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### Smasher's Mail, Vol. 1, No. 11, 1901

Carrie Amelia Nation

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# THE SMASHER'S MAIL

PRICE 5 CTS.

VOL. I.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, OCTOBER, 1901.

NO. II.

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; hygienically 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 cranial nerves the overhead wires, and the spinal and sympathetic nerves the distributing lines for the nerve currents. All power is supplied from the brain to every part of the body. The nerves are conduction 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 on 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. Consultation 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. I. No. II. Topeka, Kansas, October, 1901. Price 5 Cents

"Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men"

## SPIRITUAL LIFE

HE KNOWS  
BY A. F. NOBLE

I know not where my wandering feet  
May in the future stray;  
I only know His love and care  
Attend me all the way.

And though in devious paths I tread,  
Or stumble in the way,  
E'en then He knows the way I take,  
And help affords each day.

He knows, He thinks, He cares for me,  
His thoughts are peace, not ill;  
He knows my way, He bore my sin,  
His love surrounds me still.

Why should I doubt, why should I fear,  
Since He who knows it all,  
With pitying love is ever near,  
And answers every call?  
Syracuse, N. Y.

## ✻ Editorial ✻

### WHILE IN THE DEPOT AT SYRACUSE, N. Y.

THERE were many reporters around me and as in every place the devil has one to speak for him, one man said:

"What did you say of McKinley?"

I replied, "I never said I wish he would die!" I never thought it. If I had three grains of sense I would never have uttered the sentence, even if I had thought it. I am not favorable to the Republican administration. I have come in contact with it in Kansas where I have had to

submit to every indignity and insult from the "rotten, riotous, ruinous rum-soaked Republican rule."

The man who shot McKinley belongs to the very fountain head of all that is ruinous and riotous. This government, that has been such a friend to the oppressed of all nations, has been insulted, protection is menaced and no innocent person is safe. Yes, this anarchist should suffer the severest penalty of the law.

Still I am not in favor of the administration because this same government that gives protection to foreigners does not protect the homes of its own people, so long as the rum traffic is protected by the government which, by the revenue license takes this blood money, the price of peace, prosperity and the pursuit of happiness. If our homes are not protected by this government it is because it is an anarchist, for the constitution guarantees to us home and national protection. The fear of the mother now is that her boy will fall into one of these traps protected by a government license; this liquor is a greater menace to us than even the bullets, for bullets can not send any one to hell but the liquor power is in league with hell and with death are at agreement. Someone said: "She is a Democrat!" "No," I said, "the devil controls both parties. Both esteem greed in all its forms above humanity. They must have revenue to go into the pockets of the corrupt administration—must have the life blood of thousands of souls whom Christ died to save. The home must be robbed to keep in business this traffic whose sole effect is to destroy men women and children."



### ONE SOUL SAVED

WHILE speaking in the depot at Syracuse, one sweet-faced girl threw her arms about me, saying: "I am a different girl now. I have been a great drinker. I never went to bed without my can of beer. You have brought back my youth when I was decent." I wish persons who have quit their bad habits would write to the Editor of SMASHER'S MAIL for it is the greatest joy I have to hear you say I did you good. This is more than thousands of gold and silver.

### Terrible Wickedness In N. Y.

OF all the places where I can see the lowest depth of degradation and ruin, it is in New York, poor cursed New York City. And if hell breaks loose in any place or the fire and brimstone falls in any place first, I think it will be in Coney Island.

### A SERVANT OF GOD

WHILE Coney Island is the worst place of sin we know, there is one place—Steeple Chase Park—that is a blessing there. Mr. Tilyon is one of the few men you meet in this world who is able to be pure amidst all kinds of debauchery. God bless that man! I like to know such men are living.

### RIGHT IS NOT SILENCED

ANY man who will pose as a friend of this nation and is silent on the great and horrible crime of this liquor curse is a knave, a poltroon, an anarchist and the devil's agent. Put that down and watch. He may smile and smile but he is a villian all the while.

### It Can Be Done

I HAVE solved the problem of the liquor traffic and it can be put down before this year closes if this plan is carried out: All women that are true to their motherhood rise and demand that these places close and they will close. Don't forget the hatchet! Men will not make war on their women, but when they see that we, their

best friends, are so determined in this matter, it will bring them to their senses and they will then see, in part at least, the awfulness of their sin and neglect.

### Make Your Vote Count Right

OH my beloved friends, voters, men and women, NEVER, NEVER vote for any man for any office that will not without hesitation pledge himself to oppose the liquor traffic! If they do not they are dishonest and enemies to the needs of the people.

### IN CANADA, TOO

I HAVE been in Ottawa and Toronto, Canada, and was so delighted with their cordiality and enthusiasm. In the last they exceed the States, but oh, the sin and curse of rum is as bad there as here.

### APOLOGY

THE readers of SMASHER'S MAIL will please excuse the scarcity of Editorial matter because being on the wing so continuously has scarcely left time to collect my thoughts sufficient to write.

### THE RAINES LAW THE CURSE OF NEW YORK

THIS state is in the hands of the enemy to a finish. This law provides that all places where liquor is sold shall have so many rooms, something like an hotel. All over the state there are ladies' sitting-rooms in connection with these helis and girls drink and smoke cigarettes in all I have been in. Oh! it makes me almost wild with grief to see it!

Thank God there is one state in the Union that is loyal! Our Kansas is, at least, in its prohibition of these murder shops. All the rest are anarchists and oppose the blessed constitution bought so dearly to protect us against just such destruction of peace, prosperity and pursuits of happiness.

Oh women, rise and demand protection! Rise in a body and make no tarrying! Rise and save our offspring. Rise and resist the devil and don't forget the Hatchet!



### New Manager

WE have now employed Mr. Tom Roe to take entire control of SMASHER'S MAIL in our absence from home. The Home Defenders will contribute articles to fill the columns of this paper which is begun, continued, and will be used in the struggle to stand by those whom Jesus died to save.

### ONLY TOO TRUE

Of the 30,000 mill operatives in Fall River, nearly half are women. A boy may escape the fate, but among the poor a girl child is born to the destiny of becoming a mill hand. The Massachusetts labor law does not permit the iniquity of child labor, but at 14 one ceases to be a child and becomes a minor, and at that age the girl makes her debut into the mill as naturally and inevitable as the girl of more fortunate circumstances does into society. From then on, as long as she lives, she is the white slave of the loom. Her youth and beauty fade early in the vitiated and over-heated atmosphere of the mill room; the long, wearing, exacting work breaks her down in health and nerves. A barren room or two she called home; a few poor ready made clothes, a cheap dance or minstrel show—these are all she ever knows of the comforts and pleasures of life. Even if she marries it seldom breaks the chain that bind her to her machine, for few men mill workers earn enough to afford to indulge their wives in the luxury of domesticity. She only drops out of the ranks of the spinners and weavers for a week or two when her children are born, and then, carrying the little babe to some caretaker as she goes to and from work, she is back again at her loom, for every new mouth to feed makes it more imperative that the wife's earnings should go to swell the lean family purse.

Yes, 'tis true that women are drawn into the places of hard labor to support the family because the husband must have his beer and tobacco. And here in New York the women must have theirs too! Oh, the cigarette smoking is sickening. I never saw sights like there are here in my life. Men and women smoke cigarettes in these hell gates called hotels under the Raines' anarchy. They smoke and drink during the hours from five o'clock in the morning till one at night. Last night I was kept awake by the loud talking and laughing and the knocking of balls till after one o'clock. If it was not for the hope in God and his ability to turn and overturn the works of Satan the world would be gone. Plato said in his day if the world had not a leader it was ruin and chaos, and so it would be now. But our God is marching on and he will

leave the heavens and come down. O ye that sit in the dust look up! Your redemption draweth nigh. O that God would take this poor life as a sacrifice and use it to save this people! Yes in any way!

### One Of Two Conclusions

There is one of two conclusions about arrived at by the people of Kansas. Either the officers elected in Topeka and throughout Kansas want the liquor sold and the road houses, gambling and slot machines to exist, or they "just don't care." They have had ample time to enforce the law since their election—why is it not done? You can fool some of the people all of the time; and all of the people part of the time; but you can not fool all of the people all of the time. It is true that our state is not as bad as others. But we have a law. Would any officer from the governor down to constable honestly say that outlaws can defy our civil government, think you?

Then do no more talking, make no more promises, but fulfill what you have made. Live up to your oath and enforce the law. The people demand it.

For every subscriber sent us by a subscriber we will send them a cabinet picture of the Editor of the SMASHER'S MAIL. For every six subscribers at 50 cents each we will send a silver plated hatchet a foot long, this has our name on the blade and is a beautiful souvenir.

Get subscribers for SMASHER'S MAIL and help Carrie Nation, your loving Defender to carry on her work.

Subscribe for the SMASHER'S MAIL.

Liquor is a bad thing, but it seems that most people find it out like hogs find hot slop—each one has to burn his own individual snout.

