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Smasher's Mail, Vol. 1, No. 9-10, 1901

Carrie Amelia Nation

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Nation, Carrie Amelia, "Smasher's Mail, Vol. 1, No. 9-10, 1901" (2011). *Smasher's Mail Newspaper Collection, 1901*. 7.
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THE SMASHER'S MAIL

PRICE 5 CTS.
VOL. 1. TOPEKA, KANSAS, AUGUST-SEPTEMBER, 1901. NO'S. 9-10.
SUB. 50¢ PER YEAR.

"Peace On Earth, Good Will Toward Men."

Carrie Nation, Your Loving Home Defender.

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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; hygenically cared for, and not overworked, harmony or health will result. If there is misadjustment anywhere in the body, the circulation of the blood and nerve-force is interfered with; the former undergoes a chemical change and disease is the result.

Mechanical adjustment, stimulation and inhibition are the keynotes 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 correlation 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 effect 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 crainal 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 graces. 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. Consulation solicited at 805 Kansas Ave., Topeka, Kansas.

Get subscribers for Smasher's Mail and help Carrie Nation, your loving Defender to carry on her work.

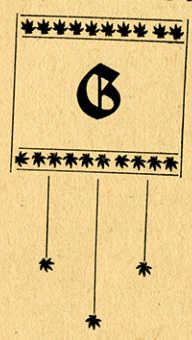
Smasher's Mail.

Vol. 1. No. 9. Topeka, Kansas, August, 1901. Price 5 Cents

"Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men."

Editorial.

Avarice Is The Root Of The Rum Traffic.



OLD, gold, gold, gold,
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Moulten, graven, hammered and rolled,
Spurned by the young, and hugged by the old;
To the very verge of the churchyard mould,
The price of many a crime untold.
Gold, gold, gold, gold.

The above is the brand of the theif as well as others who ply their trade or profession only for gold. Always let principle be paramount in all business not price. Never sell what you cannot buy.

A PUBLIC DISHONOR.

I took a walk up a street in Kansas City one morning and took a look at the signs as I passed that met my eye. There is a life sized picture of an ugly thing of a man pointing a pistol at every one as they pass. This is an evidence of a barbarious age rather than a civilized one. Then there is the impudent face of a man with his index finger pointed at the passers in an insulting manner, A horrible grinning face with his fingers between his teeth, A man in full physique pointing to the sign, "I am for men" which is a lie. You are for slaves of the tobacco habit. For those who might have been the noblest work of God but now they are slaves to base habits. "Chew Tiger Fine Cut" a slander on the tiger.—"Rothenburg & Schloss distibuters of Gen. Arthur cigars." Then there is a General Steadman cigar etc., etc. Then there are the faces of girls attached to these villianous signs, as well as to beer signs, and the forms of little infants the very victims of the degradation caused by use of this rotten malt and cursed weed. A long green worm would be the best thing to use in connection with these poisons.

The decent man or woman has rights as well as other men who drink and smoke and we wish to walk on a side walk where we are not confronted with these degrading sights. These firms that are the distributors of these goods are in a business that will reflect no credit upon the men so engaged. Let public manners as morals be purified.

Where She Belongs.

Beating Her Cell Doors; Is She Crazy or Feigning. Up Against It Now.

[Infidelity News.

Carry Nation like all would-be reformers and cranks has run her course, and she is up against the real thing now, for destroying property in Kansas. Property rights in the estimation of the average temperance crank, have no value, especially if it be saloon property. Carrie is now serving a thirty days' sentence at Topeka, Kas., for smashing private property in which a saloon was located. Carrie will not be comforted; she pounds on the cell door for hours at a time to no effect, however, and continually rails and chews the rag, even though the thermometer is dancing around the 106 mark. The county commissioners and Governor Stanley were appealed to for a pardon, but both refused. Her sentence

is thirty days in jail and one hundred dollars fine.—

WHERE HE BELONGS—like all the workers of iniquity enjoys the prosecution of poor Carrie Nation the friend of all mankind. She is not up against the real thing for these will pass away but there is a sentence hanging over your head and when you get into that cell and flame you will call for Carrie Nation to cool your parched tongue, but that fixed gulf will prevent and then you will have all eternity to regret that you did not join Carrie Nation in destroying the works of the devil. Why will you for a mess of blood-red pottage sell your eternal happiness just for gold which will eat your flesh as it were fire.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

Now women I hope you will exercise your God given right of voting. What a foolish lot of women to have been asking a man or any set of men for franchise. You have it, exercise it. We out-number the men. We have more of the qualifications of voters than men. So let us with the assistance of good men disfranchise every man who owns any part of a distillery or saloon. Do not be slow to see this. It is a positive fact as an assertion and can be just as positively and possibly realized.

When woman exercise their rights of voting they will be far more respected. They will have more character, they will not then be treated like children. The responsibility of citizenship will change many a silly giggling girl into a thoughtful observing maiden. Then they will have as soft couches in the cars as the smoker at least. Then they will not be told to get out of the way if they are not humbly submissive to have men spit the filth out of their mouths to be wiped up by their dresses. Then they will not be obliged to smell the stinking breath of the men as they pass with the vile weed in their mouths. Dear Sister, never let an election pass you, come to the front.

TO THE VOTERS WHO ARE THE POWER IN KANSAS.

I hear men speak as if they are discouraged about the way matters politically are running. Why so, you have a vote so have I. Our duty is to watch these men in office and the first time they prove false turn them down, as in the case of Chester I. Long, he voted to take tax from beer and proves himself unloyal to Kansas and her prohibitory law, he never was loyal. I met Bob Maay in Kansas City a boy who used to be one of the handsomest boys belonging to the mission school. I asked him "Bob do you remember when you used to sell beer in Medicine Lodge to Chester I. Long?" He said "Yes in Brown's dive, he is running a saloon in Kansas City, Mo., you ought to go to see him." Chester I. Long is not the only man Medicine lodge can produce

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NICK CHILES.

We did not know this son of perdition when we gave him $245 from an iron cell to print our paper but to our sorrow and knowledge we find him a thief, a rascal in every respect. A sentence of life behind the bars would be nothing more than his desert. We see he has been convicted of running a joint but suppose he will run at large with the rest of the criminals in Topeka. The officers are of this kind. Now voters note this and let none of them ever have another office. Remember women you are to vote. No one but Satan and his imps ever kept a woman from her rights.

HOW THINGS GO ON IN THE TOPEKA JAIL.

Why is it that Mr. Cook's deputy Lawson with all the rest of his irregularities are allowed to swear at prisoners and even curse visitors to their face. I am prepared to prove these things, so Mr. Cook, straighten these things up and while you are at that, I can prove to you some other things more serious and if you refuse, the commissioners ought to inquire into these things, as they are the guardians the people have chosen to care for their interests. The way things are conducted in this Topeka Jail is a disgrace to the citizens whose money keeps it up for a moral purpose.

And so Cheif Stall pleads for Hall and his conscience. Where was Hall's con-

science when he took a bottle of whiskey and a roll of candy to a widow woman's house in Topeka at ten o'clock at night, insisted on the family drinking which they refused, then he gave the candy to a young lady of the house and her mother told her not to eat it. Where was this Smith's conscience when he refuses to arrest a man using abusive language to the editor of the Smashers Mail, but instead cursed her himself. His conscience is quite an infant and ought to be nourished with a good quantity of wholesome redemtion.

Why is it that the police never destroy the liquor as the law provides. Maybe it saves them the trouble of going to Ed. Simmon's and Cave's. Dens of vice where they have it served in earthen bowls and slip it down between their knees when anyone would come in and go on as if only eating. Boyles, Hall, Doway and Conner have been known to do this. The reason why Smith cursed me he thought that was the way to disconntenance what he did not like as that was the way the section boss treated him out west.

Why was Carrie Nation locked up in a filthy cell without a chair, cot or table, because she asked of those servants of the county who are hired to care for the prisoners for a pen to write with and because they would not get it she knocked on the floor with a broom-stick? Mr. Cook came in and told her a lie, he said he wanted her to meet the Commissioners when in fact he wanted to torture her just because the devil is not divided and his crowd is one.

To my bad brother of barrels and bottles. Please inform me what has become of "Royal Arch News!" Is he living a pattern of good works and exponent of good doctrine or is he in the same devil's business as yourself? Look out! rather look up! There is a door of mercy open to-day, to-morrow it may be shut. O don't use your valuable life to injure any one for what-so-ever a man soweth that shall he also reap.

I hope the people that voted for the govenor of this state will open their eyes and see that this hypocrite is in the ring with Judge Hazen and the rest of the purjured anarchists. He could not prevent men from running open saloons in Kansas but he could keep Carrie Nation in jail. Why! because he upholds the rum traffic and Judge Hazen. The devil has many names and guises but he is not divided in principle.

I know my friends wonder why I always get into the worst messes of degraded humanity. Just because I told the Lord I would do what he could not get anyone else to do. I like to be God's chore girl even if he does send me to do this dirty work. I love him so that it is but a little sacrifice. Heaven is a clean place and it will be all the more appreciated.

While in the Topeka jail I never ate a meal off of the county neither did I employ the county physician. I did not place any cost on the county. I wonder if sheriff Cook will try to collect board he never furnished. I could not eat what they furnish here because of the horrid cooking.

The enforcement of a prohibitory law can never be entrusted to officers elected by a political party committed to its national policy to the license system. Turn out these rascals; you voters are the masters not the slaves.

LICENSE.

Oh! fearful right! Licensed to sin!
Licensed to do thy neighbor harm;
Licensed to kindle hate and strife;
Licensed to nerve the robber's arm;
Licensed to whet the murd'r's knife.
Licensed where peace and quiet dwell,
To bring disease and want and woe;
Licensed to make this world a hell,
And fit a man for hell below.

In the name of the besotted drunkard: in the name of his heartbroken wife; in the name of the suffering and starving, I ask should license be allowed?—[Editor Mail]

To say that the saloon is a nuisance is to trifle with a diabolism. The saloon is infamous, monstrous, a perpetual menace to the home and the state, and a ceaseless reproach to the manhood of the people who permit it to exist.—Epworth Era.

[From the RAMS HORN.]

THE CORRUPT POLITICIAN AND HIS PLAY THING,

AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE POWER OF THE SALOON IN POLITICS.

Comments and Opinions.

A BRIEF REVIEW.

Chief Justice Taney -- The Idol of Democracy.

Let the Kansas beer guzzlers, whiskey toddlers, wine bibbers and especially the democrats who are always berating prohibition and howling about its unconstitutionality, listen to that saint, Chief Justice Taney, of Dread Scott fame. That black-hearted slavery sympathizer could teach the Kansas personal liberty whiskeyites, loyalty and patriotism.

(See 123 U. S., 623, to-wit:—) "If any state deems the retail and internal traffic in ardent spirits injurious to its citizens and calculated to produce idleness, vice or debauchery I see nothing in the coustitution of the United States to prevent it from regulating and restraining the traffic, or from prohibiting it altogether, if it thinks proper.

Judge Hazen will be the "Judge Taney" of this greater national curse, the murderous liquor traffic, worse than "sum of all villainies," and history will paint his unjust imprisonment and cruel punishment of patriotic Carrie Nation in all hideousness and treason. Again we refer the public to that radical ruling of the Supreme Court of the United States, Viz.,

"No legislature can bargain away the public health or the public morals. The people themselves cannot do it, much less their servants. Government is organized with a view to their preservation and can not divest itself of the power to provide for them."—101 U. S., 816.

That is, no legislature can license or legalize vice, immorality or wrong. Nay more, the United States supreme court has declared: "If the public safety or the public morals require the discontinuance of any manfacture or traffic,

the hand of the legislature cannot be stayed from providing for its discontinuance by any incdiental inconvenience which individuals or corporations may suffer."—97 U. S., 32.

Thus the legislature can confiscate property by wholesale, if nessary for the public good, by stopping such manufacture and traffic, thereby rendering said property absolutely useless. And if Carrie Nation had the money and legal councel to carrie her case to the Supreme Court of the United States she would win or that august body would have to reverse its entire record. The rebel liquor traffic has no property rights. Chief Stahl and his men are confiscating property every day which they ought to destroy and I am prepared to prove beyond all cavil that any citizen has just as much legal right to abate a nuisance as any officer, if that officer fails to abate said nuisance. Carrie Nation, later along, when this matter is properly looked into can sue Topeka and Shawnee County for immense damages for false imprisonment, defamation of and black injustice. RAY RAND.

Topeka, Kansas.

Protest against Law and Decency

How The Jurors in Ft. Scott Regard Law Enforcement,

A liquor seller is discharged and costs assessed against assailants at Ft. Scott by a corrupt court:—

Ft. Scott, Kan.,—Notwithstanding the fact that it was conclusively shown at two liquor cases here today that the defendents kept places where liquor was openly sold, two jurors found the keepers not guilty and assesed the cost against the complaining witnesses. One of the complaining witnesses was Presiding Elder B. H. Price of the Southwest Kansas Methodist Church. The jury said that Mr. Price was guilty of malicious prosecution in the case and adjuged that he should pay his share of costs incurred.

The virdicts are generally accepted as a thrust at the attempt of the law enforcers to close the saloons here. * * * Defense offered no testimony at all but the attorney spent an hour persuading the jury to rebuke the Civic Purity League and the citizens also who are to close the saloons. His talk was a bitter personal attack upon the ministers and law enforcers. He assured the jury that it was sole judge of the evidence and it could find for acquital on none of several technical grounds without self stultfication. Neither jury was out longer than required to take one ballot.

