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Smasher's Mail, Vol. 1, No. 6, 1901

Carrie Amelia Nation

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Smasher's Mail

VOL. I. NO. 6.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1901.

PRICE 5 CENTS

"PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN."



MRS. CARRIE NATION

A Home Defender Who Defends.—Leader of the Greater Smashing Reform Crusade.

CARRIE NATION'S VIEW OF KANSAS.

Contrary to the usual custom, I will put this editorial on the first page. My dear friends and charitable enemies, I ask your consideration in condoning these lines, to remember that Carrie Nation speaks from experience and she tells you that which you ought to know, for thank the God of armies and truth the people of free America are the government of her domain. I shall confine my further remarks to the people of Kansas, the name I once hated when I lived on the border in Missouri when a child, for all Missourians then cursed Kansas, but I love the name now, and truly that this is the State that Can-sass (Kan-sas) the world with its spice of progress. The devil has a bitter hatred of Kansas, because she has fought so many battles with him, and won, but he will never give up (the only good trait he has) and in a sneaking way for several years he has been trying to get our State in his toils. One of his most successful schemes was put on foot when

he deceived the people into electing as their governor Stanley, the wolf in sheep's clothing, who comes from Wichita where he begun his sly devilry in entering the fold to destroy the lambs. Poor sheep, they have lost their lambs but sheep are silly animals and did not see the wolf because he had on the pelt of a sheep. He succeeded so well in his sheep killing that he grew bold and offered to defend the flock of Kansas, where he has gone into a wholesale slaughter of lambs and sheep. Our beloved Topeka was at one time one of the loveliest cities I ever saw, for I was here in the day of her purity and when coming to the city was so astonished at its beauty, which exceeded in so many respects the cities of the East that I had just come from, that I traded a tract of land, over five hundred acres, for a residence in your city, just because I wanted to possess a home in a place so lovely in every respect. Alas, she is not such now! And why? Because such enemies as Stanley have come and dragged into her midst the elements of hell. You may know how

I felt when this blasphemer was asked to speak at the Sunday School State Convention by the president. Poor "goose" of a man, if I may thus apologize for him! I sent in a request to speak ten minutes but was not allowed. Why? This is a puzzle. But one thing I do know. The man who would have Stanley speak, would not wish me to. We do not belong to the same crowd. And this Stanley is invited to spew his poison at the Chatauqua Assembly of our State. I am reminded of the comments of Casca in speaking of the Roman populace at the time Caesar would be emperor. "If Stanley had stabbed their mothers they would have done no less." I was not allowed to live to do that, but Stanley still lives and stabs men, women, and children.

A Royal Boomerang.

We heartily approve the following: The czar in banishing Count Tolstoi, the noblest man of the Russian Empire, has cast a stigma upon aristocratic rule that will be effaced only by its destruction. "The head and front of his offending" was that of teaching liberty in Christ to the common people. It is too late in the centuries for crowned heads to act as dictators of other men's consciences. The following reply of the Count to the Czar will be fresh in the memory of his grateful countrymen when czarism and popedom shall in turn be banished from earth.

"Why will you fight with what you can not subdue by force instead of covering your name with imperishable fame by treading the way of justice? You protect injustice, sire.

"Free the peasant from the brutal tyranny of the officials; give him equal rights with other ranks; do away with the present police system, which demoralizes society, degrades the Empire and breeds spies and informers. Do away with restraints on education, so that the road to enlightenment may lie open to all. Prohibit no man from having his free belief, and let religious persecution cease." Amen! Good teachings.—Ex.

LIAR AND THIEF.

It amused me to hear the prosecuting attorney cross question Chief Stahl who testified that he believed the editor of the Smashers Mail, the joint smasher, poor Carrie Nation of the Wichita inquisition, insane because she said he was a thief. If this poor woman had not had a remarkably stable mind, the intrigue to unbalance her small caliber would have succeeded. Chief Stahl said he believed me insane because I called him a thief. Pitiful! that Topeka has for chief a man who does not know a thief from an honest person. I also called him a liar, which was another strong point in his esti-

mation to prove my insanity. When he told me he did not take my hatchet out of my hand at Moeser's he did lie. When he refuses to give up my property to which he has no right, he is a thief.

Foreignism.

Fred Worthington, Shelbyville, Ind., writes: "Mrs. Carrie Nation:—I have read of your work with great interest, and sympathize with you in it. Wish there were more who were in such dead, sober earnest in God's work as you are. It is plain to me that if we had only American people, liquor and other things would have been. But foreigners from other countries refuse to think as we do. So it happens that wherever there is a large foreign populace, saloons open and thrive."

Special to Women.

Was it not a pitiful sight to see Carrie Nation in Judge Hazen's court with a jury of representative jurists, of Kansas, composed of anarchists, ten white and two colored? Was she tried by a jury of her peers? A thousand No's! The law of God and the constitution of the United States stands to denounce this outrage. I shall demand it as my right in all my cases hereafter. Who will deny me? Mark the man that does.

THAT WHISKY JURY.

When I secure the names of the men who sat on the jury that convicted me on May 14th, in Topeka, for the "malicious destruction of property," when I was the law abiding citizen, while they were the anarchists, I will name in Smasher's Mail next issue that these men may be marked as fit for treason, strategem, and spoils. Such men are dangerous to peace, prosperity and the pursuit of happiness.

ANOTHER LAWYER UNDER FIRE.

A certain lawyer, quite a barrister I should judge for the simple and vicious, who also testified on the stand that he believed me insane because that on the street I would defend myself against the stinking breath which he threw out of his mouth into mine, and also at other times I would speak of the ruinous effect of tobacco on the manhood of this country.

JUDGE MAGAW vs. DECENCY.

When Judge Magaw was put on the stand the prosecuting attorney took him through a fulsome of interrogations which made him look like a simpleton. He also testified that he thought I was insane because I refused to be insulted by looking at a parade of naked figures of women which was the most prominent feature of his office, except himself.

LETTERS FROM PATRIOTIC FRIENDS AND CO-WORKERS.

From a Genuine W. C. T. U.

Kingman, Kan., April 29, 1901.
My Dear Mrs. Nation:—It is a burning shame, the way the sheriff and authorities there in Wichita are persecuting you; but their punishment is coming—retribution is sure and complete soon. I feel, I know that the outlaws and their supporters, the perjured officers, are going to be brought to a swift and just retribution. Will not the Wichita W. C. T. U. provide you with pillows, towels, and suitable food, and compel the sheriff to keep out that terrible cigarette smoke. When will the next term of court be held in Sedgwick County? When will your case come to trial? Can't a change of venue be taken to the Kingman County court? It will convene the first of May. We have some interesting whisky cases to come up and Mr. Kinsey has his own case to conduct. He was persecuted, arrested for cutting some of his own trees down. Mr. Kinsey is so busy just now, he feels that he can not go to Wichita just now. Won't you get out on bond and come and stay with us here at Kingman until the time of trial and you could consult with Mr. Kinsey and plan it all out. He feels that he could not do you justice but I know that he could—he has been a great admirer and champion of you all along and he has always been a strong prohibitionist, and able lawyer, and a hater of the outlaw jointists.

If you can't get out on bail, or can't come over here or get a change of venue to the Kingman County court, please let me know. If Mr. Kinsey can possibly get off, would not some of the Wichita W. C. T. U. members board him while he would be there? I do want him to help you. Won't you write directly (D. R. Kinsey), and let me know about it; perhaps he could arrange all through correspondence, and they might thus be thrown off their guard. Oh, now I wish you could get out on bond and come over here until time of trial—we would arrange everything.

Please write to my husband fully right away. He said that he did not see how he could take your case, he has so much to do just now; but if you write directly to him, I do not see how he can refuse. God bless and help and comfort you, and may He visit confusion and a just punishment upon your persecutors. They shall not harm you; you shall yet be victorious over all your foes and right shall and will prevail. We will help you smash the saloons of Kansas and ere long the joints and outlaws shall be a thing of the past in our fair State. May God bless you. Sincerely your friend, ELLA KINSEY.

One Standard.

April 30, 1901.

Dear Sister:—I am at war with all the society evils of man, and for the protection of woman against the prostituting of her body in or out of marriage for the purpose of gratifying the lusts of man, who is accountable for her condition in society, both from a physical and spiritual standpoint.

Were it not for her confidence in man, who she has been taught to look to as her protector when in fact he proves to be her destroyer, knowing society will laugh at him for sowing his "wild oats" and help him kick his victim to the hell he has made for her, woman would protect herself.

It is man alone who causes the fingers of scorn to be pointed at his victims, the purpose of which is to prevent his own acts from becoming known, which would be the case if his victims were not isolated from her sex. Man says to his mother, wife, or sister: "We being men have a chance to know they are not what they ought to be," and passes his partners in guilt without a word of recognition when in company with his female friends, for the purpose of deceiving.

I will not stop this fight to save my sex from being debased by man's acts and placing the blame where it belongs until woman is restored to the place in nature intended for her—a right to her own body and for which she has a right to defend it, even at the displeasure of man, and at the same time condemn in him what has always been condemned in her, and until so-called Christianity can open its

eyes to read the beautiful lesson taught by the Christ, who found the sin of woman not greater than man's who took time to escape when they saw the finger of the Master writing in the sand. They thought it about time to take a sneak, which He intended for them to do, that He might show the world that the cause of sin when removed He would not hold the victim responsible. Remove the unjust "sex in morals" and thereby put a stop to the propagating of the consequences which now are the result of licensing evil that evil may abound, and that the victims may be punished. The druggists and saloon-keepers are the devils best friends and the victims are the ones who are punished for their confidence in their flattering words and are parallel cases with the above, which are cases of robbery, murder, and the cause of all the crimes committed by mankind and as such must be looked upon. Yours for right,

ELIZABETH D. McCLINTOCK.

Good Word from Ohio.

Powell, Ohio, May 4, 1901.

Dear Mrs. Nation:—I thought I would write you again. I received the papers you sent and your picture. I gave the postmaster the picture and part of the papers to give out, as I did not suppose he could sell them, being back numbers. He also received the other package. He had only sold one paper when I saw him, and I took and sold two for him. I would like to have sent you the change, but of course they were his papers and I thought I had better encourage him, because he would then try to sell them. There is so much opposition. He has your picture up in the office; it will help create sentiment, but I fear there is not much money in it. It is like all reform work, it moves slow, and people rush on in their blindness. Oh, we would be utterly discouraged did we not know that God is all powerful and all wise and that He will raise up those in His own good time that will destroy this curse. I can not learn whether your trouble is settled or not, but suppose not, as I did see a little account of where they would not allow you to go to your dying brother. Vengeance is mine, sayeth the Almighty, and surely He will not allow these things to go unpunished. The paper tried to make it appear that it was your own fault that you did not get to go to your brother, but of course we know there are two sides to it. And we must wait and pray. He will make the wrath of man praise Him. There are many suffering martyrdom in different ways and I hope that God will help you to endure to the end. You will do as you think best about sending any more papers to the office. No one has subscribed yet from me. My son thinks you would do more good by contributing to some paper that has a wide circulation, as none but those strong in the faith will take a temperance paper. Of course, if you were still smashing saloons, they would be anxious to hear about it, but they would get that through the dailies. I see the women are encouraged in some places to defend themselves against the saloons. So thank God and take courage. Their works do follow them. With much love and many prayers,

MRS. A. M. DOBYNS.

A New Battle Hymn.

Chapel, Mo., May 1, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—I have just written a new song entitled, "Crusaders' Battle Hymn." I have been wonderfully pleased with your work. You will see by one of these verses that the work has also begun at Centerville, Iowa. I will send you the words of my new song. I have written both the words and music, song and chorus. Mrs. Nation, if this song suits you, show it to your friends and write what you think of it. I want to get it published as soon as I am able. I am afflicted with lung disease, and without Jesus heals me my singing days will soon be past. It will cost about \$4 to get this song published. I mean to vote prohibition and fight whisky while here on earth I stay. If you think this song will be a help to the work and sell well, write and tell me, for I want it to do all the good it can in Jesus name,

and my family needs what the song may bring. Your friend in Christ,

ED. MINKS.

Crusaders' Battle Song.

Words and Music by Ed. Mink.

We are crusading soldiers, so valiant
With hatchets and hammers we'll fight
against wrong.

Old alcohol demon, the beer, wine and gin,

Hallelujah to Jesus! the victory we'll win.

Chorus—

We will never turn backward, never no, no,

With hatchets and ballots we'll fight the fierce foe;

Old alcohol demon, the beer, wine and gin,

Hallelujah to Jesus! the battle we'll win.

Oh, come ye brave women with hatchets in hand,

Ye crusading soldiers, ye temperance band,

And smash all vile dens wherever you go,

And save our dear country from peril and woe.

There was bold Carrie Nation who led the first band,

In the cities of Kansas, her own native land;

She smashed the saloons and the gambling den

And all the vile houses she put to an end.

When Iowa women these tidings did hear,

They took up the cause for their country so dear,

Then armed with their hatchets and God's holy will,

They smashed the blind tigers of old Centerville.

Oh, come on Missouri and join in the fight,

And vote prohibition and do what is right;

And smash the saloons with your hatchets so keen,

And all the vile houses the devil would screen.

And when other states have heard what we have done,

How over the monster the victory we've won;

They'll vote prohibition and wipe out this foe,

And save our dear nation from misery and woe.

More Insanity Needed.

Kansas City, April 25, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

My Dear Friend:—I have just heard one of my good neighbors read in the Kansas City Journal of your imprisonment in Wichita, and I want to say to you God will be your strength, and the great and glorious work that you have begun will have no ending until every saloon and dram-shop will be closed and our land shall be the land of the free, and the home of sober men. May God bless and keep you and give you new strength each day, for the day is coming when your name shall wave in banners of gold. You may be called insane, but never mind. I would to God there were more insane like you. Surely you have went out in love and for the good of mankind, and love worketh no ill to his neighbor, therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.—Romans xii, 10. And now as I close I will say you have my prayers for your release that you may go again about your great, good and glorious work. Yours for closing saloons and for Christ, lovingly,

MARTHA P. WOOD.

Wanted in Wisconsin.

Hayward, Wis., April 23, 1901.

Dear Mrs. Carrie Nation:—I saw of your good work in the newspapers about breaking up the old saloons and drug stores. Will you and your club come to Hayward, Wisconsin? They are breaking the laws here and also in Sand Lake, where I live. It is getting to be such a bad place in this community that a decent family can not live here. They do not allow us to have any school or Sunday school; so if possible for you to work here, come up. I will do all I can to help you in this great work to save men and women. Don't neglect this great work, for we need you here in a great many places. I hope this will be satisfactory to you and your club. Let me hear from you as soon as possible so I can help you some if you need my assistance. I remain, yours truly,

MRS. BEN WHITE.

HOW THEY GOT THERE—THE WAY WE LOOK AT IT.

We have heard of George's hatchet, when we went to school;
Now the women have got famous, a-using the same tool;
The way they used the weapon, we will now explain,
They broke the whisky bottles, but got there just the same.

Wilhelmina now is married, and Edward plays the king,
What care we for such small things, we have a whisky ring.
But the women come to our aid, and block the little game,
With the historic hatchet, they get there just the same.

The men make good laws, but if they're not enforced,
The women soon will toe the mark, and teach a thorough course.
What if they do spill whisky, who is most to blame?
If they make the glassware rattle, they get there just the same.

A good woman out in Kansas just made the bottles fly;
Her name will be remembered in the sweet bye and bye.
The path placed herself on record, on solid walls of fame,
By leading other women, so they get there just the same.

They say her name is Nation, and she has lots of sand;
The din she made with glassware quite often beat the band.
She spread a lot of whisky on the bright Kansas plain;
She did a smashing business, but got there just the same.

The man with the hoe, will always have his day,
The woman with the hatchet, will also have her say.
When they both pull together, the world is sure to gain,
They will be a spanking team, but will get there just the same.

The above verses were composed and sung to large crowds of people at granges, and other good people, always meeting with cheers and a wish from the most influential to possess a copy. These papers here are so much in fear of whisky men they dare not publish the poem; we therefore send them to the Topeka Smasher and hope they will be instrumental in conveying a few ideas of how we view the situation; many towns here voted down license that never did before. We think it is because the people have become aroused by the way women have exerted themselves, in Kansas.

The verses were sung in the tune of Wearing of the Green, and the music should be published also as some may not be familiar with the tune, although most Irish men and women are who were born in the Green Isle. I would be pleased to have a copy of the Smasher containing the poem, and also a picture of Mrs. Carrie Nation, the noble woman who faced death for the cause of temperance. The New York Weekly Tribune, dated March 9 said hundreds of saloons and hotels would be compelled to do without license, this year, on account of the antics of Mrs. Nation. The editor thought less money would be paid for whisky, by thousands of dollars, and more money would hereafter be paid for shoes, and clothing for children. Thousands of children would then be able to go to school who before could not because their clothes were insufficient.

Hoping these lines, poem and all, will meet the approval of all good people the world over, I remain the friend and helper of good, noble Carrie Nation. May she prosper as she deserves.

J. HART LATTING.

Shortsville, Ontario Co., N. Y.

Ministers Bid God-Speed.

A resolution passed by the District Quarterly Conference of the Los Angeles District of the Southern California Conference of the Free Methodist Church:

"Whereas, the liquor traffic always has and continues to be a business of destruction of that that is more precious than property, even the bodies and souls of men, damning them to lives of shame and crime in this world and eternal death in the world to come, and whereas, it is utterly lawless, violating every law openly and defiantly whether made by friend or foe, and, whereas, public officials have and continue to wink at these violations and have received bribes for the public treasury in the shape of monthly fines amounting to a license in defiance of the law and sentiment of the people and we fear in

many cases receiving individual bribes as pay for their course, and whereas, the public press largely continues to sneer at every effort to suppress the traffic and throwing their influence in favor of the saloon. Therefore

Resolved, That we extend to Mrs. Carrie Nation of Wichita, Kans., our hearty sympathy in her efforts to arouse public sentiment and suppress the hellish traffic in that State, and bid her God-speed.

REV. DAVID McLEOD.
Rev. C. B. EBEY, President.
Rev. F. A. AMES, Secretary.

Things to Remember.

Stanton, Nebraska.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Sister:—In reading your paper I see some strange letters to you and wonder that there are so many weak and chaffy minded people in our good old America, which we sing the land of the free and the home of the brave, but can we say truly the land of the free, when so many are in bondage and slaves to such an evil as rum, when so many are bound by shackles and are spending part of their lives in the prison cells from this accursed evil, rum. Blessed is the man that can say my home is a free home, protected by the loving cares of a Savior who protects all that put their trust in Him. In reading Mr. Green's letter from Tennessee, how my heart aches and my prayers are for that poor old man, first, because he accuses our Lord of being drunk in his endeavors to overthrow the evil. Poor man, may God have mercy on him and save him. Second, he speaks of dealing out the deadly poison that has no doubt caused many a poor man to enter eternity under the influence of him, laying the foundation for his ruin. "Woe unto the man that putteth the cup to his brother's lip." "Whosoever shall offend one of these little ones it is better for him that a millstone be hanged about his neck and he were cast in the sea." This old Pilgrim that the Lord has been so good to and allowed to live so long and enjoy life, but now is nearing the journey's end, how can he appear before the judgment bar and say, Hear am I, Lord; I have done what I could to advance thy cause and kingdom. When the great Judge will say, What about those that have fallen by

the wayside, and the sorrows of so many mothers, wives, and children, caused by the deadly serpent you have been throwing broadcast ever since he was a young man. The many good deeds that he has buried low these many years. I presume he has thought himself a good neighbor. How often do we try to cover our ill doing by trying to insinuate our good deeds. How satan smiles to know how he is deceiving us. I have no doubt but his good neighbor prayed for him, which if good Christians would do that, he may be delivered before it is too late, but his prayers are like serving God and Mammon (liquor). That's true God will save a man in a still house as well as in a church. It don't make a matter to the Lord where we are converted or saved but if it was me I should like to get out of the place pretty quick and give the Lord praise for rescuing me from powers of satan. I would say to Mr. Green, Turn, oh, turn, why will you die. D. G. Curtis speaks my sentiments with regard to the saloon business. I don't put so much blame on the saloon keepers as I do on our business men and I might say some of our church members. There are not many Daniels among them. At the polls they make the business for the saloon keepers. Until our business men and also our church men stop going into saloons and such places, and go wash in the pool of Siloam as Curtis says, and vote for a clean temperance man regardless of party, then we will have the temperance movement under control, but we never will until our law makers and business men be true and upright. God will never overthrow an evil that is indulged and patented on the back by men that call themselves Christians and law-abiding people. They haven't enough of the grace of God in their hearts. Women may and have been trying these many years to bring reformation about. But how can they when the stronger vessel tramples their good work under their feet? But thanks to the Lord the Frances Willard movement had wrought a good work in the rising generation, if the wolves don't get among the lambs and devour them. We read of satan as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. Oh, how many poor mothers' hearts are aching, how many a loved one has passed away with a broken heart for the return of a loved one from this curse. What a reckoning there will be on the last day with the good people here that stand back with folded

arms and say, I have done a good thing, voted all my life for the old party (republican or democrat). But where are the poor lost souls that are gone down to eternity by them voting for a man that was in favor of a business that brought sorrow and death to homes? Woe unto him that putteth the cup to his brother's lip. No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven. Can a man enter heaven that has been the cause of a drunkard?

Mrs. N. L. G.

A Farmer Girl Pleads for the Birds.

To-day I would like to have my say in this paper. It is not the men-folks alone who sin with their drinking; the ladies in their mad efforts to always be dressed swell, in their feverish anxiety to be fashionable, sin much, sin more than we are thinking. Thousands of happy homes are destroyed by this vanity of womankind. But the crown of all bad, all hideous fashions that womankind indulge in, is the fashion of using little birds, aigrettes, and birds' wings on their hats as ornaments. Millions upon millions of useful and sweet little birds have already been slain, for no other purpose than to satisfy sinful greed, and curse worthy vanity. The insect pests are already increasing in an alarming way, and if this extermination of birds is allowed to go on, we may live to see the day when all our orchards, grain, etc., will be destroyed by the insects that the little birds would have been so happy to destroy for us, if only we had permitted them to live. But all this is as child's play, compared to the fact that the poor little songsters are being murdered during breeding time just as well as any other time. Oh, who may describe the anguish, the despair of the poor, sweet, helpless nestlings when they vainly look and call for their murdered little parents to come and slake their burning thirst, to appease the awful pangs of hunger. And oh, who thinks of the agony that is caused to the young egret nestling by the wearing of aigrettes upon hats, as this peculiar feather grows only during breeding time on the parent bird. Oh, Mrs. Carrie Nation, there are other places for you to use your hatchet of destruction, than saloons alone. But all ye who have a hand in the killing and starving of birds and helpless nestlings, believe me, the God who said: For He shall have judgment without mercy who hath showed no mercy, is still living, and long after the poor, tortured little birds have been turned to pitiful dust this same God will call upon you to answer for all this cruelty.

A FARMER GIRL.

A Colored Sympathizer.

Pelma, Ga., March 25, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Madam:—Being one of the readers of the Journal, and knowing the trouble you have had to undergo in trying to impede the progress of the rum dealers—that is, stop every vicious trait that has so infested the human system—and knowing that a so-called set of Christians that doth pretend to grant justice to every man are your biggest opposers, and knowing after every attempt you have made, they have abused you for doing your duty, and after all hopes seemed to have fled and gone you have taken another turn on them and I truly trust you may be successful, and that your paper may have a wide circulation, and that it may be of an arousing character as never before started, and that it will be of more terror than the hatchet. That the mind of man may be brought to read it, and that the good people may assist you in your work, and that your work may not stop until every rum shop with its equipment is turned into hell, and its supporters may become a blessing to the country instead of a curse. And I trust that your publisher may be like Simon of old who helped the Blessed Savior to carry his cross. You will find enclosed ten cents. Send me one copy of your paper. I am, Yours for true Christianity and less formality,

M. F. DRISKELL, A Negro.

From Another Colored Pastor.

Paris, Ill., March 19, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.

Dear Madam:—I know you can not answer all the letters you get, nor can you grant all the requests that are made on you, but I do pray that you will both answer this letter and grant my request. I want you to visit this city some time during the last week in April and lecture in the interest of my church. We are greatly in debt and we must raise several hundred dollars this year. I will give you \$50 and free entertainment to come here and deliver one lecture under the auspices of my poor struggling church. I wish you to come

Thursday night, April 25, or Thursday night, May 2. I will deposit \$50 in the First National Bank as a retainer if you say you will come. For the Lord's sake don't refuse. This is a poor, struggling negro church, and it cries to you for help. Your lecture would make us several hundred dollars. May I hear from you soon. God grant it that you may come. Yours,

REV. T. J. MARSH,
Pastor Second Baptist Church.