The grandest proverb that man's mind has yet produced is "Vincit, qui se vincit," i. e., "He conquers who overcomes himself;" and the only way to conquer is by the merits of Christ Jesus our Lord, victorious through a love mightier than self and death.



## Comments and Opinions.

### CARRIE NATION

#### Got Up Against The Real Thing

If Carrie Nation runs up against a few officials like Commissioner Murphey of New York Police board, in the language of the late Isaac P. Gray, she will know where she is at. Commissioner Murphey was not long in telling her she was crazy, and that her husband could be congratulated on getting rid of such a piece of humanity, and that she belonged in wild and woolly Kansas, not New York City.

Already the hue and cry has been raised about the saloon men in the coming campaign. It matters not however much the saloon man tries to keep out of politics, he is inveigled into it. Every indication points to a dirty campaign, and of course, the saloon man will be used as the cat's paw to pull the political chestnut's out.

The above, heading and all, from the official organ of the Knights of Infidelity, shows how deceitful they are. The saloon men are in politics, in both parties, to the chin, and little do they care which wins, as in either case the saloon is in the hands of its friends. Let us hear from Dan Anthony and Marsh Murdock. "Saloon inveigled into politics." Say, that is a good one—only the person who says it is too ignorant or dishonest to do business for other people. The liquor traffic in Kansas uses temperance republicans to pull the chestnuts out of the fire—instance, Hazen and Nichols, regular Republican nominees.

### WORDS PROPHETIC

The liquor traffic will never see another hour of peace in this country. Mrs. Carrie Nation has sounded the alarm. There's a growing hatred of the saloon. The speaker has sworn hostility to an institution that feeds on the bodies and souls of men. I will pay my taxes like an honest man and not saddle by my vote, the burden on the tempted and weak, who will pay them over the bar and throw his wife and children on the charity of the public.

What shall the harvest be?

As a people for years we pressed to our hearts the evil of human slavery. It was profitable, we thought, but every drop of blood let by the slaver's lash, God made us pay back with blood of our own upon the altar. Many fortunes were built up by slave labor, but how many of them were left after the war? "Whatsoever a nation soweth that shall it also reap." What shall the harvest be from the wild sowing of the legalized saloon? Our own country is a partner in the business for the sake of revenue. I pray God that the liquor traffic may be abolished from

America, without bloodshed, and yet who dares prophesy that it shall be so. Much blood has been let in these long years by drunken husbands and fathers. Many fortunes have been built up by the traffic. What shall the end be? Right shall prevail—

"For right is right, as God is God;  
And right the day will win.  
To doubt would be disloyalty,  
To falter would be sin."

Listen to the voice of the 20th century prophet as it comes ringing down the grooves of change: "The saloon is going! Perhaps not by your political party or mine, your church or mine; but God reigns and his people will awake. And as it lies dying at last amongst its bags of gold, and we stand over it, as I pray we may, if it shall look up into our faces and whisper: "Another million of revenue for a single breath of life!" You will say, as I will: "NO! Down, down to hell and say I sent thee thither."

The writer of the above has correctly stated the case. The better people of Kansas will never tolerate the licensed liquor traffic.

### "EXTREMES" IN KANSAS

The Pittsburg Commercial Gazette (Republican) has this to say on the punishment of the "jointist" who recently received the full penalty of the law in that state:

A Kansas "jointist," having been found guilty on fifteen counts for selling liquor illegally, has been sentenced to pay a fine of \$7,500 and spend 1,350 days in jail. This punishment according to a dispatch from Topeka is the most severe that has ever been imposed upon a liquor seller in Kansas.

When Mrs. Carrie Nation entered upon her saloon-smashing crusade she explained that she did so because the illegal traffic in liquor was being winked at by the authorities, and she declared that although the "jointists" were openly defying the law no effort was made to bring them to justice. This apathy, if so pronounced, as alleged by the noted crusader, represents one of the extremes in dealing with the liquor problem in Kansas, and the other extreme is shown in the excessive punishment of the "jointists" who has fallen into the law's meshes.

Kansas has a well-established reputation for going to one or the other extreme in its dealings with public questions, whether political, financial, social or moral, and the action of the court in the case cited is merely one of many displays of going to extremes in that state. It has the effect, however, of cutting the ground from under crusaders of the Nation stripe, proves that they have a remedy at law, if their sincerity of purpose is not subordinate to their desire for notoriety. It has now been demonstrated to the satisfaction of good citizens of Kansas that the courts are ready to remedy wrongs, when properly appealed to, and that there is no excuse for brawlers going around with hatchets and other weapons, destroying property and disturbing the public peace. Kansas judges at times may go to extremes, but their integrity is still intact.

The "integrity" of some is still "intact,"



those who are loyal to the constitutional prohibitory law, and true to their oaths of office, in enforcing it. The others are to be despised by every patriotic voter. They deserve the hearty contempt of law abiding people of every name and calling.

When trying Mrs. Nation, District Judge Hazen evolved this legal scintillation:

"It has been a matter of the greatest surprise to me that a woman of the caliber of Mrs. Nation could come to Topeka and enlist the support of the intelligent and law abiding people who have followed her in this crusade. I have marveled at it from the beginning. Her actions have been wholly unwarranted by any construction that can be placed upon the law. I want to say to her followers that this is a court of law, and not one of impulse or sentiment. Having broken the law, they have no more rights in this court and will receive no better treatment than the jointists. Mrs. Nation and her followers made an attack Sunday upon a perfectly legitimate business in which \$100,000 is invested. They have repeatedly broken the law and destroyed property, and gone unhindered and unpunished. The time has come in this community when the people are demanding that something be done. I say to them that this unwarranted destruction of property must stop."

This man Judge Hazen, reminds the careful reader of one lawyer Marks, of Uncle Tom's Cabin fame, when the refugees were up among the roads and their pursuers down in the valley. The Judge says that the crusade must be stopped. Now, will he kindly relieve the suspense by explaining just how and when he will stop it? Mrs. Nation and her followers—God bless them—have no right to destroy legitimate property, but is there any evidence that such a thing has been done? It is said that they went into a cold storage building for the purpose of destroying intoxicating liquors said to be in the place. But there is no evidence of any property being molested.—Ex.

Judge Hazen in all his rulings went on the presumption that the Moeser Brothers, with their cold storage, were privileged characters, and that it was perfectly legitimate for their establishment to become a regular arsenal and supply house for the treasonable liquor traffic of Topeka. But men were court martialed and shot as rebels and traitors, during the rebellion, for conveying information, guns and equipment to the Southern Confederacy. It was no crime in '61-'64 to raid and destroy such property. Is it now?

#### STARTLING FACTS

There are 300,000 "felled" girls in our country, one-half of them from Christian homes and three-fourths from country homes. They have

been gotten into haunts of shame through the trickery and wiles of those engaged in the "traffic in girls," which is caused by the TRAFFIC IN DRINK. Their average life is FIVE years. Sixty thousand girls dragged down to this life every year; 5,000 every month; 170 every day; or, a young life blasted in our blessed land every EIGHT minutes. Father! Mother! Your little girl is not safe.

Do the fathers and mothers of Kansas want their daughters graduated from the back room of a liquor dive or a damnable Road House, if so, just support the old party tickets and resubmission politics.

#### THE LONE STAR STATE WANTED THE JOINT SMASHER

Following is the text of the resolution introduced by Philips of Lampasas inviting Mrs. Nation to lecture the members of the Texas legislature:

Whereas, Numerous petitions have been received from many communities throughout this State asking this legislature to enact a law prohibiting the shipment of intoxicating liquors into local option precincts; also to pass a law to suppress "blind tigers;" also to pass a law providing for the lawful breaking up or suppression of liquor joints run in violation of the law; and

Whereas, Bills have been introduced intended to meet the demands of said petitions; and

Whereas, It is desirable that the members of this house secure all the information possible bearing upon these subjects; and

Whereas, Mrs. Carrie Nation, at one time a resident of Texas and now a distinguished citizen of Kansas, is now engaged in a crusade against illicit liquor joints and is attracting a great deal of attention from people all over the world; therefore

Resolved, That the house of representatives of the legislature of Texas invite Mrs. Nation to deliver an address before this house upon the subject of her work at her earliest convenience.

Texas calling for the Tomahawk Woman is like Bourbon Missouri praying for rain and water straight—proves that the world do move.

#### THE CANTEEN

The papers are still hotly discussing the pro and con of The Army Canteen

The assumption that our soldiers are to participate in licentiousness and debauchery at all is a standing slander on the character and manhood of the troops. An army fed on tobacco and liquor is a demoralized army. Of course after the post saloon has made drunkards and physical wrecks, it is but natural that the victims should seek it elsewhere. It is expected that officers with depraved appetites should stand as the apologists and paid champions of the rum power. They would sow disease and immorality broadcast. Thoughtful patriots believe, that not only should the army canteen be abolished and outlawed, as it is, but that no in-



toxicating drinks should be allowed sold by any one to soldiers, especially during the idleness of fort and barrack life. Perhaps none of these dram drinking canteenites understood the situation better than Rutherford B. Hayes, president of the United States, and at the time commander-in-chief of the army and navy. Let thinking men and women read this:

Executive Mansion. Washington, D. C.  
Feb. 22nd, 1881.

