

Kansas Memory



The Kansas Klondike and Leavenworth inferno

Section 1, Pages 1 - 30

A booklet written by M. N. Butler that focuses on the "Klondike" in Leavenworth County, an area known for it's blatant disregard of the liquor laws. Butler hopes that his publication puts the public to action and that the liquor traffic will be stopped.

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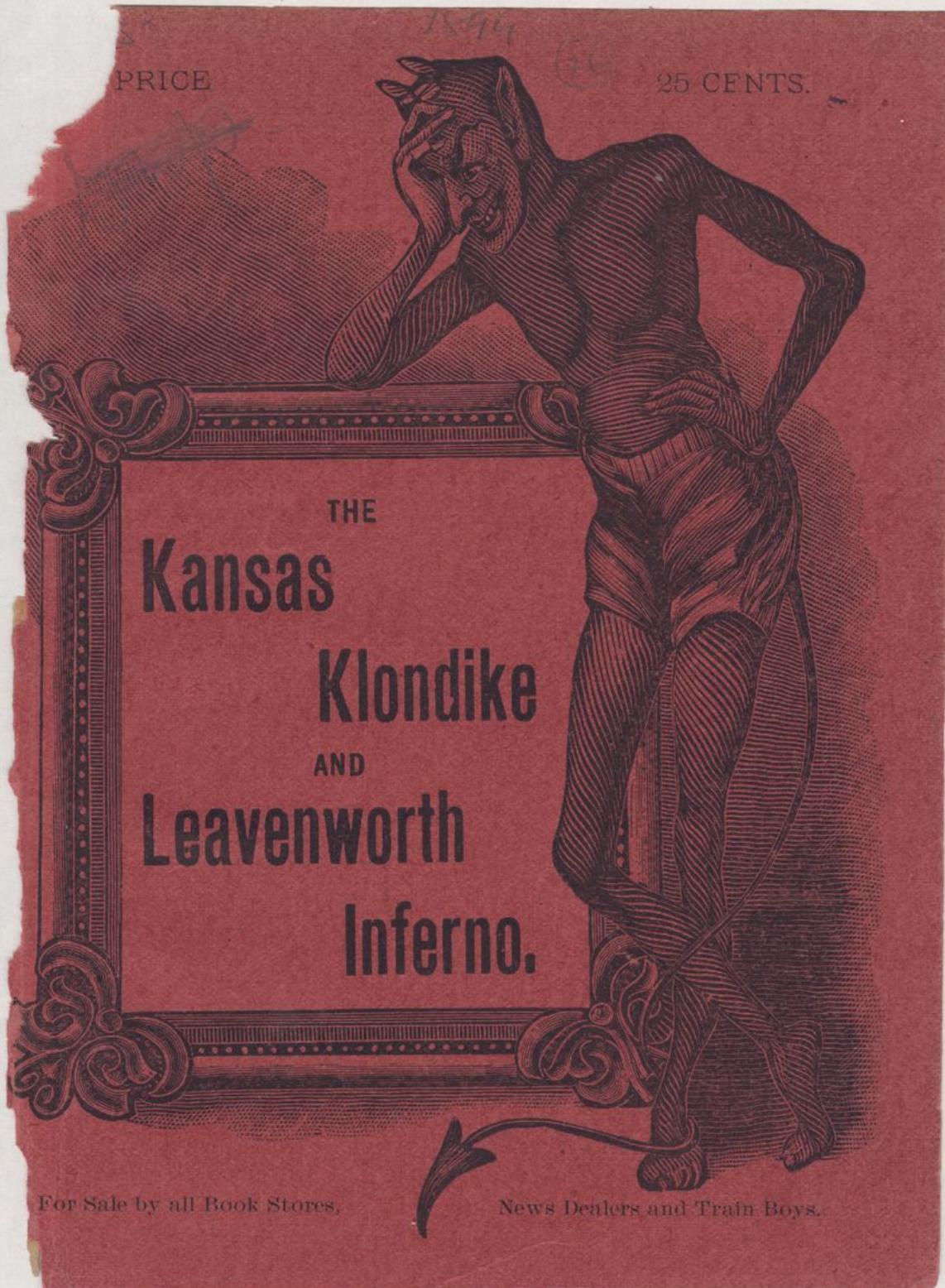
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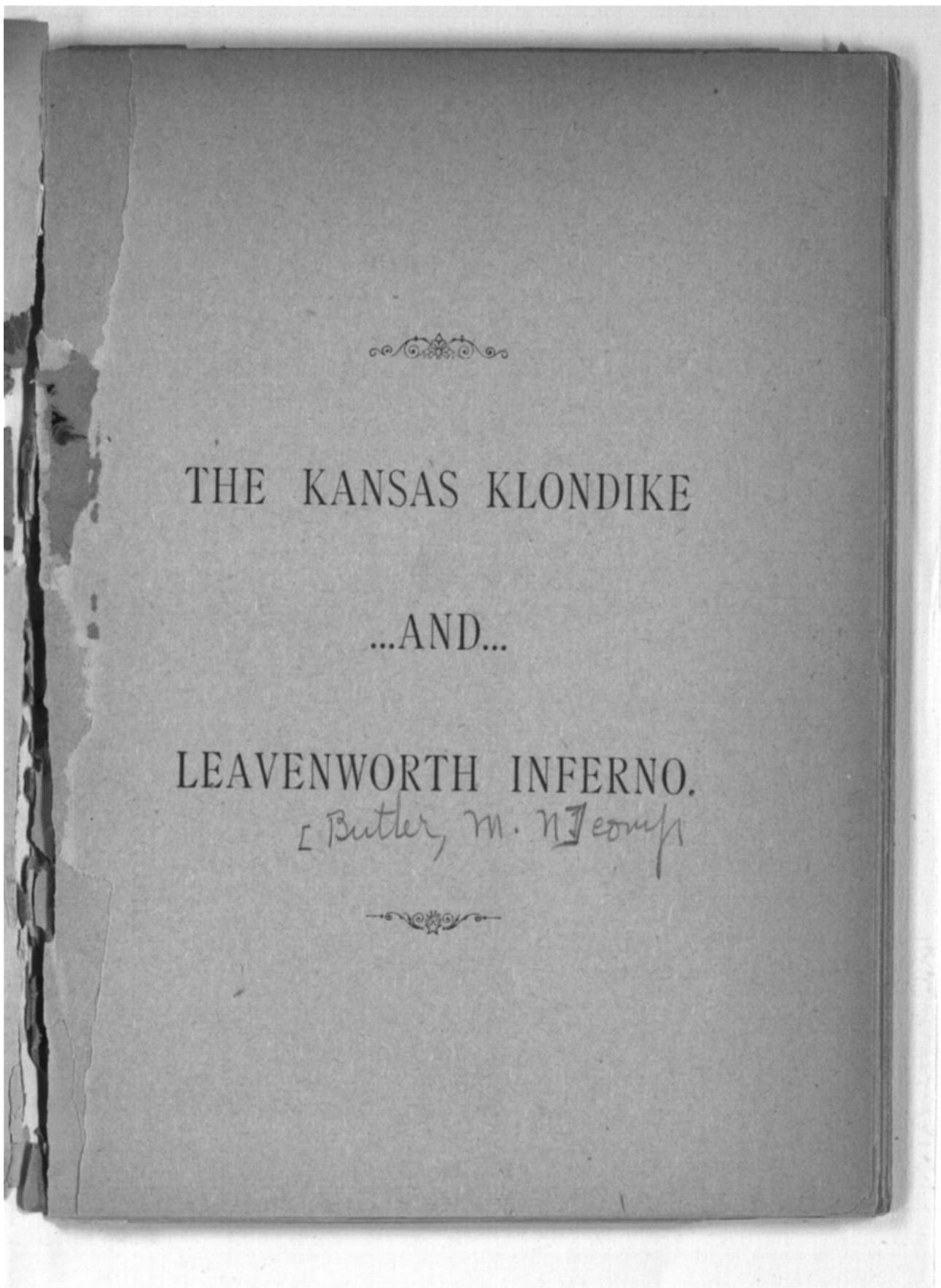


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P R E F A C E .

When the discussion of the "Klondike" in Leavenworth county was sprung on the public, newspaper intuition, journalistic instinct and political training pointed to something worth watching. Accordingly the writer held a council with a resolute man who had been in public service within one mile of the National Military Home for sixteen years, and we camped right there on the scene to observe developments. The John Boyer, Jr., Tim Burk and Pat Noonan letters showed that the liquor power was thoroughly organized, active and aggressive. Then an old Scotch detective, formerly in the employ of the Cunard ship line went to work on the case and his reports to Governor Stanley are correct and reliable. Men and women of all parties and creeds were shocked and horrified at the astounding revelations appearing in the press from time to time. This review and more complete exposition will be read with profound interest and alarm by every patriotic citizen of the state. Language is simply inadequate to convey the awful enormity of this diabolism of inebriety and debauchery. Only the day of judgment and the recording angel can ever do that. If this publication arouses the people to action, and they wipe out this disgraceful traffic, it will amply repay all the cost and effort, so cheerfully made in behalf of the state and nation.

COMPILER.

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M. N. BUTLER,

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INTRODUCTION.