A Voice from Hoosierdom.

Hope, Ind., Feb. 10, 1901.

Mrs. Nation:—God help and protect you in your fight for I believe it to be a fight for God. Oh! how I would like to be with you. I have said for a long time when women start out and demolish the saloons and let men know they have borne with this damnable business as long as they intend to, then they will go, and not until they do.

Be of good cheer. Don't leave one. They make all kinds of threats but don't fear. Trust in God. He will deliver you out of their hands just as He did Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego from the fiery furnace. Some say, "Mrs. Nation is crazy." I wish every woman in the land was "crazy" just like her. I hope your work will reach all over this broad land. Talk about men being protectors! It sometimes seems as if they were anything else. They will swear, smoke, chew, and spit almost in a woman's face and think nothing about it. I live between Hope and Shelbyville. One saloon in Hope. The keeper has got rich sending souls to hell. I don't pretend to try to know how many in Shelbyville, but enough. I get so worked up over the condition of things I can hardly hold myself from doing just the work you are doing. But we haven't a prohibitory law. If we had, there would be trouble for somebody besides women. My prayer to God is that you may keep on until every saloon, drug store, or any place where liquor is sold will be wiped from Kansas. Oh how they will have to be watched now. Mrs. Nation, if you have the time and deem it worthy I would like you to drop a few words in reply to this poorly written letter.

Yours with all the sympathy, respect, love, and trust that a far away friend can give

MRS. ZORA MCKNIGHT.

School Children Coming.

Sherburn, Minn., May 9, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kans.

Dear Mrs. Nation:—Before communicating with you, please allow us to introduce ourselves as pupils of the 5th and 6th grades of Sherburn Public Schools, Sherburn, Martin Co., Minn.

On arbor day we planted a tree, the name for which we found a somewhat difficult problem, but by a majority vote we decided at first on "Uncle Sam," but upon one pupil venturing your name, the unanimous vote which followed showed it to be the decided preference.

Should you ever come to Sherburn we are sorry to tell you that you would find here four saloons which it would please us to have you annihilate.

In naming our tree for you, we have sought to show you that we as a body are with you in your work, and hope our loyalty may encourage you.

One use to which we can put the tree, when it has larger grown, is for making hatchet handles, and we can perhaps take the contract to supply you if you will. At the foot of the tree we placed a bottle containing the names of our pupils and teacher.

We earnestly hope when it reaches maturity our tree may be as strong as you are noble, and it is our heartiest wish that you may long continue in your good work.

We trust that our epistle may reach you, and that you may favor it with a reply. Believe us truly

Your fervent supporters,

[Signed] Charles Matson, Eva Follett, Lula Williamson, Susie Wolford, Edna Porter, Bertha Oxrieder, Ella Follett, Ruth Hansen, Ella Cooper, Maysel Grigsby, Hazel Detienne, Mary Peterson, Emma Schwager, Guy Empey, Dotie Munger, Wilbur Heidel, Edith Grupp, Mary Ellis, Ether Keil, Ted Ingraham, Marie Burrell, Willie Calkins, Emma Klatt, Earle Butterfield.

Johnson County in Line.

Olathe, Kans., May 12, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Madam:—Do not be discouraged for Jesus is your friend. Our sympathies and prayers are with you for the good work you have started. Kansas City has made a good record by your work there. Your arrest and fine of \$500 has awakened public sentiment so that the hell holes have been closed for two Sundays from 12 o'clock Saturday night until 12 Sunday night. May the agita-

tion grow 'until every saloon on this continent is closed entirely. Do not be discouraged; your work is marching on. Glory Hallelujah! Others are taking up the work. Keep perfectly cool and do what God asks you. We are picking up the strain and will carry the work on to victory. We have no joint or saloon in Olathe, but we are to hold a rattling temperance meeting to-night, all churches uniting together, and are to plan for success, God helping us.

Our young men must be saved and vice must be cleared from their presence to keep them from being tempted. We shall soon stand before the King, and while our life may be lost here on earth let us wear a crown there.

You have secured a crown, and your name is being honored by the good people of the world. God bless you and your work begun. A Temperance Worker.

PROF. WM. T. McCLURE.

Motion.

I move we extend to Mrs. Carrie Nation our sympathy and prayers. We believe she was called of God to call the attention of her State and the nation to the anarchy and lawlessness of the liquor traffic—and to the necessity of its annihilation, if the republic is to be preserved.

We also hope that in all the prohibition States the W. C. T. U. will become a terror to evil doers in this "crime of the centuries."

Wants to Subscribe.

El Reno, O. T., May 8, 1901.

Editor Smasher's Mail:—Please send me copy of Carrie Nation's Smasher. I want to subscribe for it. I am a temperance advocate of the Carrie Nation type. I believe if Mrs. Nation had stayed in Kansas and kept the ball rolling when she had them stampeded and had thousands willing to fall in the procession, she would have been the greatest person on earth.

Hoping to receive price and sample copy, I am, yours for reform,

J. S. RADLEY.

Waterville for Cold Water.

Waterville, Kans., April 19, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Sister:—We would be glad if you could pay our city a visit with a view to closing up the joints. Our council has refused to do anything; besides one lady jointist defies anything that may be introduced to close her out. We think you and your hatchet can do the work and rid our town of a miserable nuisance. Hoping to hear from you soon, we remain, Respectfully yours,

Rev. B. H. HAMPTON, Pastor Christian Church.
GEO. BENFIELD, Commander Waterville Post No. 260, G. A. R., Department of Kansas.

Far Away New Jersey.

Camden, N. J., April 21, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Sister:—When our New Jersey Prohibition Conference was held at Trenton February 14, we sent a telegram to you endorsing your work in Kansas, a prohibition State. It was signed by our former candidate for governor, Rev. Thomas Landon, Rev. James Parker, a former state chairman, and myself, who offered the resolution. Not having received an acknowledgement, I do not know that you received it; if so, will you kindly let me have a word from you to give to our State Convention that will be held May 7?

I wish New Jersey had either statutory or constitutional prohibition, there would be some smashing done here, too. Yours for the extermination of the liquor traffic,

D. W. GARRIGUES.

A Hearty Endorsement.

March 22, 1901.

Whereas we, the members of the Frances Willard Women's Christian Temperance Union of Ashland, Wisconsin, believe that "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God," and that the liquor traffic is a most wicked and despot tyrant, over the hearts and homes and politics of our country

Resolved, That we in meeting assembled, do send Mrs. Carrie Nation, who by her heroic action dared to destroy lawless saloons in Kansas, an expression of our unqualified praise and hearty approval of her brave conduct.

Resolved, That while we rejoice over the aroused Christian conscience all over the country as a result of Mrs. Nation's hatchet, we do sincerely sympathize with all her sufferings in jail, and pray that God will comfort and sustain her during all her trials and unjust affliction. We also pray that God will give her renewed courage to continue in her good work until the mother heart

(Continued on page 6.)

THE SMASHER'S MAIL.

A Newspaper for the Suppression
of the Rum Traffic.

Published Semi-monthly at
500 Van Buren Street, Topeka, Kans.

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 \$1.00 per year. General agents wanted in every county and state to handle papers, buttons, water bottles, handkerchiefs, and pictures.

EDITORIAL HOT SHOT.

The city of the Curses—Wichita.

The abomination of Kansas—Wichita.

The only rotary cell in Kansas is in Wichita.

One of the pleasantest towns we have visited in Kansas is Paola.

All back numbers of Smasher's Mail will be sent to new subscribers.

Calamity to our Topeka! Stanley is to live here—the agent of indecency.

The scarlet women have their residence the nearest the thoroughfare in Wichita.

A general boycott of Wichita! Why did the papers of Topeka retail the lies of Wichita?

I wish I had opportunity to send a sweet message to my loving friends every morning.

Why is Topeka worse than it used to be? Because the Sunday school ita has come.

Why do not the police arrest some one for spitting on the side walks? Because they would have the police in the cells.

The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance but the memory of the wicked shall rot. Poor Stanley and McKinley.

The Herod who has slain more men, women, and children than any dive-keeper is the Sunday school man, Stanley.

You will say, "Why do you so bitterly denounce Wichita and Stanley?" I know what I am talking about. I have been in the toils of the rotten mob law of Wichita.

No righteous reform ever went backward. If this thing is of man, it will come to naught. If of God, you can not put it down.

The only thing that citizens can do is to smash the vile dens, then God will do the rest. But He demands of us that we do our part.

I desire the names of all parties signing a drug store permit to sell intoxicating drinks for any purpose. We will publish the list in the Smashers Mail. Don't forget this.

The Sunday school convention ignored my request to speak ten minutes the night of the 16th. Why? Because they preferred Stanley, and his crowd and mine never did agree. There is a gulf between us.

"A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land. The prophets prophesy falsely, the priests bear rule by their means, and my people love to have it so." Why? Because such a hypocrite as Stanley is now governor of Kansas.

The unusual occurrence of a negro serving on a jury caused considerable amusement in an Independence court room this week.—Kansas City Star.

Just about as amusing and unusual as it would be to see a woman serving on a jury in Kansas.

It has been argued that the prohibition law makes men perjurers. O, no. They were so before, for occasions do not make men dishonest, but they show what they are. The man that can be

made dishonest by circumstances has a price. "Blessed is the man that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not."

The direct descendants of Ananias and Sapphira may be found congregated in Wichita. The sooner they fall dead and give up the ghost the better for Kansas. All law-abiding citizens should not dishonor God and their beloved State by sending a dollar of patronage to that vile city.

I now say to my friends I would bring fifty libelous suits against that lying sheet called Wichita Eagle, and gain every one in a court of justice. A Nero of Caligular could not have been so devoid of mercy as that foul, murderous, monstrous Murdock, in his treatment of a woman, who had no means of defense, not even to speak for herself, when he began and continued the conspiracy to deprive me of life and sanity.

In selecting, arranging, correcting, and proof reading such a mass of copy, in three days, for Smasher's Mail, it is not strange that some mistakes occur. "Bier," the answer to "Beer" in the poetical department, was written by a prisoner now in the Wichita rotary, doubtless an innocent man, while the guilty are established on the street corner. The name of the writer of "Up to Date" poem was a Mr. Porter.

I owe the public an apology for the hurried condition of the columns of the Smashers Mail. I did not intend to publish, till next week, owing to the pressures of jails, rotaries, lawyers, cases in court, enemies, "insanity," and such like; but I was informed on Wednesday that I would not have my rebate on papers sent if I did not, so now I am scribbling as fast as my pencil can move over this paper to get in some editorial matter.

I desire the names and amount given of those parties contributing aid to assist me, who have sent names to Mrs. Brown. She refuses to give them to me. Also those who gave me the means to get a medal. I desire to know the names of those friends who have substantially aided the cause of God and humanity. I have written her several times, and sent friends requesting a statement, still she refuses. There is a cause. What is it?

"No cause that seeks inspiration from the flag can ever fail."—William McKinley, President of the United States. True it is that when the American flag is dishonored at home it loses the respect of the nations of the world.

The emblem of the United States of America is the only flag on earth which is desecrated by its own people.—Ex. What inspiration to drag the poor Philipinos did Will McKinley ever get out of our flag? The inspiration comes from the votes of those who are an enemy to our flag and constitution. "This people is destroyed for lack of knowledge."

If my W. C. T. U. friends desire, I will state in the next Smasher's Mail the trouble I have had with the treasurer of the Seventh District and how their money has been squandered, and that the money given by my dear friends for my need never did me any good.

I do not go into a statement of these mortifying facts now, because I am a W. C. T. U., and will yield to your wishes, but most of you know that my Judas is now in your ranks. But my firm friends are also in your ranks, and your love and fellowship is a benediction of kind heaven to me.

The Chicago Home Defender.

This noble little paper is truly a defender and God is blessing this little band that is the salt that will preserve the light that will shine the Defender that defends.

ANOTHER BRUTUS.

How amused I was while in my rotary cell, being maligned by the papers of Wichita, to read some of the giant fabrications out of whole cloth in the Journal of Topeka. Et tu Brute?

Sunday School Arions.

The reason I was set down on in the Sunday School Convention is not surprising to me. "Twas ever thus," but perhaps when it is known that some of the delegates were drunk at the Arions and belong to them, no wonder that Stanley has hearty endorsement and Carrie Nation the lover of humanity, especially little children, is set down on. What about the rank and file?

A PETITION TO THE ROYAL ARCH NEWS.

To My Friend of the Royal Arch News: How did you like D. E. Grayston's answer to the "Lips that Touch Liquor Don't Hanker to Touch Thine," etc? Please copy and comment, my newspaper friend, the war horse of booze hoodlums.

That Dark Lantern Concern.

I am not astonished to read from the Journal of the 17th that McFarland, Vance, and Redden, shall regale the people with their dark lantern philosophy at the auditorium Sunday, but to read that F. W. Emerson should be in sympathy with such calls to mind the fate of poor old dog Tray.

Libel and Slander.

Good honest legal talent can obtain lucrative employment by sending their card to me, for the Bible says there are people whose mouths must be stopped. The mouth of that foul Wichita Eagle of the genus buzzard needs a gag. I can make better use of their money telling the truth than they can telling lies; and there are several others.

My Authority.

Several persons have asked me for my Bible authority for smashing. I give you a few passages:

Ex. 23: 24-33.
Lev. 14: 39-45.
Num. 33: 52.
2 Chron. 31: 1.
2 Kings 28: 10-15.
Psalms 12: 8-13.
Isa. 14: 5-23.
Isa. 30: 30-32.
Isa. 31: 7-9.
Jer. 51: 20-23.
Jer. 50: 23-32.
Matt. 7: 12.
Matt. 7: 3-10.
Luke 13: 6-10.
John 2: 13-17.

Read also Luke 21st chapter, 10th verse, where Nation (capital N.) shall rise against nation (small n.).

Fraud and Humbug.

pure beer legislation conveys an instructive lesson, which is of special interest to the rural Republicans of the State. There is an almost unanimous public sentiment in favor of a pure beer law among the people of this State, irrespective of party, which is especially outspoken in the rural and farming districts. In obedience to that sentiment a pure beer bill was introduced at the present session and even turned into a Republican organization measure by having it made a committee bill. The brewers who manufacture impure and adulterated beer called on the son of the Republican boss and through him induced "the indulgent father"—as ex-U. S. District Attorney Mitchell used to call Thomas C. Platt—to issue orders to the legislature to side track pure beer legislation. This is the old story of commercialism in politics, but the Republican organization of the State of New York is thereby forced into the awkward position of exposed hypocrisy and insincerity on this important subject of public health.

As a matter of fact the Republican members of the legislature were notified by Tom Platt that the brewers had contributed to the Republican campaign fund last fall and were entitled to consideration. This was a sly trick of the Republican boss intended to cover up the commercialism in politics of his sons. It is true, the brewers did contribute considerable money in support of the re-election of President McKinley. But their contributions were intended for the benefit of the Republican national and not the State ticket. The debt thus incurred was duly repaid by the Republican party in Congress in the passage of a bill reducing the internal revenue tax on beer 40 cents per barrel, which in a total output of 39,330,849 barrels per annum is equivalent to an annual bonus of \$15,732,339 given to the brewing industry of the country by the Republican party.

Now comes Boss Platt with the old humbug of pretending to have pure beer legislation killed in payment of campaign contributions made by the brewers. It is not true. The brewers and the sons of the Republican boss know better. Are the rural Republicans such silly birds that they can be caught with such chaff?

This is one of Tom Platt's old tricks which makes his political boss-ship so odious to honest and self-respecting Republicans. The only wonder is that Gov. Odell has been so easily deceived. —Wine and Spirit Gazette.

This statement is from the organ that knows what it is talking about and

so Will McKinley hired the liquor force to help give him a boost into the White House. Can't deny it; even if you do have a rented pew. The hypocrites' corner is never vacant.

Why and Why?

A writer remarks:

"Why does not the Kansas W. C. T. U. endorse the joint smashing? Why do our State officers fail to serve notice on Governor Stanley to close the joints before a specific date or all the W. C. T. U. women in Kansas will be called out with hatchets? What makes you all so cowardly? These and many other inquiries not nearly so kind and respectfully worded are pouring in on us. Dear sisters, stop and think a moment. The W. C. T. U. is governed by a constitution and well discussed and carefully formulated methods, which you yourselves have made through your representatives in national and State conventions. If you want these methods of work changed it is for you to do it, not hastily nor from impulse, but after careful deliberation by your representatives. Your officers were elected to carry on the work along the lines you directed. You should commend them for remembering they are your servants and trying to do the expressed will of the whole State, rather than allowing their own feelings and the pressure from one or two localities to cause them to forget the lines you have marked out for them. Remember that these are trying days. Remember that every word, every action is closely watched and many times misrepresented and misrepresented in the daily press. Remember that the W. C. T. U. has never asked any member to refrain from any aggressive work to which she may be called. Remember, too, that the foundation of temperance sentiment which makes this present wave of forcible law enforcement possible, exists solely because of the continued patient educational work of the W. C. T. U. and other organizations in Kansas. We reap what we sow. For years we hope to reap extermination of law breaking in our State.

"We are sorry a few of our most earnest women have thought it wise to threaten regarding official position. The present State executive are no exception to the rule that W. C. T. U. women are not office seekers. We are so busy trying to do the work you have given us there is no time to worry over re-election, even if we wished to. Our only desire is to be guided in the crisis to do your work as it is right and wise and just. Sisters, we are making history. Let us be thoughtful and prayerful, then when we believe duty calls us, let us be brave to do. "Have not I commanded thee be strong and of a good courage, be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed, for I, the Lord thy God, am with thee whithersoever thou goest." But let us not forget to be kind and forbearing, remembering it is not ours to dictate to our sister as to her action. To our Father alone does she look for direction. Turn to page 93 of minutes and read by-law number eight—"Nothing shall be said by members against our work or our members." Nothing will so weaken our efforts as any suspicion of division in our ranks. If the devil can sow dissension he knows he is safe. Will you give the seed of fault finding, unjust and unkind criticism a lodging place in your heart?"

Persistency Gives Power.

Some one well says: "Persistency of purpose is a power. It creates confidence in others. Everybody believes in the determined man. When he undertakes anything his battle is half won, because not only he himself, but everyone who knows him, believes that he will accomplish whatever he sets out to do. People know that it is useless to oppose a man who uses his stumbling-blocks as stepping stones; who is not afraid of defeat; who never, in spite of calumny or criticism, shrinks from his task; who never shirks responsibility; who always keeps his compass pointed to the north star of his purpose, no matter what storms may rage about him."

Notice.

Edward Hindman and Harriet Lowther, or their heirs, will find it to their advantage to communicate at once with Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kans.

Royal Patronage of a Liquor Dealer's School.

An application was made to His Majesty on behalf of the governor, and committee to continue his royal patronage of the Licensed Victuallers' School. In reply the secretary has received a letter from the Right Hon. Sir Dighton Probyn, keeper of His Majesty's privy purse, stating that His Majesty is pleased to accede to the request that he would continue his patronage to the Licensed Victuallers' School—an institution in which His Majesty has taken a keen interest.—London Licensing World.

The liquor dealers of England are officially called the licensed victuallers. Think, what would happen in this country if President McKinley should consent to take the patronage of a liquor dealers' association school. The temperance cranks and cold water fanatics would get a fit, and their howling and screeching would be heard in every nook and corner of our country.—Wine and Spirit Gazette, N. Y.

Because Mr. Probyn patronizes grog shops is one of the reasons why England is the spectacle that horrifies visitors whom we have heard tell of the drunken women and children and men to be seen on her streets and docks day and night. Well, McKinley has not yet openly endorsed this by word of mouth, but everyone knows which way the wind blows by evidence of its effects.

A Begging Letter From Bad Brothers.

The Palm Grotto and Grill Rooms, sporting and theatrical rendezvous, Dick McCreddie, proprietor, No. 225 K. Street.

Sacramento, Calif., April 21, 1901.
Mrs. Carrie Nation.

My Dear Madam:—The Toddy Tossers, known as bartenders, of this city are thinking of organizing a union to protect their interests. We most respectfully ask your opinion as to how to form our by-laws. Trusting this letter will receive your earliest attention, we will await your answer with anxiety. Yours respectfully,
FREDDY WALKER, Secy.,
DUKE WELLINGTON, Treas.,
FRANK O'BRIEN, Pres.,
"SIR" BROCK MCGAW, V. P.,
District Organizers.

I wrote the by-laws for these naughty precious brothers, which were as follows:

1. We will arise and go to our Father and say, Father we have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and are no more worthy to be called thy sons. Make us as one of thy hired servants.
2. O Lord, be merciful to us miserable sinners.
3. We are comforted because of the salvation of the thief, and maybe there may be hope for us, for the Savior said, him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out. So we must flee to Him who alone can help us.
4. Deliver us from blood guiltiness, O Lord, for there is no sin we do not commit.

Charged With Murder.

"Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"

A solemn hush fell over the crowded court-room, and every person waited in almost breathless expectation for the answer to the judge's question.

"I have, your honor! I stand here convicted of the murder of my wife. Witnesses have testified that I was a loafer, a drunkard, and a wretch; that I returned from one of my debauches and fired the shot that killed the wife I had sworn to love, cherish, and protect. While I have no remembrance of committing the awful deed, I have no right to condemn the verdict of the jury, for their verdict is in accordance with the evidence.

"But, may it please the court, I wish to show that I am not alone responsible for the murder of my wife! The judge on this bench, the jury in the box, the lawyers within this bar, and most of the witnesses, including the pastor of the church, are also guilty before God and will have to stand with me before His judgment throne, where we shall all be righteously judged.

"If it had not been for the saloons of my town, I never would have become a drunkard; my wife would not have been murdered; I would not be here now, soon to be hurled into eternity.

"For one year our town was without

a saloon. For one year I was a sober man. For one year my wife and children were happy and our little home was a paradise.

"I was one of those who signed remonstrances against re-opening the saloons of our town. One-half of this jury, the prosecuting attorney on this case, and the judge who sits on this bench, all voted for the saloons. By their votes and influence the saloons were opened, and they have made me what I am.

"Think you that the Great Judge will hold me—the poor, weak, helpless victim—alone responsible for the murder of my wife? Nay; I, in my drunken, frenzied, irresponsible condition, have murdered one; but you have deliberately voted for the saloons which have murdered thousands, and they are in full operation to-day with your consent. You legalize the saloons that made me a drunkard and a murderer, and you are guilty with me before God and man for the murder of my wife.

"I will close by solemnly asking God to open your blind eyes to your own individual responsibility, so that you will cease to give your support to this hell-born traffic."—Selected.

The Town Mrs. Nation Was to Govern.

The following letter published in the Concord, Neb., Call speaks for itself:

LETTER FROM HER MAJESTY.

Dear Mayor and Councilmen:—I indeed feel myself highly honored to have such a corps of helpers in conducting the interests of our city of Concord. Although separated by miles of railroad, still I hope we are one in heart.

One of the first duties I shall ask you to have strictly enforced is that you must see that the little children are not allowed to be on the streets after dark unless with parents or guardians.

I hope you have made a wise selection of a Chief of Police. I have not been able to find a chief in the whole State of Kansas that could be relied on.

I am thinking of coming up to see you and be present at a meeting of your respectable and responsible council assembled. In the rush of police courts, jails, joints, prosecuting attorneys, and other serious obstacles, I have and may for some time be prevented from a sweet and loving visit which I hope to make you.

Should there be any trouble about enforcing the law against smoking and in the event of anyone persisting in throwing their vile breath in another's face, I would most respectfully advise that the offender be obligated to have his cess pool of a mouth swabbed out with weak lye, just enough to remove the cuticle so as to render him incapable of poisoning himself, or anyone else.

My undying love to all and kisses for the blessed little lambs. Tell them to give me the number of school children. I wish to send them a "Home Defender" button.

I wish the ladies would organize the whole town into a "Home Defender" army. We may be called out at any time.

I have just received a copy of our paper, "The Concord Call," through the columns of which I will often write you. Your loving "Home Defender,"

CARRIE NATION.

Topeka, Kan., April 16, 1901.

Carrie Nation and Kansas.

By William Allen White, in Saturday Evening Post, April 6, 1901.

