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Smasher's Mail, Vol. 1, No. 2, 1901

Carrie Amelia Nation

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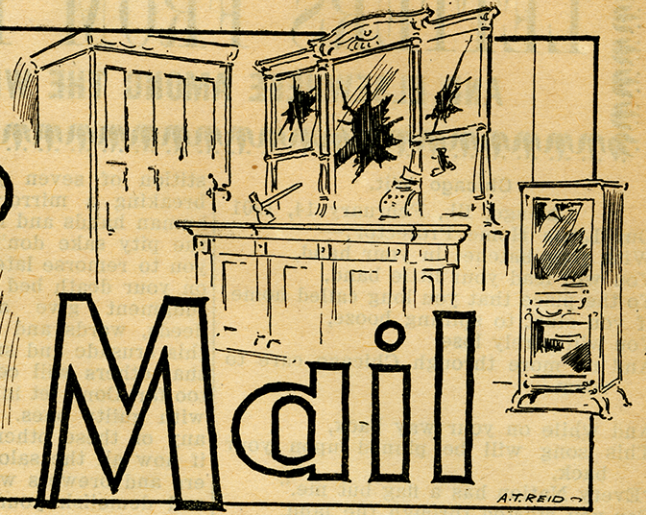
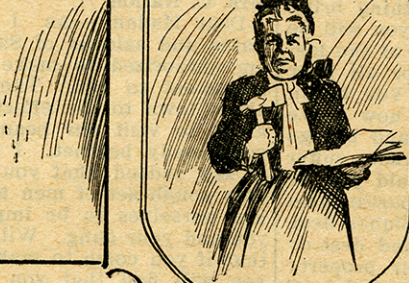
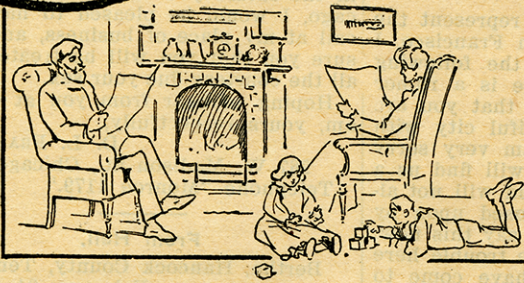
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The Smasher's



Mail

VOL. I. NO. 2.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1901.

PRICE 5 CENTS

Peace On Earth, Good Will to Men.



MRS. MARY WHITE

A Home Defender. One of Mrs. Nation's Fighters.

LETTERS FROM HELL

AND ELSEWHERE AMONG THE WICKED.

Chicago Wit.

Chicago, Ill., February 14, 1901.

Our Little Home Protector:—
With your hatchet in your hand,
You will lead your little band,
To the place that you long called home.
If you start to spilling booze,
You will surely lose,
And no more through Chicago care to roam.

And while on your way back,
This song will be pinned upon your back,
"Every Nation has a flag but me."
For you started through the land,
With your hatchet in your hand,
And the second day you had to do your flee.

Mrs. Nation, if you know when you are feeling well you had better go back to Kansas and pick goose feathers out of turkeys for a while, because Chicago people won't stand for any of your monkey doodle business. You might do that sort of business to people down in Kansas where they have to dig potatoes and husk corn for a living, but you can't kid the people in Chicago, see. From your loving friend, NIT.

Letter from Hell.

Kansas City, Feb. 17, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.
Dear Madam:—As a God fearing moral and Christian temperance woman I can not cease to brood and study over all such saloon smashing and destruction of other people's property done by you and other temperance women. I call it a sin to do damage to other people's property. A woman as a weaker sex and a more suffering and with trials afflicted woman ought to keep her place at home where there is always plenty of work to be done. I am convinced that many a temperance woman don't need to be because she gets her hard labor done by servants or other persons, and if she does her own work and has a home, husband and children to attend to and wants to fulfill her duties as wife and mother, she will not find time to attend to temperance work and demolishing and destroying other people's property. The Bible teaches. Don't do unto others what you don't want to be done by. Now, dear Mother Nation, for the God's sake and for justice' sake, I feel as a Christian conscious woman to write all this to you as a child as a woman. I always practiced virtue and justice, hated saloons, but let me tell you they are worse hell houses than saloons. Take houses of ill fame, the disreputable sporting houses, there are more boys and men ruined than by saloons and many, many men ruined by disease for all his life. Many a man enters such places sober, and is made intoxicated. God and man have made two sides to everything, right and wrong, good and bad. God has blessed the field, the soil, they bring forth all kinds of fruit and produce for mankind's benefit. What would become of all this blessing God has given us, fruits, wheat, barley, rye, and every thing else if by human thought inspiration and labor not be manufactured into foods and drinks. Man has his free will; if he eats and drinks over excess it does not harm no one else but himself, and it will be God who is our judge to reward the good and punish the wicked. Every human subject needs a stimulant once in a while during life when in a state of physical wreck, when in a fainting spell or in such a sickly weak condition when medicine and everything else fails to give strength. Now was it not Jesus Christ, our dear Lord, who has made the first wine? Was it not Jesus Christ our Lord with his apostles drank wine at the last supper? And even among ministers wine is administered by holy communion. And by religious servants of Christ that renounce the world and practice virtue, such like clergymen, monks and nuns, stimulants are drank in small quantities and they surely do all in their power that they know of is sacrificing and pleasing to God. Now, dear Mother Nation, for God's sake and humanity's sake, don't you believe it is God that wants you to sin by doing so much damage and harm to others' property and destroy what God has blessed the earth with to bring forth. And some of these temperance women and their followers are going too far. God is a true super-

stitution of seven years' bad luck for breaking a mirror. It was made by human hands and hard labor. Now for the pity sake don't let anything bring you to remorse later, when you will be on your death bed and then at the last judgment give account for all your deeds, words and actions. You began this crusade and smashing; now strive that others will cease too, and not go too far. Don't let innocent persons suffer with guilty ones. How would you or any of these other guilty parties feel if now all the saloon men, liquor dealers and brewers would go and destroy and demolish your and their property that cost money, time and hard labor? Oh, I do pity from my whole heart if a poor, hard laboring man, overworked and prostrated should not be permitted to take a drink as a stimulant and strength giver. If all these temperance women would have to labor and work hard from early in the morning till late in the night, such like all day in summer in the hot sun, in winter all day, and some at night in the bitter cold and generally such heavy hard labor like poor men must do. Oh, these temperance men and women would pretty soon after a few hours or days of such labor feel and realize that human subjects are in need of a drink as a tonic and stimulant. I am a woman of great experience and study and brood over all this, right and wrong, justice and injustice done by prohibition. God alone knows how many hypocrites are among such.

Oh, how many unfortunate cripples, deaf and blind people in this world that would feel so happy to be fortunate to do a great deal of good if they were able bodied like other persons.

Oh, how sad I do feel to think that women as a weaker sex interferes in the riotous work and some only give bad example to their children by going out to do saloon smashing.

Christ says, love thy neighbor as thy self; what thou sowest thou shalt reap. Live and let live. Every human being is in need of a stimulant once in a while, the same as it is necessary for the body to take rest and sleep.

Oh, how do I hate smoke pipes, chewing tobacco and cigarettes. No one could hate it more and feel sick of its smell than I do, yet as a wise woman with common sense I realize that God lets tobacco grow for some. My father never smoked nor chewed, never drank much only as a stimulant and tonic once in a while. While for others again it is injurious to use tobacco, now my father never smoked, my brothers are of good character, honored and respected, but they like to smoke. So does my husband like to smoke cigars, but with kind words, deeds and actions I broke him from cigarettes and pipe. He hates saloons, but still once in a while I allow him when he is prostrated and worn out from hard labor, to drink a glass of beer, and wine as a stimulant, so he is able to perform his hard work. Our home and life is very happy. Women ought to realize that men are the bread winners and that no woman can break a man from vices and habits by force. I keep my place, strive hard to please my husband, do all in my power to make and keep our life happy and in harmony and that is why my husband loves to stay at home, read good books and papers, goes every day steady to work. He is of good habits, but said if I was a woman belonging to clubs or temperance work he would not live with me.

A CHRISTIAN WOMAN,

N. N.

From Hell.

Cincinnati, Feb. 25, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

My dear Madam:—I thought I would drop you a few lines hoping when you receive this letter you will not be full of booze. All of us think you ought to be caged up with a muzzle. We know that you like your whiskey yourself. If you would pay more attention to the Iron and Steel Trust that is robbing the poor laboring man instead of bothering the poor saloon keepers. What makes a man take to drink? I will tell you in a few short words. It is nothing but women like yourself. You are enough to make a saint swear. What part of the Bible did you read to find out that you had a right to destroy other people's property? We have made laws and have elected people to see that they are enforced. We all think that

any one who would support you in your raids ought to all, like yourself, spend a few years in jail which would give you a chance to get your head balanced. Enclosed you will find the Cincinnati Enquirer from my old friend J. L. Sullivan. I must close. Hoping this will find you standing on your head, I remain yours, FRANCIS W. D. P. S. President McKinley and myself will call on you while you are in jail.

San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 17, 1901.

Mrs. C. Nation.