To the Secretary of War:—In view of the well known fact that the sale of intoxicating liquors in the army of the United States is the cause of much demoralization among both officers and men, and that it gives rise to a larger proportion of the cases before the general and garrison court-martial, involving great expense and serious injury to the service—

It is therefore directed that the Secretary of War take suitable steps, as far as practicable consistently with vested rights, to prevent the sale of liquors as a beverage at camps, forts and other posts of the army.

R. B. HAYES.

#### Universalists Condemn the Liquor Traffic

Akron, O., June 24.—(Special correspondence).—One of the resolutions adopted by the recent state Universalists' convention here was as follows:

Whereas, The legalized liquor traffic is a public nuisance, imperiling the welfare of society, the safety of the state and the perpetuity of the republic—a monstrous wrong against humanity, and a violation of the laws of God—a breeder of crime, and a hot-bed of anarchy, an appalling drain upon the resources of the nation, a parasite on society, a pirate on business and a pillager of labor; the producer of pauperism and the cause of increasing taxation, a corruptor of politics and a tyrant that dominates public servants, neutralizing the influence of the home, paralyzing the work of the church, defeating the purpose of our educational institutions and hindering every work of progress and reform, and

Whereas, Environment is a chief factor in making and unmaking good character, and

Whereas, The saloon is one of the vilest forms of environment to debauch our youth; therefore

Resolved, That we not only urge our people to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, but that we wage an unrelenting warfare, in all ways we can, against government complicity in legalizing the saloon and in favor of its entire suppression.

The fact that liquor is a terrible article to use goes without saying; that it ought to be resolutely against is true; but don't stop there—you must wage an "unrelenting warfare, in all the ways you can" as the above clipping advises. The ballot box is one place in which to "wage" this war. Do you do it? Can you vote the party ticket "straight" and wage this war? The party is yours. You do not belong to the party. You can vote as you please. Vote for men you know to

be honest and true, even if they are on the "other side."

#### POLITICAL BLATHERSKITES

Gallant Kansas Officials

Patriotic Crusader Exhibited

The following lines are contributed by Gen. Hugh Cameron, the Kansas Hermit:

Carrie Nation, without station,  
In the great progressive state,  
Has made a deal of consternation,  
'Mongst the blatherskites of late.

Is it then a noble comment,  
Upon what the people know,  
That they are so well contented  
With big blatherskites and blow?

Often she has been in prison,  
Often in the drink saloon;  
But like Jesus, who is risen,  
She would bring mankind a boon.

At the jail in Shawnee county,  
When she was therein confined,  
To raise the lackey's fee or bounty,  
For the deputy designed—

This placard on the wall was posted

Carrie Nation,  
The Hatchet Slinger,  
On Exhibition!

Admission Two-Bits.

For this the sheriff should be roasted.

Officials who transcend their duty,  
When of their perfidy they boast,  
No matter what their rank or beauty,  
In party furnaces should roast.

#### WOODMEN OSTRACIZE WHISKY DRUMMERS

St. Paul, Minn., June 22.—(Special correspondence).—The Supreme Camp of the Modern Woodmen of America, numbering 600,000 members, took action at its session here this week, emphasizing the fact that drummers for liquor houses can not become members of the order.

Good! This is a splendid blow on the liquor dealers. We can not be blind to the ruling made by this great order. How can thinking men and women stand with a class which is an outlaw of the most subtle and destructive kind in the world?

#### Who are the Anarchists?

"If you do not stop advertising whiskey men on your banners, we will send you to hell or heaven by the damanite route. It did nearly



happen last fall. You must not think you being a crazy preacher will save you. Your old gray head won't save you any longer. You may be buried in a cigar box. Take warning."

How they talk! The above is an anonymous letter with coffin, skull and cross-bones received by Woodruff Post, Esq., of Olean, N. Y., who keeps a temperance banner hanging about his door-way. If the man who sympathizes and endorses saloonism is not an anarchist, then who is? Emma Goldman always hovers around saloons and Johan Most was taken recently drinking in a saloon. They get their inspiration in a joint or grog-shop. What is the difference between a professed socialist who wants to nationalize the liquor traffic and any other anarchist? Don't all speak at once? No true socialist, who is a humanitarian, will tolerate the blasting, blighting, withering rum curse, that has hung like a besom of destruction over humanity, causing such woe, want and misery.

#### Spotter Testimony

The Boston Daily Advertiser has rendered a public service by calling attention to a prejudice against detective work, which has been used to some extent, we fear, for the protection of crime. Why does a detective become a "spotter" the moment he attempts to convict an illegal rumseller? Why is scientific detective work reputable when it follows up and exposes a barnburner or a traitor, but immoral the moment it essays to convict a law-breaking rumseller?

The word "spotter" is slang, and it has become the slang of mud-slingers. Often it is used for inimical purposes, no doubt, and is itself an appeal to prejudice.

The tender regard which some have for those that sell liquor is, we think, altogether misplaced, and also responsible for the widespread conviction that men that hold a license to sell alcoholic liquor are too often violating both the letter and the spirit of their limitations. Probably there is not a conductor on our street cars or on our railroad trains who is not constantly followed by some efficient detective force. Are they less honorable men than the liquor sellers? Why is not a surveillance that is proper and wholesome for a railroad conductor, who has been 30 or 40 years possibly in the service of the company, proper and wholesome for the liquor seller? Bank officers in this and other towns are men in the first circles socially, and yet they are followed at every turn by some kind of a system of checks, of investigation. Yet the moment a detective approaches the business of a liquor seller he becomes a "spotter." He is reviled with slang. We believe that the time will come when either detective work will be banished from society, or else men that try to throw a peculiar odium upon honorable detectives who are using recognized methods in their work to

expose a law-breaking rumseller, will be publicly branded as the allies of that rumseller.

We published recently among the selections on page 509 a paragraph from the Advertiser, and now we give another one here:

"The Boston police force comes in for a good deal of criticism that is deserved; but occasionally the criticism of that body goes beyond the limits of fairness and reason. For example, the Republic has just delivered a ferocious diatribe against those policeman who travel about in plain clothes 'detailed as spotters, spies and informers.' Of course the chief criticism of these 'spotters' is in connection with their detection of violations of the excise laws. Still, if they are wrong in breaking up the illicit liquor trade, they must be doing wrong also in 'spotting' burglars, pickpockets and other criminals by such methods. It is hardly to be expected that people will break the law in plain sight of police officers, clothed in full regalia. It is necessary often for the police to do detective work in breaking up the illicit liquor trade as well as the trade of pickpockets, sneak thieves and highwaymen. Why should not the Republic come also to the impassioned defence of the persecuted sneak-thief or highwayman?"

When people cease to think that the town depends upon the "revenue," the licensed saloons turn into the city treasurer, and that the saloons are a good thing for the place and have their "rights" (what do you mean by "rights"), just so soon will these one-sided ideas be changed and the people become more reasonable in their criticism. That spotter testimony is legitimate testimony and ought to be accepted, there can be no doubt to persons who can see things without prejudice.

## THE RUM CURSE

Three Well Selected and Timely Articles

#### Paying The Penalty

A glass of beer can't hurt anybody! Why, I know a person—yonder he is now—a specimen of manly beauty, a portly six-footer; he has the bearing of a prince. He is one of our merchant princes. His face wears the hue of youth; and now, at the age of fifty odd, he has the quick elastic step of our young men of twenty-five, and none more full of wit and mirth than he; and I know he never dines without a brandy and water, and never goes to bed without a ter-ripan or oyster supper, with plenty of champagne; and more than that, he was never known to be drunk. So here is a living exemplar and disproof of the temperance twaddle about the dangerous nature of an occasional glass and the destructive effects of a temperate use of good liquors.

Now it so happened that this specimen of safe brandy-drinking was a relation of ours. He



died a year or two after that with chronic diarrhea, a common end of those who are never drunk, but never out of liquor. He left his widow a splendid mansion up town and a clear five thousand a year, besides a large fortune to each of his children; for he had ships on every sea, and credit at every counter, but which he never had occasion to use.

For months before he died—he was a year dying—he could eat nothing without distress; in the midst of his millions he died of inanition.

That is not the half, reader. He had been a steady drinker, a daily drinker, for twenty-eight years. He left a legacy to his children which he did not mention. Scrofula has been eating up one daughter for fifteen years; another is in the mad-house; the third and fourth were of unearthly beauty—there was a kind of grandeur in that beauty—but they were blighted, and they paled and faded in their sweetest teens; another is tottering on the verge of the grave, and only to one of them is left all the senses.—*Hell's Journal of Health.*

#### His First and Last Drink

"Al" Rouleau, the son of a Philadelphia contractor, met a sudden and horrible death a few nights ago. Although he had never before tasted liquor, he got in a jolly crowd and they entered a gilded saloon. The time was spent with songs and stories. Finally Rouleau was asked to sing. He complained of being cold and not in condition to sing.

