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Smasher's Mail, Vol. 1, No. 7, 1901

Carrie Amelia Nation

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Smasher's Mail

VOL. I. NO. 7.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1901.

PRICE 5 CENTS

"PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN."

J(UDAS) G(O-DEVIL) MURDOCK!

We were hurrying, with the assistance of the good porter, at the Santa Fe at Union depot (Kansas City, this week, Tuesday) to get on the "Flyer" which leaves at 2.20. We heard a voice belching out the words: "Is she on this train? I be d—d if I go." Some one said, "This man is from Wichita." No wonder he uses such indecent language about a respectable woman, for he is not in the habit of talking to respectable women. He ought to be arrested, as he is a disgrace to the streets of Kansas City. I ought to have my life insured, for if there is a possibility of a train rushing off the track into h—such will be the fate of this one if such freight is aboard. I heard no response and went in the car, and sat myself in the divan of the freshly scoured coach. Pretty soon I saw this ponderous mass of humanity, in the guise of a man, sitting on the front seat, nearest the door. The porter came and most respectfully asked me to change my seat from a back to a front one, "As there is but one coach and the smokers will have to smoke in this car, and sitting in front will prevent you from smelling it." "No, sir," I said, "I will not move and no one shall smoke in this car. I am entitled to a decent seat and a decent place and shall contend for it." The kind porter seeing the face of truth said no more. Pretty soon this Wichita man wobbled to a seat near by me and glancing back I saw him snap his lips over a villainous looking lighted cigar. I immediately rose to my feet and I said, "Sir, you can't smoke here." He said, "Tend to your business." I said, "I am, and my business is to see that you don't smoke that cigar. I am not in your rotary now and don't have to submit to this." But he says again, "Mind your own business." "I am doing that thing. I have no right to bring in a skunk to discomfort you. I will respect your rights and see that you do mine." With this the Wichita man threw his head back in the seat and his mouth flew open and if it had been fly time the scavengers might have had opportunity to have purified the atmosphere in that locality, unless the blue bottle had made the deposit that makes tainted meat rotten. His newly lighted cigar disappeared and keeping an eye on him, I saw that he was harmless, as slumber soon wrapped him in seeming oblivion. I sat down and mused upon the depravity of humanity that enjoyed the satisfaction of base revenge. When the conductor came around I said, "Who is that man? Is that old Murdock of Wichita?" The conductor said, "His name is J. G. Murdock." While he was not Monstrous Murderous Mur-



MRS. CARRIE NATION

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

dock, he was a near kinsman. I did not know for I never saw but one, and I found him to be a sorrel top liar of course—the last I took particular pains to tell him so, and he smiled and was "a villian all the while."

ON THE WING.

May 28, 4 o'clock, On Train No. 6, Santa Fe.

Sitting here so weary from having been on the train last night. Would so much like a place to lie down. I think there are cushioned divans in that little alcove in front, but then, that is for men to smoke in. Maybe they are not in and I may catch it vacant. But there, I see "For Men," which forbids me going there, even if it is vacant. I see the mothers travel and as worn out as I, with their little ones fretting because there is no place of comfort for them. Why is this? There is always a cause. Is this not almost inhuman on the part of the railroad? Is it possible that these men ignore this act of mercy to our sex, not to speak of justice? Will this

great corporation that carries as large a population of one sex as another put for the sake of selling their villainous tobacco, cigarettes, pipes, and such, neglect to furnish poor mothers and babes with a room to recline in? We demand and as our right that we have a room too.

At Union Depot, Kansas City, Mo.

I asked the cigar stand keeper: "Who owns this place?" "They all belong to the railroad companies." Now I know why the cushioned seats and little smoking room is attached to the coaches and no provision made for the sick woman or child. What a shame to any railroad corporation! No, they will not give me free transportation over their roads because I will not protect them in their impositions on the public.

The only railroad that has offered me a free pass, is the Fort Worth & Denver City R. R. Have an idea they are a tip-top road. Accept my compliments, Mr. Shilton.

A BARE ESCAPE FROM ARREST IN THE UNION DEPOT.

Wednesday morning, sitting in a rocking chair writing editorials for the Smasher's Mail, all at once one of the officials at the depot came to me, saying: "You must not sell any in this depot." I said, "I will sell where I please, if any one wishes to buy." He said, "I will have you arrested." I said, "Very well." He went for an officer; both came; the officer said: "You are not to solicit here." I said, "I am not; but if the people wish my hatchets, papers, or pictures, they can have them." The policeman was very respectful, but this same whiskyite said "I will help you if you will arrest this woman." I said "Yes, you have your tobacco and cigarette shops, and made this depot smell worse than the worst and actually deprive me a decent place to sit, by the foul air from your tobacco shop but I am a Christian woman, harming nothing, but doing good, am not allowed to sit here in comfort. What an imposition on the public. I wish the head officers would notice this, and discharge these vagabonds, that are ready to insult a woman."

I am now in a coach on the Fort Scott and Memphis, and thanks to decency I am in a coach that has no smoking car in it. The coach I spoke of which had a cushioned cabinet for smokers and none for sick women was on the Santa Fe.

I can hardly believe the officials of so rich a road as the Santa Fe will tolerate anything that will further the cause of crime, if they stop to think of the real facts.

Carrie Nation's paper is not handled on the train. Why? Is it not respectable? Does it not denounce all shades of crime? The sole purpose of the paper is to advance all that is pure and good.

Advertise.

Business and professional men who believe in right and good government should advertise and patronize reform papers. Considering the wide hearing our paper gives, our terms are very reasonable. Don't neglect the matter but send in your cards and display "ads."

Calculated Her Dissolute Spouse.

In Cincinnati Mrs. Richard Garter, wife of a house painter, on being unable to keep her husband from a saloon in Ludlow avenue went to the place and calumniated him from head to foot in the saloon. She followed him again, and the next time calumniated the saloon-keeper and his bar and its fixtures.—Morning Tribune.

Just so let others go and do likewise.

LETTERS FROM PATRIOTIC FRIENDS AND CO-WORKERS.

Must Right Wrongs.

Officers and people even in Topeka, where they thank God that they are not as their sister Wichita, act in a very presumptuous way in their dealings and persecutions of good people, who are trying to stop some of the demonstrations of hell and the devil on earth. Jesus said to Pilate: "He that delivered me unto thee hath the greater sin." Judges, juries, lawyers and officers who have a stronger self will and more intelligence and better raising, should protect the weak, instead of making it possible for them to ruin themselves and families. Hence they have the greater sin than the jointers and gamblers.

Jesus also said: "Whatsoever you loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." Wicked men can not haul good people into courts, jails, fines, and costs and get forgiveness at their leisure and pleasure, without confessing to the persons wronged, and getting forgiveness, and making their wrongs right. In other words, get the wrong loosed on earth, then God has promised to loose it in heaven. On the authority of God's word.

W. S. LEMON.

Wants Real Hatchet.—And an Advertisement.

Minturn, Col., May 24, 1901.

Carrie Nation:—I sent you by D. and R. G. Express Co., on March 17, 1901, one pint of fine whisky (Golden Wedding), prepaid to Topeka.

I had expected to hear of you and tell me how much good it did you, as I am informed that you are one of the best judges in Kansas. I have no doubt but the Golden Wedding keg has done you a great deal of good, at least I infer so, but looking at your number 6, I would also have you inform me what your charges are for a good one-fourth column advertisement by the

you some four weeks ago, asking price, one of your (original) ones, one that you have used, not that you might buy in a store (and use it as for the original). I wish one that you could go with before a notary public and swear to it, that you have used to smash with. Yours,

M. B. HAAS.

We have received two bottles of the liquid mentioned and it is all right for the purpose we intend it, which will give the donor a bigger and better advertisement, and his awful business, than a column in our paper. Rest easy on that and if you have any more bottles to invest just send them on. We will guarantee you a genuine, original, true blue hatchet, a real "smasher" after we have visited you place in Omaha. There will probably not be a doubt left in your mind and if you still have any doubts and you have courts like they have in Topeka and Wichita, they will call in the police to help your unbelief by all swearing to the thorough work of the little hatchet.

That Prohibitory Law.

Editor Smasher's Mail:—Thousands of citizens have never read carefully certain sections of the Kansas prohibitory law, so please insert the following:

Be It Enacted by the Legislature of the State of Kansas:

Section 1. Any person who shall manufacture, or sell any intoxicating liquors, except in the manner, for the purpose, and under the restrictions hereinafter provided, shall on conviction be punished by a fine of not less than three hundred dollars nor more than one thousand dollars, and by confinement in the county jail for a period of not less than three nor more than twelve months.

Then section two to nine, inclusive, defines the manner, purposes, and restrictions attaching sales in Kansas.

Section 10. Any person who shall directly or indirectly keep or maintain, or shall aid or assist in keeping or maintaining, any club-room, saloon, booth or other place in which any intoxicating liquors shall be kept for purposes of use, gift, barter or sale, or who shall use, sell, barter or give away any such intoxicating liquors therein, or who shall by any gift or device use, sell, barter or give away any such in-

toxicating liquors, or evade the provisions of this act, shall upon conviction thereof be punished as provided in section one of this act.

Section 11. Any person who shall become intoxicated by the use of intoxicating liquors, shall on conviction be imprisoned in the county jail, for the first offense, not less than ten nor more than thirty days, and for any subsequent offense, not less than thirty nor more than sixty days.

Section 12. All alcoholic, spirituous, vinous and fermented liquors, and all bitters, cordials, and medical compounds, by whatever name known, to be used as a beverage or stimulant, shall be held to be intoxicating liquors within the meaning of this act.

Section 13. Any person who shall be found in possession of any intoxicating liquors, with the meaning of this act, unless such liquors are labeled as provided in section one of this act, shall upon conviction be punished as provided in section one of this act.

Section 14. It shall be the duty of all sheriffs and constables, in their respective counties and townships, to file complaints and make arrests for violation of this act, whenever they shall be informed of a violation thereof, and any such officer who shall neglect or refuse to file such complaint or make such arrest, upon being informed of the commission of such offense, shall be subject to fine not exceeding one hundred dollars, and his office shall be vacant: Provided, that no such officer shall in any event be liable for the costs of such prosecution.

From the foregoing, the provisions of the law seem ample to protect the State from the liquor traffic if there were any principle at all on the side of the liquor power. Temperance people in other States are looking to Kansas as an example of prohibitory enforcement, and should we fail, the moral effect would be doubly entrenched. Although there is hard fighting all along the line, shall the temperance cause, by any means, lose its vantage ground and have a tenfold harder fight to regain it in the future, after the additional drunkenness, crime, and misery, consequent on the open saloon?

To get complete control of the present vantage ground, means to soon gain new and decided victories in other territory occupied by the enemy, and ultimate victory throughout the entire Union. This the liquor power has known better than have the temperance people, hence its desperate and criminal efforts to render odious and inoperative our prohibitory law in Kansas. Shall we allow illegal traffic in liquor to continue in many places in our State, corrupting our youth and devastating many homes, without an heroic effort on the part of every good citizen to complete law enforcement? Since so much depends on the issue in Kansas, and since the liquor power elsewhere, especially in Missouri and Nebraska, has, from the start, rallied to the support of illegal measures to render our prohibitory law ineffective it is eminently befitting the temperance people elsewhere to rally to the support of States and localities trying to maintain a prohibitory law.

The temperance effort has evidently been too scattered, as evidenced in the loss of Iowa and Ohio; and Kansas and other places have thereby suffered. It is evident that we can not succeed everywhere at once, and should concentrate our efforts for certain victory as we go.

Whatever views may be entertained on other national issues, we should never allow the liquor power to deceive us into working and voting in a way detrimental to this all-important issue, for, as the Union could not exist half free and half slave, neither can it prosper as it should, half drunk and half sober. Hence it is imperative that prohibition should rank with the greatest issues before the Nation and pave the way as nothing else can to real prosperity and true happiness. The advocates of the liquor power are tied to no particular party, when the liquor interests are in jeopardy thereby, but will vote with a party only so long as that party conserves its interests. Then why should not the moral element of the country gain wisdom from the enemy and make its power felt also,

and not be divided and defeated in detail.

Smash! Smash!! Smash!!! Smash the joints and smash the political parties that won't smash the liquor traffic. S. C. HART.

Lecompton, Kans.

From the Philippines.

Manila, P. I., April 21, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Worker for Humanity:—Your activities are opening a great rebellion against King Alcohol. With a glad welcome do I read of your skirmishes. The common sense of any one says, "murderers have no rights," and if Christianity is standing for "What would Jesus do?" we can say, saloons have no rights.

May your efforts bring forth a great and lasting good. Would that American liquors had never been allowed to enter the Philippines and that what liquors were here had been destroyed! A glorious peace would have been established long ago.

May the slavery of to-day be wiped from our land! Only such institutions as do good should be allowed to live.

Pardon my frankness, but allow me to say, you are the John Brown of the new century.

May hell feel sorry that you lived, and heaven's throng rejoice in a Nation with great ideas. A VOICE FROM MANILA.

Mrs. Nation's Hatchet.

BY REV. WM. ASHMORE, D. D.

Mrs. Nation has made herself the talk of the nation. By some her method is declared to be lawless, by others it is pronounced justifiable. We are not particularly concerned to take sides. Indeed, it is not altogether easy to take just one side. It is a method not to be resorted to as a rule and yet she is not to be condemned without a hearing.

In whatever we have to say our remarks are directed against those whose negligence, or indifference, or criminal participation have called Mrs. Nation's hatchet into existence. "The hatchet is

If we go to first principles in this matter Mrs. Nation may come out ahead. When people come to live together in communities they agree to transfer their right of self protection to the body corporate. All natural rights not thus transferred remain in the individual. If the body corporate fails to grant protection then it has broken the compact. If driven to it, the man may resumé his right and do the best he can to protect himself. Everyday practice justifies this view of the subject. If a man's life is threatened his first business is to call the police, but if he be in a lone alley or at a midnight hour and no police can be had, he avails himself of his natural right to save himself by the use of such weapons as may be within his reach. The law does not punish him for taking the law into his own hands at a time when no law was at hand and his own life was in peril. It will be said that Mrs. Nation's case was not just like that. Well, that is true, yet there is some parallel after all and she should have the benefit of it. They should have a prohibition law in Kansas; in some places it is openly set at naught. Husbands and sons are being turned into drunkards; homes are being desecrated; wives and mothers are driven to desperation—and no redress!—No redress!—No redress!!! None in the police, none in the courts, none in the community. Nobody cares for their blasted fireside; nobody cares for their blasted hopes; nobody cares for their drunken boys; nobody cares for their ragged and half-starved children.

They say Mrs. Nation is insane. The wonder is that tens of thousands of mothers and widows are not insane along with her. The wonder is that instead of one hatchet slashing away among the decanters there are not ten thousand of them all over the land. To stand by the grave of a husband or son ruined by drink is enough to drive a woman crazy. Instead of criticising Mrs. Nation, let us turn on those heartless saloonkeepers—that negligent and reprehensible judiciary and that indifferent and callous community. They are the ones who put the edge on Mrs. Nation's hatchet. The Master said: "If these should hold their peace immediately the stones would cry out." It is because those pledged to public order hold their peace that Mrs. Nation's hatchet is flying about.

Mosier in a Trap.—Gets a Bombshell of a Letter from Kansas City.

I used to work in Mosier's place. Was fireman there in the year 1896. I worked there three weeks. I gave my place to my brother-in-law, Gus Dixon, who lives in North Topeka. I know at one time of there being between 12 and 16 hundred kegs of beer there at one time. All the joints and private citizens would send cabs there, from a mule cart up to a fine carriage, throw blankets and lap robes, and any old thing, over them, Sunday night, any time. I dare Charlie Mosier to dispute this fact; if he does, I might be able to get evidence that will put him behind the bars. S. B. ANDERSON.

1115 Woodland Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Mr. Mosier has the use of these columns to answer this. If it is a lie, we are ready to assist to convict for slandering a "respectable business." We do despise liquor and liars.

DAVID NATION

Passes Through This City This Morning Over the Big Four.

David Nation, the husband of Mrs. Carrie Nation, was a passenger on Big Four train No. 36 this morning. He took the train at Union City and was enroute to Iberia, where he will remain during the summer as the guest of his daughter, Mrs. Wm. Riddle.

The man's presence on the train was made known by the train crew, and attracted considerable attention from the crowd assembled at the depot. Mr. Nation was attired in the regulation G. A. R. uniform, and wears a fine dappled grey beard. He appeared harmless, although the crowd that started into the car apparently half expected to find him armed with a broadax. The train did not stop long enough to permit of an interview, but it is known that as soon as Mrs. Nation is released from jail at Wichita, Kansas, she will join her husband in Morrow county.—Ex.

Marion, Ohio, May 21, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Sister:—We noticed by the press that you are to visit Ohio this summer. In behalf of the Marion W. C. T. U. we bid you welcome to our State. You will not be far from Marion and indeed will pass through here, husband did yesterday and I am instructed to correspond with you regarding a date, rates, etc., with us under the auspices of our union. We have two unions here. The latest organized call themselves the Francis Willard, who are non-partisan. The Marion W. C. T. U. is the oldest, made up of crusaders who are for total prohibition without compromise. We hope to have a mass meeting. We remembered you in prayer at our last meeting. Please write me at your earliest convenience, stating what amount you would expect and the date. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous but the Lord will deliver them out of them all." We will do our best for you and know you will be a blessing to our city. My dear sister, may God who has hitherto led you ever deliver you from the lion's den, which He will, and comfort your heart and bring you to us a day in the near future. With love and prayer, I am,

Your sister in Christ,
Mrs. K. J. COIL,
Sec. Marion W. C. T. U.

I am too busy about the Lord's work here to think of taking a vacation as indicated, much as I would like to.

Another Call.

Crawfordsville, Ind., May 25, 1901.

My Dear Mrs. Nation:—The next day after writing to you, I received your letter, stating your "terms" for the 4th of July Elks' celebration. The committee thought, of which I am chairman, thought they wished you with us upon that occasion, and would give you your terms. Please wire me if this will be satisfactory. Yours truly,

J. J. INSLEY.

A BOLD PROPOSITION.

Washburn Liberty Singers.

Editor Smasher's Mail:—Let those gallant Washburn students, who marched with the Home Defenders and used that battering ram, consecrate their lives and voices to God and humanity and sing for right and good government, as the Fisk Jubilee Singers sang for that University. Where is the W. C. T. U., temperance organization, patriotic college, or Christian congregation that would not give them a hearing, a crowded house, and liberal free-will offering. Let Chas. M. Sheldon become the Chas. G. Finney and Wash-

burn College the Oberlin of this greater emancipation from the dire slavery of rum. We merely throw this out as a suggestion. The threat to boycott Washburn will come back with crushing force on the heads of the liquor parties and politicians. Boys, sing with all your ransomed, God-given powers for higher citizenship, for God and home and native land, not only in Kansas but to this entire nation.

A RAIDER.

A True Soldier.

Indianapolis, Ind., May 23, 1901.

Dear Mrs. Nation:—You are still suffering under the lash of rum. Your paper, No. 6, came yesterday. It is a good number. I said I must get you some subscribers. I think of you often and pray for you much. You know I am busy, but I never want to get too busy to do the Lord's work. I enclose a few cents and if you will send me a few copies of the paper, I will see what I can do. And the Lord bless you. Your lieutenant Beulah, is growing, and does not forget you. Your friend,

MARY E. BALCH.

The Murderous Canteen.

The army canteen as written up for the Chicago New Voice by a regular officer in the United States Army. This is the picture of canteenism and the recent ruling does not effect the one at Leavenworth Military Home and the other homes. It is running full blast. But read for yourself:

Canteen Murders.

At the headquarters of the Thirteenth Infantry, in 1894, two civilian teamsters got drunk on canteen beer, and, close to the canteen, one of these men whipped out a knife and slashed the other across the abdomen so that his bowels had to be held in place by hand. The wounded man was taken to the hospital, the other to the guard house, and both kindly cared for at government expense. When it was apparent that the wounded man would recover he wanted the man who had tried to kill him turned over to the civil authorities for trial, but the officers opposed this, and persuaded the wounded man to let the other go. He was accordingly turned loose with no punishment whatever, and for the sole reason that these men had got drunk on canteen beer rather than on liquor from an outside saloon and a trial would bring unwelcome publicity to the practical workings of the army's dearly cherished drinking place. And a like course was pursued in all similar cases.

In Troop D, First Cavalry, in June, 1893, a private soldier, Sullivan by name while in a drunken condition committed suicide. In company with two others he loaded up at the canteen with all the bottled beer he could carry, and went but thirty of forty rods away, where an afternoon was spent in drunken revelry. In a dispute this man drew his revolver and fired, smashing the jaw of one man, again fired two shots at the other, grazing his forehead, and then put a bullet through his own brain. The men who were with him escaped all punishment, and there was nothing to show any regret at what had occurred. The would-be murderer and suicide was buried with full military honors, the chaplain being ordered out to read his Episcopal service over him. And why not? The canteen was run at that time by a commissioned officer, a sergeant, and two privates, and this man had been doing his best to help out the co-operative feature of the business, and of course lost his life strictly "in the line of duty," entitling him to the proud honors of a military burial, and his family—for he had a wife and child—to a pension. Sullivan was troop tailor, that is, he made and mended clothing of his comrades for pay when not actively performing military duty, and when he killed himself he HAD BEEN DRUNK EVERY DAY ON CANTEEN BEER FOR WEEKS IN SUCCESSION, and was owing the canteen about \$40 for beer, and had spent in it all the money he had or could borrow and proceeds of clothing in his shop which he had sold, and all this money had helped to swell canteen dividends.

A little while before this, at this same post, two sergeants, drunk also, got into a quarrel over an Indian woman, both claiming her as his mistress, and one shot the other. The name of the sergeant shot was Foster. The man who did the shooting suffered no punishment, and the other was buried also with full military honors and greatly eulogized as to his character as a soldier. And again, why not?

Beer the Mainstay of the Exchange.

Beer selling in every case was the principal business, and often the only one of the "post exchange." At Fort

Grant, Arizona, with a small garrison, the sales of beer in six months ending June 30, 1896, amounted, as the books of the canteen show, to \$13,230.83, and the profits for the same time were \$5,125.53.