Dear Madam:—As I represent the Cafes and saloons of San Francisco, I am authorized to make the following statement to you. There is a rumor about town to the effect that you are about to visit our beautiful city with your ready hatchet. I am very sorry to say, indeed, that you will find us a very rough set of men and will not allow ourselves to be imposed upon by you and your gang. Will say this now, that if you come to make trouble here you will find that you have come to the wrong place, because the fact is that you will be tarred and feathered and made to leave the city. But if you come on a temperance lecture tour only you will be treated with the greatest respect. Yours respectfully,

A. F. STEWART,
1545 Jackson St.

Cleveland, O., Feb. 12, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

I have taken considerable interest in your crusades and to my belief and knowledge you are insane, for I do not think a real good Christian would act in the manner you do. If I were one of the victims of your crusades I would take you to a lamp post and hang you up by the toes and have an organized gang of gentlemen to riddle you full of holes, as everyone in this city would do. I think every man or woman has a right to make a living. It may be that beer does not agree with you and it may be the cause of your wrong doings and insanity. I think you are an outright criminal. If you were in Cleveland our John H. Farley and our Mike Barrett, the Director of Police, would interfere. So you better reform and be a real good Christian and not a hypocrite as you are. Yours respectfully,

You may not have the nerve to have this published.

From Hell.

Little Rock, Ark., March 3, 1901.

Mrs. Nation.

I have been reading about your "smashing" of saloons and feel much interested in you. However, I would suggest that if you are the "chosen one" to attend to stamping out vice that you turn your attention to the houses of ill fame where you know that vice exists and beer sold all the time. Are you afraid that some female inmate might assail you, or that the Lord has appointed you only as a special envoy to destroy the property of saloonkeepers. You are already the cause of the death of a man and woman and a murderess in one sense of the word by causing their death. It is very singular that the "Lord" wants you to "smash" only in Kansas, and not in Peoria or Chicago. You surely are either a hypocrite "crank" or d—n fool. Yours,

JOHN ALLEN.

Answer to Above Letter.

I do turn my attention to houses of ill fame when I smash a vile dram shop for that is the nest where this infamy is hatched, fed and propagated. Did any one ever see a town with a house of ill fame and no drinking devils den? No, but you have seen dram shops and no houses of ill fame.

Wants to Quit, But Can't.

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 6, 1901.

Carrie Nation,
Hatchet Home Protectors, Suite 42-44-46
Opera House Block, Prairie City,
Iowa.

Mesdames:—Your postal card duly received, threatening that if I do not immediately abandon the sale of intoxicating liquors, and destroy every and all vile intoxicants in my possession, and close up present premises, you will deal summarily with my ungodly properties.

In reply I beg leave to state that if your "Hatchet Home Protectors" wish me to abandon my business of dealing in intoxicating liquors, I would be only too willing and glad to do so, if you and they would come here and make me a fair offer for my lease, stock, and fixtures, and if we could agree on the price I would be pleased to sell out to you, and then you could do whatever you wish with it.

Unfortunately I do not know any

other trade or profession, and I am now too old to learn any, and as I have a large family to support, I can not immediately abandon it, but would be glad to sell out to you or any one else at once, as business is very poor at present.

I will today turn over your postal card to Post Office Inspector Stewart of this district for procedure against you for infraction of the United States Postal Laws in mailing threatening matter through the United States mails.

In conclusion, I wish to say that if in the future you should come to Chicago, I would be pleased to have you call at my place of business, and I assure you that you will be treated with all the courtesy due your sex.

Hoping to hear from you at once, I am, yours respectfully,

D. L. FRANK,

267 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.
Telephone "Monroe 1179."

From Hell.

Bertha, Hancock County, Tenn.,
February 24, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

I feel it a duty to write you, and what I will write will be greatly at variance from your views and way of doing. It is the excess in anything, religion as well as anything else, causes the wrong. Too much religion or that which is claimed to be done for the cause of God, detrimental to the rights and privileges of another is just as wrong as too much whisky, and I claim is more so, for history amply proves that it has caused more bloodshed than all other evils combined. Whatever is at variance with the "Golden Rule" is wrong and should be condemned. We should not hatch up a pea to justify our acts and go forth with a "hatchet" or with other weapons outside of the teaching of the Savior if we are His followers. Moral persuasion is the old time theory and the old time religion and should be closely followed and abide the time of the Lord. We should not get in a hurry and think the Lord too slow to act as Mohammed did by taking up the sword and combining it with the religion that he taught. The sword gave an impetus to his cause, apparently, but it was not the sword, but it was the booty promised and delivered according to contract. I think Mohammed was honest in his teachings as much as you are in yours; I think he was as conscientious in taking up the sword as you are conscientious now in taking up your "hatchet." The sword in the case of Mohammed with the property captured from all those who could not conscientiously believe his teaching, brought all dishonest men into his ranks as well as true and sincere believers. So it is and will be with the "hatchet," many will join for robbery, to wreak vengeance and for murder, which they could not otherwise do. Whenever men are turned loose under the plea of temperance, religion, or anything else to take the law into their own hands and smash up saloons or anything else, blood will flow, and any one advocating mobs is surely wrong. The hatchet doctrine you teach will produce the murder of innocent persons, as in case of the bartender's wife at Millwood, Kans. For the flow of this innocent woman's blood you are partly chargeable, indirectly if not directly. I hope you will desist from the "hatchet" doctrine and so advise all your followers and let the law take its course, which is sometimes slow but nevertheless is sure. As you have stated that the Lord wants you to take a rest, now would be a good time to let yourself down easy. Go forth, teach and preach temperance and every one you get you have an honest work and a work that will stand in a coming day.

You have taken quite a novel way to bring yourself into notoriety, but it is a notoriety but few women would want short of a stage actress. You were not known a short time ago, but now you are known all over this country and the reading public in foreign countries. You are a remarkable woman, to say the least of it, and now if you can avert the reaction that will be sure to follow, and still hold your elevated position, it will still prove you to be one of the most remarkable women that ever lived, if not the greatest. To do this, in my opinion, is to withhold the "hatchet" and preach and use persuasive language as before stated, and if not, your fall will be greater than your ascent. Force instead of argument will not convert; this the Savior well knew, although He showed some ill temper when He overturned the tables of the money changers, etc., in the temple. This is the only time that I remember that He manifested the "hatchet" doc-

(Continued on page 6.)

LETTERS FROM HONEST PEOPLE AND SYMPATHIZERS.

The Hatchet Woman.

Dear Mrs. Nation—Yes, some will say she is too aggressive; that she unsexes herself; that she disgraces motherhood. And I see that some poor, weak-kneed clergy are rushing around telling God and the newspapers all about what a shame it is for her to be carrying on so, and what they would do if she would come into their district. Of such it has been said: "Because thou art neither hot nor cold I will spew thee out of my mouth."

Now let me call your attention to the Maid of Orleans whose aggressiveness removed the brutal and oppressive hand of England from the body politic of France. She died a most horrible death from the hands of human brutes, among whom were cowardly priests. But was it in vain that she died? Go ask the lowest peasant on the vine-clad hills of La Belle France. Recall, if you will, Florence Nightingale with her little axe chopping down the sentry-guarded doors of hospital supplies in behalf of the wounded and dying in the Crimean war. Did she unsex herself? Go ask the English soldiers as they lie in the trenches or on the barren kops of Africa to-day. See John Howard smothering in his dark, foul prison pen from which he escapes with loss of health. Was he a little too aggressive when he broke down the prison doors and exposed the horrors of the English prison system? Go ask the criminal life of continental Europe to-day.

But we need not go away from home, in order to find those who have died that others might live. Our own land bears evidence of many such. Was John Brown a little too aggressive as he lay mangled and bleeding in jail, preparing for a miserable death on the gallows for American slavery? If so I ask you to go read

"A righteous sentence writ in burnished rows of steel."

Go ask eight millions of free blacks in our cotton fields, workshops, schools, and streets. Ask one million brave boys in blue if they have died in vain. Your answer comes back in our teeming cities, in our magnificent mines, and in the buzz and whirr of our manufactories all over our south-land. They made it possible for such things to be. Such as these are inspired spirits, called of God, and He never makes mistakes in selecting proper means for the grand work of lifting a nation into higher and happier conditions. Every one of these have erected a living monument to their daring and suffering for the cause of humanity.

And now a word in behalf of this chosen woman, Mrs. Nation.

I admit there must be an awful condition in any Christian community that requires such a sacrifice. The crashing of glass, the shouts of jostling hordes, the hurrying feet of police, and one woman with her little hatchet is a horrible spectacle for the so-called highest civilized and christianized nation to witness. But it is a cowardly, criminal condition with which the state has failed to deal, not a gilded theory. She may lose her life in her work of redemption, most cruelly, as others have done before her. But that soul will go marching on through every city, town, and hamlet over our broad land, till all shall be brought to fully understand, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

Let me assure you that such grand spirits do not stop to count the cost of life in their work of uplifting suffering ones of earth life. Such only hear "the voices" and are fully prepared for the sacrifice.

Man will not make the sacrifice. He is and ever has been a coward when his pocketbook and passions are at stake. Pocketbook and passions beat justice, truth, and mercy; pocketbook and passions beat the organ's grand peal and the sweet, low dronings of the clergy. Yes, passion and pocketbook beat prayers, tears, and coffins. All, all go down in a perfect wreck before the whiskey monster.

God bless. Aye, He will bless the woman who defies recreant judges, juries, jails, and revolvers for her God-given right to protect her home from this monster evil. The pulpit and pew may cry out for shame. Judges and juries may be purchased; politicians may combine with whiskey rings "but

know thou for all these things God shall bring thee into judgment."

My full faith is that she will outlive all legal storms and give a living impetus to the white-ribboned cause, and peace and plenty to the drunkard's wife and suffering children, as has not been seen in the past fifty years.

All hail, then to Mrs. Nation. I say lead on, grand soul, the way grows clearer.