"Drink a drop of gin," suggested the bartender.

The boy, only nineteen years of age, surrounded by hilarious companions, yielded and gulped down the dram.

It was the beginning of the end. He told his story and sang his song, and did both well. But repeatedly during its progress he stopped to drink with his companions. In less than an hour he took six drinks. His song was grown some—"The Revelry of Death." With flashing eyes, rum inspired vigor, natural eloquence and artistic effect, he silenced the shifting crowd with the finale:

"Stand, stand to your glasses steady!

'Tis all we have left to prize!

A cup to the dead already—

Hurrah for the next who dies!"

As he finished, and while the audience was applauding, he suddenly grew pale, he tottered and exclaimed:

"It's hot, boys! Hot as Hell! A drink! Quick!—not gin—water! water!—Jesus—mamma—Oh God, I'm dying!"

Rouleau was dead. The saloon was closed—closed by death—until the next victim should want a drink.—Selected.

#### Alcoholism and Microbes

There is nothing new in the recently vaunted animal experiments at Paris showing that lower grades of living creatures if alcoholized are more sensitive to disease than others of temperate habits. Alcoholized animals are unable to resist infection with the bacilli of consumption, cancer, diphtheria and kindred diseases. The progeny of alcoholized guinea pigs have proved so weak that they live but a short time or are born dead, says the *Chicago Chronicle*.

Medical history abounds in corroborative proof

that intemperance curses not only its practitioners but their offspring, the curse moral generally accompanying the curse physical. In times of contagion persons who have lived abstemiously prove more able to withstand exposure or recover more quickly and more completely from any form of pestilence.

Temperance, like virtue, is its own reward. Luckless Casio was right—the inordinate cup is unblest.—*Forsyth's Chips.*

The fact that we have, as a nation, suffered the loss of two of our presidents by death which was due directly or indirectly to the tobacco habit ought to be sufficient evidence to any man who has a sound head, that the habit is one to be shunned. There are few people who do not place the evil of the liquor habit above that of the tobacco habit, and the three timely articles given above are excellent and should command our most thoughtful attention. Couple these with the facts regarding the death of two of our presidents as mentioned and they make a sign so plain that the man going home on the last car at night can read.

Let me add, lest any of our good friends should read between these lines and see a meaning not therein contained with reference to the presidents, that we are not glad over the dastardly crime so recently committed against our nation and we ourselves, regardless of any other opinions held and statements to the contrary. We are not glad. But when these calamities do happen it must be a very thoughtless person who will not learn any lessons which they contain. I believe that it is our duty to profit by other's experiences and in the untimely death of President McKinley we have a terrible illustration of what intemperance even in the tobacco habit, will do! You are responsible for your own body, will you profit by this sad lesson?

#### The Topic Of The Moment

The New Voice in discussing the question of anarchy in our land makes a very good hit by going to the root of the matter. We take the following as an introductory statement of their position:

One of the most common of the observations upon the assassination of the President made by editorial writers is the reference to the fact that most of the anarchists of the United States are of foreign birth, and many of these references have taken a severely unkind tone toward foreign born citizens in general. To us editorials of this kind seem excusable only in view



of the exceedingly meager thought that their writers have evidently bestowed upon the subject.

Continuing:—

We submit that there is every reason to believe that if we met these people as they come to us, with clear exemplifications of the high ideals to which we profess to be devoted as a nation, they would adopt those ideals and become valuable factors in our national life. But what are the facts in the case? WE MEET THEM WITH THE SALOON. The moment that they land upon our shores, in the first public building that they enter, at the spot where Americanism is presented to them by official action, the saloon thrusts forward to them the beer mug. The immigrant who lands in the Barge Office at New York must drink beer or nothing to quench his thirst. The mother whose babe cries can get him beer with ease, but milk only with difficulty. The tired woman may ask for tea or coffee, but beer is the official response. And over against this as an agency for teaching good citizenship to these people whom we have invited to take part with us in the great work of upbuilding and preserving the nation, we put ABSOLUTELY NOTHING. Saloons by the thousand in every great city, where our foreign born citizen may learn to be an anarchist, but no place at all where he may learn the principles of good government that shall make him fit to be an American citizen! And yet, when a deed like that at Buffalo is done, we wonder!

As in the case of growing children, their early training remains with them all through life so it is with these new people to this country. I think that there is, as a certain minister of this city prayed, a cause for these great crimes and that we must get down to and change the cause. What think you is the cause, in the light of the above quoted articles?

#### My Own Experience

The article headed "Alcoholism and Microbes" taken from the Forsyth's Chips of Denver speak for themselves. The physicians who advise patients to drink beer, do it because they wish to keep them sick, for if they knew their business they would know these are scientific. Many have taken to drinking because some quack doctor has prescribed it for them. One whiskey-soaked doctor in Richmond, Texas, prescribed beer for me once and as I thought the doctor knew what was good for me, I sent to the Devil's shop for his soup and drank it daily, giving it to my help at the hotel. I watched the effect. I bloated or felt that way, and one billious spell after another would I have. But then, the doctor knew his business. On a hot day when it was just off the ice I could drink several glasses.

But I did not feel good, I thought perhaps the doctor might not have understood my case, for I would have a billious spell about once a week, and vomit almost pure gall. So I let the rotten mess alone and I got better. Had I followed the prescription of that booze-swigger, Dr. Ferris, I would have been as big a drunkard as he, in a short time. Just so it is with these miserable doctors they are apt at such malpractice. They know that whiskey, beer and narcotics are poisons.

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\*...Travels Here and There...\*  
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#### My Visit to Danville and to the Elks

I WENT to Danville to lecture, not because I made money for I lost perhaps two hundred dollars by doing so, but for my words sake, just as I did when I spoke at Crawfordsville, Ind., to the Elks for \$35 and expenses although in Kansas I was offered one hundred to deliver a lecture the same day. My Manager, J. E. Furlong, tried to dissuade me from taking this long trip and losing some valuable dates but I said: "My word is more to me than money." "Blessed is the man who sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not."

#### A Ride In A Dram Shop

THIS Lake Shore Central R. R. is a dram shop on wheels. There is every kind of drink peddled on this train. Porters pass up and down the isle with intoxicating drinks of all kinds. How hard it is to refrain from giving the trays a hit with my hatchet! One young man from New York, who travels with a nurse, called a valet, must be in an intoxicated condition all the time from the number of drinks carried into his room. His name is Strauss so I heard. One of those poor empty headed, soft, lazy young men who only fill space and murder every impulse of manhood. A pitiable sight! This same object of commiseration wanted me put off of the train because I objected to smelling his vile cigarette. He not only needs a nurse, but a guardian and instructor—the first to keep him from killing himself, the last to teach him that women are entitled to some respect and protection from the sickening sensation when in the company of such a nicotine soaked creature.



**On The New York Central Lake  
Shore R. R. On Train 46,  
Going To New York**

The train conductor is a very unpleasant and abrupt man. He told me to quit selling my papers. I said, "I have a right to sell my own publication." "Well you can't do it here." "But I will." "I will put you off." "Just try it! You are just like those skullians in Kansas who are the enemies of all good. You allow men to smoke, drink, swear and chew, and spit their filth in the isle, but you will not allow a woman to do good!" "You had better keep quiet or I will put you off, I say!" And so he growled and mumbled and threatened. I kept on selling my papers. On this very train a man occupied one of those drawing rooms with chairs and divans all fixed up for smokers. Respectable well-behaved women are not allowed to rest, or tired mothers recline their weary limbs, but men are encouraged to defile themselves. Tobacco and whiskey are sold to ruin our children, but we are insulted if we murmur. Yes this same young man sat in the door way of this room puffing his filthy breath in the air. I spoke to him, asking that he close his door. He refused. I closed it and held it shut till the conductor came and told him the drawing room was for him and his smoke, but not the whole car. This same young saplin wanted me put off because I objected to letting him puff into my mouth that which he blew out of his. Women have tamely submitted to these outrages. This is the reason they have to take them.

**My Visit To Ottawa, Ont.**

I sit in the window of my room at the Russel hotel and see the buildings, of parliament with their turrets, little and big, all waving with little flags and also Old Glory the pride of patriots, at half mast is shaking its folds in majesty.

I find the same conditions here that I do in the States. The places of crime are allowed. The men smell just as bad and if there is any difference, the tobacco is more vile here. At least it smells so to me. Boys are allowed to smoke cigarettes unmolested and men puff their stinking breath in the faces of passers by. The corridors of the hotel and the street cars prohibit one from getting a breath of God's pure atmosphere. But there are just as clean, just as warm hearted, just as good Christians here as I find any place else. The churches are among the best buildings here. The Duke and Dutchess, of York come here to-morrow and the town is one scene of decorations. He is the next son of

Queen Victoria, who comes to the throne under the name of King George.

Sept. 18, 1901.

