in the cells of prisoners who kept their cells in a unsanitary condition. One day he put one of these cards in Belcher's cell. That night, of course, when Belcher found the card in his cell, knowing that his cell was clean, just thought it had been put in by mistake, so he threw it out. The next day the guard told me that he was going to report him for throwing the card away. It was the custom to leave the card in the cell. Of course, Belcher knew nothing of this, as his cell was always clean. Naturally he would throw the card out, as he just thought the card had ben put in by mistake.

The guard informed me that he was going to report Belcher, and have him punished for throwing the card away. I defied him to do it. He threatened to report me, and I dared him to do that, because I knew that Warden Brown would not stand for the injustice he was preparing to do Belcher. I repeat this case to show the great injustice the pinhead guards would do helpless prisoners.

One of the cruelest things I experienced while in the penitentiary was the attitude of the prison physician toward the men. It just seemed that the doctor was determined to keep a man at work that was on the contract, regardless of his physical condition. I have seen the doctor drive 15 or 20 men to work a day, when they claimed they were sick and felt unable to work, but their words didn't go. The doctor would take their temperature with a themometer, and unless they had a considerable elevated temperature he would send them to work. I know from my own personal experience, that a man can be really sick and too sick to work or eat, when his temperature is absolutely normal. I have seen the doctor in the Moundsville prison make men get out of bed, and I knew of my own personal knowledge the man was too sick to work, and literally be driven to work with the threats of the whipping post. In many such cases I have seen the men linger along and do the best they could with the work, and finally take down and be taken to the hospital and die in a few days. I suppose it wasn't altogether the doctor's fault, because I have been told that the State Board of Control gave him to understand

that every man must work if he expected to hold his job. It was up to him to keep them at work, sick or well, in other words work or die.

I have seen the guards as cruel as they were to the men, go and make personal appeals to the physician, stating for their reason, that the men had always been faithful workers for years and had never complained and in the face of this, I have seen the doctor fail to excuse them. And then the guard would make an appeal to the warden, and of course the warden always excused a man, who claimed he was sick, when a case was brought to his attention.

It was necessary sometimes to work through others in order to bring a recalcitrant prisoner to the state of mind where he could appreciate the good the Christian Herald could do him. I remember one instance in particular. There was a negro named Sam Vineyard, who had been sent to the penitentiary for life. One day I went to Sam's cell and told him I wanted him to take the Christian Herald. He cursed me, saying: "You're another one of those grafters who have been walking these tiers grafting off us prisoners."

I knew what he referred to. It had been the custom for the trusties to go among the men and collect money for a better parole system, with the understanding that the money was to be used to test out certain cases of prisoners which had been brought to the courts for adjustment. Of course, the money was never used for such a purpose, but was divided among the officers. Warden Brown had stopped this soliciting as soon as I told him about it, issuing an order that no money was to be solicited from any prisoner except by special permission from him. But Sam Vineyard did not know this. He told me to get away from his cell, and offered to run a knife into me the next day if I bothered him any further about it.

The graft system was very much alive in every department of the prison, even in the clerks' office one had to pay the go-between convict. I paid $2.00 to have a list of subscribers for the Christian Herald from among the prisoners, transferred before the money could be forwarded.

I went to the guard of his section and asked him to talk to Sam and tell him that I was not a grafter, and that I simply wanted to do what I could to help the prisoners. He did so, and in a few days Sam Vineyard, marching in line past the telephone exchange, asked me to come up to his cell that night to see him. I did so, and he said, "I'm sorry I talked to you the way I did.

I have been imposed upon so much that I thought you were one of those grafters. Now what about this Christian Herald?'' I told him I was not making anything out of it, but was turning over all commissions to help poor prisoners. I went down and got copies of the letters which had been written to me, showed them to him and convinced him that I was on the square. So Sam agreed to take the Christian Herald, and he is one of the most enthusiastic Christian Herald subscribers in the penitentiary today. He will probably remain in the prison as long as he lives.

Hiram Reilly was another negro ''Lifer.'' He had been in the penitentiary twelve years. He was rated as one of the most unmanageable men there. One day I expressed my determination to get Hiram Reilly to take the Christian Herald. The captain of the guard heard my remark and laughed, saying, ''If you can get Hiram Reilly to subscribe to the Christian Herald I'll buy two subscriptions myself.'' I took him up. And that night I went to see Hiram Reilly. Walking up to his cell, I said: ''Hello Hiram.'' He answered: ''How comes you so familiar with me?'' I replied: ''I call you to police court enough to know what your name is.'' I went on and told him about the Christian Herald ,and how I wanted him to subscribe for it. Instead of getting angry with me as I expected, he said: ''You're the fellow that was talking to Sam Vineyard?'' I said, ''Yes.'' He replied, ''He tells me it's a pretty good paper. I'll just take it.'' I was a little bit surprised, but I replied, ''Fine, Hiram. You and I are going to be friends from now on. I'm an old hardened sinner, just as you are, and have a pretty stiff sentence before me; but I have some influence and if you will help me we will all join together and live as good as the people outside. Quit scrapping with these officers and step down at the office any time you want to talk with me.''

He braced up, showed his teeth in an old-time smile and I went away with his subscription signed up. I showed his handwriting to the captain of the guard, who recognized it. The captain was as good as his word. He became a subscriber to the Christian Herald, and sent an additional subscription to his sweetheart. That was one result. The other was that Hiram Reilly got out of wearing stripes, and has never had them on since! He is wearing first-grade clothes; he belongs to the Bible class and the choir; he is on the lock-out and he has today as many privileges as I had when I was in the penitentiary! Yet he had been one of the worst men in the jail!

After awhile everybody wanted to be an agent. It seemed as though every man in the penitentiary was telling every other man that he ought to take the Christian Herald. Every man who had the money to subscribe wanted to send the paper home to his mother or his sister or his wife. The warden permitted them to do this. Men strove to make overtime so that they could earn money enough to subscribe and have the paper sent to friends on the outside.