To me it is but another struggle of the soul to rise to higher and happier conditions, a death struggle in which good shall come from all of it. Let the good work go on, though it may cause bitter tears to flow and martyr graves be rounded up. They are not lost. They do but wait our coming upon some fairer shore. They know their fall will bring smiles, sunshine, and a heavenly peace to tens of thousands of helpless motherhood and worse than orphaned children. Yours resply,

D. G. CURTIS.

From a Broken-Hearted Woman.

Leavenworth Kans., March 13, 1901.
Mrs. Nation, Topeka, Kans.,

Dear Friend:—I am a broken-hearted woman and come to you for advice, as I would my mother were she living. I was married in 1885 in Michigan to a promising young man who had just graduated from Ann Arbor law school. We located at Albion where his law practice was heavy and we were happy and contented. In course of time a son was born, which filled our cup of happiness, but ere long a letter reached us, written by Tom Fenlon, of Leavenworth, saying to come at once that the West was the place for a young lawyer. Womanlike I consented. A few days after locating, old drunken Tom Fenlon told my husband that the law business was overdone in this city and advised him to start a saloon. My very being revolted at the idea of such a thing, but Fenlon succeeded in persuading him and into the saloon business he went. Old Fenlon with a lot of other old drunken bums led my husband down to the lowest depths, as this was their loafing place, and from the time he first saw the Leavenworth gang I have never seen an hour's peace. My husband is a sot, my 13-year-old son loafs and works in these dives and when not in the National Hotel he is at Pennington's dive, gambling and dissipating; for these places are hell holes of the worst type. Oh, Sister Nation, how I wish you would help us clean out this Sodom. Old D. R. Anthony, of the Times, has two saloons in his, the Times, building. He was so insulting toward a Salvation Army girl that she knocked him down with her drum stick and set in his face until he begged her to release him, saying he would behave himself. Old Billy Bond, while justice of the peace, had his office over a saloon building he owned, thus dispensing justice upstairs and whiskey downstairs and at noon drinking and eating free lunch for his dinner. Another old devil is Vint Stillings, whose mother-in-law, old Mrs. Wetzel, runs a saloon and the gang have been the means of dragging hundreds of poor victims down to hell. If you could see things in this vicinity and see the poor mothers' hearts breaking, you would never let up on the hellish saloons. Right at the penitentiary's main entrance is a joint operated in the Elnora hotel, and the present warden allows the guards to board there, and fights are frequent at this place. What a fine trio the Sunday school man, Stanley, Warden Tomlinson, and the man who parts his hair in the middle, called the attorney general, that thing Godard. In conclusion, I ask you to keep up the fight, come here, and silence these devils in human form. Old Anthony, Bond, Stillings, old Doc Nealy, and the rotten mob of law violators. My eyes are blacked, teeth loose, and my face all swelled as a result of an assault from a drunken husband. To make my sorrow greater, I am compelled to listen to the part he and others took in the burning of the negro in this city, and now as election is near, these same men are telling the poor black man how they love him and are going arm in arm with them until after election, when they will burn another negro for the amusement of the hellish gang. When will the poor negro get his eyes open? This letter may seem harsh, but could you see the mis-

erable place called home, my poor hands washing and sewing for a living, and a nine-year-old son reeling home, drunk and cursing me for no other reason than his father tells him to, and when there is nothing in the house to eat, I am whipped for not having meals on time. I am desperate and will help destroy these murder mills at any time. Please keep my name from the public as my husband would almost murder me should he see this. I have one consolation, old Tom Fenlon has gone to the devil from where he came. Old Dan Anthony and Vint Stillings are on the way and their time here is short. May the good Lord keep and bless you is the prayer of a heart-broken wife and mother.

From a Traveling Man.

Indianapolis, Ind., March 10, 1901.
Mrs. Carrie Nation, Wichita, Kans.,

My Dear Mrs. Nation:—As a preface I feel it my duty to extend to you my sincere apology for encroaching these lines for your consideration during the trying hours of your incarceration, but as the purport of my letter undoubtedly differs, materially in text, from the countless hundreds you have received, I feel assured that the sentiment involved, originated as it has, solely from the spirit and intrepid aggressiveness you have exploited in the suppression of that paramount curse of mankind, Drink! will, in a measure, justify you in condoning these lines.

For years the writer has been a traveling salesman, occupying positions of trust and responsibility. As is the universal trait among the larger element of my class, I contracted the indulgence of liquor. From its inception, and social intercourse, it gradually developed until I became an irresistible slave to those base affinities—lewd women and whiskey. The result, inevitable as death, produced its dregs; shattered health, separation of family, and social and business ostracism. Prior to a month ago, reparation and redemption, from medical and spiritual aid, had proven valueless; with no alternative, I became resigned to the results of a misspent life, when, from the West came the voice and heroic deeds of a woman. Simple yet fervent, intrepid yet unique. You aroused the press, and the people. Your mission was born. "Thousands, you may have 'influenced' but me you have 'redeemed.'" I have read your words with intense-ness. Your forcible acts have impressed me. I resolved and have conquered. God bless you! I am now organizing a temperance league among my brother traveling men, paradoxical as it may sound, and am meeting with fair support, yet I believe an impetus and a stronger influential lever can be extended through the expression of your well wishes and any timely topics you care to extend in furtherance of the cause. Asking your kind indulgence, and with best wishes for your ultimate welfare, believe me, Your loyal supporter,
W. S. SANFORD.
Care Terre Haute House, Terre Haute, Indiana.

Sends a Present.

Chicago, Feb. 7, 1901.
Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka Kan.

Dear Madam:—I send you today by American express one of my barrel hatchets. It is made expressly for the purpose of opening any barrel, box or package that may be presented to your notice. As you have proven yourself the bravest and the best of women, I deem it only meet and just that you own the best hatchet in the world for the purpose it is intended for.

May a kind and beneficent Providence nerve and strengthen your arm to wield it in the cause of justice, temperance and sobriety, is my earnest prayer. Not knowing otherwise, I sent it to you "care of Whittaker Brothers, 811 Kansas Ave.," who are friends of mine in your city, and I feel you will receive it all right. Trusting you will accept this little offering as a token of my friendship and esteem, I am yours in the cause of temperance,
J. F. DUFFY, M. E.

Commendation.

3215 College Ave., March 4, 1901.
Mrs. Nation,

Dear Madam:—You will no doubt be pressed with letters from admirers all over our land, and if you are you well deserve it, for you have done for our country what few women have the courage to do. Now I know I must not take your time but come to the point. In our Christian Endeavor meeting lately we were asked to prepare papers on your life. Two papers are to be read at our next entertainment, which will be in three weeks. I was to have one on your life from the time you began

your noble work of smashing the joints to the present time. We have seen much in the papers but one cannot depend on the truth of our public press, so if you will please write me the particulars of your crusade and what you expect to do further if spared, it will be such a help to me to give to our young people facts of what you have done for the overthrow of this demon, drink. I hope you may be spared to long life and as a mother and one of the W. C. T. U., I say God bless you. I hope you will have time to answer as I am anxious to have a good, truthful paper for our college young people, as they attend our meeting. With best wishes for your success in your grand work, I am, your friend,

MRS. J. B. DODDS.

Beaver Falls, Pa.

P. S. I hope to read the same paper at our next meeting of W. C. T. U.

The Law in the Case.

Chattanooga, Tenn., March 9, 1901.
Mrs. Carrie Nation,

Dear Madam:—As I understand the matter in Kansas, saloons have a legal standing similar to highway robbers, gamblers, and horse-thieves. Now this being the law, I understand that you have the right to abate the saloon and all property engaged in the saloon, the same as a burglar and all the property he employs in his nefarious enterprise. Therefore, if you should destroy a burglar's outfit could he come into court, admitting his occupation, and sustain a claim for damage in the destruction of his property? Certainly not. Now in Tennessee the laws are different. Here the saloon is licensed, are as legal as the churches. Any one smashing in the windows of a saloon is as liable for damages as if he had inflicted a similar damage upon a church building. The iniquity is, that the church people are as active in giving a legal status to the saloon, as those outside the pale of the church. This only shows that the average church member is more interested in the success of "our party" with the saloon, than in "Christ's party" without the saloon. They prefer to place the dignity of the law back of the saloon, rather than the beauty and holiness of Christ's party before "the world, the flesh, and the devil." How much longer must this state of affairs exist?

Over the space that separates us, I extend my greetings and bid you God speed in the work of redemption.

Yours, etc., D. G. CURTIS.

Blows from the Shoulder.

Denver, Colo., March 9, 1901.
Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.

Dear Madam:—Though a stranger to you, yet I take the liberty of addressing you for the purpose of endorsing your course in smashing the saloons of Kansas. Not that I think that you need endorsement or encouragement in order to persevere in your course, but it may be a source of some satisfaction to you to know that a great many, despite the sneers of the friends of temperance, heartily approve of your action in freeing Kansas soil from the slavery of drink. I believe that you possess reserve strength for the work that lies before you. Many who now halt and fear to voice their approval will add their shouts to the rest when you accomplish your purpose. God is with you and the real friends of law and order, temperance and morality are with you. Under your leadership the reformers of Kansas are destined to do still greater things and the movement will spread to other states. It is a lasting disgrace that the sworn officials of the law are permitting the saloons of Kansas to flourish, when they should be taking energetic steps to have them abolished as nuisances. In behalf of the Good Templars of Colorado, I thank you for your efforts, and what we can do in this fight we stand ready to do. Faithfully yours,
HENRY H. ROSER,
Grand Chief Templar.

From a Son.

Chicago, Feb. 20, 1901.
Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.