**Mrs. Nation in the City of the Lake**

This excerpt from columns of the Chicago Advance (Congregationalist) reads interestingly:

The whole Nation has been here. I mean Mrs. Nation. Mr. Nation does not count—the husband of a famous women never does. He staid at home, presumably baking pancakes for breakfast, eating cold potatoes for dinner, and in the evening wishing that "Ma" would come home. The newspapers say that he has been threatening divorce proceedings.

When the much-heralded woman first put in her appearance there was disappointment. She was expected to be hatchet-faced, but was not. Her face was as broad and smiling as the big blossom after which the Sunflower State is named. Her nose should have been sharp, pointed, and turned down, to bore into other peoples' business, but it was blunt and turned up. Artemus Ward says that when he was sick in Salt Lake he became so emaciated and his nose so thin, that he did not dare to stick it into anybody else's affairs for fear that it would break off. Mrs. Nation has guarded this point. She was also expected to come with a hatchet and a wild whoop. She left them both at home. In her speeches she hardly came up to the measure of a "shrieking sister." She was to go about smashing things, but she went to the jail and talked and prayed with the prisoners.

Mrs. Nation also made some mistakes. She visited only the saloons in search of nude pictures. She should have gone to the art galleries and have seen the hypocrites who gather around naked figures and pretend to be admiring art, "for art's sake." I am solemnly opposed to violence, but if Mrs. Nation will use her hatchet to knock a hole in this kind of pretense, I will join in voting her a gold snuff box and the "freedom of the city." I believe, for my part, that people should keep their clothes on in art galleries as well as on the street. "Clothed and in their right mind," is a prescription to be followed everywhere outside of an insane asylum.

So far as I know, the lady from Kansas did not complain that she heard too much naked truth told in Chicago. That article goes about heavily veiled, even in many of our pulpits.

Of course Mrs. Nation drew. Crowds followed her along the streets. She was like an old Roman conqueror coming up the Appian Way. At Willard Hall, which used to be sur-



mounted by a Woman's Temple,  
a long line of ple stood in the  
street, vainly trying to get with-  
in hearing of the voice from the  
West. Her speeches were good.  
I found them refreshing reading  
the next morning.

### The Holy War

MRS. E. D. CRAFT

The holy war is on!  
I hear the bugle blow,  
I see the host of volunteers  
To battle bravely go.  
'Tis not for place nor power,  
No selfish ends they seek;  
But 'tis for home and native land,  
To guard and save the weak.

O ye, who deal out liquor death,  
O ye, who said they might,  
Despite our prohibition law—  
A bulwark for the right—  
Know ye, "the hour has struck,"  
Your ill-gotten gains must go!  
The Almighty's arm is now laid  
bare  
To strike the decisive blow!

Ye cannot stay the tide  
When a river breaks its bound;  
The puny army of wilful man  
Too short and weak is found.  
The engulfing waves of Cone-  
maugh,  
Galveston's wind hurled sea  
Were not more potent than the  
maw  
Of the maelstrom soon to be.

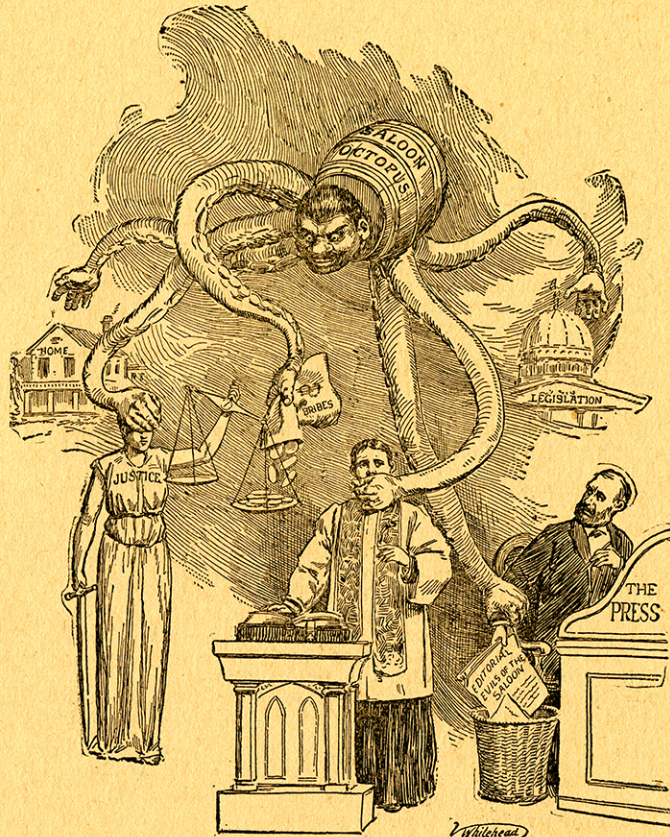
John Brown marched on before,  
Leaving foot prints in the sand,  
A noble sacrifice was made  
To give us this free land.  
Again it shall be free!  
Our Nation and our Laws  
With God's right hand  
Naught can withstand.  
Stride on, O glorious cause!

### MRS. NATION

In a discourse on "Carrie Nation and Her Critics," Rev. Horace S. Place, pastor of the Gordon avenue Methodist Episcopal church, Cleveland, last night scored Rev. Dr. Morgan Wood for his recent sermon on the Kansas saloon smasher, Mr. Place said in part:

"Mrs. Carrie Nation ought to be in the penitentiary for violating the law or in an insane asylum as an irresponsible person."

"Does this sound well in your ear? It is said that these are the words of a divinity doctor from his pulpit in this city. Carrie



### THE RUM OCTOPUS.

This hundred armed monster has a hand on almost every public interest from the state house to the pulpit. Read what the Baptist Standard says:—

The octopus makes no compromises and accepts no terms. The President and Congress, every governor of every State, and every mayor and alderman of every city in the Union is in the grip of this insensate devil. Many a preacher cuts off both the head and the tail of his sermon because he fears the ostracism of this octopus. The secular press is as much controlled by it as an electric car is controlled by the current generated at the power house. There is not a public officer nor a political newspaper, nor a candidate for place or power that does not play Punch and Judy to this devil-fish, whose slimy tentacles have gripped every engine of power that can be cajoled or scared or bought.

With all the power that is in us we raise our voice against this most formidable and relentless foe the human race has ever had. Like an all-world car of Juggernaut, it goes on in its truceless march of universal death. It raises the black flag and demands money and character and life and blood. It dictates its terms to States, and our government at Washington lies cowering and cringing at its feet.

Against its lawless ravages one Christian woman has had the nerve to fight, and with all our heart we honor her brave and unselfish deed. She is out of jail now and The Standard trusts she will organize and lead the women of her state until they smash every dive in Kansas. When they get through there, many other needy and inviting fields await them. For be it known that the saloon must die, and it must die, no matter what the cost.



Nation is one of those intensely sane women who are becoming 'awfully in earnest' because of the grossly wicked non-affectiveness of secular law which prohibits on the statutes but allows on the streets a business conducted by a favored class to proceed, without law or license, with their ruinous, destructive, and villainous work of wrecking homes, breaking mother's hearts, destroying lives, and wasting the bread of hungry children.

"Does it conduce to moral greatness or the Christlikeness of the Christian ministry, to say that this woman, however mistaken she may be as to her methods of procedure against this bold vice of daily practice in her state, regardless of all law, should be classed with the lawless bands of lynchers who were recently ordered by the authorities to be suppressed with the bullets of the State militia?

"God bless Carrie Nation and keep her alive in spite of clerical critics and saloon keepers and anyone who would do her harm until God shall send the Moses of deliverance, whether male or female, whether with hatchet, Bible, or ballot to lead the 'fanatics', 'martyrs,' and 'insane' to a final victory over the saloon, the brothel, and the devil. Let us pray that it may be a bloodless battle and that such oratory as the preacher of righteousness indulged in last Sabbath may not retard the day, though I am quite sure it will in no way assist a happy verdict. If the pulpit has nothing better to say of Carrie Nation and the saloon business, let the pulpit remain silent. 'She has attempted to become a public martyr to the cause of temperance.' Who believes this statement to be true?

"Pity the author, Lord, and in pity remember pardon.

"The mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me."

## \*      \* The Rum Curse SALOON IN POLITICS \*      \*

### Whiskey And Slavery

From Iowa Commonwealth

The whiskey battle is on in Kansas just the same as the slavery battle was on in that state forty and more years ago. Then the slave power, grown powerful and arrogant with success in its extension, tried to force slavery upon the people of that new state. The slave oligarchy met its first defeat on the plains of Kansas at the hands of John Brown and his free state comrades. They met their last and final defeat at the hands of the federal troops at Appomattox after four years of bloodiest war.