Mr. White writes a very interesting and readable article under this heading. After a most wonderful description of Mrs. Carrie Nation, who, by the way, is a most wonderful woman, he uses this language in describing the rum dragon:

"Commonly he is known as the Rum Fiend, familiarly as the Saloon. The Saloon is an evil. It may be deemed a necessary evil by those who feel bound to apologize for it; but it can have no defenders. Even where it is licensed, protected by law, under restrictions which narrow its iniquities to moderate and expedient vice, the saloon, personified by its devotees, may be characterized by no adjective more flattering than miscreant. At its highest it is an outlaw, and the greatest legal distinction the saloon has achieved after a century of fighting for statutory recognition is to be branded generally by the United States supreme court as a nuisance. Its purposes are all venal. It is in business to promote violence and crime; to injure public health; to dissipate the public wealth

in taxes that support the criminal court; to burden our charities; to corrupt the civic morals. The saloon is incarnate calamity. Because its work is slow and indirect, people often fail to see how it kills and maims men and tortures women like a malicious spirit.

Now the Kansas statutes recognize the saloon for what it is. The State Constitution forbids the saloon to enter the State, under penalty of the law. The saloon keeper who enters Kansas to ply his trade, does so upon terms of exact equality with the pickpocket and chicken thief. In his traffic he has no rights, and by no ordinance, intrigue, sentiment, or understanding, can he have any traffic rights, however meagre or limited, in Kansas, that the law-abiding citizen is bound to respect. And in the face of this legal prescription, when the saloon keeper hangs out his sign in Kansas, he must arrange a liaison with the officers of the law, who are supported by a local public sentiment which the saloon keeper has corrupted.

"He pays a monthly fine in police court and is not molested. Citizens who concern themselves to maintain law and order complain in vain to the prosecuting attorney. At least one man may be smuggled into the jury room from a saloon corrupted community who regards his oath in a Pickwickian sense. Legal redress is almost impossible—or was, before Mrs. Nation came to town."

Hurrah for Mrs. Nation!

By a vote of 84 to 34, the lower house of the legislature of Maine, upheld the prohibition law of that State. This is a demonstration of the practicability of the law. The opponents of the law brought up the usual arguments that the law was violated, and therefore, should be abolished. This is the reasoning of a coward. This is the flimsiest sophistry, used by selfish men to gain their ends. This is the wretched subterfuge of a man devoid of either intellect or heart.

If a law that is broken is to be abolished, then government is an impossibility; all protection to society is removed; the criminal element rules, and anarchy and lawlessness reign.

"If violators of liquor laws were dealt with as strictly as violators of other laws, it would not be long till they would stop, or all of them would be in prison. Officials who refuse to enforce the law against them are not only encouragers of every kind of corruption, but they are perjurers, and ought to be sent to the penitentiary under the heaviest penalty."

The law breakers of Kansas and Maine are the saloon keepers and the perjured officials who fail to execute the law.

I urge that the State committee call a meeting to nominate candidates for the State offices. We can not vote for the candidates of the Democratic or Republican parties. As honest prohibitionists, we have washed our hands of all complicity with the iniquitous liquor traffic. Let us nominate Christian gentlemen for these places of public trust, and work and vote for them.

Yours for good government, and a wise and equitable administration of her affairs.
L. A. CUTLER.

REPRINTS.

The Monetary.

The money of a nation is the very life blood of commerce and industry. A triune full legal tender federal currency only, gold, silver, and greenbacks, could never depreciate in value, or materially fluctuate in volume. This with government postal savings banks would give an absolutely safe and sound monetary. This issue will never be settled until settled right.

Government Ownership.

Municipal and government ownership of water works, electric lights, telephones, and other public utilities, is rapidly gaining in favor. The people are becoming very tired of being robbed by the soulless corporations, in city, State and nation. The world do move and Topeka with it. Both candidates for mayor publicly pledged to city ownership of water works.

A Rest Day.

The Retail Clerks' National Convention passed a strong resolution in favor of a rest day, and every toiler responds, so mote it be. Capital and corporations do not recognize that working

people have nerves, muscles, and a soul; that they need rest, recuperation and recreation; time for mental and social improvement and worship. Millions of laborers demand at least one day's rest in seven.

Woman Suffrage.

Federal female suffrage is another issue that is surely coming to the front. And whether it is exactly right for women to vote in State and national affairs may be agitating the minds of some old time thinkers, but that it will eventually prevail is foreshadowed by many points of law and usages of society that will solve the problem and bring it about. The registration of over 6,000 women in Topeka speaks volumes to him who thinks.

Initiative and Referendum.

In modern legislation congressional and legislative committees actually possess and wield more power than president or governor. The executive may veto a temperance bill or other measure, but a committee can kill outright and prevent discussion and action at all. The initiative and referendum, by right of petition, would give the people a chance at least to register their will on all vital questions affecting the welfare of the country.

Football Hoodlumism.

Georgia has taken a step in the right direction by forbidding the brutal and barbaric game of football. If ever there was a senseless, heathenish performance, that needed the force of legislative restraint, this is certainly one. We believe in the largest reasonable personal liberty, and allowing of grown up people all the right to make idiots of themselves that is consistent with the safety of the public, but when young inexperienced persons are led into so-called sport that is almost as hideous in its nature as the Spanish bull fight, there is reason of legal action in the interests of humanity.—Chicago Express.

Kansas Rebellion.

This "Whisky Rebellion" is a spectacle for gods and men. It is a rebellion against the law, and against the land—that in the capital of the State, high-handed outlaws, who have for years sold liquor under the very nose of the governor and his officials, should go into the courts for redress against an outraged public, for protection in their treasonable business of storing, supplying and selling. In fact the real law and order people look upon Judge Hazen of the Topeka district court as the reincarnation of Judge Taney. The latter in the Dred Scott decision declared that the negro had no rights the white man was bound to respect. The former in all his rulings and decisions in the Nation and Balf Stark cases, and the whisky trials has said just as emphatically that the patriotic people of Kansas have no rights the liquor power and its criminals are bound to respect. And the end is not yet.—In Fulcrum.

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The race question looms up in bold relief and the whole nation is sweating over its solution. The wholesale whipping, hanging, killing and burning of negroes, often on the slightest pretext, without trial, judge or jury, would emphasize the repeal or the better enforcement of articles 13, 14 and 15 of the amended national constitution. Thousands of men, women and children gloating over the agonies of burning negroes is ominous—shows the smoldering spirit that is ready to burst forth in awful fury. Statistics are startling and prove that the tide is rising that will fill the land with violence. Mississippi, Louisiana, North and South Carolina have disfranchised the negro, and Alabama and other States are following suit.

The teeming colored population of Kansas are perhaps accorded more Caucasian privileges and equality than in any other State. The rapid growth and amalgamation points to a day in the not distant future when the colored race will dominate large portions of Kansas. They are organized to assert their rights vouchsafed to them by the amended federal constitution, socially, industrially and politically. Their progress has been phenomenal and in many localities they hold the balance of power. Henceforth the movements and parties that receive their support must come, like the Greeks, loaded with gifts. Kansas has had her human bonfire, and here the race question is to be fought.

LETTERS FROM PATRIOTIC FRIENDS AND CO-WORKERS.

(Continued from page 3.)

of the country is so awakened that it will arise in its might and never rest until the giant evil of the liquor traffic is overthrown forever. Then in deed and in truth shall "liberty be proclaimed to the captive and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."

MRS. MINNIE MCFADDEN, President.
MRS. BESSIE M. PROETHERO, Sec'y.

One of Our Boys.

Blythedale, Mo., March 15, 1901.

Dear Mrs. Nation:—I hope you will succeed in smashing all the saloons and drug stores in Kansas. There are two drug stores here that sell liquor. I hope you will soon get out of jail so you can smash more saloons. Yours respectfully,
MASTER BEN CROUCH.

More Congratulations.

Paola, Kan., May 15, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.
Dear Friend:—The members of the Woman's Temperance Association of Paola send you their heartfelt sympathy in your present trouble, and trust that you may be upheld by the One who is able and willing to help all who trust Him. Respectfully,
JULIA G. NORTON, Secy.

Ohio's Good Will.

Madison, Ohio, March 29, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.
Dear Sister:—The mid-year meeting of the executive committee of the Ohio W. C. T. U., in recent session at Oberlin, Ohio, voted to extend to you their greetings, with the earnest hope that your coming to Ohio may result in an aroused public sentiment against the liquor evil. Very sincerely yours,
FRANCES H. ENSIGN, Cor. sec.

And Still They Come.

47 R. R. St., Delaware, O., April 10, 1901.

Dear Mrs. Nation:—Please accept the enclosed post-office order for \$2.35 from our Delaware Central W. C. T. U. for aid in your fight against the saloon power, and with it our heartiest endorsement of your agitation, and our prayers are for your help and guidance. We have many years yet for service.

DUKE WELLINGTON, Treas.,
FRANK O'BRIEN, Pres.,
"SIR" BROCK MCGAW, V. P.,
District Organizers.

I wrote the by-laws for these naughty precious brothers, which were as follows:

1. We will arise and go to our Father and say, Father we have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and are no more worthy to be called thy sons. Make us as one of thy hired servants.
2. O Lord, be merciful to us miserable sinners.
3. We are comforted because of the salvation of the thief, and maybe there may be hope for us, for the Savior said, him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out. So we must flee to Him who alone can help us.
4. Deliver us from blood guiltiness, O Lord, for there is no sin we do not commit.

Charged With Murder.

"Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"

A solemn hush fell over the crowded court-room, and every person waited in almost breathless expectation for the answer to the judge's question.

"I have, your honor! I stand here convicted of the murder of my wife. Witnesses have testified that I was a loafer, a drunkard, and a wretch; that I returned from one of my debauches and fired the shot that killed the wife I had sworn to love, cherish, and protect. While I have no remembrance of committing the awful deed, I have no right to condemn the verdict of the jury, for their verdict is in accordance with the evidence.

"But, may it please the court, I wish to show that I am not alone responsible for the murder of my wife! The judge on this bench, the jury in the box, the lawyers within this bar, and most of the witnesses, including the pastor of the church, are also guilty before God and will have to stand with me before His judgment throne, where we shall all be righteously judged.

"If it had not been for the saloons of my town, I never would have become a drunkard; my wife would not have been murdered; I would not be here now, soon to be hurled into eternity.

"For one year our town was without

how to use it in her work. She believes in prayer, and has unbounded faith in God. She is known at her home as a woman of good works.

W. A. CAIN,
Pastor Baptist Church, Abilene, Kansas.

Have Right to Enforce the Laws.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—I favor the work of Mrs. Nation in smashing the saloons of Kansas, as it is against the laws of that State. The officers of the State took an oath to support the laws and enforce them, and as they do not do it, they have sworn to a lie. So you should take the law in your own hands as John Brown did when he seized Harper's Ferry and proclaimed freedom to the slaves in that vicinity. He died for a cause that was just and right.
CLAY ORISSMAN.

Austerlitz, Mich.

Ohio Wants Advice.

Mansfield, O., March 6, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.
Madam:—Will you kindly give me your opinion. Do you think it would be advisable for the temperance people of Mansfield to resort to the "hatchet?" Ohio not being a prohibition State, it would seem as if it would be better to enlist the written support of every man and woman possible and unitedly demand of the officers the absolute enforcement of the law. Thanking you in advance for the favor and wishing you success in banishing the illegal saloon, I remain, respectfully,
C. S. BASSETT.

An Illinois Veteran.

Rock Island, Ill., March 27, 1901.

Editor Smasher's Mail, Topeka, Kan.
Dear Madam:—I am wholly yours for the utter destruction of the saloon. Considering circumstances in Kansas I think your plan of fighting the hideous liquor traffic is a God-send. If I lived in Kansas, near enough to you, you would find me, hatchet or sledge in hand, at your side every time you would have a saloon raid on your hands. As it is, I can only wish you God speed and pray for your success.

I am an old prohibitionist, and the longer I live the more bitterly I hate the saloon.
C. O. GRANERE.

Kansas City Wants More.

sweet and loving visit which I hope to make you.

Should there be any trouble about enforcing the law against smoking and in the event of anyone persisting in throwing their vile breath in another's face, I would most respectfully advise that the offender be obligated to have his cess pool of a mouth swabbed out with weak lye, just enough to remove the cuticle so as to render him incapable of poisoning himself, or anyone else.

My undying love to all and kisses for the blessed little lambs. Tell them to give me the number of school children. I wish to send them a "Home Defender" button.

I wish the ladies would organize the whole town into a "Home Defender" army. We may be called out at any time.

I have just received a copy of our paper, "The Concord Call," through the columns of which I will often write you. Your loving "Home Defender,"
CARRIE NATION.

Topeka, Kan., April 16, 1901.

Carrie Nation and Kansas.

By William Allen White, in Saturday Evening Post, April 6, 1901.

Mr. White writes a very interesting and readable article under this heading. After a most wonderful description of Mrs. Carrie Nation, who, by the way, is a most wonderful woman, he uses this language in describing the rum dragon:

"Commonly he is known as the Rum Fiend, familiarly as the Saloon. The Saloon is an evil. It may be deemed a necessary evil by those who feel bound to apologize for it; but it can have no defenders. Even where it is licensed, protected by law, under restrictions which narrow its iniquities to moderate and expedient vice, the saloon, personified by its devotees, may be characterized by no adjective more flattering than miscreant. At its highest it is an outlaw, and the greatest legal distinction the saloon has achieved after a century of fighting for statutory recognition is to be branded generally by the United States supreme court as a nuisance. Its purposes are all venal. It is in business to promote violence and crime; to injure public health; to dissipate the public wealth

not built on the coward's plan, I am forced to self-defence.

Christ will come through it may be too late to save our lives and our destroyers, but there is one consolation they can not harm the spirit, for that is out of their reach. Satan is cast down all right and it may be it will be our (the women's) business to bruise his head, it has bruised the hell of her seed. These are perilous times and I see by the signs that the end is near, even at the doors. No woman knows the day nor hour of delivery, neither does she know what moment the devil will slay her. It is only fools that are safe these times—men's toys, but I am afraid the Samson's have laid their head on their Deliah's lap too long. Your sister,
ELIZABETH D. MCCLINTOCK.

From the Sunny Southland.—A Cry for Deliverance.

Jacksonville, Fla.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.
Respected Madam:—God be with you in a noble cause. I pray that His Spirit may be upon you to fear none but God and to work for the desolate and oppressed everywhere.

I am the wife of a drunkard—all his virtues I will not recite, for they are becoming overclouded by poison alcohol. I enclose some of my writing for you. If you can make use of them, let me know. My price is 25 cents to those who can pay; to those who wish them and can not purchase them, absolutely free. I have written much on the subject and will forward for your paper if you deem it advisable.

I have three beautiful children, aged respectively five and a half, three and a half, and one and a half. My husband was a post humous child and is bound by prenatal tendencies which with an open saloon prove disastrous to us all. He would like to give up drinking and is naturally tenderer than most women, but oh, that cup that "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Our mayor lately welcomed a brewery to Jacksonville through the columns of the "Metropolis."

SOME QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

The Saloon—What It Is, and What It

and anarchy and lawlessness reign.

"If violators of liquor laws were dealt with as strictly as violators of other laws, it would not be long till they would stop, or all of them would be in prison. Officials who refuse to enforce the law against them are not only encouragers of every kind of corruption, but they are perjurers, and ought to be sent to the penitentiary under the heaviest penalty."

The law breakers of Kansas and Maine are the saloon keepers and the perjured officials who fail to execute the law.

I urge that the State committee call a meeting to nominate candidates for the State offices. We can not vote for the candidates of the Democratic or Republican parties. As honest prohibitionists, we have washed our hands of all complicity with the iniquitous liquor traffic. Let us nominate Christian gentlemen for these places of public trust, and work and vote for them.

Yours for good government, and a wise and equitable administration of her affairs.
L. A. CUTLER.

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vention and traveled with her two or three days on our return trip.

Hoping to hear from you soon and know that I can bring you to my county on August 17th, 1901, I am, yours in service.
ELIZABETH T. STANLEY,
Pres. Union County W. C. T. U.

Another Vermonter.

Rochester, Vermont, March 14, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Sister in the Great Temperance Work:—The papers are all publishing your noble work in smashing saloons in your State. Some of the papers uphold and praise you, and as will be expected some of the papers condemn your work. I have clipped an article from our home paper and you will find it enclosed in this letter to you. There are a few points in the article that your judge would do well to consider before committing you to jail many times more. And dear sister, I just want you to know you have thousands of sympathizers all over the world in this great strife and work of trying to suppress the iniquitous saloon. What a shame for the officers of the law to allow such vice and crime breeders in the prohibitory States. Our dear old State of Vermont has been a prohibitory State for fifty years and still there are a few saloons to fight, but no open bars are allowed here. We had to fight a pretty hard battle last fall with the high license men to save our prohibition law. We won the victory at last, with the help of the W. C. T. U. and the Anti-Saloon League. I wrote articles for the papers and people said they helped to win the cause. I know they started the temperance people thinking something must be done. Dear Sister Nation, when you receive this letter will you write me a good long letter about the rum traffic and saloon evils in your State, and all other articles that you would like the Vermont W. C. T. U. sisters to know. I have been a white ribboner for ten years. We have a fine working band of W. C. T. U. here in Rochester and I am sure you have the sympathy of them all. I must close now with the best wishes and many prayers for you, and may the dear Lord keep you from all harm is the wish of your sister in the temperance work.
MRS. HATTIE A. ENGLISH.

Ohio, March 29, 1901.

land—that in the capital of the State, high-handed outlaws, who have for years sold liquor under the very nose of the governor and his officials, should go into the courts for redress against an outraged public, for protection in their treasonable business of storing, supplying and selling. In fact the real law and order people look upon Judge Hazen of the Topeka district court as the reincarnation of Judge Taney. The latter in the Dred Scott decision declared that the negro had no rights the white man was bound to respect. The former in all his rulings and decisions in the Nation and Balf Stark cases, and the whisky trials has said just as emphatically that the patriotic people of Kansas have no rights the liquor power and its criminals are bound to respect. And the end is not yet.—In Fulcrum.

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of our cities are full of bloody crimes and violence from this hydra-headed monster, the saloons of the country. You can hear from me again if you so desire, when I will have something to say about judges and lawyers—also the officers of the law who draw their salaries at the hands of the people, and who are the servants of the people, and who when in office, refuse to enforce the laws of the people as they are found upon our statutes, and who are giving us instead judge-made laws and imperialistic government.

WM. G. FRENCH.

Generous Criticism.

The critic of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin (127,000) has showered praises on Mrs. Nation's "Smasher's Mail," and made Bryan's Commoner ridiculous in comparison to it. If Alfred Harmsworth had read a copy of the Smasher's Mail before his departure for England, he might have pronounced it an exception to the timid papers of the country. Mrs. Nation has just dissolved partnership with the publisher because he refused to publish a scathing editorial she had prepared for District Judge Hazen, before whom she has appeared a number of times. Her paper is illustrious from the fact that it represents the people. Some 50 long and short letters from the people appear in its issue, and her bitterest enemies are accorded the same hearing as her most poetic admirers. Even John L. Sullivan appears in a long article in the vernacular of the ring and the saloon. The Chicago Union Signal and other conventional W. C. T. U. papers have never been known to welcome such lions in their den. However erring Mrs. Nation may be with her hatchet, she certainly, without knowledge aforethought, seems to have received the proper inspiration for newspaper work.

It is something of a reflection on a republic that an expert from a monarchy should investigate our papers and find them not up to the courage point of the monarchical papers. In a free country, free thought, free speech, free press, and free mails should prove the vehicles by which all disputes are settled and all progress promoted. Those of the secular daily papers which boast of being independent socially, religiously, and politically, should set a courageous example to the rest, write what they know, rather than what they think will tickle the people and open their columns to correspondents of the voluntary class who are more able to do the same than the paid writers of platitudes.

FRANCIS B. LIVEZEY.

Sykesville, Md.

More Good Results.

Kansas City, Mo., April 15, 1901.

My Dear Sister in Christ:—Your talk in Union Mission last night was a God send and a blessing. It has created a stir among the people and many have been awakened to the fact that it is about time to do something. God bless you, Sister Nation. I am glad that I have met a woman that has the backbone to stand up before these contemptible saloon men and show up their dirty record and their business. You spoke the truth when you said that Kansas City was a Sodom and that the people voted for hell and they have got hell. I was completely shocked when I heard and saw that Judge McAuley, our police judge, had fined you \$500. That is a crying shame and people all over the city were open spoken and plain talk was heard denouncing the dirty, low-down, villainous action of McAuley. The idea of him imposing a fine on you when you were out for the saving of souls and the protection of our homes and letting that insignificant, low-down, blackguard saloonkeeper, Flynn, who was openly breaking the laws, go. It is a crying shame and a blight on our fair city. God pity McAuley, that sits on the seat where justice should be meted out and let such devils as this go. Sister Nation, I am truly glad that there is one place in Kansas City (Union Mission) where the truth can be spoken and all the devils on earth and imps in hell can't frighten them. Our boys are now to the front each with a button and more determined than ever, and it is only a question of time when the mothers and fathers also will join in a mighty gigantic smashing of saloons in this city. God speed you on your journey and may you smash many more saloons, and that soon. A general uprising of God's children may join you in a general smash up. Glory to God. All the dear people of Union Mission send kindest love and we are praying for you. The devil is mighty, but God is almighty and our God will overthrow these villains soon. When spring comes

in 1902 we hope to have 1,000 strong to put these poor, puny, cotton-string backbone fellows out of office. Farewell. God bless, keep and preserve you is my prayer. Yours for the overthrow of these hell holes and putting out of office the men that will not enforce the law.

C. F. FERGUSON.

A Manly Lad.—Such As Presidents Should Be Made Of.

Elwood, Ind., April 12, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation. Dear Madam:—In your line of work I actually believe you are the bravest woman the world has ever known. There is nothing too good for you and may the Lord assist in all your home defending operations; and I, too, am much in sympathy with your method of destroying the poisonous filth. It is a curse to all nations. The other day I heard a joint keeper say he'd like to see you step your foot in his saloon. I told him so would I. I think his threats would be to no avail. I have relatives at Winfield, Kan., who say you have done much good for their town. My sincere desire is that the time will rapidly come when this land will be destitute of rum shops and gambling dens from coast to coast, and if my wishes for it being so, could only influence the liquor loving slaves to abandon such evil habits, the innocent ones would soon cease to suffer. I really never delighted in boasting of my ancestors, but am much under the impression that if Francis Scott Key, who was my great uncle, was contemplating to write such a far famed song as the "Star Spangled Banner," now-a-days he could not have said, "O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave." There are a few brave ones yet, I must acknowledge, but liquor is a poor thing to develop bravery, I must say, unless it is the devil's kind. I am a factory lad, and have lived away from home about five years, but thank God, I never yet have sworn an oath, chewed tobacco, or drank any intoxicating liquors; yet my folks live in a little cross roads town near Bryan, Ohio, and a drunkard in our quiet little hamlet hasn't any more friends than a snake. Now, Mrs. Nation, you'd confer a great favor on me by inserting this in your Smasher's Mail. The tin plate works here where I work employs nearly 2,000 people, and I'll try to aid you in your good work by sending you some pictures and photos.

The wisest man our country's had, Was one day nothing but a lad.

Respectfully yours, D. E. KEY.

The Jointed Devil.

Topeka, Kan., Feb. 16, 1901.

My Dear Mrs. Nation:—According to my promise I will here give you the blackboard points on the talk I gave to the High School boys.

J
O
D E V I L
N
T

In writing the words "Devil" and "Joint" it will be noticed they cross in the letter "I" when we write them as an acrostic, and as the letter "I" is a personal pronoun, and indicates a personality, it is evident from our illustration as well as in life, that the "I" easily indicates a personal "Devil," and the conclusion which is forced on us is that the Devil is in the Joint and the Joint is in the Devil!

Anyone who fights the saloon will find that the saloon devil is a hard customer to kill, and worse than the cat. He not only has nine lives, but seems to have ninety times nine lives.

Suppose we chop off his head and cut away the "D" and we have "Evil" left and all that evil implies.

Suppose we smite him again and cut off his head again, this time cutting away the "E" and what do we have left? Vile it is and where on earth is so much villainess hatched as in the saloon? (Joint.)

Suppose we take another hand at it, and take our matchet again and smite him on the head, and cut it off with our "axe" and what do we have left? "Ill" someone says. Who can measure the ills which flow from the "Joint?"