My dear Mrs. Nation:—Since your visit with me in my father's saloon, on the evening of your arrival in Chicago, I have been thinking very seriously of what you said to me. To tell you the truth, I never did like the business, and your visit has set me to thinking of going into some other business. I have been talking with my father about it, but he seems to want to stick to the saloon business as he has been in it all of his life. But I am a young man and have a future before me, so I am going to try something else. My father is willing to stake me in any business I may choose, and I think I have found

(Continued on page 5.)

THE SMASHER'S MAIL.

A Newspaper for the Suppression
of the Rum Traffic.

(Entered at the postoffice, Topeka, Kansas,
as second class matter.)

Published at Topeka, Kansas.

MRS. CARRIE NATION, Editor and Publisher.

Advertising Rates. 50 cents per inch, single column.

The Smasher's Mail can be found on sale at
all news stands and railroad news agencies at
five cents per copy or \$2.00 per year.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

We are receiving hundreds of letters asking for sample copies of Smashers' Mail. People must remember that these cost us money. These small items amount to such a large sum as we are not able to stand. Therefore those who desire sample copies please enclose with their orders five one cent stamps and the same will be honored. We have a few initial copies at ten one-cent stamps.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

For 15 cents in stamps we will send you a beautiful picture of Mrs. Carrie Nation and her hatchet, size 11 by 14 inches (former price \$1.25), or a cabinet for album purposes. For 25 cents we will send both. These are the only authorized pictures of Mrs. Nation and are copyrighted by Nichols & Davidson, Topeka, Kans. Address, Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kans.

"Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day."

Now boys begin to smash that which exists to smash you.

Men that defend the traffic, have you a boy to spare? Then why ask a mother to give up her darling.

The letter from the Catholic woman is from a dear friend of mine whose faith in God has been to me an inspiration, but thou savest not of the things that be of God but the things that be of men.

A longing desire of mine is to build a home for the children and wives of drunkards. If it is God's will to grant me the means of accomplishing this end the effort shall not be wanting my part.

I was distressed and amused at the distortion in some of my copy in the Smashers Mail. If there had not been such a lack of conformity of contention the public might have confounded lunacy with saloonacy.

The Sunday Capital boasts of the saving in Governor Stanley's executive office. The Capital could have added that the governor is equally saving in the truth in reference to his obligations to see that the laws are enforced.

"Wise men sometimes change, but fools never." Our terms for first edition were ten cents a copy. We since have concluded to change the price to all future issues to five cents a copy. Special rates to news dealers and agents. The first issue is still ten cents a copy.

So my name was forbidden to be called at the card party given on Washington's birthday by J. A. Houston, of Houston, Texas. I thank you, Mrs. Houston. I am now trying to prosecute parties for using my name in hell-holes where they play cards. Poor George can not speak for himself.

'Tis to be hoped that the Throop hotel will not become a regular nuisance by furnishing beer to guests as in the case of the dear boys who visited our town last week and drank beer in that hotel. Their mothers will thank me for remonstrating personally against such wickedness in high places.

I have a vote, a precious vote, to cast on the Lord's side. I register in heaven as well as on earth. My citizenship is in heaven and I will not belie my Lord for a set of men who are the

servants of the world, the flesh and the devil. I vote my principle regardless of all things else, even though I be the only one. I shall be asked one day what crowd were you in on April 2, 1901, when votes were cast for mayor? My poor forsaken Lord has not enough following in Topeka to have a man who will stand against a gainsaying world.

In the initial number of the "Smashers Mail" I spoke of Mr. Chiles as my publisher, but he is only my partner and not in any way responsible for what goes in the paper. I am my own editor and proprietor. All communications therefore must be sent to Carrie Nation.

The rudest thing out. A man throwing his smoke into the face of women and children as they pass up and down the street. Have you a right to throw in my mouth what you puff out of yours? That foul smoke and breath! And you would like to be called a gentleman.

Many write to me for communications for their paper. I would like to comply with their requests and do many times write to those persons who are poor and in distress, but to these papers and periodicals I now say, I think you might help me by way of remuneration at the regular rate, as Frank Leslie and the Chicago American have, the only two papers that ever paid me a cent or offered to.

The Capital has a perfect right to criticize the syntax and and purity of the Smashers Mail; he has also an opportunity to display magnanimity in showing compassion to a poor prisoner. What kind of a paper would he have if he were in my place, without one reporter, one proof reader, one friend to say, "Can I help you on your paper?" I really and truly believe that my Mr. Capital could enlarge his heart of compassion and at the same time diminish nothing from the size of his pocket book.

My dear Mrs. Nation:—Why don't you smash the Topeka Club? That is the worst place in town.

A FRIEND.

I am prepared to believe this, for I was never treated as roughly in any hell hole, and I have been in them in

Kansas City, Chicago, Topeka, and Wichita. These so-called gentlemen treated me as no brute male will treat a female, just because I looked at them and said, "Oh, yes, cards, wine, beer, gambling!" They rushed and seized me and would literally have thrown me down stairs if I had not used main strength and caught hold of the banisters. I said to Mr. Vandergriff, you would not treat me so if you were not drunk.

LETTERS AND ANSWERS

Who is Right?

Mr. Editor:—It is a mighty question yet to be settled and the coming woman has recently taken an active hand in its settlement, most earnestly. As I understand the matter the saloons in Kansas have a legal standing similar to highway robbers, gamblers and horse-thieves. If I am correct, then any one in that state has the equal right to abate the saloon and all property engaged in carrying on the work of destruction to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" which the constitution guarantees to every citizen, as that of a burglar and all the property he employs in his nefarious business. Why the people will not or cannot see that if one in the state of Kansas should destroy a saloon, such saloon keeper or owner upon entering court, admitting his business, could no more sustain a claim for damage than a horse-thief is past understanding. Here now is where that old saw comes in. "There are none so blind as those who will not see."

Now in the beautiful state of Tennessee the laws are different. Here the saloon is licensed. Here the saloon before the law is as precious as the church. This is made so by the overwhelming majority of the church people giving the saloon keeper the right to sell "bust head whiskey" for so many pieces of silver, they in the meantime hugging the delusion to their hearts that it is saving them so much on their taxes. The saloon keeper, therefore, is acting more honorable in his occupation than he who makes or gives the right to sell alcoholic stimulants for so much money, knowing full well the fearful results that follow, even

to his own church brother. Your prayers and tears are worth nothing, my dear brother, so long as the smell of whiskey money is in the palm of your hands. Go wash yourself in the pool of Siloam, then come and talk to me of heaven and a reform in politics.

So, then, as a matter of fact, one mashing in the doors and windows of a saloon in the state of Tennessee is as liable for damages as though he had inflicted a like damage upon a church building. The iniquity does not lie at the door of the saloon keeper so much as at the door of the church members who are as active in giving a legal status to the saloon as those outside of the pale of the church. This only shows that the average church member is more interested in the success of "Our Party" with the saloon than in Christ's Party without the saloon. They prefer to place the dignity of the law back of the saloon rather than the beauty and holiness of the Christ's Party before "The world, the flesh, and the devil."

Now how much longer must this mighty power for good remain dormant, dead? Why, just so long as they "having the form of Godliness but denying the power thereof" continue in their course. Just as soon as the voting population of the church will quit voting for "Our Party" and commence voting for Christ's Party, under whose banner they profess to be marching on to glory, will the saloon disappear, together with 60 per cent of the sin, sorrow and suffering of what is called Christian civilization.

Yours for harmony,

D. G. CURTIS.

We like all the remarks but one grave error that Mr. Curtis makes is there is such a thing under the constitution as a legalized saloon. We are surprised that men with logical minds having read the constitution of the United States and then claiming rights or defending the protection of a murder shop in any state. Such thing is a paradox. Quite as well say legalized hell as legalized dram shops. What does legal mean—right, justice, protection. These are all enemies to the hell hole of a saloon and a saloon is an enemy of peace, prosperity, and the pursuit of happiness. Just as well build a home and then blow it up with dynamite. When will men think? What are their heads?

From Hell.

St. Joe, Mo., Feb. 19, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kans.
Dear Madam:—I have read of your troubles in Topeka, Kans., and your methods of putting down the sale of intoxicants in Kansas. I sympathize with you, and admire your grit and bravery, but do not approve of your judgment. Let me say when the devil is put out of the way intoxicants will cease and not before. God sent his only begotten Son into this world to destroy the works of him (devil) which had the power of death. Now by what means will He (Christ) do it? Is it by the sword of man or carnal weapons? No, but by the sword of His mouth. That is the only way that God fights sin. Now look at this right, please and be governed accordingly, our only way. Knowing the terror of the Lord we, like Paul, persuade men. Let God do the balance. Wars and troubles come by Satan. God is not in these. Where carnal weapons are used God only permits the devil's work. His kingdom is divided and cannot stand much longer. Let God through Christ subdue the devil please. Yea, and let me say if professors of religion would do the will of the Lord, as Jesus prayed in John 17, 21, the world would be converted (saved). But there is too many devils in them to submit to Christ. I am a temperance man and preached more than forty years. Have made all sects and systems a strict study. I know what I am saying and I am living by the power of God. Yours truly,
WM. R. ADAMS,
Christian Minister.

Listen to this, will you? Christian minister with a vengeance! Like the man who saw G. P. in the heavens and he thought the Lord said, "Go Preach." This man had better "Go Pray"; especially ought he to repent of his false profession. He wants to let the devil have his way while he lives—that is just what Satan wants, but the Bible, which this minister knows nothing of, says to resist the devil. No wonder the devil is so bold when such preachers work and talk for him 40 years. I would like to know what he has accomplished by his methods.

Two Catholic Letters.