The notorious Klondike is just outside the National Military Home, twenty-two miles north of Kansas City. One mile south is the village of Lansing, with the frowning walls of the Kansas State Prison, and about a thousand convicts. To the north three miles is Leavenworth City with its twenty thousand people, and still farther north two miles is the Military Fort with its soldiery and their monthly pay roll, and the Federal Prison where is confined hundreds of counterfeitors, moonshiners, mail robbers, and the most dangerous characters in the west. Criminals, their relatives, friends, and associates—gamblers, toughs, and thugs, are constantly coming and going, besides discharged ex-convicts that settle here to raise families and spawn their offspring on the community. Some three thousand old soldiers, the unfortunates of the late civil war, are inmates of the beautiful Soldiers' Home. Their pension roll is nearly one hundred thousand dollars quarterly, and the childish old Vets are the easy prey of knaves and scoundrels. Expert confidence men and the slickest of the demimonde, from far and near, swarm like buzzards, to fleece these aged warriors and the regulars at the Fort. Especially is Delaware township and the Klondike the center of this maelstrom of viciousness and depravity. A score of trustys, spectres of crime in striped suits, range the hills and confront one at every turn and cross roads. Squads of hardened beings under escort of deadly weapons and armed guards parade the highways to and from the quarries and other works. The unearthly screech of the prison whistle every morning reminds one of the arch Demon as it echoes and re-echoes over the cliffs and hills, calling the sable

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minions to their daily tasks. All these environments, conditions and surroundings combine, and the very atmosphere seems filled with black angels and fallen spirits—

“Of clanking fetters, low mysterious groans,
Blood-crusted daggers, and uncoffined bones;
Pale gliding ghosts with fingers dripping gore,
And blue flames dancing round a dungeon floor.”

With these introductory remarks we now present the most astounding evidences and facts proving conclusively that in the state of Kansas at this moment is a cesspool of wickedness, worse than the Bowery, Five Points or Mulberry District in New York City, more dangerous than Tombstone or Leadville, where murder stalks at noonday and pandemonium reigns at midnight. For months, the press has teemed with accounts of this modern Sodom, and yet the half has not been told.

This work is to be dramatically illustrated with stereoptican lectures all over the state.



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The Kansas Rebellion.

Never since the days of John Brown has the state been so stirred as over the flagrant violation of the prohibitory law, led by the lawless Klondike. The Lawrence *Daily Journal* says: "The defiant attitude of the law breakers of Leavenworth Klondike is a menace to Kansas, a disgrace to the state." The *Missouri Valley Farmer* (Kansas City) declares: "If the wiping out of this place [Klondike] will bring on a prohibition war, let it come. If the basis of all the crime that is perpetrated in that sinkhole of iniquity is caused by the unlawful sale of liquor, then let all the machinery of the state be put on a war footing and let the war on the joints as well be prosecuted until the accursed traffic is driven from the state." The Galena *Republican* exclaims: "We would declare martial law; give the women and children thirty minutes to get out of range, and then turn the artillery loose. In fifteen minutes we would have the Klondike question settled and if any of the gang remained for the concert, they would have a whole lot of respect for the power of the state. This course might not be in strict accord with the rules and usages of the order, but we would do it just the same, and every honest, law-abiding man and woman in the state would endorse our action, and every law violater tremble." The Topeka *State Journal*, closely followed by the *Capital*, led the war on Klondike. Both gave many columns of matter voicing public indignation. The *Journal* published the Boyer letters that created such a sensation. The first was dated July 24th, 1899, and read as follows:

"I notice by a late issue of the *Journal* that Governor Stanley has been interviewed concerning the Klondike and he expects

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to suppress this district. Governor Stanley recently visited the Soldiers' Home and stood and looked down on the Klondike, then he went to Leavenworth and consulted a few whiskey democrats about the Klondike. They being in the same business of course, they, with the republican joint-keepers, want us to quit so that they may reap the harvest at pension time. I want to say this much. Whenever the Klondike closes, Leavenworth will close up, too. We will show the governor of Kansas that prohibition will prohibit. Stanley says to the saloon element of Leavenworth that he don't want to get up a prohibition fight. Well, let him try closing Klondike without doing the same thing in the city, and we will do the fighting. I have no blame or fault to find with the press for denouncing the liquor traffic, but why should Klondike be singled out when there are over one hundred places in the city of Leavenworth which are as bad or worse. Are the church members any better than the saloon men? I say, no. A baptist brother in good standing in the church is a township trustee and is collector for the board from the joints. A sanctified methodist is also a township officer, along with a Latter Day Saint. These three men bleed the saloon men, divide with the sheriff and keep mum. Shame on such a lot of hypocrites. Some of the good brothers go so far as to ask us to contribute to the repair of the church buildings. The honors are divided between the parties, so far as the officers are concerned. I want to say that in my opinion you could not hire Stanley to close up Klondike, as that would start a prohibition fight which would close the saloons in the city. Klondike will give \$500 to any charitable institution in Kansas, if Stanley or Godard close a single place in Leavenworth county. We pay Delaware township through its good church board, and they in turn pay the sheriff. Do you suppose the goose that lays the golden egg will be killed? Hardly, I guess. If Stanley wants to get up a prohibition fight, or a war, let him select some one that means business, and have said to Leavenworth: 'Close your joints.' They like Arabs would fold their tents and silently steal away. I can name three men, Judge Porter, Judge Kelso and Mont Williams, who would want no better fun than to get into a prohibition row. These men we respect for their honesty and sincerity of purpose. They are open enemies. I have no ani-

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mosity against the *Journal*, but we would like to get justice for our district."

This opened the battle in earnest. The Kansas City *Star* quotes Gov. Stanley as saying: "I am a man who never takes a dare. I propose to close that place up tighter than a drum. I have come back with my war paint on and if those fellows over there want a fight they can get one out of me in a holy minute." The *Lansing News*, published one mile from Klondike, remarks: "Now that the Klondike and the governor have each made their grand bluff, one or the other will have to call. The people are anxiously waiting to see who holds the winning card." And later: "Great Scott! Is this W. E. Stanley, who was so ready for a scrap a few weeks ago? Now admitting that his 'influence is not very large' but 'hopes for success.' Is the governor afraid of Leavenworth city?" Then again: "We would hate to think our governor had a yellow streak in him, but we must admit we never saw anything in Corbett or any of them bluffers, when they were about to 'lay down,' as weak as this letter [to a W. C. T. U. woman at Newton.] Ask Cy what to do governor, he is an old soldier and may advise you to fight for the protection of his old comrades." Also volunteers: "This saloon-keeper in making his bluff at the governor, makes the mistake they all make when they think they have the power, showing they have no respect for law, decency, or even the officials who protect them; such breaks as this is what is making prohibitionists fast in this community." Another paper published in the county, the *Tonganoxie Mirror*, declares: "The sheriff of Leavenworth county says he will take no action against the crime-ridden Klondike district. His position is not at all remarkable. When according

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to his own admission he receives forty dollars a year from each joint in the Klondike, and there are twenty-six dives there yielding one thousand and forty dollars each year, his apathy at the fearful extent of the crimes is not to be wondered at." A second letter from Boyer only added fuel to flame. Here it is:

JOHN BOYER ANXIOUS.—KLONDIKE SALOON KEEPER INVITES GOVERNOR STANLEY TO A RECEPTION.

Klondike, Near Soldiers' Home, Kansas, August 9th, 1899.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE STATE JOURNAL, TOPEKA, KANSAS:—I notice in the JOURNAL of late date that Eugene Stanley has issued a proclamation offering a sum of money for the conviction of a Klondiker. Nothing has been done thus far and as it is about time to divy up with the sheriff and township brethren, I am getting a little anxious. If we are going to the pen we want to save this money and give a grand reception to our friends and wind up our Klondike career by singing, "We will all drink stone blind when Stanley comes marching on to the Klondike." However should the Sunday school man from Wichita conclude to parole us we may put out a reward for the conviction of his friends who are in the same business in Leavenworth. There is one thing we and the governor agree on and that is the gold standard. As most of the old vets will soon be paid off and mostly in the yellow metal, why should we not be loyal to the money that makes the mare go? As we don't take a dare should Klondike close there will be several from Leavenworth accompany us to the pen, and as there will be several lady joint keepers in the procession, I would suggest that the governor put his wife on the pay rolls and let her inspect the quarters the new arrivals will occupy. In conclusion would say as business is a little dull just now, could the governor make us a visit in the near future? We will arrange for a grand reception, have several of the old boys from the Home present; plenty of cold beer on tap, and if there is anything he wants that he don't see, let him call for it. Klondike will run long as Leavenworth is wide open, if that is until every old vet is planted. Yours to the big bluffer who never takes a dare.