To-day the whiskey power, grown likewise arrogant with its ownership of presidents and judges, and governors and all manner of official-

dom, seeks to force the whiskey traffic upon the state of Kansas against not only the present will of the people but against the fundamental laws of that time honored fire tried state. Will they do it? The men in the old slavery days said no, and they kept their faith with the spilling of their own life's blood and the giving up then and later of the choicest lives of her most gallant sons. Will whiskey succeed; yes, if the Carrie Nations of her soil are permitted to suffer behind prison bars with their causes unheard and their cries of warning unheeded and their personal assaults and woes unrequited. Yes, then Kansas will become like all the rest of us a whiskey state. That the men of Kansas are of the same stern stuff their fathers were made of is yet to be proved. With the executive officers in the hands of the whiskey power, with the judges sitting leaning on their benches and saying that it serves them right "they are where they belong" (in jail) there is but one avenue of relief left—revolution—and Mrs. Nation has set the pace. Men of Kansas will you dare to keep it up? We shall see. Your officers will not enforce the laws against the venomous reptiles invading your state. There is none left but you to do it. Do it, and in God's good time not only Kansas but the whole land shall one day be free from the domination and damnation of the accursed traffic—in women's woes and children's wails, and broken homes, and disregarded oaths (of office) and the snuffing out of the future of the fairest youths of all this fair land, because it is well proven that a hundred thousand of them go down the ashy stair of drunkards hell each year. SMASH THEM.

### The New Voice On Mrs. Nation

The sentencing of Mrs. Nation to fine and imprisonment by a Kansas court that has been playing particeps criminis with the outlawed liquor sellers of that state is merely a fitting bit of detail for the whole great picture of official anarchy that Kansas Republicans have spread before the world during the past few months. That Governor Stanley officially remitted that part of the sentence that related to imprisonment is probably not owing to any specially meritorious sentiments entertained by that gentleman, but to the fact that he was not anxious to have Mrs. Nation in a Kansas jail, calling the attention of the world to conditions in that state, for thirty days longer. Of the real righteousness of destroying the law-breaking saloon joints in that state there can be no question, and The New Voice has never seen any reason to depart from its original opinion concerning the legality of the procedure. Had Mrs.



Nation vigorously followed that method, the result, before this time, would have been a moral revolution in the state of Kansas that would have ended forever the officially protected anarchy of the saloon.

### You Can If You Will

The Topeka Capital under date of July 20, 1901 published this bit of news:—

Arkansas City, Kan., July 20.—Mayor Wm. J. Pollock, who was elected in a straight fight on the temperance question by the prohibitionists last April after three months' futile attempt at the enforcement of the law, has announced his inability to live up to his pledges and has decided to begin a series of fines on the jointists similar to the old regime.

This, the mayor claims, he decided to do as a compromise measure with the council if he could get the occupation tax ordinance passed.

The temperance people held a meeting and feeling ran high against the mayor. Many expressed a determination to fight the collection of the occupation tax if the joints are allowed to run. Others also, who believe in favor of joints propose to test the constitutionality of this ordinance before paying it.

In the mean time the electric lights have been turned on as a result of the compromise. There is but little talk of smashing and probably will be none.

Of course this is just the kind of news that some papers like to publish, and we will leave that as it is. But it is to the good (?) mayor of Arkansas City that we wish to direct a few pointers. Fort Scott has been having a saloon fight and we attach a report of the matter as published in the State Journal:

### Fort Scott's Saloons

#### Joints Are Closed And The Town Is Very Dry

Fort Scott, Sept. 11.—The Tax League of this city, an organization composed of nearly all of the reputable citizens and large property owners has taken a hand in the saloon fight, and as a result of the pressure brought to bear on the county attorney, he has ordered all joints closed and Fort Scott is dry. The attorney for the saloonkeepers hypnotized the town council some time since and was allowed to collect \$2,100 of city fine money to satisfy his fees. The tax league has determined that if the city does not get revenue regularly from the saloons they shall not run. The attorney for the saloonkeepers acknowledges that he is up against it, and thus indirectly the prohibition element has won its first fight.

This "Tax League" is evidently playing hide and seek with the jointists; a case of "put up or shut up." Shame on such methods! You have proven to the world one thing however, for which we

are thankful. If the "reputable citizens" of any city, town, or hamlet say so the saloons must go! If you can bring pressure to bear on the county attorney at Fort Scott you can do the same in Valley Falls, Wichita or any other rum soaked town. I have heard it said by more than one party that if certain two or three of Valley Falls' leading men would say so, the saloons would have to go. Oh, what a responsibility rests upon you, ye men of position and wealth! Shame on you for your criminal indifference! Who says the hatchet is not right under the circumstances?

### The Reason

Haverhill, Mass., Aug. 1, 1901.—If Gov. Stanley has included in the conditions of the pardon of Mrs. Carrie Nation the requirement that she retire from her public career, his act of mercy will receive general approval.

This from the Haverhill Gazette, Mass. The Governor would like to include this and might pardon on this condition but this perjured man knows I would not retire from the service of God and would not pardon me because he is an enemy to all work for God and humanity.

### Liquor License

The following editorial from the India Vanguard, is right to the point:—

No enactment national, state or municipal says one, can give you the right to carry on a rum business, whose one effect is destruction.

Whether you sell it in low oyster cellars or behind the polished counter of a first class hotel, the divine curse is upon you. I tell you plainly that you will meet your customers one day when there will be no counter between you. When your work on earth is done and you enter the reward of your business, all the souls of the men whom you have destroyed will crowd around you and pour their bitterness into your cup. They will show you their wounds, and say: "You made them;" and point to their unquenchable thirst, and say: "You kindled it;" and rattle their chain and say, "You forged it." Then their united groans will smite your ear, and with hands out of which you once picked the sixpences and dimes, they will push you off the verge of great precipices, while rolling from beneath and breaking among the crags of death they will thunder, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink."

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright." Prov. 23:31.

India Vanguard.

It has ceased to be a trifling question these "wet or dry" issues. The agitation



began by Carrie Nation and broken into by the unfortunate death of Pres. McKinley at the hand of an assassin brings forth the saloon and kindred evils in their true light. Never before have people seen as they see now. There is no half way business about it. The case is straight. We shall reap just what we sow. If we sow misery and privation and death, and let me say that we do not have to be the jointist to do this either, we may sow the tares just the same by our vote, by our influence, we will reap the same. These words are true. You know it. I know it. You who want a little revenue, a little blood money, will do well to stop and consider. Life is but a span. Why take these chances? Life on the other side is eternal. You can have your choice of what it shall be. Anarchy is running riot over our great country. You are either for or against it. You are on the one side or the other. Where do you stand?

The Life of Carrie Nation,  
The Home Defender

## CHAPTER FIVE

## MY FATHER

Anthony in the memorial services over the dead body of Cæsar said: "Brutus was Cæsar's angel." If I ever had an angel on earth it was my father. I have met many lovable characters but none so much so as he. He was not a saint but a man—one of those noblest works of God. He was impetuous, quick, impatient—but never nervous. He could collect himself at a moments notice and was always master of the situation. In his life he was a thorough business man, but his social qualities exceeded all others. I always thought my father was handsome while others called him good looking. He was tall, and had very keen brown eyes, which never changed or lost their lustre, even at 73. I can not recall one situation in which the thought of self governed his actions, but it was his delight to provide for the comfort of others. Devoted to his

family and friends, and a friend to the poor. I have heard my mother say that he never had a hand work for him but that he made them rich.

When I first remember him, he used to be a "trader" and drive hogs to Cincinnati before there were any cars. I was always at his heels when I could be. Once, while he was standing on the stile he was giving directions to someone to have a car load of hogs to meet him at a certain place on Sunday, I said: "Now Pa, you will lose on those hogs. You ought not to do that on Sunday." He gave me a quick, light slap, saying: "Stop that. Every time you say that, I do lose." He handled a great deal of money in his life and was often rich and then poor again, but never cast down. He was a very indulgent master to his negroes who loved him more like a father. They always called him "Mars George." The negro women would threaten to get "Mars George" to whip their children, and when he did I have heard them say: "Served you right! He didn't give you a lick a-miss!" I never heard one of them say a word against my father in my life. Not so with my mother, they did not like her, and was angry if she slapped or reproved their children. When my father sold out in Garrard Co., he made a sale. The tables were set in the yard in the shape of a three sided square and all kinds of eatables were on them. I remember Mr. Jones Adams bought a two bushel sack of greens and a large ham and I remember seeing him shake them out of the bag. At this sale, for the first and only time, I saw a negro put on a block and sold to the highest bidder. His name was Little Bill and he was a widower or a bachelor. At least he had no family. Then there was one belonging to a neighbor called Big Bill. He had a wife. My father thought a great deal of this "Big Bill" and wanted to take him over to Mercer county with him. After we got into the carriage this poor negro followed us crying, and saying: "O Mars George, don't take me away from my wife." He said this several times until my father said: "Go and get some one to buy you." This he did. The man who bought him was a Mr. Dunn. I never speak of this that the tears do not come in my eyes.