For the first five years after canteens were started, to the fall of 1894, there were 87 canteens. Some of these had been in existence for but a little while, others a longer time, but few of them for the five years, and YET THEY HAD GATHERED IN OF THE SOLDIERS' MONEY OVER \$5,000,000. In War Department reports of that year the fact is emphasized that about \$1,000,000 represented "the financial benefits of the system up to date."

At a post well known to me, with a garrison of but two troops of cavalry, the boast of the "exchange officer" has been that THE PROFITS ON BEER SALES ALONE WERE OVER \$300 A WEEK FOR WEEKS IN SUCCESSION.

A canteen was started at a post in 1889. Colonel Carlton, now General Carlton, on the retired list, was post commander. The former post trader turned over his own stock of beer to start it, and bought the beer for it for about a year after it was opened. To the same sized garrison the post trader's sales had previously averaged 45 barrels of beer a month, but during the time he purchased beer for the army saloon ITS SALES RANGED FROM 130 TO 350 BARRELS A MONTH, the average being 285 barrels, OR OVER SIX TIMES THE AVERAGE PREVIOUS SALES OF THE TRADER.

The beer sold in these saloons in such immense amounts was that with a heavy per cent of alcohol, to enable it to withstand the effect of hot climates, and to satisfy best the drinker's appetite.

Canteen a Lawbreaker.

Law and regulations were constantly violated in making these sales. At Fort Riley, Kansas, within prohibition territory, where a United States statute forbids all sales of liquors, they were sold constantly, and instead of being sold to be drunk only on the premises, beer was sold frequently by the case to be carried away for Sunday picnics and other gatherings, and Sunday after Sunday crowds of soldiers thus had their debauches on canteen beer. I have known the same thing to be done frequently well night constantly, at other posts.

The army, when it comes to the question of gratifying its enormous drink capacity, has no respect for law whatever.

"Exchange" was a Saloon.

The so-called exchange was in every case a saloon, and that of the very worst character. The best claimed for it, by its friends, was that it was better than the post trader saloon, and this is called everything bad by the same people. No doubt it was a vile system, but the canteen system was even worse in spite of the fatherly care bestowed upon it by the government, and the frantic efforts made by the War Department and others connected with it to thrust down people's throats misleading and false statements as to its real character. At every pay day men give themselves to drunken orgies, and but little else was thought of but drinking and gambling, with no effort on the part of officers to check either. Why should there be? The canteen was distinctly sanctioned as a regular military institution. A commissioned officer managed it, and the authorities invited the men to drink, bribing them with the assurance that the profits would be paid back to them to help supply a better table, and that the more they drank the better the food.

Worse Than Other Saloons.

It was worse than the ordinary saloon because the canteen system made the soldiers the actual owners of these army saloons—the companies actually furnished the necessary capital to run them, and owned them—and connected the free use of liquor with the welfare and comfort of the men, so that the new recruit who tried to abstain was taunted with being "stingy" and "mean" because he "went back upon" his own institution and shared the benefits without contributing to procure them. Thus he was fairly forced to drink.

And this was inseparable from, and the most prominent feature of the system; food, means of innocent amusement, etc., being procured from the gains of the traffic and shared by all the men. It put the government and the officers of the army in the attitude of favoring the use of the liquors sold. A recruit who abstained from the use of liquors for any reason, for instance home training, had their use urged upon his attention, not alone by associating with men who drank but by the official administration of the drinking

place, joined to the fact that he was a joint owner of the canteen.

If a saloon must be had for army posts, let it be the post trader's, or that of a private party, which obtains no sympathy from officers and soldiers, is conducted at a place remote from barracks, reading room and gymnasium, and can be kept under military control and restricted as a business simply tolerated, but not advertised, defended, promoted and popularized by government authorities, who uphold it as a great and praiseworthy benevolence and kindness to the soldier.

Soldiers Drunk for Weeks.

I have known soldiers to be drunk every day for weeks in succession on canteen beer, and who would reel out of the canteen with bottles of beer at ten or eleven o'clock at night, and enter the company quarters, waking up their comrades who were asleep, stumbling over everything, in their way drawing corks or knocking the necks off from bottles, vomiting and committing other nuisances, and would keep this going whenever they had money or credit. AND NO NOTICE WHATSOEVER OF SUCH CONDUCT. I have known repeated instances of single individuals spending from \$10 to \$25 for drink in a single day in the canteen for themselves and comrades, and others allowed to buy beer on credit double or treble the amount of their monthly pay. I knew one soldier who was sold 28 bottles of beer, on credit, at one time, and allowed to carry them away, for a drunken carousal with two or three companions, and this soldier had been drunk steadily for several weeks and no effort made to restrain him.

And though all these things were in open violation of regulations nobody cared; and why should they, as these things all helped to pile up the profits?

Instead of encouraging men to save their money, the government, through the canteen, encouraged in the most direct and forcible way, a reckless, improvident spirit, which worked untold harm. On holidays troops and companies always have big dinners, and I have known a commanding officer, again and again, to show his interest in his company, or something else, by providing a bottle of beer for each soldier, and having it placed by his plate on the table. This is one of the means resorted to in the army, by which, drinking is popularized, or should I say, by which "temperance and discipline" are promoted?

How the Recruits Learned.

At one post, near the close of the war with Spain, came a garrison very largely made up of "war recruits." Many of these were men of intelligence, good habits and character. When the war was declared over these men were entitled to their discharges and one-half of the garrison went out in two days' time. Their places were filled with recruits, many of them but boys. While the "war recruits" were retained and for a time, after the new and young recruits came, there was not, comparatively, much drinking. But the progress of the men who came in place of the war recruits to follow soldiering as a profession in learning to value a "soldier's privileges" was constant and rapid, and within a year on pay days they would fairly tumble over each other to get their beer. As a matter of simple fact the usual force of "beer slingers" could not hand it out fast enough to satisfy them. And, excepting such as get out as soon as they can, including quite a percentage of the deserters, whose disappointment and disgust of the life renders its endurance no longer possible, this is the road they go.

In the light of these facts, which are but samples of what was constantly going on, the favor with which the canteen is regarded, and the immensely large place it fills in the life of an army post and the people about it, can not be doubted.

Gambling and Prostitution.

Gambling, prostitution and drinking go hand in hand at army posts, as everywhere else. I have actually seen prostitutes at a hospital, as much at home as any one, to participate in the funeral ceremonies of a soldier. I have seen them in broad daylight in army posts inviting the company of soldiers. I have seen much more in this line that I do not care to state. I have, unnumbered times, just after pay days, on Sundays as well as week days, seen gambling going on with many participating in company and troop barracks.

In 1898, H Troop, First Cavalry, and H troop, Ninth Cavalry, were stationed at a certain post. Christmas of that year came on Sunday. The canteen was heavily stocked with beer in an-

icipation of the usual large holiday demand and prolonged drunk. These troops were suddenly and unexpectedly ordered elsewhere just a day or two before Christmas. TO TURN THIS BEER INTO MONEY AT THE USUAL PROFIT OF 100 PER CENT OR MORE THE OFFICERS GAVE TO THEIR SOLDIERS CREDIT BEER CHECKS FOR AS MANY DOLLARS EACH AS THEY COULD HOPE TO COLLECT FROM THEM, AND RAN THEIR SALOON ALL DAY ON CHRISTMAS SUNDAY AND WELL INTO THE NIGHT, and continued to so run it until the beer was sold. The sergeant major and all headquarter clerks and from one-fourth to one-third of the whole command were drunk while the beer lasted.

This is another method by which "temperance and discipline," as well as religion and morals and good habits are promoted.

Fort Scott Meeting.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, the famous Kansas joint smasher, was in our city over last Sabbath. She addressed an audience at the opera house in the afternoon, and at night she was greeted with prolonged applause at the convention hall by the general temperance mass meeting of the citizens of Fort Scott. She is a lady of somewhat more than medium size, between 50 and 60 years of age, with a good stock of ready wit. Her smiling face, pleasant demeanor, and the good cause which she has espoused, constitute a successful heart-winner.—Church Advocate.

RESPECTABLE SALOONS.

Rev. Wm. N. Yates Says the Worst Saloon is the So-Called "Respectable" Saloon.

The following is an abstract of a sermon preached Sunday evening at the Church of God, Germantown, Avenue and Berks Street, by the pastor, Rev. Wm. N. Yates, from the text, "For ye are like unto white sepulchres, which appear beautiful but are within full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness."—St. Matthew xxiii 27

Christ was no respecter of persons, and His ministers should not be. In forming an opinion of men or movements the motive should be our starting point, and the influence or effect our field of data. The worst rascal is the one who wears the garb of a gentleman. My humble opinion is that the worst saloon in any city is the so-called "respectable saloon."

First, because it is the seemingly inviting doorway to all that is base in human nature. Were it not for these "gilded palaces" called "respectable saloons," thousands of men who fill drunkards' graves would be at the head of respectable homes.

Second, because this false plea of respectability is blindfolding thousands to the crime of legalizing the saloon, that forms the gloved hand which to-day is holding many ministers and thousands of church members in the ranks of the liquor traffic. And what, pray, is the reason given? "If we don't license respectable saloons, speak-easies will spring up." Suppose some one defends his killing your child by saying, "If I hadn't killed your child in the parlor with a jeweled sword, some fiend would have brained him with an axe in the back yard." Would you plead in court for the murderer to go free simply because the deed was done so respectably? It is true there is a difference between a jeweled sword and an axe, but the motive of both murderers is the same, and the result on both sides is a dead child.

Third, because the presence of the "respectable saloon" divides the better element of the community on a question upon which good people ought to be united. Strip the liquor traffic of its pharisaical dress and no self-respecting man would speak for its protection.—The People, Milton, Pa.

Notice.

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

Hairdresser.

Call and see Mrs D. N. Merritt, hairdresser, for your shampooing and hair-dressing. Have combings made up. Reasonable terms. 506 Jackson St., Second Floor.

Mother Stewart on Mrs. Nation.

Editor the New Era:

Dear Sir:—In your editorial on Carrie Nation, in the New Era of the 5th inst., you say, "She said some good things in her speech, and some decidedly foolish ones. Among the foolish ones was the advice to the women to go into the saloons and smash the fixtures and destroy the pictures."

"In Kansas, where the saloons and all saloon property is outlawed, smashing a saloon is one thing; in Ohio, where the saloon and all its contents is recognized by law as legitimate property, it is quite another."

Now, do I understand you that those obscene pictures upon which Carrie Nation flashed the search-light of her righteous indignation are a part of the saloon, and fully protected by law, and that the person who smashes them becomes a law-breaker?

Mrs. Nation knew that it would be an infraction of the righteous (?) law of Ohio to smash a saloon or its fixtures, which it is supposable means barrels, casks, bottles, glasses, etc. But she was ignorant, as I was till you enlightened me, of the fact that the laws of my state, made by men elected by the votes of good (?) Christian men, editors, preachers, and the rest of the very respectable and religious citizens, voting the same ticket with the saloon keepers, thugs, thieves and libertines, "to save my party," made those obscene pictures a legal part of the furnishing of the saloon, and would punish anyone who dared to interfere with or molest them. And consequently those pictures are as legal as the church pulpit or altar, and as sacredly protected by law, and the mothers who protest against such licentious exhibitions being placed as object lessons for their little boys are inveighing against the laws, and therefore disturbers of the peace. If those pictures are proper and right and worthy to be protected by law, why do the owners cover them carefully as they are taken to and from the respectable book store to be framed?

Mrs. Nation said to me, "If I were not under bonds, and therefore responsible to my bondsmen, I certainly would have done some smashing when I discovered those filthy pictures, the very worst I have ever seen in all my experience."

"What would I care for your jails," she said, "as weighed in the balance against the souls of your dear little boys who are in those filthy dens, taking their first lessons in pollution and crime that are leading them down to eternal ruin?"

It is a glaring fact that men will tolerate and wink at all manner of law-breaking by saloon keepers, but if a woman steps forth and in her desperation takes the higher law born in her mother-heart to protect her offspring from those ghouls that fatten on the souls and bodies of her boys, they are seized with a very pious spasm for the maintenance of the law. And with voice and pen and the jail, they punish and make an example of a woman who dares to interfere with the smooth running of the murder mills. I know what I am talking about. I gained my knowledge a generation before Carrie Nation was called and anointed of the Lord to "cry aloud and spare not."

The conditions today are not changed, only intensified. And because the "grand old party" must be saved, the good Christian men, after we had virtually taken the enemy and given them over into their hands, turned and gave their votes with the liquor power, and so we see the condition to-day. I declare advisedly, that if the professed Christian voters had taken their stand behind the crusaders and said, "Now this work shall remain, because we will stand by it." Ohio would to-day be a state without a legal murder mill, with pictures, paraphernalia and back door and upstairs adjuncts, etc.

The fruits that we have reaped are the dying out of spirituality and vital soul-saving power in the churches. And now they are becoming alarmed, though even yet they do not seem to have their eyes open to see the true cause, and to think of applying the remedy. But they have been calling for a twentieth century revival. I have had a little opportunity to observe some of those abortive efforts at revival services. To my view they were little more than farces or travesties on the soul-saving efforts of times past.

The Lord declared to his back-slidden, stiff-necked people of olden times, under similar circumstances, "I also will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh."

If they ever expect the Lord to hear their prayers for a revival, they must

first turn their forces against those dens of iniquity, if they have to shoulder their guns to do it. I have always said that it would come to bloodshed before the end. Then let them enforce their church laws or rules as strictly as they enforce the laws protecting the liquor traffic, putting a stop to card parties, dancing parties, wine suppers and theater going. By that time they will be ready to call a solemn assembly and make their humble confession, and peradventure the Lord, whose mercy endureth forever, will hear and answer.

Mrs. Nation's visit has stamped upon my memory indelibly two pictures, that even my tears cannot wash out between this and the grave.

The one a sad-faced woman with tears streaming down her careworn cheeks, as sitting by me she told of her call to the great work of arousing the people to the condition of our country, because of the culpable neglect of duty and complicity with the liquor curse. And of the persecutions and violence she has suffered, being whipped with a rawhide till welts and red marks were left upon her. Knocked into the gutter. A woman striking her in the eye with her fist as she stood speaking, the soreness even yet remaining. Again, a man—or was he a fiend?—holding her while four women of nameless character beat her, and this in a land claiming to be Christian and boasting of liberty. If such fiendish conduct can be found in the Philippines, it is only since our government has taken to them civilization in beer bottles and whisky barrels. She said her heart was broken, that she stood virtually alone, no one to stand by or defend her. As I looked into her face I remembered that the prophet, taking up the words of Him who was to come, as he looked down the ages, cried "And I looked and there was none to help, and I wondered that there was none to behold."

The second picture is the minister in his broadcloth, with sedate carriage and erect head, looking neither to the right nor to the left, having eyes but seeing not, as he wends his way to the sanctuary to deliver his tame, spiritless little sermon of thirty minutes to his sleepy congregation. No word of rebuke for the iniquity lurking in the dens he passes and that stalks abroad on every street, in the face of day. No word of sympathy or hope for the suffering women and children looking to him for help. No word of encouragement to the few such as Mrs. Nation who are lifting their voices in their behalf.

"Oh, that my head were waters and that mine eyes were a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughters of my people." MOTHER STEWART.

STANLEY THE ORIGINAL SMASHER.

An Incident in the Governor's Career When He Was Police Commissioner.

Topeka, May 25.—Governor Stanley is the original smasher of Kansas. He confessed it to-day in relating his experience when he was police commissioner of Wichita. His associates had put upon him the responsibility of closing the joints and made the whole police force subject to his orders. It was a scheme to kill off Stanley, but he closed the joints and finally public sentiment compelled the other two commissioners to share the responsibility, and by their votes the joints were permitted to run again. When Mr. Stanley gave his orders to the chief of police he commanded him to close the joints or lose his job.

"Take an ax, anything you can lay your hands on, and smash the joints if their keepers persist in running," he said. "Never mind the law. I will take care of that."

It was not necessary for the officer to use an ax and smash, but that the governor was ready for smashing there is no doubt, and so he is the original smasher.

This remarkable bit of news from the Kansas City Star will amuse the people vastly. Wonder how long the Topeka correspondent worked at the puzzle to evolve such a joke on Stanley? Carrie Nation's smashing and the Sunday school man's "smashing" don't result alike. The treasonable talk from Murdock of Wichita and other places are the legitimate fruits of Stanley's "smashing crusade." And still the plot thickens. A year's subscription to this paper to the one who can explain why Stanley's smashing operandi culminated in the whole machinery of his administration being brought to bear to smash Carrie Nation, the joint smasher.

LINES BY EX-JUDGE J. L. ELDRIDGE.

Suggested by viewing, some years ago, near Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass., the remains of young James McElhany, who had been executed that day for killing his wife, while on a drunken spree, some months before.

Who did the deed? the awful crime,
Was he alone to blame?
Who caused the fatal shot to
Go crashing through the brain?

T'was mad'ning drink fired the brain,
With wild chaotic craze.
T'was this that sent the pistol shot,
The mind was in a daze.

But who, alas, was most to blame?
Many must take a share,
For God alone can measure guilt
That drive men to despair.

Distillers were the first in guilt,
T'was cruel heartless greed,
For them to make a poison drink
To make the nation bleed.

The brewers joined the robber plan
To ruin young and old.
The dealer caused distressing grief
That never can be told.

The drinkers were a stupid set,
To buy for beverage use,
A drink that kills—For such an act
There can be no excuse.

And voters oft, were selfish men,
Nor cared for woes of drink.
Were so intent in getting rich
They did not stop to think.

Men not a few, in halls of state
Were slaves to drinks control.
They joined the license plan to wreck
The never dying soul.

Governors and legislators oft,
Dishonest—oath ignored.
They legalized the drunkards drink
What good men all deplored.

Judges oft, were erring men,
And many not sincere,
Gave adverse views on righteous law,
What Christian men revere.

The clergy, they were fast asleep,
Exceptions here and there,
They did not drink
Nor plead in earnest prayer.

For prohibition to prevail
From land to land, shore to shore,
Did not ask for righteous law,
Nor help divine implore.

License men crept in the church,
Great harm, alas! was done.
Many were false to our fathers' God
To His beloved Son.

The church alas! forgot its God,
The leaders joined the plan,
To license men, to drunkards make,
And kill immortal man.

How deep the guilt, how vile the act,
For men to liquor sell.
A righteous God, will deal with those,
Who make on earth a hell.

The church with God-like power broke
loose
From drink's despotic sway;
No more would yield to sin and vice
Nor vicious men obey.

With love to God, and love to man,
All plead in earnest prayer,
And prohibition gain the day,
With a million votes to spare.

Rum-soaked parties, grew very sick,
And with consumption died,
Heaven gave the land enormous crops;
All had their wants supplied.

Improvements vast, problems solved,
Inventive wonders grew,
Each gave strong drink a parting shot
And bid the wretch adieu.
And plenty smiled, wealth increased
Many a thousand fold,
The Gospel was held in high esteem,
Above the price of gold.

THE HOME DEFENDER.

A bright and fearless magazine for young people devoted to the cause of Prohibition, is well illustrated and printed on good paper. It contains the following departments, "What Boys and Girls are Doing," "Hard Hits" and Puzzle Department. All young people should take it.

Special offer to those who mention The Smasher's Mail, four three month's subscriptions to different addresses, ten cents. THE HOME DEFENDER, 1031 N. Rockwell St., Chicago.

A sharp smasher—Those writing me letters will please find answers in Smasher's Mail.

A Female John Brown.

Osawatimie John Brown was "agin" the smug acceptance of a great wrong as being necessary and inevitable and unconquerable. He was "agin" slavery. And in the State of Kansas he said so, out loud. He did some smashing, we believe. And at Harper's Ferry, laying his head on the head of a little negro child as he walked to the scaffold, he noted to his executioner how beautifully the sun was shining, afraid to meet neither the past, the present, nor the future. And now Kansas has another John Brown. Mrs. Carrie Nation was stirred that in smug acquiescence the people of her State should allow the saloonkeepers to trample the provisions of the law. Finally she took the law into her own hands and entered a saloon at Wichita and demolished a mirror over the anarchistic and nullifying bar. She was arrested and flung in jail. And now she is being ridiculed and criticized.

Why? The presence of the saloon in Wichita is a piece of anarchy; it nullifies the constitution of the State of Kansas; it has no legal rights; it should be destroyed. Has it come to this pass that an institution which defies the law, which tramples on the law, and which men sit beside and recognize and abet in its anarchy, is to arrest and imprison those who are courageous enough to attempt its destruction? It is true that Mrs. Nation did not proceed according to law; but it is in very poor taste for a saloon in a State where saloons are prohibited by law to claim its destruction should be according to law.

As to the mirror destroyed by Mrs. Nation, the formal application to the Supreme Court for a writ of habeas corpus for the release of Mrs. Nation:

"That the said picture glass and frame were the covering and frame of a portrait of a nude woman, with full front, indecent and obscene exposure, and so situated in a public bar-room and gambling-house on the most public street in Wichita, where all kinds of intoxicating liquors are kept for sale, barter or delivery, and then and there were and now are sold, bartered and given away every day in the week and on Sunday, in violation of the constitution and the laws of the State of Kansas; which said bar-room and gambling-house is maintained by and with knowledge of the owners of said picture; that said mirror which the said Carrie Nation is charged with having broken was so situated with reference to said nude and obscene picture as to exhibit and reflect said picture when one looked into said glass; and and said picture in the manner adopted was in violation of the statutes of the statutes of the State of Kansas and was a breach of the peace at common law, the same being an act circulated to and did arouse the baser passions of men and degrade and disgrace womanhood."

That takes the picture of the saloon. It is almost defiling to print it. But we are in no danger of a mock modesty. "It arouses the baser passions of men and degrades womanhood;" it exists "in violation of the constitution and the laws of the State;" besides the bar-room, "a gaming-house is maintained." Is not that the whole picture? Mrs. Nation took the law into her own hand. That is reprehensible, forsooth. But if anywhere such things are justifiable, it would seem that the mothers and wives of the nation would be justified in rising against the saloon.—Central Christian Advocate.

Carrie Nation Show.

Sacramento held a street fair in the beginning of this month. The mid-way was lined on both sides with shows of various characters. One was "Carrie Nation's Show." It was a veriscope and showed a picture on the Senate saloon and a woman going there with a can. The policeman beat his sneak to give her a chance to get what she was after. Some men on their way from work stopped and took their drinks, and the policeman slipped in for his drink and out again. Then Carrie Nation came in with her famous hatchet and done some smashing. The policeman got in a desperate hurry to do his duty and liked to have broke his neck in his haste to grab Mrs. Nation to hustle her off to the lock-up. The picture was a volume of itself.

