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### Smasher's Mail, Vol. 1, No. 8, 1901

Carrie Amelia Nation

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# THE SMASHER'S MAIL

PRICE 5 CTS.

Vol. 1.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, JULY, 1901.

No. 8.

SUB. 50¢ PER YEAR.

"PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN."



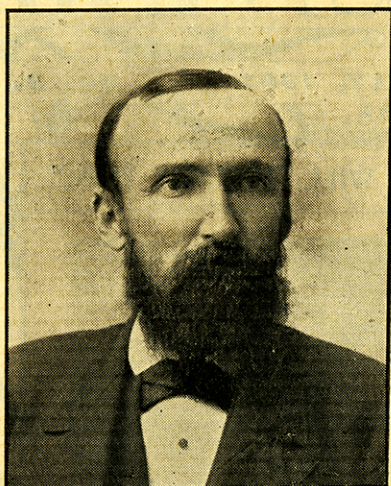
COPYRIGHTED 1901  
NICHOLS AND  
DAVIDSON.

Carrie Nation, Your Loving Home Defender.



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### **Tea, Coffee and Grocery Merchant,**

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# Smasher's Mail.

Vol. 1. No. 8.

Topeka, Kansas, July, 1901.

Price 5 Cents.

**"Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men."**

## Editorial.

### OUR GOLDEN YELLOW MAGAZINE.

We begin our July number under a yellow back. A rose smells as sweet, though it be called a cigar or cigarette, the vilest of smells. The bee can get honey out of the dung hill and although prejudice has condemned the yellow back we like the color of the sunflower state, our Kansas, our struggling, fighting mother, who is the most prominent state in the United States. We desire that these leaves shall be for the healing of the nations. This magazine shall belong to the people. We open our columns to all. Will put in advertisement of any other paper. Will because we shall always keep this a people's paper. Will you put in a tobacco or whisky ad? Yes, indeed, the columns are yours; but the editorial comments are mine, and I now offer \$25 to any person who will prove me to have told a wilful editorial lie. The editor of Smasher's Mail can find more reliable sensational truth than some papers can write sensational lies. For instance, that lying Wichita carrion scavenger, a disgrace to journalism, and there are papers in Kansas not far behind it in retailing dirty lies. I hope to be able to prove to the people that a journalist can live and not put the face of falsehood in any article. I never expect to be an elegant writer. Don't want to be. I want the truth to have so many sharp angles that it will be a smasher of all that my Lord would condemn, if He were here in person. The pen is mightier than the hatchet, if it is on the Lord's side, and we hope that the weapon of steel will give place to the pen of steel. Still we shall always remember the hatchet.

### DISGRACED JOURNALISM.

The lying sheets called newspapers ought to be suppressed through the mails with the rest of the obscene literature. Some editors whose wits have gone to seed, try to be smart by making up falsehoods which is but proof of their lack of capacity as a writer. A brainy man can always find enough truth to write to make a paper interesting. One of the most contemptible lying sheets is that sent out by the Murdocks of Wichita. The State of Kansas would do credit to itself by throwing the whole pile in a sink hole. I can say for Topeka, especially of the Journal, that our papers, though they do not pretend to be aught but sinners, are clean in comparison with some of the great city dailies in other places. I never remember to have seen a positive lie in the Journal, except when it quoted from Wichita, the vilest place in Kansas, that we know of. I can now say for Smasher's Mail, edited by your humble servant, that should its readers ever find an editorial lie of any kind, you shall have the use of its columns to correct it, and she is willing to pay the damage in dollars and cents besides she does her readers injustice in giving them falsehoods to read. The truth is strong enough and is stranger than fiction and is a purifier, the Times was the sheet of the rotten mob say the Atchison Globe was the rottenest sheet he ever saw, and told of a libelous article in it, saying that Goffs had a licensed joint, etc. Also a letter sent me from Leavenworth said the Times was the sheet of the rotten mode of that city. It is a notorious fact that Wichita, Atchison and Leavenworth are the vilest places in Kansas, and they are so from the lying papers they have. These ought to be suppressed by hatchetitation. No decent man or woman ought to patronize or allow this



villainous lying rot to come in their houses. What the people want in journalism is not nude painting, lies or fairy tales, but truth. This is the gold that will pass through the fire of the judgment day, and glitters in heaven, above all jewels. I hope to clasp thee as my crown.

#### TOBACCO AND CIGARETTES.

Why will Christians, even ministers, pass and repass young men smoking and chewing, and never rebuke them till they get into their pulpits? This is cowardly and taking unfair advantage, and the effect is lost, while if they spoke directly to these parties they might be impressed that ministers were interested in them for their good.

Yesterday, June 24, while up to Hoyt, three young men from Kansas City called to see me, at my office. One said that I had asked him for his cigar, which he gave me. I crushed it under my feet and since that he has not smoked. God blessed the little act because it is love that will step aside to save a sinner from the error of his way. Rebuke a wise man and he will be wiser, but thou mayest bray a fool in a mortar and his foolishness will not depart from him.

#### THERE REMAINETH A REST.

What a blessing this promise. I have to suppress a feeling of envy and complaint because I have not one day even to rest in. Nothing before me but hard toil, responsibility, with a 54-year-old body, no money, in debt to Kansas Farmer office for last issue, not one friend on earth to ask a dollar from, although my two brothers, Campbell and J. V., of Kansas City, are as true to me as brothers can be; but they have their own to look out for and are neither of them full-handed. I get up at four in the morning. I help do cooking, washing and keep house. I snatch time to write editorials on trains, as I ride. It is one rush of work from morning to night. Can you not imagine that I look with joy to the time when I shall enter into that rest, yes even if I have to fold my hands under the shade of some tree.

#### MUSIC.

Well is music called child of heaven. All tunes are pure. There is not a strain that comes from a house of ill fame or a gambling hell, or the worst of all places on earth, a licensed saloon, that is not pure, like the flowers; nothing can disturb the touch of the Mas-

ter's hand. There will be no music in hell, but howls of the damned and weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. But the strains of harpers playing on their harps will greet the ears of those, who, through the blood of the Lamb, go in at the gates of pearl. Let us be one to listen.

#### THIS DO SETTLE IT.

Our suffrage is not to be gotten by begging, but to take it as a right. Why do women ask of men to give them that which is theirs already? Why not take it? There are more women than men. Let us disfranchise the men awhile, which will be their "rights." A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind. I have become sick and tired of these suffrage conventions with their resolutions that amount to nothing but failures. Now, women, go to the polls and vote. We can outvote the men in numbers, in principle, in purity, in intelligence, in sobriety, in Christianity. What is the matter with you? Carrie Nation, the Defender, shall vote, who shall hinder her? The bums of course, the dead-beat politicians of course, the whisky bloats of course, the nicotine-soaked, speaking carcasses of course, but truth bears away the victory.

#### AN INCIDENT.

A man came to me drunk and weeping, saying, "Please go to my wife and talk to her. She has left me and is going wrong." I said, "Yes." I did. I found a poor woman working to make a living. Said she always had worked and in the five years of married life had worked harder than ever, had taken blows and kicks and now her love was dead. It was murdered my the man she loved and she desired to see him no more. Alas, man! You lost a treasure when you lost that woman's love, and it is your own fault. She left all for you, and you thought your slave could bear all. But the worm will turn when trod on.

#### THOSE NEWSPAPER MEN.

While at Liberty we were favored by an escort of newspaper men, who always are our friends, out of Kansas, and in Kansas we have many that are loyal to right whether they are to us or not, and there are many that for money are defending the cause of satan. And what will ye do in the end thereof?

We want agents everywhere for Smasher's Mail. Liberal terms.



***The Life of Carrie Nation,  
The Home Defender. . . .***

(Copyrighted.)

PREFACE.

In writing my life myself, I do what I had not expected to do, till within a month past. I have a dear friend to whom I had given incidents and data, but circumstances are such that it is best I begin, at least, and complete as far as time will allow, as correct as possible an account of the strange life of Carrie Nation, the Home Defender.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

CHAPTER I.

A home of ten rooms, all on the ground floor but one. I have heard my father say it was a hewed log house, but was weather-boarded and plastered as I remember it. A porch with a gable in front, and seats on each side, also a long back porch, with a rock floor. The room that possessed the most attractions for me was the parlor, with its large gold-leaf paper, its bright brass dog-irons, as tall as a chair back; furniture of red plush, which is still in a good state of preservation and the property of my half brother, Tom Moore, of Garrard County, Kentucky, the same county our home was in. There were two sets of negro cabins, one in which Betsy and Henry lived, as one family, the first being my nurse. Then there was Aunt Mary and her large family. They had two or three rooms. Also there was Aunt Judy and her family, and Aunt Liza and her's, which occupied still another two or three rooms each on the other side of the house, next to the cliffs, for this farm was on Dick's River, a small stream with high cliffs and ledges of rocks hundreds of feet high. I wonder why more is not said of this remarkable stream and surroundings as I remember it. There were many large rocks in and near, especially the lots where my father used to salt his stock, and I, a little toddler, would follow him. These rocks, some of which were as large a surface as a large table, had many places that water would stand in, when it rained. Toward the front of the house, and to the side, there was what we called the long house, where the negro women would spin and weave. There were wheels little and big, and a loom or two, and swifts and winders, and hackles, and everything for making woolen cloth, for the winter, both linsey and jeans,

and linen for the summer. The hemp was raised on the place, and the ordinary cloth for blacks and whites was made on the place. My father had me a small big wheel made, because I was a spinner. When a child five years old I used to bother the other wheels; and I remember he had this made for me, for which he paid the wright five dollars. I was very jealous of my wheel and would spin on it for hours. The colored women were always indulgent to me, and made me the proper sized rolls, so I could use them. I would spin and knit the yarn I spun, and display my work, which was a great source of pride to my father. There was a water mill behind, and almost a quarter of a mile from the house, where the corn was ground, and near that was the overseer's house. Standing on the front porch at home we looked through a row of althia bushes, white and purple, and there was on each side cedar and pine, that were quite large in my day. Again, there was a style and steps instead of a gate, and a long avenue, half mile long, and as wide as the streets in Topeka, with forest trees on either side, to what we called the big road across which Uncle Ike Dunn lived, who was a widower with two children, Dave, and Sallie, I think, was the girl's name. She had so many dolls that we played with. To the left in front and at the end of the garden was the family burying ground, where the grave stones were laid flat on masonry. These stones were large flat slabs of marble, six by three or four feet, where I used to climb up and sit or lie, and trace the letters and figures. Some of them were mouldy, turned to a greenish black. I have read of the old fashioned gardens; I never saw or read of a garden that surpassed the garden of my old home. Just inside the pickets was two large bunches of calamus, then there were the purple flag, that bordered the walks, with the thyme, and coriander, and Sweet Mary, the jassimine climbing over the picket fence, and the syringa, and bridal wreath, and the roses, the black, and the red, and the yellow, and pink, and the bear grass, and ribbon grass. Then there were strawberries, gooseberries, raspberries, and currants, damsons, green gages, and apricots that grew on vines. There were fern grasses and a large shrub, which I have never seen but once since, which was perennial, had large leaves and an oval-shaped bloom, which was a black red and the perfume was unsurpassed. I might occupy many words in describing that beautiful place, but will say no more of it now. Of all the lovely places in my memory there is not a spot like this old Kentucky home.

(To be continued.)



# THE SMASHER'S MAIL.

A Newspaper for the Suppression of the  
Rum Traffic.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT  
500 VAN BUREN STREET, - - TOPEKA, KANSAS.

MRS. CARRIE NATION, Editor and Publisher

Advertising Rates, 50 cents per inch, single column.

The Smasher's Mail can be found on sale at all news stands and railroad news agencies at five cents per copy or 50 cents per year. General agents wanted in every county and state to handle papers, buttons, water bottles, handkerchiefs, and pictures.

Our Topeka is becoming dryer and dryer. Our mayor seems to be standing by the word he gave to his constituents.

We have been pleased to call this our Sunflower issue in honor of the floral emblem of our noble state. Hence our yellow cover.

Why do the ladies, walking up the streets of Topeka, have to hold up their dresses? Because of the filth there, that comes out of the mouths of some of their husbands.

The devil sleepeth not, neither is the nest as yet dead. Therefore cease not to prepare thyself to the battle, for on thy right hand and on thy left are enemies who never rest. (Imitation of Christ.)

Hurrah for Kansas City! Little by little the good is coming to the surface. As the light of the Home Defenders, and the efforts of the faithful ministers are manifest, just in proportion will iniquity flee.

Why is it that the druggists are so concerned when I walk back toward their prescription cases? They will not even let me take a peep behind the curtains. There is a cause and it does n't take a lawyer to conjecture the reason.

Why is the man of the Creamerie restaurant so mum, when we ask about the broad ax he has of ours, and about what is being done in the room on the second floor? He is an interesting fellow to us for several reasons, one is, he is quite a nice, little, cute fellow.

## THAT PIG OF THE SWINE FAMILY.

Not the common grunter going on four legs, that is a good scavenger, but the biped that

parts his hair in the middle, the synonym of sottish, beastly disposition, the one who runs a grub house for the public, situated on Fifth street, is now and has been prepared to insult any decent woman who should come in the boundaries of his pen. For evidence of this fact ask editor of Smasher's Mail and others. We hereby warn women to avoid that pig pen, for should you be insulted you would have no redress, because we applied to city attorney and could obtain none. Some men think it is one of the missions of a woman to uncomplainingly suffer the brutal treatment from such animals as the proprietor of Fifth Avenue Hotel. We are thankful for the manhood of a young man who was in the house at the time, who was so indignant at the insult offered me that he said "Have him arrested and I will be a witness for you." While Topeka has a large proportion of the best people in the world we have many kinds of two-legged hogs even as officers who are in the wrong pew.

## THAT SWINE OF A PIG AGAIN.

A poor woman came last night, June 23, to my office, after I had returned from Hoyt and asked me to help her get away from that Fifth Avenue Hotel, a "hell-hole." She told me of the insult, that worse than a hog of a Pig had offered her, a poor woman with ill-health, two children to support. One babe she pays \$1.50 to board in Emporia, and she only gets \$3 a week, and is his pastry cook, and when the head cook is not on hand she has to take his place and no increase in wages, and when asked for a little rest, told her to "Go to the bench," and refused even the soap to wash her clothes with. Such an outrage in a Christian land! I wonder if Mr. Attorney, who is hired and paid by the city of Topeka to protect from insult will refuse to take this poor creature's complaint for abuse, as he did that of editor of Smasher's Mail, who tried to give this Pig a lesson that might be the means of restraining him from insulting women. We will see.

## CONSOLATION FOR THE EDITOR OF SMASHER'S MAIL.

Blessed (or happy) are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.—Matt. 5:11-12.

Look out! And in nothing be affrighted by your adversaries, which is for them an evident token of perdition, but of your salvation, and



that of God. Because to you it hath been granted in the behalf of Christ not only to believe on him, but also to suffer in his behalf.—Phil. 1:28,29.

#### THE DETERMINATION OF EDITOR OF SMASHER'S MAIL.

Wherefore girding up the loins of your mind be sober and set your hope perfectly on the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ.—1 Pet. 1:13.

For though the fig shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vine; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold and there be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation. Jehovah the Lord is my strength.—Hab. 3.

#### The C. R. I. & P.

The railroads try to prevent me from selling my papers on their trains, something I have a right to do. Why don't these same railroads prevent drinking, smoking and playing cards on their trains? These things tend to evil. Yesterday being Sunday, June 24, I went up to Hoyt with excursionists going to Beatrice, and men were drinking beer, whisky, playing cards, which is in strict violation of the statutes of Kansas. Let the Rock Island road please explain through the columns of Smasher's Mail why they object to my rights and endure others.

#### WOOD ALCOHOL.

I have been invited to come to the east to cut off (or smash) the factories of wood alcohol; that it is put in the extract of ginger, and that the cakes make the little children blind; that it is being used in all tinctures because it is cheaper; but we know it is a poison and the use is worse than rum. Some call it white horse. The drug stores use it almost proverbially in some mixtures but it is a poison. This poison affects the eyes, and is causing the use of spectacles among the children.