## CHAPTER SIX

My father was very conscientious. He used to have prayer every Sunday night with his negroes. He would have them gather in the dining-room. Aunt Liza would be the principal one to gather them in. I have heard her say: "You had better come on you niggers, the devil is after you." I do not remember my mother being ever present at those meetings. My father would read and pray and the negroes would sing. As a race they have always been very interesting to me. There is no dialect in the world that has the original characteristics that are so pleasant to the ear. There is a softness and music in the voice of a negro not to be found in any other race on earth. No one can sing a lullaby to a child so soothingly as a negro nurse. After I left Texas and went to Medicine Lodge when I had a headache, or was otherwise sick, I would wish for the attendance around my bed of one of the old fashioned colored women who would rub me with their rough sympathetic touch and call me "Honey chile," would bathe my feet and tuck the cover around me and sit by, holding my hand waiting till I fell asleep. I owe much to the colored people and I never want to live where there are none of the negro race. I would feel lonesome without them. I remember after I came to Medicine Lodge, Kansas, I did not see any for some time. One day, while looking out, I saw one walking up the street toward the house, I ran to the kitchen, cut an apple pie in two, put it on a piece of shingle and ran out and said: "Here Uncle, is a piece of pie." He was gray headed and one of the old slaves. He seemed so glad to see my friendly face. He took the pie with a happy courtesy.

I watched for him to return, as he came in on the train and was going out. At last I saw him. I asked him in the kitchen and fixed a meal for him. I waited on him myself. Before eating he folded his hands, closing his eyes and with his face turned toward heaven thanked God for the meal as I had often seen them do in slave time. As a race the negroes have not the characteristic of treachery. They are faithful. They are great readers of human nature.

In my hotel experience, I would often ask Fannie "What kind of a man is that?" Fannie would say "Don't trust him too far, Mrs. Nation, he steps too light." When a child my playmates were a lot of the colored children. I never went to the table with my parents till after I was five years old. Betsy came in with the children and sat down and ate with us. But the sweetest food I ate was that left in the skillets which the cook would give us, and black and white children would go around the house and sit down and "sop" the gravy with the biscuits the cook would give us. I was fond of hearing ghost stories and would, without the knowledge of my mother, stay in the cabins till late at night listening to the men and women telling their experiences. The men would be making ax handles and beating the husk off the corn in a large wooden hopper with a maul. The women would be spinning with the little wheel, sewing, knitting and combing their children's heads. I would listen till my teeth would chatter with fright and I would shiver more and more as they would tell of the sights in grave yards, and the spirits of tyrannical masters walking at night with their chains clanking and the sights of hell where some would be on grid-irons, some hung up to baste and the devil with his pitch fork would toss the poor creatures hither and thither. They would say "Now Carrie you must go to the house" and I would not go with any one, but must have two, one on each side of me. I remember seeing the negro men laugh at me but the women would shake their heads and say "You better quit skeering dat chile."

TO BE CONTINUED

#### What A Barrel Of Whiskey Contains

A barrel of headaches, of heartaches, of woes,  
 A barrel of curses, a barrel of blows;  
 A barrel of sorrow from a loving, weary wife,  
 A barrel of care, a barrel of strife;  
 A barrel of all unavailing regret,  
 A barrel of cares, a barrel of debt;  
 A barrel of hunger, of poison, of pain,  
 A barrel of hopes all blasted and vain;  
 A barrel of poverty, ruin, and blight,  
 A barrel of tears that run in the night;  
 A barrel of crime, a barrel of groans,  
 A barrel of orphan's most pitiful moans;  
 A barrel of serpents that hiss as they pass,  
 That glow from the liquor in the head of the glass;  
 A barrel of falsehoods, a barrel of cries  
 That fall from the maniac's lips as he dies.



# The Smasher's Mail

A Newspaper for the Suppression  
of the Rum Traffic.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT  
1027 KANSAS AVENUE, - - TOPEKA, KANSAS.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, EDITOR AND  
PUBLISHER.

Advertising Rates, 50 cents per inch, single column.

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

If this place has a cross marked in it, it means that this paper is sent to you with the compliments of Thomas C. Roe, the manager. Why not subscribe and help this cause and dear Mrs. Nation?

Price of SMASHER'S MAIL is 50 cents per year.

If this has a cross in it, the reason is to call your attention in particular to the "Business Matters" on this page. Your name is surrounded with some doubt, and I wish you to advise me why you should receive the paper and how long.

Manager.

## Business Matters

### IMPORTANT

THE scarcity of Editorial matter this month leaves this little corner all to myself and I think I can do no better with it, this being my first visit with you, than place a few matters before you which need attention. You remember when General Grant was introduced to a company of soldiers of which he had been appointed captain, before he received the great honor in the appointment as general, that the men called for a speech from

him, it having been the custom of their previous officer to always make them speeches. Mr. Grant stepped forward and said: "Men, go to your quarters!"

That is somewhat the case with myself. I care not to make you a "speech" but I want you to "go to your quarters" as it were and await further "commands." I find many things which will require time and attention to put right and I want your assistance. Some of the things can not be put right without you help me. Here are some "commands" which I desire you to "obey" by return mail:—

1.—Is there any irregularity between this office and yourself? Have you sent any money and received no returns or reply? If so, write me, giving circumstances and I will do the best I can to fix it up for you.

2.—Do you know of any who have subscribed for THE SMASHER'S MAIL who do not receive same? Let me know who they are, as a kindness both to themselves and this office. There has been very unsatisfactory business management here and I fear there will be many such cases as these. Help us put them right.

3.—If you are in debt to this office, kindly let me know the amount and what it is for. Also when you wish to pay.

4.—Please help us with the SMASHER'S MAIL. We need good substantial support. We want new subscribers. You can get them where we cannot. Won't you do this? Remember that THE SMASHER'S MAIL is not gone up nor discontinued. It is in the field to stay. Mrs. Nation writes me: "Let us have the best temperance paper published." That is what we aim to do. But it depends upon the support of the temperance people, (we do not get any support from the whiskey side, of course,) just what we can do. So put your shoulder to the wheel and "push!" God is with this cause, He is with Mrs. Nation, He is with all good



honest people. Do your best to "obey" these commands and I will have some more next month. We hope to be out on time in November. If you have any "copy" for publication send it in by the fifteenth of October if possible.

Yours for victory,

Thomas C. Roe,

Manager, SMASHER'S MAIL.

Address:—Mrs. Carrie A. Nation or

SMASHER'S MAIL, Topeka, Kas.

#### Acknowledgment

A letter just at hand as we are locking up the last form on this month's SMASHER which contains a donation of \$5.00 from Bro. Coast of Olean N. Y. (sent in by Bro. Post.) We are indeed very thankful for this money, and I am sure Bro. Coast, you will be glad to know that it was applied to so necessary a place as on my fine, paying the \$5.00 installment for November. Yes, Bro. Post, we will send two subscriptions of the SMASHER'S MAIL as you suggest. So grateful to you for your kindness.

#### MRS. HILL ON MRS. NATION

Thinks the Saloon Smasher is all Right And Gives Her Reasons

Editor Press:—Prominent men and women have written asking, "What do you think of Mrs. Carrie Nation's plans of doing away with the joints in Kansas."

My answer to them is, "Why did McKinley and the great men of these United States see it their duty to have a war with Cuba?" It was not for silver or gold but a desire to save the lives of men and women who were murdered every day because they wanted freedom and liberty. The destruction of the Maine and the lives that were lost in it brought about the result of war with Spain. Brave men, thousands of them, were willing to go as soon as the call was made. Many of them are in their graves, others are in

prison, many of them on sick beds and many of them are invalids for life. Their families are in trouble and many are mourning for their dear ones who gave their lives for the freedom of their fellow beings who were murdered every day because they wanted freedom and liberty.

Mrs. Carrie Nation and her brave women of Kansas are doing the same thing today. Kansas voted for temperance—"No saloons for Kansas" was the voice of the people which is the voice of God. But they failed to elect men whose duty it was to enforce the law, and the men who helped to make the law by their votes, are either afraid to enforce the law, or have gone back on their own votes. So there is nothing to do but for the women of Kansas to answer their own prayers by taking the law into their own hands and carry it out as McKinley did when he called for brave men to protect the flag. Mothers and nations are calling for brave men and women to help save the boys and girls, not only in Kansas, but all over our United States. I trust the men and women of Kansas will be as ready and as brave to stand by their temperance principles as they were in the late war for they have more at stake than they ever had before.

May their good name be as dear to them as is the flag that protects them and floats over them.

May many sons and daughters rise up and call the brave men and women of Kansas blessed because they have saved them from the curse of rum. May the blessing of God ever rest upon Kansas because of their temperance principles; may they ever be able to stand by them.

Mrs. Thos. Hill.

A vote is the best kind of a smasher that you can find, but I didn't have that so had to try some other kind of a smasher.