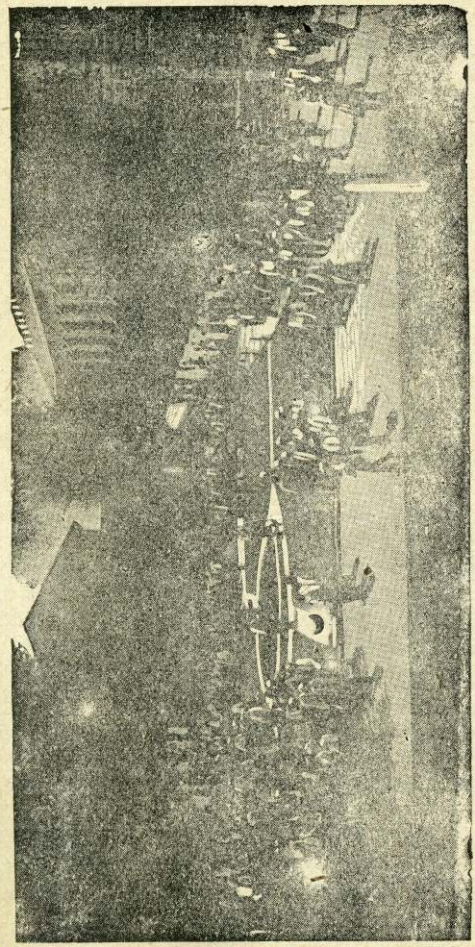
The Author at the end of his third year in prison.

Then some of the men talked of forming a Sunday school class. They asked the warden to discuss it with them and he became enthusiastic, attended the services himself and induced a prominent church worker outside to come in and act as superintendent. There is now a Sunday school class in the penitentiary of over 400.

This Bible class had its beginning in a tragedy. There was to be a hanging and eight or ten life-time prisoners were singing and holding services for the man who was to be executed. During these services three or four of the boys were actually converted. They sang and prayed there for three or four nights. The man to be hanged was converted and was baptized. And when he walked up to the scaffold, he met his fate in such a way that it made a deep impression on the men.

There had been a special lock-out for those men so that they might hold the services. After the man was hanged, they asked that this special lock-out be continued so that they could have additional services. They went to the chapel, studied their Bible

and Sunday school lessons. They had a special room in the chapel where they were permitted to go without an officer and hold services, and these services have been continued.



THE SPECIAL LOCK-OUT.

The story "Pollyanna" was read with a great deal of interest by the men who were to be executed. I saved several sets of it so I could give a man a complete one. He would read it and return it so some other fellow could read it. One fellow played

the "glad game" even on the scaffold. It had a wonderful effect on the boys. I remember one man by the name of Frank Stevenson who read the final chapter in the "Pollyanna" story the day he was executed. There was no holding them once they got the habit of reading the paper. If the Christian Herald arrived late they would almost mob me. "You're the Christian Herald man" they would say, "and it's up to you to get me one."

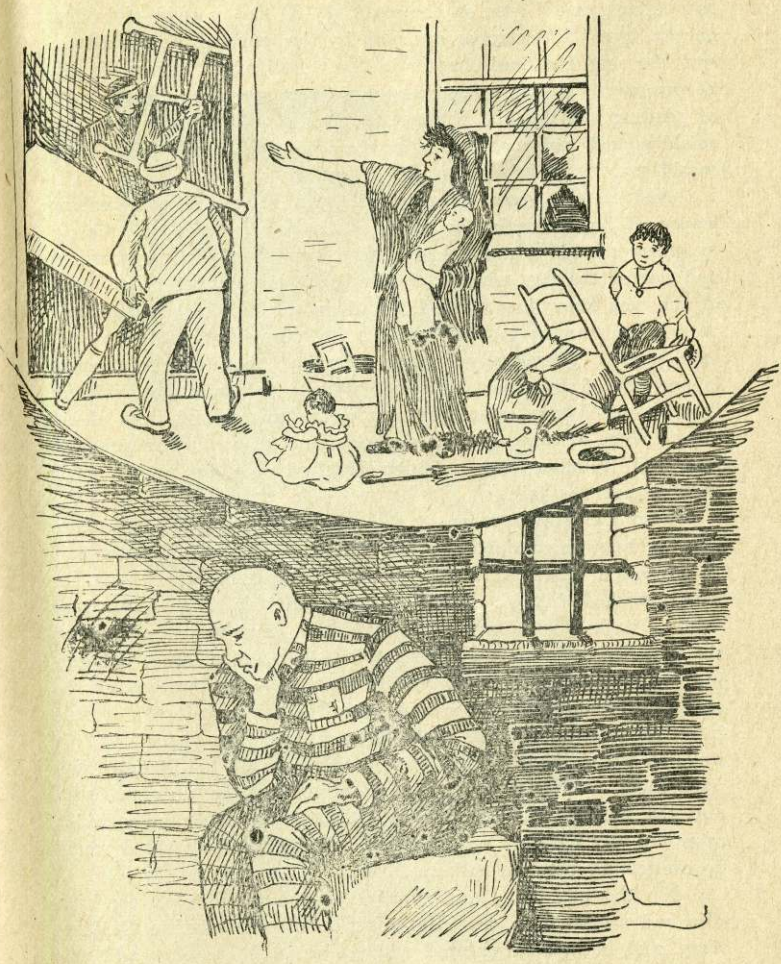
And so the years dragged on, with a gradually increasing leaven of happiness in the midst of the misery that was the atmosphere of the prison. And slowly, ever so slowly, came nearer and nearer the day when I was to leave the penitentiary. Most of the men knew just when I would go out, for such matters are of a large moment to those behind the prison walls. And as the days passed, I presently became aware of another misery which is engendered by prison life, not within the walls, but without. One by one I was approached by convicts, some of them short-timers, some of them life-timers, asking me to use my influence to help their families who had been deprived of their support when they entered the jail.

Thus was revealed one of the great injustices of our modern penal system unavoidable, no doubt, but crushing in its effects.

When a man enters upon a term in prison, not only is the man punished, but his family, by that very fact, is punished as well. I talked with men who, separated from their families by the law, had no idea how these families were being supported during their incarceration. A prison sentence sometimes means the complete breaking up of a household. Children scattered or sent into institutions; women compelled to labor for their bread in ways to which they had not been used to before the disgrace fell upon them. "Won't you try to do something for the old woman and the kids?" was the burden of many an importunity which came my way before I was released. And I resolved that I would do everything possible to help them.

My thought then, was simply for the families of the men who had appealed to me. But after I left Moundsville Penitentiary, and became acquainted with instances of poverty and privation endured day after day by poor women and children whose husbands and fathers were wearing prison stripes, I found an opportunity to continue in my small way the work which had begun behind prison walls.