Another telegram-letter from the same whiskey ridden town says:—

A mass-meeting of the "Liberal Minded Citizens" of this city has been called to be held at the Convention Hall to-morrow night to protest against the efforts of the Civic Purity League to enforce the prohibitory law. It is intimated that some action will be taken to induce the Rev. Mr. Frazier, an agent of the State Temperance Union who has been engaged in the fight on the saloons to leave the city.

The fore-going is from the TOPEKA CAPITAL of Aug. 9th. There is not a man on that jury that did not commit purjury and ought to be sent to the penitentiary for it. This is a disgrace to Ft. Scott and all respectable citizens should, if need be, take up arms to bring offenders to justice. We sympathise with Bro Price and congratulate him. He need not apply to Stanley for like Carrie Nation he would get a scorpion. Stanley and that jury train together.

It Does Not Pay.

Leavenworth had a very unfortunate ending to the carnival. The disorderly element was uppermost, and the fighting and rowdyism which began at noon reached a disgraceful stage by ten o'clock at nignt. Fights were innumerable, women were insulted, and scenes were enacted that reminded people of Kansas City. The Levenworth TIMES says the management should be ashamed of the parade, and that the carnival was disgraceful.—Atchison GLOBE.—

This is the natural result of truckling to the criminal and disorderly element. As soon as that class is given to understand that the authorities wink at the practices by which they thrive they become bold and do not attempt to disguise their contempt for the citizen who would attend to his own business and who does not believe in violence.

Every city in Kansas will eventually find out that it is not necessary to encourage lawlessness in order to make a public festival or celebration a success. All the talk about visitors expecting and wanting that kind of a condition is rot.

Such a procedure is not only a mistake but is an outrage upon the visitors who are invited to be present and enjoy themselves, appreciate the benefits of doing business in the city, and incidentally, spending their money.

The Kansas City festivities this year were a shining example of this condition. Sharpers were allowed to ply their avocations on Main street and the guileless visitor was inveigled into dens where he was fleeced of all he had. The thugs and gamblers were encouraged by the city authorities and they knew that whatever they did would be overlooked.

It will be strange, indeed, if the plan followed will help Leavenworth or Kansas City. Is it only reasonable to suppose that people who have been imposed upon and robbed will not cherish fond memories of the cities which are responsible for the outrages. The result can be but disadvantageous to any city which encourages the lawlessness and winks at the discomfiture of the visitors who are brought there under the erroneous belief that they are to be entertained.

The city which will suppress rowdyism and will drive the outlaws from its limits will find that honestly pays in administering public affairs at all times.

THE LESSON OF THE KANSAS CRUSADE.

In all the news items and editorial comment on the saloon smashing crusade of Mrs. Carrie Nation, very little intimation of the true significance of the movement is to be found. Important as may be local consequences of her work, they are but incidents in the progress of a great reform, and are even more valuable than for their direct results, in throwing light upon the dark and devious ways of official perjurers and political parties bought by beer bribes, and owned by the lords of the mash-tubs and vats. I would not detract from the greatness of the achievement of one woman, in fixing the attention of a whole continent upon the lawless arrogance of the liquor power, and upon the supine submission of officers sworn to enforce the laws of a State which forbids the legal existence of the saloon. Words of praise cannot add to the brightness, nor words of censure detract from the heroism and devotion, of this one woman, in seeking, single-handed, to do what a thousand political perjurers promised on oath to do and then because of cowardice or corruption, failed to perform.

It is not necessary to either approve or condemn Mrs. Nation's methods so that we may learn something of their lessons. Whether she be right or whether she be wrong, this fact stands out in bold relief: —The Republican party of Kansas has the power to close the saloons, and they choose rather to disregard than to obey the law.

Even if Mrs. Nation were to utterly destroy the saloon business in Kansas, it would be of less importance than the forcing attention to another truth:—The enforcement of a prohibitory law can never be trusted to officers elected by a political party committed, in its national policy, to the license system.

Geo. W. Glick, Democrat and saloon champion, was first to whine from the Governor's chair of Kansas. "You can't (hic) stop it!" Then followed Populist and Republican Governors, bawling from housetops, each louder than his predecessor, "You can't stop it!" in the mad effort to placate the beer barons and buy from the brothels and slums another term of power for his party. Then "hell enlarged its self" and swallowed half a hundred puny public prosecutors the county solicitors, sworn to enforce the law, and they, without attempting or intending to keep their oaths, echoed the coward cry of their chiefs, and humbly doffed their hats to triumphant treason.

One morning there stood, in the golden dawn, a strange spectre, a woman with an ax—and Kansas awoke. Timid little reformers, two-cent preachers, hot-house politicians, and insignificant little souls, tied to Republican or Democratic chariot wheels, all snivel in chorus, "This is not the right way to go about it. This is anarchy." Poor little brainlets, that never pulsate with a thought until some big whiskey daily paper pours its stupid rot into their minds.—Exchange.

Alice Stone Blackwell, the woman suffragist leader, in an address at Chicago said "Hereafter the American woman must cease to be a hen, which could do no better than cackle and scratch, she must cease to be a nightengale that can only feed her young and warble.. She must be the Eagle mother and her slogan must be "Woe betide the male chicken hawks which swoop upon her offspring."

At Leavenworth a large number of ladies met by pre-arrangement Tuesday afternoon, and the following resolution was adopted:—

WHEREAS, The action of the authorities in refusing the Opera House to Mrs. Nation is against the institutions of this country where free speech is the privilege of all.

THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED:—That we as women of Leavenworth protest against the unjust treatment of Mrs. Nation by our city officials and receive it as an insult to ourselves.

ADDITIONAL COMMENT.

The Curses of Home and Nation.

Some one has characterized intoxicating liquors as "liquor damnations." The expression is a strong one but is fully justified by the awful results which follow their use. Under the pressure of the misery and crime that have grown out of their use laws have been enacted seeking to restrict or curtail their sale, and in some place to prohibit it entirely. But in most instances laws have proved ineffectual and have been evaded or nullified by the unscrupulous and vicious. Would to God that every liquor saloon in this land, whether gilded or otherwise could be closed tomorrow never to be opened again to blast moral langauge that those dens of crime and nurseries of wretchedness where the harpies prey upon the blood of broken hearted women, widows before their husbands' death, and the life hopes of children worse then orphaned could be closed and closed forever.

What are these "free and easies" these "Sunday sacred concerts" held in dives and gilded saloons and in moral roof garden where the men and the women who do the light comedy business during the week sing sacred music on Sunday, where the half maudlin auditors listen to "Nearer My God to Thee" or "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth" and thump the table with their glasses crying out "Bravo sing again?" And there are numberless such places varitable, hell fire clubs where the vitals and the souls of men are charred shriveled up and utterly destroyed. Oh the pitifulnes of it all! There is not a flower that ever bloomed upon the path of human life but that this vile passion for drink has crushed out its bloom.

DEAD EVERYWHERE.

A man was picked up on the street of Wheeling, W. Va., one day lately, pronounced dead by two doctors, sat upon by a coroner's jury, which found that death was due to heart-failure, removed to the undertaker's and within ten minutes sat up and sang the doxology, was hustled into court and fined five dollars for drunkeness. The doctors and coroner's jury was not tried. Dead or alive whisky kills man—makes him about as useless as this corps was while he had a dead sleep under the influence of intoxicating drink,—not heart failure lest it be the heart of his sorrowing wife but life failure, here and hereafter terrible doom.

A FELT WANT—TEMPERANCE LITERATURE IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Few Sunday school libraries are furnished with temperance literature. This is the reason for much of the indifferance and lack of knowledge upon the subject. People cannot be interested in that which they know little about.

A set of temperance books should be put in every Sunday school or young people's library, and a reading circle organized to read and discuss the books.

The National Temperance society publishes a number of very effective tracts which should be secured and bound together in sets and placed in the libraries, as well as kept on hand for distribution singly, when needed.

Money invested in this way will bring the largest and surest returns in the future. Give your people books and papers for reference and we will soon have a large corps of intelligent capable young christian temperance workers.

No Procrasti-nation, No Profa-nation.

Carrie-Nation is the new word coined by our motto writer this month to signify oust, expel or impeach. Truly a word of significant sound and full of meaning. To the poor suffering women and children of our land it comes with the glad acclaim, coro-nation; to sheriff Porter of Topeka as he flies at a newspaper reporter he feels, hears and sees nothing but damnation, while the saloon keepers behind their barricaded doors began to realize for the first time that they are responsible to the nation; the brave and noble women march on with their hatchets barrying conster-nation to all evil doers. All honor of Carrie Nation in this her hour of predomination, of the bold determination to carry out the immagination of Prohibition emanation.

Nothing More Degrading.

I can conceive of nothing more degrading and humiliating to a sensitive and tender-hearted wife than to be told that her husband is a rum-seller. I can think of no other thing that would bring a thousandth part of the woe, shame, disgrace and material loss to our community as does this thing, that would be permitted to stand forty-eight hours. It is right or just that such a heart-breaking, body-wrecking, soul-destroying, hell-filling thing, such as this is under the most favorable conditions and management should be an exception?—From a recent discourse.

"Determined women" of Winfield, Kan. have ordered the Commercial Club to quit holding liquor carnivals or look out for storms.

A CRITISISM I LIKE

Mrs. Carie Nation is now issuing the "Smasher's Mail" between yellow covers. She uses vigorous English and pulls her pen into any port she pleases. Her sincerity is stamped on everything she writes.—The Retort.

Oh, the cry of the children, the cry of the children. The little, helpless, innocent victims of the social maelstrom. All the world over their cry goes up to heaven, and woe be to the government or the dynasty that will not heed or hear it.—Collier's Weekly.

The saloon provides the workingman with a pleasant and inexpensive evening.—Chicago Tribune.

Sure now; and what about the mornings with bare table, empty pocket, aching head, hungry children, discouraged wife—to say nothing about the chance of a murdered wife and a prison cell—are those, too, "pleasant and inexpensive?"—New Voice.

A Good Hit, Brother Sam.

Sam Jones says: "Boys are more particular about their company than girls. A boy would not walk down the street with a girl who was known to get drunk. But girls think nothing of promenading the streets with young men who are known to get drunk.—
Shame on a young girl who will be seen in the company of an intoxicated young man—where are your mothers? God knows.

SMASHED THE SLOT MACHINE.

Leavenworth, Kans., July 20.—Mrs. Dickens caused quite a commotion at 7 o'clock this evening by entering a gambling establishment on Shawnee street and breaking up a wheel, a slot machine and other machines connected with the place. She used a hatchet and cut her arm by flying glass.

Mrs. Dickens has two boys who she claims were allowed to gamble in the place. She also claims that the county attorney, sherriff and other officials refused to close the gambling places when she requested them to do so.

Agitation against allowing slot machine gambling has been going on here for some time, ever since agents for slot machines were run out of Missouri towns and came here.—Capital.

The North Dakota prohibition law recently passed by the legislature, punishes a first offense with a fine of from $200 to $1,000 and imprisonment not less than ninety days or more than one year. The second and each succeeding offense are treated as felony. with punishment by imprisonment in State's prison for not more than two years and not less than one, Registered pharmacists may sell for medicinal, mechanical, scientific, and sacramental purposes. All places where intoxicants are sold are declared common nuisances, and sheriffs are empowered to abate them and destroy all intoxicants and fixtures found therein.

Woman's Downfall.

She was a woman, worn and thin, whom the world condemned for a single sin. They cast her out of the kings highway, aud passed her by as they went to pray. He was a man, and more to blame, but the world spared him a breath of shame. Beneath his feet he saw her lie, but he raised his head and passed her by. They were the people who went to pray, at the temple of God on the holy day; they scorned the woman, forgave the man, 'twas ever thus since the world began. Time passed on and the woman died, on a cross of shame she was crucified, but the world was stern and would not yield, and they buried her in the potter's field. The man died, too and they buried him, in a casket of cloth with a silver rim, and said as they turned from the grave away, we buried a nobleman to-day.

Two mortals knocked at heaven's gate, stood face to face to inquire their fate. He carried a passport with an earthly sign, but she a pardon from love divine. Oh, ye who judge 'twixt virtue and vice, which, think you, entered paradise? Not he whom the world had said would win, for the woman alone was ushered in.—Bob Taylor.

Through our mail of Aug., 5, came the VAGAAL from Mahiua Bombay, India from which we clip the following:

FOR FREEDOM.

Slaves fight for what were better cast away—
The chain that binds them, and a tyrant's sway;
But they that fight for freedom, undertake
The noblest cause mankind can have at stake.

Religion, virtue, truth, whate'er we call
A blessing—freedom is the pledge of all.
O Liberty! the prisoner's pleasing dream,
The poet's muse, his passion and his theme;

Genius is thine and thou art fancy's nurse;
Lost without thee their 'nobling pow'rs of verse
Heroic song from thy free touch acquires
Its clearest tone, the rapture it inspires.

Place me where winter breathes his keenest air,
And I will sing, if Liberty be there;
And I will sing at Liberty's dear feet,
In Afric's torrid clime, or India's fiercest heat

SLOT MACHINES.

City Council Decides That Little Devices Must Go.

The slot machines must go from Witchita. This was decided upon at an executive meeting of the council last night. The regular routine of business had been disposed of when a motion was made to go into executive session. The motion carried and the slot machine question was the only one under consideration. When the city fathers again assembled in open session Councilman Davidson moved that the city attorney be instructed to prepare an ordinance prohibiting the operation of slot machines in Witchita, which are used as gambling devices. The motion carried by a vote of 6 to 3 against and the ordinance will be acted upon at the next regular meeting of the council.

The members of the council seem unanimous in the effort to drive slot machines from the city. It will work a hardship on a few gentleman, who control most of these machines in Witchita. There are about 300 of the little money-making devices.