Here are two letters from Catholics. One is from a priest, one from a lay member. One thinks just as I do and is

a co-laborer. One is a hinderer. One talks like Jesus when He said destroy the workers of the devil and be not overcome with evil, but overcome evil with good. They antagonize these two belonging to the same church. God and the devil are antagonistic. When ever you keep any one talking as the enemies of any good work, what is the matter? With sympathy! Letters from Hell said don't use force, but God said the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence and the violent take it by force. Jesus used force when He cow-hided the gamblers out of the temple. I am glad my method never has been approved by hypocrites or devils in any shape.

A Catholic Priest.

Mendota, Minn., Jan. 1, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Sister:—These days back the season's routine duties of a Catholic priest have prevented me from expressing to you my sympathy and my admiration for your pluck. You are the John Brown of the temperance cause. Your smashing of saloon fixtures has been but a very little thing beside the effect it had, and was bound to have, all over the country, and the world, in building up backbone and courage and holy emulation in hundreds of thousands of those reading of it. You are a credit to womankind and humanity; you are infinitely more deserving of the gratitude of the country than are the men at the head of our armies and fleets in needless and demoralizing war.

I want to send you \$2.00, but have some fears it may not reach you safely if I enclosed it herein. Praying that the Lord may comfort and sustain you, I am yours very respectfully,

MARTIN MAHONY.

A Catholic Woman.

Rosenburg, Tex., Jan. 17, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

My dear friend:—I duly received your welcome letter. I am really sorry for all the trouble you are going through. My dear friend, you know to try to force our opinions on any person or persons it is something we can never accomplish. Our Divine Lord did not attempt to do it and no human being can do it. It is far better to follow Him in His meekness. You are aware at His last supper when He changed His body and blood unto bread and wine and said unless you eat of my body and drink of the blood you shall not have life in you. His apostles who said it is a hard saying and who can believe it. They went. Did He call them back or force them to return. No. He said to His disciples will you also leave me? Here I shall leave you to reflect.

Rosenburg is my home. I left Richmond in July and did not return only once and remained only a short time. I saw Mrs. Charlie the day I left but not since.

I would be very glad to see you and hope you will get free and that you certainly will repent, learn to live quietly, say your prayers at home, it will be more pleasing before God than all you can do by force.

Remember how often we have differed on these points. I could not change you, neither could you change me. Personally we are very warm friends, but when it comes to pro and anti we are divided.

It is useless to try to force our opinions on others. When at a distance our tongues are silent,

With pen and paper I speak to thee.

With pen and paper I speak to thee; May Jesus share His separated blessings,

Although divided in a distant land.

My dear friend, believe me yours sincerely,
MISS A. DORAGEN.

Refutes a Lie.

Some things Mr. David Nation says about his wife, Mrs. Carrie Nation: "At times I think she is daft about the saloon smashing business—I think her head is being turned by all this notoriety. She has been making some bad breaks. She is spreading this crusade too far. Her rampages have cost me close on to \$200. She is hard to manage; there is no way to stop her. What made me angry was that she kept telling me the reason she was smashing saloons was because her first husband died of drink and she feared I would do the same."—Horton (Kan.), Commercial.

The liars are not all dead yet; if so the editor and the man who dictated the above would be in hell where they are certain to go as soon as the devil has more dirty work to do on this earth.
DAVID NATION.

LETTERS FROM HONEST PEOPLE
AND SYMPATHIZERS.

(Continued from page 3.)

something that is all right and in which I think I will succeed, and that is the hotel business. There is a hotel called the Queen Hotel, corner Harrison Street and Wabash Avenue, which I am thinking of buying. In fact the negotiations are about all closed up. It is a very nice hotel and has NO bar in it, and I will see to it that there never will be one.

The reason I write you is because you treated me so kindly and seemed to take a sort of motherly interest in me. I want to thank you for the very nice interview you gave a "Chicago American" reporter concerning me and which appeared in their issue on last Sunday; it was so nice of you to speak so well of me.

And another reason for writing is to show you that you sowed some good seed here in Chicago; and to prove to the public that men can do something else if they are brought to their senses. And I want you to use me as example to others.

I extend to you a hearty welcome to my hotel when you come here the next time. And I want you to make your headquarters at my hotel during your next visit here free of charge.

I would be glad to hear from you. Yours very respectfully,

MART KAVANAUGH,
136 Van Buren St.

FREEDOM'S LEADERS.

John Brown—Mrs. Carrie Nation.
1st Part.

Years ago, when the scourged slave marched his tired and weary limbs to the allotted task by his mercenary masters planned and failed his given duty to perform within the measured space of time, he bent his back to the never failing lash and submitted to his fate uncomplainingly, nor did he even in his heart dire vengeance harbor, at the unwanton cruelties of his unmerciful drivers.

Centuries came and went, generations passed away, the scene remained unchanged until a man of God, the light of heaven in his eye, the fire of the Spirit burning within his soul, put forth his hand and said:

"Although this master defeth the laws of heaven and earth, yea dare I take the shackles from those limbs and will. The slave shall be free." And did, and took upon his head the consequences of his act and the law—the strong arm of the mighty law—put forth its hand and took this man's life away.

But from the very ashes of the grave came the Spirit that moved him and spread and grew until a mighty nation swayed within its grasp and the clouds of war rent the affairs of men assunder and fire and sword ruled over all.

And when the spirit of crime and usurpation had burned itself out in the fierce struggle and ceased to longer defy, peace came again and with it the bright word of liberty to all and the slave knew his master no more.

But there are other slaves more servile, more cringing than those of days gone by, whose very presence bringeth a curse and blight upon the loved ones that dwell beneath his humble roof.

Whose masters make no distinction on color lines but claim their victims from whatever source they may be brought within their grasp, who enslaveth not alone the person of the victim but blighteth the soul as well. No household entirely escapeth the curse of this usurper, and like the response to the request of Alexander—for those who had entirely escaped sorrow occasioned by his wars—to step forward and receive a reward—There are none. And those who speak of fallen friends do so with pallid cheek and bated breath and have a deep sense of shame for they feel the power of the usurper's hand upon them.

This monster's curse is felt by every home. The very marts of trade are held up at its command and the grasp of its grimy hands are felt upon the throat of the rulers of a so-called free and mighty people.

In the great west upon the plains where colored slavery shed human blood for foothold and failed, a woman with courage born not of herself alone, as strong of purpose as she herself is pure of thought, as resolute to do as she is free to think, stretches forth her arm and throttles this latter day scourge within his lair. Who dares say before the memory of her shall have faded from the minds of men the spirit that moves her to the act shall not have swept the land and driven the scourge that enthralled our every

home forever from our shores and America will indeed be free.

"The dream" of an old servant,
U. G. SMITH.

May it be realized.

This is from U. G. Smith of Williamsport, Pa., who came to me sick and penniless. He has remained in my employ three years. A man who had something better than wealth, better than health, better than friends, and that was character. He was the man of whom it can be said, he was the noblest work of God. He is a prosperous merchant now and a man who lives for the good of others.

Letter from Heaven.

Dear Mrs. Nation:—Some of the New York newspapers are very much annoyed because your Smasher's Mail publishes "Letters from Hell." Much of the news they print concerns the doings of the devil here on the earth, but that does not trouble him. The great question is how to put a bell, or halter, on the devil's neck. As you have demonstrated how it could be done in Kansas, the people in this part of self-styled "God's land" are both astonished and chagrined. Your "Smasher" ought to have as good a circulation as Bryan's "Commoner," and I think it will if you continue to tell the truth and shame the devil. Just now the press and pulpit of New York city keep the air hot with telling what is going to be done by the immaculates who do not drink, or gamble, or smoke, or keep mistresses. The trouble is there are so few such gentlemen of quality that nothing is accomplished. There is no real smashing; there is no real intention on the part of any one to smash anything. The whole thing is an advertisement, to enable big dinners to be given, speeches to be made, sermons to be preached, and editorials to be written. It is like the late Henry J. Raymond of the New York Times, who used to write highly virtuous articles, while he kept a case of champagne close by for refreshment; or the poet, "Miles O'Reilly," who sang sweet and beautiful songs, and died of the "blue devils" at the Astor House in New York. All the preaching of Bishop Potter, Dr. Parkhurst, Dr. Huntington, and the rest will not amount to a row of pins. And all the ladies' clubs which meet at Sherry's, or the Waldorf-Astoria, and indulge in a game of cards for charity, and a little wine for their stomach's sake, and much babblement about vice, intemperance, and the tenement houses are in the same category with the preachers. They love to pose before the public as reformers, when they do not know the meaning of the word. Bridge-whist is the latest form of the gambling vice in New York high life. It is the bridge which leads to financial ruin, suicide, and hell. Just now the bridge is so crowded it is proposed to enlarge the entrances.

As a sample of the way things are done among the educated and refined in New York, those who strive after aesthetic gratification, look at the University Club, in a building which cost more than one and a quarter millions of dollars, and which has a resident membership of some 1,700 men who are all college educated. Its liquor bill for the past year was \$40,146.97; its cigar bill was \$33,767.55. For art and literature it spent the magnificent sum of \$2,859. You will see the club is really but a licensed rum-hole for the benefit of respectable university men. Yet many of them are the very fellows who propose to reform New York. A much more startling tale might be told of all the other clubs in the big city. The truth is so-called society is so rotten at the core no virtue can be looked for. Everybody proposes to reform everybody else except himself. When you touch the individual and proscribe his liquor, or his cigar, or his game of cards, or his "sweet" mistress, his tail is in the air at once and he roars like a mad bull of Bashan. That is not the kind of reform he wants. So we are looking to Bucolic Kansas to teach the world a lesson of common sense, sincerity, truth and prosperity. Go on, then, and may the Rev. Mr. Sheldon help you.