When I left Moundsville, I found that the friends who had said "Good-by" to me so sorrowful years before were waiting to greet me, quite as joyously. Of course, my story was the topic



A Prisoners family being put out of their home.

of the day in Huntington, and I had many offers to go into business in one way or another. It seemed, however, as though the routine of the prison and the misery that I had encountered there had erased all desire for commercial preferment. I suppose it was

because I had had a taste of the joy of helping one's fellow man, and I wanted to continue the work if possible. The idea of doing something for the destitute wives and families of men incarcerated in the penitentiaries took strong possession of me. I became enthusiastic over it, and as enthusiasm is usually contagious, it was not long before I had a number of offers from friends who desired to work with me. We formed ourselves into a little band of willing workers, and from this nucleus grew the Prisoners' Relief Society of today. What that Society is doing has been partly told in the Christian Herald. Suffice it to say that we have succeeded in lifting some of the burden of misery from wives and children of convicts in a number of prisons throughout the country, and shall continue to do so to the utmost of our ability.

It has been said that no calamity ever happened to man that did not form part of the making or bringing about of some ultimate good. And so, if we have been successful in sending a little happiness into the lives of those poor creatures, then perhaps the misery I passed through in Moundsville Penitentiary was not endured in vain after all.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—*The Prisoners' Relief Society was organized in June, 1914, and duly incorporated under the laws of the state of West Virginia. It has the endorsement of the local Huntington papers, such as the Huntington Advertiser the Huntington Herald-Dispatch, etc., the editors of which have first-hand knowledge of the work the society is doing. It also has the endorsement of the Ministerial Association of Huntington, W. Va., which association, in a series of resolutions, Resolved: "That we, the Ministerial Association of Huntington, W. Va., do heartily endorse the Prisoners' Relief Society and pledge our influence to its advancement."*

The Christian Herald has received letters commending Mr. Dudding and his work from the following:

Warden M. L. Brown, under whose auspices the penitentiary at Moundsville underwent so much moral and physical improvement; John S. Marcum, who was employed by the relatives of his uncle to prosecute Dudding; Jean F. Smith, the state's attorney, who prosecuted him; Judge John T. Graham, who defended him at the trial; R. S. Douthat, court stenographer at the trial; Dr. C. N. Crouch, who attended his injuries after the fight with his uncle; Floyd S. Chapman, mayor of Huntington; P. C. Buffington, sheriff of the county in which he was convicted, and others.

The Prisoners' Relief Society has received some contributions

for its work and has aided a number of worthy but destitute families of prisoners. Its work is not confined to the prisons at Moundsville, but is being gradually extended with the idea of covering the whole country.

One instance of the good this society is doing is contained in the story of Indian Joe, which was printed in the Huntington Advertiser of November 6, and upon which are based the following facts: The clipping was sent us by Indian Joe himself.

* * *

Joe Johnson a full-blooded Mohawk Indian, was convicted on circumstantial evidence of the murder of a miner and sentenced to eighteen years in the Moundsville penitentiary. He protested his innocence from first to last.

"E. E. Dudding, while in the Moundsville Penitentiary, one day chanced to be passing 'Indian Joe's' cell. Mr. Dudding stopped when he saw the prisoner seated on his cot with his face buried in his hands down between his knees. It was apparent the prisoner was despondent. Thinking he might speak a few words of encouragement, he attracted the Indian's attention by saying, 'What's the matter, old scout?' The Indian raised his head, revealing a countenance only betraying gloom and melancholy. 'I am feeling blue this evening,' replied 'Indian Joe' in the purest of English.

"Mr. Dudding further questioned him and heard an interesting story. The Indian told him of the crime with which he had been charged. He said he should not be in prison because he had committed no crime and was convicted on a weak chain of circumstantial evidence.

"Mr. Dudding's sympathetic nature was touched and in his desire to do some act that might drive away the man's despondency he pulled from his pocket a Christian Herald. Asking the Indian if he could read and receiving a reply in the affirmative, he handed through the bars the magazine.

"The incident had about slipped his memory until one day he was passing down the corridor and an arm shot through the bars and his coat sleeve was grasped. It was the Indian stopping him.

"Greeting 'Indian Joe' the latter asked, 'How much does that magazine cost? 'Dudding told him and the Indian's name went into the offices of the magazine as a subscriber.

"Six months later Mr. Dudding passed the cell and 'Indian Joe' stopped him. This time he wanted him to explain a sub-

scription offer on the back of the magazine. The offer consisted of the magazine for one year and a copy of 'Pictorial Life of Christ.' He told Mr. Dudding he wanted to take advantage of the offer.

"The magazine he read from month to month, but the book was the greatest blessing to befall him. He avers it was largely responsible for his privilege of walking the streets of Huntington today a free man.

"Blanchard Hiatt, a banker of Moundsville, and son of Rev. A. J. Hiatt, formerly pastor of the First M. E. Church of this city, was choir director in the prison. He was greatly admired by the Indian.

"Joe gave the book to Mr. Hiatt as a Christmas present. The banker knew the Indian, but the gift caused him to take deeper interest in his condition. He learned the facts of the charge on which he was convicted and sent to prison. So frank and earnest was the Indian in his protests of innocence, Hiatt soon came to believe he was being unjustly punished. He took the matter up with the pardon attorney. The latter stated there was a doubt in his mind as to the guilt of the man.

"After further consideration of the case, pardon officials and the prison warden became convinced that the Indian was being unjustly confined. A pardon came more than a month and a half ago.

"The Indian does not know whether to place the responsibility for his freedom on Mr. Dudding, the Christian Herald, the 'Pictorial Life of Christ' or Blanchard Hiatt. He feels that all contributed and expresses his gratitude to them.

"'Indian Joe', after leaving the prison, went to Clarksburg to enter the mines. Having no friends in that city, and knowing Mr. Dudding was at the head of a society which has as one of its aims helping ex-prisoners to 'come back,' he sought assistance from his former friend of convict days. Mr. Dudding assured him he would secure him a position in Huntington, and did."

BY ONE OF THE OFFICE FORCE

The following article gives a brief synopsis of the life of the Society formed by Mr. Dudding after his release from prison, and a very interesting article concerning his preparation to leave prison, and a brief history of what his friends have done for him and his family whilst he was in prison.

The first two weeks after the Society was organized were spent securing an office and arranging for stationery and office supplies. This having been done, the Society was ready to look the world in the face and ask for donations to alleviate the sufferings of hundreds of families, whose breadwinners were in prison. G. C. Sullivan made the first donation to the Society, the second contribution came in a few hours later on the same day from James A. Garner. These donations gave encouragement to the officers and they planned to give assistance to the first worthy family.

Accordingly on the first day of July, 1914, the first check was mailed from the office of the Prisoners' Relief Society, to go on its way carrying in its train the comfort and encouragement that a contribution of its size was to give.

Funds came in slowly and in small amounts at first. The directors soon became discouraged and they told Mr. Dudding that he would never make it go. They positively discouraged him, and assured him that he could not finance such an organization. They told him his proposition was a splendid one from a humanitarian view, but from the stand point of money he could not possibly succeed.