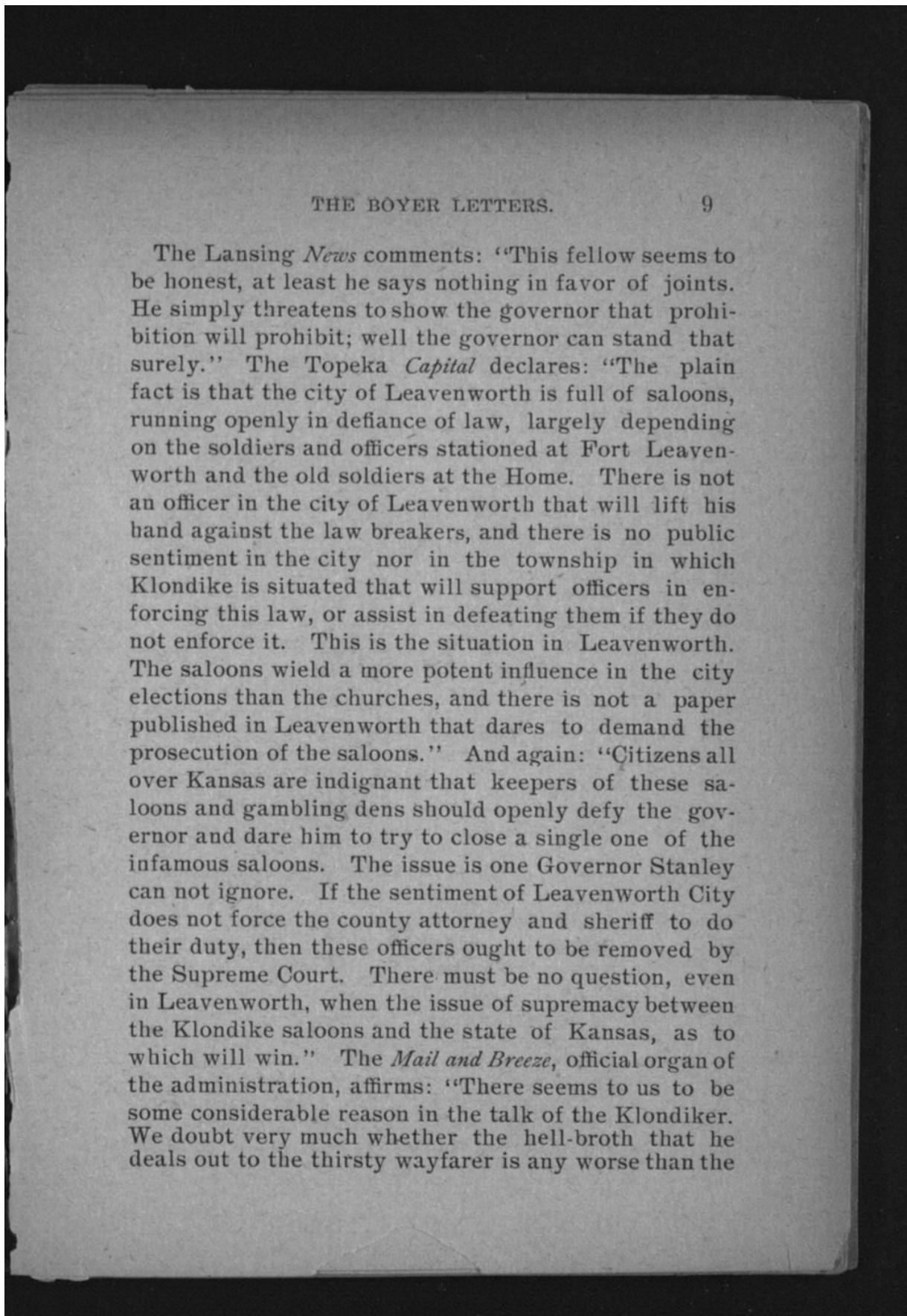
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stuff vended by the Leavenworth jointists. We are informed that almost any of the liquor sold over in the city of Leavenworth is of such a character that a spoonful of it dropped on the lips of a wooden Indian cigar sign will cause a look of surprise followed by a look of intense agony to spread over the impassive features of the figure. If the jointists of Leavenworth are anxious to have the joints of Klondike cleaned out it is not because of any particular love for the old soldiers who have been robbed and murdered, but because they want to get some of the soldier's money themselves."

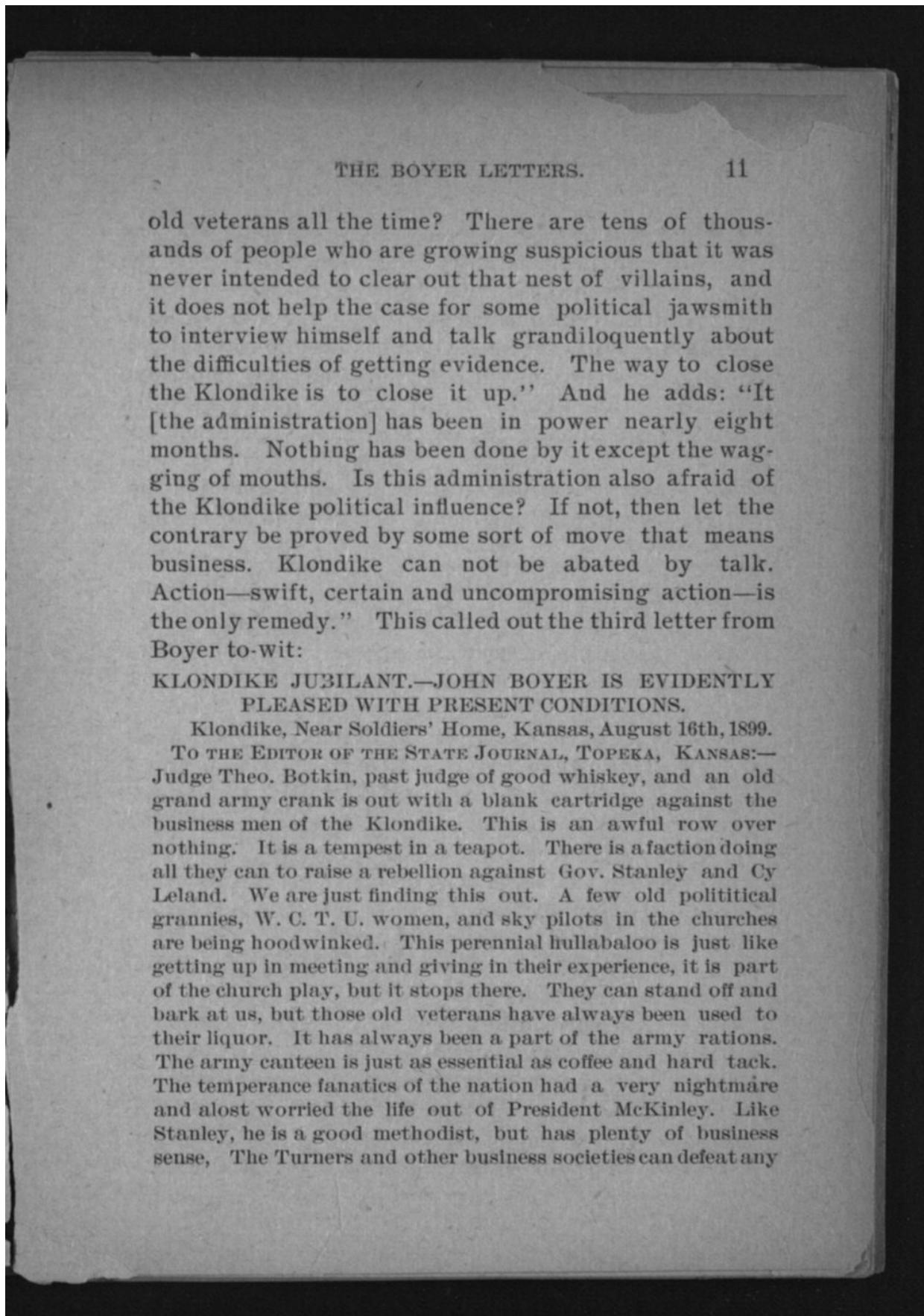
The governor and his attorney general went out of their way in newspaper interviews to magnify the difficulties of enforcing the constitutional law of the state, that called down a furious storm of indignation and criticism from the press, the pulpit and the general public. The Topeka *Farmer's Advocate* declared: "Hell and Leavenworth.—The statement that Leavenworth is fast going to hell is misleading. Things have been the other way for some time. Hell has come to Leavenworth and squatted down to feast on the government institutions that make Leavenworth what she is." And again: "Leavenworth politicians have declared that any such move as Governor Stanley is meditating against Klondike will result in his defeat in the next campaign." Judge Theo. Botkin, past department commander of the Kansas G. A. R., in a widely published letter, said: "There are 40,000 old soldiers in the state, and 39,000 of them are demanding that the infamy which is going on up there be stopped. Against them are some 200 jointists and thugs who do not want the infamy stopped. On which side is Gov. Stanley? Does he imagine that he can fool all these

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old veterans all the time? There are tens of thousands of people who are growing suspicious that it was never intended to clear out that nest of villains, and it does not help the case for some political jawsmithe to interview himself and talk grandiloquently about the difficulties of getting evidence. The way to close the Klondike is to close it up." And he adds: "It [the administration] has been in power nearly eight months. Nothing has been done by it except the wagging of mouths. Is this administration also afraid of the Klondike political influence? If not, then let the contrary be proved by some sort of move that means business. Klondike can not be abated by talk. Action—swift, certain and uncompromising action—is the only remedy." This called out the third letter from Boyer to-wit:

KLONDIKE JUBILANT.—JOHN BOYER IS EVIDENTLY PLEASED WITH PRESENT CONDITIONS.

Klondike, Near Soldiers' Home, Kansas, August 16th, 1899.