It is said that Mayor Ross was one of the cheif supporters of the movement. The request has been made of him so often, so it is said, that the mayor has become tired, and has agreed to act.

The Black Valley Railroad.

This schedule sent by L. M. Gibson of Concordia, Kans., which he says he has kept for years is so full of grewsome truth that we publish it here. Let all take warning.

Standard Guage, International Line, Chartered Under the Laws of All States. No stop-over checks. No Return Trains.

Stations on the Main Line.

Arrive Cigaretteville	7:30 a. m.
Leave Cigaretteville	7:35 a. m.
Leave Mild Drink Station	7:45 a. m.
Leave Moderation Falls	8:00 a. m.
Leave Tipplersville	9:00 a. m.
Leave Topersvale	10:00 a. m.
Leave Drunkards Cure	11:00 a. m.
Leave Rowdy's Wood	11:30 a: m.
Arrive Quarrelsburg	Noon.

(Remains one hour to abuse wife and children.)

Leave Quarrelsburg	1:00 p. m.
Arrive Lusty Gulch	1:15 p. m.
Arrive Bummers' Roost	1:30 p. m.
Arrive Beggars' Town	2:00 p. m.
Arrive Criminals' Rendezvous	3:00 p. m.
Arrive Deliriumville	4:00 p. m.
Arrive Rattlesnake Swamp	6:00 p. m.
Arrive Prisonburg	8:00 p. m.
Arrive Devil's Gap (brakes all off)	10:00 p. m.

(Passengers may feel some discomfort inhaling sulphurous fumes, but never mind, there is no way to return.)

Arrive Demon Bend	11:30 p. m.

(Don't get frightened at the dying groans you may hear.)

Arrive Perdition	Midnight.

(Tickets for sale by all barkeepers.)

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

CHAPTER II

The memories of this Kentucky home of mine are from the time I was quite young. Perhapse the first thing, I can ever remember was before I was three years old, Iwas standing in the yard with my hand on a tree Mr. Brown the overseer was in the door of Brother Richard's room with a gun in his hand which was my brothers. It was sunday morning on the end of the porch was a little room called the saddle room; a pane of glass was out. a hen had first been in and cackling had flown out the window. Aunt Judy the colored woman, who did the milking and washing walked in front of Mr. Brown going to get the egg, He raised the gun and said "Judy I am going to shoot you" he not thinking the gun loaded. It went off aunt Judy fell down. Mr. Brown. began to wring his hands and cry in agony. I screamed and ran round the tree. Runners were sent for Judys parents who were at church and for the Doctor. I remember no more of that. This aunt Judy got well but had one eye out and we could always feel the shot in her forehead. She was one of the best servants, a dear good friend to me, used to bring two of her children and come up to my room on Sunday and sit there saying she did not want to be in the cabins when the "strange niggers were there." She always avoided the eyes of people. I can see her now with one child at the breast and another on her knee with her hand on its head feeling for lice. I went to Texas to get this, some woman in 1872 found some of her children in Sherman butshe had been dead six months. She always said she wanted to live with me. She had a husband that was very mean to her, his name was George was owned by my father who had a great deal of trouble with him. The only negro man I ever remember my father to have whipped, and that was for throwing an iron spike at my father after he had been sick for some time and went out to the barn lot to correct him for something. This was in Cass County Mo. My mother always left her babies and children entirely to the servants, we ate with them and slept with them. I never remember to have eat at "white folks" table till I was five years old. My mother used to make trips to visit and to Camp meetings staying days and nights together. Once she had been away sometime, I ran out and got on the style and as she drove up with several other carriages I cried "O Ma I am so glad to see you, I dont mind sleeping with Aunt Liza but I do hate to sleep with Uncle Josh," I think I was quite dirty and it mortifled the servants and Some of the colored people snatched me out of sight. This Aunt Liza a half sister to Aunt Judy for her father was a white man was given to my father by my grand mother she was large and quite handsome was the mother of seventeen children. Her husband was Uncle Josh a small Guinea negro as black as coal and very peculiar. I always stood in awe of him as all the rest of the white and negro children did. I remember only one expression of his which was "get out of the way or I will knock you into a kocked hat." The reason why I slept with him, was that Betsy, my nurse was only ten years older than I, and was not old enough to be trusted alone with the children. This Betsy was a girl given to my Mother by Grandpa Campbell when she married my father, my mother was a widow, Caldwell. She had married Will Caldwell a son of old Capt. Caldwell who died in Sangamon Co. Ill. having freed his negroes and moved there. Mr. Caldwell only lived two or three years after. My mother had two children both died at grandpa's in Mercer Co., before she married my father. I can remember my precious grandma. When she was a widow for years, lived on a farm not more than two miles from our place in Gareard, she used to ride a mare named "Kit." Whenever we would see grandma comming up the avenue the whole lot of children black and white ran to meet her she carried on the horn of her saddle a "redicule" and in that was most always a cut off of a layer of sugar that used to come in the shape of a long loaf of bread. We used to follow her home and when

she left old "Kit" tied. We—white and black children would take our turns petting her colt. My first grief was when I heard of my grandmas death, I was not allowed to go to the funerel and that grieved me so. (Oh the sorrow of childhood). I remember my grandmother for years had all her clothes made to bury her in, so they told me, her dress was a black satin. She was buried on our place at the back of the garden.

CHAPTER III.

To illustrate how little my mother knew of her children. She sent over to have the overseer's wife to tack some carpets. My little brother Charley who was 18 months younger than I, went away—she dressed him up in her little boys clothes, white waist and black velvet pants, she left her boy at home but had my little brother go with her at dinner time. Ma said, "go get Mrs. Brown's little boy! Then it was that Mrs. Brown told her that the boy was her own child that she knew if "she" dressed up her child she would not know him." The first time I ever went to church was riding behind one of the colored women and sitting in the back of the church with them. My mother was of a very restless nature she never seemed satisfied at any home, she ever had, and for that reason we were always moving. We left this old home when I was about four and went to a newly improved place two miles of Danvill, Ky. The house was large with a flat roof and observatory on top. We had an artificial pond in front, large trees and a lawn. Our nearest neighbors was Mr. Banford's family, then Mr. Caldwell, and Mrs. Spears. Dr. Jackson was our physician. He was a bachelor and always said he was going to wait for me. Then there was Dr. Smith who was our physician also, I used to visit at his home and the leaches were always a curiosity to me I remember when my little brother was born they told me Dr. Smith found him in a hollow stump. After that I spent hours out in the woods looking for babies in hollow stumps.

CHAPTER IV.

MY GRANDFATHER.

His name was James Campbell, born in King and Queen Co., Va. His parents were from Scotland. He was married twice. By the first marriage he had two sons, William and Whittiker. William died young, having married, and I hear left a daughter. Whittiker lived to be an old man. By the second marriage which was to a Miss Bradshaw he had five sons. Benjaman now living in Harrodsbury, Ky. Rrobert died, Alexander living near Hopkinsville, Ky., and Thomas who died in Kirksville, Mo., where his widow married Elder Haley, a christian minister in Kansas City. He had a son killed by being thrown from a horse when he was a mere boy. He had six daughters. Jane Bradshaw, now living in Kansas City, 87 years old. Hope Hill who died in Independence Mo. Mary Moore, my mother. who died in Nevada, Mo. Ann Porter Kay, who died in Alabama, Kate Doneghy now living in Marin City Mo. Sue Payton living near Hopkinsville, Ky. My grandfather was a small man, very active and polite, was a Baptist elder for years at Shawnee Run meeting house near his place in Mercer Co., Ky. While he was kind to all, he kept all at a distance. I loved him very much. I used to stay at grandpa's with my Aunt Sue when ma took a trip once to Alabama. She sent my sister Edna and myself and nurse over there to stay. The only thing that I could ever construe into a cross word my grandfather ever said to me, was, when I was running up stairs and stumbled. He said, "Jump up and try it again my daughter." I was so humiliated by the rebuke that I hid from him several days.

In the dining room was a fire place the coffee was mixed and set on a trivit and boiled, then the biscuits were cooked in a reflector set before the fire, the tea kettle was on the hearth always in the morning. My grandfather would take some sugar, butter and brandy and whisky in a glass and pour in it hot water, and while the family was sitting around the room before breakfast my grandfather would go to each one with the glass and spoon and say, "will you have a taste my daughter" or "my son." He would hold the spoon and put it to the lips himself. As a child I always took the one spoonfull he gave me and wished it was more. The older ones of the family scarcely took any. My

grandfather drank what was left, this was never omitted. I remember the closet where the barrel of spirits was kept, he used to give out to the colored people in a pint cup. I remember them coming to the door and asking for it. My father had his little pony brought out after breakfast and rode around his place. He was very fond of hunting, and always kept hounds. My father told a joke on him, said when "Daddy" Rice was baptising him in Dicks river, grandpa said, "Hold on father Rice I hear Tipler barking on the cliffs." Tipler was his favorite hound. There was a Mr. Britt, who was a great fox hunter that lived near my grandfathers whose wife opposed her husband hunting. One morning, before day my grandfather came by winding his hunter's horn. Mr. Britt jumped for his pants, so did Mrs. Britt, who got them first and threw them in the fire. Once at my grandfathers quite a party of ladies and gentlemen had gathered to go on a fox hunt. All were ready but grandpa he ran up stairs to put on his buckskin suit, they were tight, or had gotten wet, he jumped astride the banister which was rather wide and tried to get in them as quickly as possible, but lost his balance and came down in the hall, where the company was waiting. I never saw my father do any work himself, except to pick up little things in the yard, but I hear that when he was young he learned the carpenter's trade when in Va. and in company with Buckner Miller, another young man, the two came to Ky., on horseback. They had many an experience always enquired for houses to stop at where there were young ladies. At one home where there was quite a gathering of girls, Buckner Miller played off quite a sell on grandpa. The girls occupied the room below where the two men were sleeping. After they had retired they heard quite a commotion below in the girls' room. Grandpa tipped softly down stairs and Buckner after him to spy out the cause. They opened the door sufficiently to see the girls in their night gowns circling around the candle playing poison. Mr. Miller to pay grandpa back for some mischief gave a push and grandpa rushed in the middle of the room. The girls flew under the bed and the young men jumped out the window and left before day.

To be continued.

...Travels Here and There...

My Visit To Harper.

After I got out of jail at Wichita my brother and I went to Harper. We got there at noon. Went to the methodist ministers, took dinner, appointed a meeting at the M. E. church at 2. Brother took us in his carriage down town. A show in town brought many country people. I drove up to the door of a dive front. Man in front said he was a marshall. I asked to go in. He said I could. I called for a citizen and mayor to arrest an officer that would protect this crime factory. The Mayor came and I said, "Mayor, Arrest this man." He said, "Marshall arrest this woman." Two men took me to the calaboose, a little shanty. I was dragged into a cell; no light, very dirty, no chairs. As my custom is, I began to talk to my God. When I got to the door the Mayor said, "Put her in d—m her." He is a presbyterian elder. A great crowd gathered. One said one thing, one said another. In half hour, I was let out. Went to church and had a rousing good meeting. Some of the very ones who wanted me put in were there and said they were sorry they did such a thing. No not the presbyterian deacon, but some poor drinking sinners. I left on 3:50 train. These are some of the facts in a nutshell.

Tobacco and Dinner.

July 15, stopped at Monette, Mo., went into a Fred Harvey eating house. I paid 75 cents for a meal, which seemed to be clean; but what a disgusting, nauseating spectacle to have a case of filthy tobacco in the dining room. We managed to gulp down our dinner by turning our back on the corrupt mass.

Girls Drunk.

Thirteen young girls at Osage City, took a half pint a piece and two were disgracefully drunk. In the north-east corner of the city, they have a saloon, and on main street they have drug stores. One druggest named M. L. Campbell, sells it to a drunkard who beats his poor wife, who belongs to the Home Defenders. On July 2nd, 24 cases were shipped in and 4 kegs, 55 on the 3rd, over the Santa Fee.

At Joplin.

Had a pleasant meeting at Joplin. Ate lunch with city council; visited saloons; had nude pictures of my sex taken down. Met such a

nice young man in manager of opera house a typical Georgian. We tremble for his future for he has habits that are the ruin of manhood.

Southeast Missouri.

We made a lecture tour through south-east Missouri in the interest of the National Purity and Industrial Home for students. Situated at Marionsville, Mo. Rev. C. A. Mitchel is doing his best, giving his time and talent. Will not some one contribute means to assist this worthy and much needed cause.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.

We spent the 4th of July at Crawfordsville Ind., and was grieved at the money spent to make all kinds of disagreeble noises. It is a shame that the day which should be honored with an observance worthy of its merits should now be spent in riot and noise with a few speeches I can remember when the 4th of July was a day of military display, the marching of corps of troops drilled. This is a pleasant rememberance while these snorting, screeching, sizzling noises and all kinds of horrid discords are something I do not care to witness.

SPRINGFIELD, MO.

At Springfield, Mo., we were entertained at the home of the President of the W. C. T. U. Sister Hunt, and also spent a night at Elfindale at the home of Mrs. John O'Day. This lovely park is the work of this woman and does credit to her artistic taste.

IN GREATER NEW YORK.

March, 28.—I called on the commissioners of the police of the great city of New York this morning. Found him almost feeble with age, but a man who avoided all square questions of right a political schemer, a vulture who lives on greed. When he wicked rule, the people mourn. This man threatened to put me in jail, if I destroyed a murder shop in New York. He belongs to the same rotten, rioutous, ruinous rum soaked Republican anarchy. I find the same thing, that made the hatchet a necessity in Kansas here in New York, Pennsylvania, and every where I go. This anarchy took their desire for greed in Kansas. They break the law for the same reason here in New York. They sell by a permit from the purjured servants of the people; they sell here by the permits of the same class. The devil's dare to go to their rope's end in Kansas, they dare to do the same here only the rope is shorter in Kansas, than here.