But not to be discouraged let us at it again and this time cut away the balance of the horrible creature and leave only the tail, and what good do we accomplish, for in the words of the illiterate Englishman, we have nothing but 'Ell left! But the Word of God tells us and "L" stands for Liar and the Devil was a liar from the beginning and is the father of liars!

MORAL:—Destroy Him root and branch, for to leave the least bit of him instact only sows the seeds of other devils too numerous to follow up and destroy. Respectfully, H. A. ORT.

A Missouri Heroine.

Cathage, Mo., March 10, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

My Dear Co-Worker in the Cause of Saving Humanity:—I am 73 years old. Am one of the crusaders from Illinois and formerly from Ohio. Have lived in Missouri 24 years. Have been superintendent of jail work for 19 years. I know all about the evils of intemperance. I want to be of some help to you in your new undertaking if I can.

Could tell you of many things that take place in our jail that might be a help to you in your lectures, but will only speak of one at this time.

Some time ago I taught the temperance Sunday school lessons to 12 men who were behind the bars. They paid good attention to the lessons and said it was a true lesson. I then asked them how many of the men were in there who were under the influence of rum when arrested. All but one answered to the call. They were young men, too. Just as I closed the service with the men, a young woman with a babe in her arms came in crying, and as she stood before the iron bars with the little one the father tried to reach through the bars to take hold of the little one's hand; could only put one finger through the bars. The little one took hold of his finger, held on to it as only a sweet babe could do, while the father, a young man, stood behind the bars weeping as if his heart was broken. Two broken hearts stood there weeping, while the babe, too little to understand what was going on, played with its father's finger, while they were weeping over the curse of rum, and what it had brought them to. Mrs. Nation, my soul was stirred within me. I felt like taking mother and child into every saloon in Cathage and show the saloon keepers what they were doing. How many widows and orphans they were making. While thinking on these things a thought came to me like this, don't blame the saloon keeper, for they give up their manhood and all that belongs to it when they go into the saloon business. But put the blame where it belongs.

Every State in this United States that does not labor to down the liquor traffic is responsible before God for the indifference they show towards their State and the people who live in it. The officers and the Christian people who live in those States, they are their brother's keepers, and the responsibility rests upon them for good or evil. I pray God that many of the States may take warning and awake out of sleep and go to work and show their faith by their works as you have done. Have men enforce the law. Christ did the same thing when he drove the gamblers out of the temple with small cords. His life was at stake. So is yours, but woe to the ones that will ever lay hands on you or hurt a hair of your head.

You are called of God to awake the people out of their lethargy and pure indifference everywhere all over our land. It is needed. For 30 years I have been in this battle of intemperance. I have gone to the polls at 6 in the morning, stayed until dark. Have made it a subject of prayer as hundreds of our dear women have done. In spite of all this the work of death and destruction goes on, caused from the effects of rum, and people are made to feel it will always have to be so; that men must have their drinks and will have them, and men by their votes don't seem to be able to remove the curse. Why don't they give us the ballot and let us free the country from the worst curse that ever rested upon our shores? I say God pity the men who are afraid to enforce the Kansas prohibition laws.

Dear Mrs. Nation, my prayers to God for you is that you may be guided aright in all you are called upon of God to do, for surely you could not do what you have done in your own strength. The hand writing is upon the wall and I wish all the kings of our great America could see it as I do today, and as you see it. Let us pray for a great awakening among our own people, and may the hatchet in God's hand bring such a blow upon the people that they may arise from the dead that Christ may give them all the light they need in this temperance battle.

With love and prayers, I am ever your dear friend, MRS. MARY A. HILL.

That Carrie Nation.

Carrie Nation? Yes, the Kansas smasher, they call her. The thing she is daring to do has given her a name—"Kansas smasher." She smashes liquor joints they say—takes a hatchet and "walks in on 'em," as we used to say in a hand battle in the '60's. Yes, with hatchet in hand she just "walks in on" the saloons—joints they are now called. They called them "groceries" when we were a small boy, before the war. They

were almost to be found at every prominent cross roads, as well as at other places. Thick everywhere, and often you'd find one under the bed in some farm house. Get a barrel of whisky and retail it out by the gallon for the profits. Then still houses were plenty all over the country. Whisky sold for from 25 cents to 50 cents per gallon in those forever by-gone days. Well, it is not that way now. We study why the change has come. Well, as we have grown old in the passing years, we think of many strong men who were in their prime then—boasted "manhood"—whipped the bully "t'other day." Well, the most of these strong men have passed away; but many of them who then drank whisky—"poor corn stuff," turned their backs on their former habits, and even (in spirit) were "smashers" in their last days, as much so as Mrs. Nation, "THE smasher." At times 'way back long ago, this seemed an utter impossibility, but the change came! And right there in old Smith County, Tennessee, where we first asked for milk, there is now no whisky! The "Four Mile Law" just puts it right out of the county, but astonishing to say, the children and the children's children, and the children's children's children of these old time drinkers, sellers, and makers of whisky are possessed of the WILL to enforce this "Four Mile Law!" As these old men grew older, they looked back on their former days, and with Solomon the wise, they said: "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." They found they had been deceived, and many of them had the courage to tell their children so, too! So the moral has passed along down the line and has gathered power as it came. One man we have in mind tried the whisky business in a saloon twice, but on coming out of the business the last time, he said: "Well, whisky sellin' is just one remove from horse stealin' and that is because the law permits whisky sellin' and don't permit horse stealin'." He acted and spoke from conviction, like an honest man. Away back when this man went into the saloon business, there could be found the names of many prominent church members on his petition for saloon license. Many of these who can now be found, are now strongly opposed to the liquor traffic. They tell their boys of the error.

Well, it often happens that it just takes man to get rid of an evil. Slavery was like a might sore coming to a head. At last the sore "broke and run." It took four long, horrid years of hard fighting, and nigh on 1,000,000 lives all told, and over \$6,189,000,000 in money to rid the nation of this great evil of negro slavery. We often wonder, how about the stupendous liquor traffic? Will it go as did negro slavery went, by the shedding of rivers of blood? Or will the battle be waged, fought, and won as bloodless as it has begun under the leadership of General Carrie Nation? "Hail to the chief!" Now there sits in front of us my "Carrie Nation," reading the old much worn family Bible bought away back in 1868, when we began heading a family. She—our "Carrie"—is a mother, and has five boys to save from drunkards' graves, and it's ourself that's "man on 'em." "Our Carrie" has certainly kept the liquor business smashed in our family to date! "Hail to the chief." "We are growing old together, wife," but our passing days are indeed happy, more because you kept "smashing." Well, it looks like it's going to take smashing—"Carrie Nation smashing" at that, if the nation ever puts herself from the liquor traffic. The men make the "smashing" laws but fail to enforce them. So if the smashing is done at all, it will have to be done by the women, it seems.

Well, so much is going the rounds about this "Kansas joint smasher"—Gen. Carrie Nation—we can't help but think and reflect and meditate just a little. Some of our thoughts run along this line: How much happiness joy and comfort did the liquor traffic ever bring to this great nation, or any other nation in the world, way back to Egypt, or up to date? How many are clothed by the liquor traffic? Asking these questions makes us feel like we were in a great echo gallery! Who in all the world, dare come to the front and give an affirmative answer? Mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, lovers do you derive any satisfaction or happiness whatever from the liquor traffic? Do you ever expect to? What benefit to the world has the liquor traffic ever been anyhow? Is there any part whatever of the liquor traffic, or anything connected with it that we can thank God for? and ask him to

(Continued on page 10.)

OLIVER CHAPMAN;

...OR...

A STORY OF THE HOUR

BY M. N. BUTLER.

CHAPTER I.

It was a hot, sultry day in early July. The westward bound train from St. Louis slowed up at a railroad crossing and the brakeman shouted: "Arlington! Change cars for Chicago, Des Moines, St. Joe, and Kansas City." A tall, neatly dressed man in the smoker reached to the rack overhead for a bunch of manuscript, picked up a brown valise, strode through the car to the front platform and stepped lightly to the depot siding. For a time he stood quietly taking in the surroundings and scanning strange faces. His coal black eyes, long black beard and general appearance stamped him as a man of more than ordinary makeup. The train pulled out and the crowd of idlers disappeared. The stranger followed a cross-eyed boy to the hotel where he registered as "Alva DeRolf, Nashville, Tenn." A number of loungers in the bar-room stared for a moment at the new comer, and then continued their animated conversation about the village, its present prosperity, and future prospects as a manufacturing and shipping point. The leading spirit in the discussion seemed to be Tom Bombasto, a flashily dressed fellow of perhaps thirty, who, as he leaned against a side desk smoking a large long-stemmed pipe, with one eye half closed, contemplated the recent arrival from head to foot as he discoursed volubly of Arlington's situation and outlook. His smooth surface voice persuaded the new boarder that he would hardly do to tie to. To the casual observer he appeared conceited, bigoted, and pompous, evincing neither learning nor superior talent, yet his cunning and drollery was calculated to captivate bar-room loafers and half grown boys. He might not possess genius or moral excellence, still he was of that peculiar type

people who draw the moth. Yes, the town was bound to grow. Finest location in the State. Two principal railways already in connection with the great commercial marts of the country. Round house and machine shops coming, while large factories, woolen mills, and a dozen gigantic enterprises were rapidly enumerated as in full operation or well under way. And more than that, the village was to have another live newspaper. Here he fairly electrified his audience with his ideal journalism. Not Mark Twain, Petroleum V. Nasby, or Eli Perkins could have made a deeper impression than this self-sufficient fellow with his breezy oratory and jim crow grammar. He wound up with a side-splitting anecdote and called for cigars for the crowd. Throwing down the cash, he left, and the late audience voted him the best fellow in all creation. Just who he was, where he came from, and how he got his money, were matters of much conjecture and surmise. He was always obliging and friendly, and could count his friends by the hundreds. No one had ever seen him doing any work. He came with many others to the place. Sometimes he would not be seen for days and even months. He was known to be an expert with shooting irons, and never lost his temper and self-control in any emergency. And it was whispered that he had "done up" several men back East. At dinner DeRolf found himself beside Tom. The latter bowed to the former and began a rattling conversation about the South, of Tennessee, and of Nashville in particular. He seemed to know every prominent newspaper man and politician in the State. All efforts to sound him proved futile. Alva DeRolf was a newspaper man of experience and had interviewed many people in his years of reporting, but here was a case he could not fathom.

As a professional man of the quill the new comer would lay his own plans and for the present at least keep his own counsels. He had successfully run a Republican sheet in New England, and a red hot Democratic paper in the South. He informed Tom that he was to locate in the village and that no doubt the press, type and materials for the publication of the American Headlight were even then at the depot. A particular friend, a railroad man, had written him of the place. As the old parties were so nearly balanced in Arlington, he would run an independent labor sheet, and for once would have a chance to express his own views on all

matters. He was not slow to see in Tom a powerful friend or a dangerous foe, and he at once set his wits to work to conciliate any aversion should his new friend have any knowledge of his former newspaper relations. He insisted that Tom should introduce him to some of the citizens and leading workmen in the mills and factories. It was soon apparent that he had secured the proper escort and a very popular one. That Tom knew him was evident, but when and where had they met? Who was the fellow anyway? One thing was impressing itself on the editor's mind, Tom Bombasto was "made up." Instead of the superficial character he appeared, he was only acting, and a clever actor he was.

The two men became warm friends from the start, and if they had ever met before, neither ever mentioned the fact. By intuition and mutual acquiescence not even the remotest reference was ever made to each other's thoughts and surmises in that direction. Tom seemed to know his man, and when alone became himself, a polished gentleman, a man of education and extensive information.

Alva DeRolf was not a native American; neither was Tom Bombasto; both were naturalized citizens of the United States. The former had the blood of several nationalities coursing through his veins; the latter had landed at New Orleans, but just where he hailed from he had not seen fit to inform his friends.

The printing office was soon in running order, and the first issue of the newspaper set all Arlington agog. It was a new departure and the talk of the town. Everybody had to have a copy and the neighboring press gave it a wide mention.

CHAPTER II.

A TYPICAL AMERICAN FARMER.—A CHRISTIAN AND A PATRIOT.

The American Headlight had been running some three months. Its editor was showing himself a man of "no small calibre," as per Western phraseology. His motto, "Independent in politics," might mean everything or nothing. Having posed as a bitter radical and also as a fire-eating Democrat, he knew all the ins and outs of the old parties. Both hoped for his support, and each trembled at the possibility of his powerful opposition. If he had any probable course for the campaign matured in his own mind, he kept it well to himself. The labor problem, the temperance question, and other vital issues likely to affect the district, were ably discussed in his editorial columns. The disaffected elements, and independent men, turned eagerly toward the new political paper, and out and out third party men looked upon the new venture as a happy medium for at least airing their ideas. The wind was fair for good sailing, and names piled up on the subscription list.

One day a splendid span of bays drew up in front of the Headlight office, and a solid looking man alighted from the family carriage. He walked upstairs and introduced himself to the editor as Oliver Chapman, a farmer who had read his paper with increasing interest. The two spent an hour very pleasantly talking over the topics of the day. While thus engaged we will introduce Mr. Chapman to the reader. After spending six years in school he began life without a dollar. He married an independent country schoolma'am, and now, after twenty years of labor and economy, he found himself with one hundred and sixty acres of good land under fine cultivation and improvement. His splendid farm, admired by every passer-by, was the result of years of toil and self-denial. He was in every sense of the word a self-made man and a true representative of the independent American yeomanry. He had taken the crude rolling prairie and turned it into green pastures, rich meadows, and verdant fields. He was quite a horticulturist, and always raised fruits and berries to use and to spare. Not only did he understand the science of agriculture and take pride in his home life with its immediate employment and surroundings, but his mind sought after the higher, nobler thoughts and emotions of human existence. He was a born leader and took great interest in the welfare of his friends and neighbors. Hence he

was naturally drawn toward the new editor and his independent journalism. When he arose to go he extended a cordial invitation for Mr. DeRolf to visit their Sabbath school next Lord's day, and then remain to hear the Rev. Arthur Harrington preach. This was his first invitation to attend church in Arlington. The pastors of the other two churches had met him frequently, but one was a rabid Republican, and the other a born Democrat, both looked upon the independent faber shover as a good man to give a wide berth.

As he was thinking these things over, who should come in but the loquacious Tom, who inquired if Oliver Chapman had been in. When informed that he had left for home a few minutes before, Tom sat down for a chat. He said: "That Chapman is pure gold. He will do to tie to. He not only has brains, but he is every inch a man. The farmers all swear by him. Bless your life, he has them all organized into farmers' clubs over three or four counties. Run for office! O, no, you couldn't run fast enough to give him an office. He would rather make and unmake. He is a nifty man and a natural born orator, and could go to Congress any day if he would. But by the way, I suppose he invited you to attend church? He was the first man to invite me, and when I do go, there is where I fetch up. He goes at his religion just like he does everything else, earnestly, honestly, and intelligently. Then he is ready with the pen and may be of use to you in the coming political contest. The labor men at the new round house and in the machine shops are organizing, and it is well to keep an eye on them. Your competitor has joined, and it will be to the glory of the old party, or no fault of his. Well, I seldom labor much, but as I have a pressing invitation to unite, guess I will see what there is in it and keep you posted. But I must be going. Yes, certainly I will attend church with you."

Here was a go? Laboring men and farmers both organizing. Would their interests go together? "My rival has cast his lot with the railroad and factory employes, so I'll see what Oliver Chapman and the farmers have to say before deciding what policy to pursue. The farmers are the ballast and backbone of this government. Then it occurs to me that if both parties harmonize in a general uprising the political fur will soon fly."

And such were his mental cogitations as he pondered the subject over. Although a foreigner by birth and a citizen by adoption, yet no native born American knew the history of the Republic better than he. He had been through political campaigns both North and South, and had tested Republicanism and Democracy to his satisfaction. His very soul was wrapped up in American principles and doctrines. He loved the country of his adoption as he loved his life. He was intensely American. However, all this will be explained further on.

As agreed, the two friends were promptly at church the following Sabbath. First came the Sabbath school, presided over by Oliver Chapman, who made all his remarks intensely practical. From the least to the greatest, every scholar seemed bent on knowing the Bible by heart, and such independence of thought and expression the visitor had never heard before, and he resolved to avail himself of its sessions rather than remain at his hotel.

When the hour for public services arrived, the minister, an aged, scholarly and dignified clergyman, preached a powerful discourse from the text: "Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood and establisheth a city by iniquity." He applied it to Arlington, and vividly pictured to his parishioners their individual duty and responsibility in the premises. Many a hearty amen greeted these manly utterances, none more intense than those from the Sabbath school superintendent. The venerable man of God wound up with, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth the bottle to him and maketh him drunken," clinching it with a masterly arraignment of the drink curse and its desolating influence. The brief picture drawn was terrible as the minister portrayed the pitiable doom of the drunkard in time and eternity. Tom was visibly affected.

What new religion was this that went down into the every day affairs of life, so earnest, so simple, and yet so sublime? And then the people were so genial and cordial in their welcome of strangers. To Alva DeRolf, the man who had come to look upon all worship as mere form, it was like a dream. He wished to know more of this people, and it was with genuine pleasure he received, a few days after, a polite invitation to take dinner and spend the afternoon at Farmer Chapman's, whose

son Hugh, and daughter Esther, aged nineteen and seventeen, respectively, would be at home for vacation.

In the meantime the labor men in town were pushing their organization to the front. Over four hundred members were enrolled, and the other editor was very officious. He said a great deal, yet careful to, leave everything susceptible of various construction. He was very radical in his zeal for the laborer, but invariably left the impression that the Republicans alone were to blame for all, and that the brave Democracy was just spoiling to espouse the cause of the oppressed.

(To be continued.)

Julian Hawthorne Endorses Mrs. Carrie Nation.

In the Philadelphia North American—"John Wanamaker's paper"—the well-known author, Julian Hawthorne, presents a remarkable article upon "Mrs. Nation and Her Crusade," treating the subject in the light of history as a parallel of the work of John Brown. The following considerable extract will interest the Banner readers:

African slavery was the gradual growth of centuries. It had come to be a matter of course with most people to suffer it, even though they were conscientiously opposed to it. The habit of law-abidingness and sobriety made anything in the way of violence distasteful. But when John Brown broke out in the way he did, and showed once more in human history what a fanatic can do, he awakened other fanatics all over the North (and the South, too, for that matter,) and the greatest war the world ever saw was not long in following. It was stimulating to discover how much violence could accomplish, and how quickly.

Our population, white and black, is reported to be some seventy-five millions, half of them of the masculine gender, and perhaps a tenth of that number are accustomed to drink more than is good for them—are drunkards, in fact—and therefore detrimental to the community in which they live. And assuredly a slave to alcohol is a much greater menace to morality and to the welfare and prosperity of the community than the negro slaves were: the latter, at all events, did useful work and promoted industrial ends; but the drunkard does little but mischief both to himself and his neighbors, and he also is the source of most of the crime in the country, if not in his own person, then in those of his diseased descendants. So that there need be no argument over the position that the reformer who can stop the vice of drunkenness in the United States will do at least as worthy a work as that which owed its inception to the hanging of John Brown.

A woman fanatic is always more fanatical than a man; Mrs. Nation is a woman fanatic—a desperate woman. She has shown that she will stop at nothing; she knows that her life is in danger, but she does not care; she rather glories in the prospect. She is perfectly in the right in her aim; drunkenness ought to be stopped. And to that end the places where drink is sold must be obliterated. Laws have been passed to restrict the evil, to limit the number of saloons by high license and otherwise. But these measures have done no real good; there are as many saloons as ever and as much drunkenness.

Women are beginning to be drunkards as well as men. On the other hand, Mrs. Nation has no legal right to destroy property which does not belong to her; and she has no legal right to break the peace in any way. There are penalties for doing these things; Mrs. Nation can be fined and imprisoned, in addition to the chance she stands of being killed. But will any one say that the legal wrongs she commits are to be mentioned in the same breath with the moral and human outrages against which she is fighting?

Whatever lawyers, judges and politicians may reply, all honest and sincere persons know that they weigh not a feather in the balance. Besides, Mrs. Nation is not trying to avoid the penalties; she seems to court them; at all events she defies them. Fine her, imprison her, kill her, if you will: she will go on with her little hatchet as long as she can swing her arm. And there are millions of unhappy women in this country who have suffered for years from the misery and degradation of drunken husbands, and who believe, not without reason, that it is the saloons that have tempted them to destruction.

To these women Mrs. Nation must seem a savior and a hero. Now that she has shown them the way, they will be a thousand times more likely to follow her example than they would ever have been to set the example themselves. The initiative once given—the

plug once pulled out—the deluge follows. The force and invitation of an object lesson in matters of this kind are altogether beyond human computation. Yesterday it was impossible for women to seize hatchets and smash saloons; but to-day it has been proven possible, and can you tell how many women will act upon the discovery?

Suppose the next week in Topeka, or some other place, there is a fight between the women, the police, and the saloonkeepers, and that a number of women are shot dead. What were those women? They were wives or daughters or sisters or mothers who had been outraged and rendered miserable for years by the drunkenness and consequent brutality or worthlessness of those they loved best. They had been killed while in the act of taking the only effective way available for them to put an end to the fountain-head of their unhappiness. They had found law and civilization either impotent to do the work or unwilling, some selfish and unworthy reason, to do it, and they had taken the law into their own hands. There they lie dead on their squalid battlefield, killed by the men who, though born of woman, did not shrink from shooting women down in order to continue their evil traffic.

Suppose, I say, that we read this sort of news in the papers next week; what do you think would be the effect of it upon the country? Will the population put it in their pipes and smoke it, and go about their affairs as usual? Perhaps the public will do so; it has been putting up with so many outrages of late that it is not safe to prophesy what its course may be. But I am willing still to believe that the public may resent having its women killed in such a cause; in a cause which all admit to be in itself righteous and desirable. Even an habitual drunkard would rather than not be emancipated from his vice. But if the public takes up the cause of the women, observe the situation with which we would be confronted! We would be in revolt against the law of the land. A social revolution would have been begun. And having begun it who can tell to what other issues it might spread and what the end might be?

For my private part, law or no law, revolution or not, I am cordially in favor of Mrs. Nation and her crusade. In pulling down one pillar, founded in iniquity, or the social structure, she may bring the entire edifice, good and bad, crashing about our ears; but even such a catastrophe would be preferable to allowing ourselves to be gradually and progressively dehumanized out of respect or fear for a law which fails to secure justice, and a social order which oppresses human honor and decency. Smash away, good madam, and let in fresh air and free light on our stifling and obsequious social habitation! If the American people do not support you, so much the worse for them.

Who is to Blame?

BY H. W. ROBERTSON.

Bible readers are familiar with the story of the idolatrous and wicked king of Israel, Ahab, and also the part that the prophet, Elijah, took in the affairs of the kingdom.

Among civilized people, especially Christians, all have agreed that Ahab and his wicked henchmen and not the humble prophet, were the troublers of Israel.

It seems to me that we have a parallel case in the troubles of Kansas, of which just now the leading characters are Judges Dale & Hazen, and Mrs. Nation. The point to be decided is this, is Mrs. Nation the real troubler of Kansas, or is the real troubler hid behind the sanction of law? What are the facts?

Every one knows that there is a constitutional law in Kansas forbidding the sale of all intoxicants as beverages. This is the law.

Everybody knows who cares to know that this law has been wilfully, intentionally and maliciously trampled under foot, not only by brewers, liquor dealers, saloonkeepers and jointists, but by the judges and officers of the law, hence aside from the little furor created by Mrs. Nation and others, Kansas is a State of absolute lawlessness, or, if you please, anarchy. For it has been said that "when police, sheriff, mayor and governor combine to nullify a righteous law, we have a state of anarchy. It is a virtual dictatorship by executive. Benjamin Harrison justly said that it is a monstrous idea that an executive may select such laws as it may please him to execute and nullify the rest. This monstrosity has begotten the fury of a woman in Kansas who has violently assailed outlaws and criminals who are

protected by infidelity, the unfaithfulness of the officers of the law."

The three most conspicuous characters in this difficulty are Judges Hazen, Dale, and Carrie Nation. These judges and all others of their way of thinking, occupy about the same place in these troubles in Kansas that Ahab occupied in the troubles in Israel.