To THE EDITOR OF THE STATE JOURNAL, TOPEKA, KANSAS:—
Judge Theo. Botkin, past judge of good whiskey, and an old grand army crank is out with a blank cartridge against the business men of the Klondike. This is an awful row over nothing. It is a tempest in a teapot. There is a faction doing all they can to raise a rebellion against Gov. Stanley and Cy Leland. We are just finding this out. A few old polititical grannies, W. C. T. U. women, and sky pilots in the churches are being hoodwinked. This perennial hullabaloo is just like getting up in meeting and giving in their experience, it is part of the church play, but it stops there. They can stand off and bark at us, but those old veterans have always been used to their liquor. It has always been a part of the army rations. The army canteen is just as essential as coffee and hard tack. The temperance fanatics of the nation had a very nightmare and almost worried the life out of President McKinley. Like Stanley, he is a good methodist, but has plenty of business sense, The Turners and other business societies can defeat any

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candidate swayed by the conference and prayer meeting crowd. We dare to strike back. Those camp meeting fellows will vote with us, as they always do. As to Botkin's grand picnic—that is just the thing. With a few kegs of beer and champagne we can lay out the whole caboodle. No graduate of the Keeley cure could stand our charge. And as to the Twentieth Kansas we will haul down the sign Klondike and run up "Army Canteen" and the boys will all know we are true friends of the commander-in-chief of the army and navy. Among us are men of education, business, and especially political experience and sagacity, and we are losing no sleep over all this noise and bluster. The Kansas soldier vote cuts no figure any how. It always goes republican. But we hold the balance of power in the state and nation. We vote for the best men for our business from president to constable. Then the Klondike is no worse than the blind tigers running in Topeka right under the nose of the pious governor. Over here you don't have to sneak around and give a rap, a grip and sign to get what you want. We will be running regularly until Stanley's and Dan Anthony's saloons are closed in Leavenworth, which means until the end of time. Yours cordially,

JOHN BOYER, JR.

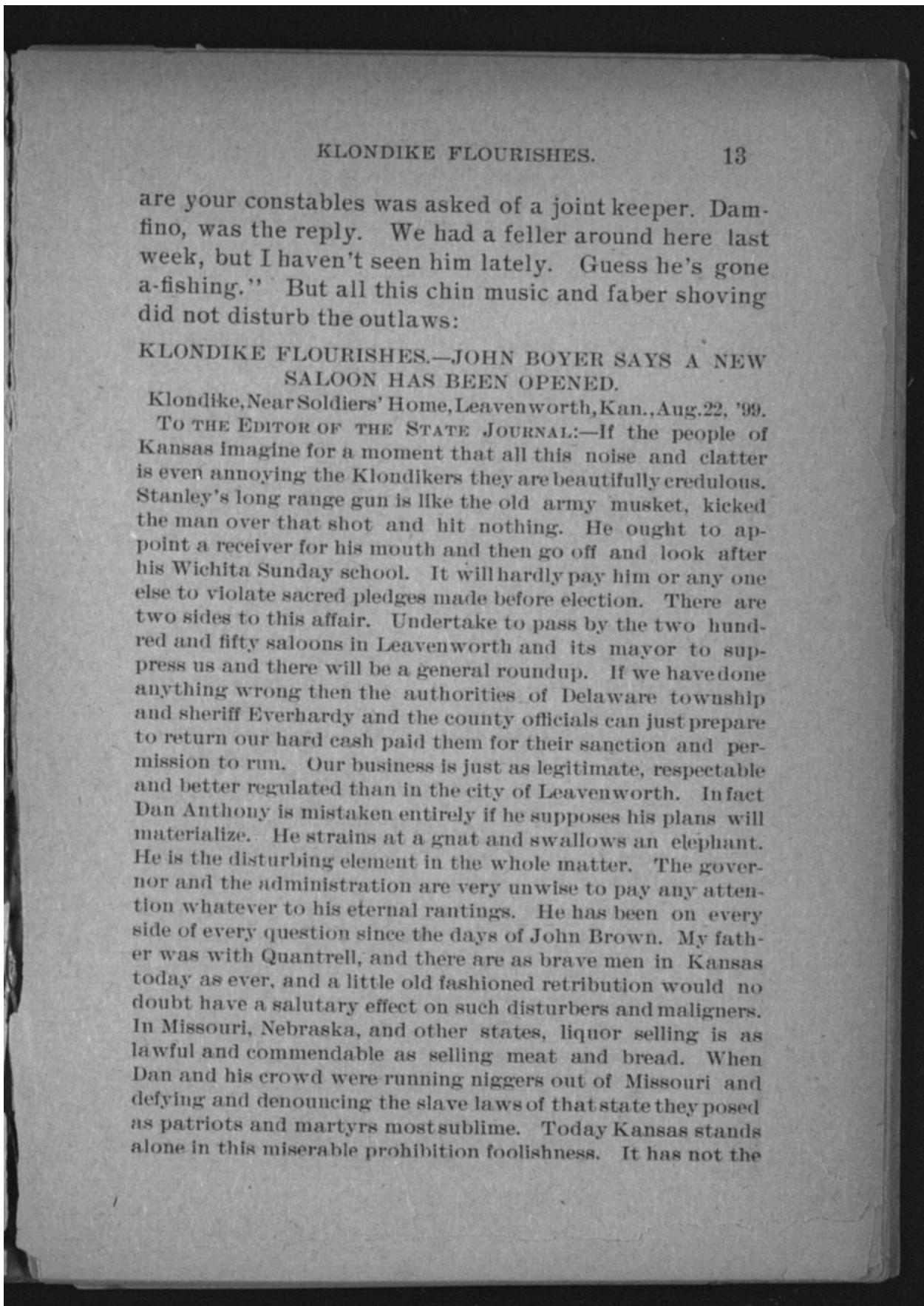
A reporter for the Topeka *Capital* visited the Klondike and wrote: "As to the Klondike. The joints out there do not differ materially from the joints in other localities. They contain the usual fixtures; the usual blear-eyed bartender serves the usual bad liquor; the usual tobacco smoke, beer odor and flies are there, and the usual drunken scenes are enacted. The old soldiers who patronize the Klondike don't want it suppressed. They say the Klondike is more handy than the city; that they meet with fewer accidents than when they went to Leavenworth for their liquor and were assaulted less frequently. Of course all the old soldiers don't spend their money in Klondike, but so many of them do that from early in the morning till late at night a string of veterans can be seen wending their way to and from their favorite joints. Where

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are your constables was asked of a joint keeper. Damfino, was the reply. We had a feller around here last week, but I haven't seen him lately. Guess he's gone a-fishing." But all this chin music and faber shoving did not disturb the outlaws:

KLONDIKE FLOURISHES.—JOHN BOYER SAYS A NEW SALOON HAS BEEN OPENED.

Klondike, Near Soldiers' Home, Leavenworth, Kan., Aug. 22, '99.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE STATE JOURNAL:—If the people of Kansas imagine for a moment that all this noise and clatter is even annoying the Klondikers they are beautifully credulous. Stanley's long range gun is like the old army musket, kicked the man over that shot and hit nothing. He ought to appoint a receiver for his mouth and then go off and look after his Wichita Sunday school. It will hardly pay him or any one else to violate sacred pledges made before election. There are two sides to this affair. Undertake to pass by the two hundred and fifty saloons in Leavenworth and its mayor to suppress us and there will be a general roundup. If we have done anything wrong then the authorities of Delaware township and sheriff Everhardy and the county officials can just prepare to return our hard cash paid them for their sanction and permission to run. Our business is just as legitimate, respectable and better regulated than in the city of Leavenworth. In fact Dan Anthony is mistaken entirely if he supposes his plans will materialize. He strains at a gnat and swallows an elephant. He is the disturbing element in the whole matter. The governor and the administration are very unwise to pay any attention whatever to his eternal rantings. He has been on every side of every question since the days of John Brown. My father was with Quantrell, and there are as brave men in Kansas today as ever, and a little old fashioned retribution would no doubt have a salutary effect on such disturbers and maligners. In Missouri, Nebraska, and other states, liquor selling is as lawful and commendable as selling meat and bread. When Dan and his crowd were running niggers out of Missouri and defying and denouncing the slave laws of that state they posed as patriots and martyrs most sublime. Today Kansas stands alone in this miserable prohibition foolishness. It has not the

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support of a single state, and that the churches themselves do not approve, is evident in voting as they do. Peffer last fall went all over the state pledged to enforce the sumptuary law and not one in a hundred voted for him. Why don't they vote the prohibition tickets? Simply because they believe in resubmission and a better way. In fact Billy Bond, now a justice of the peace, and the most available candidate for next republican sheriff, who owns three saloons and eats a free lunch every day, is the kind of men Kansas needs at this crisis. He spit in Anthony's face and knocked the meddler down. As to liquor shortening the lives of those old blue coats, bless you it is all that keeps them breathing and drawing their pensions. They could no more live without it than new born babes could live without milk. They appreciate our efforts for their comfort and enjoyment. Saint Botkin knows that inside of that Home is one of the finest saloons where the old vets often die happy. Nobody reports them robbed or killed or murdered. Four or five open graves are always ready. They may need them any morning. Why draw the line at the Klondike?

JOHN BOYER, JR.