MOTHER WILLIAMS.

Special Notice.

Should you wish to discontinue the Smasher's Mail, just remit any balance due us for what papers you have received and so inform this office.—Publisher.

Office at residence, 1201 Polk St.
Topeka, Kan. Entrance from 1st St.
Mrs. Downing in office. Consultation
free.

OLIVER CHAPMAN; ...OR... A STORY OF THE HOUR

BY M. N. BUTLER.

CHAPTER III.

THE MODEL FARM.—THE IDEAL HOME.—AN IMPROMPTU SPEECH.

A two mile drive by orchards, fields and woodland had brought farmer Chapman and his visitor to the home of the former. The comfortable dwelling stood on an eminence back some distance from the highway and was approached by a shady lane. On one side was a well kept orchard, laden with fruit; on the other was a beautiful greensward with blooded calves grazing thereon. As they dismounted at the house a handsome young man came across from the barn leading a little girl who was carrying four plump little Plymouth Rock chicks in her apron. "Hugh, my boy, allow me to make you acquainted with our new editor, Mr. De Rolf." The young man instantly advanced, shook hands with the visitor, bidding him welcome, and stepping to one side, said: "This is 6-year-old Effie, our little chicken girl; she can tell you all about Cochens, Hamburgs, Leghorns, and Silver Pheasants."

At the door they met Mrs. Chapman and her daughter Esther; the former a matronly housewife, whose face was a benediction; the latter a tall, intelligent ladylike young woman, fair to look upon, becomingly attired and graceful in manner and bearing, not forward, yet easy in conversation and dignified in demeanor. She excused herself and soon announced dinner, where Worth and Wilbur, one fourteen and the other eleven, were presented. Worth was the stockman of the farm, while Wilbur was deeply absorbed in gardening and horticulture. The meal passed pleasantly and such fruit, butter, eggs, berries and vegetables, choice and palatable, and cooking fit for a king. The elders kept up a varying conversation, while the younger ones, with now and then a direct appeal to the younger members, drawing them out and making them feel at ease with the guest, who mentally resolved that his entertainer was the most fortunate man he remembered to have met. Such a family, such sentiments, and such manly bearing, from the father to the youngest child.

After dinner a stroll was had over the premises. The father, the visitor, Worth and Wilbur spent an hour most agreeably. When all was seen, it was easy to tell why this farm was a success. Every child was as much interested as the parents. The host urged that a quarter section of land was enough to keep any family, if rightly farmed. He got more off that than many of his neighbors did off of a whole section. Not a scrub calf, colt or pig on the place. All the fruits and berries were of the standard varieties, occupied small space, and were selling every day at the highest market price. What was worth doing at all was worth doing well. He did not believe a man could farm successfully any more without an agricultural education, especially in a thickly settled country. Hence Worth took the American Agriculturist and Stock Journal; Wilbur subscribed regularly for the Fruit Recorder and Bee Journal (he had a fine lot of bees and made money by them); Effie could not get along at all without her mamma's American Poultry Journal, and Esther expects the Household and Housekeeper twelve times a year, while your humble servant has in his own name the political, religious and educational papers for the whole family, and of course that includes your paper, and by the way I have some stuff in the bank to pay for campaign gospel for the farmers. I think we can trust the Headlight. But now let us return to the house. On the way they met Effie, who must needs show the visitor her small flower garden and some white rabbits.

When again in the parlor the father called for some music. Esther took her place at the instrument and led the soprano, Hugh took the tenor, the father, bass, and the mother, alto, with the younger children joining in here and there as the spirit moved them. The guest was astonished. Such music he had never heard outside of professional. Madam Chapman explained that in invalid relative had remained a year with them recruiting his health, and the mention of his name called to mind a composer and drill master of standing and reputation. Master Hugh had since

spent two years with him and had made hundreds of dollars one season teaching and concerting through the west. No wonder Chapman had power with the farmers. That quartette could sing patriotism and enthusiasm into any audience.

After the music the two men had a long talk, and as the editor went to his sanctum again that evening it was with new zeal and loftier purpose. Was it possible for Americans to have homes like that? Was it a typical American household? To him it was complete, and how bitterly he thought of the bitter, bitter past, of his own childhood and youth.

That night the hotel guests were surprised to see De Rolf go to the piano, and sing and play as they never heard before. First he ran his fingers over the keys with a skill not often equalled, as composition after composition by the old masters passed out into the night air. Then he began in some unknown tongue to sing. Song followed song; the singer seemed all lost in melody and symphony. He wound up with the Star Spangled Banner and other national airs.

When he had finished Tom Bombasto broke the stillness by proposing three cheers for the singer. They were given with a vim, in spite of all the protestations of the innocent performer. More than a hundred workmen had been listening to the free concert through the open window. Next some one called for a speech. The crowd took up the cry and would not take no for an answer. Picked up and carried out he found the people were coming together as if the town was afire. The three cheers had done more than a fire-bell. In a few moments hundreds of people were talking in a subdued hum, as lights were being brought, and the cause of all the

excitement was becoming more and more apparent. Men of nearly every religious creed and political faith stood anxiously waiting for him to begin. All eyes were riveted on him as he stood there in silent grandeur, pale, resolute, and determined. The very air hung heavy with suspense. Every ear was listening to catch his first words. The only sounds were the heavy breathing here and there and the twittering of some small birds that had been disturbed in the shade trees above. His eye is cold as steel, not a muscle moves. Then in a calm, penetrating voice he began:—"My father was of French extraction, my mother was a daughter of Sunny Italy. The blood of many nationalities flows in my veins. My grandfather was a bitter opponent of monarchy. My father fled from France to Germany where I was raised and educated. But my father as a socialist was compelled to flee from the Fatherland and went to Russia where we had relatives. There as a Nihilist he was executed before my eyes, and shortly afterwards my poor mother died broken-hearted. I inherited my father's hatred of Kings, Emperors, and Czars. He instilled in my youthful mind his ideas and views, and I was an apt pupil. I know what it is to be a political outlaw with a price on my life and the hirelings of despotism on my track. It is needless that I tell you how I escaped and how I at last found myself in this land of the free. Here is where I drew my first free breath. In these United States is where I first drank the pure water of human liberty. My father longed for liberty, my mother prayed for it, I dreamed of it, but here I realized it in all its fullness, what it is to be free. I have been a hard student of American history; socially, religiously, politically. I revere her Washington, I admire her Jefferson, and I love her Lincoln, the man who banished the shackle and the lash from this noble Republic. How I love her institutions, principles and laws! I became a citizen as soon as possible after arriving. I have never regretted my naturalization. Never for a moment have I wished to return to any of the lands from which I came. I loathe and abhor despotism and monarchy and everything that savors of royalty. I am here to learn Americanism. I am here to live Americanism. And I am here to subscribe to and promulgate the great doctrines of freedom and popular government. Were my brave father here

to-night he would say, 'Alva, strike the hand that strikes at freedom.'

"The American government may not be perfect but it is the best on earth. There are ample arrangements and opportunity to correct any errors that may arise. You, my fellow exiles, who came from Austria, Russia, Germany and down-trodden Ireland, where is any redress against monarchy for atrocious cruelties and wrongs? But here in this glorious country, the day laborer can go to the polls and cast a ballot that counts as much as that of the president or governor. It is your privilege to know how to vote. Think for yourselves and respect the rights and opinions of all men. No good citizen will care to injure his neighbors. The genius of this government is the greatest good to the greatest number. It is simply the golden rule to do unto all men as you would that they should do unto you. In every move think of your fellow citizen as well as yourself. If there are bad laws, repeal them; if good ones, then enforce them. Surrender your individual manhood and citizenship to no man or men. Be broad in your views and look to the public's weal. Think of your children and your children's children. And as an adopted child of this free Republic, let me venture a word of caution. Look well to your going. Allow no native born American to say that you and your children do not fully appreciate the blessing of political equality. Stop semi-occasionally and think of the dark past in the land of your nativity, and then teach your children to prize the blood-bought, God-given privileges vouchsafed to them in this goodly land. I say this because I know men are here from Russia, Germany, and even weeping Ireland for no good. It becomes our privilege, yea, our bounden duty as adopted sons of America, to rebuke these meddling aliens who are not here to enjoy but to destroy this free government—the only asylum of civil and religious liberty on earth. A word to the wise on this point at this time is sufficient."

And such was the tenor of his speech which closed with an apostrophe to the Republic and burst of eloquence that filled his audience with the wildest patriotic enthusiasm.

Many foreign, at home with new ideas of citizenship and freedom. Native Americans were delighted with such lofty ideals from a foster-child of the best and noblest government under heaven.

Among the many men and women who came forward and shook hands with De Rolf, none did him more good than Oliver Chapman and Esther who had been called to town on business and were passing by the hotel as he began to sing and the crowd to gather. They had heard it all and went home in a happy frame of mind.

When alone in his room, the editor hardly knew what to make of the turn affairs had taken. On the outskirts he had noticed several vicious foreigners and shiftless Americans who scowled at him. He was not of their kind.

CHAPTER IV.

The New Departure.—The Great Strike.—And the Gathering Storm.

The autumn and winter passed and spring had come again. The labor men and the farmers had done much in the way of agitation and organization. The farmer's club became an educating influence of the most pronounced type. Any one could attend all their sessions, and every member was at liberty to give his views, and even the chance visitor upon invitation of the chairman

could join in discussion. Oliver Chapman was busy the year around with the work. Everything was done possible to interest and instruct the youth. The boys and girls were taught that husbandry was second to no other calling in the land. The young men were proud of their teams, their fences and their fields. The young ladies vied in culinary skill and in home adornment. Instead of trying to keep up with the fashions and follies of society, they adopted neat, tasty styles of dress, almost free from ruffles and furbelows, yet wonderfully becoming, thanks to Miss Esther's tact and ingenuity. Since the organization of these clubs dwelling houses, door yards and outbuildings were gradually taking on bright coats of paint. Imported bulbs and rare flowers had been handed from neighbor to neighbor until their fragrance scented every parlor and sitting room. Of course it had taken some time to bring all this about. Men who at first opposed were now the warm supporters of the new departure. But this was only the beginning of the end. System, order and thrift would continue to work wonders. Men, women and children who formerly worked like machines, now thought, read and reasoned. The country was becoming noted for its blooded stock and superior produce.

Alva De Rolf took a great interest in all this. He attended many of the meetings, and his paper was in most of these happy homes. No man knew better than he how to put news together for a given end. Quick to learn and quick to apply he became a valuable friend and helper to the farming community. In every issue of his paper was an epitome of it all, and so concise and condensed. It was a pleasure to work and write for such a people.

This people some years prior had passed a State constitutional amendment forbidding the sale of intoxicating liquors, as a beverage, and the enforcement of the law became a continual bone of political contention. For a time it was reasonably well executed, then began a systematic and persistent evasion and violation. Troughs, thugs and outlaws poured in from other States. Every religious, social and political organization met this issue at every turn. It was thrust forward in season and out of season and like Banquo's ghost would not down. Alva De Rolf found it impossible to remain neutral.

The laborers in town were preparing for political action when they got an order from above that their organization did not control a man's politics, and forbidding official recognition of any party or candidate. The farmers were independent while unfortunately nearly every working-man in town was tied to some other man's coat tail or depending on a soulless corporation for his bread and butter. With higher education the farmers were rapidly becoming prosperous. Arlington had no saloons and pool tables until the factories, round house and machine shops came. The farmers had steady habits and fixed purposes. Most of the railroad employees and factory hands simply lived from hand to mouth. With many five cents more did not mean another home comfort, but another glass of beer at one of the joints. The town wanted the liquor money, but the innocent tax-payers footed up the cost in the courts. Then, at times, farmers' sons, in town on necessary business, were drawn into these man-traps to drink and gamble, and almost invariably got fleeced, oftentimes arrested, leaving their fathers to replenish the town treasury, if perchance it went no further. No steady-going farmer wants his boy graduated from such places. A

STARTLING REVELATIONS.

The Topeka State Journal says: "Butler's Book Excluded.—Arraignment of Soldier's Home Canteen causes its Suppression by Gov. Rowland.—M. N. Butler's book on The Kansas Klondike and Leavenworth Inferno has been interdicted by Gov. Rowland, of the Leavenworth Soldiers' Home. Five old veterans at the Home ordered several lots of the books, aggregating 250 copies, for distribution among the members of the Home, but Governor Rowland refused to allow them to be either sold or circulated in any other manner. The reason for the interdiction is said to be the arraignment of the canteen which is in operation at the Home, at which the old soldiers are sold liquor. Mr. Butler is now making his headquarters at Topeka and is flooding the State with this book and other literature of a similar character."

The Illinois Searchlight says to its 125,000 readers: "Perhaps there is no book in the land to-day around which so much interest is gathering, as Butler's Book, on The Kansas Klondike and Leavenworth Inferno, that reveals to the world the awful scandal and shame of the Kansas Klondike saloons and Leavenworth Inferno. It spares neither State nor nation; hews to the line and lets the chips hit whom they will. It contains 21,000 words and every page reads like lightning, and strikes terror to the guilty officials who give their consent to this outrage. It is the only book of the kind in the world, and the only book on the saloon question that has been ordered suppressed and every copy burned that could be found. You want it, your neighbor needs it. It should be in every home in the land."

The Kansas City Daily Times: "This book is conceded to be the most startling campaign print ever issued in Kansas." Postpaid, 25 cents. Address, M. N. Butler, Topeka, Kans.

drunken, worthless boy is entirely out of place on a farm, and these model farmers did not propose to have drunken hired help in charge of their blooded horses, cattle, and swine. The farmer did not object to capital and corporation. He was a capitalist himself in a small way and believed most devoutly in the rights of ownership and of property. Many of them had listened alone to the tariff twaddle until they had voted mortgages on their homes. It was not less foreign protection they wanted, but vastly more home protection. Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll said: "I believe in protecting infant industries, but I do not believe in rocking the cradle when the infant is seven feet high and wears number twelve boots." The farmer believed that equitable laws should regulate and control both capital and corporation, protecting the weak from the strong, and he did not believe in protecting the privileged few at the expense of the many. The virgin farming interest of the West especially needed a little more consideration than it had been receiving for some years past. In fact one year with another the agricultural was about the most important industry in America, self-preservation was the first law of nature, and hereafter the farmers proposed to live as well as let live. They might not be able to run off on a strike or boycott anybody, but they held the key to the situation, a free ballot.

A few determined on a new political organization to combine the different farming and labor elements as far as possible. Things began to shape to that end throughout the State, much to the satisfaction of Farmer Chapman and his co-workers.

De Rolf had taken an active part with the Independents and his paper had become immensely popular with farmers of the new school. The farmers polled a heavy vote for congressman, drawn about equally from both old parties, but as usual, the Republican candidate beat the Democratic candidate, one a banker, the other a lawyer. The Independents proposed to try it again. The federal government, however, had passed into other hands.

The editor of the Headlight had made money on literary work outside of his newspaper venture, and was receiving a steady royalty on several successful and widely selling publications. At the earnest solicitation of friends he disposed of his paper to an able and trusty man. He then bought one hundred and sixty acres of land three miles from the village and one mile from Chapman's. It was owned by a worthless, drunken American, with a large family of ignorant, vicious boys, also given to their cups. It sold one cold, stormy day, to satisfy a mortgage held by a joint keeper. It went at a bargain and the community were glad when the family were well gone. De Rolf proposed to have a model home of his own some day. He had arranged with the State central committee of the new departure to assist Farmer Chapman in his special work, organizing clubs among the farmers and see what could be done the next few years.

It was now mid-winter. The factory hands in Arlington were demanding eight hours a day's work instead of ten. The railroad freight conductors and brakemen were calling for higher wages. Of course the demands were made through their organization. Meetings were called and imported crators made fiery speeches. "Shorter time and higher wages" was the war cry. No attention was paid to these demands other than the very positive assertion that the companies were doing all they could for their employees. But the labor bosses said they would fix it. There would be a grand strike. Many of the workmen were averse to this. Any wages were better than none at this time of year—or at any other time. At a given signal every man in the factories stepped out. The railroad men soon followed, and business and traffic stood still. For a while the workmen held their own. Then the companies began to import help, poor men, who were glad to get work at any price. The merchants around town had been very careful to square up with the men at the beginning of the strike, while they had plenty of cash and high hopes. Many of the families about town were suffering. The flour barrel was empty and the coal bin ditto. The merchants would not credit with no prospect for pay, and the men were getting desperate. De Rolf and Chapman had picked out a number of the soberest and most industrious men at the start and given them work at fair wages, paying them in produce for their families. But hundreds turned up their noses, declaring the strike would soon end in victory. So they had gone in for a rest and a good time. The organization had prom-

ised to stand by them, but promises did not stop the tears of women and the cries of hungry, freezing children. New men kept coming and trouble was brewing. The wiser heads had opposed the strike. Tom Bombasto made short speeches and kept down disturbances on several occasions. He showed the folly of threats and violence. Some of the more desperate characters denounced him, but he paid little attention; he knew what he was about. That a plot was ripe for blood and ruin he was fully convinced, but when, where and how would it strike?

(To be continued.)

IN A NEW ROLE.

Mrs. Nation as a Character in Romantic Drama.

PLAY READ BY MR. SOTHERN.

Famous Hatchet Heroine Embalmed in Histrionic Art.

First Act Opens in Wichita and Sixth Act Ends in Hell—Stirring Action—and Weird Climaxes—Great Actor Read It All.

Kansas City Journal.

"Come in."

The tone was not reassuring and there was some doubt as to the advisability of entering. A pause on the threshold followed the turn of the knob and the interviewer came face to face with the subject of the interview. It seemed like carrying a message to Garcia over a rough road.

A weary voice had uttered the cabalistic words. Arisen from a chair in a room at the Baltimore stood the image of resignation. Was it the Prisoner of Zenda? Evidently not. Romance is cheerful. Was it Hamlet? It was—off the stage—which is E. H. Sothern.

A twinkle lighted up in his eye as he brushed aside the rather hazy mists of abstraction and stepped back on earth. "Do you know what I have been doing?" indicating a pile of manuscript scattered over the table. "I have been reading a play that was submitted to me through the mails this morning. It hails from Fairbury, Neb., and the effect is shivering. The play has six acts and twenty-one scenes. You see a martyr—the play is read and the reader is quite white and blue. The effect is patriotic, very."

"Is it tragedy or comedy?"

"It is both, with a gumshoe bit of melodrama endeavoring to break in upon the stage in the second and third acts."

"Then it is a political drama?"

"Yes and no. But it has not graduated yet. Who do you think appears in the title role?"

"William J. Bryan?"

"With Stone trying to get on the stage? Ha, ha! No. Guess again."

"Give it up."

"Mrs. Carrie Nation. It's so. Here is the manuscript. The first act has a tinge of anachronism. It opens in a saloon in Wichita."

STARTS OFF BRISKLY.

"Things go off with a rush. Speech-making. A declaration of principles. The mangled remains of violated laws. There is some doubt as to whether the act closes with the annihilation of Wichita or a general break up in China."

"Then the orchestra must play the concert of the powers?"

Not heeding the interruption, Mr. Sothern explained that the scene shifted to Topeka and Kansas City in the second and third acts. In the latter there is a court scene, and the act closes with the Home Defender behind the bars. From the third act to the fifth events happen and things are done in a hurry. Mrs. Nation appears to be looking backward from the dome of the twentieth century, and the end of the world is seen on the stage.

"The sixth and final act—" Mr. Sothern lowered his voice and looked around as if to detect any possible eavesdroppers, and whispered:

"—is hell."

"Now," he continued, "was this breath of Shakespeare blown at me as a warning or is it a tribute to my quasi-histrionic ability? It may, on the other hand, be intended as a bar upon which streams my just desert, or the final act may be indicative of the future. Dramatic apostles who murder their lines are said to be so condemned in the after life."

Passing from the jocular to the serious, in response to a query as to his dramatic plans for next year, Mr. Sothern said that he would open the season with a four-act play by Justin McCarthy entitled "Francois Villon." The Villon

of the play will be sugar-coated as compared with the notorious gallows poet of French history.

"But," explained the eminent actor, with a smile, "the Villon of history has to be sugar-coated or the public will not swallow him. So he is made prime minister by Louis XI., and rules the realm along highly original lines. Wit, fancy, fun and romance follow each other through the play, and something is kept going on to a happy ending."

Mr. Sothern deprecates the fact that so few good plays are being written by Americans as compared with Englishmen and Rostand. He thinks the American spirit of commercialism must render an accounting for this condition existing, and describes gold as the mill stone around the neck of art.

IT CAN'T BE DONE.

As to the Nation reference. No actor, be he Booth, Barrett or Sothern can ever do justice to such a drama. The sighs, the tears, the groans, the awful remorse, the utter hopelessness, the horror and despair of the drunkard and the liquor dealer, as they plunge into the abyss of woe, and the final act will be when death and hell will give up their dead to stand before the Judge of all the earth, at the last great day. There, too, will be all the actors—governor, officers, lawyers, jurors, legislators, voters—and the vast army of drunkenness and debauchery. Then the awful doom, "Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity"—no infinite mind can conceive the tragedy of that finale, as the curtain rings down on time and up on all eternity.

The Chicago Home Defender.

H. Hendrickson and T. Mauritzen are two substantial young men, destined to go to Congress, and woe to the Rum, Ruin and Rebellion leaders when just such gentlemen get a majority in both houses. Senator Plumb was once a whisky youth, but joined the Good Templars, at Zenia, Ohio, went to Kansas, helped put the negro owners' rebellion down, went to Congress and died as an honored citizen. Hendrickson and Mauritzen, you are wanted.

U. SAM.

The Weak Things.

God can make small things great. He can use feeble instruments for His glory. His mightiest instruments have been from the lowliest ranks of men.