Undaunted by such discouragements, and especially from those, who ought to have been his most loyal supporters, he did not give up. In proof of this statement he mortgaged his home, that the Society might continue to exist, and he has worked incessantly from the very beginning to this hour, and he has not received one penny for the services rendered. Not only is this true, but sacrifices that cannot be shown in cold type have been made by Mr. Dudding, that the organization might live.

The directors of the Society have not been alone among the discouraging ones of this movement. Mr. Dudding's own wife prevailed on him to give up this work, perhaps getting her inspirations from the directors, she pointed out to him the fact that he had had several splendid propositions from reliable concerns, any of which would have been a paying proposition from the very start. His income would have been sufficient for all demands made upon him. Mr. Dudding looked farther than the material side, and there were burning within him flames of undying ambition for the work he had chosen for life. The thought of being of assistance socially and materially to those upon whom the cold world had frowned, was the one desire uppermost in his life. To the realization of that great desire he had set himself with all his hopes and ambitions to succeed in the work he had begun.

A FAMILY THAT HAS BEEN HELPED.

After all those discouragements he desired to launch a public meeting for the City of Huntington, to make plans and purposes of the organization known.

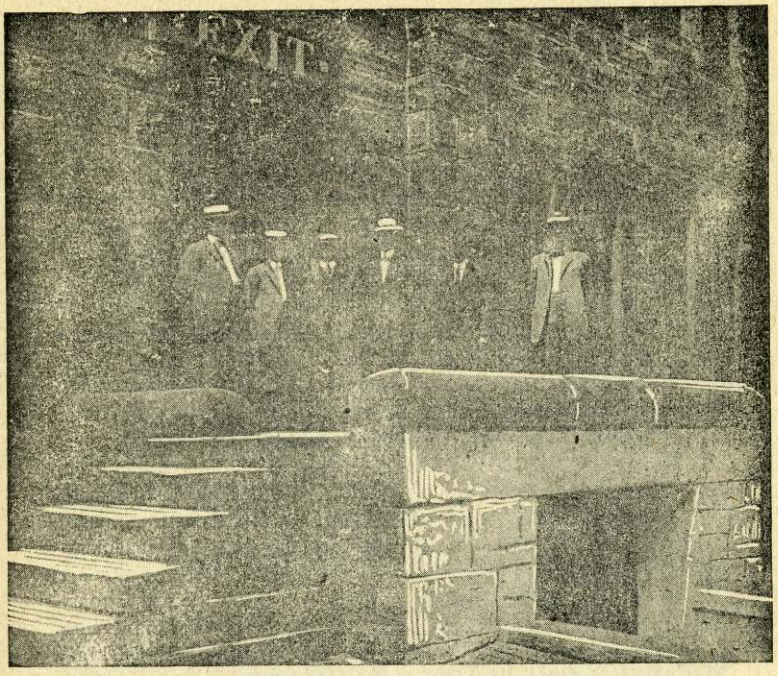
Only a dozen or so were found in the audience of this meeting, and even the directors did not turn out, but notwithstanding the small crowd and the direct slap at the movement, Mr. Dudding was not dazed at that, but went on with the fight. After the public meeting was a failure, the directors and officers of the Society began to get a little luke warm and absolutely stopped attending the meetings of the Board. Different ones continued to say, "You cannot finance this proposition."

Money was still coming in slowly, and Mr. Dudding saw fit to place a second mortgage on his home to keep the Society together, and furnish aid for a few families. His ambition was to make good and under such a strain he preceeded to make the mortgage. After this was accomplished, Mr. Dudding decided to get a committee, consisting of three of the loyal directors and two representative citizens of the city of Huntington to go to Moundsville and make an investigation of the conditions of prison life, and to talk with the prisoners concerning the condition of their families.

Upon return of the committee they announced that after a thorough investigation, that there was great need for Mr. Dudding's organization, the Prisoners' Relief Society. Where upon the newspapers of Huntington began to take an active interest in the operations of the Society, citizens of Huntington became more deeply interested, after hearing the report of the committee, and it may be said that this visit by this committee to the Moundsville penitentiary was the turning point in the life of this great organization.

One peculiar incident connected with the visit of this committee to Moundsville is the fact that Mr. Dudding, himself, was one of the committee, who went back to the institution, where six months before he was a prisoner. He, with the committee was cheerfully received by his former convict friends, and was entertained by the Warden with the rest of the committee.

After the publicity which came from the newspaper articles of Huntington and other newspapers of the state, citizens became deeply interested. Men and women began to come to the office and inquire concerning the inner workings of the Prisoners' Relief Society. Appeals for help began to pour in from everywhere. Stacks of letters came in every morning.



THE COMMITTEE INSIDE OF THE PRISON.

There was one serious difficulty in our way, however. There were so many more appeals than we could possibly answer in a financial way. Our hearts were big enough and our sympathies went out, but the exchange was not on deposit. Up to this time the churches of our city had not seemed to feel very kindly toward the movement. Two or three pastors had been graciously kind to Mr. Dudding, and he appreciates and loves their friendship to this day, and will carry the memory of it to his grave. By this time Carson, Pirie, Scott & Company, an old firm in Chicago, with which Mr. Dudding worked before his incarceration, came to his rescue and sent a splendid donation. They not only made their own personal contribution, but they were instrumental in having other firms of their great city do likewise.

Upon receipt of those gifts they were published in our city papers, then others began to inquire, many of whom had not been

at all interested previously. All of these interesting things began to call attention to the Society from bordering states. Other newspapers outside of West Virginia began to publish stories, and from one newspaper office to another the flames went like wildfire, until finally they were reported in the Chicago and New York papers, and by several great religious journals.

Such publicity finally gave us an open door to many heretofore closed hearts. Success seemed to be written above the doors of our office. Contributions began to come in, more appeals were being aided from the office, and as time went on the Society grew in favor with the people. More help was needed to conduct the affairs of the Society, where upon some friends suggested that a local minister, who had some spare time, be enlisted in the cause. Finally, through the efforts of some friends, Rev. J. R. Glenn, pastor of the Westmoreland Christian Church, was induced to spend his spare time doing missionary work for the Society.

The labors connected with the Prisoners' Relief Society began to grow, more literature was being sent out and the Society decided that more men would be necessary to assist with the work of raising funds. Therefore, it was decided, after due consideration to employ, Mr. W. A. Karnes, a man who had served a short sentence in the West Virginia penitentiary for a minor offense against the Federal Statute. Mr. Karnes had lost his health while in prison and was unable to do much work of any kind, whereupon he made application to the Society for assistance, and it was finally decided by the manager that Mr. Karnes was anxious to do right, and he was employed by the Society. His work has been successful for the Society. He has been converted and joined the Baptist Church of Huntington, and is now one of their earnest members. We reproduce a letter written to the Christian Herald by Mr. Karnes himself.