#### SPECIAL NOTICE.

When we send out our copies of Smasher's Mail to any party, it is not that they may give them away, but that they may sell and send us half the proceeds and keep the other or give it for a charitable purpose. These papers have cost us more than we are able to pay for just now. We wish those parties to whom we have sent papers would either send us the money, or the papers back at our expense.

#### SOME REPRINTS AND WHY.

Some letters are reprinted from the second issue, which cost me one hundred and three dollars to have the Kansas Farmer print and was killed by having the wrong picture in front, put there by the misrepresentation of a schemer, who promised to sell the papers and bring in a lot of money, saying, "I am in Oklahoma what you are in Kansas." I am glad I was not in Oklahoma what she has been in Kansas, and that was a dive keeper.

#### THAT NASTY PICTURE.

The vulgar picture in Fernalds & Martin's had to be removed by process of law. Such people are kept in bounds of decency by law. They are not a law unto themselves. We have been in saloons that were too decent for such pictures, and in houses of prostitution where they were not as bad.

#### GREATER TOPEKA.

The Pride of the West and Queen of the Prairie.

Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver. And as a pillar of fire by night and brilliant cloud by day led the Israelites of old, so Kansas leads the American Union. All faces turned eagerly toward Jerusalem three times a day, so the eyes of seventy-five millions of people constantly revert to Topeka. Topeka! Speak that name again—it is euphonic, musical, magnetic. Strangers from the Occident and the Orient are astonished at the naturally rare beauty of the city builded on either bank of the historic Kaw. They gaze with admiration at over one hundred miles of parked and shaded streets, and delight in her many miles of broad-paved driveways and magnificent thoroughfares. They see more beautiful homes than in any other city of its size on earth. They inspect its mills, factories, newspaper offices and publishing plants. They visit its auditorium, hotels, theaters, immense railroad offices and machine shops. They count its numerous public school buildings, hospitals and mercantile establishments. They examine its libraries, club rooms and colleges. They climb to the parapet on the dome of the State House and behold vast stretches of undulating fields, hills and valleys, dotted with dwellings and improvements. In the near distance, the great walls, towers and smoke stacks of the Asylum and Reform School stand out like some enchanted castles, while all over the city gleams the roofs and spires of seventy churches. But her concrete or solid stone bridge looks to have been carved by some unseen power from the everlasting rock. It reminds of the Bridge of Life, resting on the shores of two eternities. Not only does lovely Topeka surpass in material things. She has preachers, lawyers and doctors by the hundreds. She gives the world authors, actors, singers and



reformers second to none. Her thirty thousand working people are the most intelligent and best informed to be found anywhere. It is the cleanest city of its size morally, religiously and politically on the American continent, and is continually improving. Its growth is steady and substantial. Its progress is onward and upward. All hail Topeka.

A friend sent us in the above article on the merits of Topeka. We indorse this and furthermore will add that there is more good people to the square yard in this city than any we know. Topeka in our humble opinion is the best place to live, to rear children, to do business, to learn the way to heaven, than any other town we know of. We now say to our friends, send all orders for anything you wish, that can be supplied in Topeka, and if you are not treated right we will defend your cause in Smasher's Mail without cost, and we will personally investigate the matter. Please take notice of those who have given us an "add," and mention Smasher's Mail.

#### DR. MAK DECLINES AND WHY.

##### Special To Smasher's Mail.

Topeka, Kans., May 31, 1901.

I have this day accepted Mrs. Carrie Nation's challenge for a joint debate in Kansas City, Mo., on the afternoon of June 16, 1901.

Subject for discussion: "Resolved, That the Christian Bible is the Only Explanation of Human Life." Mrs. Nation to affirm and Dr. Mak to deny. Mrs. Nation is to pay all the expenses of said debate, make all the arrangements, do the advertising, etc., and agrees to pay Dr. Mak \$20 for his work.

DR. K. M. MAK, Denver, Col.—Smasher's Mail, June 1.

The above is a contract I made in my office with this celebrated atheist, lecturer and writer of many books, and this is the answer I got:

Denver, Col., June 10, 1901.

Sister Nation:—I regret that it will be impossible for me to meet you in Kansas City for debate on June 16th. I will be pleased to meet you some time next fall when the weather is cooler. Circumstances have just this day arisen that will prevent me from meeting you as per our agreement. I wish you every success in your good work, and may your God take a hatchet and help you. Respectfully,

DR. MAK.

I must confess that the coolness of this letter relieves the heat of July. Did you ever go sniping and hold the bag? He does not speak of what the circumstances are. I conclude that they are that he is a liar and a coward, for who is a liar but he that denieth that Jesus is the Son of God. Every one can see he is a coward, because why should he expect me, a lone struggling woman, to advertise, pay him \$20, etc., and leave me with a bill of expense on hand with no promise of ever dividing the burden? What more could

you expect of a natural brute beast made to be destroyed?

If he does not meet me in debate this fall, I will denounce him as a villain, and ought to sue him for insult if he ever addresses me as "Sister Nation," and if his party don't make him show up in some way it will be because they are all of a kind.

#### Travels Here and There.

##### WHY I DID NOT GET TO HOYT.

Mr. Bennet, the preacher that holds the fort for God in Hoyt, Kans., asked me to come to his church and speak to the people. We were glad to go and on Saturday afternoon with our packed grip we hailed a good sister in the street, asked her hurriedly to take us to Rock Island depot, four blocks away. She said "Yes." I said, "Let us hurry for I am late." She began pulling at the lines and talking all the time, but the pace was slow, so I got there just in time to see the train moving. I said, "Maybe we can catch it at North Topeka." So she did get a move on, but alas, the train going north had silently stolen away, and the train for the east was just about to start. I ran in depot, sent message to Bro. Bennet: "Missed train." I sat down to catch a breath and contemplate the situation of one who "got left." Seeing conductor coming I began to scramble for my pocket book in my grip, but no pocket book. I did not worry so much for the contents, as there were only two dollars, all I possessed of the filthy lucre, but I wanted to go to Olathe and did not wish to beat my way. I said, "O, Mr. Conductor, I have lost my pocket book, but if you give me time I can sell papers enough to pay my way." He said, "Well, be in a hurry." I said, "I wish to go to Olathe." He said, "This train don't stop till we get to Kansas City." So there was two dollars' worth of papers I had to sell. Then I started out and sure enough I sold papers and little hatchets until I got the whole two dollars, not one penny was given me, and I sat down feeling like an honest, hard-working woman. Then I began to think what will I do after I get to Kansas City? Six weeks ago I bought a ticket to Liberty, Mo., but did not use it. I had desired with desire to see Mr. Love and Liberty, the last place I went to school.

When my dear father came over to the closing exercises and told me that he would not be able to send me to school again, I then lacked two years of graduating. There was no railroad from Liberty to Kansas City then,



and Oh, how sad I was to leave the school room forever. I cried bitterly the twelve miles I rode in a stage to the ferry.

#### MY VISIT TO LIBERTY.

I had bought a ticket to this city six weeks ago that I might visit Mr. James Love, my teacher of thirty-five years ago, who was generous enough to forget all my badness as a school girl. I stood in the same spot in the court house and spoke to a crowded house, as I did as a girl of eighteen at commencement. I repeated some of the soliloquy I spoke that day so long ago, contrasting the 4th of July 1776 to the one of 1865. Liberty, Mo., has a feature that ought to be emulated. There is a band concert held every Saturday evening in the court house yard and the whole square was a scene of age and youth and beauty. This was an indication to an observer of refinement and after the toil and heat of the day how refreshing to mind and body to listen to concord of sweet sound like the voice of girls or the rippling of a stream, or balmy sleep. It restores tired nature and leaves an impression healthful to mind and body. Mr. Love is in his 80th year, but you would never think it. I felt almost out of place when he did what I asked him for there was a time when I had to do what he asked me. I repeated to him the song—

"For I feel thou art near—  
And where'er I may be,  
That the spirit of Love  
Keeps a watch over me."

Also this was too true, when I was ordered to go back to my room and finish dressing, when from his study he used to watch the girls go to their studies before day, and once the watchful eye of Love saw an unfastened dress and a nightcap hanging down the back of a girl, well, you can guess the rest; at any rate there was an order, "Go back to your room and finish dressing."

#### OUR TRIP TO HOLTON.

The afternoon of June 13th, I made a trip to Holton, a town I lived in almost a year, twelve years ago. I got there about 5:30, stopped at city hotel and called on Sister Walker, county clerk. She secured the court house for the evening. A boy cried, "Carrie Nation will speak at court house to-night at 8 o'clock. All invited." Landlord of city hotel gave us bridal chamber and good supper. At 8:10 we were on hand. Court house crowded. All happy because I had come. Why? No joint-

keepers in this town. All gone away. Still my worn-out voice prevented me from making but a short talk; but the mayor, Christian minister, and others, men and women, altogether made an instructive and entertaining evening.

### Comments and Opinions.

#### Important Legal Opinion.

Judge James Baker of Evanston, Ill., was formerly a resident of Missouri and gives his professional opinion of the late crusading by the women there. He maintains that it was legal; he points out that the saloons raided were unlawful and that they were "nuisances at common law." He quotes Illinois law as follows: "As the summary abatement of nuisances is a remedy which has ever existed in the law, its exercise can not be regarded as in conflict with constitutional provisions for the protection of the rights of private property and giving a trial by jury. Formal legal proceedings and trial by jury are not appropriate and have never been used in such cases." Judge Baker sums up the case thus: "The women who destroyed such property are not criminals. They have the same right to abate such common nuisances as men have to defend their persons or domiciles when unlawfully assailed. As the women of that state are denied the right to vote or hold office, I think they are fully justified, morally and legally, in protecting their homes, their families, and themselves from the ravages of these demons of vice in the summary manner which the law permits."

At the next whisky trial before that profound whisky jurist, "Judge" Hazen, this opinion should be read to the jury by the bailiff. How little the Topeka district judge will look in the years to come.

#### Smasher's Mail vs. Appeal to Reason.

The Appeal to Reason (Reason) published at Girard, Kansas, is remarkable for one thing. In its last issue there is an heroic effort to battle with non-subscribers. We sympathize with you, but, brother, Smasher's Mail is a paper that offers twenty-five dollars for an editorial lie, while you, well consider the case of Dr. Mak of Colorado, one of your own kind. The Appeal says:

"Especially from now until the first of November next, there are two strong reasons why every reader of the Appeal should get subscribers: First—Because it is of common interest and importance that everybody should as rapidly as possible gain the information which from week to week it imparts. Second—There is now open a contest which is free to all and equal to all."

We are a socialist and believe God instituted single tax, when the children of Israel went over into Palestine, also when the Holy Ghost first descended at Pentecost, they had



all things in common; but the Bible is our guide, not the devil's logic and lies.

The more bitterly Socialism is opposed the more rapid will be its growth. Nothing spreads an idea so rapidly as opposition and persecution. Beware the signs of the times.—Appeal to Reason.

Yes, beware, and of nothing more than these Appeal to reason reprobates. Truth crushed to earth will rise again, but resist the devil and he will flee. Truth will live, for it is ever green, but the time is come to sweep away the refuge of lies, and an agnostic paper is one of the biggest—Christ is the true socialist reformer, while the devil is the ape of God.

#### PUBLIC SCHOOLS DENOUNCED.

##### They Lay the Foundation for Wine, Women, and Socialism.

"Ray Rand" puffs the public schools in the "Smasher's Mail" of June 1. Here is a dialogue with him:

Rand: 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.

Livesey: The public schools are making physical wrecks of the boys and girls who "come from the lower walks of life." Edward Bok has demonstrated that 50,000 wrecks a year are strewn along the public school sands. Everywhere we see boys incapable of performing the work of their fathers, and girls who can't make bread, nurse the sick, or apply themselves to home duties sufficiently to make it attractive and keep husbands away from saloons. The public schools are at the bottom of the intemperance of the land, and don't you forget it!

R.: 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 force their way to the front.

L.: Not quite so fast. The reviews and magazines and the largest papers have of late years had many a warning from reformers, philanthropists, statesmen, law-givers, patriots and Christians that the public schools had been tried and had been found wanting. Three million tramps tramp the land—all offshoots of the public schools. Our forefathers knew not this race. The public schools promised to make us good citizens—the tramps are one set of them. The socialists are another. "Ray Rand" himself can not extol the public schools beyond the socialists. They call them the stepping stones to their Utopia—where "free beer" will be, with all other things, "free."

R.: More and more the public schools are becoming the conservators of patriotism, morality and national intelligence.

L.: More and more they are becoming the hot-beds propagating revolutionary socialists and discontents, "lewd fellows of the baser

sort," and parrots that glibly chatter, but that lack the power of original thought. Dr. Gilman acknowledged this the other day.

R.: The hand that strikes the public school system is the Brutus of this republic.

L.: Mark me as that man! For thirty years I have been writing against the public schools. The public school men themselves, know that every word I utter is gospel truth. The Cincinnati Public School Journal, one of the oldest in the country, welcomes me to tell the truth on the schools. Read its June issue and see what I say at length on the men who uphold them.

R.: Destroy our grand free school system and the republic will go out in darkest night!

L.: This was the cry thirty or forty years ago. None but the demagogue, the self-interested or the moss-back cry it now. The republic will "go out in darkest night" if the public school system is not destroyed. Socially, religiously and politically it is damning the country. Sam Jones says: "The nation has no more right to educate our children than it has to feed, clothe, spank and put them to bed." Bless Sam, all these are just what the socialists want to see done through an extension of the public school system. All but the putting to bed is now done in some parts of Europe, and this country also. The tension put upon the young by the public schools is unnatural. Unnatural processes in one line develop the same along other lines. Premature development in one line brings on premature desires in others. Thoroughly analyzed, the "wine and women" feature of our civilization is traceable to the educational process as its cause. Whenever I see an educator bemoaning our fast young men and women, I feel like pitying them and censuring him. The public school idol must be shattered, or it will shatter the country. Thirty years ago I foretold the conditions we now deplore. Are they improving? Not at all. Keep on year by year, if you will, but sooner or later the crash will come.

FRANCIS B. LIVESEY.

(The Smasher's Mail is open for free discussion of all proper questions. Ray Rand, of this city, called in, and we refer the above to him for answer.—Editor.)

#### Foreignism vs. Public Schools.

In behalf of the thousands of teachers and millions of pupils in the public schools, I again enter the arena. The foregoing denunciation of the free school system is the echo of a great ecclesiastical gathering that met recently and sent out a manifesto. It is a breath of the dark ages, and a few references will prove where the assailant of popular education got his inspirations and "originality." Cardinal Manning: "The common school system of the United States is the worst in the world." Cardinal McCloskey: "We must take part in the elections. Move in solid mass in every state against the party pledged to sustain the integrity of the public schools." Bishop Hennesy: "To rescue these little ones out of the grasp of that monster—that popular idol (the public school) is our work." Freeman's Jour-



nal: "These public schools are a devouring fire and pits of destruction. They ought to go back to the devil from whence they came." New York Tablet: "The public or common school system is a swindle on the people, an outrage on justice, a foul disgrace in matters of morals and should be abolished forthwith." The Chicago Tablet: "The common schools of this country are sinks of moral pollution and nurseries of hell." Father Schaurer: "The public schools have produced nothing but a Godless generation of thieves and blackguards." Father Walker: "Unless you suppress the public school system as at present conducted, it will prove the damnation of this country." The Toledo, Ohio, Catholic Review: "Catholic votes should be cast solidly for democracy at the next election. It is the only hope to break down the public school system."