Judge Dale has gone so far as to say beforehand that if ministers of the gospel are arrested the sacredness of their office will be no inducement to him to be lenient. Certainly not, for he is very zealous for the law so long as the supposed law breakers are women or ministers. But should they happen to be the orderly and gentlemanly joint-keepers they would get, as they get in the court of Judge Hazen, the minimum of the law. Such spiritual wickedness in high places is enough to make demons in pandemonium dance for joy, if such a thing were possible.

But perhaps some one would suggest that we should not "rail at dignitaries," but it seems to me that if I were a minister in Wichita and were brought before his "dishonor" and sentenced, I would risk saying, "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall; for sittest thou to judge me according to the law and commandment me to be smitten contrary to the law."

Or in the language of Elijah, "I have not troubled" Kansas, but you and your fellow officers who are trampling under your feet the laws you swore to enforce, aid these infamous joint-keepers whose villiany you wink at if you do not actually encourage it. I am aware that at first blush I am treading on dangerous ground in thus seeming to defend Mrs. Nation as against her persecutors, for that is just what they are.

But while I am not intentionally defending her I will say that were I in her place I would no more expect a fair hearing before either of these judges than Elijah could have gotten before the idolatrous Ahab, for if we are allowed to judge them from their words and actions they are both in full sympathy with the law breakers in Kansas, that is, the jointists.

Farther, these judges can plead the technicalities of court decisions and also the sympathy of the daily press in their behalf. But as the buzzards in nature, so are the vast majority of the daily papers in morals, they seem to have either an instinct or a mania for the wrong side of moral questions.

For instance J. D. McFarland, of Topeka, is quoted as saying, "Nobody cares to contend seriously that she (Mrs. Nation) had any sort of legal right to do what she did." On this the Kansas City Journal, of February 20th, remarks, "Which amounts to a confession that the joint smashers of Kansas are knowingly violating the criminal statutes, and which deprives them of the single defense of being considered simply mistaken and misguided." Now if this editor were not smelling around for bait why should he eagerly catch at this when he knows that all the joint keepers in Kansas and all the perjured officials and all their daily apologizers are daily "violating the prohibitory laws of Kansas."

Why not let Mother Nation and other joint smashers rest and expose the anarchistic tendencies of these? I have been watching the daily papers pretty closely, and with two exceptions, so far as I have observed, they seem to rail against the joint smashers and yet not a word against the jointists themselves, and the Wichita Eagle and Beacon both seemingly gloat over the breaking of the prohibitory law. Each have called the law irrational and said it was never intended to be enforced, and the Eagle quotes with approval a statement that, "if Mrs. Nation's hatchet succeeds in hacking the prohibitory law to pieces and establishing in its stead a rational high license law that can be enforced." Why of course then Mrs. Nation's hatchet is all right. But so far her hatchet has not only hacked the heads out of rum kegs but has also succeeded in hacking an amendment to the law, which, if enforced, will be another proof that "the way of the transgressor is hard" in Kansas and Mrs. Nation might arise now and say, I did it with my little hatchet.

The two exceptions referred to among the daily papers are the Kansas City Times and the Globe-Democrat. The latter admits that the saloon can't be defended and deplores the evil resulting therefrom.

1. To sum it up, according to the K. C. Journal, a steady stream of li- quors, "good, bad, and dubious," is constantly flowing back upon the wholesale dealers of Kansas City from Kansas.

2. An amendment which makes it easy to get evidence against jointists

and hence ought to make conviction certain.

3. Stirring up the latent temperance sentiment in Kansas and elsewhere. Now if the Kansas people will watch the primaries and then go to the spring elections and then vote as they pray, it may still be demonstrated that Mrs. Nation, in spite of her mistakes, even as many and as serious as her critics have thought, may not have lived in vain.

A Milwaukee Pastor Defends Mrs. Nation.

"There is more nobility in the old right hand that wields that hatchet than in whole armies of petty critics who make peace with the foes of society and have not chivalry enough to redress the wrongs of the weak and oppressed," declared Rev. L. H. Keller at Pilgrim Congregational church, in a sermon on reforms as undertaken by Mrs. Carrie Nation in Kansas. The discourse was in support of the hatchet as a weapon against the "jointists" in Kansas, where, under the prohibitory enactment, no drinking places are supposed to exist. Mr. Keller declared it his belief that the efforts of Mrs. Nation would result in crystalizing a public sentiment that would, in turn, secure the enactment and strict enforcement of the most stringent prohibitory laws throughout the entire country. "License does not regulate the liquor traffic," said the preacher. "Within a stone's throw of this church there is a saloon open now. Does license regulate the traffic in this case?" In reference to Mrs. Nation and her efforts, Mr. Keller declared that she is not the coarse, wild-eyed woman the pictures in the papers represent; nor is she the unbalanced fanatic that the press has described, but a venerable mother and grandmother, a noble Christian woman who has the confidence of all who know her. "But," continued the preacher, "she has stood at the grave of a husband who died in delirium tremens, and of a little son brought to an untimely death by the father's sins. She has seen the affluent, happy home of a beloved sister ruined by a husband's intemperance. The iron has gone into her soul, and as she innocently suffered the loss of domestic joy and with bleeding heart she has registered a vow with God, the avenger of wrongs, that she would henceforth be a foe to the liquor traffic that is a foe to God and to man. Her acts of seeming violence are prompted by a mother's love and a mother's pity for the young and unsuspecting victims of an unspeakable wrong."

In reference to the accusations of lawlessness on the part of the joint-destructor, Rev. Keller said: "She is accused of being lawless in her method. This is not yet proven. Meanwhile let us remember that she is dealing with a traffic that in Kansas is an outlaw. Mrs. Nation is dealing with a lot of criminals in office and out of office. Do we well to shield that army of cowardly officials and lawless liquor sellers, to vent our wrath upon this injured, suffering woman? One need not justify Mrs. Nation in all that she does. All good people make mistakes. But this crusade will clear the air in Kansas and everywhere. It will reveal the essential lawlessness of the liquor traffic and the growing public sentiment against this iniquitous business that we should have outlived long ago. The people will not forever trifle with this awful crime against humanity. We shall see, also, that it is better to call the people up to the level of a righteous law than to drag the statutes of the State down to the level of its basest citizens."

"ANARCHY IN KANSAS."

R. B. F. Dailey Speaks His Mind On the Hatchet Crusade.

Greenfield (Ind.) Paper.

The Christian church was filled Sunday night to hear Rev. Dailey on the above subject. Mr. Dailey said in part:

"I may be mistaken in my conclusions as to the recent disturbance in Kansas and you may not agree with me in the lessons that I think this event teaches, but one right I claim and that is, to speak my mind upon such things.

"The time is at hand when the ministry must be found in the thick of the fight in all things that pertain to social and civil righteousness. The anarchy that is in Kansas is not to be found at the hands of Mrs. Nation and her followers, but at the hands of Kansas officials, who have sworn to uphold the law, and then persistently refused to do so. It is, moreover, no time to raise the cry of 'destruction of property,' for the law of Kansas prescribes

that 'the fixture and liquors must be publicly destroyed.' The proper officials refused to put this law into effect, and Mrs. Nation simply succeeded where they failed.

"If you see a man trying to commit a murder or a theft, you may forcibly surrender that man to the proper authorities. You are not an officer of the law and you are all without authority, and yet no man dare bring action against you for what you have done. If you raid a counterfeiter's den and smash his moulds and destroy his 'queer,' who dares to say that you are a violator of law or charge you with destruction of property?"

Brown's raid were both in open violation of law, and yet the American people are proud of these events, because each was a stroke for freedom. We have no harsh words for the engineers of the underground railway that operated before the war, and yet these men were violating the law of the land. Mrs. Nation and her followers have violated no law, and in the years to come the American people will be proud of what she has done.

"From these events I draw the following lessons: First, the saloon is an outlaw. Regardless of the fact that it is licensed by the State, it does not propose to be bound by this license. The saloon keeper, who tries to observe the law, is an exception and if you know of one in this town, tell me his name and place of business. During the recent spasm of reform in Indianapolis and when the city was supposed to be 'dry,' a reporter of the Sun found 22 saloons doing business between 4 and 5 o'clock on a single Sunday evening.

"A few months ago our city council called the marshal on to the 'green carpet' and ordered him to shut up the town. Then we were assured that for one single Sunday the town was 'dry.' In two weeks the spasm was over and to-day the saloons of Greenfield are violating the law and our city officials know it.

"We need in this town to call a mass meeting of our best citizens, and demand the enforcement of law. We need in this town at the next city election to lay aside politics, and if one man can be found in the city who can be trusted to enforce the law, elect him for mayor. If six more can be found, elect them to the council, and then if Greenfield can turn out an able bodied man who will keep the oath of office, let him be elected marshal.

"Second, the saloon is a power in government. It is too late to cry, 'keep it out of politics,' for the saloon has long been the most powerful factor in political affairs. The liquor power lobbies our legislatures and neither of the dominant parties dare to molest it.

"Third, something must be done. You might not agree with me in the remedies proposed, but in no case let it be side tracked by any other issue. With one of Greenfield's young men on the way to the penitentiary and another lying in Park cemetery because of an open saloon on Sunday, I say that something must be done.

"Fourth, the saloon must go. The license system is a farce. We had as well license stealing provided the thief steals only on certain days and hours, that he must not steal from a minor or an Indian, and that whatever he does he must not steal from a man who is in the habit of being robbed. The saloon must go.

"I stand by W. Windom, who, when Secretary of the Treasury in the Cabinet of President Arthur, said that "considered socially, financially, politically or morally, the licensed liquor traffic is, or ought to be, the overshadowing issue in American politics, and the destruction of this iniquity stands next on the calendar of the world's progress."

The Nation Raid.

The Nation crusade had not a little effect upon local elections in Kansas. Most of the towns where elections were held have gone dry, all, in fact, except four or five of the larger cities, in which corrupt party machines have been dominated by the liquor element. In Wichita the law-enforcement ticket was defeated. The Democrats fought for resubmission and the Republicans won on a pledge to continue the illegal saloons.—Ex.

Medina W. C. T. U.

Medina, Feb. 18, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—At the meeting of our W. C. T. U. on last Friday afternoon it was voted to extend to you our prayers and good wishes for the work in which you are now engaged.

A. E. L.

LETTERS FROM PATRIOTIC FRIENDS AND CO-WORKERS.

(Continued from page 7.)

bless? Is there any blessedness at all connected with the liquor traffic? Thinking back over our past life, what we have seen of the liquor traffic, being born and raised within three-fourths of a mile of a "still house," where whisky and brandy, apple and peach, were made every year, we have to stand beside our departed father's grave and say with him in his departing days: "No good in the liquor traffic at all." We four children bade him a final farewell on January 1, 1901, and as we reflect over our past lives, we can truly say that all of the unhappiness that ever came to our family, whisky lay close to the bottom of it all! In giving his life to the Great Master father gave up his "dram." So did we boys, and now how glad we are that we did! Gen. Carrie Nation, the Kansas joint smasher, may be crazy, or she may not be, but there is one thing can be said of her bold joint smashing, and that is, she is hurting nobody, nor does her act bring grief and shame into the families of this great nation, nor to the families of any other nation on the face of this globe. To sum it up in short, what is Gen. Carrie Nation's sin anyhow? Some "eminent divines" (?) are denouncing her act as vicious. Is not whisky more vicious? Yours bluntly,

AN OLD SOLDIER.

Some of the Results of the Mrs. Nation Temperance Crusade in Kansas.

BY REV. H. A. OTT, IN LUTHERAN OBSERVER.

Since sending my last article on the Nation temperance crusade, the writer has received a large number of letters thanking him for the article, many of which asked for a second article giving the results of the movement after it had spread over the State. This is the only apology for my intruding a second time on your columns. From these letters I find that the good people of the East do not and can not understand the situation here, because the laws and public sentiment here are so different from what they are in eastern States. It seems strange to us to find many good people in the East indirectly supporting the saloon by their wholesale consumption of a man who has had the courage, nagged on by what she has suffered from the drink devil through a former drunken husband, to go right into the drink dens and smash their bottles and fixtures with a hatchet. The smashing of joints and joint fixtures is at an end without doubt as far as Kansas is concerned, although Mrs. Nation still believes that that method of suppression of a public nuisance is the very best. However, the effect of that smashing has been to marvelously stir up the officers of the law, our legislature, and public sentiment all over the State. Mrs. Nation was let out of jail on the bond signed by Rev. J. B. McAfee, an esteemed member of my congregation here. Her bond now is a bond to keep the peace, and her smashing is at an end.

The times were ripe for just such a movement. The people of Kansas, through the indifference and neglect of her officers of the law, saw the jointists getting bolder every day, having their fines paid by the breweries and distilleries of other States, until they started in to give the State "open" saloons, with all the brazen ways in the East. Then Mrs. Nation came. Everything was ripe for a reaction against all this. The coming of this woman was simply the lighting of the match which set off a temperance pyrotechnic display which has lighted up the temperance horizon all over the Union, and has created an unparalleled degree of temperance sentiment and activity. The writer has had Mrs. Nation at his table; has discussed with her her ideas; has differed with her as to the final utility of the "hatchet" as a cure for the disease; has one of the hundred of hatchets and axes sent her from all over the country, this a fierce broad-axe sent her from Hartsel, Col., and which he keeps as a souvenir; has investigated the charges as to her sanity, finds her entirely sane, though possibly somewhat of a crank because of her ultra-radical methods in furthering reform against strong drink, tobacco, and other social evils; yet he feels that the temperance cause, despite all her faults, has much for which to thank Mrs. Nation. It needed just such severe movements to arouse the easy-going masses of our State, and awaken public sentiment along these lines, and Mrs. Nation was the "John Brown" for the movement.

The movement in the city of Topeka, of city of 35,000 population, brought out a meeting of 3,000 men who demanded

that liquors no longer be sold contrary to law, and that all joint fixtures be removed or they would be smashed. This was promptly done. It was a grand sight to see a dozen men carry down, from upstairs back rooms, long bars to be stored or sent out of the city. What brought them down? Public sentiment, the education resulting from twenty years of constitutional prohibition. To-day the city of Topeka is absolutely free from joints, as far as the writer can see. Of course, liquor can be bought secretly, and always will be, but our boys do not know where it can be bought. You might as well try to absolutely bind the devil as to absolutely bind the liquor traffic in one State with all the brewers and distillers in a dozen surrounding States seeking with determined and cunning methods to extend their business within its borders.

It is like heaven to live in a city where there are no open saloons. There are thousands of public school children here, now nearly of age, who have never seen here a beer-wagon or a beer-keg! Recently a child who had never been out of the State, on going to Kansas City, Mo., looked out of the car window and saw a sign on a building, and spelled, "S-a-l-o-o-n, saloon," and then exclaimed, "Mamma, what is that?" There is no better city in the world in which to bring up a family of boys than Topeka, and many fine eastern families are coming here for that very reason. It amuses me to see the comments made on Kansas in the East. To some it is truly, "The wild and woolly West." One pastor writes: "Is it safe for the next General Synod to go out there?" Let me tell your readers just two or three things about Kansas. Her educational exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair took the highest prize; her per cent of illiteracy is the lowest of all the States of the Union; her regiment, the 21st of Kansas, was the only regiment of the 65,000 men at Chickamauga Park during the late war with Spain in which every man could write his own name on the muster roll; and this same regiment voted unanimously not to have the infamous "canteen" in their regiment, and they would not have it. This is the result of the influence of twenty years of constitutional prohibition. Topeka has far better paved streets and more of them than

most other cities of its size in the United States, its sidewalks are all brick, and this without a dollar coming from bleeding the saloon in the shape of a license! Prosperity without the saloon is seen on every hand. True, some people stay away from Kansas because of its stringent liquor laws. That, however, largely accounts for the general intelligence here. Let them stay away. The West is all right educationally and morally. Your readers may not know it, but the State which has the largest per cent of her population in her colleges is a western State.

The influence of the Nation crusade has spread all over our State, and as a result the joints have been suppressed on all sides. Our legislature, just adjourned, gave us the most drastic legislation against the liquor business in her history, and with tremendous majorities. The result of the movement started by this brave woman, who is roundly condemned in the East, is best summed up in the words of a Kansas wholesale liquor dealer, who said recently, "A few weeks ago we had a very fine trade in Kansas, shipping out many car-loads of liquor, but just now they are coming back as fast as they went out." Our city, Topeka, has had considerable notoriety all over the country as the center of the Nation temperance crusade, and because of the presence of Mrs. Nation. However, we think your readers will quite agree with us when we say their eastern cities could well afford such notoriety if thereby they could be rid of their debauching and terribly corrupting saloons. If further particulars are desired, send five cents to Mrs. Nation, Topeka, for a copy of her sixteen-page paper, "The Smasher's Mail."

Topeka, Kans.

The Right Ring.

Sheffield, Mo., March 21, 1901.

Dear Mrs. Nation:—I can not wait any longer, I must write to-day. If we only had more women like you there would be less heartbroken wives and mothers. I am proud Kansas City, Kan., has one so young as Mrs. McNutt's daughter that can smash saloons. I hope and pray to God she will smash some more. How quick when that deed was done they were hustled off to jail and a heavy fine to pay. If that had been a drunken man he could have used

(Continued on page 12.)

The Enemies and Hinderers.

WARNING!

Received on a Postal Card.

Business?

Revenge is sweet.
Some people use hatchets,
Some will use dynamite.
You have started war
And war to a bitter end
You shall see.
We anarchists
Will not tolerate
First Warning.

TAR & FEATHERS.

His Bray.

Mrs. Nation:—You are a public nuisance to the State of Kansas. You are not able to support your fool self. You are like a mule with a broken leg. As he is not fit to live that what he eats ought to be given to the mule that can work. I compare you with this mule with a broken leg. If all the people was as crazy as you what would the world be good for? You and the mule with a broken leg will make a good team indeed.

"John L." Speaks Out.

Falls City, Neb., Feb. 19, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Madam:—I wish to say if you will come to Nebraska I will help you smash the saloons in Falls City, Rola, and Preston Dose, and every saloon in Nebraska except Ail Kentner. There is where we get free beer.

JOHN LAWRENCE SULLIVAN.

I am doing all I can to come to your help but Stanley and his anarchists keep me back with their rotaries and perjured court.

A Drunkard's Will.

First, I leave to society a ruined character, a wretched example and a memory that will soon rot. Secondly, I leave to my parents the rest of their lives as much sorrow as humanity, in a feeble, decrepit state can stand. Thirdly, I leave to my brothers and sisters as much mortification and injury as I well could bring upon them.

Fourthly, I leave to my wife a broken heart, a life of wretchedness and shame, to weep over my premature death. Fifth, I give and bequeath to each of my children, poverty, ignorance, low character, and a remembrance that their father was a drunkard.—Anonymous.

Are Very Sick.

Crawfordsville, Ind., Feb. 24, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kans.

My Dear Madam:—The Benevolent Order of Elks will celebrate the coming 4th of July in this city, and I am authorized to communicate with you to know if it is possible to secure your attendance for a temperance lecture. We have a city of (12,000) twelve thousand. The seat of Wabash College, the home of Gen. Wallace, and Maurice Thompson, also of Mary Hannah Crout, a gifted writer.

Would you kindly inform me, as to whether you will be in the lecture field, and even if not, if you can not be with us on that occasion. It is a long ways ahead, but we are anxious to make all our arrangements in securing our speakers, etc., etc., at an early date.

By kindly informing me at your earliest convenience you will greatly favor,

Yours truly,

J. J. INSLEY.

I have accepted this in preference to many invitations because they that are whole need not a physician but they that are sick.—Ed.

Woman's Appeal to Force.

Whatever woman may become, she can not deny that she owes her place in modern civilization to-day to man. She began as the slave, she has been made the equal; what more does she desire? Ready to her hand are the agencies by which she rose or was lifted—will she spurn this ladder to the ground and become a man indeed so far as nature will allow? Despite all her denunciation of the male and his doings, does she not find him so admirable that her highest ambition is

to become what he is rather than what he hopes to make himself and her? Or would she "assimilate and educate" the male for his good as well as hers, dominate and control, proclaim and enforce her ideas and ideals till she has finally brought the millennium of which she has always dreamed?

It is undoubtedly true that we are now undergoing a revolution deeper than those known to other periods of our history because it affects the man himself, not merely the form of his government or the limits of his possessions. There are many indications of the tendencies of the times—we are losing our territorialism—we are looking abroad for both pleasure and profit—the counsel of Washington to live without reference to Europe is being openly ignored. Those who object to the new order of things are plainly told they are fossils—an army and navy is prepared to guard the new departure.

The revolt of woman against present conditions is only one item in this social upheaval. Is it not portentous to see those appeal to force and violence who but yesterday denounced these favorite instruments of the brute man? Shall we not wonder when it is woman that puts down the law, abandons the protection of order and rushes in with uplifted hatchet where the man would draw back? Is it those who thus violate law that we expect to purify the ballot box, preserve peace and decency at the polls and teach the American citizen the error of his former ways by the irresistible logic of a good example?

But does American womanhood indorse and support Mrs. Nation? If it does not it is high time that it spoke. Mrs. Nation claims to act as their champion and the defender of their rights—she has deserted her home and her husband to invade a promised land with less consideration and as much zeal as Peter the Hermit knew. Rude man will act when he can endure no longer—before he rouses himself it will be well that woman speak to put herself on record. We grant that those who support and applaud Mrs. Nation in Kansas have as little right to speak for one-half of Americans as for the other, but the position of man is not doubtful. It would be well if woman left as little doubt as to her sympathies. The womanhood of America is no longer without organs and tongues multitudinous—these would be used.

Shall the lamb march up to bleat in the face of the wolf? Shall the calf seek the butcher to prefer charges of cruelty? Until the portends appear how can we believe that the weak have attacked the strong with the instruments of force, have abandoned the logic and the sympathy that has availed in the past to adopt the means of the savage, have foresworn the protection of man-made law and will insist henceforth on a policy that must precipitate rule or ruin?—The Florida Times Union and Citizen.

She is Mad.

Carrie Nation has gone mad—as mad as a March hare.—Exchange.

It is news to us that she ever was otherwise than being crazy as a loon, of course she gets mad, most women generally do but we do not want any one to say she has gone crazy.—Royal Arch News, Leading Liquor Journal.

The same paper comments thusly: "Carrie Nation's husband got robbed in Marion. It's dollars to doughnuts Carrie will not be robbed if she keeps publishing the Smasher's Mail she will soon be in the box of all newspaper men and who ever heard of one of them getting robbed."

The Tide is Turning.

Our enemies and hinderers may be many, but they that be for us are more than they that be against us. From all over our land and in every mail, from the best people of the Union, come many words of encouragement and indorsement. The tide is coming back that will sweep fair Kansas of official collusion and hypocrisy with this awful curse of curses—the treasonable liquor power.

Current Comment

The Coming Struggle.

America is beginning a contest in behalf of Home Rule for herself. The nature of that contest has been recognized by but few, yet it is as inevitable as the rising of the ocean's tides. The fight against the saloon is part of the oncoming contest—the chief part, it is true, yet only a part. The coming great issues for American citizens to decide will grow out of this question: Shall America Americanize our foreign population, or shall our foreign population foreignize America?—New York Voice.

That Kansas City Judge.

The Daily Citizen, Columbus, Ohio, (Independent) under the caption, "That Kansas City Judge," comments upon the \$500 fine so unjustly imposed upon Mrs. Nation, and says:

"The next step in dealing with that judge should be removal from the bench. Mrs. Nation did not need advertising, for she is the most advertised woman in America to-day; the only advertising the judge got was to his detriment and the conclusion is that he is untruthful when he says he debased his office to advertise himself. The truth is doubtless just what is charged and that is that he is a tool of the saloon element of Kansas City."

HURRAH FOR TEXAS!

Crusade Against Gambling.

Orange, Texas.—Sheriff John Robertson has begun a crusade against the gambling dens of Orange and last night made a raid on some of them, resulting in the capture and jailing of twenty-five negroes and five white men. Some of these gave bond for their appearance before the court and were released, but the majority are still in jail, which is crowded to its utmost capacity.

The sheriff says he will use his utmost endeavors to break up the gambling dens and put a stop to the saloon business on Sunday.

Laying the Ax at the Root.

It is said that when the people in Denmark find a man helplessly drunk in the streets, they drive the patient in a cab to a station where he sobers off, then they take him home. The cabman makes his charge, the policeman makes his charge, the police doctor makes his, the agents make their claim for special duty, and this bill is presented to the landlord of the establishment where the drunkard took the last of the drinks that caused his intoxication.