While at Crawfordsville we met many pleasant things. The kindness of the Elks; the grounds that surrounded the home of the author of Ben Hur; and the Passion Play, in the big store of Louis Bischof. Strange, indeed, that this Israelite without guile, should have the scenes in the life of our Savior reproduced in life like memory pictures. I did not converse with him but I believe he honors the Savior of his own race. At all events he displayed a charity which is rare. This play originated in answer to prayer. The people vowed to reproduce the scene once every year. I liked it, although, from criticisms, I had been prejudiced. I never saw such a perfect store for its size. In the basement was machinery producing its own electricity, heat and cold, etc. His employes were mostly women, he calls them his children. It did seem like one family. Mr. Bischof came on my arrival and invited me over, and took me through. I got from him a piece of bird-eye linen, a favorite fabric of mine. I was to have a dress of it just suited to my mind. He presented me with a white dressing saque, (that I have on now in my prison cell) and I can congratulate Crawfordsville in having such a merchant.

FROM ST. LOUIS TO ROSE LAKE.

After the trials that attend any helpless woman from the inhumanity of a railroad we boarded the O. & B. out from the city, and an eighty mile ride brought us to Salem, nine miles further than we wished to go, this because the O. & B. would not stop to let me off. Bro. Boles drove me over to Rose Lake, a beautiful place for the meeting. All that I heard said of it was commendatory. Mr. Boles is making an effort to establish a yearly Chautauqua in southern Ill. We left 95 dollars the richer in purse. At an invitation from Mrs. Howell we went to Flora, 18 miles distant. We found Mrs. Howell a lovely land lady, who was much worried, because "her boys" (young men boarders) drank. We worried because they smoked the villianous weed.

We visited the four hell gates of this place, and was handled, pushed, and almost thrown out of one, at the order of the young flat-headed barkeeper, who commanded the officer to "take her to the calaboose." In one of the places only were we treated decently. In one the alder man guarded the door of one of these devil's dens, and would not let us in. We spoke to a few collected in the Christian church and left on the night train for Vincenes. Got there at one o'clock.

We can say for Vincennes this one thing, that at this place we have found the best stopping place in all our travels. The fare just suited our taste with the corn-bread and excellent mush and cream. My room overlooks the loveliest little park, where a fountain with flagstone walks and flower beds with the fruit trees, where the birds sing and the woodland groves reminds one of walking up in the country, and all this for two dollars a day. We were invited to meet the ladies of the W. C. T. U. at Mrs. McJamsey's, where we had an attentive audience to a fire brand talk, here we met one of the old-time crusaders, and one who wanted to be a new-time hatchet one. This dear friend assisted us in getting about twenty subscribers. A reporter from the SUN called and was very nice, as reporters usually are. The editor of the Capital called, to whom I gave two home defender buttons. He told me he was not married but had the sweetest girl on earth. It was a clear case of just one girl.

This editor is to get one of our silver plated hatchets used in teaching the Elks a smashing lesson in Crawfordsville. The minister, Bro. Willis of the M. E., Brother Miller and Brother Oeschges of the Christian, called at the hotel to see me. I have held three meetings here, all

free. We like Vincennes, all but her man traps, which must be smashed to redeem the churches from desolation.

Bridgewater, Iowa.

My Dear Mrs. Nation:—Dear Madam, I have watched with pride your crusade for temperance in your state for the last six months. And when I read the papers of you being thrown in prison for doing a work that you was commanded to do by a power unseen, my heart bleeds for you. I see by the late papers that your husband lives apart from you, and thinking that you would be lonely, I thought perhaps you would like a companion in a man that agrees with your ideas exactly. I have fought the demon drink in my state for 30 years and as I am all alone in the world, I would like a companion who agrees with my ideas exactly. And as I think you would suit me exactly, I would like to correspond with you. My address is, Arend Land' Bridgewater, Iowa.

In Jail, Topeka, July 27.

Dear Sir:—Yours to hand and contents noted, thank you for your sympathy. Hope your heart will not bleed its-self to death. Yes Sir, I have no husband have not had any for years. I am not lonely, do not need a companion. Am really happier without one. You no doubt can find some one to relieve your lonely condition. I am very sure I would not suit you at all. I have all the correspondents I can see to. With best wishes for your success, especially of the final one in Heaven.

I remain your Defender,
Carrie Nation.

I publish the above letter that I may be spared any further annoyance on the subject.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Sister in Christ: In November 1896, just before McKinley's election, the writer who is a Massachusetts man, in answer to a question spiritually put to God, as to "What will be the next great moral reform?" Received this startling answer deliberately spelled out before his eyes: "RUM DEVIL CRUSHED!" I was astounded! I am not a spiritualist and have no connection with them. I then asked, "Will it be in our time?" The answer was "Yes."

"Will equal suffrage come before the Rum Traffic is abolished?" Answer, "Yes."

"Will it come before 1901? (I meant by the New Century, which is 1901.) Answer "Yes."

"That makes the angles glad, don't it?" Answer "Yes, yes, yes."

My last question was, "Is equal suffrage necessary to bring about all moral reforms and overthrow the power of organized wealth." Answer, "Yes, yes, yes. Now I am no fanatic or crank, but a hard headed business man, and (to some) astounding statement I solemnly swear is absolutly true—so help me God. Now, what I wish to say to you, Great Heart, is this —Equal Suffrage is God's hammer to break the rock of hardened public opinion on the liquor traffic in pieces, and I believe GOD'S HOUR HAS STRUCK FOR THE SALOON TO GO! By the white hearts and the white votes of American women. Agitate Legislators all over the land! Every state in the Union can be captured for God and Home Protection this very year of our Lord, if every Christian man and woman will stand shoulder to shoulder.

Read "Our Comming Day," written in 1892; it has proved a prophecy!

Yours for the Kingdom of God On Earth.
Walter G. Tucker.

Many Christians even doubt the servants of God when they talk of hearing the voice of God. Jesus said, "My sheep know my voice." Surely God doeth nothing but he revealeth it to his prophets. Yes equal suffrage will smash the serpent's head. I have an article on equal suffrage elsewhere in this magazine.

Description of the Home of the Author of Ben Hur.

July 25.—I am to leave on the nine o'clock Vandalia, this morning, so I got up at four, asked the way to Lew Wallace's, and here I am, sitting in a lawn divan, large enough for two, just in the spot where he wrote Ben Hur, I expect, for he wrote it under a large Elm tree. If the editor of Smasher's Mail had such a place to write in, the columns of Smasher's Mail would be much improved, for this is a place to inspire the pen to write pretty things, These giantic forest trees with their low branches, the glades where the elder and trailing ivy, the singing birds, the cooing doves, and one of the most magnificent pine trees I ever saw, perhaps a hundred feet high; but I must hasten with my story for the thunder and clouds warn me that rain is coming soon, so I will write my compliments and favorite signature on a copy of Smasher's Mail and go back to my elegant hotel (except the basement, which has been barred to me.) I never saw grounds that pleased me better than these. The tall stately hollyhocks are in clusters around the high board fence, saying to me, if God so clothes me who delights in his love, what ought he to do with the miserable sinner. If Mr. Wallace was as early riser as this humble writer of ragged prose I should have had the pleasure of seeing him. His study is built of brick with a stone porch with stone banisters where there are slabs of different shapes. A fountain is on the porch. An iron calla lily is sprayed by the jet. An iron urn is on one of the slabs and lamb on the other. The floor is marble also. On looking in at the glass door, I see paintings, books, chairs, busts, etc., making a study worthy of its occupant.

A BENIFICENT PARTY.

Socrates has wisely said: "We cannot live better than seeking to become better, nor more agreeable than in having a clear conscience." This appeal to political parties fits none so well as Prohibition Party. It is not a party "living to itself and grasping for the pieces of silver" and "loaves and fishes." It has a wider, nobler sphere of usefulness before it than that. It seeks to help men to become better, live better and die with a 'conscience void of offence to

God and man." That's a reason why prohibitionists are such jolly good fellows—always ready to extend a helping hand to extricate victims from the monster drink evil. No other party cares so much about Christian citizenship; no other party cares so much about assisting the helpless and innocent sufferers of wrong, and no other party devotes so much time, labor and money to legislate against one of the greatest of modern evils, the liquor traffic. If all men could only realize what peace of conscience follows a Prohibition ballot we venture to say that the result of the next election would be a grand victory for the cause. That's why so many of us, who have experienced the folly of and turned from the old parties, are ready to say with Goethe: "I will not be as those who spend the day in complaining of headache, and the night in drinking the wine that gives it."—Ex.

DISCUSSION OF MRS. NATION'S METHODS.

The report that Mrs Carrie Nation would be present at yesterday's meeting of the Wemen's Christian Temperance Union, at its rooms on East avenue, called out a good-sized audience. The Kansas crusader was detained by an engagement elsewhere, however, and was unable to reach the city.

Mrs. R. Johnson presided, and after the singing of gospel hymns and prayer by Mrs. Dudley it was announced by the president that there would be a discussion of the question: "Has the crusade by Mrs. Carrie Nation in Kansas advanced the temperance cause?" A free parliament followed, in which the work of Mrs. Nation was canvassed by several speakers. Naturally, the speaking was not confined closely to the subject, but digressed to cover the entire topic of temperance reform. It was the consensus of opinion that Mrs Nation was entirely sane, and that whatever might be thought of her peculiar methods, her work had aroused public sentiment on the question, much as John Brown stirred up the country to a realization of the enormities of human slavery.

The most of the references to Mrs. Nation's use of the hatchet was treated rather tentatively and speakers conveyed the idea that the peculiar methods applied in Kansas by Mrs. Nation might not be the best to apply in states where the traffic in liquor is legalized. All agreed that the effiect had been in making the sale of liquor not only very unpleasant, but unprofitable. The treatment of the subject was generally discriminating, but at the same time all of the speakers seemed to regard Mrs. Nation as an instrument in the hands of God to awaken public sentiment against the traffic in ardent spirits.

One of the speakers severely arraigned the summer resorts in the neighborhood of this city, and made reports in regard to transactions which would naturally come within the province of the district attorney. But this was aside from the merits of the discussion regarding Mrs. Nation's work.

The first speaker was Miss Sarah Vosburgh. She said she had called at Mrs. Nation's hotel, but had not found her. From a gentleman who knew Mrs. Nation well, she had learned that she was a sane, earnest, Christian woman. Miss Vosburgh said there could be no question regarding her sanity, and that those who knew her personally paid a high tribute to her character. Miss Vosburgh then described conditions in Kansas, where, she said, money had been used freely to aid law breakers. At one time the speaker had talked with the wife of a liquor seller who had left the state of Kansas because the business had become both unpleasant and unprofitable. This condition of affairs Miss Vosburgh attributed largely to the arousing of public opinion by the crusade of Mrs. Nation. As the result of that crusade, directly and indirectly, forty places where liquor had been sold in the city of Topeka had been closed, and the town is now "dry."

In the course of an address on the subject of temperance generally, E. Morse said:

"Concerning Mrs. Nation, I have met her and I believe her to be an earnest, Christian woman. I believe she is an instrument of God. I believe John Brown was a Christian and that God gave him no rest until he had set in motion forces which were to destroy human slavery. So, in this case, I think Mrs. Nation is stirring up thought; and this regardless of what is thought of her methods. There is an apathy in the country which needs such an influence to dispel it."

Mr. Herrick, of Brighton, was the next speaker. Said he:

"If Mrs. Nation had done nothing but lend her name to this crusade, she would have done much. Now the name of Carrie Nation stands for something. If she stands for anything, it is for carrying this fight against the liquor traffic on to victory. The saloon stood in the way of Carry Nation in Kansas and all the saloon had to do was to get out of the way of Mrs. Nation.

"I am convinced that Mrs. Nation satisfied herself that the sale of liquor was illegal in Kansas, and then she took up the hatchet. I think she has done much to do away with the liquor traffic in Kansas. I believe she is stirring up a sentiment that is moving people as they have never been moved before."

There were several other addresses, most of the same tenor as those quoted.

Mrs. Nation is booked to speak at Fitzhugh hall to-night.

Atlantic City, N. J., Aug. 18.—Carrie Nation addressed 5,000 people on the auditorium pier here this afternoon and to-night, and she sold upwards of 2,000 hatchets at 25 cents each. She arrived at noon and took a bath in the ocean. She stopped at an appartment house and her meals were sent from a restaurant. Her talk was principally on morals. She adjured her hearers to discard diamonds, as fast people wore them. She said she had heard that considerable wickedness was rife here, but supposed a place of this kind attracted the wicked. She left to-night for Rochester. About $2,000 was realized for the poor children's fund from her lecturer. She did no smashing.—Ex·

MRS. NATION VINDICATED.

TOPEKA IS JOINTLESS.

This statement is being repeatedly made in the newspapers of various parts of the country that Topeka, Kans., in spite of all that has been done there, is

still the scene of open and unlawful liquor selling. In a popular journal the statement recently took the form of the assertion that there are thirty joints running without disguise in that city. In view of this statement The New Voice addressed a letter of inquiry to the Rev. Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, whose home is in Topeka. Dr. Sheldon replies, enclosing the following statement from the chief of police of the city of Topeka addressed to himself:

Topeka, Aug. 17, 1901.