Joseph was an Egyptian slave; Moses was the son of a poor Levite bondsman; Gideon was a thresher; David was a shepherd boy; Amos was a herdsman; Daniel was a captive in Babylon; several of the apostles were fishermen; Paul was a tent maker; Zwingli was a shepherd; Melancthon, the great theologian of the reformation, was an armorer; Luther was the child of a poor miner, and sung in the streets for bread when a boy, and turned wooden bowls for a living when his words were shaking the world; Christopher Columbus was a wool comber; Fuller was a farm servant; Carey, the originator of the plan of translating the Bible into the language of the millions of Hindoostan, was a shoemaker; Morrison, who translated the Bible into the Chinese language, was a last-maker; Doctor Milne was a herd boy; Adam Clark was the son of Irish cotters; John Foster was a weaver; Wm. Jay of Bath, was a herdsman; George Whitfield was a servant in a public house; John B. Gough was a drunken book-binder; and scores of other useful, eminent, and famous, have been taken from the lowest places to fill important stations and do important work. O, if men and women, and boys and girls will be true to God and faithful over a few things, the Lord will exalt them and make them chosen vessels to bear His name to all the nations of the earth.—The Christian.

"Here's to You, Carrie!"

Barrels and Bottles says of the "Smasher":

"Mrs. Nation is a bird! She is having lots of fun out in Kansas, and the notoriety she is gaining is compensation ample for the occasional inconvenience of being clapped in jail, while the advertising she gives any individual saloon wrecked by her hatchet or her followers richly remunerates its proprietor for the expense of sending to Chicago to replace the damaged fixtures. So, it's a standoff all around."

"Carrie has nerve. In her 'Smasher's Mail' she republishes some recent remarks by Barrels and Bottles concerning her career, and her rejoinder, which in a spirit of responding fairness we republish with pleasure, is as follows: [Then is given a considerable ex-

tract from a former editorial in Smasher's Mail, and continues]:

"Behold the danger of jumping at conclusions! If, during her recent explosion at Indianapolis, Carrie had taken the trouble to explore Barrels and Bottles she would have found its founder well provided for in all the respects above enumerated as lacking. And as for Barrels and Bottles being 'dumb,' the whisky fakirs and rectifiers and wholesalers and blackmailers will hardly agree with Mrs. Nation—much as they'd like to! But Barrels and Bottles cordially accords to Mrs. Nation one virtue which, in the interests of truth, it must withhold from some of its other opponents—the virtue of sincerity. For the benefit of the community she ought to be in an asylum, but for a similar reason most of the others alluded to ought to be in jail."

I would just like to hear from Mrs. Barrels and Bottles and all the little Barrels and Bottles and know if the whole family take as much complacency in the ruinous traffic as the head of the family? And before I go to the asylum I would like to know how many Kansas judges, police officers and State officials from governor down are among those wholesale and retail "blackmailers" of Barrels and Bottles. Speak out.

AND ALL MRS. NATION'S FAULT.

Washburn College Is Having Trouble in Raising the Other \$10,000.

Topeka, May 25.—Carrie Nation's smashing crusade in Topeka has caused President Herrick of Washburn College some embarrassment and the institution may lose a bequest of \$10,000 on account of it. By the will of a rich man who died in Topeka recently the college will get \$10,000 of the estate if the institution raises a like sum from other sources. It was expected to raise the money by local subscriptions. The wealthy men of Topeka have frequently responded to requests of the college's president for financial aid, and it was believed the \$10,000 would be subscribed without trouble, but, unfortunately, one of the college professors and many of the students took part in Mrs. Nation's crusade. Some of the houses damaged belong to men who have been patrons of the college, and now President Herrick in his calls upon them for help to save the bequest of \$10,000 is met with rebuffs on account of the part the professor and students took in the destruction of property. Not only are the men who have a special grievance refusing, but property owners generally.

The above is the slush the Kansas City papers are giving the public. If there are not enough consecrated Christian philanthropists to stand by a college that stands by the Kansas prohibitory law in Topeka then Carrie Nation and her home defenders are willing to undertake to find them elsewhere.

TULLY SCOTT ABROAD.

Kansas Statesman Executes Mrs. Nation Antics for His Friends. Special to The Kansas City Times.

Topeka, Kan., May 27.—Tully Scott of Oberlin, who ran for Congress on the Democratic ticket in the Sixth district last year, was in Nashville, Tenn., a few days ago to attend a meeting of the finance committee of the Knights of Pythias. At the close of the meeting a banquet was given to the committee at one of the leading hotels by the manager of a publishing house which does a considerable business for the order.

While the banquet was in progress a waiter brought in a tray on which was a hatchet. This was deposited in front of Mr. Scott he being the only Kansas member of the committee. It was a good "joke" and everybody roared. But Scott turned the tables.

Quick as a wink Mr. Scott grabbed the emblem and weapon of Mrs. Nation's home defenders and hurled it at a plate glass mirror on the wall of the banquet room. The hatchet went straight for its mark and was buried in the center of the glass. The mirror was splintered into a thousand pieces. When the banqueters recovered from their surprise they gave Scott a "whirlwind of applause," as a local paper put it.

When Mr. Scott asked the hotel clerk for his bill for damages, he found that the host had already settled it.

Good for Mr. Scott. I hope Mr. Stanley will from this on order that when I smash and there is any objection to it, that he will be as generous to a citizen of Kansas, on smashing in Kansas, as a common hotel keeper was to a citizen of Kansas for smashing in Tennessee.

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.

Any railroad I know of gives men a free pass to hell, but you must pay if you go to heaven.

Subscribe for the Smasher's Mail. Advertise in the Smasher's Mail. Hand or mail this paper to your friends.

One good thing Mayor Hughes did was to remove that scullion of a policeman. Now go for Chief Stahl, mayor.

I wish the Kansas City Union Depot was a decent place for a woman to sit in; but I am obliged to sit here and endure it.

If you wish to aid this journal and its great cause send in a subscription or a club of subscribers. Liberal terms to agents.

I would say to the friends at Ripley, Okla., that the broadaxe they sent must have come in my absence, as I did not see or know of it.

Our next issue will be in magazine form, and be issued monthly. You can then get a temperance monthly magazine for one dollar a year.

Yes, people, smash the railroad that is smashing you. Let them defend themselves, if they can. I will give them the columns of the Smasher's Mail.

One of the nicest rides, over the nicest roads, was over the Fort Scott & Memphis. No vile tobacco smoke made us shudder at the approach of a man.

Again we emphasize that one of the determined moves of the Home Defenders is to declare the franchise of women. We will vote at next election, and where is the men who will rise to object? Remember the hatchet!

I have it on good authority that a certain saloon man in Kansas City, Mo., gave the man who plastered my brother's house a couple of drinks and said "I will give Carrie Nation twenty-five dollars to smash my place." Thanks awfully! As I am in the business I will smash for twelve fifty, and rather than lose the job, and as I do enjoy a smash to a finish, I might do it for nothing.

L. A. Wahl of this city has the autograph of Mrs. Carrie Nation, the famous joint smasher of Kansas. Mr. Wahl obtained the autograph in a most unique manner. About two weeks ago he sent a registered parcel to Mrs. Nation and last Saturday received the registered receipt signed by her.—Ex.

That plan is just all right, if the sender has the honor and manhood to enclose a dollar or two on subscription or as a donation to send light to others. Otherwise the party must feel infinitesimally small and sneaking.

Sunday morning I will try to speak to the saloon men of Kansas City at the Y. M. C. A. rooms.

Two little boys were drowned in Pleasanton the day we got there, small audience, and the town was in grief. Carl left and I held the fort. We met at Paola Thursday night.

Conservatism is the curse of the church. The Prince of Peace said, I come not to send peace, but a sword; to set at variance even the members of households. The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violence taketh it by force.

Honor to whom honor is due! As long as our mayor stands by the oath of his office, the Smasher's Mail will stand by him, even if she did not vote for him. Forgetting the things that are behind, we press forward to the things that are before.

I have had my throat examined by a specialist, Dr. McVey of Topeka, and he says I must quit speaking in public or lose my voice. However, the appointments I have made I will fill to the best of my ability but can make no more till my throat is well.

Sunday afternoon, Brother Carl, a fair representative of the whisky ring, and myself will have a contention as to which is the best smasher. The audience can judge. Judge McCauley is invited by me as moderator.

One can see by reading any issue of Smasher's Mail that I have many admirers of my work. Many have been benefited; but with all this, I have not substantial sympathy enough to allow me to edit the Smasher's Mail without lecturing to pay for each edition, the

best work I ever did.

We ask the ministers, who have almost universally endorsed the motive, if not the method, to take up subscriptions in their churches to pay my paper, Smasher's Mail. Why not set apart Sunday, June 16, and on that day let some one be appointed to take up subscriptions?

Remember that Sunday, June 16th, is the day to take up subscriptions to Smasher's Mail, which is only one dollar a year.

My paper is worthy of patronage, and if I have a large circulation I will then get subscriptions that will put me on a solid basis.

The brewer that ships a car load of beer or tobacco can get transportation, and the editor who runs a whisky sheet the degraded, whose sole purpose is to do the devil's work—but a woman who works her own life to save men is boycotted. Such actions as this is endorsed by hell and is a disgrace to decency.

Those who will help me send out extra copies to those who have not the means to pay will be good missionaries. I know of a friend in Medicine Lodge who sends many copies of Christian Herald to those not able to pay. I would be glad to have his subscriptions, as well as that of a few of the W. C. T. U.'s in my own city. He could do no mighty works there, because of their unbelief.

The Battle Rages.

H. Hanson, Pasadena, Calif., writes: "The battle is raging. The devil's army is strong. But God is with you. Fear not. Only be strong and fight for God and the right. Let God arise. Let His enemies be scattered as before the wind. God is with you."

A FRIEND INDEED.

There are some things that the friends of the Home Defenders should know. I have been editing and publishing my paper, The Smasher's Mail, the best work I ever did since March, and between courts, jails, rotaries, and such have managed, at a great disadvantage to get out six issues, none of these issues as good as I would like for them to be, but with all their faults, I love them still. This paper is my hobby, if I have just one, and mark me, this almost unknown and seldom read paper will be—when it does come before the public, as is its merit—yes, will be one of the valuable preservations of this century. Why? Read it and see. You never saw in all your observation in journalism a paper or magazine like it. So it has merit as a curiosity; but its best feature is, it is a people's paper, devoted to their good, whether Jew or Greek, bond or free, barbarian or Sythian. I have no advertisements to speak of, but reading matter, devoted to the interests of all the people.

I have up to this time paid the expenses of this paper by putting in it all the funds I had and then taking the money I made by lecturing and selling my papers myself at 5 cents a copy, as the Harvey news stand at the Topeka depot has orders to boycott me, and the public can guess why. I can get no newsboys, because they are boycotted also. Now shall you, my friends and sympathizers, withhold a dollar for a year's subscription? Indeed it is time to pity the sorrows of a poor old woman, or shall I continue to sell hatchets, pictures and ask credit for a pair of glasses even, which was denied me. However, I can still call on one faithful friend, Mary E. White, who has nothing but a bare living, but she is fortunate in having a friend who will lend her money; and she has been a treasure to me.

Mrs. Nation on the Jury System.

New York Sun.
Mrs. Carrie Nation pleasantly calls the jury which convicted her "a lot of anarchists." She insists that "a woman will never receive justice in a court until she is tried by a jury of her peers, twelve women." Hereafter she will be her own lawyer and will demand that women sit on the jury. Evidently this impetuous stateswoman doesn't know when she is well off. A jury of twelve women would be likely to be a good deal more severe with her than a jury of twelve men would be. The easy contemptuous masculine toleration of cranks is sometimes hard for women to come by.

The women of this country are a fixture. They do not expect to emigrate, and we do not expect to be asked to, as we are here to stay. We do not propose to be corpses, or nonentities. We are alive. We are citizens. We own property, even if we do not own our own bodies, sometimes. We pay taxes, yes in proportion to the Dutch, the Irish, the Negro, the dago, the scalawag, the ignorant and vicious of all kinds from other lands. Therefore we, the mothers, wives, daughters, sweethearts, and especially old maids, will assist in saying who shall be our tax gatherers, jurors and protectors.

Women Must Vote.

I have come to stay. I intend to vote. God gave me that right so should the constitution of the United States. And who shall say aught against it?

The Truth.

Some one says: You speak of "truth as masquerading." Are you sure that is correct? Truth is the coldest, plainest, most bald-headed and above board of all the graces. It never dresses in disguise. It never wears a mask,

and never yet went masquerading. It is the other fellow that dons the livery of Heaven, which is Truth, and goes about deceiving persons. Truth never cares whether it pleases or displeases. It is not affected even by disbelief. It is straight goods, all wool and full width. Please don't give it a bad name."

I received an invitation to visit Akron, Ohio, the middle of May and speak at the time of the State Prohibition convention, but my trials in court were then occupying my entire time and attention. The invitation was from the president of the local W. C. T. U., Mrs. A. Adamson.

May Resolute.

Mrs. Nation denounces Kansas City's Sunday closing organization. If Mrs. Nation is not careful Mr. Dimmitt will do her up in an alliterative resolution. —K. C. Journal.

Warming Stanley.

The Smasher's Mail is warming Gov. Stanley these days, and the worst part of it is that the Sunday School Governor has to take it. The good Lord, good devil policy will always bring a man to the ragged edge of ruin.—Barber County Index.

The Human Hog.

The man who drinks liquor and gets drunk, certainly lives a hog's life. The hog wallows in the mud and filth, and is anything but an epicure when it comes to eating.

The same is true of the drunkard. The ditch is his bath-tub, the cold damp earth his bed, liquid fire his drink, measureless space his house and the azure sky his canopy. He always appears as though he had just crawled out of a smoke-stack, for he has nothing but the ground on which to sleep,

except when he is in jail, and consequently he is covered with dirt and filth. He has no more self respect than a hog or he would retire to some isolated place and kick himself to death. It seems that he would rather retire with the hogs and have a warm bed than to lay out on the bare ground; but he probably thinks that the hogs would object to his company under the circumstances as we are judged by the company we keep. The man who will spend his life drinking liquor wallowing in the mire and making a brute of himself, is certainly living a hog's life.—Ex.

Topeka Sanitary.

The sanitary of this city is not just what it should be. Several places need immediate attention as warm weather approaches, with prospects of bubonic plague and other deadly epidemics. Alleys and side streets and the rear of hotels and tenement houses should be closely watched by the health officers.

That Law Enforcement League Again.

Kansas City, Mo., May 29, 1901.
Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.

Dear Mrs. Nation:—Our city papers seem to have gotten the wrong impression from our experience Sunday afternoon; especially the Journal. I send you a clipping from the editorial page in to-day's Journal, which seems to put the Law and Order Enforcement League in rather an embarrassing position so far as you are concerned. Will you be kind enough to state your position in this matter clearly so as to leave no doubt in the minds of our people how you stand.

I can assure you that I meant no discourtesy in my treatment of you last Sunday afternoon. It seems all due to a misunderstanding. I can say further that I was an enthusiastic attendant at the indignation meeting held at the Union Mission, which was addressed

by Rev. Dr. Carter, who was the one that made the financial appeal last Sunday afternoon. Yours for the cause,
E. L. McCLURE.

Explanation.

That sneaking Kansas Law Enforcement League! This is my Judas. It follows me up with its legal dagger. It has its closed doors. It carries the bag, like Judas. It requires a dollar as an initiation fee. It hires detectives by its legal process and knocks them out, as spotters, by the same legal process. This is a "legal" movement, I confess. Their lawyers want cases, but there is an inconsistency apparent to the observer of this league. Who is silly enough to suppose that lawyers will cut their own heads off or destroy their bread and butter? They know that whisky makes crime, and that is what they live on. This money is to hire lawyers. Don't you see the game? Poor duped people!

Rochester, N. Y., May 27, 1901.
Mrs. Carrie Nation:

Dear Madam:—Referring to your favor of May 22, yes, you are booked to speak at the Silver Lake Assembly on the afternoon of Thursday, August 1, for \$50.00 in addition to the amount already paid, as per the contract you signed and returned to me. Your agreement is that this shall be your first appearance in Western New York, but there is no objection to your going to Montreal either before or after.

Would you like to make any other engagements around here for dates later than August 1? If so, perhaps I can help you to get them.

Yours Very Truly,

RAY ALLEN, Manager.

I might as well give a week's presence as it is a long way from home and car fare is expensive, although I am editor and publisher of as good a paper as there is in Kansas, at least I get no free transportation from any railroad. Alas! I can not ship beer or cigars by the car load to get a free pass.

Sorry to Decline.

Formoso, Kan., May 28, 1901.

Dear Home Defender:—Since receiving your letter or recent date we have had a meeting of the citizens of Formoso and have decided to celebrate the Fourth of July. We will, also, carry out our plan of celebrating the incorporation of our city on the same day.

We want you to be here to talk to our people. Everybody wants you to come, and we feel that our success depends upon your presence. Please make a special effort to be with us on the Fourth. You have never been out in this section of the country, and it is no more than right that you should come and help us on this occasion. The temperance cause especially needs your special line of work.

Please consider our invitation favorably and let us know as soon as you possibly can that you will be with us July 4th. As to the compensation for your services, we will see that you are amply paid for your time and trouble. We assure you a royal welcome and the best entertainment the town can afford.

Sincerely Yours,

W. C. POSTLETHWAITE.

Dear Brother: The Elks of Crawfordville, Ind., invited me two months ago, and I promised them. I will come to your section at any other time if it is God's will.

I should like to have my bad brothers send me quarts of whisky so I can give my dear brother Elks a lesson in smashing on the 4th of July.

"Dr. Parkhurst on a bum"—Fidelity News.

And the little rascals of (In) Fidelity are lying on Dr. Parkhurst, because he don't favor the army canteen. Ye are of your father the devil and the works of your father will ye do, for he was a liar from the beginning. Col. Vanthorn favors the canteen, so does the devil! I had rather be an animal with long ears than like these little villains of Fidelity News. Mr. Parkhurst is a target for evil doers. Remember it is the good apple tree that is clubbed. Like our Lord, he is among thieves and money changers. The Fidelity News can quote scripture for a bad purpose, as well as a relative of

theirs who tempted Christ and got left.

The two thousand peace bond keeps me from smashing in Kansas. My throat keeps me from lecturing, but neither will keep me from writing editorials.

Wise men sometimes change, fools never.

We can see now why the jointists were fighting Hughes.

There is no city like our Topeka, our lovely Kansas capital.

The Home Defenders are for Hughes. Why? Because by their fruit ye shall know them.

The Smasher's Mail will be handled by the Van Noy Railroad, News Co., of Kansas City, Mo.

Hurrah for our good Mayor Hughes. I will hang up the hatchet and take up the pen, now that we have a mayor who will smash joints.

Defender's Manifesto.

We have appeared on the scene at the ballot box, and we now do not beg, do not demand, but simply assert ourselves, voters, citizens, and shall from this out enjoy the prerogatives God gave us, and the constitution of the United States protects us in. These blatant anarchists who have blustered about the women having no vote, will now please be civil or else we will disfranchise them.

If there is anything that will raise more hell to the square inch than a well-regulated joint or saloon, we would just like to know what it is anyhow. A man says: "I will drink and take the consequences." He drinks, and his relatives, friends and the community take the consequences. The shame and disgrace of a drunken father, son, brother and especially a son-in-law. God pity the suffering from the shadow of others. It is bad to suffer for one's own misdoing. It is a heavier burden where a whole family must endure the debaucheries and shame of one fallen member.

CHIEF STAHL ON THE GRIDDLE.

The only strictly first-class temperance man hired by Chief Stahl was Bechtol, and he discharged him.

William Downie, Chief Stahl's pet, taken home drunk at 5 o'clock in the morning, about the 15th of March.

Darkeys had a dance in North Topeka. They left a half keg of beer undrunk; he used his skeleton key to get into the room where it was, and filled up silly, and another had to take his place till 7 o'clock.

What was the cause of Policeman Dan Boyle's laying off last fall and why did his wife apply for divorce? This is another of Chief's pets.

Stahl told his men to drink some of the contents of a keg, got in a raid, so they could testify to what it was. There was none left for evidence.

Jailor Smith, when he first went on the force. It was time for them to go home one eve, and he says: "Put on the hand car and let us go." He had forgotten himself. He had just come off of the section.

Why does Stahl allow Mitchel Bundy to give poor John Dolgreen money to buy alcohol with, so he can arrest him? Answer—He makes a splendid trusty for Bundy, that's why.

Why does Stahl let Jailor Smith, Policeman Bundy, Hendricks, Pavey, and Lucas do as they please? Answer—Because he don't know any better and he don't know what to do.

Frank Hendrix—known as Chippy Hendrix—is not allowed in North Topeka by the citizens because of his use of vulgar and profane language on the depot platform before ladies and children. His beat is near Pete Heinz's ice cream factory where they keep beer in the cellar and where he gets his tips.

Alice Henderson—a colored girl was arrested one night and she said to the policeman "You don't want to arrest me Mr.—O, I thought you was Mr. Hendrix. I am a particular friend of his." The policeman said, "You and he had smallpox about the same time didn't you?" "Yes. He had his name and picture in the paper for being so brave to take poor blind Jess Brooks up to his room. He claimed that he got the smallpox then but he was up to my room one night when I was feeling real bad and next day I was broke out with smallpox and it was not but a few days till Mr. Hendrix had the smallpox." But

notwithstanding the close relationship with the brother policeman she was taken to the station and fined \$10.

Like the Smasher's Mail, the Commoner has an appropriate name. It is very "common."

The difference between that Law Enforcement League and the Home Defenders, is, one goes behind the blinds, the others can't get all the light it wants.

As I can not lecture on account of my throat, I am now ready to edit those papers who have written me. So if they write me, I am now ready for engagements.

The Home Defenders are endorsing Mayor Hughes because he has done something. Yes, Carrie Nation will have to take a back seat, for behold a greater than she is here.

To a dear friend, for whom I pray every day: "May there be no clouds in thy sky, or if there be let them have the color of roses. Be in good health. Heaven bless thee, and farewell."—Petronius to Vinicius.

My Appointments.

The places I have agreed to lecture at and where I expect to go this summer and fall:

June 26, Carthage, Mo., Chautauqua; June 30, Alma, Ill., Chautauqua; July 4, Crawfordville, Ind., to the Elks; Aug. 15, Silver Lake, New York; Aug. 27, at Allertan, Iowa, Chautauqua; Aug. 18, Clarksburg, Ohio, invited by O. M. Howser; Oct. 8, 9, and 10, Chicago, Ill.; Oct. 24, Minneapolis, Minn., subject, "Backbone." If there are any other places I have promised to go to they have slipped my memory.

THAT ARMY WOUND.

Why Chief Stahl Has a Crippled Hand!