P. S.—If you want to see some fun, come over pension day. A fine new saloon was opened last Sunday—chicken and cold beer all day. Pension day is Thursday or Friday. B.

Thus it will be seen that Kansas is again the rendezvous of border ruffianism. They are here in force to trample on law and order, the paid agents of the illegal liquor traffic. History repeats itself. Behold the aged brother of Susan B. Anthony voting and consorting with that kind of a mob. The Leavenworth *Daily Times* is actually leading the whisky rebellion. It editorially said: "No amount of force can impose prohibition on a free people." Again: "What the people here want is protection to the old soldiers from thugs and robbers—not prohibition." Also: "Prohibition has failed absolutely, completely. It has failed because it is a violation of a natural law and of personal liberty." The Topeka *Capital* asserts:

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NEWSPAPERS WHINE.

"Whenever the *Capital*, or any other paper, urges the enforcement of the prohibitory law in Klondike, or Leavenworth, or at home, the indignant organs of the saloons declare that a prohibition war is what we are after. It is the same old dodge. The *Times* very well knows that the infamous Klondike outrages cannot be stopped unless the saloons of the place are wiped out. The *Times* tearfully says 'they attack the Klondike as a preliminary to an attack on all who sell alcoholic liquors.' What does the *Times* mean? Is the attack on that den of thieves and disreputables at Klondike to be stopped for fear it will hurt the feelings of the saloon keepers of Leavenworth? The Wichita *Eagle* is another sniveling apologist of the saloons and whines and flunks whenever the subject of enforcing prohibitory law is mentioned."

During the rebellion of 1861 to '65, it was not necessary to have a gun in hand and be shooting at Uncle Sam's troops to be held as a traitor and rebel. Men were court martialed and shot as traitors for lending aid and sympathy to the men that were using the guns. But to show the influence of this Klondike correspondence on the public, we quote an interview of J. W. Gleed, President of the Kansas State Temperance Union, published in the Topeka *Capital*, to-wit: "I have been surprised at the amount of indignation expressed to me by all classes of people, prohibitionists and antiprohibitionists, throughout the state over the Klondike condition, and the Governor and Attorney General know what has got to be done to prevent mob law." The *State Journal* also said that from every part of the state, and from all classes of people, temperance societies, W. C. T. U. women, preachers and Sunday School workers, letters were pouring on the Gov-

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ernor, urging him to action, and cautioning him not to stop until the awful Klondike was overthrown.

Elder G. Lowther, editor *Southwestern Advocate*, Winfield, wrote Gov. Stanley: "I also saw, with sorrow, that the Klondike defies you, and says that to touch it is to touch the organized traffic throughout the state of Kansas and the United States; for they are all banded together. I am jealous of the good name of Kansas, and zealous of her prosperity. I therefore offer my services to raise a regiment of volunteer soldiers, who, being properly armed and equipped, shall march to the defense of the flag, put down the rebellion and restore order to our beloved state." Another disgusted Kansan wrote the Governor offering to be a second John Brown and lead a sortie to hang every jointist in the state. The Governor said: "That letter is evidently from a crank, or intended as a josh; but cranks do things sometimes that start big conflicts. All I have to say to him is that, if he will start in at the Klondike, Leavenworth County, and hang the whole outfit of jointist and thieves there, I will not call out the militia to interfere with his operations."

BOYER ENCOURAGED.—KLONDIKE SALOON KEEPER SAYS OFFICIALS ARE BACKING OUT.

Klondike, Near Soldiers' Home, Leavenworth, Aug. 26th, '99.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE STATE JOURNAL:—A Leavenworth dispatch to a Topeka paper is inclined to make the fight on the Klondike political. Two prominent clergymen of the state were here recently, discussing the situation, and that phase came up. I said to the M. E. minister, "What party do you belong to?" "I have belonged to and voted the Republican ticket for twenty years," was his answer. Turning to the Catholic father, I asked his political affiliations. He replied: "I have always belonged to the Democratic party," Then, the

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LIQUOR NON-PARTISAN.

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question came from both as to what party I belonged to. I answered, emphatically, "To no party. All parties belong to us." I voted for Morrill, Leedy and Stanley. The liquor men helped the insurance companies and railroads to beat Leedy, with the full assurance that the Stanley administration would not molest our business. The idea of a democrat of any standing wanting to enforce sumptuary legislation is a good one. Only a few cranks led by that sweet scented reformer, Daniel Anthony, have said anything about suppressing the Klondike. Now that they see the handwriting on the wall and that if they ever set the ball in motion it will sweep Leavenworth and the whole state and they are learning that discretion is the better part of valor. For three whole days the *Times* has been as mum as an oyster. The thing now is to back out as gracefully as possible. Leavenworth is too busy just now with a whole lot of bum deputies robbing the old soldiers. They are all from the city. And as to typewriters in the Klondike—we can't use them like they do all those in the Soldiers' Home, but we are improving and ours always tells the *truth* and that hurts. It has a whole lot of truths to reveal yet that will make some fellows squirm from the state house to the Leavenworth county attorney. Why don't Anthony and his crowd inform the people that old soldiers are more unsafe in the care of the Leavenworth police than in the Klondike. They have a lovely mayor to assist the sheriff in these little details. They are two of a kind. With all our faults we always tell the truth. Could you have seen the riot and revelry in the two hundred and fifty places in Leavenworth the last three days and nights, and the hundreds of blue coats, piled up in back rooms like cord wood, with the officials taking care of their valuables, you would appreciate why Anthony and Karl Muller want the city let alone. Attorney General Godard can't keep his mouth closed—let alone close the Klondike. This week's Lansing *News*, a Republican paper, explains: "It is said the Governor has employed Tom Fenlon and Buck Dawes to make the fight for him. If this is true, we do not think Stanley and Godard could have found two men in the state who would take his money quicker, and do less toward closing the joints." JOHN BOYER, JR.

P. S.—We are giving you facts and you can bank on them.

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Has a single Democratic paper in Kansas ever said a solitary word against the diabolical liquor traffic, or in favor of maintaining and enforcing the constitutional prohibitory law of the state? If so, when? Governor Stanley said: "I employed Fenlon for two reasons. First, because he is a good lawyer, and will follow those scoundrels till they cry enough; and, second, because his employment cannot be construed as a partisan move—for Fenlon is a Democrat and does not believe in prohibition." The *State Journal* says: "It has been suggested to the Governor that the Attorney General should make this fight, but the Governor was shrewd enough to make this not an administration issue. He is taking hold of the matter in response to the request of Governor Rowland of the Soldiers' Home. He has employed a Democrat and a Republican lawyer to conduct the prosecution, and thereby hopes the administration will escape the responsibilities with which the Klondikers promise to overwhelm it, if defeated and compelled to vacate."

"When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;
When the devil was well a devilish monk was he."

Thus the great Governor was not only a big bluffer but the champion dodger. The absurdity of feeing a mossback Democrat, paralyzed by whisky, to enforce the prohibitory law of Kansas would throw a pair of firetongs into convulsions. Another published interview explains that the principal reason for this action was that this Fenlon is a prominent Roman Catholic. Think of Attorney General Godard, with his three assistants, paid by the state, crawfishing out of his duty and hiring such a substitute? What is an attorney general elected for, anyhow? Will the hundreds

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STANLEY WARNED.

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of dollars boodle already paid, and the rest to be paid, come out of that official's salary? or will it come out of the public crib? It is the most ridiculous tomfoolery ever enacted before the American public, and should forever close the mouths of Republicans about Democratic incapacity and the freaks of populism. This is worse than any freak. It is incompetency itself outdone. Stanley and Godard had both as well look up another job. The *Kansas Issue*, Topeka, says: "Why do n't he go after that vile criminal resort with one of Andrew Jackson's 'By the Eternal,' regardless of public sentiment? Has John Boyer's 'defi' made a coward of the great Governor of the great state of Kansas? Do Stanley and Godard aspire to re-election? If they do, they must not trample upon and disrespect the wishes of the one hundred thousand temperance voters of the state."

LOAD REMOVED.—KLONDIKE SALOON KEEPER SAYS BLUFF IS ABOUT OVER.

Klondike, Near Soldiers' Home, Leavenworth, Kas., Sep. 2, '99.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE STATE JOURNAL:—A Leavenworth dispatch to the Topeka *Capital* last Monday had the right ring. The people will know all about this Klondike matter after a while. The effort to make it political was a bad break. To show you that I know exactly what I am talking about, permit me to quote the *Wholesalers' and Retailers' Review*, to-wit: "There is no political party in Kansas big enough to undertake the job of enforcing the prohibitory law." So say I and every trade paper in the Union, and woe betide the party that dares to try it. Stanley's and Godard's efforts to shift the responsibility onto others is a dismal failure. That is what comes of listening to the *Mail and Breeze*, and the sensational Leavenworth *Times*. They are simply the mouthpiece of a lot of old women and preachers against the Klondike. Their plan to localize the application of the law to Delaware township showed their asinity, and now that we propose, if this thing is ever set in motion, to make To-

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peka, Wichita and Leavenworth take their medicine the reformers subside. It seems that public sentiment at the capital is growing more liberal and that prohibition is on the wane. This is perhaps true all over the state when you sound the people. Of course the preachers will pray a little louder and the churches pass a few more resolutions, but it will stop there. Nobody is ready to turn the state over to the prohibition party and the cold water cranks. Even the W. C. T. U. and campmeetings are finding out that Stapley's big bluff is about over, and that it will surely defeat him for re-election as time goes on. Tim Burk some years ago foretold all this, and, by the way, he is now on deck and ready for action. We have tried to be fair and truthful in our statements. Our business is prosperous and the Klondike discussion has shown the masses that resubmission is on the ascendancy and constitutional sumptuary law on the decline. Should there be any action the public can rely on us for the cold facts without coloring. We have a brand of liquor the old vets will go anywhere to get. And should the Klondike be obliged to go out of business, of which there is not a shadow of expectancy, a town will be laid out just across the river in Missouri where I have a host of friends and hundreds of those old soldiers will get drowned crossing on rafts and in skiffs unless I run a free ferry in which case it would be absolutely safe. They already have several paths to the river and from daylight to dark lines are coming and going, passing and repassing, and they are not drinking river water either.