If any true American is not satisfied with this, volumes of testimony can be forthcoming, that no man will question or gainsay. The long walk amid orchards, fields, shady lanes, singing birds and bracing air to and from the country school is both healthful and invigorating. Even the city public school, with its modern methods and system, variety and diversity, singing, gymnastic drills, five hours of study five days in the week, with fifteen minutes of romp and play forenoon and afternoon, and one to two hours at noon, almost perfect sanitary, with lofty ideals, inspirations and mental incentives, it is the one oasis of city child life, where millions spend ten to fourteen hours awful monotony, six to seven days in the week, in shop, factory or clerkship, improper food, clothing and wrong home environments, that is enervating and slaying the race. Then think of a narrow, selfish system, in gloomy buildings, within narrow enclosures, behind prison walls, with black robed teachers, teaching superficially dead Latin and foreign accent, in sepulchral tones, of saints and ghosts and spooks. One is life the other death to patriotism and Americanism. A thing may be right and not religious. It may be intensely religious and radically wrong. The mitre and the crown, the tiara and the diadem, kingcraft and priestcraft, ignorance and superstition can not survive our public school education. It is street and saloon, not diligent public school education, that is making vagrants, truants and tramps. The dime novel, degenerate stage and society frivolities and dissipations, tobacco and cigarettes, that is demoralizing the youth and manhood of the nation.

Topeka, Kans.

RAY RAND.

#### Hard on the Jointkeepers.

The unanimous decision rendered by the members of the Kansas supreme court last week ought to make it easy for prosecuting attorneys who are fired with a desire to chase "the rum demon" and the "liquor hydra" out of the Sunflower state to accomplish their wish.

The decision is against the joints, and the language of the court on the point to which attention is here directed is: "A person charged with keeping a nuisance, that is, a place where intoxicating liquors are kept for sale, may be convicted without direct proof

of actual sales, if the evidence and circumstances in the case be such as to convince the jury beyond the reasonableness of a doubt that intoxicating liquors found in the defendant's place of business were there kept by him for such unlawful purposes."

All that is necessary for a Kansas jury to know, under this ruling, is that a man is discovered with a room, or rooms, in his possession, having on its or their interior a bar, shelves, glasses, tin shakers, lemon squeezers, corkscrews, kegs of beer, and jugs, bottles and barrels filled with fluids that, when taken to excess, cause jags of several varieties.

It is not necessary to prove that the man in charge of this suspicious stock and paraphernalia sold any wet goods; it is not essential that men should be seen coming from this place with wabbling legs or breaths smelling as robustly as a Peoria distillery; it is not required that frequenters of his rooms should eat cloves and look the other way when they meet their wives on the street. All that is needed is that a barroom outfit shall be discovered in the defendant's possession, and he may be convicted and fined under the prohibition statutes of Kansas.

The only thing, it seems, that can save the joints from annihilation after this decision is the possibility that Kansas prosecuting attorneys may prove lukewarm in the temperance cause, or that Kansas juries may in the future, as they have done on notable and frequent occasions in the past, overrule the supreme court when they hand in their verdicts. —Kansas City Times.

It is very evident the influence of this great whisky daily and the Hazen-Parker gang has not yet totally debauched the Kansas supreme court. We wonder much who wrote this leading editorial, anyhow? Surely Galen Nichols will appreciate the situation and try his best to redeem Shawnee County from rum rule and disgrace. The legislature, Topeka council, and the supreme court have virtually vindicated Carrie Nation. She and her helpers did no more wrong than to raid burglar dens or destroy counterfeit apparatus. Later on all true men and women will despise and condemn the rebel courts and juries who unjustly persecuted and condemned the patriotic crusaders.

#### Forward March! Agitation is Telling.

The Wine and Spirit Gazette says, that, what it calls the unceasing agitation of the cold water cranks, has succeeded in completely outlawing the traffic in wine, spirits and beer in seven states of the Union; has rendered the traffic contingent upon the popular votes of isolated localities in a majority of the other states; has greatly increased the license fee where that system prevails; has placed restrictions and embarrassments upon the trade not dreamed of half a century ago; and in fine has put the liquor traffic everywhere on the defensive, compelling it to fight for existence. —New York Evening Post.

The Chicago News says: "If the advocates of temperance can divert even a tenth of the sum now worse than uselessly spent as a result



of intemperance they are doing magnificent work worthy of their best effort."

Bad as prohibition is enforced in Kansas, it saves to the State over five million dollars annually, thanks to the advocates of constitutional law. The fearless champions of that law are public benefactors, humanitarians and patriots of the first magnitude, reformers as grand as the world ever saw. Future generations will accord to them the gratitude and admiration of all true people. A vote for principle is never thrown away. God is truth and holy Truth goes forth to conquer or to die. Truth never dies.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,  
The eternal years of God are hers;  
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,  
And dies amid his worshippers."

—Selected.

#### A Queer Letter.

Jackson, Miss., May 9.—Mrs. Stevens of Maine, president of the National W. C. T. U., made the following statement yesterday, when asked to give her opinion of Mrs. Nation:

"As president of the W. C. T. U. I do not condemn Mrs. Nation for what she is doing. I leave that for others. I would not advise any white woman to employ any such methods in putting down the liquor traffic, but nevertheless I think that Mrs. Nation has done much good and she has aroused the public conscience of Kansas and other states."

"Would not advise any white woman" to arouse the public conscience of Kansas and other states. Well, now, that beats my time! Queer reformers, indeed. Would she give the honor to a colored woman?

#### "Carrie Must Go It Alone."

Special to Smasher's Mail:

That mouthpiece of the pious governor, the Capital, has the happy faculty of telling the public for news what they already know. He "smashed" saloons and made Sunday school faces at the awful Klondike until Dan Anthony of Leavenworth and Murdock of Wichita openly advocate treason to the constitutional law of Kansas. He intimates that he may show clemency to the rest of the joint smashers because they were led or merely went from impulse, but Carrie Nation was in earnest, went from principle and really meant it. Every Methodist and Sunday school scholar in the state knows all his sympathies are with the whisky rebels. He can't run fast enough to help his whisky brethren when they give the awful sign of distress, but Carrie Nation, like John Brown at Charleston, Va., and Christ on the eve of crucifixion, and Luther at the Diet of Worms, must go it alone. So much for the boasting "patriot" who slept with poor old John Brown two years after he was hanged. Kansas has a dandy governor these days and don't you doubt it. And that is the kind of a thing they talk of sending to the United States senate, to represent the grand old party. We hope the new daily that is starting will soon help the republican "dirt shovel" out of

business. The fair newspapers all concede that it was the Carrie Nation crusade that caused the legislature and city of Topeka to pass the stringent liquor law and it is not enough that the mighty governor try to steal the glory from the old lady by posing as the "original joint smasher" but he must needs conciliate the liquor men by rushing into print refusing Carrie executive clemency before she has ever asked for it. Really, governor, are you not carrying this huge joke entirely too far for good political effect? Republicans are sitting around batting their eyes like ducks in thunder and trying to imagine what their Sunday school idol will do next.

NOT A REPUBLICAN.

Topeka, June 24.

### The Rum Curse.

#### SALOON IN POLITICS.

#### Be Up And Doing.

Read the following facts. Mr. Robert Graham, of New York, ascertained them with great care:

Preceding the presidential election of 1884 there was held, in New York City, one thousand and two political conventions congressional, assembly, aldermanic and primary, etc. In these political meetings the country is governed. Two hundred and eighty-three of them were held apart from saloons, ninety-six were held next door to saloons and six hundred and thirty-three in saloons.

We wish that every voter who reads these facts, would cut them out and put them in his pocket for handy reference, and talk of them to his friends and neighbors and study the remedy for the saloon in politics. The time was when it was a grand and noble thing for a man to lay down his life for his country, but what we need now is men and women to live for the good of their country, and you can not do that successfully until you have thrown all yours powers against the "Saloon in politics" for it stands in the way of all good reforms, and unless speedily destroyed it will crush out the life of our nation. Patriots be up and doing, for the case is that of life or death, for the night is coming when no man can labor.—Ex.

#### Temperance Governor, Not in Kansas.

Concord, N. H.—Gov. D. H. Goodell has issued an extraordinary proclamation, saying that in view of the various heinous crimes that have been committed in the state within the past few weeks, which are directly traceable to the use of intoxicating liquors, in the sale of which the state laws have been flagrantly violated, he warns all persons to desist from the illegal and deadly traffic immediately and calls upon state, county, city and town officials, and all good citizens of every party, sect, and faith, to unite in one supreme effort to close up every saloon in the state, and he urges all the churches, temperance organizations, and all persons who desire the best good of the commonwealth, to redouble their



endeavors to promote personal sobriety and temperance among the people.

We are glad that old New Hampshire, through its executive, realizes the curse of rum. It takes some time for some bodies to acknowledge a wrong to a commonwealth and apply a remedy. They would rather try some foolish experiments and climb up some other way than to get down to solid business in the interest of the public. The world moves though, and we are pleased to know that the Granite State is alive.—Ex.

#### How It Works.

Argentine, Kansas, May 6, 1901.

Dear Sister:—After reading in the Star this evening what a good you have done by going to Kansas City, I can not help but write to you. How long are you going to be kept in jail? As soon as you can, for heaven's sake, come back to Argentine. As I sit and pen these words to you my husband is in some rum hole filling up, and I suppose when he comes home he will tell me the same he did this morning—"To go kill myself." But I am not ready to die. I want to live to see you complete the awful task you have started, and to help you if it falls my lot. Oh, it is just heart-rending how some of us poor weak women have to suffer, and then they say, "Well, if you don't like it, get up and leave." But their time is coming, and they will say, "Oh, God, have mercy; is it too late?" And then it will be too late. How I wish I was a thousand times a millionaire, I would buy every brewery, ship all the liquor in one place and burn it up, and tar and feather the first man that dared to manufacture any more. Oh, say, would not this be a good world to live in! Look at the woman today in house of ill-fame, that was a pure innocent girl when she married, what she supposed was the kindest and loveliest man in the world, only to find him a drunkard. Is it any wonder? As long as whiskey is manufactured there will be hell, hell, hell, and, Oh, I am so tired of it all; only waiting the glad-some day that I can close my eyes for a restful sleep, that I will not be waken from by a drunken husband pounding at the door.

#### "I Am Tired."

I am tired and weary of this dull life.  
Of its endless cares and ceaseless strife;  
Willingly, gladly this night would I part  
With its pain, and ease my sad, troubled heart.

In vain do I sigh for some heaven of rest,  
Some sweet far-off land, by peace ever blest;  
In vain do I long for some soothing repose  
Away from my friends as well as my foes.

For I'm tired of deceit, of fashion and art,  
Of crushing each impulse of truth from my heart,  
And I'm tired of friends who change at a breath,  
Tired of life, and longing for death.

In the night of sorrow, I long for the day.

Still too tired to watch, and too hopeless to pray—

When the sunshine once more makes the shadows grow bright,  
Even then in my heart, there's no thrill of delight.

For I'm tired of seeing my bright hopes decay,  
Like the sweet flowers that bloom and fade in a day;

Oh, some day when my tired heart sleeps 'neath the sod,

My soul shall find rest in the home of my God.  
—From a lone and friendless woman.

#### One Woman's Struggle.

Flags are flying over the saloons in Michigan City, and the town is having a jubilee. According to Mrs. Leeds, as soon as the seventy or more cases which she brought against the saloonkeepers were dismissed by Mayor Kruger last week everybody was invited to celebrate on free whisky, and the town was painted. Furthermore, Mr. Leeds took part in the celebration. The next day he gave Mrs. Leeds the money to pay the expense of the prosecution.

Learning that Mrs. Leeds was in the city, a Tribune reporter called on her to see how she took her defeat, and what the next move in the campaign would be. She was not averse to telling her side of the story, and claims that she has been grossly misrepresented.

"I have lived," she said, "in Michigan City twenty-five years, and I have just learned what the city is. There is no such thing as law there. The city is run by the saloonkeepers and disreputable women.

"The trouble began during the last campaign. Up to that time my husband had been a straightforward business man and had added largely to the wealth his father left him. During the campaign he began coming home drunk. I remonstrated, but all to no purpose. He was always good natured. That was the worst of it; you couldn't quarrel with him."

#### TIME TO STOP.

"Did he neglect his business?"

"I might have taken thousands of dollars from him and he would not have known it. I stood it till I saw he was ruining his health, and determined to put a stop to it before our home was ruined. I thought it would be an easy thing to do, as I had the law on my side. If I had known what I do now I should never have tried it.

"After I had served those notices on the saloonkeepers in April and begun suit Mr. Leeds saw that I meant business and said that he would quit drinking and sign his saloon property over to me if I would discontinue them. This I did. He stopped for about six weeks. During the May elections he got to drinking again harder than ever. I told him I would continue the fight if he didn't stop."

"What made you think that prosecuting the saloonkeepers would cure Mr. Leeds of drinking?"

The greater part of his business is with the saloonkeepers. I thought that if he saw I was



determined to injure them he would have the good sense to quit."

"What was the next move?"

"I knew the saloons kept open holidays, Sundays, and after hours at night. I employed three detectives from Chicago. They made the rounds of the saloons on the Fourth and found them all open from 10:30 a. m. till 2 in the morning. It was the same Sunday. In short, I got sufficient evidence and began seventy suits before Mayor Kruger, July 15. I was down town when the subpoenas were served. The officers were followed by a mob from the slums of the city. The same mob crowded the Mayor's office the day of the trial. The trial was a mere farce. After hearing the evidence against Ruff and Otto the Mayor summarily dismissed the suits."

"On what grounds?"

"That is more than I know. All the reason he gave was that two of the detectives employed were boys."

MR. LEEDS CELEBRATES.

"Did Mr. Leeds attend the trial?"

"I think not."

"What did he say about it?"

"Not a word. He came home that evening and took tea with us and acted as though nothing had happened. He went to the jubilee that night and came home drunk. I was in bed. He came into my room and said:

"Hurrah! Why wasn't you out to the jubilee? We had a jolly time."

"I know he didn't do it willingly. He was dragged into it. I told him to get out of the room. His breath made me ill. He must have been pretty drunk, for he was awfully sick during the night."

"How does the matter stand now?"

"The only harsh words we have had during the whole time were last Thursday night. I asked him for money to pay for the trial and he refused. I got all I wanted, though, and more, too. I told him I would not stand it any longer—that it had got to be either his family or the slums."

"Are you going to take further action?"

"I am undecided—not for the present, anyway. I am going to New York for a week or two. Friends from Chicago are going to stay in the house while I am away. They will keep me informed. If he continues to drink I will come back soon."

"What will you do in case he does?"

"He has promised to go to California for a few months. His only hope is to get away from his evil associations. If he does not go and keeps on drinking I will appeal to the County court."

"If he fails, what then?"

"Then I will refuse to sign any more papers when he wishes to make a real estate deal. I guess that will fix him. I can be as mean as any one if I want to."

#### Beyond Description.

Some one has said:

"The appetite for strong drink in man has spoiled the life of more women—ruined more hopes for them, scattered more fortunes for

them, brought to them more sorrow, shame, and hardship—than any other evil that lives. The country numbers tens—nay, hundreds of thousands—of women who are widows today, and sit in hopeless weeds, because their husbands have been slain by strong drink. There are hundreds of thousands of homes, scattered over the land, in which women live lives of torture, going through all the changes of suffering that lie between the extremes of fear and despair, because those whom they love, love wine better than they do the women they have sworn to love. There are women by thousands who dread to hear at the door the step that once thrilled them with pleasure, because that step has learned to reel under the influence of the seductive poison. There are women groaning with pain, while we write these words, from bruises and brutalities inflicted by husbands mad by drink. There can be no exaggeration in any statement in regard to this matter, because no human imagination can create anything worse than the truth, and no pen is capable of portraying the truth. The sorrows and horrors of a wife with a drunken husband or a mother with a drunken son, are as near the realization of hell as can be reached, in this world at least. The shame, the indignation, the sorrow, and the sense of disgrace for herself and her children, the poverty, and not unfrequently the beggary—the fear and the fact of violence, the lingering, life-long struggle and despair of countless women with drunken husbands, are enough to make all women curse wine, and engage unitedly to oppose it everywhere as the worst enemy of their sex."

#### What Prohibition Did for Leavenworth.

Those who have been discouraged about the good effects of prohibition will do well to look over the following figures regarding the city of Leavenworth, the strongest anti-prohibition city in the state, published in the Leavenworth Times:

In 1882 the city's population was 18,766. In the same year there were 14 arrests for gambling, 37 for keeping gambling houses, 464 for drunkenness, and 2,340 arrests for all kinds of crime. In 1888 the population was 35,277. There was 1 arrest for keeping a gambling house, 7 for gambling, 225 for drunkenness, and 1,710 for all kinds of crime.