HUNTINGTON, W. VA.
Nov. 1, 1914.

CHRISTIAN HERALD,
New York City, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS:—

I was sent to the penitentiary at Moundsville and served my time. When I was released, I was not able to work, the confinement broke me down. I was advised to see the Prisoners' Relief Society, which I did. They furnished me employment and gave me a chance. I was

discouraged beyond measure. The fact is I was desperate, and it is hard to tell what would have happened if they had not have helped me. I was for years a baggage man on a Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad before the evil spirit tempted me and I did wrong. I have gone back to Christ and the Church, all because of the helping hand of the Prisoners' Relief Society. They are doing a great work and I hope that God may spare me that I may help them with their work of benevolence.

I want to thank every member of the Christian Herald organization for the great work you are doing through the Society which helped me back to manhood.

"Yours truly,

"W. A. KARNES."

"A man can dodge the right kind of preaching by staying away from it but he cannot dodge the right kind of practice that way. It will come to him."

In the course of time the Society sent Rev. Glenn to Moundsville to deliver an address before the inmates of that institution. He found the prison in a good sanitary condition and the men incarcerated there were being encouraged day after day on account of the splendid conditions under which they lived. On Sunday morning when Mr. Glenn made his address, practically the entire population of the prison attended the meeting. Mr. Glenn has not been so deeply moved in his experience of the fifteen years in the ministry, as he was that day with the attitude of the prisoners toward him. They were eager to hear his message and were earnest in receiving it. Strong able-bodied men wept like children when they heard the story as told by Mr. Glenn of the work the Prisoners' Relief Society is doing for the families of men incarcerated in the different prisons throughout the United States. The Warden of the penitentiary was so moved that his heart was turned toward our work and upon the first day of this new year we received a splendid donation from him.

After Mr. Glenn's address at Moundsville was published in the papers of the state, scores of men and women became interested in the Prisoners' Relief Society, who had never given it a thought previous to this lecture. Men, who have money were touched to the heart when they heard his recital of that great meeting in the Moundsville penitentiary. It seemed from that time on, business men were willing to give us checks and to in-

vite us back to get others, and since all these things have transpired we are forced to believe that God is looking down from His throne on high, and through us will answer the cries of thousands of his destitute children.

On the following pages Rev. Glenn gives a recital of the beginning of his work with the Prisoners' Relief Society, with his association with the founder of the organization, and of the conversations that have transpired between them, and several paragraphs of personal statements from Mr. Glenn, which is as follows:

Early in October, 1914, a friend stopped at my office for a friendly chat. In the course of our conversation he inquired if I knew anything about the Prisoners' Relief Society. I told him I knew but little, and made further inquiries of him concerning the organization to which he referred. He said, "They are looking for a man to represent them and I believe you are the right man to do the class of work that the Society wants done." He urged me to go to the office of the Society. Again he came to my office on another occasion and insisted, and finally I agreed to go.

A few days later I went to the office and had a lengthy conversation with Mr. Dudding, covering three hours. He told me the advantage of the work in which he was engaged, as he conceived it, and then put before me his vision for the work and his plans. He urged upon me the importance of taking upon myself the duties of an educational and missionary campaign for the work of the Prisoners' Relief Society. I could not for the life of me make up my mind just what to do. I sought the advice of friends for heretofore I had not had the slightest idea that I would ever be engaged in any work of this kind. It had never appealed to me prior to the interview of that afternoon. I had never read a story of any man "Beating Back" nor had I been interested in reading books which had been published upon such subjects. The personal touch with Mr. Dudding, the unmistakable earnestness and absolute frankness upon his part in relating his story to me of how the families of prisoners were suffering, gave me a new vision of the great subject under discussion. His recital in an extremely dramatic manner of the life of a prisoner, showing the mental anguish borne as he considered his loved ones at home, set my thinking power in an entirely new channel. After several days, considering seriously and prayerfully the story propounded to me, I decided to undertake the work in connection with my pastorate.

After becoming affiliated with the organization and being in the office I had the privilege of listening to the story of the broad experiences Mr. Dudding had in the penitentiary.

In the following article it is my purpose to show that the treatment acorded Mr. Dudding by his host of friends has been vastly different from that of any man who has gone through a prison experience. The whole story shows that after all this old world has not had all the milk of human kindness wrung out of it. The idea has been prevalent for hundreds of years, that when a man commits a wrong, was tried and sentenced to serve time in a penal institution that he really deserved the cold shoulder of this world. The fact as revealed to me from him and which causes me to change my views concerning those who have served time in a prison, will, I hope, prove to you that our attitude must be undoubtedly changed. It has been necessary for me to copy several articles written by Mr. Dudding in order to bring the story of his life before you as I desire.

The story I am relating has touched my own life and I beg to inform you that I am giving the experiences I have had with our manager since last October. In the meantime let it be said that no man, at least in recent years, has been incarcerated in any institution, whose friends have been more loyal in the time of dire need than the friends of Earl E. Dudding have been to him. I want it understood that the story, as you are reading it, has been given to me, from time to time by Mr. Dudding, as we have had a few spare moments from the busy life we both lead here in the office. These experiencs have come absolutely through life and blood. The actual facts can be gotten by any one who cares to investigate, by coming to the offices of the Prisoners' Relief Society, where our Mr. Dudding will be only too glad, not only to give facts and figures, but names. I propose to give a number of instances which transpired in the life of Mr. Dudding just as they come to me now, one for instance is as follows:

"I hadn't been in the penitentiary a great while until I received a letter from my wife, stating that she was hard pressed for some cash, and knowing that I had always been a good financier, she relied upon me to figure out some way of securing the funds to relieve the pressure. The letter brought more mental anguish than my wife ever had knowledge. The very fact there was a cause existing in my family, which necessitated such a letter from my wife, it seems to me will be sufficient to convince any man that I was enduring the most extreme mental suffering. I didn't know what to do. I was confined within the walls of

my state institution with my wife's tenderest appeal. I determined to talk the matter over with my warden, which I did. I secured his permission to write to a number of business men in Huntington. Among them were H. B. Hagan, Col. D. E. Abbott, F. L. Doolittle, J. C. Carter, B. L. Priddie, J. M. McCoach, C. M. Love, J. B. Stephenson, Edmund Fry, James A. Garner, F. B. Enslow, Dr. Buffington, J. W. Koontz, W D. Keister and men all over this state, whose names I cannot recall at this moment. I asked each of them to make me a loan of $10.00 to help my family through the winter until I was released from prison. As I recall it, every man that I called upon for aid responded and sent the money directly to my wife. Some of them sent $20.00 instead of the $10.00 for which I asked. Messrs. Hagan-Ratcliff & Company even went further than any of them and sent a wagon load of provisions, which lasted my family for several months.''