JOHN BOYER, JR.

P. S.—Since writing the above I have been approached with a new scheme. It is to buy out some of the little Klondikers and give me a place at the Agricultural College and make my wife matron at the state prison. Then publish that the Klondike has been close. I now have the matter under advisement. B.

In movements like this, it is always the unexpected that occurs, and no one could have foreseen the turn of events as shown by the next letter:

JOHN BOYER SELLS.—TIM BURK SAYS HE HAS BEEN CONCILIATED, AND KLONDIKE CAN BE SUPPRESSED.

Leavenworth, Sept. 18, 1899.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE STATE JOURNAL:—My friend, John Boyer, Jr., a silent partner in one of the best business places

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DECLARE FOR RESUBMISSION.

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in Klondike, has sold out and left. He had ability and means to put up a strong fight, but, now that he has been conciliated, the rest can be easily suppressed. I am back at the old stand, and ready to do my part. This fool Klondike matter has injured the city and good name of the county. Governor Rowland, of the Soldiers' Home, officially reported to Governor Stanley that this gang of outlaws, freebooters or land pirates, had already murdered ten old vets, robbed one hundred and fifty, and bodily injured, from assault, three hundred and fifty. Governor Stanley means all right—but he is too slow, and talks too much. All this harp that Leavenworth don't want Klondike wiped out is moonshine. We don't want anything else. This city derives most of its revenue, directly or indirectly, from the liquor traffic, and we are entitled to protection from these interlopers. If an old vet starts to the city to patronize a respectable business place, these poachers pounce on him, fill him up with their stump juice, rob him and send him back to the Home more dead than alive. In Leavenworth, the city looks carefully after their welfare. At a meeting of the liquor league, the legitimate dealers unanimously agreed to stand by the governor in the immediate destruction of the Klondike, and it will insure his renomination and election. Leavenworth county is the second in the state in political influence and patronage, and the Republican convention last fall resolved, first, for the permanent abolishment of the Metropolitan Police Commission, and, second, we demand the resubmission of the prohibitory amendment. These resolutions, published throughout the state, did more to inspire confidence in and elect Stanley than anything else. The sheriff is now ready to do his duty, but the Delaware township officials are kicking like government mules. They have had a snap loafing in Klondike and dividing its filthy lucre. But Delaware township is not the whole show in this county. Sheriff Everhardy said, "No man dare say that I am a coward, and have not backbone enough to close the Klondike joints if ordered to do so. I have not had a letter from Governor Stanley, or any one else, upon the subject, and no state official has talked to me about it. If they want them closed why don't they say so."

Prof. Kirkpatrick, of that harmless State Temperance Union,

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was here not long since, and the preachers and good church people, gave him the cold shoulder. He made a nice little speech, and we felt sorry for him. We could have drummed him up a better audience in any joint in the city—and some of our boys need caution about going too fast. TIM. BURK.

This failure of the Governor and Attorney General to even request the sheriff and local authorities to act in the premises is the most culpable incompetency and criminal negligence in the annals of the state. It is proof positive of their utter insincerity. At times, it is only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and comedy and tragedy are often strangely commingled:

TIM BURK'S ADVICE.—SUGGESTS A WAY FOR GOVERNOR TO KILL FUNSTON BOOM.

Leavenworth, Kan., Sept. 26th, 1899.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE STATE JOURNAL:—I am a Republican and don't want to create dissension, but the best way for the governor to knock that Funston boom in the head is to come over here at once and clean out Klondike root and branch, instead of gadding around over the state talking to compmeetings and Epworth Leagues and introducing Bryan to make Populist speeches in Chicago. The fact that Bryan was wildly applauded and that three-fourths of the audience left as soon as he finished, looks like it was a Populist gathering pure and simple. A curious story comes from Kansas City. That at a Salvation army meeting in the "Patch," as a hallelujah las-sie was making an eloquent appeal for repentance and reconciliation a venerable man was seen to rush forward, gather another in his arms, and fold him to his bosom. It was Billy Bond and Col. Anthony. It is wonderful, the power of the gospel, and we understand the Colonel is to buy a new bass drum for the Leavenworth corps—as penance for the one he kicked in. We hope this is true, as it will reunite the Republican party, and insure Bond as our next sheriff—but I have digressed from my subject. A regular crusade has set in from this and other states, and hundreds of people are visiting the Klondike, and spending their money there, instead of in the

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A BREWERY IN KANSAS.

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city, and the awful demoralizing influence of this group of pestiferous shanties has passed beyond the home, and is reaching far and wide. I am watching all these matters very closely. And, while over there, the other day, I met an irate female—Mollie McGruder—and she was roasting the deputy sheriff to a turn. She said he was knocked-kneed, pigeon-toed, reel-footed, and so indolent that, in hot weather, he had to keep a kitten under each arm to breathe for him, and so lazy he had to look twice to see across the street, and so cross-eyed that, if she motioned at him, he would take a bee line for some other place, and never get around until the row was all over—and then he would come and stay, and stay. That Sheriff Everhardy had as well take the twelve dollars and fifty cents paid a month to to this thing-of-a-thing, and put it in his pocket, along with the rest, and let the tail go with the hide. She said last pension time a lot of bum deputies came over from Leavenworth and raised gehenna in her saloon, and turned over the bar, killed her maltese cat, broke some fine decanters, and nearly worried the life out of three tired barmaids. Then she rang a bell on the Delaware township officials, and gave them a currying that reflected no particular credit on some good church members that loaf around her place when they ought to be at home with their families, or in prayer meeting. My, but she was mad. I thought out loud, "old gal, Bro. Stanley will soon put you out of your troubles and stop your chatter." She said, "Bro. Stanley dasn't do it. I am little Mary Smith, with blue eyes and the dimple chin, what used to be in his Wichita S. S. class that recited so many verses." Then she turned her vocal machinery loose on Leavenworth, and gave it a terrible abusing. But what I write this especially for is to inform the state that the operated brewery of this city is doing an immense business to supply the increasing Kansas liquor trade. The outlook for resubmission is very encouraging, and plans are maturing for an extensive distillery plant at this place.

TIM BURK.

To many honest law-abiding country people it will be news to learn that, for ten years, a brewery has been in full operation, in the city of Leavenworth, in flagrant violation of the state constitutional law.

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These are a curious and remarkable lot of letters, and speak volumes—but not more so than the ones now to be presented. The public should reread and ponder well, at the same time remembering that these to the governor were not written by some scheming politician, or cranky political prohibitionist, for their author never voted anything but the Republican ticket.

National Military Home, Leavenworth, Kan., Aug. 15th, 1899.