O. P. BROWN.

All Eyes on Kansas.

Santa Cruz, Calif., Feb. 16, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Mrs. Nation:—I want to write to you and let you know your work in Kansas is watched with deep interest by the temperance people of Santa Cruz County. We have been working to get rid of the saloons in this county and last November we voted saloons or no saloons and we carried the county by 450 votes. It is now before the supervisors to make an ordinance prohibiting the sale of liquor in the county. They

are to act next March and we think we shall win. I am deeply interested in the work you are doing in Kansas. As I was born in Kansas and took part as a member of the Band of Hope in the fight the time the state voted on the question about 15 years ago. I was but 10 years old then, but I well remember how proud I was when the state voted prohibition. I remember Mrs. Belva Lockwood and Helen Gouger (I believe that is her name) spoke in our little town of Elk Falls, Elk County, Kansas, on temperance. So I still look on Kansas as my home and am proud of my native state. Please tell the people of Kansas that a great deal depends upon what success they have in shutting up the saloons in Kansas. Because if you succeed it will cheer up the people away out here in California. I have had lots of exciting arguments over your work and it is the subject of daily conversation on the streets. Mr. Knodell, the Congregational minister, preached an eloquent sermon in defense of your action last evening. Were I financially able I would like to visit Kansas and take an active part in doing what I could to help you. But I will have to miss that pleasure. I have done all I could here to get it on the ballot and traveling over the country working for the cause. And just at present I can do no more as it all depends on the action the supervisors take. Don't forget to tell the people there that much depends on their work in that state, as their work will be felt all over the United States, yes, the whole world will feel it. I would feel highly favored if you could send me a little hatchet. I see you have that now as an emblem of your work. Please write to me any way if not too much trouble. Respectfully yours,

G. H. STODDARD.

Soquel, Santa Cruz Co., Calif.

Honest People.

Wichita, Kans., March 9, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Sister:—Your crusade here has brought forth fruit. I enclose you a copy of our prohibition paper, "Law and Order," of which we print 7,000 copies, and put one inside of every house in the city to-day. Our next issue will be twice as large and splendidly illustrated. Twenty ministers are co-operating representing nearly all in the city. We shall have a full ticket and expect to sweep the city. If we do this, won't you say "hallelujah!" and won't you think there is salt and starch in the old town? Won't you send me a short letter right away. While I believe that you are God's arm to arouse the state to action, and while nearly all our ministers believe this, we think that the true way for Wichita now is to elect our prohibition ticket, so won't you write a little letter to mothers and fathers to register and vote for the sake of their boys, and the weak fellows who can't resist the awful temptation of the saloons. Your brother and friend,

W. H. ADAMS,

Editor Law and Order.

P. O. Box 314, Wichita Kans.

I will send you also 10 copies in another package by mail. Put them in hands of some of your staunch men who may be led to do the same. Our twenty ministers divide up the city into districts and put faithful Sunday School and Endeavor boys to distribute, who each have a small district. Have them ring the bells and hand papers personally to the people.

Kansas City, Mo., Feb. 18, 1901.

To Mrs. Nation:—I hope you will ker- osene Kansas and burn it up. You are doing just right. I will be there to join you next week and wreck the whole town of Topeka. There is no punishment too great for Kansas, for she is an inhuman state that will allow a poor, innocent man to be burnt, tortured as though he had no human feelings. You are serving Kansas right and I glory in your strength. May God help you and bless you in your grand and noble effort.

From a friend to the cause you are so nobly defending, of Kansas City, Mo. I hope you will have my letter published in the papers, so all can read it.

Chattanooga, Tenn., March 11, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Madam:—I sent you a communication last week in the care of your husband. Should one or both be published, please send me two copies. I thank you from the depths of my soul for opening the attack. I thank you in behalf of tens of thousands of boys who will soon be coming on the stage of action only to be bankrupt in spirit, mind and body. I thank you in behalf of tens of thousands of mothers who are to-day suffering spiritually, mental-

ly and physically all over our land because the monster is allowed to exist in our midst. I thank you for bringing a governor to terms and for having shown to the world that the love of office only makes cowards of the office holder. But most of all I thank you for showing to the world the grand moral strength of motherhood when necessary to call it into action. Let me say, keep on in the grand work of redemption, via destruction.

"And never stand still till the Master appears."

Yours respectfully, D. G. CURTIS.

A Word from Scotland.

15 Brunswick St., Hillside Crescent, Edinburgh, Scotland, Feb. 18, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dead Madam:—I take the liberty of penning these lines to thank you for the movement you have headed and are carrying out to the glory of the temperance cause, and to wish you thorough and lasting success.

There is considerable interest being taken here in the progress of the movement and I think, with others, that you are taking the best method, if carefully and thoroughly carried out, to insure success and the eradication of the drink curse, for as long as these places are allowed to remain open, many will fall victims to it, who, but for the temptation placed in their way, would have led an honest, temperate life.

I only wish some one will follow your noble example here, as I know by present experience, the temptations young fellows in business have to contend with.

Trusting you will pardon me, a stranger, for presuming to address you at such length, I remain, yours respectfully,

JOHN M. K. KEITH.

Sympathy from Denver.

Denver, Colo., March 11, 1901.

My dear Mrs. Nation.

I received your letter last night and was very glad to hear from you. I want to thank you very much for the buttons. I gave two away and have two left. I intend to send one back East to my aunt there. Are you going to come to Denver? If you do, I want you to come to the home and see the boys. I am sure you would like them very much, as they are good Christian boys. As to all the boys going out smashing, it would be pretty hard, as there are some awful tough saloons around Denver. And just think, they have signs out that if any body takes a drink they will give him a free dinner. How long are they going to keep you in jail? I don't think it's right to put you in jail for doing good. You remember in the Bible how Jesus went around doing good and they killed him for it. Well, I guess I must close and I still hope you will succeed in your work. From

FORREST WHITMARK,

1129 So. 15th St.

P. S. Please write soon.

Will Help the Cause.

Oak Park, Calif., Feb. 22, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear God Blessed Woman:—I never heard of you until this crusade began, and I've regarded it with great interest. I love you more and more and pray for you every day and wish I could be beside you. This crusade is the grandest thing that ever took place in America. When you get your paper, "The Smasher's Mail," started I'll subscribe for it and I'll furnish some items for your paper if you don't care. I close with the blessing of God upon you and your good husband. Yours very respectfully,

MRS. EELA WILLIAMS,

3101 Madrone Ave.

From a Sunday School.

Pawnee City, Neb., February 26, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kans.,

My Dear Sister:—I send you the enclosed resolution, which was passed unanimously by the class of boys whose names are attached.

This is a Sunday school class in the M. E. Church of Pawnee City, Neb. They wished me to ask you, if you would please write them a letter. I am sure by so doing you will make them all loyal soldiers in the army arrayed against the saloon. If you will be so kind, please direct to the undersigned, who is their teacher, and who is in hearty sympathy with you in your work. "God bless you," is the prayer of teacher and class. Yours in Christ.

MRS. HATTIE C. YOUNG.

Resolutions.

Whereas, A knowledge of the gross violations of the emissaries of satan, working in the state of Kansas, having grossly violated and set at naught all civil and moral law relating to the pro-

hibition of the liquor traffic, in that state, and

Whereas, The officials, whose sworn duty it is to enforce all said laws, have not only permitted these gross violations, but have in many cases boldly conspired with the outlaws that they may reap a financial benefit therefrom.

Therefore, Be it resolved by this class, that we most heartily endorse the heroic and effectual methods of Mrs. Carrie Nation, to enforce the expressed will of the people, embodied in the laws of the state, to protect the homes, the virtue, and the lives of its citizens, from the awful ravages of the liquor traffic.

(Signed) Charles Vollers, Josiah Chase, Olin Davis, John Boyle, Ray T. Whitaker, Archie Bice, Charles Williamson, Hollis Gilbert, Ragan Hanon, Hubert Fredericks, Fred Haas, Stanley Bullard, Roy Leisure, Mero Haanan, J. Ilginfritz, Hiram Sannis, Walda Davis, C. Cummings.

Commendation.

Ebensburg, Pa., February 23, 1901.
Mrs. Carrie Nation:—In view of the fact that the E. H. S. Lyceum are in sympathy with you and your cause we send the following resolutions:

F. S. LLOYD, Secretary.

T. C. EVANS, President.

Resolutions.

Whereas, Mrs. Carrie Nation has for some time been engaged in freeing the cities of Kansas of illegal liquor selling, by breaking up the saloons and joints, where the same was sold.

Whereas, The said Mrs. Nation has succeeded in causing the principal joints of those cities to be closed, thereby enforcing the laws which the officials were afraid to do,

Be it so resolved, by the E. H. S. Lyceum, that believing in the sincerity of her motives and the justice of her cause the approval and good wishes of this society be extended to Mrs. Nation, in her fight against crime and vice.

Rum vs. War.

Milwaukee, Wis., March 12, 1901.
Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Madam:—It is with great pleasure and sigh of relief that I read of your release from a most cruel, unrighteous incarceration, and take this means of extending to you my most hearty congratulations. I sympathize with the noble cause you advocate, with heart and soul, as I have witnessed the ravages of King Alcohol while in Cuba with Gen. Shafter.

The Spanish bullets did not kill one-eighth as many of our boys as did Satan's vilest drink, "RUM." Now that you are at liberty, I presume you will visit Milwaukee and trust you will advise me of the date of your coming. If you need any financial aid, wire me and confirm the same by letter. Trusting your cause will reach mankind in its true light, believe me, your faithful co-operator,

COL. C. A. MENGES,
Care Capt. F. Dreher, U. S. A.
No. 100 North Ave.