Chief Stahl was shot by one of his own men. He was first corporal and then promoted, which caused him to get puffed up on himself considerably, and in wanting to show off his authority, kicked one of his men for stooping and

picking up a small stick. The private waited his opportunity of revenge, and in the very next battle shot Mr. Stahl through the arm. This was like the Irish policeman who said: "It is not because I hate you that I bate you, but it is to show the 'atority' that I have." If anybody wants to know Chief Stahl's record in the army write to Mr. Garrett, of Pleasanton.

Special to the Smasher's Mail.

Some questions for the editor of the Smasher's Mail to answer: Why did Dr. Eva Harding, a Home Defender, plead guilty to something she did not do? She never carried a hatchet, nor any weapon of destruction in the raid on Murphy's joint, that memorable Sunday morning, when the Home Defenders met at the State House and marched on one of the worst dives in Topeka. Dr. Eva says she has paid her fine and is ready to go out on another raid. But the others that were found guilty and fined are not so fortunate. Their fines have not been assessed yet, but Dr. Eva is around soliciting money to pay their fines. 2d. Why is she so loud denouncing Mayor Hughes? Says he will never do anything to close the joints, in the face of the fact that he has closed more joints in the last ten days than has been closed in as many months? 3d. Why is it that all but a few of the Home Defenders are endorsing Mayor Hughes, if he has not done anything?

Mayor Hughes has done what we failed to do; he has closed the Senate; we smashed it, but it did not stay smashed, until Mayor Hughes stepped on it.

Please relieve the anxiety of a smashing Home Defender.

Now I have many puzzling questions, but these take the rag off the bush. It was a case of Dog Tray who got killed for being in bad company. Perhaps Dr. Eva wanted to close the joints herself.

College of St. James P. O.,
Washington Co., Mo.

Dear Mrs. Nation: There are a couple of joints near here and I wish you would let me know how to break them up, as my husband goes there frequently.

Sincerely Yours,
WINNIE JONES.

Get a good hatchet and sail in.

Topeka Library.

Mrs. Nation:—When you have time visit the city library, upstairs, and see if you think the statuary is the proper thing to be before the public, and the boys and girls. Yours for Law and Order.

I shall, first opportunity, visit the library and examine into these things. The human form divine is the most beautiful of all the creations of God; but Adam and Eve, the most perfect of all, made aprons as soon as conscience was born, after the fall, but now, the conscience seared, can look upon that which made our parents in the garden blush, and call it art. Yes, the devil is very artful.

Augusta, Kans., May 28, 1901.

My Dear Mrs. Nation: If you will send me ten of your pictures I will sell them for you, or if you wish you may send me twenty. I want the agency for your water bottles too. Send the pictures right away and I will send you the money when I sell them.

Yours for success,
MARRY E. HAINES.

We are gratified at this willingness to help us, from our Dear Sister Haines. If our W. C. T. U. friends would as willingly respond we would have been so much relieved of the anxiety in publishing our paper. Dear sisters of W. C. T. U. remember the Sunday of the 16th of June.

Alexandria, Ind., March 27, 1901.

Dear Sister: The city of Alexandria is going down to perdition through the direct and indirect influences of the saloons, vice, dens and back-door drug stores. Two-thirds of the young men of this city are going the way of the pit, just as fast as young men can. Quick work of some kind is their only salvation. I am writing this letter in the behalf of our Young Men's Christian Union. We fully realize something must be done at once, and implore of you to come to Alexandria and deliver a lecture for us. You are working for the salvation of souls, I believe. Well, my sister, no place on the globe needs your work more than this place, according to its size.

If you can not come by the last of May we will be glad to have you at almost any time. We are not very rich but if you will let us know upon what conditions you will come we will try to meet them in order to secure your services.

Yours Truly,
RAY CAMPBELL.

Arousements.

Carrie Nation continues to be the topic of discussion in Kansas and it is almost amusing to read the contradictory reports concerning her which are brought on the western breeze. She has the liquor men so thoroughly frightened that they wake up at all hours of the night and think they see her ghost. Recreant States attorneys dread her approach for they can not stand up unabashed before her homely but honest and truthful accusations. The latest conspiracy which her foes have concocted against her is to send out reiterated reports that she is insane. Perhaps she is, though we doubt it "most powerfully" as our southern friends would say, but granting it is true, it would scarcely impeach her testimony. Even an imbecile and idiot could see that things are not right in Kansas where you can buy liquor enough in the State capital to float a battleship. Carrie Nation may be crazy but we notice that her hatchet did more than smash up a few barrels and bottles and mahogany mirrors. It woke up the people of Kansas from a criminal stupor and their new attitude toward the Kansas saloon was shown in the recent election when city after city and town after town went with solid majorities against this outlawed traffic.—Ram's Horn.

It takes a woman with a hatchet to put the arousements into the Jayhawkers.

A False Prophet.

Mrs. Nation, of Kansas, has a surplus of zeal and a deficit of discretion. She may succeed in smashing a few mirrors and accumulating some personal notoriety, but she will not close a single saloon or prevent the sale of a single glass of liquor. Her friends should dissuade her from her mad course before she gets hurt. There are many jointists who will object to having their mirrors smashed.—Ex.

RAY RAND'S REPRINTS.

Gem of the Nation.

Kansas! She has had a most remarkable history. Her varied and checkered career has made her famous in prose, poetry, and song. She was the skirmish field and early battleground of the great rebellion. Her John Brown was the "forerunner" of emancipation. Her border war with the slave power; her grasshoppers; her drought and hot winds; her Mary Ellen Lease, Whiskered Pepper and Sockless Jerry Simpson; her Funston and famous "Twentyeth;" her world-read Charles M. Sheldon; matchless, peerless Kansas. Always in motion, ever in the lead. At the head of the galaxy of States, the blazing star of the constellation, she has a habit of flashing out like a flaming meteor. Brave, daring and impetuous, her populace are free and untrammelled as the winds of her native prairie.

The Storm Center.

Kansas sets precedents and is always trying something new—is constantly doing the "impossible." Volatile Kentucky, turbulent Missouri, and staid conservative New England stand aghast at her fearlessness and originality. The Sunflower State is the storm center of the United States. She breaks over all environments. Her legislation is a continual innovation. Laws elsewhere unthought of and untried are in successful operation. The bogus insurance societies, grasping railroads, and other oppressive concerns, find trouble the moment they cross her threshold.

A Free People.

Independence, self-reliance, and patriotism are the heritage of Kansas since the days of Quantrell and Osawatimie Brown. You may fool her people once, but hardly twice. You may possibly make them "willing" slaves but unwilling never. Their devotion to what they conceive to be right amounts to inspiration—a holy passion—almost a frenzy. Immigration imbibes this spirit the hour it enters the Jayhawker State. Measures and not men, doctrines and not policy, principles and not parties are at a premium.

Shatters Her Idols.

Kansas Shatters her idols. Populism swept the State like a cyclone and put the dominant party on its good behavior. The sun of subsidy Pomeroy went down in darkness. The brilliant J. J. Ingalls was ruthlessly set aside. Cy Leland has crossed the political dead-line, of republicanism as May Ellen, William Alfred and Sockless Jerry have of populism.

A Revolution.

Just now Kansas is passing through the throes of a revolution and the politicians are again at sea. "Prohibition" is the cynosure of all eyes and the pendulum that is causing political opinion to ebb and flow. In this as in many other things she stands alone and at the head of the procession. Some years ago, after mature deliberation and ample discussion, by a fair majority, her populace passed a constitutional amendment forbidding the sale of intoxicating liquors within her borders. Since then has been a continual war with bottleggers, blind tigers and joints. Missouri, Nebraska, and other liquor States backed up by the brewers and distillers, have flooded the State with hardened criminals to violate and nullify, by bribing, intimidating and defying. Officials and politicians are in sympathy and collusion with these outlaws and are responsible for the present great uprising.

Whisky Rebels.

During the great rebellion of '60 to '65 it was not necessary to have a gun in hand and be shooting at the Boys in Blue to be held as a rebel and traitor. Men were court martialed and shot for furnishing the guns and lending aid and sympathy to those who were using the guns. The divine fiat is, "For he that biddeth him Gods speed is partaker of his evil deeds." Then in human jurisprudence there is such a thing as being accessory before and after crime.

Another Border War.

Kansas has a lot of whisky secesh, and the courts and judiciary that gives leniency encourages this nullification and treason. That courts and officials could throw the protecting arms of the law around such criminality was demonstrated in the long reign of "Kluxism" in the south and "Bald Knob-

ism" in Missouri, is finding a parallel in the "Order of the Mystic Brotherhood" and other anarchist liquor organizations now forming. Why all this organizing and arming of "good citizens" in every county, to defend their homes from these organized criminals and demand the enforcement of the fundamental law of the State? It is the "Knights of the Golden Circle" and the "Union League" over again. It is history repeating itself. It is another border war with outside enemies and Kansas copperheads. Kansas is free territory.

War Inevitable.

Everything was providentially ripe for action when Mrs. Carrie Nation with her little hatchet sounded the alarm and struck the button that set the ball in motion. "Smashing" has become an epidemic; like the measles, it is badly catching. Kansas suffers long and is patient, but never does anything by halves. Peter the Hermit never led more zealous crusaders than are now abroad in Kansas. A grander army than "Coxie's commonweal" is camped; the first blood has been spilled; and woe betide the liquor seller who does not see the handwriting on the wall and mark and govern accordingly. The shipping into Topeka of two car loads of beer on Sunday, when the whole city was at white heat was adding fuel to flame and shows the arrogance of the treasonable liquor traffic. The wounding of J. W. Adams is only the beginning of the end and shows what the "patriots" may expect of the recreant police. The jointists have not had the faintest idea of quitting. They are looking to the cowardly officials and sympathetic courts for protection. They expect beer and hooch to smother public indignation and over-ride this great uprising. They are reorganizing that copperhead "Order of the Mystic Brotherhood," with cowls and grips and signs to tide the storm, hoodwink the people and defeat the Home Defenders. It is organized vice against the community.

Passing Strange.

In Kansas it is always the unexpected that occurs and who could have foreseen that Bourbon Kentucky, the home of the Gobels and the Taylors, the paradise of the moonshiner, should furnish

"bleeding Kansas" with a female Moses to lead the Prohibition hosts to battle. "Nation" is the shibboleth of the hour. The name of Carrie Nation will go ringing down the ages. That name is in every paper and on every tongue. The reading public from ocean to ocean is wondering what in the world is coming next. The viper is scorched but not subdued.

The Labor Line.

Much has been said and written about the color line in the United States. Yet the "servant girl," "hired man," "factory girl," and "coachman," in Maine and Massachusetts, are as thoroughly barred from the parlor, drawing room, and society circles as any negro in Georgia or Mississippi. Is it any wonder the working people of aristocratic New York and proud New England fail to longer enthuse over the learned abillutions of a George W. Cable or an Albion W. Tourgee? The labor line in the fashionable Northeast is as marked as the color line in Dixie, and the blue blood of Boston and Lowell is as much stirred when a leading society girl marries the "coachman" or the "hired man" as are the First Families of Virginia when a white Southern belle marries a mulatto. Mason and Dixon line was not so dangerous or more to be deplored than this invisible but infinitely more real labor line that is slowly but surely building an impassable gulf between Caucasian capital and labor, the rich and the poor.

The Public School System.

The strength and support of the nation must come from the lower walks of life, and up through the public schools and normals. The bodies and muscles developed by toil, the boys and girls who have battled for bread, they are to give perpetuity and stability to this great free commonwealth. The reformers and the philanthropists, the statesmen and the law-givers, the patriots and Christians, the hearts and souls are in the public schools, and they will forge their way to the front. More and more the public schools are becoming the conservators of patriotism, morality and national intelligence. The hand that strikes the public school system is the Brutus of this Republic. Destroy our grand free school system and the Republic will go out in darkest night.

False Parties and Leaders.

Multitudes believe with Judge G. W. Needels, of Missouri, that any party or movement pretending to financial reform, that ignores or overlooks the one billion two hundred million dollars worse than squandered in the licensed liquor traffic every year, is untrue to itself and false to the country. And any church or professed temperance organization, that, at this late hour, leaves its members voting for license men and measures is a sorry misnomer. If our finances were absolutely adjusted and all our monetary perfectly balanced, and this awful wastage allowed to run wide open, in one year everything would be unbalanced and in three years the country would be rushing headlong to financial disaster and industrial ruin. Put every nickel, dime and dollar spent for liquor into the legitimate channels of trade, something useful, or to eat and to wear, and it will start every spindle, wheel and factory, run them on double time and give such an era of prosperity as this nation has never seen. In five years you would practically close every poor house, prison and insane asylum. And especially if you include the disuse of opium and tobacco.

Awful Reality.

To see professed Christians and law and order people trailing with high license, low license or resubmission is enough to make angels weep and archangels veil their faces and all the regions of the lost and the damned resound with the untold agony of the hundreds of thousands sent to endless torment by the rum traffic, and the dark Plutonian shades of the nethermost inferno take on a blacker hue, and satan and his sable court laugh in fiendish glee, at shrieks of snakes and lurid flame, and tremors fierce, and blank despair, while mothers weep and children scream in horrid fear, as he they loved with parting shriek leaps into hell—the drunkard's hell.

HOME DEFENDERS.

A Grand Movement in Kansas.

A new craft, full rigged, every sail set and every rope tightened is plowing the political ocean. It is manned by the fathers and mothers of this great State. Its creed is the Holy Bible and its code is the Constitution of the United States. Its ensign is not the red flag nor the black flag, the Irish flag nor the Dutch flag, but Old Glory, whose stars and stripes were bought with blood, rebaptized in the name of freedom, only to be lowered or supplanted when liberty has gone out in night forever. Its motto is one that will go ringing down the ages: "For God, the Home, and Native Land! Save the Boys!" Sad fathers, heart-broken mothers, weeping sisters, despairing wives and hungry children catch up the glad refrain that will soon swell to a mighty chorus, wafted from ocean to ocean, and now to be borne aloft on the prayers and chants of the churches of America, it will reach the very battlements of heaven, and the angels will join the grand anthem, until the vaults of eternity will resound with the song of redemption from rum. And what a theme for the poet and painter! No more drunken husbands, reeling sons, brutal fathers or degraded brothers cursed by alcohol. No more bleeding hearts, blasted hopes, shame and unspeakable misery from this nemesis of hell. The eyes of the Nation are on Kansas. If she maintains her law and moves forward, the whole country will advance. If she recedes, it will set sobriety and morality back many years throughout the land. Here is work for the patriot, the Christian and the philanthropist. And, since "God is God, and right is right, then right the day must win. To doubt would be disloyalty, to falter would be sin."

Camp Meeting.

Bud Robinson's Holiness Camp Meeting, Eighteenth and Holmes Streets, Kansas City, Mo. For ten days, commencing June 12th, Bud Robinson, the wonderful "Texas Cowboy Evangelist" and "Walking Bible" will have charge. Rev. Pierce, his helper and singer, will be with him.

Apply to E. H. Benham, secretary, 1017 Holmes street, for tents and particulars, or to C. F. Ferguson, general superintendent, 18th and McGee.

The large tent will occupy the block of ground north of Holmes Park. Take E. 18th St. or Holmes St. car.

Subscribe now for the Smasher's Mail. Don't miss any papers.

NEWS.

It is Better to Stand by a Living Crank Than a Dead Conservative.

It has taken a so-called "crank" of a woman to bring the great commonwealth of Kansas to its senses, arouse the people of the State to appreciate their privileges of prohibition which the law grants them, and to possess the necessary backbone required to eject the lawless saloonkeeper. Thank God for such "cranks!" They help to make the world go. They arouse slumbering people and stupified consciences. It is better to stand by a living crank than by a dead conservative. Mrs. Nation is doing more to put down the lawless saloon than all her critics combined.

The apology for this paragraph in a punctuality paper is that we are sometimes thought of as being "cranks." Misery likes company. We hope sometime to throw the stagnant pool of tardy people into just such a whirl of arousement as Mrs. Nation has occasioned in Kansas, though minus the element of questionable methods with which some charge her. It is the woman's zeal and fervor for a worthy reform we would emulate. When no one else will lead, it is well enough that some "crank" is ready to step to the front and call out "Forward, march."—Punctuality, Denver, Col.

Wants to Run the Town.

Mrs. Carrie Nation has submitted a plan to the city of Medicine Lodge, which is her home, to run that town for a week according to her own ideas, and, unless she improves the moral and business condition of the place she is willing to allow the saloons to come back.—Spring Hill New Era.

How She Will Do It.

A special to the New York World from Topeka, Kansas, says:

"From present indications the municipal government of the little town of Concord, in Dixon County, Neb., will be conducted by mail and telegraph for the next year.

"The liquor traffic of the town will be stopped at once. Mrs. Nation does not anticipate any trouble on this account as she has been informed by the acting mayor that the saloonkeepers of the town moved out within ten hours after the result of the election was known. The saloonkeepers will hereafter give no trouble, but a stringent ordinance on this subject will be drafted by Mrs. Nation.

"Mrs. Nation says she will make the town of Concord a model village during her regime as a ruler. She will frame and have adopted by the council ordinances prohibiting spitting on the public streets and a heavy fine will be provided for persons who smoke out of their own homes.

"There are a number of others which Mrs. Nation will inaugurate as soon as she gets in communication with the officials."

WOMEN TO DEFENSE OF MRS. NATION.

Athenaeum Members Laud the Kansas

Crusader.—Score Action of Officers.—Judge McAuley and Police Roundly Condemned.—Declare Affair a Disgrace.—Exchange of Opinions on the Nation-McAuley Incident Formed the Feature of the Sociological Congress Yesterday.—Mrs. Hugh Miller Responsible.

Kansas City Times, April 20.—The social ethics department of the Kansas City Athenaeum had charge of the afternoon session of the Sociological congress yesterday. A number of the ably written papers made the session interesting, but the feature was the symposium for the defense of Mrs. Carrie Nation and the condemnation of Police Judge McAuley into which the meeting resolved at adjournment. For thirty minutes the score of women in one corner of the Y. M. C. A. auditorium lauded the work of the Kansas crusader and condemned the action of the Kansas City police judge and police officers.

Mrs. Hugh Miller of Westport was responsible for the "Nation Symposium." Her paper on "Public Playgrounds," was last on the program, and in it she took occasion to comment on the Nation-McAuley incident in discussing the part played by intoxicants in criminality and pauperism.

"Learned men tell us," said Mrs. Miller, "that 90 per cent or possibly more of the conditions we are battling with to-day have their causes in the merchandise of such men as now propose to present to a Kansas City police

judge a brilliant gem whose worth will pay for favors received, but whose sparkle will reflect no brilliancy on his record. No laurels were added to the brow of the police captain when he designated as a tramp an old, gray-haired woman whose methods I am not here to pass judgment upon, but whose principles against vice and indecency are as sound as the rock of ages. No dignity was added to the office of chief of police when that official would not accord the same treatment to this same gray-haired woman as was accorded to the woman murderer, but for the purpose of humiliation placed her among the most vicious class to be found in a city jail."

SENTIMENTS ARE APPLAUDED.

At this juncture Mrs. Miller was interrupted by hand clapping, and when it ceased she continued with particular emphasis:

"But those whose ears are alert can hear a low rumble in the east, which re-echoes in the west; it is the voice of protest from God's elect against the co-partnership of those who hold high places in the government of the country with those who are dragging it to its doom."

At the conclusion of Mrs. Miller's paper adjournment was taken, and a general rush was made to Mrs. Miller's chair and compliments on her expressions were showered generously.

Mrs. Henry N. Ess, who presided, is a former schoolmate of Mrs. Nation, and she declared the Kansas joint smasher to be an educated and refined woman.

"I never pass a saloon," said Mrs. Ess, "that I don't feel a desire to go in and use the same methods that Mrs. Nation has used."

AN EMPHATIC PROTEST.

The W. C. T. U. Do not Condemn Mrs. Nation, but Protest Against Her Treatment by the Police Officials of Kansas City.

The Federated W. C. T. U. of Kansas City do not propose to rest under the charge of condemning Mrs. Nation, and so passed the following ringing resolutions, which endorse Mrs. Nation and condemn the police regime of this city. These resolutions were unanimously endorsed at Miss Kearney's meeting at Bales Chapel and also at her Union Mission meeting:

"Whereas, Mrs. Carrie Nation, in visiting the saloons of Kansas City, Mo., on Sunday, April 14, was arrested on a spurious charge of obstructing the sidewalks, because the interested and curious crowd thronged about her to hear what she had to say about the contempt of law indicated by the open saloon on Sunday, the nude pictures upon the walls, the known violation of law in selling to minors, gambling and games in the saloon; and

"Whereas, The subsequent rude and unkind treatment accorded her meets our disapproval; therefore be it

"Resolved, That we, the Federated Women's Christian Temperance Unions of Kansas City, in regular session, do hereby express our great and unqualified indignation at the most unjust and uncalled for arrest and harsh treatment of our sister, Mrs. Carrie Nation, while about her Father's business. We record our most earnest protest against this discrimination in offenses; when a godly woman is arrested, pushed into a patrol wagon, jostled roughly down on the seat, and shut in an underground cell, while the great offenders, the saloonkeepers, a majority of the 440 in Kansas City were openly violating the laws of our State and city in keeping their saloons open on Sunday, were not molested.

"Resolved, That as women we regard this indignity and insult given our sister by the officers of the law as an insult to our cause of truth and righteousness and the womanhood of our nation.

"Resolved, That we, the members of the W. C. T. U. of Kansas City, feeling deeply our individual responsibility, will study carefully the laws and ordinances of our State and city expressly referring to dramshops, and do what lies in our power to bring about a better order of things in our city."

MRS. R. B. ROBINSON,
MRS. S. E. PENDERGRASS,
MRS. LYDIA M. CHASE,
MRS. E. HARRIET HOWE,
Committee.

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Current Comment

That Terrible Teddy.

"If Teddy runs or climbs a tree,
He'll live to shoot another day;
But if, by wolves or grizzly slain,
He'll never live to shoot again."

This is the brave warrior who helped Mark Hanna and the liquor power to inflict four years more of McKinley on the people. Bill McKinley and Eugene Stanley are two of a kind. Not Teddy, William or Eugene, darest to face this monster demon, the awful rum traffic, that is hanging like a vampire of perdition over our nation. It is about time the American political arena was swept and garnished, from White House to Topeka state house.