A good idea. Suppose we adopt a law of that kind in this country? But then, what about the official who sells the license to the saloon-keeper to sell whisky to the man to make him drunk? And what about the legislator who voted for the law to allow the official to sell the license to the saloon-keeper to sell whisky to the man to make him drunk? Should nothing be done with any of them?—Baptist and Reflector.

The "Nation" Crusade.

The people of Kansas have had time to consider Mrs. Nation's position carefully, and tens of thousands of them are endorsing it. It would be absurd to find any fault whatever with these determined women. And it would be a pure waste of emotion to express any sympathy for the men who keep the saloons. These gentlemen are well aware that they are engaged in an illegal and extra hazardous business, in which they must take their chances. But it is entirely permissible to criticize the politicians of Kansas, who will neither on the one hand enforce the law and keep the women out of scenes of unseemly violence, nor on the other hand protect the saloonkeepers whose money they have been taking. They are not of the stuff of which saints and martyrs are made; they are just ordinary, everyday politicians, and as such the country will judge them. If in passing resolutions or enacting statutes they encourage private individuals to smash—without usual process of law—property supposed to be occupied by men engaged in unlawful pursuits, they will be justly held responsible for the carnival of arson and murder that will in the end result from

their sheer cowardice. The men of Kansas should either make the law fit the facts or make the facts fit the law.—From "The Progress of the World," in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for March.

Temperance Notes.

It is estimated that John Bull's Christmas liquor bill amounted to \$20,000,000.00 for whisky, brandy, wine, and beer. This is only for the day before Christmas, Christmas, and the day following.

The Supreme Court of Illinois has handed down a decision in which the court holds that dram shop keepers are liable for personal injuries sustained by persons while intoxicated as a result of the use of liquor obtained from them.

There is comfort for temperance workers in the study of recent New Year's customs as compared with those a generation ago. There are homes where liquors are offered to callers, but they are comparatively few. The temperance cause has met some reverses, but the temperance sentiment, and especially the sentiment against social drinking, is growing stronger every year.

For the benefit of consumptives who flock in such large numbers to Colorado and who find it difficult to earn a living, the Y. M. C. A. of that state is working toward the establishment of a "health farm;" that is, a large market farm, which will provide the men with a home and skillful medical attendance in return for such light outdoor work as they are able to give.—Ram's Horn.

A Terrible Indictment.

The New York Tribune, mouthpiece of National Republicanism, declared:

"There is to-day in the English speaking countries no such tremendous, reaching, vital question as that of drunkenness. In its applications and effects it over-shadows all else. It is impossible to examine any subject connected with the progress, the civilization, the physical well-being, the religious condition of the masses, without encountering this monstrous evil. It is at the center of all social and political mischief. It paralyzes beneficent energies in every direction. It neutralizes educational agencies. It silences the voice of religion. It baffles penal reform. It obstructs political reform. It rears aloft a mass of evilly inspired power, which at every point threatens social and national advance; which gives to ignorance and vice a greater potency than intelligence and virtue can command; which deprives the poor of the advantages of modern progress; which debauches and degrades millions, brutalizing and soddening them below the plane of savagery, and filling the centers of population with creatures whose condition almost excuses the immorality which renders them dangerous to their generation."

The above is going the rounds of the press as the sentiment of the Tribune. Where is the preacher of conference that could picture the awful diabolism of the liquor traffic any more truly than that? Surely that is indictment enough. Yet the Tribune is the acknowledged leader of the high license forces of the nation, and under its banner is marshalled at the polls, with few exceptions, the membership of the popular churches of the country. Fifteen of the sixteen Methodist Episcopal bishops are said to favor the high license policy of the g. o. p. and its saloon renting president. Shades of Lincoln, Weed, and Greeley hover over the santum of the great Republican mouthpiece. How are the mighty fallen.

New York Witness on Politics.

The Weekly Witness (undenominational, New York), answering an inquiring correspondent, expresses the following views concerning the relation of the Christian man to civil government:

Jesus and His disciples both taught and practiced the duty of unquestioning submission to the authority of "the powers that be" in all matters coming rightfully under the authority of the civil government, and there is no intimation in the New Testament of an obligation resting upon Christians to take

any part in the government of the country.

There is good reason for this in the fact that the disciples could not at that time have done any good by trying to interfere with the functions of government. Nothing but evil could have resulted from any attempt on their part to do so.

Our case is different. We not only have the right as citizens to take part in the government of our country, but are practically required by the laws of the land to do so, and the possession of this power involves responsibility for its exercise.

But while this is a self-evident proposition to us, we are bound to recognize the fact that there is no direct authority in the New Testament for taking any part in politics, and to take into account the influence which that fact has upon the minds of many Christians who have more or less consciously drawn from it the conclusion that religion and politics are distinct matters.

There is this distinction between the Christian as a church member and the Christian as a citizen: Christians as church members have nothing whatever to do with civil government; but Christians as citizens have a responsibility which they can not shirk without sin.

The Sunday Closing.

It is interesting to read the administration—whisky organs of Kansas City, regarding the closing of saloons and public bawdy houses on Sunday. They say every saloon but one was closed, and that one plain drunk was arrested. Then they assert idle men wandered about the street—instead of being drunk and riding in the hurry-up wagon to jail. What a sad, tame picture, hundreds of idle, sober men on the streets of Kansas City, Mo., would be, and that on Sunday, too. Then they say the Sunday excursionists will not come to Kansas City because he can't get drunk. That is the high estimation placed upon the country people by "business men" and press of that city. If that town continues to advertise its disregard for the flagrant violation of law as it has been doing the past year, she will be lucky if the country people ever go there. The reaction of Mrs. Nation's arrest has stirred up the dullest hornet's nest to be found in the Kaw bottoms.—The Denison (Kansas) Leader.

Our State Motto.

"For the Overthrow of the Liquor Traffic in This Generation!"

The above was the motto stretched across the meeting place of our organizing state convention and many testified to strong impressions made by the first sight of its inspiring message. The two words "Liquor Traffic," were printed in large, blood-red letters. It seemed to many as if a great new commission had been laid upon them to give the utmost effort to hasten this scarlet enemy of the church and human souls.

A deep religious spirit pervaded every session of the convention. The spirit of prayer and consecration were evident and a faith most impressive, that the young people of Nebraska have a glorious, God-inspired cause to advocate and push to ultimate victory.

"For the overthrow"—Yes, just as surely as slavery was overthrown do we believe this legalized sin will be overthrown.

In our lifetime must we do what we would do, we must do what we can today. Men and women are needed, a great many of consecrated, God-gifted men and women, well-informed and well-prepared to lead in this work.

Money is needed—great sums—and many of them, to carry on the various lines of study and research of evangelistic work, and the formation of libraries, distribution of literature, opening of reading- and rescue-rooms and the other vastly important means that would further the knowledge and acceptance of this movement. But besides great men and women and great sums of money, every young man and woman has a talent and influence that may grow by use, and every mite given in this service will call down a blessing. Let us all feel our personal responsibility in this work, let us say at the beginning of this new year and century, "I am not every one, but I am one; I can not do everything, but I can do something; what I can do, I ought to do; and by the grace of God, what I ought to do I will do."

If the 7,000,000 Christian young people take up this work prayerfully and study together in the spirit of charity and unity we shall surely see "the overthrow of the liquor traffic in this generation."—Young People's Union, Lincoln, Nebraska.

THE PRICE OF MISDOING.

Glimpses of Daily Life and Incidents in the Ionia Reformatory by One Who Has Paid the Penalty.

He hails with relief the summons of the keeper, who escorts him to his allotted cell and turns the key in the massive lock. In most cases his first impulse bids him lie down upon his bed, and here perchance, blessed sleep comes to his relief. He feels that oblivion is the oasis in the dreary and barren desert of misery. Let us leave him to his slumbers.

In summer at ten minutes of six in the morning, in winter somewhat later, the inmates of Ionia prison are aroused from their sleep by the strident tones of a large gong so centrally placed that its clang is clearly heard in the most distant part of the cell houses. The convict yawns, turns over and prepares to don his garments and otherwise complete his toilet with the few and primitive appurtenances at his command, in order that he may be ready to march out in the "line" when the signal is given and the "brake" is thrown from his door. From the dining room, the convict either joins his "shop line" or takes his place in the line "laying in" and returns to the cell house.

Day after day the monotony of this existence knows no change, and it becomes so irksome that some of the young men have been known to create some slight breach of discipline in order to secure the variety afforded by passing a few hours in the "hole." These "holes" are small dungeons having handcuffs attached to chains from the ceiling. The man doomed to punishment has his wrist fastened in these manacles and stretched to a height corresponding with the gravity of the offense and left to ponder the mutability of human affairs in absolute darkness and silence any time from one hour up to five or six.

It is not a hard matter to get a place in the "hole." Absolute silence is the rule for the men while in the cells, and if one speaks loud enough for his neighbor to hear, there are nine chances out of ten that a guard, moving silently, his feet clad in "moccasins," a cloth shoe having noiseless soles, is standing within a foot of the door and ready to bring punishment to the offender by "standing him out."

By this is meant that when a rule of the prison has been violated, the offender is told to "stand out" in front of the hallmaster's office where he faces his accuser and must answer to the judge, the deputy warden, who then metes out his sentence. Almost invariably, at night when the shop lines come in from work, there is a line of men "standing out" and all these men must be accused, judged and sentenced before the keepers are at liberty to leave the prison.

The sharp, stern, "put him in the hole," the deputy stops an attempt on the part of the culprit to excuse himself, and he is immediately led away to punishment. It is rare that a man resists. When, as often happens, the "holes" are all occupied, the offenders against prison laws are made to stand facing the wall or an iron column in the rotunda, school boy fashion, for a period of time. Here he is constantly under the eyes of a keeper, and any movement on his part is rewarded by a greater length of time of punishment. Of course this is only for minor offences. For more serious matters, strapping, solitary confinement, and loss of good time are the penalties.

Humor and pathos play no small part in convict life. Glimpses of fun and shadows of sorrow alternately serve to brighten and darken the picture. Students of human nature may find all its phases emphasized in a prison. A grey haired, feeble and trembling old mother comes to see her boy. He wears the shameful garb of dishonor, but her love knows no change, and she smiles on him through her tears with her unselfish desire of motherhood to cheer his dreary imprisonment. Tenderly the wrinkled old hands, which have cared for this dear one when he was a helpless babe free from the convict stain, with gentle, loving touch smooths back the hair from the brow, and her lips tremble pitifully as she tries to utter cheering words to her boy.

When she is compelled by the stern and inexorable rules of the prison to leave him, it seems like wrenching quivering heart from her bosom. She turns to watch him as he returns to his task, the tears running down the careworn face, until he vanishes from her sight, and then a sign comes from her lips and she turns wearily away, at the gate, the mother turns again

in the vain hope that she may yet catch another glimpse of her boy and if, as often happens, we see her tear-dimmed eyes straining through the bars for one last look, even the little ones are hushed by a solemnity they can not comprehend, and the old gate-keeper, hardened as his sensibilities have become, wipes the moisture from his eyes. A man who has never been a convict can form but a faint idea of the depth and strength and value of mother love. One of the most pitiable prison characters in the Ionia reformatory is an old man, who at one time conducted a profitable business at Bay City and owned a large amount of property. His is the same old story of too much liquor. He has served in several different prisons, and is now, at the age of 66, doing three years in Ionia. He is a little, feeble, dried up old fellow, with hair and mustache as white as snow, but his still bright and twinkling eyes proclaim that plenty of vitality is yet stored away in his withered frame.—Florida Herald, Tampa, Florida.

An Echo From the Empire State.

Nearly 3,000 persons crowded into Fitzhugh Hall when the spring campaign of the Prohibition Union of Christian Men was opened by President C. N. Howard. The prohibition quartette was supplemented by a stringed orchestra and a chorus of 100 voices. A perfect storm of applause followed the rendering of an Easter solo by Miss Grace Boddy Shrader. The stage was elaborately decorated with bunting containing representations of numerous hatchets, the emblem made famous through Mrs. Carrie Nation, the saloon smasher of Kansas.

President Howard opened the spring campaign by presenting a memorial to the legislature and governor signed by 600 ministers of Greater New York which is to be presented to the legislature at Albany to-morrow evening, saying:

"I want to put this meeting, this organization and this Christian city on record against the vilest piece of legislation that has ever disgraced the statute books of civilization. Upon whatever other proposition we may disagree, there is not a decent man that walks the streets of this city who does not agree that the Rains Hotel is the biggest fake and the foulest blot the genius of perdition was ever taxed to invent.

"The pockets of the Christian people of this State are being picked to support various efforts to compel the saloon to obey the law while a band-box with a pig-iron sandwich and a hotel label is allowed to debauch young girls and intoxicate men on this Easter Sabbath according to law. I therefore move the adoption of the following resolution to be presented to the legislature and governor to-morrow evening:

"Resolved, That the Christian citizens of Rochester assembled in mass meeting to the number of 3,000, under the auspices of the Prohibition Union of Christian Men, on this Easter Sabbath day, joins with the pastors of Greater New York in denouncing the fake Raines Law Hotels, that has put a premium on immortality, married the saloon to the brothel, and given the liquor traffic a clean bill of sale of the Christian Sabbath.

"And we respectfully demand of the governor and the legislature now in session at Albany to so amend the present Liquor Tax Law as will effectually abolish the Raines Hotels and Concert Saloons in the Empire State."

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

This noble woman, devoted wife, mother and grandmother, after years of suffering because of the licensed liquor traffic, in her desperation has, by her unexpected attack on the property of lawless rum-sellers, stirred the whole country. Nothing resembling it has occurred since the raid of John Brown who hailed from the same State. And yet the two cases are entirely dissimilar in the fact that John Brown struck a blow for freedom against a legal institution and was legally punished as a traitor, though to his honor be it said his treason existed only in the violation of law that had no loyal right on the statute books, while the blow struck for freedom by Mrs. Nation is against an outlawed institution having no claim on the State for protection. The saloon keepers of Kansas are the traitors, but only subordinate to the official traitors, like the governor who quailed before Mrs. Nation, piteously whined, "I am powerless." This new century woman has convinced the governor and his henchmen that there is power even in a hatchet when wielded by even a woman who dares to face a frowning

mob, a dastard profane rum-seller, a brass buttoned policeman, or the governor himself. The people of Kansas have been awakened, the people of the nation have been aroused and the liquor fraternity have learned a lesson. Mrs. Nation is right. She has been repeatedly arrested and as many times discharged; her recent trial by jury has resulted in a divided jury and the saloon keeper by pressing the case is a self-confessed criminal. Give us prohibition in Pennsylvania and there will be a thousand Mrs. Nations to rise up and assist the officers in enforcing the law.—Williamsport (Pa.) Index.

The Standard-Herald.

If saloon keepers in Kansas can not protect their interests against the destructive raids of Mrs. Carrie Nation, there must be some good reason for this impotency to do so. If Mrs. Nation is not violating law in destroying saloon property, those who resort to violence to prevent her raids are law breakers and amenable to punishment. This woman is well aware that the law does not protect a business that is prohibited in Kansas, and the people generally know that the saloons in Kansas have no rights that anyone is compelled to respect. This is the condition in Kansas to-day, and is the explanation of Mrs. Nation's drastic methods to destroy the saloon traffic. The law prohibits the sale of intoxicants, but is ignored. Officers, whose duty it is to enforce the law, are too nerveless or cowardly to do so. Mrs. Nation, no doubt, has the support of a strong temperance sentiment, goaded to desperation by the persistent violation that the authorities will not raise a hand to prevent or punish. Her crusade will result in good. She will establish the fact that saloons have no claim to protection from the violence of outraged public sentiment, and that if men intend to sell intoxicants, their peace and tranquility will obtain only when they are licensed to sell. If Kansas does not want a repetition of the Mrs. Nation affair, the people will resubmit the question and give the voters a chance to reassert themselves. If public sentiment does not sustain Mrs. Nation it does not sustain the law, and prohibition should be abolished. Either prohibition should go, or the good people of Kansas should stand bravely by the woman."

J. V. Moore, Mrs. Carrie Nation's brother who is connected with the Rogers' Live Stock Commission Company, of Kansas City, was transacting business in the county last week. We were pleased to meet him and get acquainted. He resembles his sister considerably and is a wide-awake progressive business man. Speaking of Mrs. Nation's recent struggles in Wichita, he said that she had come out victor. He had just been in Wichita before coming down here and had arranged for her release from jail. He said that the judge had reduced her bond from \$2,000 to \$100 and set her trial for September 12th, with the understanding that the case should never come to trial. Mr. Moore says that the judge personally told him this and did not ask him to keep the matter secret. He said, also, that the cell in which they confined Mrs. Nation was a terrible place for a human being and that her treatment had become so rank that even the county attorney who is regarded as one of her most bitter enemies, said that he would not tolerate his dog to be kept in such a place. Mr. Moore is not as rabid on the temperance question as his sister, but he denounces the treatment she has received at the hands of the whiskey element of Wichita in emphatic words and says it has made her multitudes of sympathizers all over the world. He is on the road all the time and knows how public sentiment is drifting. Mr. Moore is a pleasant gentleman and one of the mainstays of the Rogers concern. He did an immense amount of business in Barber county last week.—Barber County Index.

KNOCKED DOWN IN HIS PULPIT.

Indiana Pastor Attacked by Drunken Rowdies While He Was Delivering His Sermon.

Elwood, Ind., April 7.—Last night during a convention of the members of the Holiness church which is being held in this city, Pastor Hass, in the midst of his discourse was attacked by a gang of drunken rowdies, their ages ranging from seventeen to twenty years. Mr. Hass was knocked down and trampled upon in his pulpit. A general scrimmage took place, the women and children fainting and scream-

ing. A riot call was sent in and the police arrested three members of the gang. The church after the riot resembled being struck by a cyclone instead of being a house of worship.

DRUNKARD'S WIFE CAN COLLECT.

An Indiana Decision Holding Saloon Keeper Liable to an Inebriate's Family.

Indianapolis, Ind., April 19.—A saloon keeper is liable to the family of a man to whom he sells liquor, when the man is intoxicated, for the damages which they suffer by reason of the man's imprisonment, according to a decision of the Indiana supreme court. Martha Homire sued John Halfman of Boone County for selling liquor to her husband from which he was led to kill Seth Hease, and was sent to prison for life. She sued for \$20,000 damages, and the supreme court holds that she has grounds for suit.

The Uses of Tobacco.

The war in South Africa has taught many things of greater and of less importance. Perhaps nothing that it has demonstrated has been more marked than the important part which tobacco plays in the soldier's existence. Whether this is to be reckoned as a great fact or a small one, there can be no doubt about the truth of it. We are inclined to believe that, used with due moderation, tobacco is of value second only to food itself when long privations and exertions are to be endured.—London Lancet.

This is hell's philosophy to destroy the splendid young men, the very flower of our country, in the interests of the giant tobacco and liquor trusts.

W. A. White Breaks Out.

William A. White, the gifted Emporia writer, has taken a shot at McKinley and now ten thousand editorial curs are barking at his heels. Here is what he says:

"McKinley never had an idea in his head. He is essentially not a thinker. He is in no sense a scholar. He has not kept anywhere abreast of the economic thought of his time. Until the campaign of '96 he was unsure about finance. He has uttered no sentiment in all his four years of official speaking and writing that has lived 30 minutes after it was put on paper. Twenty men in Marion County can make as good a speech as McKinley, and the editor of the Record can make a better speech than McKinley ever dreamed of. No man who doesn't read can have much to say. You can't draw water from an empty cistern.

"McKinley is only a man—just a common, ordinary man, with two legs and the usual number of feet and eyes and brains and teeth and vertebrae. A man doesn't have to know much to be president of the United States. The average president of the United States stripped of his fame and power would not be eligible to membership in a man's literary club in a country town. There have been three exceptions to this rule in 40 years."

THE CARRION EAGLE'S CAW!

Paola, Kan., May 9, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Friend:—I enclose this infamous report written for the purpose of giving the public the impression that you are insane. I want to write a few letters to the eastern papers concerning your visit to Paola and also to show up the animus of the secular press in publishing such articles as the enclosed, and desire a personal note from you concerning the facts of the Wichita incident. With earnest prayers in your behalf, I remain, yours truly,

HUGH A. COOPER,
Pastor Pres. Church.

MRS. NATION FOUGHT A JAILER.

In Wichita, Last Night, the Joint Smasher Grew Tired of Cell Life.

Wichita, Kan., May 8.—Mrs. Nation caused trouble in the jail here last night. She kept pounding the floors of her cell with the cot, and when the jailer, Richard Dodd, went to her cell and told her that if she did not keep quiet he would have to put her in one of the back cells up stairs, she became more violent and threatened him if he interfered with her. She dared him to unlock her cell door. He unlocked the cell, thinking that if he gave her another cell she might be quiet. Mrs. Nation pushed the door open and caught the jailer. She pulled him into the cell and a struggle ensued. Mrs. Nation kicked and struck at the official. Mrs. Nation caught the jailer

around the neck and drew his head under her arm. Then she tried to bite him. A prisoner, who was a "trustee," went to the assistance of the jailer. Mrs. Nation loosed her hold on Mr. Dodd and fought until she drove them both from the cell. The two men pushed the door shut and allowed the Medicine Lodge woman to hold possession of the cell.

There was talk about the courthouse that some of the officials there would prefer charges of insanity against Mrs. Nation. This report was given credence from the fact that the criminal cases were assigned yesterday by Judge Dale and that the cases of the joint smashers were passed and not set for trial.

My Dear Brother Cooper:—This is just a sample of the villany of the rotten administration of Stanley. This vile buzzard of the Wichita Eagle never told the truth in one article about me, but he took particular pains while I was in the cell and filthy rotary of the Wichita inquisition to tell just such as this about a poor defenseless woman. I do not think a meaner man lives than he; it is a shame to a brute to be compared to such as he.

LETTERS FROM PATRIOTIC FRIENDS AND CO-WORKERS.

(Continued from page 10.)

a razor and instead of smashing saloons fixtures he could have cut some man's ear off or an eye out and then he would have been taken home to curse and abuse his wife and children, not even arrested. Why bless you, no. Didn't I see that done in Armourdale, Kan., a few years ago? Didn't a man get into a drunken fight there one Fourth of July and had his eye nearly cut out of his head. How do you think his family enjoyed that Fourth of July? Didn't I see the wife kneel and ask God to send her relief from that drunken husband? And yet it goes on, getting worse instead of better. I will send you a clipping out of the Tuesday evening Star. See how quick the sympathy of the court was with him. How many a wife has a drunken husband cast out into the world. What would become of a woman if every time they had to hunt for work they would turn out to be a vagrant? That poor fool man couldn't make a living for himself, and yet us women pull through and live an honest life, with little children to support. I am anxious to hear more of the prisoner in Stillwater, Minn. Can you answer in your paper what crime he committed? I hope you will go on in your good work; you have it going all right so far. Every once in a while I see in the paper another saloon smashed, and I hope if they don't close they will be smashed. I am ready, only waiting for a leader, and I won't smash as slow as the party in Armourdale did. I will use the hatchet and rocks so fast it will paralyze the manager and bartenders, and they will stand amazed until I walk out. And if they go to force me out, I will try awful hard to give them a little smash over the head. I tell you when I do commence they will have to bond me heavy or keep me in jail, or as sure as there is a God in Heaven I'll wreck some of the finest of them.

A BROKEN HEARTED WOMAN.

Indian Territory.

Adair, I. T., Feb. 17, 1901.

My Dear Mrs. Nation:—We want to write you a line to encourage you in your good work. We used to live in Kansas, and if we were there now we could help you and would enjoy smashing a saloon more than anything we know of. We have a sister at Greenwood's restaurant, where you eat some times. She is one of the best girls that ever lived. We pray that God may spare your life until you have driven every saloon out of Kansas. May God's choicest blessings rest on you. Your true friends and well wishers,

MR. AND MRS. RUSSELL VANDWORT.

Vincennes, Ind., March 8, 1901.

Mrs. Nation.

My Very Dear Friend:—For such I must call you. I am sincerely thankful for your gift and I pray God you may continue in your noble work of benefitting mankind. It could not have come in a more acceptable time. May God bless you and prosper you, is my prayer. Yours in Christ,

G. MOORE.

HE BLAMED MRS. NATION.

A Bartender, Arrested for Vagrancy, Says She Threw Him Out of Work.