Dear Bro. Sheldon:

A letter of inquiry concerning the truth of the statement, "There are thirty joints in the city of Topeka doing business, I will say:

There is not an open saloon in Topeka.

There is not a continuous selling joint in Topeka.

There are a number of places where beer is sold for a short time, at irregular, stated times.

No joints chance selling at night.

No joint tries to sell without guards to give notice when the police are about.

Joints are continually changing their location —celler to-day, attic to-morrow.

There is not a "Joint bar" in this city worth two dollars.

The most persistent joint in this city, 526 Kansas avenue, has four empty beer cases for a bar and one tin cup and one glass to drink from.

If the city and county officers could or would work together, the modern joint, so far as Topeka is concerned, would immediately become a thing of the past. F. M. STAHL.

Dr. Sheldon adds to this statement the following:

Mr. Stahl is a Christian man, a member of my church, and respected by the entire community. HIS STATEMENT IS ENTIRELY RELIABLE. Topeka is practically rid of the joint as a permanent institution. You are at liberty to use my letter together with Mr. Stahl's statement. CHARLES M. SHELDON.

It seems safe then to conclude that Prohibition in Topeka is as much of a success as the sort of Prohibition that they have there ever can be. That is to say, Topeka is rid of the drink traffic as far as any city can be that is subject to continual siege by the combined liquor interests of the country and dependent for the enforcement of law, in part at least, upon men who are in sympathy with outlaws.—Chicago New Voice.

THE RIGHT TO DIE

The Smasher's Mail cannot declare to strongly the startling fact that the liquor trgffic for beverage use "is an outlaw." The U. S. supreme court has declared that the traffic has no inherent right." The only right it has, is the right to die, and that shonld be immediately. It has no property rights. It has the same right that the burglar has to his tools, and smallpox infected clothing. It has no right to be at large. It is like the mad dog and the venemous viper. Any one is at liberty to kill it on the spot. A traffic that is the prolific source of 90 per cent of the poverty and crime in the country and sends more than a hundred thousand souls to a drunkards hell, has no right to exist. Christian duty requires that it be destroyed peacifully it we can, forcible if we must.

THE TABLE TURNED.

The Republican papers have roasted the Democratic officials of Leavenworth for allowing those ten awful Road Houses to run. The liquor traffic is now trying the same tactics in Shawnee county, establishing "Road Houses" of the vilest sort all about the city. Will the Capital and Journal and other Republican papers call Republican Sheriff Cook and Galen Nichols on the carpet and demand that they do their duty and at once. Those Road Houses are infested with as cowardly and dangerous a set of fiends as Leavenworth, ready to shoot any medler down at a moments notice. The "Klondike" is moving to Topeka city limits.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Be it to the everlasting shame of the men of the great state of Kansas that Mrs. Carrie Nation is in the jail at Topeka, serving a sentence of thirty days for destroying a damnable saloon owned and operated by an unprincipled rascal who defied the prohibition law of the state. The wonder is that men and women with righteous convictions do not unite in a smashing gang and demolish the jail and liberate the prisoner, and then as a well deserved finish tar and feather the judge who is so small in principle as to sentence a woman for doing what the law says the officers of Kansas should do. There is a day of retribution coming, and it were better that a mill stone had been hung to the necks of the liquor promoters of Kansas and every unjust, unmanly, degraded wretch of them had been sunk to the bottom of the sea. Mrs. Carry Nation may be "fanatical" and go far beyond the ordinary work of womankind, but no man can truthfully say the smashing crusade inaugurated by her is not right and should be vigorously carried out everywhere a saloon is located. The saloon may be a lawful institution in some states, but the law is an unrighteous one and ought to be smashed without discrimination to individual or political party with the same vim by which the saloons of Wichita, Topeka and other Kansas towns were smashed. There is no dishonor in a jail sentence for a righteous cause, and when the thirty days expire Mrs. Nation will come forth from prison to renew her attack on the hell holes, and the mothers of the nation will call her blessed through the future generations.—Danville (Ill.) News.

No man is so wise but that some woman can make him a little wiser.

Subscribe for the Smasher's Mail.

SMASHER'S MAIL.

Vol. 1. No. 10. Topeka, Kansas, September, 1901. Price, 5 Cents.

Additional Editorial.

We ask our friends to patronize the stores of Topeka who have given us an ad.

All communications and remittances should be directed to Carrie Nation, or SMASHER'S MAIL.

Some of our best clippings are from the Florida Temperance Herald, edited at Tampa, a regular little David with a sling.

Abraham Lincoln once said as long as the people fear the wrath of the rum sellers, more than the wrath of Almighty God, the traffic would not be put down.

Many persons will get a paper this month who never got it before. Dear Friends, help us to get subscribers that we may continue on the work God has given us to do.

Dr. Carter, of Chatanooga, Supt. of the United Brethren for the South was at the office of the Mail and purchased about 100 buttons for the children of the church. He says he will also become a subscriber of the Mail.

Many will wonder why I was so long in publishing some of the excellent letters in this issue. Dear friends, your letters have been misplaced in the various turmoils and perils by the way but they have been preserved and are like truth always in the right place.

It is almost a just criticism to call me rabid, abrupt, radical, ridiculous and quarrelsome. I do not like this mannerism but withall there is method in it. A critic says, "I only say mean things of people." Did you ever hear how the farmer brought the boy down from the tree when he was stealing apples? How does the loving mother get the child to swallow the medicine, by holding its nose? I want to wake the people up from the lethargy of death. I appear to be hateful and hating, but really I hate nothing but sin. I have to fight the devil over the head of stupid, suffering humanity.

Our yellow covered magazine met with a warm reception among our friends and subscribers. The change from paper to magazine form was appreciated by all. Although it threw us out of 2nd class rates for the time being, so we were obliged to pay a penny apiece for mailing everyone of our yellow covers.

We have purchased a complete printing plant where-with to publish our paper from this time on. This insures the continued and regular publication of the paper we hope for many years. This will enable us to go on with the least expense, to scatter the good seed of temperance literature and temperance sentiment all over the land. We feel that this is a worthy cause and we hope all earnest temperance people will aid us all in their power, for we will need their help.

Our August publication of SMASHER'S MAIL will have to dissolve into the September number for various reasons. Getting moved—our new press—my being in jail and lack of funds—So I will ask my dear patrons to excuse the unavoidable delay and dissapointment to you as well as myself. I have missed one appointment in Huntingdon, Ark., $50 and ,expenses; one at Silver Lake, $50 and expenses; three at Munice, Ind., each $50 and expenses, which you see is a clear loss of three hundred dollars besides the subscriptions to SMASHER'S MAIL, also sales of same and hatchets which would have been $100 at least; besides 18 days in jail, taking the treatment in every way as a murderer or any other outlaw. So pity the sorrow of a poor old woman.

He that makes haste to do a wrong usually gets a long time to feel sorry for it.

Why is King Richard the III. like Stanley? Because he seems a saint when most he plays the devil.

Stanley does not believe in praying for rain. Neither do other infidels, but Solomon the wisest did.

Women must not drink at Denver bars What right has Judge Lindsey to say it is unconstitutional for women to drink? Granted—but it is just the same for men.

What we need in Topeka is a decent police force; and what we need in Kansas is a decent Governor. Let us throw out the rotten potatoes as we come to them; they are contaminating.

Those women who have been insulted by the A. T. Pigg that runs the 5th Ave. hotel ought to have their grievances adjusted in the courts. Carrie Nation for one can vouch for his indecency.

Because Stanley and his Whiskey soaked, beer swilled nicotine crowd wishes a cigar store in the Capital, have they a right to take the swing of the decent people's property?

Some lawyers of Topeka are getting quite fidgety now, crime is on the decrease and they will have to get a job in Wichita, Levenworth or Atchinson. Three cheers for our Topeka, the loveliest city for its size we venture to say in the world.

Hurrah for Vermont and her good, wise, humane and loving Judge R. S. Taft of Burlington, Vermont. If we had a few in Kansas our criminals would diminish one hundred per cent. We present this Judge with a copy of SMASHER'S MAIL.

A Methodist bishop, named Grant, of Indianopolis, recommends Peruna. We have said that Peruna is another name for rot gut, and we purpose to prove it by any chemist· It is bottled snake bite and makes drunk as any other intoxicating liquor. Drunkards use it when they can't get into a saloon. Kansas is flooded with this vile stuff. Kansas paid this year $450,000 for charities. When we rid ourselves of the drink curse one tenth of this will not be needed.

So the Godess Cerese is to be placed on the dome of our Capitol; Is Kansas to return to the worship of heathen Gods? How the devil's are trying to drag down on Kansas. The Statue will be a disgrace to our State, and Christians should remonstrate and, if necessary defeat. What does the Sunday School man, Stanley, think of this? Approves of course; it degrades us as christian people. He has placed himself on the side of every issue in Kansas that is wrong. We are on the Lord's side and down with Baal.

Mark Twain says a man pought a big for $1.50 and fed it $40 worth of corn, and then sold the hog for $9. He lost money on the corn but made $7.50 on the hog. That illustrates the condition of the saloon in every Indiana county. The saloons breed vice, poverty; disease and crime. It costs tax payers thousands of dollars annually to prosecute the criminals and paupers: but they are making money from license fees on the saloons that breed the criminals and paupers. A business man that would make such an investment as that would be considered a financial diot.—Exchange.

Stanley pretends to believe the bible is true. Hazen makes no such pretensions; Stanley pretends to be a temperance man, Hazen does not. Stanley poses as a high toned gentleman, Hazen does not; Which is the worst perjurer of the two? One does not pretend to be anything but a perjurer the other tries to be a saint? Which is the most dangerous to have around?

Some woman might make a living and be a public benefactor by setting up a store in the capitol building, containing deoderizers antiseptics, fumegatives and such like in order to purify the atmosphere and counteract the effect of the cigar store, furnished by the Governor's order.

THE RUM CURSE.

The Traffic Always an Outlaw.

Liquor local option laws, in our eastern cities and elsewhere, mean an annual fight of larger or smaller dimensions at ward rooms and polling places. At this time the liquor fraternity with the bar room gangs are there with tobacco smoke, profanity, threats and often blows. They block up the passage way and intimidate the temperance voter and carry the day for license. This is all done in violation of the constitution, the organic law of the land, that forbids the lawmakers from enacting laws that create "ill-fare", laws must be made to bless, and not curse the people, must produce "well-fare" and not "ill-fare."

The law maker commits perjury when he gives privilege that he had no right to grant. The U. S. Supreme court has declared that the liquor traffic has "No inherent rights." The traffic is an outlaw and should be destroyed root and branch.

The illegal protection given to this drunkard making business, by state legislators, is perjury in an aggravated form, and will call the nation to arms, as it did in the election of Abraham Lincoln in the destruction of the African slave trade.

The enforcement of this local option, high license law, is a roaring force, a dismal failure. The saloon-keeper generally gives from one thousand to two thousand dollars that he will not sell to miners nor to persons of dissipated habits, and he violates the law every day that he does business, and yet no forfeited bonds have ever been called. If they had been it would have been enough to have paid the national debt. How long will Christian people submit to this outrage. The hatchet brigade will compel legislators to do their duty.—Sharpshooter.

DRINKING SCHOOLS.—JUVENILE SALOONS.

Some time ago the president of some brewers' association, in an address to the members, said that the greatest danger which confronted the trade is the influence brought to bear upon the boys and girls to keep them from forming the drink habit; that the children are taught in the homes and in schools as well as other places, not to drink anything and that it was necessary for those engaged in the liquor business to cultivate a taste for drink in the young or the trade would certainly suffer.

Acting along this line, it is now discovered that in Chicago there are a number of saloons, in each of which a room has been fitted up with small furniture, picture books, toys, and hobby horses, and into which children are enticed to play. They are at first given sweetened wines to cultivate a taste for liquor, and are told to bring in some of their little friends to play with them. By and by the drink habit is fastened upon the little ones and all their pennies are spent for intoxicants.

On one street in Chicago twenty such places have been found, and evidence secured to convict the proprietors. How many more such saloons are now running in Chicago is simply a matter of conjecture. In how many cities and towns the same plan is being used to destroy children, can only be imagined.

The scheme is as damnable as the ingenuity of man can devise. For the sole purpose of increasing business, little boys and girls are lured into these dens and taught to drink. The plan is deliberately formed and executed. Ruined lives count for nothing; liquor must be sold and children are offered as a sacrifice on a keg of beer.—Toledo Blade.

Growth of No-License Cities in Massachusetts.

The Massachusetts statistics of population which have recently been published show that of the thirty-three cities in the State there was an average per cent gain of forty-five in population in the no-license cities and an average per cent gain of twenty-seven in the license cities. In other words, thinking men choose to reside, if possible, in communities where there are no liquor saloons, and the movement of population is out of the license cities into the cities which favor no-license.—American Issue.

And out of the license state into the prohibition states. The Topeka Capital of Sept. 1st, in a leading editorial gives the license advocates a complete knockout that aught to forever settle Dan Anthony, of Leavenworth and Murdock of Wichita, and other Republican "knockers of Kansas."

What right has anyone to call private detectives spotters. Then all begin to say spotter evidence won't go. If our officers had gotten some of the counterfit money into their posession for evidence, would it have been a part of the crime.

Would our judge and red faced lawyers do away with the whole detective agency, with such a racket. "What next."

It reminds us of a man who had a sign in front of his turn shop. All manner of twisting and turning done here.

If the cause of crime could be cut off, ninty per cent of the crime would cease.

Then one half of the officers could be dispensed with, only one half of amount of taxes needed, see statistics of different states during reign of prohibition.