#### Let Washburn Do Likewise.

That saloons and schools do not harmonize, but that the former can tear down and degrade about as fast as the latter can build up the higher standard of civilization is evidence to the better class of citizens in Ada who have taken the bull by the horns in their efforts to rid their pretty little university town of the blighting influence of the saloons. A saloon-keeper who will fight against the wishes of a good class of citizens, or any citizen who will lend their support to the saloon faction in a fight for better advantages, has not very much principle. They are not worthy to be called citizens. Schools build up and elevate our rising generation to become good, moral, law-abiding citizens. Saloons tear down and train



men to become subjects for our jails, penitentiaries and poor houses. This is the simple comparison. What do you think of the man who is in favor of saloon rule?—Belle Center (Ohio) Herald.

And now read this twice: A college president in Kansas that will admit publicly that the success of his school depends on the good will and contributions of liquor rebels and sympathizers can not resign too fast for the good of the state and the rising generation. The late decision of the supreme court puts the critics of Washburn in a pretty plight patriotically. Honor to the boys who carried the battering ram.

#### How England Runs American Politics.

John Bull and American Breweries. From the New York Voice:

The Chicago Morning News sees no objection to the English purchasing American breweries. The real objection, it urges, to such transactions is that Englishmen do not carry away their purchases to England instead of only their profits. There is another objection that will become a mighty big one some day—and that is, the breweries in this country own the saloons and the saloons own the American politicians. John Bull will have an amazing pull on American politics when he controls the saloons. Speed to him in his purchases! He is hewing out for us a most effective club.

#### The Late Topeka Election Proves That the Women Aim to be on the Side of Temperance and Prohibition.

Governor Larabee of Iowa said: "If the number of prisoners continue to decrease in the same ratio in which it has decreased during the last few years, we shall soon have our prisons for sale." Then on the suffrage question the governor said: "I call attention to the question of extending to women the right of voting at municipal elections. The continued good results of its exercise in our sister state of Kansas reinforce the arguments in favor of trying the experiment in Iowa."

#### THOUGHTS FOR JUDGE HAZEN.

##### Abraham Lincoln on Saloon-Smashing.

Some otherwise well-meaning people have been much horrified at "the lawlessness" of Mrs. Nation and her co-saloon smashers in Kansas. They labor under the delusion that such work is anarchistic.

Their mistake is in a failure to recognize the fact that all liquor-selling for beverage purposes, all saloons, liquors, and saloon furnishings in Kansas are outlawed, both by constitutional and statutory law, and that it is in the specified duty of officers and citizens to destroy all such, and thus rid the state of what the law pronounces a public nuisance. The fact is, in Kansas it is the saloonists, jointists, and hoodlum patrons of those vile dens who are the anarchists, and not Mrs. Nation and her co-helpers, who, in accord with the requirements of the law, are smashing saloons, and thus honestly and, in some places, at the risk

of their lives, endeavoring to rid the state of a monster nuisance, and thus save their children and neighbors from its ruinous contamination.

But to this class referred to in the first paragraph of this writing it will, doubtless, be news that the renowned lawyer and immortal emancipator, Abraham Lincoln, once gave an opinion on saloon smashing. About the year 1839, when he was practicing law at Springfield, fifteen women of Clinton, Illinois, after having repeatedly pleaded in vain with a liquor dealer to refrain from selling to their husbands, raided his saloon, smashed in the heads of his barrels with axes, and broke his demijohns and bottles. The women were arrested and indicted for the mischief done. They were without counsel for defense, when, on the day of the trial, Mr. Lincoln entered the court room, and was asked by them to address the court in their behalf. He readily consented to do so, and said:

"May it please the court, I will say a few words in behalf of the women who are arraigned before your honor and the jury. I would suggest, first, that there be a change in the indictment, so as to have it read, 'The state against Mr. Whisky,' instead of 'The state against the Women.' It would be far more appropriate. Touching this question, there are three laws: First, the law of self-protection; second, the law of the statute; third, the law of God. The law of self-protection is the law of necessity, as shown when our fathers threw the tea into the Boston harbor, and in asserting their right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. This is the defense of these women. The man who has persisted in selling whisky has had no regard for their well-being or the welfare of their husbands and sons. He has had no fear of God or regard for man; neither has he had any regard for the laws of the statute. No jury can fix any damages or punishment for any violation of the moral law. The course pursued by this liquor-dealer has been for the demoralization of society. His groggery has been a nuisance. These women, finding all moral suasion of no avail with this fellow, oblivious to all tender appeal, alike regardless of their prayers and tears, in order to protect their households and promote the welfare of the community, united to suppress the nuisance. The good of society demands its suppression. They accomplished what otherwise could not have been done."

His speech resulted in the release of the ladies by the court on their own recognizance, and, so far as can be learned, no further action was ever taken in the case. For a confirmation of the above facts, the reader is referred to Coffin's "Life of Lincoln," page 107, and to Herndon's "Life of Lincoln," of 1889, page 215.—Exchange.

The immortal Abe did not have a court and jury to deal with like the Topeka District, lost to all sense of patriotism and honor, and committed irrevocably to anarchy and whisky. Republicanism has changed since then.



**Wrongs We Can Never Undo.**

BY DELLE M. MASON.

I have come home to you, mother. Father,  
your wayward son  
Has come to himself at last, and knows the  
harm he has done.  
I have bleached your hair out, father, more  
than the frosts of years;  
I have dimmed your kind eyes, mother, by  
many tears.

Since I left you, father, to work the farm alone,  
And bought a stock of liquors with what I  
called my own,  
I've been ashamed to see you; I knew it broke  
you down,  
To think you had brought up a boy to harm his  
native town.

I've given it all up, mother; I'll never sell it  
more.  
I've smashed the casks and barrels, I've shut  
and locked the door.  
I've signed the temperance pledge—the women  
stood and sang,  
The clergymen gave three hearty cheers, and  
all the church bells rang.

But one thing seemed to haunt me, as I came  
home to you;  
Of all the wrongs that I have done not one  
can I undo.  
There's old Judge White, just dropping into a  
drunkard's grave;  
I've pushed him down with every drop of  
brandy that I gave.

And there's young Tom Eliot—was such a  
trusty lad,  
I made him drink the first hot glass of rum  
he ever had.  
Since then, he drinks night after night, and  
acts a ruffian's part,  
He has maimed his little sister, and broke his  
mother's heart.

And there is Harry Warner, who married  
Bessie Hyde,  
He struck and killed their baby when it was  
sick, and cried,  
And I poured out the posion, that made him  
strike the blow,  
And Bessie raved and cursed me, she is crazy  
now, you know.

I tried to act indifferent, when I saw the wo-  
men come,  
There was Ryan's wife, whose children shiv-  
ered and starved at home,  
He'd paid me, that same morning, his last ten  
cents for drink,  
And when I saw her poor, pale face, it made  
me start and shrink.

There was Tom Eliot's mother, wrapped in her  
widow's veil,  
And the wife of Brown, the merchant, my  
whisky made him fail;  
And my old playmate, Mary, she stood amid  
the band,

Her white cheek bore a livid mark, made by  
her husband's hand.

It all just overcome me; I yielded then and  
there,  
And Elder Sharpe, he raised his hand, and  
offered up a prayer.  
I know that he forgave me, I couldn't help but  
think  
Of his own boy, his only son, whom I had  
taught to drink.

So I have come back, father, to the home that  
gave me birth,  
And I will plow and sow and reap the gifts of  
mother earth.  
Yet, if I prove a good son now, and worthy of  
you two,  
My heart is heavy with the wrongs I never  
can undo.

**Words of Encouragement.****OUR DEFENSE.**

Fret not thyself because of evil doers. For  
they shall soon be cut down like the grass,  
and wither as the green herb. The wicked  
plotteth against the just and gnasheth against  
him with his teeth. The Lord shall laugh at  
him. For he seeth that his day is coming.—  
Psalm 37.

I have seen the wicked in great power and  
spreading himself like a tree in its native soil.  
But we passed by, and lo, he was not. Yea  
I sought him but he could not be found.—God's  
Word.

**MRS. NATION'S CRUSADE LIKE JOHN BROWN'S.**

So Says John P. St. John, of Kansas, Who  
Heartily Approves of Her Course.

John P. St. John, who was governor of Kan-  
sas twice and once headed the National Pro-  
hibition ticket as candidate for President of  
the United States, warmly indorses the acts  
of Mrs. Nation in her crusade against the li-  
quor traffic. In a letter written to Judge W. J.  
Groo from Olathe, Kans., he likens her crusade  
to that of John Brown against slavery.

The letter was not written for publication,  
but Judge Groo secured permission to give it  
to the World. It says:

"My Dear Judge: It was almost like grasp-  
ing the hand of an old friend to receive your  
letter of the 31st ult. Mrs. Nation is all right.  
She is engaged in the very laudable business  
of abating what our statute declares to be a  
common nuisance. She is not crazy, nor is  
she a crank, but she is a sensible Christian  
woman and has the respect of our best people.  
Her crusade is much like that of John Brown's,  
and I hope and pray that it may terminate as  
disastrously to the liquor traffic as John  
Brown's did to human slavery. How much  
more in accord to Christianity it would be if  
our government would use its soldiers to pro-  
tect our own homes here in our own country,



instead of sending them 8,000 miles away to destroy the homes of a people who wanted to be our friends and whose only offense is their love of human liberty, the same that actuated our Revolutionary fathers four generations ago. Yes, the Leavenworth mob was an awful affair and a burning shame and disgrace to Kansas. But it seems that under the reign of William of Canton the burning of negroes at the stake and the killing of Filipinos has become a very popular source of amusement. Very truly your friend, JOHN P. ST. JOHN."

#### Missouri Friends.

Missouri, in spite of Bourbon political rule, has many grand reformers. Dr. John A. Brooks, prohibition candidate for governor at one time, polled some ten thousand votes. At the dinner given the newspaper fraternity at the "Manufacturers' Exposition" in Kansas City we met some friends of right and good government.

The Chilhowee (Mo.) News remarks: "We enjoyed one thing Monday 'not down on the bills,' as the showman would say, that was Mrs. Carrie Nation was one of our little party of seven at the table for lunch in Convention Hall, Monday. She was in good spirits, and is a very interesting and entertaining conversationalist and impressed us, in many respects as a very superior woman."

The Centerview (Mo.) Record says: "An elegant dinner in courses was served at 6 o'clock on the roof garden. At the head of the table was seated the distinguished guest, Mrs. Carrie Nation, representing the Smasher's Mail. After dining we were granted an interview with the Kansas Smasher, but the senior editor quietly withdrew, willing to turn the job entirely over to our wife."

The Bosworth (Mo.) Sentinel: "We are in receipt of a copy of the 'Smasher's Mail'—Mrs. Carrie Nation's paper—published at Topeka, Kans. It is published in the interest of temperance, law enforcement, order, decency, and the protection of the home, and, like Uncle Tom's Cabin, is the harbinger of better days, along the lines of reformation. Long live the Nation!"

#### Like Story.

W. A. Pratt, Gilman City, Mo., indites: "Thanks, for samples Smasher's Mail. Please send to me while your story lasts. I have the first two numbers containing story. It is good. Give Mrs. Nation my warmest regards, when you see her, and tell her to keep crazy as long as she can. She is doing a good work. Why don't the W. C. T. U. stand by her in better shape? I am reminded by many of their remarks of what Shakespeare calls "damning with faint praise."

Mont Williams, State chairman of the Kansas Prohibitionists, writes: "I notice a great improvement in the Smasher's Mail. It is a daisy. That story you are running in Smasher's Mail is fine; would be all right in book form."

W. B. Denton, Winfield, writes: "I got a

copy of Smasher's Mail, for which I am thankful to some one. I see a story in it from you, which I intend to read carefully. I see the paper is now a dollar a year, which is best. I intend to subscribe. I hope it will continue." Bro. Denton has issued some good literature, and is an ardent worker.

### Law and Order.

#### Disregard for and Non-Enforcement of Law.

Our great republic has nothing to fear from external foes. Against all these it is invulnerable. With its intelligent population of nearly one hundred millions, its vast domain its inexhaustible wealth of soil, climate, minerals and timber, its peerless inventive genius, and its indomitable energy, it is invincible by any force that can be brought against it from without.

Its danger, then, is from within. If it ever dies, it will be a case of national suicide. If it is ever overthrown, it will be a case of tremendous self-destruction.

We are not an alarmist or a pessimist. We glory in our country's greatness, and have faith in the permanency of our free institutions. But there are foes from within, which are assailing the foundations of freedom, and striking at the vitals of the great republic, only one who is socially, ethically, and politically blind can fail to see; and the purpose of this writing is to call attention to that one of these named in the caption of this article.

Disregard for, evasion of, and the non-enforcement of law is a menace to the life of the republic. That there has been a wonderful increase of this in the last quarter of a century is a fact that can not be gainsaid. That the increase, like the rolling of a great rock down an incline, has been much more rapid as the last few years have advanced, is alarmingly true. In the days of Jackson, Polk, Lincoln and Grant, who would have thought of an Attorney-General nullifying a law of Congress by a decision that would disgrace a fifteen-year-old school-boy? Who would have expected any one of those chief executives to consider himself bound by such an opinion rendered by his Attorney-General? This sad spectacle is only pointed to now as proof conclusive that in the recent past there has been in this country a wonderful increase in disregard for, evasion of, and the non-enforcement of law.

Another striking evidence of this alarming fact has been thrust into prominence by Mrs. Nation and her hatchet; but none need infer that, that in this regard Kansas is a sinner above all the other States. It is a well-known fact that the rum traffic thrives by trampling under foot the laws of the land. Not one man in a thousand engaged in the liquor business in this country strictly obeys the law which legalizes the traffic. At least nine-tenths of all saloons keep open at their back doors on Sunday, in defiance of the law, which says they shall be strictly closed. The police, the police



commissioners, and other officers of the cities and towns know this, but do not interfere.

Consequently, the legalized rum traffic is, and ever has been, a most seductive, powerful, effective agency in schooling the people, and especially the young men, of the country into disregard for, and violation of the laws of the land. Is it strange that lawlessness and the non-enforcement of law should be greatly on the increase?

Such is the condition; such the dangerous trend just now. What is to be done? Is the country to die of anarchy? It will unless there be a general rapid return to, and a conscientious regard for, and vigorous enforcement of law. And to this end earnest effort should be directed at once. At present, in many instances, trials of criminals in the courts is a farce, the game being, not the vindication of law and the punishment of crime, but the screening of criminals and the outraging of justice, and all this at the increasing of the burdens of the already too heavily burdened tax-payer.

The remedy is in the hands of the better class of our people. They must awake to a keen sense of their duties as citizens. They must attend the primaries, do all they can to secure the nomination and election of men to office who fear God and have a conscience that is not seared as with a hot iron by personal and partisan bias. They must, by a conscientious use of the Australian ballot (most of the States have that now), defeat the corrupt, wily, scheming trickster. In this way the courts and the other offices can be purified, and in due time the laws will be enforced. Then, "when law-breakers of all kinds come to know that their crimes will be punished, contempt for law will cease," and anarchy will no longer assail the vitals of the republic. —Religious Telescope.

### **Correspondence From the Field**

#### **Wants a Picture.**

Canton, Kans., June 5, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—I heard recently that you were selling some of your pictures. If so, I would be glad to have one. Please write me the price of the picture immediately.

Thanking you heartily for what you have done for humanity, and wishing you the greatest of success, in your good work, in the future, I am one of your many young men friends. Yours truly,

ORVILLE THORNBURG.

#### **Sunshine Greeting.**

2917 Armour Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

My Dear Madam:—The Sunshine Circle of The King's Daughters earnestly request that you will speak for them at the Institutional Church, 3825 Dearborn Street, on your next visit to Chicago, believing that a talk from you will be very beneficial in the neighborhood of this church, there being many saloons in the district.