WARNED AGAINST LIQUOR.

Archbishop Keane, of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Dubuque, May Refuse Sacraments to Saloon-keepers.

Dubuque, Ia.—In his sermon at St. Patrick's church on the occasion of confirming several hundred children, Archbishop Keane took occasion to warn the little ones against the drink habit. He spoke in the most solemn terms. He told the children how easy they might be led astray and implored them never to drink or even smell or taste alcoholic drinks. He said it was his ambition that no Catholic should be engaged in the liquor business. Concluding, he said: "Up to the present time the only argument I have advanced in support of my view on temperance has been moral suasion, by word and example. If, however, in the near future this shall prove inadequate to the obtaining of the end in view, it is my intention to instruct my priests not to administer the sacraments of the church to those engaged in the liquor business, a business inconsistent with the name and practices of Catholicity. Therefore, no Catholic should engage in the liquor business."

The liquor business is largely in the hands of foreigners, many Roman Catholics, and it is high time the church was drawing the line.

Secesh.

Speaking of Mrs. Nation and the whisky question, Colonel Murdock said: "I do not expect to see the prohibitory question resubmitted in Kansas. The prohibition amendment is probably here to stay. If resubmitted, I think it would probably carry again. Wichita, however, would be overwhelmingly against prohibition and so would Atchison, Leavenworth and many other cities, but the majority of the farmers would probably vote to continue the law. In Wichita it would be simply impossible to enforce the prohibitory law. It is wholly ignored and always will be. Three-fourths of our people do not want prohibition and will not have it. Our city is committed to the policy of well regulated saloons, which pay the city a good license. That policy is settled and nothing can upset it. We worry very little about prohibition in our city. Once in a while Mrs. Nation or some other enthusiast tries to stir up a rumpus, but it doesn't amount to anything and very soon it is all forgotten."

Talk about copperheadism! If that isn't cool. Don't want prohibition and won't have it! In other words, Wichita and those other Sodoms of iniquity are in open rebellion against the State laws and such men as Anthony and Murdock are leading the criminal hoodlums and rebels.

Mrs. Nation's Violation of the Sabbath.

The treatment of Mrs. Nation by the Kansas City police showed the profound regard which the officers of the law cherish for the sanctity of the Sabbath. If the Medicine Lodge reformer had chosen any day, save Sunday, to visit the Twelfth street saloons, she would not have been hauled to the calaboose in a hoodlum wagon along with Negro crap shooters. But while the Twelfth street saloons were manifesting their regard for the Sunday closing law by abating their free lunch counters on that day, their peace was dis-

turbed by an insistent and strenuous old lady. The police were naturally indignant over Mr. Nation's failure to appreciate such an ebullition of morality, and took particular pains to gather up a wagon load of the worst hoboes available and place the chief of the Home Defenders in the vehicle, and convey her through the crowded streets.

Not to be outdone by the police, Judge Thomas Babbling McAuley's well known respect for sacred things caused him to fine the invader of the Sunday saloons \$500. That these officers were denounced from the Kansas City pulpits yesterday will doubtless occasion the police and Judge McAuley much surprise, for the saloons Mrs. Nation disturbed were law-abiding resorts which always clean off their free lunch counter on the Sabbath.

This excerpt from a daily paper shows that fallen human nature is as sanctimonious, as evil doers were eighteen hundred years ago, when the Messiah went through the cornfields on the Sabbath and upsetting the established order of all Jewery by driving the buyers and sellers out of the temple at Jerusalem. He healed the withered hand on the Sabbath. The liquor traffic has withered this people. It is always right to do good on the Sabbath and every day.

DOESN'T LIKE MRS. NATION.

Big Jim Jeffries Speaks His Mind Freely.

"She's rotten! She stinks!"

It was James J. Jeffries who spoke. He was giving his opinion of Mrs. Carrie Nation.

"Say, if I had a saloon," continued the gigantic champion puglist of the world, as he held out his foot while his dresser put a patent leather shoe on it, "if I had a saloon and that old lady should come in, d—d if I wouldn't be tempted to stand her on her head with a right hand punch. I never did smash a woman yet, though."

It was in Jim's dressing room at the Crawford, just after the end of the third act.—Topeka Capital.

The degenerate theater and modern stage are too closely allied to the vices to approve any reform or righteous work. Late hours, mixed society, and temptations of theaters and ball rooms, have started many a boy and girl, many a man and woman, to ruin. There is nothing inspiring, ennobling, or elevating in drama that tolerates the presence of pugilism or its votaries.

Two Kinds of Reformers.

Fred Collier, who writes Echoes of the Streets for the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, makes an interesting comparison of Mrs. Nation and the Chicago woman saloon reformer as follows:

The antithesis of Carrie Nation's way of doing is that of a pretty Chicago woman, who is also a crusader against violation of the law by the saloon. She is described as not only "sweet" in face and temper, but stylish in gown and hat, gentle in manner, soft in speech, refined in diction, and altogether like the angels. She reasons amiably with the saloonkeeper, endeavoring to persuade him to close his resort on Sundays and at such hours of the night as the law requires. Her dove-like accents are not harsh and distasteful to him, and, in fact, if he is a man of the slightest susceptibility he can not fail to be brought to a melting mood by such an example of soft, melodious womanhood.

"All unite in saying how superior is such a woman to a glaring, terrifying shrieking destructionist like Mrs. Nation. How much more womanly, how entirely to be preferred. Has she closed any saloons on Sunday or any other time? Oh, no. But she is so sweet. Sweetness and light are charming everywhere, in every walk in life; there are men as well as women who spread around them a soothing atmosphere; they are restful. Everything is restful where they are, even the day's work which needs to be done.

"These other kind of people that seem to be full of life and disturbance, whose eyes are rather searching and faces expressive of activity, who sometimes have brusque ways and not always tempers that suggest May morn-

ings, are so desparately in earnest. They want things done and are insistent about it if they are not. How they do agitate everybody around them and get them to work twice as fast and three times as intelligently and exhaust themselves when, if they had been let alone, they wouldn't have shed a drop of perspiration or grown unduly enthusiastic all day.

"The world would be much different if it were not for these rushing people—these Mark Hannas and Tom Johnsons and Pierpont Morgans. It would be quieter. We wouldn't have much, but what we had we could enjoy. It seems a great mistake and misarrangement of things, that the sweet, docile people so often get the \$40 salaries and the other kind the million-dollar salaries, when everybody likes the sweet people the best.

"The gentle crusader in Chicago is so much more popular than Carrie Nation on account of her ladylike behavior, but there, seems to be no attention paid to her."

Kansas has a lot of ornamental reformers. The State Temperance Union and the Law Enforcement League and the Republican party. They talk nice Sunday school talk and hire detectives to tell the authorities what they already know, and then they meet and talk nice and pass resolutions, lots of them. One old woman with a good hatchet can do more in ten minutes than they have ever done or will do.

JUST A LITTLE FUN.

Carrie Nation Arrives.

A funny little incident occurred here this week, when Hez Reesor, who is always on the alert for a little fun, stole into the rear of Coppage's saloon and told the proprietor that Mrs. Nation had lectured in Louisville the night previous and had arrived on the 8:30 train. Coppage got a little nervous as he was yanking out a half dozen schooners of bock to an equal number of customers, and he mentally resolved to pulverize that woman if she dared to wreck his saloon. Reesor telephoned for Harry Wheatley, a feminine looking young man about town, and soon had Wheatley rigged up in female attire. Armed with a couple of brand new hatchets. The impersonator of Carrie Nation rushed into the saloon, and in the twinkling of an eye had smashed four dozen empty beer bottles, besides making more noise than nine car loads of mules. A number of good citizens, whose autographs decorate the church books, were at the bar licking their chops and raking the snow off the roofs of the schooners when the onslaught began. A minute previous they had advised Mr. Coppage what course to pursue in the event Carrie should swoop down upon the town. But they did not wait to see if the saloonkeeper acted upon their suggestions. Three of them flew out the back door, knocking over a stove in their flight, while the fourth one put his eye in mourning by striking a slop bucket under the refrigerator. A well known young jeweler in town went out the back alley, got his foot entangled in a chicken coop and carried it two squares before he could free himself from it. Bill Stiles heard the commotion, locked his saloon, got under a culvert and remained there till his supper bell rang.—Vine Grove Herald.

An Interesting Lecture.

To Whom It May Concern:—Mr. T. J. Alley, the well-known traveler in Bible lands, gave us his illustrated lecture on Jerusalem in Independence Ave. church on the evening of April 7, 1901. I have great pleasure in saying that the views, one hundred and twenty-three in number, taken by Mr. Alley himself, were excellent. In selection and in preparation for use in the stereopticon they were distinct and thoroughly enjoyed by the large audience.

Owing to Mr. Alley's long residence and thorough familiarity with the Holy Land, he is enabled in his lecture to give a most excellent idea of the land and people. It is not too much to say, that of all the lectures the writer has ever heard upon the subject, and they have not been few, that the lecture of Mr. Alley is to be commended as giving the most distinct conception of the land and people as they actually are. The lecture is thoroughly interesting and instructive.

[Signed] MATT. L. HUGHES,
Pastor Independence Ave. M. E. Church,
Kansas City, Mo.

Subscribe now for the Smasher's Mail. Don't miss any papers.

Home Defender Buttons.

By mail, single buttons 2 cents, one dozen, 15 cents; one hundred, \$1.

Photographs.

Carrie Nation photos, postpaid, large size, 12 cents; small size, 10 cents; one dozen, \$1; one hundred, \$6.50.

Carrie Nation's Hatchets.

Good little coperized hatchet by mail 25 cents; nickle plated steel smasher's, not a toy but a business implement, 50 cents, by mail.

"'Tis but a little faded flower, yet O, so fondly dear. 'Twill bring me back one golden hour, through many, through many a weary year."

Would like to have the above poem.

Carrie Nation has hatchets now which are both useful and ornamental at 25 cents a piece. Her name is on the handle and signature on the blade. Not sharp enough to cut, but a real good smasher for glass, bottles, slot machines and such like.

We advise all people to keep away from Fair Oak colony till that disgraceful action of the officials is apologized for and they proceed to allow the women with me at the head to smash to smithereens and so fulfill the law of God that commands us to destroy the works of the devil.

Unique.

"Just think how many pennies it will take
To one hundred big round dollars make."

This little bag we send to you
Because we think 'twill surely do
To hold the pennies for the years
That you have walked this vale of tears.
But should it fail to hold enough,
Just make another out of cloth,
And bring them both, next Wednesday night;

The time we'll have is "out of sight."
The money goes to pay the debt
That long ago should have been met.
We know that you will do your part,
And thus win gladness to your heart.
But if you can not with us meet,
(We want the number all complete)

Please send filled bag, and we will know
That you had not the time to go.
Ice cream and cake free to all who
return a filled bag."

This is a card that the Junior Epworth League of Aurora, Neb., sends to its friends. Quite a unique plan. A little black silk bag was attached to the card.

A Pointer to Gov. Stanley.

Smasher's Mail:

At our recent Sunday School convention the Governor paid a glowing tribute to the benefits derived from Sunday School instruction, and a protest against the liquor saloon traffic as a corrupter of youth, and a destroyer of manhood.

The Governor has an opportunity to do good, seldom presented to mortal man. He has power to close the drinking places in the state, especially in his home city of Wichita. He has a contingent fund to draw from, can offer a reward for the arrest and conviction of those engaged in the illegal sale of liquor.

He can immitate, with the exception of taking human life, Gov. Crittenden, of Missouri.

Some years ago the state was terribly afflicted with the Jesse James, bandits. They boarded trains, shot and robbed passengers, few persons dared to travel. Railroad officials and the governor became alarmed, and offered a large reward. Jesse James was a dead shot and no officer dared to arrest him. The governor got a comrade of Jesse James by the name of Ford to do the work under promise of pardon and reward—the deed was done—the gang was broke up—Ford received the reward—it was a great relief to the state. How nice it would be for Gov. Stanley to offer a reward and pardon to Mrs. Nation and the whole hatchet brigade for destroying liquor saloons, that the Governor says is so disastrous to morals, and manhood. There is not a single church in the state that would condemn the Governor for that act for the liquor traffic is an outlaw. It does more damage than James ever dreamed to do.

James may have killed his tens, but the liquor traffic murders its thousands.

Then the liquor traffic is a nuisance—it has no property rights—the U. S. Supreme Court states that it has

"No inherent rights," the only right it has, is the right to die and that should be immediately—its a poison—it stands the same relation to the community that small-pox infected clothing, putrid meats, rattle snakes, and mad dogs, the safety of the people require them destroyed.

Some time ago the law enforcements of prohibition by our judges in Topeka permitted a young stone cutter by the name of Maize from South Topeka to drift into a joint where he got boozy drunk, wandered home, laid down on the railroad track and was crushed to death by the cars. His mangled remains were carried to his grief stricken family—such horrors cry from this ground for the extermination of the liquor traffic and the prompt pardon of a person who has broke a square of glass in a building let to manufacture drunkards in.

E.

Afraid of Air.

I wonder why so many women are afraid of air. The one great foe of a woman's peace of mind is a "draft." Consumptive patients are kept in the open air all day long. Are we to wait till we are consumptives before we take advantage of it?

Air is so cheap. It is almost a pity that it is; if it were an expensive commodity, the people across the way, whose bedroom windows are closely shut at night, would insist upon their share. We must have air and we must have sunshine in our homes, if they are not to be asylums for invalids.—Herald of Health.

It is not the women alone, who are so afraid of air. We find just as many men as women who are afraid to sing and speak in the open air; and who can not endure a draft. Air, sea water and sunshine are God's most bountiful gifts to man, and yet thousands are pining away for lack of laving in God's great lavatories of light and purification. God wants us to enjoy these good things lavishly. The first and most important thing is to open wide the door of our hearts and let the blessed sunshine of God's love fill to overflowing. Then it will sing out itself without thought or fear of "draft," or man, or devil.

"This is my Story,

This is my Song,

Praising my Savior

All the day long."

It is stated that a few drops of salt water restored to action the clogged and exhausted heart action, when Mrs. McKinley's life seemed suspended by a very brittle thread. The supply is inexhaustible. Try it for bathing purposes.

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whoever is deceived thereby is not wise." Will you continue to make a fool of yourself?—Good Tidings, New York.

Money, My View.

We are told in Timothy, sixth chapter and tenth verse, "For the love of money is the root of all evil." And not only there, but in other chapters through the Bible. Why shouldn't it be equally true now as then? For about everything done now, whether good or evil, is done for the love of money, or the love of gain. It prompts the deed. More battles have been fought and won whether right or wrong for money than any other thing. Money never satisfies, for the more we have the more we want of it. When we are broke we feel wretched, indeed. Money is the temptation and the stumbling block of humanity, and the source of all evil devices, schemes and frauds. There is now more money in the world than ever before, and also more confusion. The conditions of the times will not allow us to progress without money. Money is the product of the good and the indifference of the world and also a form of godliness and for the denying the power thereof. There is even a price on salvation. Money is the greatest barrier between heaven and earth, and between our souls and our Saviour. There is much more done for money than for Christ, and the more we have of it the less we trust God. Money is a great power for good or for evil. It has led to many a suicide, and has bought many a husband and many a wife and has bought and sold many friends. For instance, Joseph was sold by his brothers and Christ was betrayed for a price, and for driving the money changers out of the temple and pouring out their money and overturning the tables led to his crucifixion, of which the money changers were the chief promoters. Where money is the principle object for a deed done God's greatest blessing will never shine, no

matter how good the deed, while if we love our neighbor as ourselves it would be the last thought. Christ gave us an example of that. His only object and every act was to benefit mankind. Money gives power to the beast, King Alcohol, and makes war with the saints, and is the cause of all kinds of confusion and disturbances everywhere. The poverty-stricken are never welcome anywhere and appear to be a meanance. Money will buy anything, but true happiness, and the blessing of God. Money is surely the seal of the Great Dragon. And the whole world bears the stamp and bows in humble submission to his great majority for the sake of dollars. He even tried to get his stamp on Christ when he offered Him a price to bow down and worship him. Money seems to take the place of true fellowship in the church for people that haven't got much never receive the same consideration as those who have plenty, in the church or out.

MOTHER WILLIAMS.

May 10, 1901.

DRUG STORE PERMITS TO SELL INTOXICATING LIQUORS.**Application of B. F. Sim.**

MEN.

A. B. Quinton, W. T. Crosby, W. B. Woolverton, Abe Steinberg, Geo. W. Crane, Jacob Levi, M. Snattenger, B. Roberts, J. C. Gordon, C. B. Reed, B. F. Golden, Andrew Jordan, O. K. Swayze, D. W. Nellis.

WOMEN.

Mrs. L. S. Woolverton, Mrs. M. Snattenger, Miss W. Kate Wintrod, Miss Dora Coutts, Mrs. W. T. Reed, Mrs. K. Mosier, Mary Jordan, Mrs. W. W. Garvin, M. C. Kendall, Mrs. A. B. Quinton, Mrs. F. Hobart, Mrs. J. White, Mamie Atkinson, Mrs. R. R. Kepley.

Some of the names which appear on the application for a permit to sell intoxicating liquor, of Henry Page:

MEN.

Gilbert M. Jamison, Eli Ulanperl, John Imbler, L. Diment, A. A. Schmidt, R. B. Cathers, John L. Norton, Josiah Ross, John Ahlstrom, John Hand, J. L. McNeill, John E. Towers, J. A. Bidwell, F. M. Stonestreet, C. K. Holliday, A. C. Klingaman, C. W. States, Peter Heinz, Nick Carter, H. F. Hagan, H. C. Lindsay, R. R. Cathers, H. Blackman, W. C. Stevenson, W. H. Williams.

WOMEN.

Sarah J. Grigs, Carrie Affron, Sarah Howard, Margaret Wilson, Laura Dyal, Myrtle Gerberick, Belle Stockton, Margaret Heery, Elizabeth A. Warner, Hanna Cunningham, Frances Burghart, Mina Shreiber, Ella Ferran, Mrs. D. F. Wyatt, G. A. Wyatt, Amanda Walker, Miss B. Moffit, Mrs. Beth Stiles, Mrs. H. H. Lee, Mrs. J. C. Darling, Mrs. F. Limblood, Mrs. V. G. Reynolds.

Tale of a Stamp.

I'm a stamp—
A postage stamp—
A two-center;
Don't want to brag,
But I was never
Licked,
But once
By a gentleman, too;
He put me on
To a good thing;
It was an envelope—
Perfumed, pink, square;
I've been stuck on
That envelope
Ever since;
He dropped us—
The envelope and me—
Through a slot in a dark box;
But we were rescued
By a mail clerk.
More's the pity;
He hit me an awful
Smash with a hammer;
It left my face
Black and blue;
Then I went on a long
Journey
Of two days;
And when we arrived—
The pink envelope and me—
We were presented
To a perfect love
Of a girl,
With the stunningest pair
Of blue eyes
That ever blinked;
Say, she's a dream!
Well, she mutilated
The pink envelope
And tore one corner
Of me off
With a hairpin;
Then she read what
Was inside
The pink envelope.
I never saw a girl blush
So beautifully!

I would be stuck
On her—if I could.
Well, she placed
The writing back
In the pink envelope;
Then she kissed me.
O, you little godlets!
Her lips were ripe
As cherries,
And warm
As the summer sun.
We—
The pink envelope and me—
Are now
Nestling snugly
In her bosom;
We can hear
Her heart throb;
When it goes fastest
She takes us out
And kisses me.
O, say
This is great!
I'm glad
I'm a stamp—
A two-center.

—Ohio State Journal.

The Song of the Hatchet.

Written for the Smasher's Mail:
Queen Cleopatra felt my edge
In the raid at Wichita,
There I came upon them suddenly,
Like the waters at Conemaugh;
And the red wine streamed upon the
floor,
At my song o'er its death, for it bubbles
no more.

In the days of the past, a weapon of
war,
In the hands of the red sagamore,
I crushed the skulls of warriors brave,
And quenched my thirst with gore.
The white man dreaded my vengeance
dire,
Almost as much as the torture fire.

But the wars are over and order and
law,
Make me head of the temperance band;
And I smash, smash, smash, while the
bottles crash,
As I sweep on through the land;
And I quaff the foam on my rusty blade,
When I go smashing the liquor trade.

So use me to smash, smash, smash,
Then hang me upon the wall,
When the people arise in their might,
To herald King Alcohol's fall;

For I'm head of the temperance band,
and so I can not shirk,
The duties that lie before me, until I
have finished my work.

—Wm. Feltner, Mound City, Kans, May
12th, 1901.

That Fourth of July Meeting.

Carl Scott: "You would be surprised at the interest, the people throughout the country, are taking in the coming visit of Carrie Nation on the occasion of the Elks' big Fourth of July celebration. I took a drive through the southern and western portions of the county the other day distributing advertising matter, and was besieged with enquiries relative to Mrs. Nation. They wanted to know if it was a fact that she would be here and as an attraction she seemed to be the star. I believe she will draw as big a crowd as would President McKinley. And she will be here, too, providing her hatchet does not get her into jail between now and that time. At least we have a contract with the lady and expect to carry out our part of it. The different committees are progressing nicely with their work and the celebration gives promise of being a hummer. If the weather is fair look out for the biggest crowd Crawfordville has seen in many a day."

Through Fear of Mrs. Nation.

John Hart, of Solomon City, is at St. Margaret's hospital in Kansas City, hopelessly insane. His condition is one of the results of the crusade against saloons conducted by Mrs. Nation, of Kansas. Hart was the proprietor of a "joint" at Solomon City. A wag told him that Mrs. Nation was coming to smash his saloon. He collected what money he could—about \$1,200—locked his saloon door and went to Kansas City, where he was discovered wandering about, disabled by a blow on the head. He had apparently been slugged and robbed.—Ex.

Probably drunk. Taking his own medicine.

Subscribe now for the Smasher's Mail. Don't miss any papers.

A DREAM.

BY REV. G. D. KENT.