At the spring election, 16 out of 24 of the largest cities went for prohibition. 8 for liquor. That shows the relative present feeling of the larger cities of Kansas. The smaller towns will go dry, also the rural districts. If the Republican party is wise they will nominate a clean dry ticket in the future. By the help of God, liquor men shall be elected no more, so say the temperance hosts of Kansas. Let us have this liquor issue at heart more than partisan spirit and we shall win from the governor down to the justice of the peace.

DRUGSTORE SALOONS.

Editor Smasher's Mail:—Topeka is the cleanest town of its size in the west. She is not to be mentioned in the same breath with Leavenworth, Wichita, Wyandotte and Atchison. They are in open, unanimous rebellion against the constitutional prohibitory law of the state, without a dissenting voice, officially, editorially or ministerially. Not so in the Cipital city. The liquor power is a sneaking outlaw; it is hunted from garret to alley; but like Banquo's ghost it won't stay down. Its last refuge is in the cellars and behind the prescription cases of the drugstores. They are wholesale retail liquor establishments. The city attorney, police, judge, Chief Stahl and his men have made it infernally hot for the joints, bootlegers, kegs and bottles, in spite of the Hazen-Nichols gang, but safe in the drug grog-shops. It is not so easy to reach the wreckers of happiness, prosperity and decency. The outraged public will find or make a way to reach these drugstore saloons. They have no more rights than any other joints. They have succeeded in hood-winking and befuddling the people into the belief that somehow they are exempt from responsibility and loyalty to law and order. The next thing is to clean them out. Counterfeiting and swindling cannot be run under such flimsy connivance and this worse business should be taught a a lesson in good citizenship and at once.

A Voter.

Stanley and his Senatorship.

Dr. Eva Harding and Mrs. Goodman, called on the Governor of Kansas to pardon Mrs. Nation out of jail. They were told most politely to call again. Then they were told that the governor would pardon and remit the fine of one hundred dollars if the commissioners would arrange about the costs. The matter was adjusted and the governor then positively refused to remit the fine, but would commute her sentence ten days. And thus, after four visits, the arrangements stood. Mrs. Stanley was present at one of these interviews and the women explained that they were coaxing the governor to pardon Mrs. Nation. The governor's better-half said she was glad Mrs. Nation was in jail and hoped she would stay there forever for abusing the governor. That Mrs. Nation was crazy anyhow. The governor said to the women: 'Never go to a woman for charity.' The Mrs. Governor took especial pains to show and express her venom and hate of the great crusader. And this is the wife of the "Sunday school man," who would like to shine in Washington D. C., as the wife of the United States senator from prohibition Kansas. It is easy to see what ails Stanley and just why he should never represent this great state in the upper house of Congress. The women of the Sunflower state cannot vote, but they seriously object to that kind of a representatives in the senate and will see that they fail to get there. This remitting of only ten days is the smallest act of the great little man's life and shows the real character of the man.

Give Women a Voice at the Polls.

Composed by Rev. H. E. Butler, of Peerless, Ohio, and Sung at Clarksburg, O., "Chautauqua" Camp Meeting Aug., 11, 1901, at the meeting at which Mrs. Carrie Nation spoke.

I wandered to-day by a dram shop,
Where soul-daming liquors are sold.
And I thought of the lives that are wrecked there
More precious than silver or gold;
Of the wife, of the heart-broken mother,
And a tear down my cheek swiftly rolls,
Oh! Men, if indeed that ye be men,
Give women a voice at the polls!

Chorus;—

Allow her a voice through the ballot,
Allow her a voice at the polls;
Oh! Give to wife, sister, and mother,
The right of a voice at the polls.

I called at the home of the drunkard.
The children that greeted me there;
Like the wife of that brutalized drunkard,
Were the picture of Want and Despair.
I asked what had caused this condition.
Wife and mother the secret unrolls,
The want of the right of protection
The lack of a voice at the polls.

I paused by the bier of the drunkard,
Who to liquor had fallen a prey:
And I asked "what the fate of the drunkard?"
Will he stand in the great judgment day?
The answer came quick and decisive,
Its author the Savior, the Word;
"No wine-bibber, tippler nor drunkard
Can enter my Courts." saith the Lord.

Thus knowing the fate of the drunkard,
Lets up! And in battles array,
As David of old slew Goliah
This giant of giants will slay.
With manhood and truth for our armor,
Our strength in Jehovah's right hand
Will fight till we gain prohibition
And banish this curse from our land.

New Chorus:—

Then down with taxation and license,
Oh down with the laws black as Hell!
And give in their stead Prohibition.
And woman a voice that will tell!

They say that I am guilty of malicious destruction of property, but I say it is a destruction of malicious property.

The saloon lives that others may die. If others don't die it cannot live. I made up my mind that where I live either the saloon dies or I die; and I have made my word good.

We would like to get original lines from our friends or even copies of a high grade of poetry. We like the jingle of truth.

Correspondence From the Field.

Yazoo City, Miss.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kas.

Dear Madam:—Having heard of your good work in the temperance cause. I write to you in order that you may advise me, in regard to the liquor habit.

I have been a victim of drink for over ten years. I am ruining myself and family, and find it almost impossible to cure myself of this horrible habit.

Any advice as to how I may rid myself of a curse that has caused the breaking up of many happy homes and the ruination of many a man will be greatly appreciated.

Yours respectfully,

Jas. Garrett.

My Dear Brother:—Jesus said, come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest. You can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me. All things are possible to him that heareth. With all temptations He will provide a way of escape. Ask and you shall receive.

In Response To Mrs. Nations Appeal:

I extend the hand of fellowship across all the barriers of law—man's law—can place between a good woman and her usefulness. I with all the good within me, thank you for standing forth so bravely between the saloon shops and their victims. Those human tracks and ruins which can be picked out, not only by the thousand, or tens of thousands, but by the hundreds of thousands—if but statistics speak the truth—and they do here, at least—creatures morally, mentally and physically destroyed. Starved and degraded by this law licensed crime of liquor selling through the land. For every drop of the degraded, accursed stuff that you have been instrumental in pouring into the gutters instead of the law-divided channals—men's throats, to curse men's lives with all. May a blessing come upon your head instead, or if as is the case with all reformers you must suffer, for to do good one must suffer, may this action of yours kindle again the old fire in the tardy Woman's Temperance Rights cause, till it has burned to ashes every scrip, wherein all these years, slow homocide has been legalized by the law makers of our country. Cursed is he who puts the bottle to his brother's lips to make him a drunkard: for the wages of sin

is death—not the so called death of this life but in the apostled meaning—that other everlasting death in the here-after.

Mrs. Anna Brent.

Denver, Colo.

Dear Mrs. Nation;

More than one or two of us would like to crown you with laurels. The heroism of Joan de. Arc, Charlotte Cordray and others do not compare to yours. Yours shows the finest mind and courage for it is in a worthier cause.

I watch eagerly for the news of your work in the morning paper, doing nothing until it is read, and I am proud to see that one GRAND woman can express what we all FEEL.

We women are MORAL COWARDS; we may feel the same enthusiasm on the subject that you feel, but we lack the strength to express it. If more were constituted like you, then utiful Denver would not be disfigured by bars, saloons, wine cellars and hell-holes too iniquitious to conceive.

The world and especially this city needs a practical reformer, a way shower of PRACTICAL ETHICS if you will, and I am surprised that some one here does not lead in putting down these soul-destroying dens, now that ladies have suffrage, but it does seem a great undertaking, for saloons are found on every corner and between corners. And think what a crime we parents commit in raising our boys in such a city, in the face of saloons; why I frequently take my boys (little ones) shopping with me and on passing the saloon the music attracts their attention and they always ask, "Mamma what is that, a matinee or a concert?" When older, will those precious boys feel curious enough to look in, and then what? We do not know, with all our guarding influence and talks at home; how do we know which will prove the stronger, home, or outside influence?

We can only wish there were more Mrs. Nations.

I know women who have never suffered from the pernicious influence of whisky, who approve your work and courage, who sympathize in it all; again others who do suffer from it, who wish to erect a monument to your noble deeds and memory while you live, that you may see how many look on and are glad.

Indeed this century will not furnish ther hero of your caliber, in many fields of action.

The worst men can say of you is nothing worthy of note. Censure you for destroying property; drinking men can suffer no other remonstrances. And think of the many, MANY, hearts and homes that are effectually destroyed by this sinful selfish indulgence of liquor. AMEN.]

I hope you will come to Denver, Colo. Here is material for a life work. We are helpless stupid and inactive, it seems to much for us. It would require an army of giants, and that will discourage you.

But with such a strong, refined leader as you are Mrs. Nation, others here might get inspiration. It is pride that keeps us silent; the world must not know how bitterly we feel and suffer, that would be publishing family secrets and that would ruin our husbands business or profession.

The best we can do is to hope you will come to our rescue and work up a feeling of sentiment even stronger than now. The whole country is reading of your actions, and I wish that when you come here (in case you come) that you would disfigure frequenters of these places as well as the bars. For why should they be permitted to inflict suffering humanity and worse than death upon their devoted families without a reminder of their beastly selfishness.

I earnestly hope you will be spared many years of usefulness and happiness and strength. You have earned the grati ude and thanks of thousands of homes, whether you materially effect them or not. We silently bless you and pray for you to GO ON.

The record of the beginning of the new century will be for the grand work of Mrs. Nation, our great general. With the kindest wishes for your personal success and happiness always,

I am sincerely your
SYMPATHIZER.

Syracuse, N. Y.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Madam:—Would you please be so kind as to send me your autograph.

I have heard a great deal about your work against the saloons and intended to go to Lakeside Park to see you.

Unfortunately, on account of an accident to my foot, I was unable to go and I had to be contented with reading your speech.

I am fourteen years old and have never drank nor smoke

I have one of your hatchets upon which is inscribed "Carrie Nation, Your Loving Home Defender."

Trusting you will deem me worthy of an answer, I remain,

Your true friend,
FREDERICK GOODYEAR.
105 Oxford St.

Indianapolis, Ind.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kas.

My Dear Madam:—I enclose a little check with the suggestion that other persons who admire your courage and devotion to a holy cause do likewise and thus sustain you in your glorious work against an unholy thing.

The saloon must go or the republic will die. It has so corrupted the vote that in no great city in America can an honest upright Christian gentleman be elected Mayor.

In the downfall of manhood will come the downfall of the Republic. The whisky traffic has for ages violated every law, human and divine, desecrated the family alter, made criminals out of young men and paupers of the aged. It has corrupted courts, bribed witnesses, intimated the weak, filled the land with outlaws, glutted alms houses, filled jails and furnished murderers for the scaffold. Before all this the officers of the law have stood deaf, dumb and blind. I thank God one woman is brave enough to take up the cause of an outraged public.

John Brown began a crusade that liberated the black slaves; if you succeed you will liberate the Nation.

Wishing you success in your good work, I remain, sincerely yours,

J. A. HOUSER.

Courtland, Kas.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.

My Dear Madam:—I presume you have ample evidence that there are incarcarated through the perverseness of the devils missionaries among whom are many bearing the underscored and perverted subsequent of "officers of the law" You an deeds are not forgotten by the outside world altogether, and I take this opportunity of expressing in writing as I have often done verbaly and sometimes in writing, my admiration of your spirit and courage. I know it is cast up to you that you are only in it for money, or by others, for notoriety but no such incentive ever actuated anyone to suffer the persecution and martyrdom which you have undergone in this cause.

It takes an infinite amount of moral courage and even then only those whose whole trust is in God and who have given up all earthly things and are seeking for souls can follow the path in which you are found. May God's blessing abide with you while you live and though you may not receive all the credit you merit while living, yet like Abraham Lincoln and many other martyrs, a halo of glory will surround your name and memory after God shall have called you to his blessed home.

I admire your character and wish to possess as good myself but I realize my goodness is a minature compared to yours. Still I have enough to provoke the devil and as I am mayor of the town on temperance ticket and am also station agent on the C. R. I. & P. Ry. I should not wonder if my position would be sacraficed on the alter, as you are probably aware that the companies don't intend their representatives to "MEDDLE" with the liquor business. But if they want to deal in it or drink some which is entirely contrary to their instructions they will cover it up and pass that by regardless of how many honest, innocent, people are sacrificed, regardless of the homes that are blighted and regardless of the violation of laws they are in duty bound to uphold and under which they recieve protection. I was going to subscribe for your paper beginning with this issue but I notice you say "that people can put tobacco and whisky ads in if they wish."

I hope I misunderstood that for if I am to understand that such continuances of the Devil are to appear in such a publication my name will please be counted out.

With best wishes I remain

yours truly in temperance cause,

C. M. G.

If any such a remark was made, it was made in the sense of irony. Editor.

Utica Aug. 15 1901

Mrs. Carrie Nation;

If you will visit the village of Florence, Oneida Co. some Sunday afternoon when the saloons do their most rushing business in defiance of all law and don't spare your hatchet you will have the everlasting gratitude of a friend of temperance.

Armourdale, Kansas.

Mrs. Nation,

My dear lady:—I am a poor woman I live in Kansas, and O! my d ady I do wish you would help me. I have a drunken man. My poor drunken husband I write to you about. I hope when you come to Kansas City again you will break up old Bob Black's dive, 309 Kansas Ave. Last Saturday he took all my husband's wages for whiskey and my husband was drunk all day at old Black's dive. It is a devil's den; old Bob is lame and looks like a deamon. I went often after my husband and the last time, old Bob pushed me out and called me names. Every Sunday this place is open all day at the back door it is a hell hole; all the people around say it is a rendezvous for drunken men. I wash every day and if this thing is not stopped my dear lady I

must starve, also my children; for God sake do my dear woman help me. His back door is open every Sunday. Mary Moore.