''Upon another occasion my wife wrote another letter in which she stated that there were some few pressing obligations which must be met at an early date. I again put my thinking cap in to business and studied who would be the best among all my acquaintances to call upon at this time. Finally I decided to write to Mr. A. W. Werninger. I told him that my wife would like to borrow $20.00 from him to tide her over an extremely close place. He immediately wrote me that my request had been complied with. and that he had called to see my wife, and had supplied her with the needed cash. He further stated in the same communication that it would be a great pleasure to him to pay over to my wife the sum of $10.00 per month during all of the rest of the time I was incarcerated, and that he would be willing to wait until I was released from prison and was in such a condition financially that would justify the return of his money. He wrote me he would make no charge of the account, and if I never paid him there would be no hard feelings upon his part, that he would feel that he had done his duty as he saw it. Upon the receipt of the letter I folded my face in my hands and asked myself, ''Would I do that if the other man were here, and I there?'' The answer came to me ''No.''

The recital then of his story is to show that others have done for his what he would not have felt like doing for them and theirs. If I told you no more, what I have said would be sufficient evidence that his friends have been most loyal to him, but I desire to recite the story of another letter from the same Mr. Werninger.

''One day I received a letter from him enclosing me his check for $5.00. The letter was short and simply stated, ''I thought you might perhaps be in need of something, and therefore I am sending the money to buy some personal necessities.'' This letter reached me just before the great flood of 1913. I thought of the enormous suffering that would be endured throughout the Ohio Valley. I thought of thousands who would be suffering for want of bread, clothing and shelter. Realizing fully that Huntington would be no doubt covered with water, and knowing the needs of our own people at such a time, the first thought I had was of my wife and children. I immediately addressed a letter to my wife and enclosed her the check, which was sent me by Mr. Werninger. Kind reader, I could have used the check to get necessities for myself, but preferred to send the check home as above stated. The letter carrying the check was delivered by the mail man to my wife just as the water was entering the house. She hadn't a cent of money and was unable to hire a tranfesr wagon to move any of the household furniture to higher quarters. Catch a glimpse, if you will. of the anguish of a mother's heart in her home and her loved ones, as one of our spring floods finds its way into her rooms. Creeping slowly, inch by inch, up the chairs and pictures and promises to submerge all in the building. This within itself would be nerve wrecking and soul stirring, but the misery and anxiety brought about by the fact that the father, husband and breadwinner is not here, but confined within prison walls and will have no idea how that mother felt as she undertook by the help of the children to raise the piano upon boxes and chairs to save it from loss by water. Upon receiving the letter, my wife immediately telephoned the Union Transfer Company and asked if they would come and move the piano to higher quarters, and if so, what would they charge? The answer was, we will move the piano for $5.00. The Transfer Company came just in the nick of time, for it was ten o'clock at night when the piano was moved and the next morning my house had five feet of water in it.''

It would be hard to imagine that Mr. Werninger had any idea when he sent the check for $5.00 what that check was calculated to do before it was returned to him, endorsed and paid. In the meantime, suffice it to say, that that $5.00 donation saved a $400.00 piano from total loss. This is cited as one of the concrete examples of the vast importance attached to the doing of the smallest deed of kindness, especially that deed which is done unselfishly and in the name and for the sake of humanity. No

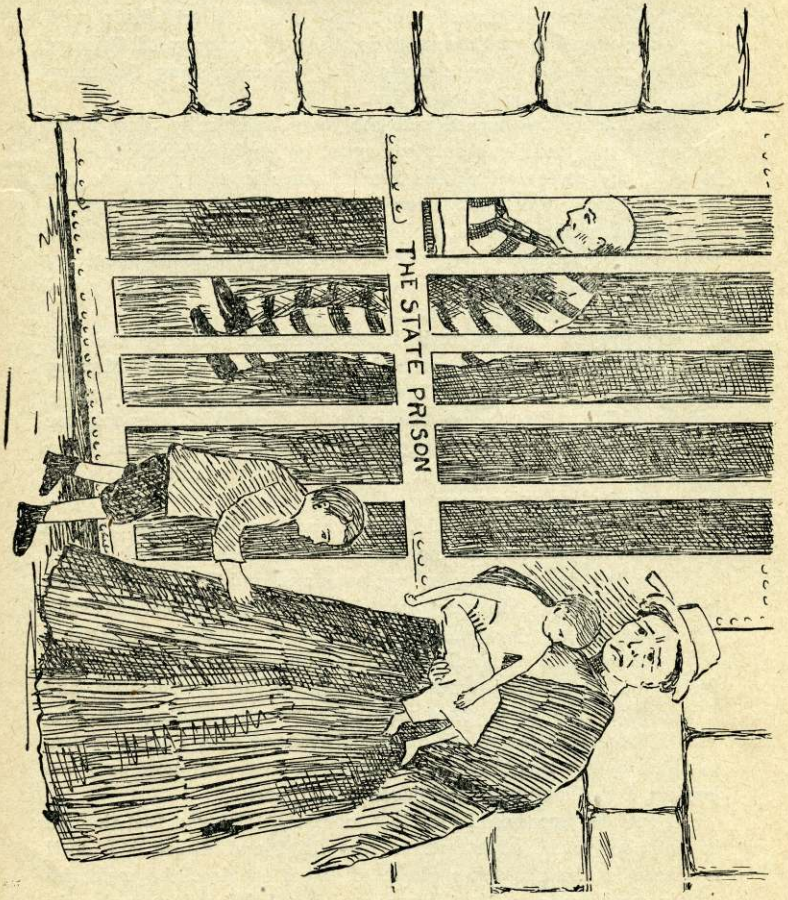
doubt hundreds of men throughout this great country of ours are doing similar things every day, without even a thought of the return in golden dividends, if not to themselves, to some of their fellow men some where.

As I recall other conversations we have had, we talked one day about the slow moving hours. Time seemed to drag in the penitentiary, and while there was nothing else to think of, the mind of the inmate had one great train of thought following another, bringing up memories of loved ones, neighbors and friends. Many air castles were built, while those thoughts were coming and going, and many hopes were built for the friends on the outside, who had been so loyal.