I had a dream, I say a dream—
Yet scarce a dream was mine.
Methought I saw Intemperance,
Before the judgment shrine—
His form was a giant in its size—
Was a giant in its strength;
His boldness filled me with surprise—
He stood in self-defence.
“What canst thou say, Intemperance,
Ere sentence dire be given,
Since thou hast peopled hell below,
And robbed the seats of heaven?
Thou knowest full well, 'tis written plain
And marked in the decree,
No soul that dies the drunkard's death,
Shall my salvation see.
But though hast made thy brother drunk,
Hast damned thy brother's soul—
Because of thee he downward sunk
Beyond his own control.
What mischief hath not thy hand wrought,
What tears, what groans what pain,
What homes annoyed, what souls destroyed
To fill the cup of gain?”
Methought I did not see him wince,
Nor show the least appall,
But with a look that haunts me still,
He viewed the judgment hall.
Then answering said, “I've thought of this
But here my papers are.
They're from thy children while on earth,
I bring them to thy bar.”
The papers they are handed in,
I trembled while I saw,
In lines of black this right to sin,
Was headed “License Law.”
This license was a moneyed plan,
By which the right was sold
Of robbing, cursing, killing men;
By paying so much gold.
For so much gold we license thee,
To ruin, kill, destroy,
To drive from home its brightest gems
And drown each cup of joy,
To excite men to deeds of strife,
To angry words and blows,
To decrease all joys of life
And increase all its woes.
For so much gold we license thee
To fill the drunkard's bowl,
And thrust upon Society
Those desecrated holes;
Those dens of drinking, gambling, wrong;
Those dens of dark repute,
Where vice, with bacchanalian song,
Sink men below the brute.
For so much gold we license thee
To plunge our land in crime,
And on the people lay a tax,
Oppression scarce could bind;
To make court sessions long and dear,
Our jails and prisons fill,
And thus with horror multiply
The curses of the still.
For so much gold we license thee,
Our poorhouse rooms to fill,
And many a helpless orphan curse,
And many a mother kill,
And many a brother stain with crime,
Make many a sister moan,
Make many a father sit and pine
In a dungeon cell alone.
For so much gold we'll stand between
Thee and all justice due,
All wives' entreaties, mothers' tears,
Pay us and we will shield you.
“I paid them for their license bill,
The gold they did receive,
If wrong is done they guilty are,
As justice will perceive.”
I woke, O! terrible that dream,
And yet it all was true,
And all this ruin, all this curse,
Is caused by me, and you!
Is caused by God's own children here,
Our numbers might control.
Might save our nation from this curse,
Might save our brother's soul.
O, Christian, where have we the right
To license what is wrong,
How shall we answer in that day
Before the judgment throne.
Ye are my stewards, occupy
Earth's vineyard till I come.
Lord, aid us that from yonder sky,
Thy voice may say “well done.”

Charge of the Smashing Brigade.

BY W. C. HAFLEY.

Half a sphere, half a sphere,
Half a sphere onward,
Out through the great coming West,
There where nature the people has blest,
Away from the East to the West;
There where rum-joints have their strong hold,
Backed by their millions and millions of gold,
Marched the joint smashers!
Saloons to the right of them,
Saloons to the left of them,
Saloons right in front of them.

Stood stern, unmoved and bold
And shook their banners of gold,
In the teeth of these brave heroes!

“Charge for these joints,” she said—
The leader of the “Smashing Brigade.”
Was there a smasher dismayed?
Not though they heard
Hell's ominous muttering thunder!
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs not to cringe or cry
To men who law defy,*
Theirs but to do or die,
Or smash these awful rum joints!

So through each front they broke,
As drops the lighting's stroke,
Shiv'ring plate glass and oak,
While all the people wondered!
Flashed all their hatchets bare
Out on the morning air,
Breaking the bottles there
That fell from the shelves a-jingling!

Scorned at by the tipplers hale,
Who care not for the orphan's wail.
Smash! went the barrels for sale,
Smash! went the kegs of ale,
Till ran to gutters gurgling!
Police to the right of them,
Police to the left of them,
Police right in front of them,
Stood helpless mid the melee,
While through their ranks they pierce
Like an eagle brave and fierce,
Onward in the work of reform,
Like the whirlwind, like the storm,
Cutting the links in twain
That fetter the soul, the brain,
And lead it to destruction!

What! blame we 'gainst this crusade laid?
Nay! honor the brave, the “Smashing Brigade.”
See the wrecks these dens have made!
When will all these blood-stains fade
Of humans murdered nightly!
Skulls to the right of them,
Skulls to the left of them,
Skulls right in front of them,
All grim and gaunt-unsightly!
When fades out yonder sun,
When that awful day has come,
When the Judge upon his throne
The ages has numbered;
When we know as we are known,
When we “reap as we have sown,”
What, oh what of these rum-sellers!

[*Had the authorities in power enforced the law, the writer could not conscientiously favor Mrs. Nation's course; as it is, he thinks she took the right course, decidedly.]

MRS. NATION A MODERN DEBORAH.

Thus Saluted by the Boston W. C. T. U. at Memorial Service in Honor of Frances Willard.

Boston, Mass.—Mrs. Carrie Nation, the strenuous Kansan temperance reformer, was hailed as a “modern Deborah” at a meeting of the local W. C. T. U. yesterday, afternoon in the vestry of Park Street Church.

Not a dissenting voice was heard from among the gathering of perhaps 200 women, but all over the room there was audible expressions of approval of the characterization, which was applied by Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, a prominent member of the local branch of the union.

Mrs. Hunt said that Mrs. Nation is like Deborah of the Book of Judges, who led an army of 10,000 men to victory against her country's enemies, when not a man could be found to lead the enterprise.

Yesterday's meeting was in the nature of a memorial service in recognition of the third anniversary of the death of Miss Frances Willard, founder of the W. C. T. U., and was called under the joint auspices of the several branches within Suffolk County. Dr. L. C. Purington presiding.

Portraits of Miss Willard, tastefully draped with the national flag, were displayed upon the platform.

The service opened with Scripture reading by Miss Ella Gilbert Ives, prayer being next offered by Miss H. T. Todd, State secretary.

The first speaker was Prof. J. H. W. Stuckenberg, who was for years an intimate friend of Miss Willard, and whose address was in the nature of an appreciative analysis of the more salient elements of her character.

He said the world can derive valuable lessons from a consideration of the beautiful life of the great feminine reformer, who was chiefly remarkable on account of her great strength of character in an age when personal character or individuality is being suppressed by greed for accumulating wealth.

The great uplifting power of personality in a good and high principled man or woman, said the speaker, found

conspicuous expression in the life of Miss Willard, who, although only nerved to greater effort by opposition, yet was always gentle, thoughtful and loving to all who came in contact with her, and never was without a beautiful optimism that gave her confidence in the ultimate triumph of her cause.

“Her death,” he said, “was that of a queen of achievement in the cause of humanity.”

“The power of the W. C. T. U. is in principles backed by personalities, hence the demand for people who mean something and can rise above obstacles.”

“Do nothing, and you will have the great mass of do nothings with you. But be aggressive in mind and will and you will be unpopular, because you will continually run against the popular prejudices and passions of the do-nothings.”

Prof. Stuckenberg declared that the total abstinence principle is spreading rapidly all over the world.

Mrs. Hunt, who followed, referred to Mrs. Nation as already mentioned, and aroused unmistakable evidences of indorsement from her audience when she remarked that the lady with the hatchet can truly say, “Until I arose, there was no man to punish unpunished rebellion against the law.”

Mrs. Hunt concluded by saying that thoughtful reformers are waiting with much interest to see what will be the result of Mrs. Nation's cyclonic campaign.

Other speakers were Mrs. J. B. Shapleigh, Mrs. Bebbe, representing the Maine organization, Miss Margaret Tyler, Mrs. Mary E. Cheney and Mrs. Mary S. Howes.

Miss Ella G. Stuckenberg rendered several vocal solos, accompanied by Miss Margaret Webster as pianist, and Harry L. Tinkham as violinist.

The meeting closed with a temperance campaign song, sung by Miss H. T. Todd.

AS A GOOD MAN SEES IT.

The following article is from the editorial columns of the Ram's Horn, and was written by Editor Fred'k L. Chapman:

What at first was thought to be a local engagement in the endless anti-saloon war was begun in Wichita, Kans., a few weeks ago, when a woman who had suffered deeply, though indirectly from this base traffic, took unusual and drastic measures for its extinction. From Wichita her crusade has been carried to surrounding towns, and at last reports, she had gone to the State capitol and appeared in person to the governor to execute the plainly written law. Thus the agitation has passed beyond the city limits of Wichita, and even crossed the borders of the State of Kansas. It has become a national issue. The press, almost as with one voice, calls this daring woman everything which is unkind and uncomplimentary; and even a good many Christian people who loathe the rum curse and would rejoice at its overthrow join the chorus of ridicule and abuse. Before committing anybody to either side of this controversy it is due to this woman and due to everybody that the actual facts be considered soberly. The scene is in Kansas, a State whose laws for nearly a quarter century have made liquor selling illegal. It is perhaps the only State where for long years there was not an open saloon within its borders. The result was sunshine and prosperity, moral and material throughout the whole commonwealth. Alms-houses, jails, reformatories were almost depopulated and a new generation was born and almost grown who knew not the stench of a licensed liquor shop. Security bred serenity and indifference. Slowly, one by one, rum sellers crept into the larger towns. They sold first by stealth, but later gained some political influence, often the balance of power, and held their voting strength as a menace over public officials. Protected by this weapon they emboldened to remove the screen from their illegal business and began to conduct an open saloon in straight defiance of law. It happened that one family among thousands fell under the curse of this outlawed traffic. The mother, stung with pain and dying with despair, appealed to the officers to close the pest holes which were daily multiplying in every large center of population. But officials being politicians promised but to fail her. They would not keep their oath of office and execute the law. What recourse was left? There was but one alternative, sit down as most of us do and rail at present conditions, heap just abuse on public officials whom we have helped elect and whom we will elect again if they secure our party's nomi-

nation. Either this or some one must take up a hatchet or axe or rolling pin or hand spike or pitchfork or quick lime or sulphur, anything strong and effective, to remove a nuisance which is against the law but which the law's officers condone. When a notorious thief or murderer or other outlaw goes racing down the street or goes hiding in the timber, people do not often wait for the law's slow delay. They apprehend him. If he resists they force him. If he threatens to kill them they are usually exonerated if they kill him in turn. Keep in mind we are in Kansas where the saloon keeper is an outlaw, where all the stock and paraphernalia of his trade are as far removed from legal ownership or protection as the burglar's jimmy or the cut throat's blade.

John Brown went to the borders of Virginia and incited the slaves to rebellion. His act ended in bloodshed. He was hanged; hanged legally. Slavery was a lawful institution in Virginia. But suppose John Brown had gone to Massachusetts, and had found black men in slavery, which was there against the law, and he had incited them to break their bonds and resist their masters, though their acts might result in bloodshed, would he have been hanged? Not though all Beacon Hill was ablaze with riot as the result of his crusade. John Brown went beyond the law, and yet after forty years many people, perhaps the vast majority in the Northern States, crown him as a hero. Carrie Nation has acted far more temperately than did he, though her sense of personal injury from the curse of liquor must be quite as deep as his was from the giant curse of his day. Thus far her crusade has not led to the loss of life, but merely the destruction of property which had no right to exist under the law. Moreover she has exhausted every legal expedient, she has even gone to the State capital and besought the governor to fulfill his promise made on taking oath of office. She asked him temperately, she besought him vehemently, she implored him in the name of God his Maker to keep his vow and be a man. He could do so at the touch of a button by putting the legal machinery of the State of Kansas in motion. But what did he do under the unflinching eye of this outraged woman? If the reports of that meeting are even half true, he flinched and quailed. His shifty eye sought the floor, the walls, the ceiling. Its inverted look went up and down the long miles of grog shops which, like festering ulcers, are rising to spread blight and contagion throughout Kansas. He multiplied the average vote of each by the whole number. They had the power to defeat him at the next election. He trembled in the balance, half persuaded, like Agrippa, strongly inclined to be a man of moral courage and moral integrity, but tempted by ambition he fell. And so the story runs. At the rooms of each State officer the woman called and met the same reception. She went to the jail and found twenty-seven prisoners. It would have been an extraordinary number to have found in any Kansas jail a few years since. She prayed with them and spoke a word of hope. “How many of you,” she asked finally, “are here to-day as the result of whisky?” Twenty-five of the twenty-seven answered, “I.”

That is the story, the story of one woman, “a fanatic, a crank, a meddler, a disturber of the peace,” all these it is claimed. Let us wait and see. There have been many of that kind in history who were prophets' laurels—after they were dead. But just now it can do no hurt to give her a word of sympathy and help. We regret the apparent necessity of her drastic methods. But as against those who are arrayed against her, that sacred host which falsely claims to represent social order, that nameless myriad which fights under the black banner of rum, that mutual federation for plunder which is known as officialism in politics, that part of the press which represents about nine-tenths of the twenty thousand or more publications of this country which aim to take the popular side of every issue whatever its merits may be; as against all these forces which are lined up before her. The Ram's Horn prefers to stand with Carrie Nation and forgive much that she may do, if by doing it, she will call the nation's attention to a traffic which is doing almost as much to undermine that fair structure which we call civilization, as the Christian church, the Christian home, the Christian school, are doing to up-build it.

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Some Poetry

DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE.

"Our Mayor"—At the Last Judgment.
Far above all, upon the great white throne
Seated in awful majesty, with countenance sublime,
The dreaded Judge of this, the Court of Last Appeal.
Gazed out upon the countless millions there,
Assembled now to hear their doom, and to receive
Merited meed of praise or punishment.
And as I gazed
Two white-robed ones approached the throne;
Between them one with downcast eyes and forced, unwilling mein.
Making obeisance most profound, the two withdrew,
Leaving the one alone before the throne. And then the Judge,
Looking on him with steadfast gaze, thus spoke:
"What have we here? What parody is man, even without the Book
The laws, writ and unwrit, of every nation on the earth
Respect the right of 'mine and thine.' Thou knowest the law;
'Tis not a sin of ignorance; and yet of times
The circumstances may extenuate; hunger and want
And dire distress of those most dear may press
Upon the man with force so great that he must take
That which is not his own, or see his loved ones
Perish before his eyes. And yet the law is broke.
Stand thou upon the left; I'll deal with thee anon."
The culprit stood aside, and then at once
Another took his place. To him the Judge
Turned frowningly. "A blasphemer. And what
Excuse hast thou to offer for thy sinning?
Did it ever bring gain to thee, or joy or love,
Or anything on which the mind of man is set?
What did it profit thee? Depart from me! I know ye not.
And in my realm there is no place for such as thee!"
The wretch was led away, and soon another stood
Before the Judge. "And so, 'tis thou—a usurer—
That standest here for judgment! Show me thine hands.
'Tis as I thought. They reek with blood
Drawn from thy fellowman—aye, from the widow
And the fatherless—from rich and poor alike.
Of persons no respecter thou. Thou hadst
Thy pound of flesh from high and low alike;
And if perchance in getting that Thou drawest all the life blood from their veins
What reckest thou? Was it not in thy bond,
This pound of flesh? Hadst thou no heart
Within thy breast, that thou couldst look
Unmoved upon the misery thy greed had wrought?
Vengeance is mine, I will repay. The misery of these, thy dupes, is but a dream
Of bliss compared to that in store for thee.
Stand thou aside!" Then there appeared
Four shining ones, half leading, half supporting
One who tottered near to falling as he stood.
"What have we hear? What parody is this
Upon the noble personality of man? Why bringest thou here before my throne
This foul cadaver? How came it so? I never gave to mortal man a form like that.
Speak thou, St. Peter—what is this?"
The saint, advancing, gathering his robes
About his limbs as though he feared contamination, said:
"O Thou That Art, this thing smoked cigarettes!"

The Judge's brow grew black with wrath.
"Take it away! The air of heaven is tainted
By its presence! Haste! To the lowest pit,
And make the cover fast! Open the doors—
The atmosphere is vile! Said I not, Peter,
When such as this apply for entrance at thy gate
Turn them away? I want them not."
"And so I did, Most High, knowing thy will;
But this, being turned hence, applied in vain
For sanctuary in the lower world; Satan refused
Him entrance there, saying the stench was more than he could stand; and so perforce,
We brought him here to Thee for final disposition."
"Then thrust him forth! In darkness let him wander
For countless million years in boundless space
With others of his ilk! Too vile for heaven
Spewed forth from hell—their the unpardonable sin!"
—W. H. Pierce

Gethsemane.

If I could search this wide world o'er,
Its continents from shore to shore.
For a confiding, loving friend,
Who would a helping hand extend,
I'd take the Savior's trusty hand
To lead me through this weary land;
For he in triumph can lead me
Through every dark Gethsemane.
I would not even linger where,
Rolls Juggernaut on stately car,
For he in me no hope inspires.
Nor meets my weary soul's desires.
I would not bow at Buddha's shrine
Where gaudy, tinsel splendors shine
Nor trust Mohammed to lead me
Through sorrow's dark Gethsemane.
Confucius can not, at will
Say to my troubled heart, "be still,"
And Zoroaster can not be
A faithful friend in grief to me.
Above all these a voice I hear,
A tender voice to me so dear,
Out from the sea of "Galilee"
In every sad Gethsemane,
By this dear friend I'll take my stand,
And dwell with him on sea or land.
For he brings gladness out of wrong,
And makes me valiant, brave and strong,
By showing me each trial here
Will deck the crown that I shall wear,
And be a thing of joy to me,
Beyond earth's last Gethsemane.
—J. H. Coffey, Coffeyburg, Mo.

A Lesson in Osteology.

How many bones in the human face?
Fourteen when they're all in place.
How many bones in the human head?
Eight, my child, as I've often said.
How many bones in the human ear?
Four in each and they help to hear.
How many bones in the human spine?
Twenty-four, like a climbing vine.
How many bones in the human chest?
Twenty-four ribs and two of the rest.
How many bones in the shoulders bind?
Two in each—one before, one behind.
How many bones in the human arm?
In each arm one; two in each forearm.
How many bones in the human wrist?
Eight in each if none are missed.
How many bones in the palm of the hand?
Five in each, with many a band.
How many bones in the fingers ten?
Twenty-eight, and by joints they bend.
How many bones in the human hip?
One in each; like a dish they dip.
How many bones in the human thigh?
One in each, and deep they lie.
How many bones in the human knee?
One in each, the kneecap, please.
How many bones in the leg from the knee?
Two in each we can plainly see.

How many bones in the ankle strong?
Seven in each, but none are long.

How many bones in the ball of the foot?
Five in each, as the palms were put.

How many bones in the toes, half a score?
Twenty-eight, and there are no more.

And now, although these many bones wait,
And they count, in a body, two hundred and eight.

And then we have in the human mouth,
Of upper and under, thirty-two teeth.

And now and then have a bone I should think,
That forms on a joint or to fill up a chink—

A Sesamoid bone, or a wormian, we call;
And now we may rest, for we've told them all.

—Adelaide (Australia) Observer.

The Girl Who Smiles.

The wind was east, and the chimney smoked,
And the old brown house seemed dreary,
For nobody smiled, and nobody joked;
The young folks grumbled, the old folks croaked
They had come home chilled and weary.

Then opened the door and a girl came in,
O, she was homely—very.
Her nose was pug, and her cheek was thin,
There wasn't a dimple from brow to chin,
But her smile was bright and cheery.

She spoke not a word of the cold and damp,
Nor yet of the gloom about her,
But she mended the fire, and lighted the lamp,
And she put on the place a different stamp
From that it had without her.

Her dress, which was something in sober brown,
And with dampness nearly dripping,
She changed for a bright warm crimson gown,
And she looked so gay when she came down
They forgot that the air was nipping.

They forgot that the house was a dull old place
And smoky from base to rafter
And gloom departed from every face,
And they felt the charm of her mirthful grace,
And the cheer of her happy laughter.

O, give me the girl who will smile and sing
And make all glad together!
To be plain or fair is a lesser thing,
But a kind, unselfish heart can bring
Good cheer in the darkest weather.
—Youth's Companion.

Drink.

"When yo see a chap covered wi' rags,
An hardly a shoe to his foot,
Gooin' sleawishin along ovver th' flags,
Wi' a pipe in his maath black as soot;
An he tells yo he's aht ov a job,
An he feels wellny likely to sink—
An he hasn't a coin in his fob.
Yo may guess what he's seekin—it's Drink.

If a woman yo meet, poorly dressed,
Untidy, and sportin black e'en;
Wi' a baby hawf clammed at her breast,
Neglected an shame-to-be-seen;
If yo ax, an shoo'll answer yo true,
What's the cos of her trouble? Aw think
Yo'll find her misfortunes are due
To that warst o' all enemies—Drink.

Ax th' w wretches convicted o' crime,
What caused 'em to plunge into sin,
An they'll say ommost ivvery time,
It's been th' love o' rum, whisky or gin.
Even th' gallus, if it could but tell
Ov its victims dropt ovver life's brink,
It wod add a sad lot moor to swell
The list ov those lost throo strong Drink.

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Yet daily we thoughtlessly pass,
The hell-traps 'at stand like a curse;
Bedizened wi' glitter an glass,
To mak paupers, an likely do worse.
Some say 'at th' millenium's near.
But they're reckonin wrang aw sud think,

When they fancy the King will appear,
In a world soa besotod wi' Drink.

Savin' Mother.

The farmer sat in his easy chair.
Between the fire and the lamplight's glare;
His face was ruddy and full and fair.
His three small boys in the chimney nook
Conned the lines of a picture-book.
His wife, the pride of his home and heart,
Baked the biscuit and made the tart,
Laid the table and steeped the tea,
Deftly, swiftly, silently.
Tired and weary, and weak and faint,
She bore her trials without complaint,
Like many another household saint—
Content, all selfish bliss above
In the patient ministry of love.

At last, between the clouds of smoke
That wreathed his lips, the husband spoke:

"There's taxes to raise, an int'rest to pay,
And ef there should come a rainy day,
'Twould be mighty handy, I'm bound to say,
T' have something put by. For folks must die,
An' there's funeral bills, and grave-stuns to buy—
Enough to swamp a man, purty nigh.
Besides, there's Edward, and Dick and Joe
To be provided for when we go.
So, if I was you, tell you what I'd du;
I'd be savin' of soap, and savin' of ile,
And run up some candles once in a while;
I'd be rather sparin' of coffee and tea,
For sugar is high,
And all to buy,
And cider is good enough for me.
I'd be kind o' careful about my clo'es,
And look out sharp how the money goes,
Extra trimmin'
'S the bane of women.
'I'll sell off the best of the cheese and honey,
And eggs is as good nigh about, 's the money,
And as to the carpet you wanted new,
I guess we can make the old one du;
And as for the washer an' sewin' machine,
Them smooth-tongued agents, so pesky mean,
You'd better get rid of 'em slick and clean,
What du they know about women's work?
Du they kalkilate women was born to shirk?"
Dick and Edward and little Joe
Sat in the corner in a row.
They saw the patient mother go
On ceaseless errands to and fro;
They saw that her form was bent and thin,
Her temples gray, her cheeks sunk in;
They say the quiver of lip and chin:
And then with a warmth he could not smother,
Out spoke the youngest, frailest brother:
"You talk of savin' wood and
"You talk of sain wood and ile,
And tea and sugar all the while,
Defies e'en him to harm her.
But you never talk of savin' mother!"
—Ex.