If John Warren's tale of woe in the police court this morning is to be credited, Mrs. Carrie Nation of Kansas is responsible for his involuntary enlist-

ment in the army of the unemployed. Warren was a bartender in a joint in Goff, Kans. This was two months ago. Mrs. Nation visited the town and destroyed the joint and threw Warren on the world without means of support. Detective Sanderson arrested Warren yesterday and this morning he was arraigned in the police court on a charge of vagrancy. He was convicted, but the sympathy of the court was with Warren, and he was released on condition that he would immediately leave town.—Star.

Reasoning and excusing of this kind would make even the courts of justice responsible for every crime known. It is a characteristic of men to blame women with their own shortcomings and sin. Adam did the same, and truly the iniquity of the father is visited on his sons.

Mrs. Nation and the W. C. T. U.

The papers of this section are very pronounced against Mrs. Nation. Her apology is that the joints break the law. Judging from the apathy of people and officials in regard to the law, it is evident that the law was not made as a wish of the majority of the people. The W. C. T. U. and its allies is famous all over the country for foisting upon the people laws which they work through the legislatures regardless of popular opinion. This is easily done. A hundred zealots contending for a measure with all possible vehemence, and not a will heard in opposition, makes the average legislator feel that there is a popular demand for it. The fact is it has its inception in the secret conclaves of the W. C. T. U. and other orders, and is rushed before the legislators with as little publicity as possible.

The people of Maryland have become acquainted with these methods and are disgusted with them. A Baltimore grand jury has just expressed its disgust with some legislation of the W. C. T. U. order that was foisted upon Baltimore at our last legislature, and has called for its repeal or modification. Just the other day some pompous members of the W. C. T. U. came to the decision that Baltimore should have a curfew. Without intimating a word through the press on the subject, they rushed forthwith to Mayor Hayes and the police commissioners. The latter wisely told them that the first thing to be done was to elicit public opinion on the subject. This, in their self-righteousness, they consider an insult, deeming themselves the vicegerents of God in His will to man they want to listen to no discussion of their projects by the vulgar rabble.

The W. C. T. U. is a product of the dying church. When they found themselves spiritually incompetent to handle vice, crime, or sin, their humiliation was such that, to preserve a show of accomplishing something, recourse was had to law. Policemen's clubs, fines and jails are not doing what was expected of them, and mob rule is attempted, preparatory to untimely religious war. Clergymen and laymen there are who are calling for "fight" both on the W. C. T. U. and other lines. Rev. Charles E. Guthrie, Methodist, of Baltimore, so expressed himself the other day. "Church Going to Destruction," were the big head lines that have just pointed to Rev. Campbell Boyle's address to a ministers' union at Toledo. Thus it is that while the church loses her spiritual power, genuine crusaders of the Mrs. Nation type are rising up to maintain her rights by force and war. All genuine Christians and all those outside the pale of the churches can not but be disgusted at this turn of affairs and pray for the utter dissolution of churches that allow the apology for such un-Christian action.

FRANCIS B. LIVESLEY.

Sykesville, Md.

History Repeats Itself.

I am proud that a national law, with the supreme court and the Dred Scott decision behind it, was knowingly violated on every opportunity by my honest father, whose fast driving in all sorts of weather, often towards Canada, with a runaway slave under the innocent boot of his carriage, was attributed to urgent calls in the practice of the medical profession. A law breaker or a man catcher—that was the alternative.

The government was on the wrong side then. It's on the wrong side now, too, though the fact seems generally to be overlooked. I am temporarily stopping in a town where, under the statutes of Colorado, the citizens have for years said liquor should not be sold as a beverage. I am informed, however, that not less than seventeen government permits have been sold here; the damnable stuff is here and boys are

being converted into something different from men.

In Arkansas last fall I found forty-five counties that had voted themselves "dry." And on the walls of railway stations were evidences that Uncle Sam was so anxious to "turn an honest penny" that he was jeering in the face of Arkansas voters for the money there was in it.

What have Carrie Nation and the rest of the people in Kansas looked upon to these many years? A prohibition State beset with agents peddling \$25 government permits to fling in the face of an orderly, well-intentioned citizenship. With a righteous law enforced, Kansas may be honored in the world. But, with most human officials a little afraid of enforcing law; with outside brewers and distillers so anxious to prove prohibition a failure that they sustain illicit joints; with that consummate trust the liquor power artfully using uncounted thousands in furthering by schemes undreamed of by honest people, their unholy and unlawful traffic; above all, with the great United States government tactfully and persistently adding to its revenue by defying local and State laws, what can the people do but "mourn?"—as the telling phrase of the psalmist has it?

When righteous law is not enforced and the officers wink at the outlaw, a woman with her hatchet is not anarchical. That meeting held by 3,000 of Topeka's honest citizens did not call her so; shall we? The deadly indifferent are at last being aroused. I remember John Brown the law breaker! Let the good work go on!

MARY JEWETT TELFORD.

Longmont, Colo., March 1, 1901.

Far Away Dakota.

Aberdeen, S. D., Feb. 9, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Madam:—The temperance and Christian people of South Dakota have been watching with great interest your noble and praiseworthy efforts in wrecking the joints and saloons in that beautiful State of Kansas. The people here admire your pluck and spunk. When you have finished your noble work in Kansas, come to our prosperous State of South Dakota and we will give you all the assistance in our power, and begin right here in Aberdeen, where we have quite a number of these hell holes that have already blighted the lives of a great many men. Young men that were endowed with the brightest natural ability, that might have been bright stars in our literary constellation and won for themselves laurels of unfading glory, but through strong drink they have gone down to fill drunkards' graves unhonored. Your noble efforts will revolutionize the subject of intemperance, and when you have gone to your long, long home, many will rise up and call you blessed. Do not be discouraged in your noble work.

Go on, then, in thy noble work,
In faith and hope go on;
Broad is the field, the harvest ripe—
The labor just begun.

Though barriers and obstructions rise,
And fear besets the way;
If thou be true and brave of heart,
Success will crown thy day.

In darkness hope for breaking day,
In gloom for dawning light;
And in the night of error pray
For power to shield the right.

Go on, then, in thy noble work,
In words and deeds go on;
The sweet reward will surely come,
In heavenly words, "well done."

FRANK DAVID.

MRS. NATION DID IT.

J. W. Glead Gives Her Credit for Awakening Temperance Sentiment.

J. Willis Glead, of this city, was in Kansas City yesterday, and while there was interviewed by one of the Kansas City papers on the temperance situation, as follows:

"I have just returned from New York," said he, "and I find that there is a growing sentiment in favor of the enforcement of laws against the liquor traffic there. It is so in other cities, and the Sunday closing of saloons here is but a part of a general movement. I believe Mrs. Nation should have credit in the matter, because she was responsible for the awakening of public sentiment. From the fact that the world believes any one deeply in earnest is insane, I am not surprised that she is so regarded generally."—State Journal.

Advertise in Smasher's Mail.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Wichita Bastille, Ks. My Dear Mrs. Nation:—Enclosed please find twelve (\$12) dollars, the amount due you for our advertisement in your valuable paper, the Smasher's Mail.

We hope this will find you hopeful and happy, and that you may live to gather the fruit of your planting. We know that the future will record you among the heroines of the past. No matter how much your methods may be criticised—who can suggest one more effective? The next issue before the people of Kansas will not be "wet or dry," but "Demagogry vs. Democracy" of Constitutional Law.

To whom have we delegated the right to violate the constitution of our State? Who has the right to receive money and grant the privilege of violating the constitution of the State of Kansas—the governor? No. Does he not know it is being done, and has he not taken the oath of office?

With kind regards and respects,
Yours truly, Wm. A. ROGERS,
For Rogers Commission Co.

VIRTUES OF THE DISPENSARY.

Baptist Editor's Opinion.

Ever since we have been old enough to think, we have felt that the blot upon our civilization was the whisky traffic, and years of observation have only tended to confirm this conviction. So many evil things follow in its wake. The men who handle whisky lose self-respect, and grow hard in their feelings if, indeed, they do not become corrupt. It is certain that they are the means of corrupting and destroying thousands of their fellow men both for time and eternity. Happy home circles are broken up, and children are made paupers, all by the men who handle whisky.

While we could never vote for the sale of liquor as a beverage, nor countenance its sale, we did, for a time, have some hope that the dispensary system would lessen this monstrous evil. It may have done so, but heaven knows it is bad enough as it is. Take the annual report of the dispensary for the State only recently made, and we have the following startling figures:

The dispensary, in its annual report, shows total net profits as follows: To the State, on account of the school fund of \$474,178.45. The total net earnings are for the twelve months, \$566,868.79; which is an increase over last year's profits of \$152,688.95.

Now think of it, the net profit from the sale of whisky in South Carolina today is over a half million dollars. And the business is increasing. The increase in profits over last year is \$152,688.95. At this rate the profit for one year will soon reach a million dollars. Now the profit on the sale of whisky alone in South Carolina amounts to about five dollars per head for every man, woman and child. Think! this is only the profits! When the cost to the consumer is considered it is a safe estimate to say that we are paying annually ten dollars per capita for whisky. And the school fund gets a part of the profit! We are using blood money to educate the children of the State. There is food for thought in the figures given above. We are not much for statistics, but these figures compel us to consider them. The thing that concerns us is to know what are the hundred thousand Baptists of South Carolina doing to stay this evil? Is it not a fact that many of them are helping to keep up this iniquitous business? Baptized believers making themselves parties to a crime which is calling down the vengeance of heaven upon themselves and upon their fellows! Will there not be a day of reckoning?—South Carolina Baptist.

The Law in Her Own Hands.

The liquor traffic is developing some strange sentiment and acts on the part of outraged humanity. The secular papers bring to the public notice a little town out in Indiana, by the name of Markleville. The village has three saloons and the women are determined to get rid of them. The Carrie Nation idea is not carried out altogether, but a few nights ago Mrs. Ozero Lewis demolished one saloon with stones and old bottles. Later another woman took another course, saying that if every woman would see to it that her husband keeps away from these places the saloons would soon have to quit business. She is a woman of large proportions, and procuring a clapboard went to the saloon. She found her husband with a half dozen other men seated about a card table with a glass of beer in front of him.

She grabbed her husband by the neck and, seating herself in a chair, pulled

him across her lap, face down, and applied the clapboard vigorously. The husband made a feeble effort to get up but found the wife much the stronger. After tiring of the clapboard the irate wife took her husband by the ear and led him to the other saloons and warned him always to remain away from them, and then went home. Three other women led their husbands from the saloons by the ears.

While the general use of physical violence by wives against their husbands who misconduct themselves is not to be advised, for various reasons, of which some are obvious, yet the general policy advocated by this Markleville woman, that wives whose husbands are addicted to the saloon habit should take measures to lead them into better ways, is to be highly commended. There should be resort to force only in extreme cases. Perhaps the case of this woman's husband was an extreme one. If a man who has succumbed to bad habits has any dormant manhood left in him, he will listen to the persuasions and pleadings of his wife. However, it is one of the characteristics of the rum traffic to crush out all feelings of self-respect and of honor and true manhood. If this Markleville woman succeeded in reforming her husband, the effort, however humiliating, is worth all it cost.—Southern Star.

Mrs. Nation Warns Chicago Saloons.

Federal law has been set in motion to ward off a threatened invasion of saloons in Chicago by Mrs. Carrie Nation and her supporters. The strenuous anti-liquor crusader of Kansas and nine of her adherents to-day stand in the shadow of a grave infraction of national statutes as a result of warning cards received yesterday through the mails by local saloon-keepers.

In addition to arousing the United States authorities the saloon destroyers have arrayed against them the city officials. Mayor Harrison and his subordinates say the property of liquor sellers will be protected the same as that of other citizens.

MRS. NATION'S NAME SUBSCRIBED.

The warning cards which came through the postoffice yesterday had the letterhead "Carrie Nation's Hatchet Home Protectors," and bore the signatures of nine women as the "operating committee, now on their Eastern trip," and underneath the list were the words, "By order of Carrie Nation, supreme president." The cards came from Prairie City, Iowa, and read as follows: "Prairie City, Iowa, Feb. 1.—You are herewith peremptorily notified to abandon immediately the sale of intoxicating liquors, to close up your present premises and destroy every and all vile intoxicants in your possession. Unless this order is fully carried out by the 15th of present month our operating committee, now on their Eastern trip, will deal summarily with your ungodly properties."

[Signed] Mrs. Valeria Thompson, Mrs. Rebecca Titus, Mrs. Hattie Williams, Mrs. Grace Hampton, Mrs. Elizabeth Rathbone, Mrs. May Hubbell, Mrs. Sarah Proctor, Mrs. Lizzie Cox, Mrs. Francis Martin.

"By order of Carrie Nation, Supreme President."

COUNSEL CALLS IT VIOLATION.

A few hours after receiving one of the cards, William Bender, manager of the Edelweiss saloon in Madison street, sent it to Postoffice Inspector James E. Stuart, who at once submitted it to United States District Attorney S. H. Bethea. The postoffice inspector says the communication is clearly in violation of the postal laws, which prohibit the transmission of "libelous, scurrilous, defamatory, or threatening," and several other kinds of letters and cards.

Conviction of such an offense means a fine of not more than \$5,000 or imprisonment at hard labor for not longer than five years, or both, at the discretion of the court.

The District Attorney will begin an investigation at once to learn who mailed or caused to have mailed the threatening epistles. Prosecution will follow, and, he says, no one will be spared.

FEAR FOR THEIR CUT GLASS.

While some of the recipients treated the warning as a joke, others, especially those who dispense liquors at bars where the fixtures are most costly, showed some perturbation. If Mrs. Nation and her forces should be turned loose in one of these finely appointed establishments for a few moments the damage they could do would be represented by three or four figures.—Exchange.

This is news to me.—Ed.

Some Poetry

DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE.

A Sinner Redeemed Through a Dream.

A sinner worn and weary,
Bowed down in deep despair,
His pathway dark and dreary,
No comfort anywhere.
No voice he heard, or face could see,
Bereft of all at last thought he;
No one on whom he now could call,
No one to raise or mark his fall.

Deep in sleep this sinner fell,
On humble pallet lying,
And in that sleep in prison cell,
He dreamed that he was dying.
And in this death? aloud cried he;
O! grave is this thy victory?
Is this the balm to me you bring?
O! death is this thy awful sting?

For Heaven's gates were opened wide;
Sweet notes came to him ringing
From white-robed angels at his side,
These words to him were singing:
"The Lord is thy Shepherd,
No want shalt thou know;
He thy shield, and He thy guide
Wherever thou may go."

His eyes were widely opened now,
His face more bright had grown;
And on that once poor troubled brow
Sweet peace and comfort shown.
New life that dream had brought to him
And washed away his earthly sin;
Such grand, pure life he'd never known,
The sinning part of life had flown.

No more with burdened heart he'll stand
But in green pastures lie;
Or ne'er be bound by Satan's hand,
And this shall be his cry:
"The Lord is my Shepherd,
No want shall I know;
He my shield, and He my guide
Wherever I may go."

Written by a prisoner now in the
Wichita jail, a victim of man's inhuman-
ity.

The Charge of the White Crusade.

In the farcial trial of Mrs. Nation
at Wichita we learned the name, and
not the fact, of the saloon in Kansas
was unlawful. Hence my reference to
them as "places." This production is
dedicated to Mrs. Nation's band of
"smashers" in Topeka.

Half a block, half a block onward,
Into the "place" of death walked
the three hundred.
"Forward the White Crusade!"
"Charge for the rum!" she said;
Into the "place" of death rush'd
the three hundred.

"Forward the White Crusade!"
One man was there dismayed.
Bartender said he knew
Someone had blundered.
Their's not to make reply
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to smash or die,
Into the "place" of death walked
the three hundred.

Bottles to right of them,
Bottles to left of them,
Bottles in front of them,
Crashed and went under;
Smashed as their hatchets fell,
For boldly they wrought and well,
Wrought in the "place" of death,
Place that "takes hold on hell,"
Wrought the three hundred.

Flashed all their hatchets bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Smashed the whisky there,
Charging the "fixtures," while
All the world wondered;
Clean garments whisky-soak'd,
Right for the back they broke.
Mirror and cask of oak
Reeled from their hatchet-stroke
Shattered and sundered.
Then they walked back, but not,
Not the three hundred.

Police to right of them,
Police to left of them,
Police behind screens
Bade them surrender;
Stormed at by those who quell,
One of the heroes fell,
They that had wrought so well,
Came back from the "place" of death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of three hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.

Honor the charge they made!
Honor the White Crusade!

Noble three hundred.

NELLIE M. PATTY.

Beer.

Here,
With my beer
I sit,
While golden moments flit:
Alas!
They pass
Unheeded by:
And as they fly,
I,
Being dry
Sit, idly sipping here
My beer.

O, finer far
Than fame, or riches, are
The graceful smoke-wreaths of this fine
cigar!

Why
Should I
Weep, wail or sigh?
What if luck has passed me by?
What if my hopes are dead,—
My pleasures fled?
Have I not still
My fill
Of right good cheer
Cigars and beer?

Go, whining youth
Forsooth
Go, weep and wail
Sigh and grow pale,
Weave melancholy rhymes
On the old times,
Whose joys like shadowy ghosts ap-
pear,
But leave to me my beer!
Gold is dross,—
Love is loss,—
So if I gulp my sorrows down,
Or see them drown
In foamy draughts of old nut-brown,
Then at least I wear the crown
Without the cross!

—George Arnold.

Bier.

Here
On my bier
I lie,
No one to hear my cry;
Alas!
They pass
Unheeded by;
I see them fly,
I,
Seeing why
Here no voice to cheer
Around my bier.
I see afar
That gleaming star
Which leads to where His riches are!
And why
Do I
Now weep, wail and sigh?
Why does He now pass me by?
Why are my hopes all fled?
All future dead?
Can I not still
Have fill,
Good will, good cheer?
Is't too late, while lying here?

O, happy youth
Forsooth
Come back again
With your glad strain
Weave those rhymes
Of olden times
Of joys in Heaven to appear,
To happy make me on my bier!
Gold is dross,—
But love's not loss,—
And when with sorrows one's cast
down
Let's see him drown,
In His words renown,
And wear the crown
Along with cross.

Up to Date.

Mrs. Carrie Nation,
With her new occupation,
Has caused consternation,
To anti-prohibition.

With her little hatchet,
Ambition to match it,
She proceeds to smash it,
Whenever she can catch it.

While the officers of the law,
Are trying to pick a flaw,
In the prohibition law,
By which to overawe.

Perhaps they are taking pay,

From both sides of the way,
Thus trying to hasten a day,
When sinners have full sway.

But the rising generation,
With superior education,
Will aid in legislation,
And in administration.
Make laws that are just,

Elect men that we can trust,
To enforce laws they must,
Or be branded as unjust.

To license evil is a sin,
In wicked hearts does begin,
For the money there is in,
For some of Satan's kin.

Who in sin delight to revel,
To please their father, devil,
And thus keep out of level,
Which causes moral upheaval.

Whether in jail or out,
Carrie knows what she's about,
Puts the liquor men to rout,
And will get reward no doubt.

She is creating sentiment,
Which is needed in any event,
By those who are intent,
To suppress the liquor element.

Flames have spread to other states,
Which aroused liquor men's hates,
They are afraid to meet their fates,
Just like a lot of reprobates.

They quarantine against diseases,
Then license the devil as he
pleases,
Now all such inconsistencies,
Needs very severe remedies.

This government can't be trusted,
It's leaders like to see it busted,
While reformers are frustrated,
And often badly frustrated.

They try to fill the dinner pail,
With human blood at every wail,
By licensing the liquor sale,
Which only fits people for jail.

They spend millions in war,
To rob other nations of power,
Spill their blood, their peace mar,
Whose rights are as good as our.

Now I question in Jesus' name
Who are really the insane?
The humane, or the inhumane?
Who all sacred things profane.

George and Carrie.

The Spirit of George said,
"My body has long been dead
But I'm as much alive as ever,
Were I on earth I soon would sever
This devilish rum curse
From my native land.
Go find my hatchet
And then go smash it.
I cut down a good cherry tree,
You chop down the rum cherry tree,
All you need is sand."

"Well, George," said Carrie,
"I like your spirit
I've got the nerve,
I'll go and do it
And will not tarry."

And so she slashes
Both left and right,
Mirrors she smashed
Decanters bright,
Tierces of rum and barrels of beer
And kegs of cider without a fear.
But that she is doing right
And keeps at her work
Both day and night,
Singing and praying
With all her might.

Let her go it
It ain't my way.
I guess it's better
Though I don't know it,
I've had my say.

I'm glad however
To hear the crash
Of bar-room outfits
Going to smash.

—Toe Pecker, in Spencer Sun.

Twin Ballots.

Along in November, when chill was the
weather,
Two ballots were cast in a box together.
They nestled up close like brother to
brother;
You could not tell one vote from the
other.

Chorus:—
They were both rum votes,
And sanctioned the license plan;
One was cast by a cunning old brewer
and one by a Sunday school man.

The Sunday school man—no man could
be truer—
Kept busy all summer denouncing the
brewer;
But his fervor cooled with the weather,

And late in the autumn they voted to-
gether.

The Sunday school man has always
been noted
For fighting saloons—except when he
voted;
He piled up his prayers with holy per-
fection,
Then knocked 'em all down on the day
of election.

The cunning old brewer was cheerful
and mellow;
Said he, "I admire that Sunday school
fellow;
He's true to his church—to his party
he's truer,
He talks for the Lord, but he votes for
the brewer."

—Selected.

GOD SPEED OUR NATION.

Welcome to Carrie Nation's bold hat-
chet!
Where is the weapon on earth to match
it?
May all women rise and join the racket!
God Speed Our Nation!

We've lost fifty years by "moral su-
asion!"
For a longer hoax—we've no occasion!
The hatchet's bold talk—cries halt!
damnation!
God Speed Our Nation!

Old King Alcohol has slain his mil-
lions!
Money loss—only expressed by bil-
lions!
The Nation's hatchets must fly by tril-
lions!
God Speed Our Nation!

Dominant in politics—religion!
Now must yield to the Nation's de-
cision!
The "Hatchet Brigade" brooks no re-
vision!
God Speed Our Nation!

If votes won't stop the fiend in his
mad deal!
We'll try the virtue of well-hardened
steel!
The pulse of the nation he then must
feel!
God Speed Our Nation!

The hatchet may prove more potent
than prayer!

Now give it just trial—this is but fair!
'Twill stop murders—and purify the
air!
God Speed Our Nation!

SAM BUCUS.

THE NATION'S CRY.

Form a chain, form a chain for the
Master;
Form a chain from the North to the
South.

Form a chain, form a chain for the
Master;
Form a chain from the East to the
West.
Form a chain, form a chain for the
Master;
And give that vile monster no rest.

Form a chain, form a chain for the
Master;
And give those who are evil no rest.
Form a chain, form a chain for the
Master;
Be earnest, be honest, be blest.

Oh! Christians, your duty's before you,
Put your soul in Christ's cause and be
blest.

Let unity govern your actions,
Put the Spirit of Christ to the test.
Our fair land is sinking, is sinking,
From the North to the South, East, and
West.

Defeat this vile monster, the devil,
And save our fair land from his grasp.

Tune—Windham.—L. M.

A man, whose sole pursuit it's plain,
Is covered by the word called gain,
When reached at last, it turns to dross;
Too late he finds he's gained a loss.

He's bartered home, and wife, and
friends,
And others, countless, without end;
Yea! myriads thus have come to grief,
From him they gather no relief.

The drunkard's wife will plead in vain,
Her husband's habits to restrain;
No matter how severely poor,
He points her to the open door.

And this he does forsooth the law,
Has licensed him to wage this war;
To break our hearts, and bind our hand;
In this our highly favored land.

And this again is done for gain,
To run the government is plain;
At least that's what some people say:
We think it turns the other way.

The records show that more we pay,

To hustle criminals away,
A hundred fold, or nearly so;
And thousands to the gallows go.

Yearly nine hundred millions spent,
To run the spigot, and the vent;
More than for all our bread and clothes,
Including stockings, and our shoes.

Where may we ask is our relief?
Some say persuasion—it is brief;
If on persuasion we rely—
The thing we know will not apply.

A drastic remedy we need,
One most direct—to act with speed:
A nuisance, we the thing declare,
Abate it now, and everywhere.

A Kansas lady leads the way,
While with her hatchet she does play;
While many think it is not right,
Just in that way to lead the fight.

Heroic treatment must be had
Of course—they say the lady's mad,
They said the same of Christ the Jew;
And later crucified and slew.

Strong drink full long has held the floor,
And made many hundred thousands
poor;

The devil's darling ally here—
Thousands are captured every year.