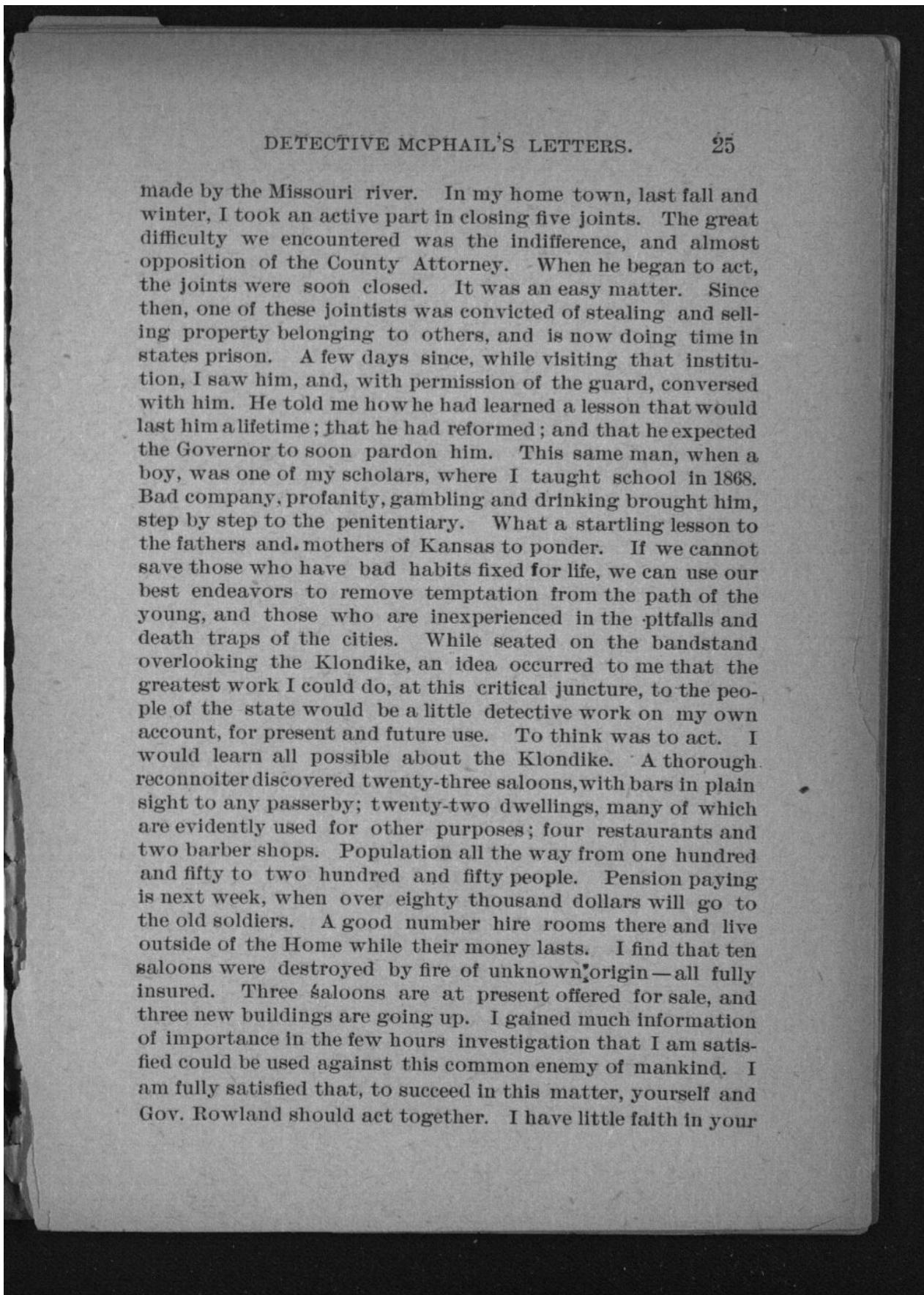
GOVERNOR W. E. STANLEY, TOPEKA, KAN. DEAR SIR:—For a week past I have been watching the papers carefully, to find out, if possible, your next move in the Klondike matter. Have read with profound interest your letter to the W. C. T. U. lady at Newton, that, without public support, you could do but little to reform abuses. The same issue of the *Times* has a leading editorial with minute details of the drunken debauch of the Mayor of Leavenworth City, beginning in a club house and ending in a wine room of one of the worst saloons in the town, and surrounded by town women. This shows plainly what you may expect from the Democratic officials in any effort to suppress crime and lawlessness. Since calling at your office, in Topeka, last May, I have been living temporarily at the Soldiers' Home. I have taken the greatest interest in the stirring events at the Home, in Klondike, and Leavenworth, and especially Gov. Rowland's letter asking you to help protect the old veterans from those who stand ready to rob and murder them for their pension money. Alas, your reply to that letter! I am acquainted with Gov. Rowland, Major Shockley, and the leading officers here. Gov. Rowland is a good man, slow to anger and of great mercy. Since assuming control here, he has tried so hard to make the Home the best in the United States. The insults and annoyances of the Klondike compelled him to ask your assistance. Most of those people who rob the old soldiers come from Leavenworth, while Kansas City and other towns send their quota. I have done considerable detective work in my time. A late case took me two years to bring to a successful ending, and involved the ownership of two thousand acres of land

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KANSAS KLONDIKE.

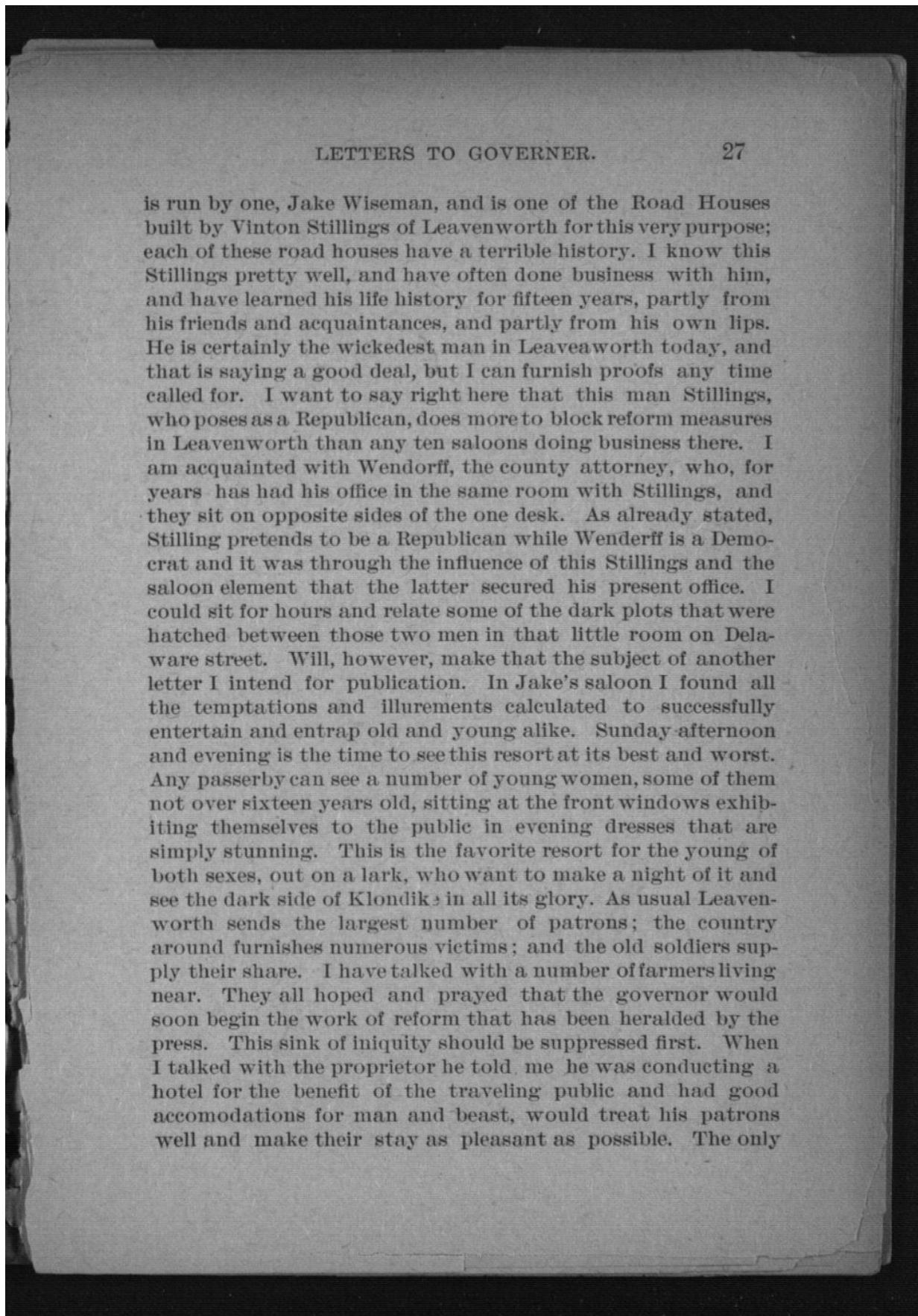
attorneys at Leavenworth. They will be a disappointment to you. My reasons for making this statement are good. My experience the last two years has shown me what manner of men they are. On request, I would willingly go to Topeka, and see you personally, provided my expenses were paid there and back, which would be half fare on train. One little saloon keeper told me he made over four hundred dollars clear before his den burned. He collected his insurance, but, owing to Stanley's proclamation, concluded not to rebuild. But another more knowing one said he was losing no sleep over Stanley's talk; that he was conducting a respectable saloon, paid his fines promptly, and was living under the protection and promises of Delaware township officials and the sheriff of Leavenworth county. I can hardly find words to express my contempt and loathing for the deputy sheriff stationed here. He is a small, undersized man, about thirty-five years old, cross-eyed, and a limping gait. He never hunts for trouble, but lets trouble find him—if it can. His favorite seat is at a saloon door, with a cheap cigar in his mouth. Most of the time, he tries to look wise as a judge and says nothing. Again, he tells of his heroic deeds and conflicts with the old soldiers—old bucks, he calls them. However, I admit the appellation is not disparaging for about five hundred or more unfortunate beings who, in their dotage, frequent the place and spend their money. Walking down the street I met a dashing bespectacled female who stopped me and inquired if I had seen anything of that "D—d deputy sheriff," as she styled him. She declared that "two Old Bucks were raisin' h—l" in her saloon, one of the worst of the lot, and the noise they were making would attract to much attention. I told her where she could find the great guardian of the peace. And really, Governor, I do not believe his equal could be found in the whole state of Kansas. He was put there for a special purpose by the liquor interests of Leavenworth, and he certainly does his task wisely and well. I am fully convinced that in twenty-four hours evidence enough could be secured to insure the conviction of the whole outfit of law breakers, if tried before any fair minded judge, court and jury, provided such a tribunal could be found in Leavenworth county. A half mile south of the Home I discovered the wickedest house in the whole state of Kansas. It