Mrs. Nation.

For heroines and heroes the world has admiration,
It enshrines each an idol on the altar stone of fame,
Bows respectfully before them in civic adoration,
As it hangs the bays of laurel upon each honored name.

Did he sack or burn a city at the head of conquering legions,
Did she scorn the tempting offer of a foreign "Duke" or "Count,"
We place their names with heroes and heroines in regions
That lie close to the summit of Jove's Olympian mount!

Of heroes, old in story, let other bards go sing them—
Go twine the wreath of praises on Honor's lyric chords;
I'll envy not the tributes, from where-so'er they bring them,
But for valiant Carry Nation, let me breathe enraptured words.

A heroine I count her, of more than ancient valor,
All historical celebrities now pale before her star;
Joan of Arc and Charlotte Corday take on a sickly pallor
Compared with this proud Spartan and her axe that gleams afar.

She wears no gilded trappings, nor sword nor blazoned armor,
A modest little Kansas axe concealed beneath her cloak,
Thus armed she beards the devil, and defies e'en him to harm her.
He takes in the situation, and is sure it is no joke.

Her axe is now uplifted, on its blade there shines a glory,
Which is but the fires of vengeance which for broken hearthstones gleam;
It falls, like a stroke of justice, and the sequel to the story
Is beer, and bottle bust-head all gurgling in one stream.

And thus she wages warfare upon this hell-born devil
That has wrung the hearts of mothers and of maids and gray-haired sires,
That has dragged the lordly creature to the brute beast's lowest level,
And profaned Love's holy altar and quenched its sacred fire.

Success to Carry Nation, may her tribe increase in numbers,
And the blows they strike for home and kin fall with unerring aim;
May the echoes of their axes stir the world from its deep slumbers
And rouse it to such action as will rid it of its shame.

Why talk of "statutory measures" or about your "moral suasion?"
They've been tried and found incompetent the evil to relax;
But the truth is now apparent, it admits of no evasion,
That a cure both sure and speedy lies in Mrs. Nation's axe.

Rouse up! ye wives and daughters, in action meteoric,
Go arm yourselves with hatchets and organize your force;
You can make the atmosphere so infernally caloric
That the brazen devil Drunkenness will soon withdraw his curse.
—Williamsburg, Iowa, Journal and Tribune.

The Man Behind the Bar.
The man behind the gun may have a nerve that's No. 1,
He may rush without a tremor on the foe;

But the danger he must face is as only the merest fun
Compared with other terrors here below.

When the women get their hatchets and set out
To scatter costly glassware all about;
When the wrought-up Mrs. Nations madly go to jam and jar—
When they hammer down the windows and the doors,

When they spill the firewater on the floors,

It is worse than common warfare for the man behind the bar.

And he's lucky to escape without a scar.

It may be thrilling moment for the man behind the gun

When the decks are cleared for action out at sea,

But it's forty times more thrilling when a dozen women run

Through the street, dead set on letting liquor free—

When they hold their spattered skirts up an begin

To cut the hoops and knock the stoppers in—

When they open up the cases where the fancy juices are—

When they fiercely rush to tear the faucets loose—

When they render the free lunch unfit for use—

Then there's always something doing for the man behind the bar

If he hasn't wisely sprinted fast and far.

O, the birds are sipping whisky from the sow tracks all around,

See the streams of seltzer spurting here and there!

Behold the cloves and coffee that are spilled out on the ground—

Yonder goes a rather dice box through the

There are new de hatchets every day;

Newer facts are in the fray,

And there's terror in where the drink dispe

For the sounds of horrors swiftly spread—

The men who lift the schooners drink in dread,

And from Kansas to Chicago folks are going forth to mar

The features of the man behind the bar!

—Fresno Republican.

Father Knickerbocker Drops a Few Lines to Mrs. Nation.

Dear Madam:—I write you This letter to say I hope when you've finished In Kansas you may Conclude to come East To this city of mine.

Where numbers engage In the selling of wine And whisky and brandy And beer, ale and gin, And high balls and rickies And mixed and straight sin.

It's dreadful the way They're doing, and I Am pained to inform you They sell on the sly.

Contrary to law, When the entrance threw shun.

Around to the side Of a place from the front.

I've tried every plan That I know of to prevent This lawlessness, ma'am.

Till my patience is spent; But since I have learned Of your methods, I think I see my way clearly

To regulate drink; And if you will come To this city and do As you're doing in Kansas.

We shall see p. d. q. What the outcome will be Of your break and your smash, Your ripping and ruin,

Your bursting and crash Of saloons of all classes That lie in your path,

Beyond all protection From the fire of your wrath.

Of course I can't promise Triumphant success

For your hurricane methods Which have more or less Made the Sunflower saloonists

Surrender their goods, Their bars and their fixtures And take to the woods.

Because we are more Conservative—still A woman can raise

Billy H— if she will. But if you do come, Let me say to you that

You will go up against A rough house; that is flat, And the scrap that will be

Pulled off here between Yourself and these parties Will be a warm scene.

But come right along, I am anxious to see If the Lady or Tiger

Is going to get me. In conclusion, I add That wine is a mocker.

Most cordially, madam, I am yours,—KNICKERBOCKER.

—New York Herald.

Timely Spring Poetry.

Now once again the jaybird sings Its ragtime carols to the jays,

And rustic barnyard loudly rings With speckled hen's exultant lays.

Again we hear the merry bark Of yonder spreading dogwood trees.

And meadow larks go on a lark And whistle at the passing breeze;

And, mopping his perspiring brow, The hired man chases up the plow.

Now once again we hear the hum Of busy bees that feed us honey;

And fakirs to the country come To part the granger from his money.

The placid meadow brooks again Have got their babbling habit on;

And rustic poets seize the pen And roll their eyes like a dying fawn.

And fanned by gentle muse's wing Indite their lyrics to the spring.

Now once again adown the lane, Beneath the moonlight on the farm,

John Henry and his Mary Jane In love's young dream stroll arm in arm;

They do not whisper words of love, But speak them out in accents clear,

Because 'neath yonder skies above, There's no one but the cows to hear.

And oft explodes a hearty kiss, That sounds as popgun charged with bliss.

Now once again the bullfrog sits An' bellows at the rising moon,

And through the air the black bat flits, And tree toads get their pipes in tune,

And from their birthplace farm-wives swipe The eggs the fruitful hens have laid,

Selecting those too over-ripe To take to stores in town to trade

For something they think is nice, And is a bargain at the price.

Now once again we soon will fly Unto those rural scenes so gay;

On our vacation, you and I, To while a slice of time away.

All through the day we'll sit and roast, And fight mosquitos through the night And then return and proudly boast Of rural pleasures out of sight. Our faces tanned an Injun black, Our cash blown into Ruben's sack. —J. B. ADAMS.

Greatest Question.

The greatest questions among mortals are those which concern the destiny of man upon the earth. We know nothing about any other State than this except, perhaps, by analogy and revelation. And if these are true, they only emphasize what may be said about earthly conditions. We must remember that men and nations are the designers of their own destinies; that environment is not their master; that they are not governed by fate, by chance or caprice, but that both are free and both are responsible. And the ones who will compromise with crime; who will not use all their influence against existing evils live in a state of perpetual apology and responsibility for the wickedness of the world.

The liquor question is a moral question, and consequently, has only two sides to it—the right and the wrong. There is no middle ground, no compromising clause. And added to this, there is not a man on earth who can assign a decent reason why the saloon should be allowed to live, to say nothing about why he should support or countenance it.

This question is a theme for infinite invective. But language is powerless to portray the ruin wrought by rum. There are no words of wrath and hatred; no sentences that writhe and coil and hiss; no curses blighting and bitter enough; no shafts of satire; no arrows tipped with venom; no savage tones; nothing keen and cutting and cruel enough to express the truth upon this subject. Human slavery, with its four million "governed by the lash," was shocking to civilization, and at sight of it the spot of shame grew red in Freedom's cheeks. But just think of it now! Ten million rum-shackled bondmen! Ten million souls in fetters! This, too, is truly "Cruelty unspeakable! Outrage infinite." "But human speech can never tell what they endure."

No-a-days no men of brains or respectability ever openly offers a word in favor of this infamous business. But they support it with their silence and their ballots. They denounce it, yet they defend it. They say they "sympathize with all wise and well-directed efforts to lessen the evils of intemperance," yet they support the saloon at the polls. In speaking of the manufacture of ardent spirits, Robert G. Ingersoll—"chaplain of the Republican party"—says—and he is right about it: "I do not believe that anybody can contemplate the subject without being prejudiced against the crime. All you have to do is to look on either side of the stream of death, at the asylums, at the almshouses, at the talented statesmen it has wrecked, at men of genius struggling with imaginary serpents produced by this devilish thing, at little children tugging at the dresses of weeping and distracted wives, begging for bread. I believe that it demoralizes those who make it, those who sell it, and those who drink it. I believe that from the time that it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm of the distillery, until it empties into the hell of death, dishonor and crime, that it is demoralizing to everybody that touches it, from the source to where it ends." These are words of warning, of Wisdom and of truth, and it is strange how any one with sense and sensibility enough to utter them, or endorse them, standing on the crumbling edge of the grave, can be willing to leap in without putting himself on record as an enemy of this monstrous business. Any one who will not oppose, to the uttermost, what his conscience condemns at every point, is, to say the least, not a man of moral courage, no matter whether he is a Democrat or a Republican, an infidel or a Christian.

This nation needs patriots now as much as it ever did. Men of principle not of party. Men with the ardor of the abolitionists. Men who do not seek to "regulate" wrong, but to eradicate it. Men not afraid of public opinion; not afraid of "throwing away their votes" any more than the abolishers of human slavery were. Men who will oppose iniquity "without any hesitation, mental reservation or secret evasion of mind, whatever." It takes courage to "do right though the heavens fall," but "Count me o'er earth's chosen heirs; They were souls that stood alone." "Then to side with truth is noble

When we share her wretched crust, Ere her cause brings fame and profit And 'tis prosperous to be just. Then it is the brave man chooses While the coward stands aside Doubting in his abject spirit Till his Lord is crucified."

We know that the saloon is the cause of more misery and meanness and crime than all other agencies combined. It is an insult and a disgrace to society and civilization, out of which no good thing ever comes. It is the greatest factor in causing disorder, poverty, pauperism and vagrancy. No one denies these charges! For "who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath wounds without cause? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine." And yet we legalize the source of all this!

This nation spends \$1,200,000,000 for drink every year, and then whines about "hard times," which are but the natural results of this useless expenditure, and worse than wasted wealth. It was said of old: "He that loveth wine shall not be rich," and "The drunkard shall come to poverty." It needs no inspiration to tell us that. Such is but natural law in the economic world. Is it any wonder that we have hard times; that we are poor in the midst of plenty, when every year we spend for liquor more than three times as much as we do for bread, and twice as much as for all kinds of food combined? ten times as much for intoxicants as for all decent and delightful drinks—drinks that do not make a man a beast? We spend each year for liquor ten times more than is spent for all the public schools; \$60,000,000 more than the value of all the gold and silver coin and bullion in the United States, and out of this money wasted, we could pay the entire national debt in about a year. The assassin of the liquor business is the only true "advance agent of prosperity!" The saloon does not create wealth or health. It destroys both. It makes chronic every infirmity of mind and body. It kills more than all the engines of war. In the public schools of forty (40) States of the Union, law compels to be taught that alcohol is a poison, direct and deadly and that all intoxicants contain it. But what good does it do? What is the knowledge of all these things worth? It will not save a sinking ship to tell the passengers that it is leaking, if they can not help themselves; and we simply stand by and say: "We sympathize with all wise and well-directed efforts to stop the leaking of the ship."

Then there comes the question of the revenue derived from the traffic. What about that? Every intelligent man knows that it does not cover one-tenth of the cost caused by the existence of the saloon. In speaking of this subject, the United States Supreme Court says: "If a loss of revenue should accrue to the United States from a diminished consumption of ardent spirits, she will be a gainer a thousand fold in the health, wealth, and happiness of the people." (Justice Grier.) All the great military men of the past and the present have denounced it as demoralizing to soldiers. Stop this traffic and the land will be filled with peace and plenty. It will settle the tramp problem. It will redeem the national honor. It will decrease taxes in the same ratio that it decreases crime, pauperism and insanity. It will empty jails and almshouses and purify politics. It will bless above all others, the workingmen. It will regenerate society, elevate morals, protect innocence and secure domestic tranquility. It will stop an enormous waste of wealth. It will save one hundred thousand lives every year. It will stop five thousand murders annually. It will put the bow of promise in the clouds and the star of hope above the sons of toil. It will fill the furnaces with fire and give new life and energy and hope to all knights of labor. And again the great chimneys of industry will stand like beacons, tossing their black and white plumes to the skies. It will take terror from the hearts of those whose sons and daughters are in danger from this tempter. It will do more than any other one thing to realize the hopes and dreams that all the great and good and wise and just and beautiful have ever had. All these and more manifold blessings will follow upon the abolition of this "crime of crimes."—the liquor business. —F. Herrick.

RUSKIN COLLEGE.

The American Side of the Oxford Movement.

One hundred miles north of Kansas City at Trenton, Mo., on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railroad, stands an institution that represents the center of the Oxford movement in America.

This institution was formerly Avalon College, and was on the verge of failure when Mr. Walter Vrooman, founder of Ruskin Hall, Oxford, England, returned to America to establish here the Ruskin movement. He heard of Avalon, investigated, and the result was Ruskin College.

The College farm, consisting of 1,500 acres, was the gift of Mr. Vrooman. In addition to the land is the College building, which is commodious, handsome, and worth \$40,000. Here is located the executive offices, class rooms, college book and supply store, the carpenter shop and sewing room. New industries and departments are constantly being added. Nearby is a large laundry. Within a few blocks is the Trenton-Ruskin factory, under the direction of practical business men, where will be carried on the manufacture of brooms, handles, and various forms of wood novelties. Ruskin College seeks to educate the hand as well as the head, and fits the student with an armor of knowledge that stands him in good stead when he comes to enter the world's industrial arena.

On the farm there is a dairy department, and canning is soon to be made one of the important industries. The College course of study has recently been reconstructed throughout, the course like that of Harvard, being elective, and leading to the degree of B. A. There is no iron-clad curriculum on the contrary, the course is at all times subject to change and improvement, thus offering many advantages over the old-fashioned way. This plan, one can readily see, is conducive to growth on the part of the faculty, and stimulates and brings forth their best effort. Ruskin College is absolutely free from the influence of capitalism; its teaching is unmuzzled; stress is laid upon studies that fit the student for participating in the greatest movements of the age; it educates the whole man, the head, hand and heart.

This College, now known from ocean to ocean and beyond, is the American side of the Ruskin movement, whose European side is Ruskin Hall, Oxford, England. It's students come from almost every known country.

Ruskin College gives the young man an education worth having—it fits him to earn his own living in the world. Such an education certainly should be worth working for. It is not likely that you will ever have another such a chance to secure a college education as the Appeal now offers you. It is well worth the effort necessary to get it. Think this over.—Appeal to Reason.

Cure for Hard Times.

AFTER JAMES B. DUNN.

Three Beers a Day or

- 1 Barrel of flour,
- 50 Pounds of sugar,
- 20 Pounds of corn starch,
- 10 Pounds of macaroni,
- 10 Quarts of beans,
- 4 Twelve-pound hams,
- 1 Bushel sweet potatoes,
- 3 Bushels Irish potatoes,
- 10 Pounds of coffee,
- 10 Pounds of raisins,
- 10 Pounds of rice,
- 20 Pounds of crackers,
- 100 Bars of soap,
- 3 Twelve pound turkeys,
- 5 Quarts of cranberries,
- 10 Bunches of celery,
- 10 Pounds of prunes,
- 4 Dozen oranges,
- 10 Pounds of mixed nuts.

Four big barrels heaped up! And in the bottom of the last barrel a purse with two pockets. In one pocket a five dollar gold piece marked "For life insurance;" in the other pocket a ten dollar bill, marked "To buy shoes for the children."

Workingmen everywhere! Look at that list.

What is it?

That's what three beers a day for a year would buy.

Do you hear that, drinking men?

Three beers a day would buy that whole list, ten dollars' worth of shoes for the children, and a life insurance policy in the Metropolitan for a hundred dollars. Every drinking man that buys three beers a day could send to

his home such a Christmas donation every year.

Fathers look at that list.

Show it to mother.

Show it to the children.

Ask them how they would like such a donation for Christmas.

3 Beers a day will buy it!

A Strange Invitation.

The National Prohibition Camp Ground Association, of Prohibition Park, Staten Island, N. Y., will hold a Great Inter-State Prohibition Conference on July 4, next, at the park, as a step toward carrying out of the decree "The Saloon Must Go." A circular letter has been issued calling upon the faithful to attend this pow-wow and among those invited is Mr. Robert A. Greacen, the well-known former wholesale liquor dealer of this city, who was addressed as "Dear Friend." Mr. Greacen might be a dear friend well enough, but he is anything but a prohibitionist and we hardly think that his views on the subject of liquor will coincide with those of our prohib. friends, especially the view set forth in the circular that "the 'Hatchet Work' of Mrs. Nation is a symptom of awakening enthusiasm and not the action of a fanatic." The circular winds up with the assertion that the prohibs. must show the "allied liquor forces" that they are united and determined, "to have right on their side and 'must and will win out.'" Yes, you will win, dear friends, when the cows come home.—Wine and Spirit Gazette.

Yes, rebel sheets talked just that way right up to '60 and '61, but they were all false prophets. Prohibition will take care of itself in Kansas from now on and New York will learn.

THE FRUITS OF THE SALOON.

What Resubmissionists Want in Kansas.

A year ago we published in the Advocate the following statement of City Magistrate Clarence W. Mead, made by him from the bench:

"There are seven police courts in the Borough of Manhattan. Take rum away and I am certain that two courts will be sufficient to do all the work."

A few days ago the New York Press printed a most pitiful story, that of a man utterly given over to drink, and who had drawn his 15-year-old son down with him, until the pair stole a horse to get money to buy liquor. The father took the proceeds of the theft and went on a long debauch, and the son arraigned in the police court begged to be sent to the Elmira or some other reformatory in order that he might be freed from the life to which his drunken father had brought him.

A still more sickening sight is reported by the Philadelphia Press as having been witnessed in a police court in that city. Three sisters, the eldest but twenty years of age, stood before Magistrate South with bitter smiles on their faces recently while their old mother was sent to prison.

Ella Callahan, the eldest, was asked to testify.

"Ella! Ella!" said the old woman, half tenderly, "you ain't going to have your mother sent to jail?"

"Why not?" said the girl, bitterly.

"What else are you good for?"

"My girl!" said his honor, remonstratively.

"I mean, Judge," said Ella, "if she was put into a dungeon, where she would never see daylight, I'd be thankful. As far back as I can remember she was always getting drunk. She's made me cry with shame more times than I want to remember. It's been a terrible thing, not only to me, but to my sisters, the youngest girl there, Judge."

She pointed to Mary and Anastasia Callahan, the first seventeen years old, the other a slender girl of fifteen.

"When we were little children," she continued, "mother was drunk so often that we were sent to St. Joseph's Home, in Spruce street. The Sisters of Charity were very good to us. They brought us up well, and we've always kept respectable. I've been working with Mrs. Riley at 910 North Forty-eighth street, more than ten years, and the other girls have worked and we helped to keep a home at 1031 Winter street. We tried hard to get mother to stop drinking, but she wouldn't."

Then the girl began to sob.

"Do you want my sisters to testify?" asked Ella.

"No, I've seen enough," said his

TO STOCK MEN:

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Cattle, Hogs, and Sheep.

honor. "I'll send her to the House of Correction for a year."

And these things are done in the opening of the twentieth century in a so-called Christian country. Yet who cares!—New York Temperance Advocate.

Stop Some Other Paper.

Mayview, Kans., May 15, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:

Dear Sister in Christ and Fearless Worker:—It is with tears sometimes, that I read of your usage. But many true souls are in sympathy with you, and many prayers are going to a throne of mercy for your preservation and continuance of the cause. You will please find 50 cents enclosed to pay for sample copies of your paper sent, and as soon as you have sent the money's worth, please discontinue, as I have not the means to spare to pay for more at the present, and am already taking a great deal more reading matter than I have time to read. May God bless you.

MRS. ANTIS E. ADAMS.

WHISKY DRUMMERS COMPLAINING OF SMALL SALES IN KANSAS.

Kansas City brewery agents are authority for the statement that as a result of Mrs. Nation's raid in this city the sale of keg beer has declined 75 per cent, on the other hand, there has been an increase in the sale of case beer which goes to drug stores, private residences and hotels.

Traveling agents of wholesale liquor houses, who cover the state, have the same story to tell. In all the towns in the state with the possible exception of Kansas City, Kan., Leavenworth, Atchison and Wichita there is little demand for whisky or beer. The people have either forcibly closed the joints or the saloonmen have voluntarily gone out of business to let the storm blow over. As a result the traveling men are having a hard time to make a creditable sales record and are complaining that unless things ease up their services will be dispensed with.

A joint in Topeka is now harder to locate than a snowbank in the region written of by Dante. Spasmodic attempts have been made to start hole-in-the-wall concerns but they have been quickly closed up. Even the clubs which are generally started whenever there is a temperance agitation are not being promiscuously formed and there is less drinking in Topeka by the general public than in years past.

"Things are always rather tight during a municipal campaign," said a whisky drummer yesterday, "but never in years have things been so tight up like they are now in the majority of towns in the state. The temperance crusade has excited the people and in order to stand the least show for election city officials are compelled to see to it that the joints do not run."—Topeka Capital.

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