The one thing that appeals to me possibly more than any other is the story of the preparation to come home. When Mr. Dudding's sentence had been almost served, his thoughts began of course to turn homeward in a new way. They had been in that direction throughout the years, but in a peculiar sense, now he is living in the evening of the last day, the morning is soon to come. The idea what to do was uppermost. There came the thought, "I will write home to a number of my friends and ask, shall I come to Huntington or go elsewhere to spend the remainder of my life? By the consent of the warden I wrote the letters to a hundred friends in Huntington." After the letters had gone out and time for replies had rolled around, about eighty-eight of the hundred answered the question, and with but two exceptions, the answers all said come to Huntington by all means. It seems from such assurances from so many, there should be no doubt that Huntington expected to give him a warm welcome back home.

Accordingly, when the time had arrived, Mr. Dudding returned to Huntington and vast numbers of his friends have given him the glad hand and a word of cheer, and have bidden him God-speed in this great work. One can hardly read this story without realizing the truth of the statement made above. It is a clear demonstration of the truth of our appeal, namely, that society must change its attitude toward the man who has been released from prison. I mean by change, that we must treat him as the hundreds have treated Mr. Dudding, which is an unusual demonstration of human kindness, when contrasted with the treatment men have received in the years that have gone. It is a fact that Mr. Dudding himself is willing to state and in fact has stated, that his friends could not have been more loyal to him under any circumstances or conditions. It has done more to

strengthen our manager in the work that is nearer his heart than possibly every other influence in the world. He has not only had financial and social help of feiends, but there have been those who have helped him wonderfully in a spiritual way, one in particular we rejoice to mention to you, as Mr. Dudding himself writes.



"Samp Roberts bought the first bill of dry goods I sold when I started on the road for the Barlow-Henderson Company. He gave me a great leverage with all the trade in this section, as he was rated as a first class buyer. He proved to be one of my best customers while I was with the Huntington firm. When I left the old firm in Huntington I had taken his friendship with me to the new firm of Carson, Pirie, Scott & Company of Chicago, and he gave me a large share of his business during the many years I was with the Chicago firm.

Our friendship warmed with the years, and finally when I met a reverse and trouble crossed my path, he was one of the first to come to my rescue. He used his influence in every way to aid me; was among the first to sign my bond, and worked incessantly to secure a pardon for me, while I was in prison. He would send me a postal card most every week; was always anxious about my needs; sent me money regularly of his own free will, and aided my family more than his share.

He prayed to live until I was released. Finally the day came for my release. I arrived home Saturday, and Monday morning on the first train I went to his bedside where he lay stricken. We talked of all the years of friendship. He told me that his affairs were in good shape to leave. We talked three hours and soon after I left, he went into a stupor and never again fully regained consciousness.

During our talk he said, from his own knowledge that he wanted to recommend to me the Christian religion, and stated, "I have felt its pleasures in my last days, and I want to recommend it to all." He went on with his conversation and said, "I remember how we trudged to church in the country, through fair weather and foul; I remember the old home, where with father and mother, we knelt in prayer; all this I remember, and I remember the deeds of sympathy performed during my life. Also I remember the words of encouragement that I have spoken to those of my neighbors and friends in need and now as I am leaving, I am holding to the deeds for support."

I said to him there in his last moments, "So you feel that all is well, do you?" His answer was brief and direct, "I do." So there in the gathering gloom of life's evening, the memories of his good deeds to his fellow man, was helping him make the separation easy. As he lay there in his last moments, I could see the light of happy memories upon his face. His life had been

"Left unprotected to the mercy of a cold uncharitable world."
Judge John T. Graham.

such that he did not recall those words and deeds toward his fellow man, calculated to make one cringe and cower, with a recalling memory which would make his last days a hell.

He said, just before he bid good-bye for the last time, "I am glad that you are going into this business of helping others, it is the greatest comfort that I have had in my last days." He says, "Be content to be a small lamp in the world, but be sure you shine by helping your felow man, it will prove the greatest blessing to your life as it has to mine."

His high faculties of vision, coupled with the tender instincts of charity toward his fellow man, never reached its full height; it was growing when he was called away, and I feel that when the records are consulted on the last day, that the notes thereon will be safely put away for eternal use, as testimony in favor of his large and lofty spirit."

I desire to reproduce here a letter, which was received by Mr. Dudding from one of his friends, while he was in prison. The letter explains itself.

"DEAR FRIEND DUDDING:—

I received your letter with respect to you returning to Huntington when released from the penitentiary. I had a conversation with your wife recently about this matter, and I agreed with her at that time that it was better in every way for you to come back to Huntington, and I feel this is true. I can think of no good reason why any one should be your enemy. most of us think you were unjustly convicted, that what you did was absolutely in defense of your own life, though there may be a few who think otherwise, but I think, in reply to your letter of the 7th, that this is the place for you to come to settle down; to make the fight 'and come back,' and I believe you will make good.

"Things have changed greatly here; we are more like a city, and if you live quietly, attend as you always did, strictly to Dudding's affairs, and dig right in and forget the trouble you have been through, most every one will lend a helping hand. It would be a mistake to leave here; if you have any friends on earth, they are right here, and no matter where you might go, your trouble would soon be known, with no friends to help explain it away. So right here you land; right here you 'stick,' is my advice.

"I am sorry that it will be necessary for you to sell your home. Maybe when you get back that we can help you arrange that; we fellows here are always ready to lend a helping hand and I don't want you to let the home go until you have to do so.

"Anything I may have done to help your family, I want you to forget it. You were unfortunate; they needed help; I did only what was right, and I assure you that I have forgotten it until you mentioned it; to be frank with you I do not now remember the amount I sent your wife, so I want you to forget the matter entirely.

"I have simpy been more fortunate than you; you can under such circumstances allow me the pleasure of helping a little, to gain some merit for the hereafter, if there is such to be gained. Just forget it, come home, sit around for a few days try to feel like one who has been ill for a long time, who must gradually gather up the scattered strands of life and begin to gain gradually, and I believe within a year you will be in good shape. Forget the ill feeling toward any one, it 'gets you' nothing; it makes wrinkles, that is all; it prevents you concentrating on things that will benefit you; this is not Christianity I am preaching, just good old common sense, gathered during a busy life.

"With best wishes for you, and assuring you if there is anything I can do for you it will be done, I am,

"Yours very truly,"

The above letter is given, not to fill space, but to prove the arguments we have stated. I hope those who read this will be influenced to lend a helping hand to the man, who has served time in prison and thereby save him to society, and prepare him for life hereafter.

The story would be incomplete, however, if we did not tell here of the friendship that existed between Mr. Dudding and Mr. Wm. Plumley. We quote an exact statement from Mr. Dudding regarding their friendship.