This Circle maintains a Day Nursery, and whatever proceeds will be received from your

lecture will go entirely in that direction. An early reply will be appreciated, naming your terms, if there are any. Yours very truly in His Name,  
MRS. I. J. EVANS, Leader.

#### **From The Philippines.**

At Camp, Banquet Province, Luzon, P. I.,  
April 30, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—Compliments of employees of the civil commission:

O. S. COLLINS,  
J. E. MARRYOTT,  
W. P. BRYANT,  
OSCAR ROLAND ADAMS.

Keep the hatchet.

This letter was in a package sent me from the Philippines, containing a hatchet head made by hand of paper and wood. I shall keep this as you direct, my boys, and always remember the hatchet.

#### **Indirect Correspondence.**

Birch Tree, Mo., June 3d, 1901.

E. H. Bingham, Neosho, Mo.

Kind and Esteemed Brother:—In looking over State Leader I find that Mrs. Carrie Nation has pictures and hatchets to sell, and we would like to get them and take the Smasher, but don't know how or where to send for them. I endorse everything she has done or will do for the temperance cause. I am praying God to protect her, give her hatchets with true edges and longer handles, and help her to smash hell out of this state too. I am with her in every way, even to defend her against the hell out of this state. God bless her, the church, and the temperance cause. God be with you, my brother, and bless you much is my prayer.  
A. J. BALES.

#### **From a Bad Brother.**

Spring Valley, Minn., June 11, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

My Dearest Madam:—I have read much about your good work and followed your example and closed out our saloon.

Our little town had three saloons, and they were daily destroying our young men and girls. I hope you will continue your good work.

I am very glad that your position at the present time is such that you can not smash any more saloons and that prayer alone will save you from the punishment you deserve from your wicked deeds.

The citizens are in sympathy with you (it). All the ladies will promise that if you will only die off that they will miss Carrie.

Hoping to hear from you at an early date, I remain, Yours truly,  
R. W. SHURE,

Mayor.

P. S. If you are thirsty in the night you will have to go to the town pump, as there are no springs in the bed on which you lie.

#### **From a Traveling Man.**

Waukeegan, Ill.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Mrs. Nation:—You will no doubt be somewhat surprised at receiving a letter from an entire stranger, but I hope we may be bet-



ter acquainted in the future. I think your mode of "smashing joints" is all right. Your actions are highly endorsed by the W. C. T. U. of Milwaukee, also of many other places in Wisconsin. I am a traveling salesman for a Chicago firm and have an opportunity of hearing a great many ideas "aired" in regard to "Mrs. Nation." I think you will find plenty ready to help you in the "reform work," in case you strike Wisconsin towns. I would like one of your photos, Mrs. Nation, and will enclose a two-cent stamp for answer. Let me know if you will sell me one of your photos, or send one at once. I hope you will find time to answer this and not cast it aside, as I am interested in the work very much. Very respectfully yours,  
G. J. WARNER.

#### Voice from Vermont.

Rochester, Vt., May 24, 1901.

Dear Sister Carrie Nation: I feel I must write you once more and tell you that I am so thankful you are out of that terrible jail. Oh, how my heart ached for you when you were in there, and to think you should suffer such hardship and the murderers, the saloon men, go free, but, dear sister, the dear Lord will be with you always in your good work, and may your life be spared for many years that you may reap some of the fruits of your labors in arousing the temperance people to action, for work and labor we must if the victory is ever won. How many poor women all over the land to-day are suffering in silence while the saloon is taking bread out of the pantry and happiness out of the home! How the dear Lord is blessing you in the grand Christian letters sent to you by so many people and from so many different places. I would like to tell N. L. G., of Stanton, Neb., that his letter was full of truths and inspirations. How I love to read your splendid papers. I wish everybody could have them to read. I guess they would set people to thinking that Carrie Nation was a determined woman. I know that you have aroused the people of the United States as never before. They must work, fight and pray; God help and strengthen us day by day and nerve us all for the coming strife. Our foes are strong. They struggle for life, but God is stronger than they. The end will come.

I am yours for truth and sobriety and the uplifting of our brother man.

HATTIE A. ENGLISH.

#### Believes in Smashing.

My Dear Sister Nation:—Some one sent me recently the second paper of yours I ever saw. Hallelujah! Go ahead. I long for some one or ones to help me, then will I also go and smash, although I live at present in a license city. But who gives license to ruin people for a certain sum of money? The devil's own. Women can not vote, but they can talk, and they could "smash" if they were not cowards.

Have been trying in my little way for many years to fight the liquor traffic with voice and pen. I believe a crisis is near. "My spirit shall not always strive with man" says the Word.

We have an ungodly set of time-serving politicians in office, but "a worm shall thresh a mountain." "One shall chase a thousand, and two, put ten thousand to flight." I have prayed for you publicly and privately and also for your helpers. The lying press, sold out to the liquor traffic, would try to make their credulous readers believe that you are insane, but we know they are only echoing the words of satan concerning the Master of whom was said many years ago: "He is mad and hath a devil, why hear ye him?"

A BELIEVER IN "SMASHING."

June 5, 1901.

#### A Veteran Reformer.

Hiawatha, June 14, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Friend:—Permit an old veteran in the cause of prohibition to talk a little while with you. I am nearly 87 years old. I was an abolitionist all through the years of that agitation. I did a good deal of work on the Underground Railroad. I was a visitor in the office of Elijah P. Lovejoy some two months before he was murdered by a Missouri mob. And now, after that sum of all villainies, as Wesley called it, has gone down in blood, I have been doing all in my power to aid in the destruction of a greater curse, the American saloon. I have been disgusted and discouraged by the apathy and indifference of the Christian people of the country. It seems to take a long while to educate them to see the awfulness of the abominable iniquity. But history is repeating itself. The very same arguments used now to aid in defense of the saloon, were used fifty years ago in behalf of slavery. Oh! I'm tired waiting for people to learn a little common sense. Well, now, I want to tell you that I want to help you to the amount of a dollar, so please find enclosed money order for that amount, and send me your "Smasher" for a year. I have paid several times that amount to the Kansas State Temperance Union and have seen no results at all in doing away with the saloon. I regard it as an auxiliary of the Republican party and I want no more of it. Smash away, Mrs. Nation, and maybe this will be the means that will arouse the nation to wake up and put an end to this unparalleled iniquity. I have not written this for publication but to let you know that in Hiawatha you have one who is in sympathy with you. I have most of my life been on the unpopular side of all reforms, but none of these things move me. Yours for truth, justice and humanity,

J. W. MARGRAVE.

#### Both Sides Heard From.

Mrs. Mitchner, president of Seventh District, writes to Mrs. Kinsey, another officer of the Seventh District, and this is what Mrs. Kinsey writes me. Sister Mitchner has never written me about this matter:

Newton, Kansas, May 18, 1901.

Dear Mrs. Kinsey:—The enclosed letter explains itself. Mrs. Nation sent me your letter and this one to forward to you. I beg your



pardon for not sending it to you sooner, but I have been away from home. Just got home to-day. I am sorry you feel as you do about the W. C. T. U. We did not feel as if we could endorse Mrs. Nation as a State Organization, but each local union is a law unto itself, and I do hope Kingman W. C. T. U. will clean up Kingman as you say under the new law there is no excuse for any town having joints. Newton has none, and can't have while our union is alive. I think Mrs. Nation has done a wonderful thing in awakening sentiment, but if the W. C. T. U. had not been holding institutes and educating people and making temperance sentiment, there would have been no temperance sentiment to arouse. She has turned against her friends, accusing Mrs. Isabel Browne—who is honesty itself—of keeping her money, the fact of the case is, it was never given to her, but was a trust fund to be held to pay the lawyers and to help keep law and order in Wichita, and Mrs. Nation's demands that Mrs. Browne turn over the money to her, there is no money on hand and if there was Mrs. B. would have no right to give it to her. I was sorry you could not take Mrs. Smith as you promised to. She was very much disappointed and so was I. I believe an institute would have been very helpful and inspiring to your county. Well, it is bed time and I must close. Lovingly,

LILLIAN MITCHNER.

Kingman, Kans., June 1, 1901.

Dear Mrs. Nation:—I have been wanting to write to you for some time, but have hesitated because I haven't known where to address you, but I've concluded to risk Topeka. Then, too, I have been so indignant since the State Sunday School Convention that I have been obliged to wait awhile to cool off before I could dare trust myself to find words strong enough to express my indignation. To think that that convention of moral (?) and religious (?) workers would invite a perjurer merely because he held a high office—to give an address and then not only ignore you but even refuse you when you asked for ten minutes' time.

Mrs. Michner says the State W. C. T. U. can not endorse you (I enclose her letter), but I will tell you just how this matter appears to me.

Your work has been too prominent for any moral or religious—especially any temperance organization to keep silent about. They must or should express themselves one way or another concerning it. Now, you are either doing right or wrong. If wrong, they dare not be silent, but must openly condemn you; if right, they can not, must not remain silent, or merely "extend sympathy," but must openly endorse your work. If they condemn you (is it possible that the State Sunday School Convention did pass a resolution condemning you?) then they should not indulge in any hero worship over John Brown or any of the brave conductors on the underground railway of the 50's and 60's, but should pass resolutions condemning them—it isn't too late. But you know it is so safe and easy to indulge in fulsome praise of dead heroes when the issues have

been long settled and there is left but one side and that the side of the victor. Had the anti-slavery advocates been defeated—then they would have been rebels not heroes and so designated to-day.

The "timid good" may condemn Mrs. Nation—but do not lose courage. Go forth to the work to which God has called you. You are sowing and it may not be given to you to reap, but the harvest will be great and your reward is certain. The only time that I can see that you did anything contrary to law was in attacking that cold storage building in Topeka—when you had not succeeded in finding any liquor there. But why did not the brave (?) chivalrous (?) officers arrest some of the students and other men engaged in that affair, as well as you and the other women? Oh! what fearless protectors of the law we have in most towns. They are never afraid to arrest women and children—but the men or any real criminals—they must be ignored. It would not do to arrest them. That brutal outlaw, Wolf in Wichita, could break a girl's arm and not be arrested, but she and her defenders must be arrested and placed under heavy bond for disturbing his peace! I verily believe that Wichita will have a fate visited upon it as dreadful as that of Sodom and Gomorrah, if it persists in its terrible wickedness.

I enclose you a resolution which I introduced at a prohibition meeting here in Kingman. (Rev. Howie lectured and organized a prohibition party.) Some few wished to change the word endorse to sympathize but it carried as it was. Won't you please tell me all about the Harper affair—I don't know whether I have it straight or not. I believe so many would be pleased if you would publish a brief statement in Smasher's Mail of facts concerning it and all other affairs of the kind. Half of the time, the papers don't give any truthful account of these matters, and your friends would like to see a true account in your paper. When can you come to Kingman County? How I wish you could be with us for two or three weeks. We would arrange a series of a dozen or two meetings over the county that would be like a triumphal procession, and then if you could only be in Kingman on the days of the Cattlemen's Picnic in August. Last year two car loads of beer were brought in for the occasion and no doubt more than that will be required this year. Please let me know if you can ever come to Kingman, and when, and how many meetings you would like arranged—terms, etc. I do hope you can come.

God bless and keep you and prosper you in your brave work, for God and home and humanity. Sincerely your admirer and friend,

ELLA KINSEY.

#### A Good Letter.

Kniveton, Kans.

My Dear Sister Nation:—Enclosed find money order for \$3 for subscription to the Smasher's Mail. I fully intended to subscribe upon receipt of a copy of your first issue, during your stay in Topeka, but could, or did not, owing to the uncertainty of your whereabouts.



God help you to continue to wage war against the liquor curse. You have inspired thousands with your noble efforts, and the rum power knows and feels the sandy foundation crumbling beneath its feet. God speed the day when its walls shall totter and fall to rise no more. I am anxiously expecting to have the exalted privilege to see your dear face and hear you talk to the people of Pittsburg, in the near future, as I hear you are or shall have an invitation to come. Your sincere friend,

MRS. L. KNIVETON.

#### The Devil Posing as a Preacher.

Biloxi, Texas.

My Sister and Neighbor:—The New Testament says on some of its pages that if some be taken in a fault and the friends of the Lord Jesus Christ convert them from the error of their way, "they have saved a soul from death." Now, my dear lady, you know that the worshippers of the Laws of the old Bible crucified our Lord with their religious zeal, believing they were right, when they were wholly wrong. Our Lord in speaking of John the Baptist said to those old Jews, "Behold a man cometh among you neither eating nor drinking; ye say, He hath a devil. The Son of Man cometh among you both eating and drinking, and ye say, Behold a wine bibber and a gluttonous man."

Now, if the Lord Jesus, both ate and drank, who shall we follow, John the Baptist or the Lord Jesus?

John came as the forerunner of our Lord crying in the wilderness to make a straight path for the Lord. The New Testament tells us a drunken king and his Jezebel wife had that man's life taken from him. All things are for our good; but all things are not expedient for us. We can only advise men to do right. We can not force them to do so. We are to live peaceably with all men as the followers of the Savior. The Lord will tell when the time comes for the battle to begin. We must put up the sword in its scabbard and take our place in the footsteps of our Lord Jesus, leaving the battle to him who has conquered all the strongholds of the princes and palaces of sin and evil and is now sitting on the right hand of God the Father making intercession for our sinful souls. Your brother in Christ,

WILL H. PRICE.

#### From a Colored Sister.

For Smasher's Mail.

Graball, Texas.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Sister:—I have been keeping up with you ever since you began the first smashing. At first I felt afraid for you, until I considered if God was for you, the world could do you no harm. And I do believe you have done just what God would have you do. I know I have suffered for thirty years or more from that dread enemy, whisky. I hope and pray that you will keep up the good work until you reach Texas, and especially Grimes and Washington counties. I am a poor colored woman, nearly 55 years old, and have been trying to

serve the Lord for thirty-seven years, and have been praying against and wishing for some one or some way to crush the hell-holes into which our husbands delight to go. I am your sister in Christ. Gold and silver have I none, such as I have I give to thee in the name of the Lord. Rest assured you have my prayers, and I mean to wear a white handkerchief around my neck to show what side I am on. Though we are many miles apart, I feel that we are joined in heart. Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, our comforts and our cares.

From a Christian woman. Yours in tribulations.  
MRS. PRUDIE SPENCER.

#### Another Phase.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Lady:—I have been a reader of your temperance works and I highly approve of your good motive, and do think if there was more like you, women that fight against this whisky traffic, this would be a better country. My mother is dead, but during her life she never passed a saloon but she called them devil's dens. I am as much opposed as you to them, and the evil that prevails over the land, through them and by them. When we see the vice and wickedness of the saloons and houses of ill fame we wonder how the world stands. I think the greatest evil over the land is the fallen woman, and woman robbing homes of happiness, comforts of life by them, luring good men in their trail only to drain their pocket books and ruin their once happy home. I should love to see all such houses smashed in kindling wood. I have no more feeling for such trash than a rat, or any varmint. Do all you can in that line, as it is a widespread evil over the land. Would that saloons and those houses were swept into the depths of the sea. Then praise God from whom all blessings flow. Go on with your work. But let me wear a nice hat. Good bye. I remain, Yours Sincerely a friend.

R. W. H.

No. 205 Mulberry St., Madison, Ind.

#### Bryan's Commoner vs. Smasher's Mail.

Editor Smasher's Mail:—I will give anybody my year's subscription to Bryan's Commoner for his subscription for same time to Smasher's Mail. I was one of those who urged Mr. Bryan to start a paper, but it has been an utter disappointment to me, as it has to others. The Smasher's Mail, on the other hand, is as a newspaper an up-to-date affair, and I hope it will continue so by dealing hand in hand with people and principles at the same time. Perhaps everybody's expectations have been fully realized in the Smasher's Mail and, if so, I can not realize my exchange.

FRANCIS B. LIVESEY,

Sykesville, Md.