From the Pacific.

Fremont (Seattle), Wash.,
February 19, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kans.
Dear Mrs. Nation:—I send you enclosed a campaign song; some young people here sing it with gusto. Rev. Dr. Burrows of this place has said from the pulpit, "Would the whole nation were like Mrs. Nation."

I often feel like using dynamite when I go past a saloon, but the law protects them here. Nevertheless we keep right on.

May the Lord have you in His keeping to prolong your life that you may go on with the great work. Yours for universal prohibition,

(MISS) E. INEZ DENNY.

Small Favors Thankfully Received.

Washington, Pa., Feb. 25, 1901.
Dear Mrs. Nation:—Please accept a small check. Use where you need a little money. You have done a great work for Kansas, and now I hope the men will take it up and carry it to the finish. Yours very truly,

M. C. TREAT.

Mrs. Carrie Nation will leave for Cincinnati on the 26th inst for a lecturing tour, where she is booked for a six days' course.

The Railroads

Of the country are issuing orders that their employes shall not touch, taste or drink intoxicating liquors and any employee seen or known to enter places where liquors are sold will at once be discharged. Then why transport such liquor for others to drink? Messrs. Railroad Officials, be consistent.

Appeals for Help

FROM EVERYWHERE.

An Appeal.

Mother is in jail for daring to defend her home against the legalized saloons that have drugged, and robbed, and murdered her nearest and dearest friends. Mrs. Nation is still in the Topeka jail, for daring to lift her hand against those who have destroyed her friends and her home. No mother in our United States of America dare lift her hand in defense of her home against the government saloons.

H. HANSEN.

Pasadena, Cal.

An Appeal from Florida.

Orange City, Fla., March 10, 1901.

Mr. David Nation, Medicine Lodge, Kan.
Dear Brother:—Your welcome letter was duly received. I have made a copy and sent to the "Times Union and Citizen," asking them in justice to you to publish it. If they do, I will mail you a copy, but if not, then I will try somewhere else. I have been invited to attend a sociable at a neighboring town to-morrow evening, and to read your letter. Many thanks to you for it.

If there could only be a grand rally of all the women to Mrs. Nation's standard, then victory would be easy, not only there but elsewhere—because a great tide of public opinion would sweep away all obstacles. It is pitiable to see professed Christian people who can do no better than stand and criticize Mrs. Nation and her methods.

I enclose an appeal to the women of Kansas. If you think best to have it published, please to consult the W. C. T. U. and let them take it in charge, but I leave it to your judgment whether it should be published or not. May the Lord grant you success. Faithfully yours,

MRS. E. A. HILL.

An Appeal to the Women of Kansas.

The excitement attending the new crusade in your state has now become national. All eyes are turned toward Kansas to see what is to be the outcome of the war between the saloon element and the crusaders. Upon the decision there depends the status of the saloon in other prohibitory states in the Union.

Let us look squarely at the situation. A saloon is a "murder shop" planted in the midst of the population so as to be easy of access to the people. This assertion is no "cunningly devised fable," for we have the testimony offered by reliable official statistics that fully 100,000 men die annually as the result of this traffic.

Men have looked this situation in the face for years, and have—compromised.—when that meant the heart's blood of our sons and brothers. Women, too, have looked on, with horror and a torturing sense of their helplessness.

I have had a sudden enlightenment on this subject, and a conversion; last night was doubt; now all is clear. The cause—the re-reading of the fable of the old man and the apple tree in the Woman's Tribune. This monster represented as the liquor traffic has for centuries been stealing the early fruit of noble manhood, leaving only decay and desolation; fair speech has been tried in remonstrance, and grass pellets, with no result but laughter, and further depredations. We must now try what virtue there is in stones, i. e., smashing.

Now that Carrie Nation has taken up her weapon and gone forward, let there be a grand rally to the standard. If every woman in the state who has been injured by the saloon assist in abating this nuisance, then all talk of "lawlessness" and "insanity" would cease, and the whole movement would be lifted to the plane of a great revolutionary reform. If worst came to the worst, and some had to lay down their lives even for the cause, that would be as nothing to the great number now being annually murdered by the poison of the saloon.

This action would put backbone and courage into the men and they would rally by hundreds to the support of the weaker sex. We all know the power of numbers. God grant that you may have come to the kingdom "for such a time as this."

Women of Kansas, lift the standard and go forward! Call upon your sisters all over the United States for financial backing, and after this long, long night, we shall see the beginning of the dawn of a better day. MRS. E. A. HILL,
Press Dept., Fla. W. C. T. U.

"The SMASHER'S (BLACK) MAIL."

The following is an extract from the Smasher's Mail published in Topeka by Mrs. Carrie Nation and Nicholas Chiles:

"And so the Witches and Wizards are coming to Topeka and the prince of wizzards, Harrison Barnet, is to preside. G. W. Gates, the speaking devil, is to spew his blasphemy over Topeka and the prima donna witch, Mrs. Gates, is to set up a refuge of lies and I suppose she will have some of the elite of the city attend this hell show, and they will be at the other hell show too, if they are not on their guard. There is a curse for every one who goes to this pandimomium. God made idleness as the sin of witchcraft, and some people calling themselves spiritually minded will say I do not believe in witches. Do not believe that God knows, for he said to Moses, 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live,' and in Gal. 5:20 witchcraft is one of the mortal sins. I would like to have a chance to meet these enemies of all righteousness and hew them with the prophets and slay them with the word of God. I met these same devils in a Bible reading in Dewey county near Seeberry, and with one single contest silenced two of their crowds. The head one has become a member of the church and you cannot find any with a search warrant."

If we wanted cheap notoriety we would give her a chance to hew us down with the prophets, but we think she would make better success hewing with the hatchet since she would not be so liable to get tangled up in a mesh of English words and forget where to place her verbs, adverbs, adjectives, etc. Then, judging from her editorials in the Smasher's Mail she is more skilled in the use of vile language and the hatchet than any other kind of argument, and as we have never been trained in the use of these, we could not meet her on equal footing. Intelligence and decency, refinement and spirituality, morality and true religion, which are the basic principles of Spiritualism, have no part nor lot in her make-up nor in that of any of her kind.

We would not have noticed her vile onslaught on Spiritualism nor have deigned to copy a word of it here, but we want some of the Spiritualists who murmured against our article a few weeks ago on "Mob Law" to know what their idol thinks about them.—The Psychic Century.

New Side to the Nation Crusade.

From the Kansas City Times of March 21, 1901.

Monday night a man giving his name as John Warren was arrested as a vagrant. In police court yesterday he told the sad story of his recent life. Not long ago he was a bartender in a prosperous joint at Goff, Kan. That was before Mrs. Nation inaugurated her crusade by throwing a hatchet through the bar mirror of a Wichita saloon. Shortly afterward the crusading fever caught the women of Goff, and one night a party swooped down on Warren's joint and reduced it to bits of glass and kindling wood. He has since been a wanderer without an occupation and without a home.

The sad story of John Warren opens up an entirely new train of thought in connection with the Nation crusades. Is Carrie Nation, the self-styled defender of homes, in reality a smashing power that makes men homeless? Are there to be Nation tramps as well as Nation crusaders? Must history record in the same breath that the Kansas hatchet wielder made bartenders as well as rum devils, aimless and friendless wanderers?

Incidental to his personal memories, Warren announced that in a railroad yard one night he met four brother tramps who, like himself, were once dispensers of liquor in Kansas joints. In a hay stack on another occasion he slept in the company of two erstwhile bartenders. And all this goes to show the far reaching and hitherto unconsidered effect of Carrie Nation's work. Who can say how many of the unkempt and unshaven citizens of this great republic are now beggars and thieves and frequenters of police "holdovers" just because of the joint demolishing proclivities of the latest Kansas wonder? Many a Weary Walker who now stands before Carrie Nation lecture posters with clenched fist and scowling face may have good reason for both. Many a Dusty Rhoads who looks long and longingly at the beer sign over the door of a North End saloon may be indulging in thoughts of better days—of the dear, smashed past beyond the Nation era.

LETTERS FROM HELL.

(Continued from page 2.)

trine and this was when I think He had an extra dram of wine or two, as He made and drank the best article of wine. This act is at variance with the true method of the Savior's teaching the plan of salvation; that when we are smitten on one cheek turn the other also and that when we are sued and our coat recovered, give the cloak also; and if we are compelled to go a mile, go a twain also; meekness and humbleness being the grand object. Your attorney brought up the circumstance of the Savior in ejecting those from the temple before the judge in justification of your smashing saloons, forgetting that Christ had the authority for doing what He did, while you had no authority whatever for your breaking the law. The Savior said He did not come to break the law, but to fulfill.

I saw from the papers that you had accepted an invitation to come to Morristown in east Tennessee, and when you do come I would be well pleased for you to come and see me at my dwelling. I will treat you friendly and as well as I am able, and I will say that no evil shall befall you, as we are all peaceable, quiet, respectable and observers of the law. I am 68 years of age, served 6 years of my life in the Tennessee Senate, and have tried to so live so as to have the good wishes of all my neighbors as well as their prayers. I pray for all; I desire your prayers; I desire the prayers of all. Notwithstanding all this I have made and sold liquor ever since I was a young man, and I now own and run a distillery at this time, believing that the Lord can and will save a man in a still house just as well as anywhere else. With earnest wishes for your welfare in this life and your eternal happiness in the life to come, I am, respectfully,

WM. GREENE.