And widows and their children mourn,
Regret that they were ever born;
To see, and hear, and know and smell,
"Of the vile beverage of hell."

How can we regulate the thing,
That carries such a deadly sting;
A heavy license don't avail:
'Tis simply cutting off its tail.

To work a cure and kill it dead.
We must at last cut off its head;
The body then will soon decay;
And we can put it safe away.
—D. E. Grayson, Sparta, Ohio.

A Woman.

DEDICATED TO MRS. CARRIE NATION.

When Kansas joints are open wide
To ruin men on every side,
What power can stem their lawless
tide?

A woman.

When many mother's hearts have
bled
And floods of sorrow's tears are shed,
Who's ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~one~~ ^{one} ~~on~~ ^{on} the head?

A woman.

When boys are ruined every day
And older ones are led astray,
Who boldly strikes and wins the fray?

A woman.

When drunkenness broods o'er the
home,
Forbidden pleasure there to come,
Whose hatchet spills the jointist's
rum?

A woman's.

When rum's slain victims fall around,
And vice and poverty abound,
Who cuts this up as to the ground?

A woman.

When those who should enforce the
law
Are useless as are men of straw,
What force can make saloons with-
draw?

A woman.

When public sentiment runs low,
And no one dares to make them go,
Whose hatchet lays their fixtures low?

A woman's.

Who sways this mighty rising tide
That daily grows more deep and wide,
Until no rum shall it outtide?

A woman.

Who then can raise her fearless hand
And say 'twas "Home Defender's" band
Who drove this monster from the land!

A woman.

—DR. T. J. MERRYMAN.
—GEORGE ARNOLD.

America's Historic Hatchet.

Ere Yankee Doodle came to town,
And routed king and tory,
Three words sublime were writ by time,
To live in song and story;
"George Washington"—immortal name,
There's few or none can match it;
His father's favorite cherry tree,
And "George's little hatchet."

In Boston's harbor next we trace
The little hatchet's story;
In smashing up the Crown's tea-chests,
It won a crown of glory.
And every time Wrong shows his head,
That weapon "bald doth snatch it,
For patriot hands are ever found
To wield the "Yankee hatchet."

A century and more has passed,
With blooms and blizzards blowing

O'er Kansas' plains—where corn and
grains,
'Round happy homes are growing;
Where statutes pure close each "joint"
door,
Forbidden to unlatch it,
There, in the fight, defending Right,
We find our "loyal hatchet."

The boy who "could not tell a lie,"
The flag of freedom planted,
He shelled "Corn"—wallis to the "cob"
On Yorktown's field undaunted.
Since then, our tea is duty free
No Briton dare attach it;
While the new woman in the case,
Now poses with the hatchet.

She dares to fight a gorgon fight!
A cruel monster hell-born,
Whose hungry maw, ignoring law,
Mocks misery's tears to scorn.
She may not slay the beast, but aye
Her blows will badly scratch it;
All praise is due the woman true,
Who wields the "home-guard" hat-
chet.

When time shall build the marble guild,
That marks man's reformation,
Its arch of fame shall bear the name
Of dauntless Carrie Nation.
Her righteous scorn of rum and wrong—
May all creation catch it,
And join the "Woman's World Crusade,"
Armed with "our nation's" hatchet.
—Minna Irving, in Leslie's Weekly. Re-
vised and second stanza added by C.
Butler Andrews.

Carrie's Hatchet.

Carrie had a little hatchet
With a business edge of steel
And everywhere that Carrie went
That hatchet played the deal.

And will, while whisky men hold office.

It went with her to Wichita
Where tipplers, bold, of course,
Go arm in arm with those who should
The temperance law enforce.

But they are whisky men in office.

An entertainment soon was held
The hatchet led the way
It made the jointists skip around
To see that hatchet play.

While whisky men hold office.

It capered o'er the mirror's face
And did the pictures mar
Then hypnotized with perfect ease
The fixtures round the bar.

Because, whisky men hold office.

Now as an expert on the stage
That hatchet yearns to be
And entertain with loyal pride
The Kansas dogger-ee.
For surely, whisky men hold office.

Its misson o'er at Wichita
It other cities sought
Where violation stalks abroad
And officers are bought.

But hush, their oaths forgot in office.
By O. H. Peed, in Nickerson Argosy.

Some Mother's Child.

At home or away,
In the alley or street,
Wherever I chance
In this wide world to meet
A girl that is thoughtless,
Or a boy that is wild,
My heart echoes softly:
It is some mother's child.

Chorus:—

Some mother's child,
Some mother's child,
My heart echoes softly:
It is some mother's child.

And when I see those
O'er whom long years have rolled,
Whose hearts have grown hardened,
Whose spirits are cold;
Be it woman all fallen,
Or man all defiled,
A voice whispers sadly:
It is some mother's child.

No matter how far
From the right she hath strayed:
No matter what inroad
Dishonor hath made;
No matter what elements
Cankered the pearl;
Though tarnished and sullied,
She is some mother's girl.

No matter how deep
He is sunken in sin;
No matter how much
He is shunned by his kin;
No matter how low
Is his standard of joy;
Though guilty and loathsome,
He is some mother's boy.

That head hath been pillowed
On tenderest breast;
That form hath been wept o'er,

Those lips have ben pressed;
That soul hath been prayed for
In tones sweet and mild;
For her sake deal gently
With some mother's child.
—Selected.

The White Man's Burden.—Respects to Kipling.

Take up the white man's burden, and
bear it doubly well,
Take up the white man's burden you
howling fiends of hell;
And bend your backs to the faggot and
the hempen cord to the stake—
I'm only a common nigger and the
world's a world of fate.

Bred with a demon passion, born of in-
herited sin,
A soul lashed loose to opinion with a
thought to the Maker of Men.
Was it predestination that stifled the
soul with woe,
As the barren peak of the mountains
rose from the valley below?
Years of inherited hatred, revenge was
a passion mild,
For your downtrod, sullen people, half
devil and half child.

Go back, you judges of freedom, you
hunters and slayers of men;
Go back o'er the wide, wide ocean,
when Africans knew no sin.

Go back to the forests and jungle, where
my people were wild and free,
Till caught by the white skin'd devils,
that bore us o'er the sea.

Mothers who lost their children, and
fathers old and gray,
Saw the great winged ship of the white
man bear them slowly away.

Death could have healed their sorrow,
but the terrible balm had fled,
For the dead were stowed with the liv-
ing, and the living were stowed
with the dead.

This was the white man's burden to
drive revenge in the soul,
And the years of cherished hatred is
slowly reaching its goal.

Bowed were their backs to the masters,
bowed neath the lash and the rod,
And the God-given bit of humanity was
driven into the sod—

Driven like sheep to the pasture, sold
on the auction block,
Ravished by sons of the planter, such
was our mother's lot.

Children wrenched from their bosoms,
e'er the fount of life was drained;
They bartered their blood to the stranger
whose body and soul they claimed
Where was the heart of pity, when the
negress sobbed and sighed?

This be thy God's, Oh, Israel! in the
light of the crucified.

This was the white man's burden and
thus was our souls defiled,
The souls of a downtrodden people and
fate was the black man's child.

Sisters were robbed of their virtue,
wronged in their childish years,
But the slave was a slave of the master,
who stifled her sorrow with fears.
Whipped at the post and the pillory,
hunted by hounds in the glen,
Lashed like a beast of burden for the
God-given knowledge of sin.

Lashed for the spirit of freedom that
gleamed like a wil-o-the-wisp;
Stolid and stunned grew the negro, with
a face like a basilisk;
The fruit of your merciless drivers, a
race of degenerate men,

Hate was the black man's nursing, hate
was the black man's sin.

Like begets like to a passion, dreamed
in the child e'er its born,
Destiny formed in the ages, in the light
of an earlier morn.

Here is the thing you have made me,
and you finished it doubly well,
With a whisper of God and the gospel,
and the roar of the white man's
hell.

This is your civilization, this is the
white man's load,

A mocker of things eternal, and the
reaper should reap what he sow'd.
I beg nor crave no mercy, I've drained
the dregs of the bowl—
Guilty am I in my conscience, guilty am
I in my soul.

Bare your teeth like a blood hound, lash
your jaws till they foam,
Pile your faggots about me, and laugh
at my dying groan;

Shout like an army of hellyans, loosed
from the lake of the damned,
While the lashings sink in my sinews,
parting them strand by strand,
And drink in the sight delirious, while
you search with a demon's eye,
For the fluttering form of a siprit, or
here like a beast will I die.

Gather around me closer, and dance in
your merciless glee;
Wreak your revenge infernal, in your
damnable ecstasy;

Hark for the wail of the "nigger" to rise
like a crater's roar,
From the firey flame appalling, as it
fed on his being's core.

Stified with flame and cinders, as he
gasps for another breath,
And the black with his soul had parted,
in that last wild wail of death,
Back from the scene of the carnage,
back while the world stood amaz'd
O'er the lifeless lump of a being, where
hundreds of men were crazed;
This is the white man's burden, his jus-
tice fierce and wild,
With his new caught sullen people, half
devil and half child.

WILLIAM LEONHARDT.

The Saloons Must Close on Sunday!

BECAUSE

I. God says so, by the Fourth Com-
mandment—Exodus 20th chapter, 8, 9,
10 and 1 verses: "Remember the Sab-
bath day to keep it holy. Six days
shalt thou labor and do all thy work;
but the seventh day is the Sabbath of
the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not
do any work; thou, nor thy son, nor
thy daughter, nor thy man servant, nor
thy maid servant; nor thy cattle, nor
thy stranger that is within thy gates;
for in six days the Lord made Heaven
and Earth, the Sea and all that in
them is, and rested the seventh day;
wherefore, the Lord blessed the Sab-
bath day and hallowed it."

BECAUSE

II. The State of Missouri says so by
its statutes—Section 3,011: "Keeping
Open on Sunday.—Any person having a
license as a dramshop-keeper who shall
keep open such dramshop, or shall sell,
give away or otherwise dispose of, or
suffer the same to be done, upon or
about his premises, any intoxicating
liquors in any quantity, on the first day
of the week, commonly called Sunday,
or upon the day of general election in
this State, shall, upon conviction there-
of, be punished by a fine of not less
than fifty nor more than two hundred
dollars, shall forfeit such license, and
shall not again be allowed to obtain
a license to keep a dramshop for the
term of two years next thereafter."

BECAUSE

III. The ordinances of Kansas City
say so—Section 461: "Sunday Closing.
—No licensee or his employe shall keep
such dramshop or tippling house open
on Sunday, or any day upon which any
general election is held in said city, nor
shall such license permit or allow any
other person to do so. No licensee or
his employe shall sell, offer to sell or
give away any intoxicating liquor of
any kind to minor, habitual drunkard,
or any person already intoxicated, nor
shall such license permit or allow any
other person to do so on his premises."

Section 462—Same: "The keeping
open of, or allowing anyone to enter
any saloon or dramshop for the pur-
chasing of wine, beer, whisky, or liquor
of any kind on the first day of the week,
commonly called Sunday, or any day on
which general election is held in said
city is by this section prohibited, and
the selling, delivering or giving to any-
one any wine, beer, whisky, or other
liquor in any saloon or dramshop or
social club on the first day of the week,
commonly called Sunday, or on any day
on which any general election is held
in said city, is by this section pro-
hibited."

Section 463—Penalty: "If any owner,
employe, or other person violates any
provision of the next preceding section,
he shall be deemed guilty of a misde-
meanor, and, on conviction thereof,
shall be punished by a fine of not less
than ten dollars nor more than five
hundred dollars."

BECAUSE

IV. The Home Defenders' League of
Union Missions, Eighteenth and Mc-
Gee Streets, are determined that these
laws and ordinances shall be enforced.

Peace and Arbitration.

The recent great Peace Congress and
organization of an International Board
of Arbitration, representing so many
governments, foreshadows that glad
time so long foretold, when the lion and
the lamb shall lie down together; when
nations shall learn war no more; when
swords shall be beaten into plowshares
and spears into pruning hooks; when
peace shall cover the earth as the wa-
ters do the great deep. It points to the
universal brotherhood of man; the
prophesied millennium; the era of good
will, when the golden rule will govern
in the lives of men. Then the black an-
gel of combat and carnage will surren-
dered to the white angel of mercy. The
dirge and the requiem will be swal-
lowed up in pæons of joy and anthems
of gladness. Then will be heard the
world's grand chorus: "Glory to God in
the highest, peace on earth and good
will to men."—Butler.

SHE'S COMING ON THE FREIGHT,

Or, The Joint Keeper's Dilemma.

Say, Billy, git ten two-by-four
 'Nd twenty six-by-eight,
 'Nd order from the hardware store
 Ten sheets of boiler plate,
 'Nd 'phone the carpenter to come
 Most mighty quick—don't wait,
 For there's a story on the streets
 She's coming on the freight.

O, many years I've carried on
 My business in this town;
 I've helped elect its officers
 From Mayor Dram clear down;
 I've let policemen, fer a wink,
 Get jags here every day;
 Say, Billy, get a move on, fer
 She's headed right this way.

I don't mind temp'rance meetin's
 When they simply resolute,
 Fer after all their efforts bring
 But mighty little fruit;
 But when crowbars and hatchets
 'Nd hand axes fill the air—
 Say, Billy, git that boiler iron
 Across the window there!

It beats the nation—no, I think
 The Nation's beatin' me,
 When I can pay a license here
 And still not sell it free;
 Fer I must keep my customers
 Outside 'nd make 'em wait,
 Because the story's got around
 She's comin' on the freight.

There, Billy, now we've got her—
 Six-by-eights across the door,
 'Nd solid half-inch boiler iron
 Where plate glass showed before;
 But, Bill, before that freight arrives
 Ye'd better take a pick
 'Nd pry that cellar window loose,
 So we can git out quick.
 Cadmus, Kan. ED. BLAIR.

Be a Hero.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of life,
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
 Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
 Let the dead past bury its dead!
 Act—act in the living present!
 Heart within, and God o'er head.

Lives of great men all remind us,
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And departing leave behind us
 Footprints on the sand of time.

Footprints that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait.
 —Longfellow.

Exactly.

When Mrs. Carrie Nation
 Desires some recreation,
 With due deliberation,
 And grim determination,
 She makes a demonstration
 Against intoxication.

She scorns expostulation,
 Ignores all explanation,
 Puts ax in operation
 At every liquor station
 That comes in observation,
 And there's no hesitation
 Until the devastation
 Has reached its termination.

There's sudden agitation,
 There's wide spread consternation;
 There's firey indignation
 O'er "booze" in percolation;
 But Mrs. Carrie Nation
 Displays no trepidation;
 In fact, her conversation
 Is full of exaltation.

With sorrow and vexation,
 And sad-eyed contemplation,
 Or work of ruination,
 The men whose occupation
 Has angered Mrs. Nation
 Makes heated declaration
 To get remuneration.

No sign of perturbation
 Is shown by Mrs. Nation,
 For to her habitation
 She goes in jubilation,
 And vows that ruination
 Will have continuation
 Has stopped intoxication.
 —Pittsburg Chronicle.

"What Boys and Girls Are Doing."

A new department, is one of the many
 new features of our next number. If
 you are working for the cause let us
 know what you are doing. If you desire
 to know what the boys and girls are

doing send a 2-cent stamp for a copy
 of our next number; 10 cents for three
 months' trial subscription with pre-
 mium, or 25 cents for one year. Let-
 ters and contributions for the columns
 of The Home Defender are solicited,
 1031 North Rockwell street, Chicago.—
 Home Defender, Chicago.

A PARABLE.

Or a Fable.

Once upon a time there lived in the
 West Country a Poor Man who was
 much given to the use of Strong Drink.
 for the use of Strong Drink had been
 much given to him by the Joints, where
 he spent his money freely and was
 called a good fellow. And because there
 were many of this kind, the keepers of
 the Joints waxed rich and powerful,
 and had beautiful mirrors and costly
 furniture in their Joints, and rich car-
 pets and chyx sideboards in their homes
 and their wives ate broiled steak and
 maple syrup every day, and wore dia-
 monds and automobile cloaks that drag-
 ged the ground, and had money in the
 bank and rainy-day skirts. But the
 Poor Man worked at digging ditches at
 one-ten a day and his wife lived on
 coarse bread and bacon and gravy, and
 wore her winter clothes in the spring
 and her summer clothes in the winter;
 and she was much cast down and mar-
 veled much at the opulence of the
 Jointists' wives. And one day she said
 to herself: "How is it that we, who
 bow to the laws of the land, live on
 coarse bread and gravy, while those
 who set the laws at naught have broiled
 steak and honey every day?" And
 reasoning thus, she took a hatchet and
 went forth to the Joints, and she broke
 their fine mirrors, their Bohemian glass
 decanters, and malachite urns, and re-
 joiced in the work; and the people rose
 up and stood behind her and said: "Let
 it be so." But the Jointists lifted up
 their voices and went, crying: "She is
 an anarchist." And they besought the
 officers of the Law to lay hands upon
 her and to cast her into jail, for they
 said: "Is there not a law to prevent
 the destruction of property?" And
 the officers shut one eye and said: "You
 have spoken the truth, but is there not
 a law also prohibiting the running of
 Joints, and if we enforce the one, how
 shall we explain the neglect of the
 other?"

The Jointists cried: "We are undone,"
 and the officers said: "It begins to
 look that way, for if we prosecute the
 one who breaks the law for the good
 of the people, what shall we do to those
 who break the law to serve the Devil,
 and how shall we render our account
 to the people at the next election?"
 And the People said, "Just so." And the
 Jointists covered their faces with sack-
 cloth and said nothing.
 Moral: What is sauce for the goose
 is sauce for the gander.
 Cherokee, Kan. WILL LISENBEE.

Society's Degenerates.

The Twentieth Century delivers the
 following monologue on degenerates, or
 "Society's Two Extremes," the very
 rich and the very poor: "When you
 have read Ward McAlister's book you
 have a picture of what our civilization
 has done for the rich. If you will walk
 through Mulberry Street (New York)
 district, you will see what it has done
 for the poor. Between the two you will
 find people of brains, of heart, of vir-
 tue. But among the Four Hundred and
 in Mulberry Street you will find two
 classes of people who are counterparts
 of each other. With all their differences
 they are marvelously alike. One is
 rich, the other is poor. One class is re-
 spectable, the other is despised. One
 class is polished, the other is boorish.
 One class is clean, the other is filthy.
 But both are brainless, both heartless,
 both are sensual. One class eats pate
 de foie gras, the other garlic, but both
 live to eat. One class drinks cham-
 pagne, the other bad whisky, but both
 live to drink. One class dances at Del-
 monico's, the other in dives, but both
 live to dance. One class is brutalized
 by poverty, the other is sensualized by
 luxury. The elegant Mr. McAlister,
 filled to the chin with six kinds of
 wine, trying to get into his carriage,
 and the filthy loafer soaked with stale
 beer, sleeping in a lumber pile, are
 brothers. Both are idlers, both are trif-
 lers, both are supported by the labor of
 others, both are useless, both are bar-
 nacles. One has been lifted to the top
 of our social system, the other has been
 kicked to the bottom."

TO STOCK MEN:

....
 ...TRY...

ROGERS COMMISSION
COMPANY,

KANSAS CITY STOCK YARDS,

WITH YOUR NEXT SHIPMENT OF

Cattle, Hogs, and Sheep.

A Political Evolution.

A few years ago, in 1872, a conven-
 tion met somewhere and adopted a
 platform and formed a party called the
 "American." I never saw a copy of
 that first platform and I think the party
 died a-borning. But I saw some of the
 newspaper comments on it. The influ-
 ential Chicago Times said: "There is
 one party in the country which has, or
 imagines it has a reason to be, that is
 something different to that of getting
 possession of the offices and enjoying
 the spoils thereof. This party with an
 object in view calls itself the Ameri-
 can party." The Sandy Lake (Pa.)
 News declared: "No other party takes
 such broad, comprehensive, statesman-
 like position on the living issues of the
 times." The Free Methodist, organ of
 that denomination in this country, vol-
 unteered: "We see in it substantially
 the platform that must be adopted to
 save this nation from moral ruin and
 miserable overthrow. It ought to have
 the support of the thinking, independ-
 ent, honest voters of the republic." The
 Christian Worker, Chicago, speaking
 for the Quaker (Friends) church of
 America: "The party embraces some
 of the strongest, purest and most cour-
 ageous men in the nation, and in the
 convention which met here there was
 exhibited much ability and great sin-
 cerity and earnestness." The Evan-
 gelical Repository, of Pittsburg, ap-
 pealing to the Christian voters, said:
 "Have they not the power if they will
 use it to bring forward a Christian
 statesman and elect him—one who will
 give the whole influence of the execu-
 tive office against Sabbath desecration
 by the several departments of the gov-
 ernment; against Mormonism or rather
 Mormon polygamy; against all those
 anti-republican organizations which are
 now a potent factor in American poli-
 tics; and who would stand fairly on
 such a platform as has been adopted
 by the American party? If the Chris-
 tian people will demand such a plat-
 form as the above and back their de-
 mand by the power they are capable of
 wielding, this will be the platform of
 the grandest political organization that
 has ever sought control of the govern-
 ment." This most remarkable plat-
 form was described by the late able,
 learned and popular Prof. Sloan in the
 Philadelphia Christian Statesman: "Al-
 together the best platform ever put be-
 fore the American people."

The growing impression is that such
 a movement as described must formu-
 late.

The State chairman of the Kansas
 prohibitionists has prophesied a change.
 Leavenworth, Kan., Oct. 25.—Mont
 prophet of the Prohibition party in
 Kansas, believes that his party is mak-
 ing its last stand this fall (1898) and
 that it will die after the November elec-
 tion, and, in 1900, be born again. This
 rejuvenated force will not have an eye
 single to the destruction of the drink
 demon alone, but will contain all the
 moral reforms that have struggled
 vainly for recognition in the old par-

OSTEOPATHY.

LINA HARDY, D. O., graduate A. S. O., Kirks-
 ville, Mo., 211 East Eighth St.

ties, and, * * * will sweep the
 State.—Kansas City Daily Star.

W. L. Humbert, Topeka, ex-chairman
 of the Kansas Nationalists, who sup-
 ported Bentley and Southgate, in the
 Presidential campaign of 1896, declares:
 "The time has fully arrived for a gen-
 eral law and order movement to hold
 the balance of power, and where nei-
 ther old party put up proper candidates,
 then let independent known
 principles, and positively pledged to en-
 force the constitutional prohibitory law,
 be nominated and supported by all loyal
 patriotic voters. What Kansas needs
 now is law enforcement."

Onward comes the rising waves of a
 popular uprising. RAY RAND.

THE BEER DRINKER.

He May Look Healthy, But He Lacks
 Vital Force.

In discussing the use of beer as a
 substitute for the stronger alcoholic
 liquor, The Scientific American empha-
 sizes its injurious effects as follows:

For some years a decided inclination
 has been apparent all over the country
 to give up the use of whisky and other
 strong alcohols, using as a substitute
 beer and other compounds. This is evi-
 dently founded on the idea that beer
 is not harmful, and contains a large
 amount of nutriment; also that bitters
 may have some medical quality which
 will neutralize the alcohol it conceals.

These theories are without confirma-
 tion in the observation of physicians.
 The use of beer is found to produce a
 species of degeneration of all the or-
 gans; profound and deceptive fatty de-
 posits, diminishing circulation, condi-
 tions of congestion, and perversion of
 functional activities, inflammation of
 both the liver and kidneys are constant-
 ly present.

Intellectually a stupor amounting to
 almost a paralysis arrests the reason,
 changing all the higher faculties into
 a mere animalism, sensual, selfish, slug-
 gish, varied only with paroxysms of an-
 ger that are senseless and brutal.

In appearance the beer drinker may
 be the picture of health, but in reality,
 he is most incapable of resisting dis-
 ease. A slight injury, a severe cold or
 a shock to the body or mind will com-
 monly provoke acute disease, ending
 fatally. Compared with inebriates who
 use different kinds of alcohol, he is
 more incurable and more generally dis-
 eased. The constant use of beer every
 day gives the system no recuperation,
 but steadily lowers the vital forces. It
 is our observation that beer drinking in
 this country produces the very lowest
 kind of inebrity, closely allied to crimi-
 nal insanity. The most dangerous ruf-
 fians in our large cities are beer drink-
 ers. Recourse to beer as a substitute
 for other forms of alcohol merely in-
 creases the danger and fatality.—South-
 ern Star.