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is run by one, Jake Wiseman, and is one of the Road Houses built by Vinton Stillings of Leavenworth for this very purpose; each of these road houses have a terrible history. I know this Stillings pretty well, and have often done business with him, and have learned his life history for fifteen years, partly from his friends and acquaintances, and partly from his own lips. He is certainly the wickedest man in Leavenworth today, and that is saying a good deal, but I can furnish proofs any time called for. I want to say right here that this man Stillings, who poses as a Republican, does more to block reform measures in Leavenworth than any ten saloons doing business there. I am acquainted with Wendorff, the county attorney, who, for years has had his office in the same room with Stillings, and they sit on opposite sides of the one desk. As already stated, Stilling pretends to be a Republican while Wendorff is a Democrat and it was through the influence of this Stillings and the saloon element that the latter secured his present office. I could sit for hours and relate some of the dark plots that were hatched between those two men in that little room on Delaware street. Will, however, make that the subject of another letter I intend for publication. In Jake's saloon I found all the temptations and allurements calculated to successfully entertain and entrap old and young alike. Sunday afternoon and evening is the time to see this resort at its best and worst. Any passerby can see a number of young women, some of them not over sixteen years old, sitting at the front windows exhibiting themselves to the public in evening dresses that are simply stunning. This is the favorite resort for the young of both sexes, out on a lark, who want to make a night of it and see the dark side of Klondike in all its glory. As usual Leavenworth sends the largest number of patrons; the country around furnishes numerous victims; and the old soldiers supply their share. I have talked with a number of farmers living near. They all hoped and prayed that the governor would soon begin the work of reform that has been heralded by the press. This sink of iniquity should be suppressed first. When I talked with the proprietor he told me he was conducting a hotel for the benefit of the traveling public and had good accommodations for man and beast, would treat his patrons well and make their stay as pleasant as possible. The only

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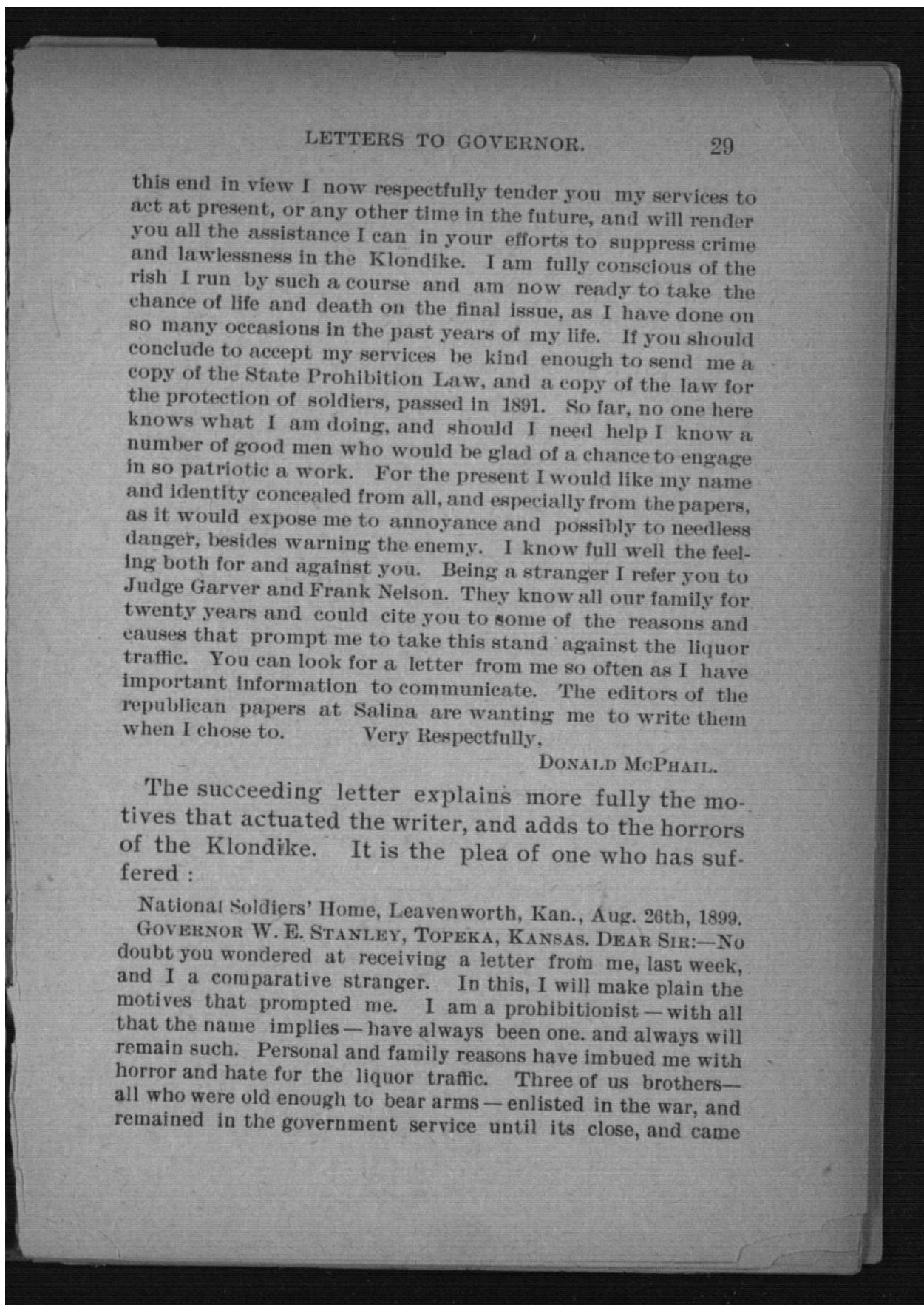
sign is on the awning, "Jake's Place," and speaks volumes to the initiated, while above at the windows sit three or four young female women laughing and chatting to the people going by. I don't think the like can be found elsewhere within the bounds of Kansas. Sometime since this chap, in connection with Vint Stillings, started a pony express between this place and Leavenworth Junction two miles away. About pension paying time old soldiers were employed at the Home to decoy their comrades with money to this resort, stupefy them with liquor, then separate them and their cash, and, as soon as possible, send them to the Junction with just enough cash to reach Kansas City. This disgraceful business was carried on for a year before it was stopped. I know the parties concerned in the matter. The resolute agent at Leavenworth Junction finally shut it off. A few days since an old soldier ordered drinks at Jake's bar, but had no money to pay for the vile liquor. Jake, who is a powerful Dutchman, picked him up and tossed him into the muddy street, then gave him a broadside of Klondike profanity and left him to the care of his drunken comrades. This man used to be one of Jake's best customers. From this to Leavenworth are ten Road Houses, besides the Klondike district. Two-thirds of the business they get, comes from the old soldiers. And this morning, after reading your letter to the Newton lady, I felt hurt at its tone. One old soldier made a remark like this, "It was easy enough to see that Stanley was no soldier, or he would not surrender to the Rum Power without at least one good fight." I am fully satisfied that a large majority of the men who voted for you for governor would be with you against the liquor traffic here. Call to your support the women of Kansas and then you will have the co-operation of the best men. One of Gen. Grant's famous orders was, "Push things." Such an order coming from you as governor would be followed by good results. Why not start a campaign of education, embracing the whole state, this fall and winter? Secure the services of such representative men as Judge Garver and Frank Nelson of Topeka, Rev. J. H. Lockwood of Beloit, Prof. Swenssen of Lindsburg, and hundreds of others like them, and arouse an enthusiasm throughout the state. Leavenworth is the very citadel of the illegal rum power. With

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LETTERS TO GOVERNOR.

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this end in view I now respectfully tender you my services to act at present, or any other time in the future, and will render you all the assistance I can in your efforts to suppress crime and lawlessness in the Klondike. I am fully conscious of the risk I run by such a course and am now ready to take the chance of life and death on the final issue, as I have done on so many occasions in the past years of my life. If you should conclude to accept my services be kind enough to send me a copy of the State Prohibition Law, and a copy of the law for the protection of soldiers, passed in 1891. So far, no one here knows what I am doing, and should I need help I know a number of good men who would be glad of a chance to engage in so patriotic a work. For the present I would like my name and identity concealed from all, and especially from the papers, as it would expose me to annoyance and possibly to needless danger, besides warning the enemy. I know full well the feeling both for and against you. Being a stranger I refer you to Judge Garver and Frank Nelson. They know all our family for twenty years and could cite you to some of the reasons and causes that prompt me to take this stand against the liquor traffic. You can look for a letter from me so often as I have important information to communicate. The editors of the republican papers at Salina are wanting me to write them when I chose to.

Very Respectfully,

DONALD MCPHAIL.

The succeeding letter explains more fully the motives that actuated the writer, and adds to the horrors of the Klondike. It is the plea of one who has suffered :

National Soldiers' Home, Leavenworth, Kan., Aug. 26th, 1899.

GOVERNOR W. E. STANLEY, TOPEKA, KANSAS. DEAR SIR:—No doubt you wondered at receiving a letter from me, last week, and I a comparative stranger. In this, I will make plain the motives that prompted me. I am a prohibitionist—with all that the name implies—have always been one, and always will remain such. Personal and family reasons have imbued me with horror and hate for the liquor traffic. Three of us brothers—all who were old enough to bear arms—enlisted in the war, and remained in the government service until its close, and came