#### Church Turned into Beer Hall.

Milwaukee, Wis.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Madam:—Having been informed by our Milwaukee newspapers that it is your inten-



tion to visit ours, the Cream City of the West, I take great pleasure in extending to you a most cordial invitation to make your first call at my place of business, namely, the "Forst Keller." This place, formerly a church, but now remodelled into a most cozy and comfortable old German beer cellar, is situated on the corner of Eleventh and Chestnut streets.

You may rest assured, dear madam, that your reception will not be lacking in warmth. Hoping that you will give my invitation your favorable consideration, and hoping to welcome you at a very early date, I have the honor to remain, Yours most respectfully,

RICHARD BECKER.

### More Letters From Friends.

Hutchinson, Kans., May 22, 1901.

My Dear Sister Nation:—What a time you are having—first in one; then, before I could get a letter to you, I see by the papers you are in some other jail! What a shame and outrage, that a Christian woman, whose only aim is to do good, should be so treated, but I am hoping and praying that good may come out of all your suffering. The papers you sent me some time ago, I have tried to sell, took them to the Union, and to our poor little County Institute. I mean poor only in members. The program was fine, but so few out to hear it, and altogether have sold only 65 cents worth, which I enclose in stamps to save expense of draft or money order. My dear sister, I love you and always have; but my rooms are all vacant except Mrs. Brown's, and my income is not sufficient to warrant me in subscribing for your paper. You know I am trying to pay off a mortgage and I must not use one dollar for anything I can get along without, and I am away back on my Union Signal and other papers that I have always taken, so must not take anything more this year. I so fear you will lose money on your paper as long as you publish it, but will not presume to advise you about it. Please drop me a card if you get this, so I will know you received it. Lovingly yours,

M. C. GILLETTE.

Spring Valley, Minn.

My Dear Madam:—We are quite sure you will pardon the liberty we take in addressing you, but after mature deliberation we feel the time has at last arrived when we must speak. Our town, here, like many another town in Kansas, and in other states, is infested with those "hell-holes," where the stuff that kills and destroys is dealt out to our boys and nothing is done to stop the devilish work. "Oh for another Carrie Nation, to take up the standard of purity, and lead our forces to victory," is the cry that is going up from far and near. In your recent crusade against those cursed grog-shops, you rendered a service to your country which will be remembered long after your bones shall have crumbled to the silent dust, and which will go thundering down through the corridors of time, like a cannon-ball through a tower pipe. Our town is up in arms and we propose to take the calf by

the horns and act at once. Shall we gain strength by irresolution and inaction? Nit! Now is the time. And so on behalf of the law-abiding citizens of these diggings, we hereby tender you a cordial invitation to visit this burg and with your little hatchet to wipe out the dens of sin. Trusting that you will look with favor upon the proposition herein presented we have the honor to remain, your devoted admirers,

W. H. MITCHELL.  
R. E. WARD,  
CHAS. SIMMONS.  
L. W. JACKSON,  
L. E. LEIGH.

Santa Cruz, Calif.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—Over a month ago the W. C. T. U. of Santa Cruz, wishing to show their sympathy in your good work in Kansas, formed resolutions and wished me to send them to you, but many cares of the sick has caused me to delay writing, till now and I am afraid it will be too late to send them. Our sympathy was wonderfully exercised while reading of the troubles in your state, and we hope the right will prevail. Yours truly,

MRS. M. R. HENTH, Sec.

#### RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, The non-enforcement of the prohibitory liquor law of Kansas has aroused Mrs. Carrie Nation and other women of that state to violent methods of closing the saloons.

Therefore be it resolved, That the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Santa Cruz, endorse the work of Mrs. Nation and her followers, and will sustain her with our prayers and sympathy, believing that our sons and daughters are of more value than gold or silver.

W. C. T. U.

New York City.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

My Dear Madam:—Having read of your exploits it gives me great pleasure to comment upon your great success. It is a noteworthy fact that you are doing all in your power to save the poor people from giving their hard-earned earnings to the rich saloon keepers. What do they care so long as they can make a good living on the investments of us poor people. My wife and my friend's wife are being ruined by the use of liquors, which is so freely given to women in our city. The undertaking which you started to prevent drunkenness and lawlessness is a God's blessing to many a poor and rich family. Many wives and mothers pray for your complete success. Hoping you will still have the strong arm and nerve to wield that famous ax, I remain.

Yours truly,

MAX J. BOLZ.  
TONY HIRTH.

Rodney, Iowa.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Madam:—Please send me a copy of your paper and your terms to agents. I believe that I can get a hundred subscribers from this part of the country. To hell with the saloons, the men that run them, and the contents they



traffic in. I was just talking with two heart-sick women, from the effects of the devil's rum shop, as it would be possible to find even in the state of Kansas. They both told me they wanted your paper and congratulated you upon the beginning of what they believe will be the end of misery, poverty and recognized places of murder. Yours for the further advancement of the hatchet.

F. L. BARBER.

### Twice Told Truths.

One of the best letters I have received and so true. The devil has a corner on the dance—a hugging school, which is a highway to house of ill fame.

Milwaukee, Wis.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.:—Having read in one of our daily papers that it is your intention to visit our city, I take the liberty of writing you a few lines.

I believe if you come to our city you could do a lot of good (if you knew where to begin), not with your little hatchet, but in another way.

Before I go any farther I wish to say that I do not believe in joint-smashing, as two wrongs do not make one right. Then I believe joint smashing is as useless a task as to build a house on sand, or to begin with building with the roof. First, lay a good foundation, so that your structure will stand the wear of wind storms and time.

If I tell you that I am only 25 years of age you might say I have no right to even try to advise an older, more experienced person; experience comes with years I know, but a good chance to observe and see things ought to count for something. I have been right in the heart of vice since the age of 13, have been a bartender for over 5 years and had lots of chances to observe.

I wish to say in my behalf that I held this position not voluntarily, but through force of circumstances, which would be a waste of time to state. I drink a glass of beer and smoke a cigar once in a while and am by no means what you would call an angel. Now what I call beginning at the foundation of a structure, you are earnestly trying to build, I will try to state briefly.

Stop all dances where intoxicating liquors are sold, try to have a law passed to close all places where intoxicants are sold after 11.30 p. m. If you ever come to Milwaukee, let some one take you to one of those so-called Saturday night dances, you will see things that will knock all hollow all your ideas of vice, you will find yourself in a training-school of H—l.

I believe you would stop joint smashing, you would see where vice grows, know where to find its root.

I have tended bar at such places and have seen, what nine out of ten people would think impossible. I was at such a place very re-

cently, my only wish was that Mrs. Carrie Nation could see the sights I saw.

It was a masquerade ball, there were people there of various ages ranging from 13 to 50 years, drink was sold to all, no questions asked like, are you of age, not in the least, money is the only question.

One incident I took particular notice of was this: A mother with her daughter, both dressed in very shameless manner, short skirts, low cut dress, etc. The mother I should judge to be about 40, the daughter about 14 years. The mother paid no attention to her child, she had no time, she gave all her attention to carousing with boys, young boys, 18 and 19 years old and younger.

The daughter's time was spent in drinking and dancing with drunken men, some old enough to be her father, yes, even her grandfather.

Now, these are common occurrences in our city. I know nothing about other cities. Such dances begin at 8 p. m. on Saturday eve and last until 5 and 6 a. m. Sunday, are mostly arranged by boys 18 to 25 years of age.

The money made on such dances is spent for a good time, e. g. visiting houses of ill fame. Another root of vice, which is in fact the beginning of all is the existence of clubs. Clubs and clubs have many definitions, the clubs I refer to are, where a crowd of boys, schoolboys mostly, chip up, rent a part of an old barn, a part of a vacant house or saloon, in which they meet to drink, smoke, gamble, fight, curse and very often plan crime.

I knew of a club at one time, consisting of about 15 members between the age of 14 and 18 years. They would chip up all their spending money and lay in a supply of liquor for Saturday night. One of the members told me that at one time they had 12 cases of beer on a Saturday and there was not any of it left over Sunday eve.

Now if the law was enforced in this case and all cases of this kind there would not be any need for hatchets in the future. Joint smashing would be useless, they would smash up for want of support. These clubs make young men unfit to associate with respectable people, they do not know how to speak to a lady, and must keep among themselves.

One of the members of the club I write about is at the present time serving time in prison for murder. I lost track of a lot of them. Those that remain are all loafers who only work long enough to get a suit of clothes, and then they beat the saloon keeper out of the drinks. I will close, hoping you success in your undertaking, and that by and by you get to the true root of evil. I believe that until you locate the root of this very powerful weed (vice) you will be unable to destroy it.

I hope you will not call me a coward for writing anonymous. I have reasons to sign myself, Sincerely yours,

AN EX-BARTENDER.

### Two Catholic Letters.

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



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

A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

Mendota, Minn.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

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

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

MARTIN MAHONY.

A CATHOLIC WOMAN.

Rosenburg, Texas.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

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

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

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

Remember how often we have differed on these points. I could not change you, neither could you change me. Personally we are very

warm friends, but when it comes to pro and anti we are divided.

It is useless to try to force our opinions on others.

When at a distance our tongues are silent,  
With pen and paper I speak to thee;

May Jesus share His separated blessings,  
Although divided in a distant land.

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

From a Traveling Man.

Indianapolis, Ind.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Wichita, Kans.

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

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

W. S. SANFORD.

Care Terre Haute House, Terre Haute, Ind.

From a Son.

Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.

My Dear Mrs. Nation:—Since your visit with me in my father's saloon, on the evening of your arrival in Chicago, I have been thinking very seriously of what you said to me. To tell you the truth, I never did like the busi-



ness, and your visit has set me to thinking of going into some other business. I have been talking with my father about it, but he seems to want to stick to the saloon business as he has been in it all of his life. But I am a young man and have a future before me, so I am going to try something else. My father is willing to stake me in any business I may choose, and I think I have found something that is all right and in which I think I will succeed, and that is the hotel business. There is a hotel called the Queen Hotel, corner Harrison Street and Wabash Avenue, which I am thinking of buying. In fact the negotiations are about all closed up. It is a very nice hotel and has NO bar in it, and I will see to it that there never will be one.

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

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

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

I would be glad to hear from you. Yours very respectfully,  
 MAET KAVANAUGH,  
 136 Van Buren St.

#### A Typical Joint Smashing.

WRITTEN BY AN EYE WITNESS.

It was 5 o'clock Sabbath morning, February 10, 1901, in the City of Topeka, Kansas. After retiring the night before, I had been notified that there would probably be a raid and of the time and place and to be on the alert. Accordingly I directed my steps toward the State House. The great dome and gray walls loomed up in bold relief. The city was wrapped in slumber. The grounds were deserted, except here and there a lone watcher (spotter) among the trees about the outskirts. The stillness was ominous and oppressive—it was the awful silence that precedes the coming storm. Phantom figures began to gather, one, two, three, and then in squads, men and women, along the gravel walks, to disappear under the massive east arch of the capitol. Soon hundreds were assembled—ministers, lawyers, physicians, merchants and mechanics—a mixed multitude without the rabble. The men wore white handkerchiefs around their necks, and closely scrutinized and questioned every new-comer—low, distinct challenges and "To what company do you belong?" Glimpses of sledges, axes, crowbars, and especially bright hatchets and glistening revolvers reminded of Kansas in the days of long ago. The cold night wind and the damp slush of the melting snow did not cool the ardor of the "Home Defenders"

there to escort the noted Carrie Nation on a smashing tour. The college boys appeared with a battering ram; the electric lights were turned off; the deep, solemn tones of the cathedral bell struck 6 o'clock; the procession lined up, with the redoubtable Carrie in the lead. Silent, sullen, scarcely a word spoken, the "army" moved east on Ninth street to Kansas avenue, the principal business thoroughfare of the city, thence north to Sixth street, and wheeled to the east. Tramp! tramp! on they go, to halt at one of the most notorious joints. A cordon of police before the entrance are swept aside, the leader cries, "Smash!" and the battering ram does the rest, the door flew open and in surged the crusaders, striking right and left, and amid the rattle and clatter of falling glass and breaking fixtures, a case of beer remaining is demolished, and the work is done. In the meantime the leader is being hurried toward the city prison by the brave police. The "army" returns to the State House and breaks into squads or disbands. Detachments raided two other places that Sunday morning.

And that holy day, as the crusader lay in prison for breaking into a cold storage building, a regular liquor arsenal and joint supply house, the enemies of prohibition and false friends said her mission was a failure, and in the trials the district judge said she was insane.—In an Illinois Paper.

#### Serious Objections to Marriage.

Dr. Dio Lewis, in his admirable book, entitled "Our Girls," puts it as follows:

I said, one evening, to my friend John Finlay, a young man of twenty-five, "Finlay, why don't you get a wife?"

"Well, my friend," said he, "that's a long story. I will tell you all about it some time."

At my next visit, he said: "Doctor, speaking about matrimony, did you know that I had purchased the Temple estate, on Bernard Street?"

"No; and then you have concluded to establish a home of your own. And who is the happy woman? for most sincerely I do regard her as happy in such a union."

"Ah, my friend," said he, "you are getting on too fast. I have no definite purpose in regard to matrimony. Mrs. Oliver, on hearing that I had purchased a house, sought me out directly and exclaimed, 'Now you have a cage, of course you must have a bird to put into it.' I wonder if she thinks me silly enough to marry one of her daughters? Why, I should infinitely prefer one of those show figures in the shop windows. They look fully as well, have about as much heart, and then they don't get sick. Why, look at her girls. There goes one of them. Now isn't that a pretty looking object? A big hump, three big lumps, a wilderness of crimps and frills, a hauling up of the dress here and there, an enormous, hideous mass of false hair or bark piled on the top of her head, and on the very top of that an enormous hat ornamented with bits of lace, bird's wings, tails, etc., while the shop windows tell us all day long of the paddings, whalebones, and springs which occupy most



of the space within that outside rig. In the name of all the sweet sentiments which cluster about a home, I would ask how is a man to fall in love with such a compound—doubled and twisted, starched, comical, artificial, touch-me-not, wiggling curiosity?

"I don't want a bird for my cage. That's just what fashionable wives are—pretty birds kept in beautiful cages. I don't want and won't have anything of the kind. What I want is a true wife, a real substantial woman, a companion, an adviser, a friend, one whose voice is not a mere echo of mine, but who has a distinctive individuality, with judgment, opinions, and will of her own. Of course, I know that most fashionable ladies are better than they seem; that this contemptible disguise which they wear—this falsehood which they repeat in the hair, the skin, the shape and form of each and every part of the body, is not a deliberate falsehood, but the result of a thoughtless compliance with fashion; but it is very difficult for me to separate the woman from the lie. And then their voices! How utterly affected! No matter what the natural voice may be, every one learns exactly the same ridiculous intonation."

#### About the Way It Works.

Last Saturday night the Swear-off Club held their monthly meeting at their rooms on New Jersey Street. Upon the counting of noses it was found that only one member had remembered his obligations and proved true thereto, and he had been to Muncie a dozen times since the society organized. A resolution to suspend the rules until January 1st, 1902, was unanimously adopted.—In Fidelity News.

Pledge signing is like a skeptical wag said of certain characters: "You must get a club and kill them during a big revival or the devil will get them sure." The best swear-off is to remove temptation.

#### Sensible.

Dignity is a good thing; but, if you are in the rear of a big crowd and wish to see the procession, don't stand on it. Get on a barrel.—Junior Herald, Topeka, Kan.

#### Government Ownership of Railroads.

COMPILED BY W. L. HUMBERT.

Editor Smasher's Mail:

The impression is rapidly gaining that the railroads of the United States, seconded by the National Banks, really control the politics of the nation. Many believe that the general attorney of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, at Topeka (with the general attorneys of the other roads acting with him,) absolutely dominates Kansas politics, even more than Boss Leiland ever did. The Union Pacific Railway reports immense profits, largely wrung from the Kansas commonwealth. This company it seems, as part of its legitimate business, actually issues a political campaign book of just such information as it thinks its employees

should know. See State Journal, Aug. 4th, 1900.

CALLED TO ACCOUNT.