New York,

Mrs. Carrie Nation,

Dear Madam;—I am a boy of 15 and I would like to ask you for some advice. I have been going with a very fast set of young men until recently, when I gave them up, While in their company I learned how to play poker and other gambling games; and I also learned how to drink and smoke. I haven't smoked for 8 days but it seems hard to give up drink. Kindly advise a young New York boy on this and you will oblige. yours truly, John J. Troop.

—Let it alone my dear boy there is death in the cup.

Killbuck, N. Y. March, 18, '01

Dear Mrs. Nation:—

I have been very much interested in the newspaper reports regarding your work in Kansas, and although my home is in a small place where there is not a W. C. T. U, organization, it does not hinder one from being concerned in a cause so important. I enclose clippings from Western New York papers. In Mrs, Boole's address she speaks of not having "been consulted". The thought impressed me upon reading it was—that if a person had been advised to take up the work, as you have, how many would have had the courage to do it? The courage which you have shown is deserving of praise and I have great hopes for the result of your work in Kansas, where liquor selling is against the law. When prohibitory laws are passed in other states they should not be ignored any more than any other law, If they are why not deal with them accordingly? When visiting in Kansas a few years ago I was surprised that there was so little difference between the amount of liquor sold there and in the states where it is allowed. Wishing you success throughout the ledgth and breadth of Kansas, I am, sincerely

E, Agusta Kuehl.

Toledo, Ohio.

Mrs. Carrie Nation,

Dear Madam:—You may be deluged with letters during these busy weeks; but I feel drawn to express my sympathy in your enterprise. I am one of the Police Matrons of Toledo and I see so many of the "ripened products" of the liquor habit that I am more and more disgusted with the lethargy and cupidity of our men, voters, for allowing and encouraging "Rum" to rule. Were it not for the liquor traffic in Toledo the position of police Matron would be an unheard of thing, as it is, we are very much in demand. It is not necessary to go into any details of my work or the sadness and suffering I witness. Hoping that you may have strength and wisdom to continue your fight until the men of our land will be shamed into a realizing sense of their sin and weakness and be encouraged to sweep the liquor traffic from our land. I am sincerely yours

Mrs. Vena Candee Allen.

P. S. If some of the city dailies would insert this in their colums it might arouse some to a sense of their responsibility. E. A. C,

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Medicine Lodge, Kan. Jan. 1st 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation Wichita, Kas.

Dear Madame;—From the papers I have learned of your troubles in Wichita. I sincerely regret at all times to hear that any of my friends have gotten into trouble particularly when this trouble is caused by a person following the dictates of his conscience as to doing the right. I know that you feel yourself fully justified in doing that with which you are charged, but the question presented is are you legally guilty of the commission of a crime under our law in doi g that with which you are charged. I contend that in destroying this joint property you have destroyed that which in its condition at the time was without the protection of the law. Those pictures and mirrors were as much under the ban of the law as the jugs and bottles and their contents. All were used in the carrying on of an unlawful business and by its destruction in the manner resorted to by you, although this may not have been a legal destruction of the property, still the persons engaged in this unlawful business cannot invoke the protection of the law against you legally. I suggest that in case you are convicted in the city courts (and this I expect as it is a court organized to protect as far as possible this unlawful business) that you take an appeal to the District court of Sedgwick County; in that court I would fight the case in every way possible and in case of conviction I should then appeal to the Supreme court of the state In the meantime Iwould give bond for my appearance as your health might be endanged by confinement in the jail. You are accustomed to so much out door exercise that I fear the effects of the confinement. Pardon these suggestions but they are made by me wishing for your welfare. If I can be of any assistance in looking after any matters here for you I am at your service.

truly yours,

E, Semple.

PATIENCE NO LONGER A VIRTUE.

Argentine, Kansas.

My Dear Mrs. Nation:—

The "Smashers Mail" was received and read with interest. And while it seems a travesty on government that we have to resort to such methods to enforce law. (compulsory methods.) —It is well for us that there are women of your courage and convictions in our midst. We have always felt that we, the people, have to deal with our corrupt officials, instead of the misguided saloonkeeper and so called Druggist, and we should make a strong and united effort to make our officials act, by subjecting their official conduct to public ridicule and contempt.

They accept money to be used for corrupt political purposes, and personal gain and assume to hide their infamy behind the cloak of a sickly public sentiment. They assert the Constitution of the State and the law, cannot be mantained, where public sentiment does not favor the law. Do they assume that public sentiment in Kansas, is so low that we are willing to see the Constitution of our state wantonly violated?

Do they assume that we are so debased that we are willing to sell indulgences, to allow our officials to sell the right, to commit crime and violate the Constitution of our state for thirty days, for a few pieces of silver, and dare they in public print show people what they have done with this corrupt fund? It is a burning shame, that we have to rest under these vile imprecations. No my dear Madam, the people of Kansas, in favor of the Constitution of their state and would respect a governor that would respect his oath, and a court that respects itself.

Current reports say there are saloons running wide open in this state, that are under the injunctions of the court. Men have served jail sentence by proxy, and dead men have been indicted, who have been dead three years, and we have never heard that the court had respect enough for his-self to punish the perpetrators of the fraud.

"Patience has ceased to be virtue." Our true statues lie in this statement. The people of Kansas are in favor of the enforcement of law by honest officials, dislike and despise the corrupt practices and pretence of our pseudo-officials and it has only been from sufferance and a strong dislike to resort to drastic methods that they have been allowed so long to hide their official ostrich head in the hollow log of false statements. While their slimy bodies are decomposing in the bright sunlight of public opinion,

"They shine and stink, and stink and shine. like rotten mackerel by moonlight"

Lets try burning them in effigy, this will be more human, than burning poor live negroes.

Ask our so-called Governor to write Teddy Roosevelt and ask him what to do.

Respectfully.
A Citizen.

LETTER FROM MARIONVILLE, MO.,

Marionville, Mo., July 19, 1901.

EDITOR SMASHER'S MAIL.

Topeka, Kansas.

Dear friend:—I desire to publicly thank you for your kindness in making an effort to help me erect a Purity Industrial Home, at Marionville, Mo. This movement is based on the idea that secret sin is the great curse of our country and yet that the boy is not much to blame, as he is not told the truth in a pure way, but is allowed to pick up his information in such a way that it estranges him from his mother and leads him out to the street-loafing, cigarette crowd.

We intend to use the best physiology for boys to be found and teach the boy what it means to be a pure, clean man. No boy is taken till he pledges against whiskey, tobacco, profanity and obscenity.

The industrial feature provides work for those unable to pay their way. A broom factory is now in operation, with students working their way through school. The home is being built but we are in great need of money to carry on the work. It is to be an $8,000 brick building, We hope some reader of the Mail will feel led of God to help us with this work. We believe God called us to do this and have put everything on the alter in the interest of young people, having given up good college positions to do this, and now if God impresses the reader that this is a right move is it not your duty to help some as much as for us to sacrifice our entire life for the same?

We also desire to put up a similar home for girls and offer to let the donor of $1,000 name the house. In this home a consecrated lady physician will teach the girls. It seems to me it would be fine to name the girl's home "Willard Hall" in memory of Francis Willard.

For further iuformation address,

Chas. A. Mitchell,
Marionville, Mo.

CUPS OF WOE.

The trouble with Cupid in Cook county, Ill., is that he drinks too much. Out of the 16 men and women who asked Judge Dunne to repeal the fatal wedding clause, an even dozen said that liquor had carried away their love.—Chicago Journal.

OLIVER CHAPMAN;

....OR....

A STORY OF THE HOUR

BY M. N. BUTLER.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LESSON TAUGHT.—THE RIGHT AND THE WRONG WAY.—PROPER EDUCATION THE SURE REMEDY

The holy Sabbath dawned clear and cold. Farmer Chapman gathered his family together as was his wont and read the ninety-first Psalm. Then they bowed in prayer, and such a prayer, of thanksgiving and praise for continued existance and safe keeping through the terrible scenes of the last few hours; prayer for the souls of those who had been so suddenly hurled into eternity, and for their bereaved families; prayer for the wounded and suffering, that it might bring them c oser to God; prayer for their enemies, who had brought so much sin, crime and woe; earnest pleading that God would turn and overturn and that men would come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty, against spiritual wickedness in high places; then there was appeal for each individual member of the family that they might be constant, brave and true to Christianity and good government, a special plea for Hugh off at school, and for the invited and uninvited guest. No wonder that family had courage and nerve. Such Christians are the stuff reformers, heroes and martyrs are made of.

After family devotions the men folks went to the barn De Rolf's arm was becoming painful but he would not lie down. He must see where the brave work was done the night before. The barn had been saturated with coal oil, and a small kerosene can, a pint pottle and an old hat were picked up. These were saved for Tom for clues. Wilbur stepped around the corner, opened the barn door and called, and the balance of the party went in. There lay a beautiful young Jersey calf with an ugly wound in its head, stark and dead. A stray buckshot had passed through a thin drop door and killed it. The cow was in the stall gazing upon her dead calf and lowing mournfully, like a mother weeping for her child. Wilbur could not stand the sight. He walked away and sobbed. Here was a boy, a mere child, brave as a lion, tender hearted as a woman. He could meet two desperate men alone in the dark, for duty, but weep at the cruel death of an innocent animal. The father walked over and comforted his noble boy. "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy."

It was a solemn Sabbath. The pastors of the several churches made the most of the terrible lesson of the past night. Some made one application, some another. The father, Esther, Worth and Wilbur attended services. Their church was filled to overflowing. A solemn awe filled the place. In the Sabbath school lesson the superintendent impressed upon parents the importance of training their children right. Training meant more than mere precept. It meant moulding their lives and character and was an every day work. The twenty or more vicious men arrested and lodged in the county jail on suspicion were not governed by Bible precepts or they would not have been in such bad company.

The preacher took for his text: "Gather not my soul with sinners, nor my life with bloody men. Their feet run to evil, and they make haste to shed innocent blood; their thoughts are thoughts of iniquity; wasting and destructionare in their paths."

Peoples' hearts were ripe for instruction and would be for some time. These two passages seemed to have been written for the occasion and the speaker showed the path of the wicked from the cradle to the grave and from the saloon to the gallows. To be safe keep clear off the devil's territory. The churches of America in every good work were tied hand and foot to the world. They were putting their trust in humanity. It was time to cut loose and look to divinity. Judgement must begin at the house of God. It had already begun. He proprosed that one church in Arlington should move forward. He closed with an appeal that left few dry eyes. "Hold the Fort." was sung with power and the people went their several ways ready to dare and do for God and fallen humanity.

On Monday, as agreed, Chapman called on John Townsend, learned that he had a standing offer for his beautiful town property, so he said: "Come with me. It is early and I wish to show you eighty acres of land four miles from town. It has abundance of stone, a fine prospect for coal, and can be got at good figures. A new railroad is surveyed through it and I will buy it if you don't. Yes you will, if it suits you and my judgement is it will make you more money than the factory. I want you for a neighbor."

The land just suited, and during the day the agent was seen, deeds made out, and another solid citizen added to the farming community. The railroad president had offered a large reward for the train wreckers and toward night the ubiquitous Tom appears with two hard looking bats handcuffed. He had noticed them around for several days. He had first met them during the Pittsburg strikes a few years before. He was prepared to prove they were the lads who had pried the huge boulder off its pivot several rods above the cut and sent it down the hill through the fence and onto the track. They and the dead engineer were off a Pennsylvania road. They were workingmen, he was only a "scab" and they had an old grudge to settle. A bounty was offered back there for the miserable wretches. It all came out at the preliminary trial. Tom was a regular detective. He also caught the firebugs. He had done his work well, as the trials afterward proved. The wreckers were hanged and the others sent to the pen.

This ended the great strike in Arlington. It was only a reflection of what was going on in

various sections of the country. It had taught the misguided workmen a lesson they could learn in no other way. Many of them would hereafter vote for their rights instead of resorting to questionable methods. The imported speakers who had fomented and engineered the trouble did not stay for the trials or the necktie party. They had gone to other fields and pastures new to preach their dangerous philosophy leaving their poor dupes to fight it out with the law and hangman. There was a general exodus of the baser sort and the law and order element began to assert itself. A strong reform club was organized and moral support and financial aid stood by the Rev. Harrington in his bitter war on the joints.

Oliver Chapman was in his element. "If we vote for our rights, instead of striking for our rights, we are very likely to come out all right," was his idea exactly. He had a way of working and setting everybody else to work. He proposed to have a move all along the line,

The Headlight office turned out literature to deluge the state. Captain Burton, the new editor, was an old soldier. He had taught in the city and in the rural. He had his own views and expressed them in his own way. Proper education was the great safeguard of society and government. He was nothing if not practical, and he believed in going to the bottom. Instead of trying to dam up the rushing torrent, were it not wiser to begin at the fountain head and nip crime and folly in the bud.

This is an age of steam and electricity Everything is on the high-pressure, hot bed plan. People live fast. Babes are fed on squills soothing syrups and narcotics. The child is hardly out of its nurse's arms before it is putting on society airs. Youth diet is sweetmeats, half cooked beefsteak and condiments. The little girls enter school at six and graduate from the village high school at sixteen; the boys began college life at twelve and get their sheepskins at eighteen; juvenile voices plight love and the young stripling finds himself the youthful husband of a girl wife ere the first faint flush of manhood upon his upper lip; old married people at twenty-five, grand-parents at forty, broken down in health at forty-five, and dying of old age at forty. A short race from the cradle to the grave. A bad beginning, an unhappy ending. Young men are urged to attend college that they may make a living easy. Manual labor goes at a discount with these high-toned chaps. The classical spider-legged graduate who undertakes to do business on Greek and Latin would better have some other capital. They are always in a rush to enter business. The more such theoretical capital a fellow has the less, his chances are for usefulness. The more a student learns in some schools the lees he knows, about making a living.