"If we see anything worthy of praise, let us speak of it, even if we cannot do a worthy deed ourselves, let us one fail to commend one, who does. I owe a debt of gratitude to the loyal friends, for they had a wonderful power of curing trouble. During all these years I found in him a friend to be counted on; he was always ready to supply emergency funds to meet sudden

needs; always ready to make all the loans, to meet our demands without any conditions of repaying. He never seemed to think that the burden of helping me was an irksome task.

His heart seemed unsatisfied, unless he could continue with a ceaseless amount of helping. He never seemed to believe that he should live for himself alone, but would always say in his letters that he was not bearing his share of my burdens.

I speak of this for the benefit of you, who have known times of weary waiting and long agony of hope deferred, and the unspeakable pangs of loss without friends.

He would say in his letters, "Do I not know of your pains and terrible burdens?" "I want to share it with you"

All these things are a blessing to a man in distress and keeps him from getting hardened. At this point I might say, that we have too much the habit of considering the great works of righteousness and humanity from a point of observation, rather than from a point of contact and a place of actual personal participation, but he was not in this class. He saw his duty and did it."

EARL E. DUDDING, AS HE LOOKS TODAY

My connection with this society since last October has familiarized me with many of the perplexing problems the public has been kept in inexcusable ignorance concerning. Men and women, who have no reason to question anything else I say, seem to be astounded when I tell how prisoners are treated, bodily, after they are sent to prison. My many experiences and investigations have proven to me beyond shadow of a doubt, the enormous need for the work the Prisoners' Relief Society is doing. I have been a

public servant 15 years, have been actively engaged in the Christian ministry; I believe in answering the cry of the heathen; I believe in saving India, China, and Japan, in fact the nations of the world. I believe in heeding the cry from afar; I believe in answering the call of my own, in fact I believe in missions, in all the term means, but I desire to go on record with this statement; having a fairly clear knowledge of the inner workings of all organized missionary enterprises, I do not hesitate to say, there are none with profounder motives, with more godly principles, destined to alleviate human suffering, and to throw the mantle of human kindness around the disheartened and discouraged than the Prisoners' Relief Society.

OUR DUTY

BY EARL E. DUDDING.

Many ministers of the gospel and quite a few church members of prominence have said that they doubted the advisability of helping the families of men incarcerated in prisons, for the reason that they believed that it might encourage men to commit crimes in order to have their families supported by society. Away with such folly. It doesn't take one with a diving rod to tell when a man loves his family when he sees, as the writer of this article has seen, man's love for his family tested out behind the prison walls and in the prison cell. When a man stays up in a cell until midnight, night after night, to braid whips, and only make 15 cents, and at the end of the month has only earned $4.00, and then sends every cent of it to his wife and children at home, I tell you that that man's love for his wife and children has the strength of the sun, and it should be countenanced by society. Society should join such struggling fathers and husbands in their efforts to keep their loved ones together and from want.

I have seen other men, while I was in prison, save their tobacco allowance of two pieces a week, when they had been inveterate chewers all their lives, and when they had saved a dollar's worth would sell it and send the dollar to their wives.

You and I are going out into the world to take up the task of life. Now the words to which I desire to invite your thoughts. It has always been my understanding that a Christian life should be of deeds and not pretensions; of possessing not merely pro-

fessing. It should be earnest, consecrated, heart striving and prayerful; also of the highest allegiance to God; of the most golden genuineness; the most ennobling unselfishness and a character that is broad as the sea and lofty as the sky. Christian character is the vise that grips tight to the object, in view of holding on and never lets go.

Now then, let the multitude that are on their journey to the better land pause, and make themselves worthy of the name of Christian by helping these helpless women and children that are struggling, fainting and dying in their struggles against an ill-wind, stirred by the hand of their neighbor. The Prisoners' Relief Society is giving them a helping hand and a message of hope and cheer wherewith to gladden their hearts. This unspeakable poverty that exists among the wives and children of men incarcerated in our prisons must inevitably be changed if better citizens are to be made.

It has always been our understanding that Christians claim to weld the perplexities of life into unity and to correct its discords into harmony. We have always, though they claimed to take the alienated and embattled individual of the race, such as ex-convicts, and out of the scattered, hostile fragments left after a term in prison and create a brotherhood with them. One has said to us; the way must be let down from on high. Now, in a simple way we want to ask you, who are Christians, to join us, to test out our methods of bringing about better conditions among men, who have committed crimes and have been sent to prison, and have paid for their folly by the prescriptions of the law.

You must remember that memories of the treatment while in prison are vividly recalled. You will agree that where ever there is a subtle influence that will menace society with corruption, and where ever there is a custom which tends to lessen modesty and grace with influences pernicious and demoralizing, that there is no hope of making a better man by such a system, and it is well to keep this simple truth in mind for many false notions exist about reforming a man, who has committed a crime and been in prison. With your co-operation we will look to the future with confidence as inviting us to still larger activities and wider usefulness.

Now as the circle continues to expand and responsibilities to grow greater, then we will need sincere co-operation, and we hope that all God-fearing people, regardless of religious affiliation, will be a tower of strength to us and share in this far-reaching campaign of benevolence, and help us gladden the hearts of a countless host of suffering and neglected people.

THANKS TO THE PRESS

The power of the press was never more generally felt by any movement. The editors, reporters and owners of the Huntington Advertiser and the Huntington Herald-Dispatch have been untiring in their efforts to promote the interest of the Prisoners' Relief Society. We owe a debt of gratitude to the papers of Huntington, Charleston, Parkersburg, Wheeling and the press in general. When we think of our small beginning and what forces there were to oppose us, and now in so short a time the whole people of the nation are united on our plans, it makes us feel that there never was a time when so many silver threads of love and sweet charity bound together people of all sorts and conditions, as now. We acknowledge with thanks the power of the press.

Prisoners Relief Society
BY THE MANAGER

{SEAL}

Why Not Huntington? The Home of Five Cent Gas.

A place of opportunity for profitable investment of capital in high class manufacturing establishments and other enterprises.

A few important facts about Huntington:

Natural gas, in unlimited quantities at a price which approximates five cents per thousand cubic feet.

Coal at a cost almost as low in comparison with gas.

Electric power, one cent per 1 kilowat hour.

Native white labor in abundance.

Freedom from labor trouble.

Those interested are invited to send for our handsomely illustrated booklet, "Huntington"—68 pages, brim full of facts.

Address, H. E. MATHEWS, Secretary,

Huntington Chamber of Commerce

Room 106 Robson-Prichard Building,
Huntington, W. Va.