#### M. N. Butler Says Missouri Pacific Ought to Be Boycotted.

M. N. Butler, who was secretary of the Prohibition (Nationalist) party state central committee, wants the temperance people of Kansas to boycott the Missouri Pacific railway. He gives his reasons in the following communication which he has written to the State Journal:

"All efforts to secure those courtesies that were being thrown right and left last fall (1898) to Republican resubmission and Democratic campaigners, were utterly refused to prohibition speakers and law and order workers by the Missouri Pacific railway. The shameful fact is that this powerful system has a big beer 'ad' at the top and a glaring tobacco 'ad' at the bottom of every page of its time cards and folders.

#### DRINK LEMP'S ST. LOUIS BEER.

The Missouri Pacific Railway Company,  
St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern Railway Co.

AND  
LEASED, OPERATED AND INDEPENDENT LINES.

### OFFICIAL Time Tables,

THROUGH  
CAR SERVICE

AND OTHER : : : : :

INFORMATION.

Subject to Change.

#### AUGUST, 1899.

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

#### SEPTEMBER, 1899.

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

STAR TOBACCO is the LEADING BRAND of the WORLD.  
BECAUSE it is the BEST.

"Sober temperance people, especially W. C. T. U. women, Christian Endeavorers, and church members, as well as the general public, should resent this disgraceful business, flaunted in their faces at every Missouri Pacific railway station. Give this company notice that the illegal, treasonable liquor traffic must not be thus endorsed and abetted in a state where



that traffic is an outlaw, and that it will pay in the end to deal square with prohibition campaigners who are opposing the criminal traffic. To patronize such a railway is to approve to that extent its business methods. The public should know these things. A railroad that puts temptation before its employees and then bounces them for drinking, deserves the contempt of all honest people."

The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railway, that has been an eyesore in the courts of the country, and reported at one time to be over 80 per cent alien capital, actually put the British Lion, standing in Canada, over the United States, on the first and last pages of its folders and time cards—an insult to the patriotism and Americanism of the people.



Object to the Santa Fe Lion—Oklahoma division, Ancient Order of Loyal Americans, in territorial convention at Mulhall, Thursday, adopted the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the A. O. L. A., in annual convention assembled, most earnestly condemn and protest against the action of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railway for the insult offered every American citizen by placing on their charts and maps the English lion, typical of British power and authority in our free America."

This corporation maintains an agency in Rome to foreignize America as rapidly as possible. See State Journal, November 26, 1900. The government is now trying to recover fraudulent lands from this un-American company. See Topeka Capital, March 2, 1901. Railroad men assert that there is constant discrimination by this road in favor of Englishmen for promotion and emolument.

It is such corporations that so reluctantly extend and so readily revoke the usual business courtesies to editors, public speakers and others whose business advertises and influences travel and traffic, unless they are paid agents of this foreign oligarchy.

This corporation's net profits the past year was the enormous sum of eighteen millions of dollars. See annual statement in State Journal, September 25, 1900, and other dailies.

The State Journal of August 9, 1900, shows how certain voters were favored by the railroads.

Other instances might be cited showing that the time has fully arrived for government ownership of railways.

So Mrs. Nation is not the first political reformer discriminated against. The roads appear to be in the business.

The above speaks for itself, and now I am permitted to speak for myself, thanks to Smasher's Mail. As I said, no road has offered me a free pass, but one from Ft. Worth, whose agent is Mr. Shelton, although I have frequently asked the Santa Fe to let me have a pass for its ad, and at last, through its unkind treatment, I ride no more in its tobacco soaked coaches, because I bought a ticket to Kansas City, paid \$2.00 for it, and while talking, and not looking for a thief, someone stole my ticket. I bought another, the agent giving me a receipt which I took to headquarters in Topeka, and was met with an insulting insinuation that I had lied to get a ticket free. I don't have to lie in my business. Wish you, Mr. Santa Fe, could say the same. At the news depot in Topeka the agent has been forbidden to sell my papers, and Santa Fe officials phoned me that I must not sell them in depot and on platform. Answer, "I will, you help yourself if you can." I have paid this road almost two hundred dollars in the last six months. "Saving at the spill and loosing at the bung," as a matter of dollars and cents, and as a matter of principle, just dog; excuse me doggie. Some people would get a corner on God's sunshine if they could.

Dr. Downing, my osteopath physician, is a fresh young, strong physician, a graduate from Kirksville, and a fine treater. We heartily and conscientiously recommend him to the patrons of Topeka.

#### Hairdresser.

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



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

BY M. N. BUTLER.

\*  
 CHAPTER V.  
 \*

**A Wild Ride.—An Awful Night.—The Burning  
 Factories and Wrecked Train.**

It was a beautiful day in January. The sun had shone brightly and warm. Everything was quiet in the village, too quiet, Tom thought. Several strangers had been in town all day. Toward night men who were supposed to be out of money were seen to be drinking in the various joints. Chapman and DeRolf had been soundly denounced by several tough citizens the last few hours. Tom had given the factory owners, railway officials and the editor of the Headlight several significant pointers, but they had got used to things and were negligent.

At nightfall Worth Chapman drove over to the village to meet the two organizers who had been off on a week's campaign. The snow was gone and the ground was dry and hard.

Wilbur had been to a neighbor's and as he was returning through a pasture at dusk, in passing an old building, he heard two men talking in a low tone. Listening attentively he heard one say: "Well, those scabs must look out for their bacon. The mills will burn like gun cotton and it will be a cold day when they get another scab to run a train after that one stops at the bridge to-night. We'll warm old Chapman. I'm kind o' glad he is gone." The curses and oaths are left out. The boy waited to hear no more. He sped homeward and rushing through the house picked up a revolver Worth had cleaned and loaded that day. He met Esther at the gate and hurriedly told her what he had heard. "That means mill burning, barn burning and train wrecking. Bring Reindeer quick." The black thoroughbred was soon beside her prancing and champing his bits. "Now, Wilbur, look after mother and Effie and don't let those fellows burn the barn or house. Steady, Reindeer, we have a race with time. The train is nearly due now." And away they flew like the wind. Farmers returning from town saw her pass them like an apparition in the gathering gloom. She grows desperately calm. Something is in her hand. "What is it? Ah! Wilbur put that there. Well, I am glad I know how to shoot, but hope I won't have to use it. Two miles yet. How slow we go. Faster, Reindeer, faster!" and the intelligent beast seemed to double his speed. The village lights were nearing and little did its people dream of what the next few hours had in store. She must pass a livery barn at the corner. A crowd of excited men were before it. Tom was backed up against the building near the open door. She hears the words, "Spy! Traitor!" as she reins up for a moment. "To the east bridge.

Tom!" and a burly fellow from the other side grabs the bridle rein. Quick as a flash a bullet strikes his arm, and she is away again. Before the startled strikers realize the situation Tom had darted into the building, sprang onto a horse, ready bridled and saddled, was out on the street, and riding to beat Tam O'Shanter. "I am a shrewd one," he said to himself as he threw a signal at the editor of the Headlight. "I've been looking for this for a week and then taken by surprise. No more surprises for me to-night. Let me see: hand-cuffs, revolver, and dark lantern. O I'm all right. Lucky I've had that horse ready the last three nights." And the wild cry of fire rang out on the night and the lurid flames shot up from two massive buildings. But the two swift riders heed it not. The telegraph operator sees them pass and catches Tom's signal, but he knows the train has just left the other station. Out of the street lights, facing the darkness, with the glimmer of fire behind, and the awful expectancy before them, what a race. The river is reached and the horses cross the wagon bridge neck and shoulder. A little beyond and there is a deep railroad cut. Both riders are off together. Tom is over the fence and away. He sees the glimmer of the headlight. Already he has his lantern and a match in his hand. He pauses a moment and flashes the light high above his head. Esther is by his side. It is too late—there is a crash, a rumble and a roar, and the train is a wreck within twenty feet of them. The engine is almost demolished, the baggage car, mail car and smoker are all in ruins. Two men killed in the smoker and several badly wounded. DeRolf had quit smoking some months before and so got off with a fractured arm in a rear coach. The president of the road was in the smoker with a mashed hand, and as Tom helped him out at a window he was pale as a ghost. Strange to say but the train did not catch fire. Esther had soon recovered from the first shock and was assisting the suffering. She told her father her story as he held the man whose fractured head she was bandaging. The passengers were all out of the wreck at last, and men were trying to get at the mangled remains of the engineer. The fireman had come to and was telling how Jim, the engineer, cried, "Jump, Ed," as he reversed the engine and threw on the air brakes, and then died at his post like a hero "scab" though he was. He had seen the flash of Tom's lantern and the obstruction at the same instant and his prompt action had saved many lives that night. Alva DeRolf went round helping with his well arm, refusing aid until others were cared for. At last, with gentle touch and flushed cheeks, Esther bandaged the wounded arm. Already her father, Tom Bombasto, the railroad president, and several resolute traveling men were walking rapidly toward the village to render aid should any be necessary. Esther and her escort found the horses where they had been left, Tom having thrown the bridle rein over a fence post when dismounting. A quick canter soon brought them to the burning factories. All was quiet as resolute citizens patrolled the town.



The village had no regular fire company and the huge buildings with their valuable and costly machinery were fast going to ashes and debris. John Townsend, one of the partners in the fine woolen mills, was whistling softly to himself as farmer Chapman greeted him. "Well," he said, "I'm down again. I began life a poor orphan boy without a penny. Have worked harder than any man in my mills and for far less wages. Was at last getting fixed to school my children and now all I have is my house and lot. I guess though that we can climb the hill again. Just as well whistle as cry," and he began to whistle again. "That's all right, see me Monday. Maybe I can do you a good turn. But from what I can learn I may be badly needed at home. Here, Esther and Alva, get into the buggy. Now, Reindeer, you'll carry your master."

"Hold a minute, Chapman, until I hand this list of names to the president," said Tom. "Better have the marshal and his men rustle or some of the birds may fly. No more trouble here and I am going with my friend." The horses were rested and the two men were not long in going the two miles. "There is my house and barn all right. All quiet on the Potomac," said the farmer.

Wilbur met them on the porch and explained that after Esther left he told his mother what was up. "Told her to fasten the doors, light the lantern, put out the lamp, and if I called to come quick. Then I rammed a heavy load of buckshot down both barrels of the shotgun and laid down not far from the barn on the side next the house. I was in good fighting humor, when I thought how Pa and Mr. De Rolf might be killed or roasted alive in that train and imagined all sorts of things that might happen to Esther on that wild horse, and the idea of burning mills and barns and houses! What was this country coming to anyway? I lay there until I began to get cold. It seemed like a long time and I did wish it was Worth instead of me. He shoots better than I and ain't afraid of anything. But by and by I heard two fellows walking across the barn lot to the other side. I sort of shivered all over and this time I wished I was in bed and Pap was holding the gun. But I must not lie there with a double barrel gun and let two men burn us out. So I tiptoed and took roundance on the fellows. One of them lit a match. He was kneeling down. I knew he wasn't at his devotions, so I let him have it and yelled and he yelled and tother fellow took to the timber. Ma came running with the lantern and I fixed tother barrel and we went up on him, and who do you think it was? It was that ornery Jack Simpson. Mr. Jones was passing so we put him onto the cart and ambalanced him to the house."

Chapman seemed to be all over his hurry. Several neighbors and the folks in the house were so busy conversing they did not hear the talking outside. Mrs. Chapman started up with a white face at sight of her husband, but a glance at his countenance reassured her and she gave a low "Thank God!" and her husband in a deep tone responded "Amen!"

Tom advanced to the lounge and shook the

wounded man roughly: "Jack, you drunken, gambling firebug, what are you doing here? You fellows that won't work, nor let anybody else work have been getting in some grand work. Want eight hours a day, do you? Two more hours to loaf, and drink, and play pool. Well, you'll get twenty-four hours a day, but it will be in the county jail or the pen. These honest farmers work from dawn till dark to make homes for you drunken louts to burn out."

Here farmer Chapman spoke up: "Jack is ignorant, can scarcely read or write. I let his family have twenty-five dollars worth of provisions once when he was sick, and I suppose he came to-night to pay the debt. Wilbur has given him a receipt in full and I am truly thankful that it is no worse. He is no more to blame than the men who sold him liquor or the men who go all over the country, proposing force and violence. This night has been an awful lesson to us all."

"That is so, Mr. Chapman," said Jack. "You was a friend to me and how the last two hours I have regretted this night's work. I never would have been where I am but for liquor. The miners and factory hands of this country are more interested in the Script and Screen laws and the Scale of Wages, than they are in benevolent assimilation and theological dissertations on the Ten Commandments. Their wives and children care more about the price of food and clothing at the company store than Sunday school talk, missionary meetings and sending Bibles to the Hottentots. I have drank my last glass of grog and if I live will reassert my American manhood."

"Good," said Oliver, "and I will stand by you again."

At this juncture the balance of the party arrived. De Rolf looked at the wounded man a moment and in a voice trembling with emotion asked: "Is this Russia, or is it free America? Threatening, burning and murdering, and men fighting for their lives and property."

"Well, Alva, wait till we see what the law does before we say too much," said Tom, who had been examining the incendiary's wound. "Just a severe flesh wound, not dangerous, though. A shot hit this nerve, and has caused temporary paralysis. Take good care of him and we'll be after him to-morrow sometime. I have work before me. So, good-night."

"Worth," said Esther, "where have you been all this time?"

"Yes," remarked his father, "let us hear all about it."

"When I got to town I went up to the printing office and was sitting reading. All at once Captain Burton came tearing in like mad. He didn't exactly swear and he didn't quote Shakespeare, but he got off some original thoughts as he locked the front door and picked up his old gun. 'I fought three years for this glorious country, voted the Republican ticket from Lincoln to Garfield, and not satisfied with burning our candidate in effigy they want to burn me out. This old repeater is all right, and we'll see if, old Burton is the soldier he used to be. Say, lad, do you want to stay



in the dark or go with me? Better go with me; you might get cremated here. Bring that bucket of water and keep cool!"

"When we got to the foot of the old stairs a light was shining through the cracks in Smith's ware room and a man was running from the open door toward the street. The old Captain blazed away and never touched a hair."

"He ought to had a shot gun," put in Wilbur.

"Did you get the fire out," asked Effie.

"O, yes. I slapped the pail of water onto it, and it was out in a jiffy. We held the fort awhile, and I pulled out for the burning mills, so that is all."

(To be continued.)

#### Has He The Pass?

The following clipping is from the New York Press of Sunday, June 9, 1901:

We joy to announce that the Hon. Caroline Nation has put us down on her free list, and now sends on her powerful organ, the Smasher's Mail, in a self-addressed wrapper. We can't say that we like the paper. It don't say anything except mean things about all in sight, and we thank heaven that we ourselves are not given that way, but try to look on the good side of everything. As soon as we find such a side on any of our esteemed fellow villagers we will announce the fact.

We fear that Caroline's method is crude. On the first page of her able moulder of what goes in Kansas for public opinion we see this paragraph:

"The only railroad that has offered me a free pass is the ——. Have an idea they are a tip-top road. Accept my compliments." Caroline, we have made it an iron-clad rule in our editorial sanctum never to accept a pass, and so far we have not been tempted. But we would not be so clumsy about it if we wanted one. The way we would do is this: We would write a dignified letter to the railroad telling them that we wouldn't take a pass under any circumstances, and it would be a pretty slow railroad that wouldn't see the point. In connection with this, and to prove that we didn't get a pass, we might mention that recently we got an entirely unsolicited letter from Squire Fullerton of the Long Island Railroad, saying after a lot of praise of the Bronco, that our modesty makes us refrain from printing:

"I inclose you a lot of assorted passes. Yours truly,

H. B. FULLERTON.

"P. S. If you do not find the passes inclosed, it is because I have forgotten to put them in."

We seem to have a recollection that he forgot it as he feared.

Squire Fullerton has been a photographing Long Island again and embodying the result in one of his railroad books. He guarantees the scenery on the island to be fully as represented and states that he is only sorry that he can't photograph the health giving winds that blow all over the place free of charge. We always hang our out-of-town sign on the door when we see the squire come because he has a strong belief that next to photography and

the cotton gin the Long Island railroad is the greatest invention of civilized man. We believe we mentioned that we did not have a pass.