It takes only a short experience in real life to knock the conceit out of these chaps and as a rule their ambitions goes with their conceit. Instead of setting your boy up in business when he graduates just set him to learning a trade or a profession. There are too many boy merchants, too many boy mechanics, too many failures. This is all from false education. And while the school system of the United States is perhaps the finest in the world and is rapidly improving yet it is far from perfection, although almost revolutionized in the last quarter of a century. Our seminaries, academies, colleges and universities are too much inclined to the process of head cramming. Parents and teachers alike are to blame. Compare the modern school with a school girl's letter twenty years ago in the New York Herald: "My studies are arithmetic, algebra, geometry, astronomy, grammer, United States history, general history, etymology, spelling and composition; then drawing, reading, writing and singing by the note. Every little while I am obliged to have an account of some celebrated person or place learned well enough to write on a slate. After spending a long wearisom day in a close school room, trembling every minute for fear I shall forget some date in history or rule in algebra, I walk home, a distance of three short blocks—the only exercise I have except at lunch time, with a short recess in the forenoon in a crowded school yard. As soon as I arrive at home I sit down to work out my number of algebra problems, which I would not mind if I was not so nervous and tired. After that comes my spelling, twenty review words of former grades, twenty historical, geographical, or astronomical names, which take quite a long time to hunt in their respective text books. Then next in the order of exercise is a long history lesson, with such a list of names and dates that it makes my head swim to think of them. I study the Civil War, together with the explorations and early settlement. By the time I lay down my book to have supper my head feels as if it would burst. I hastily swallow my food, thinking all the time of how much I must jam in somehow before I can rest. I hurry through two chapters of geography, and while studying them think, O dear! I don't half know that history lesson yet and I have got astronomy and an account of Soloman to find in an encylopedia, history or elsewhere, besides preparing the definitions of a reading lesson, with the notes about the author. I study and search the histories and text books until I am about worn out. I do not dislike study, but object to being obliged to work until twelve o'clock every night." Talk about overworked bodies. The work of a child in a factory, bad as it is, is nothing compared to this cruelty to the intellect that is said to be akin to God. The Druggist's Journal declared; "More consideration is shown even, to our animals. Gentlemen who are the fortunate possessors of blooded colts are extremely careful not to permit them to overtax their powers, and the curb rein and soothing talk are much more in requisition than the whip and spur. And shall those who are the custodians of our human blooded stock—of beings in whose veins is the blood of heroes and martyrs—be less careful of their noble trusts in their regard than are the grooms in our stables?" What scathing language and yet there was more truth than poetry by far. At that time to the patrotic, progressive citizen, nothing is more pleasing than the almost miraculous improvement and development in American education. What a happy change and what wonderful possibilities still in the near future.

To be continued.

"Poetic Gems."

A Mother's Appeal.

A Dialogue for Municipal Voters to Read.

By A. A. Hopkins.

MOTHER—

O, Mr. Saloonman, I beg you don't sell
The stuff to my boy that may send him to hell;
Remember how dear to my heart he must be,
And let him to-night return sober to me.

SALOONKEEPER—

Rhey licensed me, madam, to sell him the stuff,
The fool ought to know when he's taken enough.
You can't expect me to refuse all who come,
My business it is to sell drinkers their rum,

MOTHER—

O, Mr. Saloonman, I beg you to think
ow much it may mean to sell him the drink.
His soul is in peril, don't wreck it for gain,
Don't make it another young life you have slain.

SALOONKEEPER—

Go yonder, and talk to the men who have said
I may sell—to the voters who stand at the head
Of the church where you pray; don't be whining away
In this place they have licensed—go yonder I say.

MOTHER—

O, Mr. Saloonman, they say you may sell,
But whose is the sin, if you send him to hell?
He buys at your bar what must bring him to shame;
For all that may follow, God holds you to blame.

SALOONKEEPER—

No, madam, the sin is not mine at the first,
Nor for it shall I be the only man cursed;
The men who permit me to sell are the ones
To settle with God if I ruin their sons.

A Mother's Lament.

It Was not in the roar of battle
That my noble son went down,
And not from the path of duty
He was called to receive a crown.

It was not where shell and bullet
Mow down with a deadly wound,
But 'twas where the poison lurketh,
Where a deadlier foe is found.

He died not for love of country,
Nor his country's flag to save;
But the love of ardent spirits
Was what hurled him to his grave.

He died not to save our nation
And an honored grave to fill;
But to save the people's taxes
Where they license men to kill.

He was not in his country's service
To save a righteous cause;
But with thousands more he stumbled
Through his country's license laws.

Why, oh why grant men a license
To sell what is known to kill.
And send mothers' precious darlings
A drunkard's grave to fill?

For oh! when a drunkard dieth
How it pierces a mother's breast;
For his spirit can never enter
That home of the good and blest.

I entreat you, Christian voter,
Hear and heed a mother's call;
Do remove this curse of curses
Or a thousand more will fall.

Dr. T. J. Merryman,
President Red Ribbon Club.

Lincoln, Neb., March 25.

The Greater Evil.

Sitting there in queenly beauty,
In a room of grandeur rare;
Who would think among such beauty
On that face could rest a care.
The elegant, rich draperies
Velvet carpets, curtains lace
Anything that heart could wish for,
Were arranged with perfect taste.

Why should care or sorrow mingle
In that home so rich and grand?
Why on this fair face are tears seen?
And why trembles this soft hand?
'Twas only two short years ago
That she left her happy home
To the one she loved and trusted
To his gentle wife become.

For awhile they were so happy,
But it was not long to last;
For the tempter won her Harry
In the snares that he had cast.
He began of course as others
With a "friendly" glass at first,
And almost before he knew it
He, become a slave to thirst.

So the young wife here is waiting
List'ning for her husband's step
But she knows (too well she knows it)
What her Harry late has kept.
And she starts as now she hears him
Reeling o'er the threshold come
And her heart near breaks with sorrow
And her brain with pain is dumb.

This is one among the million
Of the homes that cursed rum and liquor
Many happy hearts have cleft.
Rouse, O Friends! And join your forces.
Let your prayers to God ascend,
Pray, and rest not, till the death drink
With its cruel chains we rend.

—Beaula B. Stillwell,
Superior, Iowa.

Witchita is selling her good name for sobriety and a law abiding people to the jointist and their Kansas City backers (?) for 3030 pieces of silver.

Don't chew tobacco for corns; have the corns cnt out.

Three hells—Ungodly home, the Saloon and Gehena.

Three heavens—The christian home, the church and the home above.—Undike's Blade.

Drunkard's Hell.

"Men need not die, to go to hell," said one—
Who saw its open doors across the way,
Where heedless youth, and aged sots go down,
With swearing tipblers, and noisy clown.
To endless night, with no returning day.

And there are hells by thousands in our land,
With open gates to misery and disgrace,
Where fools and madmen, united in a band,
To give and take, the ever shameful brand—
Of Cain, upon each guilty leprous face.

Hell legalized, by congress, and by state.
To gather revenues from blood-stained gold,
From Satan's kindling wood, and poison bait
Where government thieves upon "His Snake-ship" wait
To whom their country, with each knave is sold.

The poor sad drunkard's wife lives in a hell
With fear and dread, in cold neglect and want,
The pain she suffers, language cannot tell,
Her grief of hope-destroyed, though she may dwell,—
In long years of sorrow which no pen can paint.

Her ragged child is sick, from want of food,
It's father pays a revenue to starve his child,
A revenue to pave a pagan-city road,
Sidewalks are stained by little children's blood,
Innocence is slain each day by food withheld,

Molech is God to-day, No crime is known—
In hell's black archives to rival the whiskey trade,
It ranks all other crimes, with horrors over grown,
In every city where its tares are sown,
Midst harlot-haunts, and the assasins blade

Build high your prison-walls, forge bolts and bars,
For increasing victims of your excise laws,
Over pauper legions, hoist the stripes and stars
Ye pagan statesmen, and train your sons for war,
'Tis close at hand, and you its guilty cause.

"DARE TO PRAISE."

"O master," I implored, "what may I do
To help men walk in easier ways?—
How may I to myself be nobly true?"—
My master answered: "Dare to praise!"

"O master, Fate is harsh—men sigh
Beneath the burden that she lays
Upon their shoulders—how may I
Restore their faith in Him on high?"—
My master answered: "Dare to praise!"

"O master, there are they that weep
For loved ones lost—through all their days
The moaning winds of sorrow sweep—
How may I lull their grief to sleep?"—
My master answered: "Dare to praise!"

"O master," I implored, how may I shed
A little light across the ways
Wherein the broken-hearted, halting, tread?"—
My master answered: "Dare to praise!"

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

THE DRUNKARD'S WAY.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, in the drunkard's way,
March the feet of a million men:
If none shall pity and none shall save,
Where shall all this marching end?
The young, the strong, and the old are there,
In woeful ranks as they hurry past;
With not a moment to think or care
What the fate that comes at last.

Tramp, tramp, tramp,
They are rushing madly on;
Tramp, tramp, tramp,
What a fearful, ghastly throng;
Rouse, Christian, rouse,
Ere it be too late;
Rescue these souls
From the drunkard's fate.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, to a drunkard's doom;
Out of boyhood pure and fair,
Over the thoughts of love and home;
Past the check of a mother's prayer,
Onward and swift to a drunkard's crime,
Over the plea of the wife and child,
Over the holiest ties of time;
Reason lost, and soul gone wild.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, etc.

Tramp, tramp, tramp 'till a drunkard's grave
Hides the broken life of shame,
Tramp, tramp, tramp,
While souls that Jesus has died to save
Meet a future we dare not name;
Tramp, tramp, tramp,
God help us all—there's a cross to bear,
Tramp, tramp, tramp,
And work to do for the mighty throng;
Tramp, tramp, tramp,
God gives us strength, till toil and prayer,
Shall give place to the victor's song.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, etc.

Mrs. A. Van Bramer.

When Love Went By.

When Love went by I scarcely bent
My eyes to see which way he went.
Life has so many joys to show,
What time had I to watch him go,
Or bid him in, whom folly sent?

But when the day was well-nigh spent,
From out the casement long I lent.
Ah, would I had been watching so
When love went by!

Gray days with dismal nights are blent,
Lonely and sad and discontent;
I would his feet had been more slow.
Oh, heart of mine, how could we know
Or realize what passing meant
When love went by.

—Theodosia Pickering, in Woman's Home Companion.

"With steady mind the course of duty run;
God never does, nor suffers to be done.
Aught but thyself wouldst do, couldst thou foresee
The end of all events as He."

Strong Drink Must be no More.

By THEOPHILOUS

Bid adieu to strong drink,
It's a foe to good looks,
Condemned by the Almighty,
In the best of good Books,

Its a foe to the rich,
And a foe to the poor,
Brings sorrow and guilt
That's hard to endure.

Its the adder's dread sting
The serpents sharp bite
A nation of drunkards
How dreadful the sight.

It burns up the brain
Gives Satan control,
Murders the body, with
The loss of the soul.

Makes painful disease
With shortness of breath,
Poisons the stomach
Brings premature death.

Wastes millions upon millions;
Leaves lasting disgrace
That no time can remove
Nor skill can efface.

The drinker is a fool
To ruin his health,
Debauch his poor soul
And squander his wealth.

How brutal the wretch,
Who embarks in this trade
Where drunkards are formed
And paupers are made.

How guilty the law maker
Whose illegal plan
Is to kill, by license,
His weak brother man.

How stupid the miser
Who is greatly afraid
Lest he suffer a loss
By opposing his trade.

How vile the official,—
City, county and state,
Who is false to his oath,
How dismal his fate,

How mean is the judge
Who loves to give aid
To the beer selling wretch
In his crime making trade.

Whose thirst for strong drink
Gives malice and spite,
He loves to go wrong,
And hates to do right.

Gives wrong decisions
Imagines a flaw
Lets beer clubs escape
The effects of good law.

And joints go on in
Their hellish career,
Young men are ruined
By Budwiser's beer.

And drunkeness prevails,
That should be surpressed,
Homes are made wretched
By an unwelcomed guest.

All honor to the judge
Honest, tried and true
Who remembers the poor
And puts the law through.

We welcome Mrs. Nation,
With her hatchet brigade,
Good people will give her
The much needed aid.

In money and helpers
And soul earnest prayer
Her mission is "To smash,"
All the gates of despair.

All hail! This "Deborah," the ball
Has started to roll
'Twill reach to the equator
Then back to each pole.

The church that will aid in
This labor of love,
Will receive a reward,
From our Father above,

Our sires set the example
In the "cargo of tea,"
We must spill "devils drink,"
Let it run to the sea.

The hatchet brigade, March!
Be silent each tongue,
While each breaks a bottle
And pulls out a bung.

How grand the good work
Its like a fond dream
To see beer and whiskey
Glide swift to the stream.

The states and the nation
Will join the good cause
Give wise legislation
The best of good laws.

The slave trade is gone,
The rum trade no more,
Oh, who can predict
The glories in store.

When prohibition prevails,
And officials enforce;
Crimes are made scarse when
The law takes its course.

No billions for drink
Wealth will be in good hands
The poor are supplied
From rich fertile lands.

An abundance for all
Wealth continues to flow
All have nice dwellings
With nothing to owe.

Now join the great army,
All work for the cause
And smash every joint,
Enforce all the laws.

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