This letter speaks for itself, and we do not wonder at the muddle and blasphemy of its contents. Poor, degraded man, it is enough to make the state of Tennessee blush.

The Rummeries' Friend.

We have before us a copy of the "Hartley Herald," published at Hartley, Iowa, by Allen Croken. The editor is opposed to all methods of the suppression of the liquor traffic except moral suasion. That is exactly the position of every saloon keeper, gambler, counterfeiter, and pauper-maker in the land, and they all in unison clapped their hands and shouted hallelujah when they read it. That is Governor Stanley's position, and in Wichita, his home town, saloons, gambling, drunkenness, debauchery and infamy of every kind flourish as a green bay tree. The Governor says, "Use only moral suasion," and all these criminals vote and shout for Governor Stanley. What a friend to the liquor seller is the "Hartley Herald."

Why is it that card tables and cards are kept in police stations and run day and night?

The Whiskey Business in a Nut-Shell.

From Law and Order, Wichita, Kans.

A Kentucky editor says, and they ought to know all about it in Kentucky:

"From a bushel of corn the distiller gets four gallons of whiskey,

Which retails at.....\$16.00
The farmer gets......25
The U. S. Government gets.... 4.40
The railroad company gets.... 1.00
The manufacturer gets..... 4.00
The drayman gets......15
The retailer gets..... 7.00
The consumer gets..... Drunk
The wife gets..... Hunger
The children get..... Rags
The politician gets..... Office

Prohibition

Investment.



Those who would like to take one or more shares in a company being organized to publish a first-class prohibition paper at Kansas City, Mo., will please send their name and address to the undersigned. Shares \$1 each. A good investment in a good cause.

EDWIN C. HADLEY,

Tenth and Central Sts., Kansas City, Mo.

The Nation's **WATER BOTTLE**

Most Perfect Container in the World.

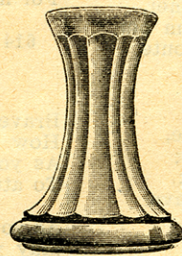
• CARRIE NATION, •
HOME DEFENDER,

O, let me drink
As Adam drank.



NO. 250. SHUT

Sanitary,
Easily Cleaned,
Economical
Receives the Ice,
In Accidental Breakage
All Parts Supplied,
Prolonging use of Bottle.



OPEN

ORDER BY NUMBER



NO. 251 Engraved.

Forwarded, No. 251 Plain, or Imitation
Cut Glass, To any address
on receipt of

75c

Engraved Carrie Nation Souvenir,

\$1.00

By courtesy of the

**PERFECTION WATER
BOTTLE COMPANY,**

Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania,

These bottles are provided at cost, that the proceeds from
their sale may be used to abolish the whisky bottles and make
water the universal beverage.

Address,

Dealers Supplied.

Sold Everywhere.

: CARRIE NATION, :

Topeka, Kansas.



Some Poetry

DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE.

CARRIE NATION.

"Air.—The Teetotalers Are Coming."

I.
Mistress Nation she is coming,
Mistress Nation she is coming,
Mistress Nation she is coming,
With her Hatchet in her hand.

Chorus—
She's a bird of freedom,
She's a bird of freedom,
She's a bird of freedom,
With her Hatchet in her hand.

II.
She went down to Wichita,
And some whiskey there she saw;
'Twas a lawful case for war;
With her Hatchet to command.
Chorus—

III.
Then she went up to Topeka,
And they didn't have to seek her,
For she stopped to clean them out,
With her Hatchet in her route.
Chorus—

IV.
O she's gallant and she's brave,
Yes! To teach them to behave;
And our glorious land to save;
With her Hatchet she is brave.
Chorus—

V.
Then girls of every station,
Up and follow Carrie Nation
And save our happy Nation,
With your Hatchets to command.
2nd Chorus—
And thus be birds of freedom
For our country much we need them,
Yes, our country greatly needs them,
With their Hatchets to command.

VI.
Free your fathers and your brothers,
And your sisters, and your mothers,
And your lovers, and all others,
With your Hatchets to command.
2nd Chorus—

VII.
Where they do defy the law,
'Tis a lawful case for war,
Show them what a Hatchet's for,
With your Hatchets to command.
2nd Chorus—

D. E. GRAYSTON.
Sparta, Mo., Feb. 9, 1901.

Commendation.

South Bend, Ind., Feb. 14, 1901.
Dear Mrs. Carrie Nation:
It is my determination,
After due deliberation,
To take a short vacation,
From my usual occupation,
To make an examination,
Of your mode of operation;
And to form some estimation,
Of the actual valuation,
Of your hostile demonstration,
Against these joints of desolation,
That cause so much vexation
To families who have relations,
Who have joined the congregation,
That infest these habitations,
For the purpose of dissipation,
Where there is an aggregation,
Of gambling and intoxication,

And their families on the verge of starvation.

Oppressed with sorrow and humiliation,
And I will say without hesitation,
Or a mental reservation,
That it is my wish and expectation,
That the law makers of this nation,
Will pass some legislation
That will help you in your operations.
You have gained the approbation
Of good people all over this nation,
For your pluck and determination,
In all your operations
Against these dens of degradation,
And I hope there will be no cessation
Of hostile demonstrations
Until the entire aggregation
Of these wicked combinations
Have been wiped off of the face of creation.

There should be a total extermination
Of all the places of dissipation,
For that will be the only salvation
For many good people of all nations.
Yours truly, ROBERT HARDY.
614 Park Ave., South Bend, Ind.

A Blessing in Verse.

Brave, honorable Mrs. Nation,
How well you fill your station,
As you promptly obeyed the call
To attack the holds of King Alcohol.

As you beared the monster in his den,
May you be strengthened then
To meet the venom of his rage,
As in the conflict you engage.

Then may you come out victorious,
And your name become notorious
On account of your breaking down
The whiskey traffic in your town.

Then as you outwit the wily foe,
To other towns you are called to go
To aid in sinking the awful pest
That they, too, may enjoy peace and rest.

Some say you are a peace breaker,
While others term you a peace maker;
Let all say what they please,
'Tis the saloon disturbs the peace.

Into perdition souls are sinking,
On account of this awful drinking.
Then in your raids still persevere,
Demolish whiskey, wine, and beer.

From our fair land banish the saloon,
And peace is sure to follow soon;
Now we know this to be so,
Will give you reasons why we know.

In Camby once upon a time,
The ladies there thought it no crime,
Hence the saloons from town they
drove,
And thus made peace in Black Jack
Grove.

Though they lodge you in jail,
Let not your courage fail;
You are there to meditate and rest,
And form plans for the best.

Then push on the work from state to
state,
Save our country from this awful fate;
Then may the pen of its future history
Record your final victory.

BETTIE WOODS.
Ridgeway, Texas.

Prohibition Hatchets.

A Nation—al Song. Tune, "John
Brown." By E. I. Denny.
We've waited long for justice while our
hearts were wrung with woe;
As sons and brothers wandered and
were captured by the foe;
Now swing our trusty hatchets and com-
pel the joints to go,
The Nation's marching on.

Chorus—

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
The Nation's marching on.

We'll break the brandy bottles and
we'll spill the liquor, too;
Now swing the trusty hatchets as we
fight the battle through;
The joints we will demolish and we'll
make the keepers rue,
The Nation's marching on.

Chorus—

If officers arrest us and we're all locked
up in jail,
Our fortitude and patience and our
faith shall never fail;
Our trusty little hatchets and our
prayers will yet prevail,
The Nation's marching on.

Chorus—

In slavery times remember there was
"foolish" John Brown;
And even if our leader should be like
him "in the ground,"
We'll raise a mighty army and at length
it will be found,
Our NATION'S marching on.
Chorus—

Cherryvale, La., March 1, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—Please accept
these lines in the same spirit of friend-
ship in which they are written and sent.
Yours, L. T.

Lines on Mrs. Nation of Kansas.

The papers tell of Mrs. Nation,
Who minds neither curses nor lauda-
tion;
But believes it is her special mission
To smash and fight for prohibition.
She goes to rum-holes, visits joints,
And there her little hatchet flaunts,
While nothing yet her spirit daunts.
No fear of self her conduct hinders,
While smashing glass and kegs to flin-
ders.

The motley crowd they cheer or hiss,
She heeds them not nor cares for this;
As on she goes with sparkling eye,
Emptying corn-juice, gin, and rye.
"Down with the joints," her battle cry;
"Smash every joint and drain 'em dry,"
While every jointist fears he'll catch it
And feel the effects of her little hatchet.
Brave Mrs. Nation—"You are a whale,
You are not afraid of the county jail;
You know you are fighting the greatest
evil,

Which has yet come from the brain of
devil;
The people think you're a new creation
While the jointists say you are "dam-
nation."

Go on, old pilgrim, while below;
Strike hard with even-handed blow;
Determine nothing else to know,
Until every joint is forced to go.
And may this present agitation
Go spreading wide throughout the na-
tion

Until one and all, of every station,
Shall bless the name of Carrie Nation!!
Yours truly, LINN TAUNES.

TO STOCK MEN.

..... TRY.....

Rogers Com.'n Co.

KANSAS CITY STOCK YARDS,

With your next shipment of

Cattle, Hogs and Sheep.

Kohl's . . .
Rheumatic
Cure.

This is a sure cure for
**RHEUMATISM,
LUMBAGO,
GOUT . . .**

*And all Diseases Caused by
Impurities of the Blood.*

Prepared only by

Chas. W. Kohl,

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226 Kansas Ave.,

TOPEKA, KAS.

Price, - \$1.00