#### The Way It Works.

A few days ago a large, fierce-looking woman stepped into a saloon in Tyler by mistake to inquire the location of a local dentist. Some one yelled "Mrs. Nation," and without stopping to parley, the barkeeper leaped the counter, made a Maud S. dash for the rear door, closely followed by the negro porter, and both disappeared over the back fence. The old lady gazed in dismay at the fleeing men, and then walked out and asked an outsider if they were crazy.—Ex.

#### "Poetic Gems."

##### A "Disjointed" Rhyme.

Written for Smasher's Mail.

Sing a song of six joints,

With bottles "full of rye"—

Four and twenty beer kegs,

Stacked up on the sly;

When the kegs were opened,

The beer began to sing:

"Hurrah for Carrie Nation!

Her pluck beats everything!"

"We tho't that we were destined,

To create discord, strife;

But kindly she permits us

To sing away our life.

And ere our voices falter,

A blessing we implore,

On this brave Carrie Nation,

Who spilled us on the floor!"

(Or who makes the jointists roar.)

The bottles of "Maderia,"

Of "Muscatel," "Cognac,"

It mattered nothing what they were,

She hit them all "ker-whack;"

And as the "ardent spirits,"

Went trickling to the floor,

'Twas: "God bless Carrie Nation,

Go smash the joints some more!"

##### Solemn Thoughts.

'Twas an aged and Christian martyr,

Sat alone in a prison cell,

Where the law of state had brought her,

For wrecking an earthly hell.

Day by day, and night she dwelt there,

Singing songs of Christ's dear love;

At His cross she pray'd and knelt there,

As an angel from above.

In the cells and 'round about her,

Prisoners stood, deep stained in sin;

Listening to the prayers she'd offer,

Looking for her Christ within.

Some who'd never known a mother,

Ne'er had learned to kneel and pray,



Raised their hands, their face to cover,  
Till her words had died away.

In the silent midnight hours,  
Came a voice in heavenly strain,  
Floating o'er in peaceful showers,  
Bringing sunshine after rain.

Each one rose from out his slumber,  
Listening to her songs of cheer,  
Then the stillness rent asunder,  
With their praises loud and clear.

Praise from those whose crimes had led them,  
O'er a dark and stormy sea,  
Where its waves had dashed and tossed them  
Into "hell's" captivity.  
Wine it was, the drink that led them,  
From the tender Shepherd's fold,  
Now they hear His voice call them,  
With His precious words of gold.

Like the sheep that went astray,  
Twice we've heard the story told,  
They heard His voice, they saw the way,  
That leads to His pastured fold.  
Written for Mrs. Nation by a prisoner in Wichita jail.

#### The Last Meeting.

I am glad that you have come at last,  
Though love is gone, and hope is past,  
And all our idle dreams are o'er,  
To visit one at least of us no more.  
Sit down..... I will not shed a tear.  
I know what 'twas that brought you here,  
A little courtesy—a touch of fear  
Lest I, the mother of your child,  
Should in a fit of passion wild  
Your new-found blessings have defiled,  
And damned the pleasures of your life  
With that dark drug—domestic strife.  
"I wrong you"—

Do, I, tell me how?  
"You only seek my friendship now,"  
You are very kind—you have indeed  
Been friendly to me in my need,  
Smoothed o'er my bleak and barren lot,  
And made my life—nay stop me not—  
And made my life a golden dream,  
An ark of bliss, a sunlight stream,  
A casket rich—a diadem  
Sparkling with every earthly gem,  
A friend! Oh, yes, a wholesale friend,  
Before whose sacred shrine I bend  
O'er laden with a burdened cross,  
Which not even hatred could make worse.  
"I am mistaken."

Am I, How?  
I ask again, is this a cheek, an eye, a brow,  
Which tell of happiness or peace?  
Of blessings ever on th' increase?  
Of heart felt calm—of honored name?  
Of pure and unpolluted fame?  
Of silver joys and sinless bliss?  
Pure as an unstained virgin's kiss?  
"I know you loved me."

Did you? When?  
Thou truest, noblest, best of men,  
Was it when from my mother's side,  
You lured me to become your bride,

When, with upon thy soul a vow,  
(Proceeding whence and honored how),  
You made me what you see you now,  
An outcast festering in my shame,  
A wretch who not a friend can claim,  
A mother shrinking with affright to hear  
Sounds dearest to a mother's ear—  
A woman lost to all but sin,  
With guilt without and hell within.  
You can protect me, and you will.  
No doubt your antidote for me  
Is gold, a pauper's fee,  
And double precious, too, from thee.  
Put up thy purse, I need it not,  
'Twas not for this thy speech I sought.  
Look here! This shroud I fling aside,  
(Carry the tidings to thy bride,  
And let it soothe thy manly pride),  
This glassing eye and aspect mild  
An angel now but once thy child.  
No more with shame thy name will brand.  
It died—and by its mother's hand.  
You start—you tremble! Man of crime!  
Beware, repent, you still have time.  
For me, my earthly race is run,  
My days of woe and guilt are done.  
Let honor sound my funeral knell,  
And kiss my babe, farewell; farewell,  
The cup was drained, her pangs were o'er—  
But he, the tempter, smiled no more.  
—Selected.

#### Lines on the First Psalm.

BY J. L. ELDRIDGE.

Blest is the man, divinely blest,  
Who shuns the sinner's way;  
Who heeds Jehovah's loving voice  
And never goes astray.

He does not walk with sinful men,  
Nor take the scorner's seat;  
He trusts a triune loving God,  
And never knows defeat.

The law of God he prizes much,  
Its teachings his delight;  
He meditates throughout the day,  
And watches of the night.

He loves to aid those in distress,  
To see their wants supplied,  
And no substantial good by him  
Will ever be denied.

As grows the tree on river's bank,  
Its roots with moisture fed,  
Whose fruit adorns each spreading bough  
With foliage overhead

So thrives the man who loves his God  
He prospers day by day,  
He will receive a rich reward  
To never pass away.

Not so ungodly men who spurn  
The truth divinely given,  
They pass away like worthless chaff  
And never enter heaven,

They shall not in the judgment stand  
Victims of every lust;



They'll never reach the pearly gates  
Nor dwellings of the just.

The Lord he knows the hearts of all;  
The saints receive his care,  
While all the guilty sons of earth  
Will perish in despair.  
Topeka, Kans.

#### Let Man Be Ruler.

That man was made first was a reason quite  
plain  
Why man should be ruler of the family do-  
main,  
God surely intended that Eve should obey,  
That her will should be subject to Adam's al-  
way,  
Else he, at the first, would have made man  
twain.

For woman to rule over man is not right—  
Man in subjection 's a pitiable sight—  
That woman should govern was never or-  
dained;  
Her assumption to rule can not be maintained,  
For man was made first to rule in his right.

Dominion and power God did give to man—  
Nor for Adam alone to rule—tho' his plan—  
Let them have dominion—Jehovah's decree—  
Over fowls of the air and fish of the sea,  
For female and male, created He man.

The sale of right to govern no woman can  
claim—  
Assumption of power was never her aim—  
For they have dominion—not she nor yet he;  
Together they rule by God's changeless decree,  
She asks but her share, not more than does  
claim.

That man, before woman, was made we agree,  
But does power thus rest with priority?  
If so, then the beast and the fish and the fowl,  
Then even the greyhound, the earth worm, or  
owl,  
Being made before man would rule man—  
don't you see?

Woman's rule over man would prove a great  
cure,  
Man's tyranny of her is now even worse,  
To both, equal power to govern was given;  
Thus both for their talents must answer in  
heaven,  
And therefore, receive either blessing or  
curse.

Can man, then, or woman assume sole control  
If the life of the other—the body and soul?  
Can either then say that to rule is my right?  
When God holds them equal in His sight?  
Let them have dominion—let them have con-  
trol.

Let man, then be ruler in home and in state,  
That man, male and female, which God did  
create,  
Let them have dominion, not he nor yet she—  
Let them have dominion, Jehovah's decree—

And wisdom will rule both in home and in  
state.

—C. H. Ogbeara, Kingman, Kansas.

#### Death.

In the dark realm that we call death,  
Democracy holds sway;  
The high and low, the rich and poor,  
Alike pass the same way,  
And rest their weary heads upon  
The same damp, chilly bed,  
And find a common level when  
They join the silent dead.

The wisdom of the wise is left  
On this side of the stream;  
The poet's song is lulled to rest,  
And he no longer dreams;  
But lays all where the rich man lays  
His countless millions down,  
Just where the beggar leaves his rags,  
The song and wealth are found.

The proud man gives up dignity,  
The politician fame;  
The man of pleasure sees too late  
His efforts have been vain.  
The man of labor rests from toil,  
The proud and haughty yield,  
To the last enemy of man,  
Upon one common field.

The strong man and the weak alike,  
Yield to the last demand;  
And both alike are helpless when  
They reach the borderland,  
The victor and the vanquished, are  
In every way the same;  
And in the grave there is no room  
For what the world calls fame.

Here nature's last decree we see  
In equity complete,  
The lifeless forms of all at last  
Clad in a winding sheet.  
The king and queen and all the brave,  
Grand, mighty men of state  
Are conquered by what seems to be  
"The irony of fate."

Alike all hear the trailing robes  
And feel the chilly breath  
And come upon a level when  
Clad in the garb of death,  
And all earth's teeming millions will  
Rest on the same cold bed,  
Where gilded robes are only rags,  
Among the silent dead.

But a great day will dawn at last—  
A glad, victorious day,  
When all the countless dead will rise  
Up from their beds of clay,  
And all who have done good will find  
A home on a bright shore,  
Where nature's last decree and fate  
Are felt and feared no more.

The triumph then will be complete,  
For all the good and great,  
Who lived for others, not for self,  
At home, in church and state;  
For they will enter a bright home,



Beyond the starry skies,  
And come in touch with God's warm heart,  
Where there are no goodbyes.

J. H. COFFEY.  
Coffeysburg, Mo., June 12, 1901.

#### "Out in the Storm."

Changes and shadows move o'er our path,  
Facts and fancies, storms and blasts;  
But while storms are raging fierce and strong,  
They burst upon woman—she's out in the storm.

Storms of political changes may rage,  
Bursting in fury from forest to glade;  
Yet, although this tempest beats fearful and long—  
It beats upon woman—she's out in the storm.

When heaven's deep azure first sheltered the earth,  
When all God's creation first smiled in their birth,  
God gave her to Adam, his glory and pride,  
And gave her an equal place close by his side.

Look! look! upon woman! Oh, give her just rights!  
She's a sister, a mother, or a dear wife,  
Who waits for your help with faith, of love born,  
Don't trample her now—she's alone in the storm.

In a storm of contention, with so few to aid,  
And that few of popular spirit afraid—  
Few daring to stand up and speak of her wrong,  
Or assert she is right in thus breasting the storm.

When nature endows her with faculties bright,  
Or when she ascends vast literature's height,  
She gains the summit through bitterest storm,  
And her talent shows forth as bright as the morn.

She's only a woman, O God give her strength  
To withstand the vile epithets after her sent,  
That she may stand firmly opposing the wrong,  
For she's only a woman alone in the storm.

When slavery stood grimly oppressing the right,  
True men unflinchingly stood in their might,  
Assisting the weak, who had suffered too long,  
At the hand of the traitor inflicting the wrong.

Then woman, frail woman, extended her hand;  
And soothed the sore hearts of the suffering band;  
Helped burst the cruel fetters, unheeding the scorn,  
Of brothers, who thrust her out in the storm.

Out in the battlefield, weak and alone,  
Whispering sweet words of hope, dressing a wound,  
Holding a weary head, whispering a prayer,  
Who will ask why was frail woman found there?

Was not this work of love, to her given, to help,  
Cheer the wounded and point him to heaven?  
From this she don't shrink, though her soul is sore-tired,  
But fills her appointed place close to man's side.

Extend her your right hand, assist her to rise.  
Don't hold back the rays of your true sympathies;  
And though her affections are tender and warm,  
She is only a woman—alone in the storm.

Then the cruel bands, which fetters her mind and soul,  
No longer shall torture with cruel control;  
But shall burst like Phœbe that breaks through a storm,  
And gladdens the earth with its rays mild and warm.

Debar her from justice and right if you will,  
But the same who spoke and the waters stood still,  
Is a mighty avenger, redressing each wrong,  
He bids you, man, shelter her in from the storm.

MRS. A. R. D. JOHNSON,  
A colored woman of Philadelphia.

#### "How My Boy Went Down."

'Tis only the same old story  
That mothers so often tell,  
With accents of infinite sadness,  
Like the tones of a funeral bell;  
But I never thought, once, when I heard it,  
I should learn all its meaning myself;  
I thought he'd be true to his mother,  
I thought he'd be true to himself.

But alas for my hopes, all delusion!  
Alas for his youthful pride!  
Alas! who are safe when danger  
Is opened on every side?  
Oh, can nothing destroy this great evil?  
No bar in its pathway be thrown,  
To save from the terrible maelstrom  
The thousands of boys going down?

It was not on the field of battle,  
It was not with a ship at sea,  
But a fate far worse than either  
That stole him away from me.  
'Twas the death in the tempting dram  
That the reason and senses drown;  
He drank the alluring poison,  
And thus my boy went down.

—American Issue.

#### Dr. D. N. Downing on OSTEOPATHY.

Osteopathy represents a new school in the healing art, originated and developed by Dr. A. T. Still, of Kirksville, Mo. It views the human body as an animate machine, and reasons that if its parts are in proper adjustment hygienically cared for, and not over-worked, harmony or health will result. If there is mal-



adjustment anywhere in the body, the circulation of the blood and nerve-force is intererred with; the former undergoes a chemical change and disease is the result.

Mechanical adjustment, stimulation and inhibition are the keystones of the treatment. It depends upon the principles of Anatomy, Physiology and Chemistry for its results, all of the natural recuperative forces of the system being utilized. It is not massage, Swedish movement, hypnotism, spiritualism, Christian science, nor faith cure.

The Osteopathic course differs from the four-year course now in vogue in the leading medical colleges, only in that it substitutes Osteopathy (or scientific manipulation) for drugs.

Its power is based upon the knowledge of the procedure which nature follows.

Its cures are permanent because they are natural.

It is already approved by fourteen State Legislatures, and is rapidly being accepted by the scientific world as a potent system of drugless healing.

All classes of diseases known as curable and many so-called incurable cases yield readily to Osteopathic treatment.

We hold that the brain and nervous system constitute the great dynamo and storage battery of life and health, and that the constitution and continuance of life, is under the power of nerve, in conjunction with the blood. The study and relative mastery of these nerves, in their correlations in the body, give the key to the Osteopath by which he unlocks the mysteries and potencies of nature, and utilizes them for health against disease. It is simply

marvelous the effects that can be obtained when the life and laws of the nerves are applied in the cure of disease. The brain represents the dynamo, the spinal cord the underground cable, the cranial nerves the overhead wires, and the spinal and sympathetic nerves the distributing lines for the nerve currents. All power is supplied from the brain to every part of the body. The nerves are conducting lines. The arteries carry the material of nutrition. The veins carry the return blood and waste. All these tracks must be kept open. Any obstruction to nerve force, or flow of fluids, will cause disease. Removal of obstructions is the key to osteopathic work.

#### The Key Note of Osteopathy.

It is the conservation, cultivation and control of all our powers for the purpose of health. This can be done. Health is natural. Disease is unnatural. All the powers of nature are good when understood. There is to-day a morbid ignorance of the simple conditions of health, and there is an almost insane dependence upon drugs. The body is the ideal of creation; it is the acme of art; it is the model of grace. Attuned to the vibrations of nature flexible and fluent with life, aglow with health which is the harmony of all its forces and fluids, one feels the joy of living. This is the finest art, and its culture is the first duty.

For free scientific literature on Osteopathy call on Dr. D. N. Downing, who is a graduate under Dr. A. T. Still, of Kirksville, Mo. Consultation solicited at 1201 Polk St., Topeka, Kansas.

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