### GOD'S LAW TRAMPLED UNDER FOOT

Base ball and picnics are a common thing in the vicinity of Rochester. Drink, gambling, carousing and acting like the devil on the Lord's holy day, and the proud church member thinks nothing about it. But when God's saints are so burdened, and scream as they see men and women rushing to hell, their souls are moved for them, then all hell is in a rage, and Christless professors of religion are ready to report them and have them shut up. One dear saint in our home the other day was so moved on by the Holy Ghost that she could only tell it by screams. Very soon the door bell rang and a policeman came in to see what was the trouble. He had been sent in by a professor of religion, who was disturbed by the screams. He was very welcome, and heard the story of Jesus, and exhorted to get saved, and went away feeling good. God knows how to get His Word to them. Come again. God shall have His way. The persecution that has come upon dear Brother Knapp, in Cincinnati, is a demonstration of God's power. Be true, my dear brother, and let the devil rage. We are marching on to victory. Drunken men and women can make night hideous with their screams and wake up everybody on the street, then the wicked church members would stop every saint from shouting and screaming, and vote for whiskey. SEL.

### Destruction Of Life Versus Property

An outraged nation; downtrodden humanity; men and women crushed to the very earth, can stand it no longer. No wonder that Mrs. Carrie Nation is stirring this nation. In the United States there are 250,000 saloons running night and day, and 200,000 harlot houses. There are 100,000 pimps engaged in stealing young girls, who are brought from the country. These innocent girls are really stolen and sold to these dens of vice. There was spent last year in this country \$900,000,000 for tobacco, and more than \$1,500,000,000, or nearly \$4,000,000 a day for strong drink, and sending thousands

and tens of thousands of men and women to the bad house, to the mad house, to a drunkard's grave. What is the value of one soul? "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? Matt. 16:26. Which is of the greatest value? Mothers, sons and daughters, fathers and mothers, or a few fixtures in the saloons, and whiskey and beer? Who should be punished and shut up in jail? the one who goes against the law of the land and the law of God, or the one who enforces the law even with the hatchet? Mrs. Nation has done more to stir up the people in a substantial way against the saloon than any temperance movement has for many years. Mrs. Eastman wrote to Mrs. Nation, and in reply received the following: "In jail, Topeka, Kansas, March 4, 1901. Organize and defend for dear life, and our Saviour. Carrie Nation."

A friend who is standing out against your enemy, in jail? Your boys and girls' friend; one who loves Jesus and walks up-rightly—right into the joints and cleans them out; spills a few gallons of swill. It is not fit for hogs to drink. They wouldn't, as filthy as they are, drink it. O, how valuable is the saloon keeper's property. Weak-kneed politicians and some Prohibitionists had no courage to step out and take the monster by the throat, so God raised up a woman to do it. Push it through. There are some down here in New York who will stand by you. Go ahead. Can't stand it any longer. Something has got to give away.

The heart-rending, piercing and penetrating cry, from burdened, crushed and bleeding heart, has entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. God himself is beginning to move. This thing has reached its height. Too many loyal hearts are in the United States to stand and look on and see the accursed traffic go on, and say and do nothing about it? Let us in Jesus' name, lift up a standard against it so strong and so high they can't get through it or over it. The innocent suffering for the guilty. Saloon-keepers and law-breakers running at large, and law-keepers and law-forcers in jail. Thieves, robbers, murderers, and house-breakers (Saloon-keepers) running at large, and one



who would not steal nor lie nor do wrong, in jail, because she destroyed a little property to save life. Ministers and Prohibitionists of Kansas go ahead, drive it from your state. There are thousands you don't know of, all through the United States in harmony with you and will stand by you. Praise the Lord. Fighting to save so many dear intelligent men and women from drink, from the curse, from poverty and sin and the destruction of life. And you, saloon-keeper, fighting to save your few saloon fixtures and rot-gut whiskey. Destruction of life of less importance than the destruction of property? Property worth more than virtue, more than purity? No estimate on human life? but very great estimate on a little saloon property? There was a thief entered the house today and stole that last loaf of bread, and a brave woman caught the thief at it, and was arrested for catching the thief, and shut up in jail and the thief let go. Again, a man was caught murdering a young man and a heroine cried murder, and she was arrested for the murder and put in jail and the murderer went free. Potiphar's wife, down in Egypt where Joseph was, tried to lead Joseph astray, and when she found she couldn't do it, she cried out he has insulted me, and snatched his robe off from him. So the innocent goes to jail while the adulterous one has liberty. When law is trampled on and beer guzzlers and whiskey bloats set up their nefarious business, and in the face of bleeding humanity, mother's tears, ragged, cold and hungry children, carry it on, then officials keep silent and let it go on. Thank God that Carrie Nation, sixty years of age, filled with loyal blood, neither afraid of men nor devils, plunged into the iniquitous business and crushed the serpent's head until its stinking corpse is unavailable and passed in its check and sunk to rise no more. Go on, thou brave heroine, of the closing scenes of two thousand years. Angels and the Father, Son and Holy Ghost and all true loyal Christians will stand by such work. Spill every gallon you can, spoil all the business you can, and let us rush on to victory and drive this hydra-headed monster, saloons and rum to hell, from whence they came. For victory everywhere. Jails, martyr-

dom, slander, and persecutions await you if you stand out full-size—all there is of you—for righteousness, purity and heaven.

N. L. A. Eastman.

**Mrs. Nation Not The First Saloon Smasher**  
It Was The Power Of A "Mother's Love"

To Editor of SMASHER'S MAIL:

I am confident that I am in possession of facts to prove that Mrs. Nation is not entitled to the credit of smashing the first saloon.

About thirty years ago I met an old schoolmate. Mrs. Nation has brought that meeting fresh to memory. Trusting that the young men reading my schoolmate's experience and brave sacrifice he made, claiming it a duty he owed to the teaching of a good mother, and to the welfare of the human family. That said young man will engrave such parts on their memory as will aid them to perform a duty under the most trying ordeal.

The following is part of our conversation bearing on the subject of saloon smashing.

I said to James, "What are you working at now?"

"My old trade."

"Why I never knew you worked at anything else."

"Oh, yes; when I was discharged from the army in 1865 I went West and started in the saloon business. Well, to use the common expression, I was coining money."

"What led you to give up a money coiner, to go back to stated weekly mechanic's wages?"

"I'll try and give you truthfully my experience, as briefly as possible."

"In the first place, you know that the most successful saloon keepers are gentlemen, and the strictest abstainers from beer and liquor, and as far as it is possible, they select bar tenders who are strictly temperate men. I spent a large sum of money to fit up a handsomely furnished saloon, to hold my customers under a hypocritical show of friendship. I would stand in front of my saloon on Monday and Tuesday mornings early and watch them leaving home for their offices and workshops. The moment they opened their doors I would catch their eye by a whistle they knew too well, and beckon them to come over. Now remember, the gentlemen I called over were these liberal open-hearted men who were free with their wages in treating. In this way, I would give away about five and ten dollars' worth of drinks. I then had such men good for the balance of the week, and Saturday night sure!"

But here comes the clincher, whose action brought me to my conscience, and to the death-bed scenes of my mother, when she gave us children her parting and blessing and counsel. 'Never hold a person in human slavery by your individual will power. Choose honor and poverty instead.' This customer now in question would peek out of his window to see if I was at my usual post to call him over. This morning I was there. He walked out backwards, down his front stoop backwards and down the street backwards, fearing that he would catch my serpentine eye. I threw my hands to my forehead and exclaimed aloud, 'My Mother!'



"There she stood in front of me—the sweet face of my beloved mother, saying 'James, here is your trying ordeal, to show that your love for me and my last counsel 'Never hold a person in human slavery by your individual will power. Choose honor and poverty instead!'"

"Well," said I, "did you sell your saloon?"

His answer, emphatically, "No, sir!"

"That would have been, to me, a two-fold crime—for me to aid another, making me not only a coward, but accessory to the act, of aiding another to continue that damnable slavery of will-power over the weaker! I rolled my kegs of beer and liquor in the back yard over the sewer drainage; smashed the heads in of every one. I started in my what was to me, once, my so-called beautiful saloon, and with my hatchet I did not leave a bottle or glass or saloon furniture large enough to be used for any purpose.

"I only wish that I could describe to you how happy I was when I stepped up to my work bench. In a figurative sense I felt as if I would like to stand on Pike's Peak and shout to the boys, 'No matter what it cost, you remember the angel care of a good mother—she'll bring you true happiness if not wealth!'"

This conversation brought tears to my eyes as a father. I said, "James, I have one more question to ask of you." He said, "I'll try and give you a true answer."

"How can a man be a saloon keeper and a bar tender and abstain from drink?"

"I don't like to answer that question. For it brands me a thief during the years I was in that business. But here goes—I am out of the business forever:

"To illustrate: These good-hearted customers and young men who have come into the possession of money by will, are ignorant of the sacrifice made by their loving father and mother to save for them. All alike—they would call up the proprietor and bar tender to drink with them. For us to refuse would be an insult to their generosity, and we would lose their trade. So all saloons have a bottle simply colored water. When I was called up to the bar by these good-hearted spendthrifts: 'Well, captain, what'll you have?' I would give my bar tender a knowing laugh, saying, 'Well, bar tender, you know what is good.' 'Well, boss, let it be sherry!'"

"He would pour the usual quantity of a drink in our glasses, and we would all hold up hands and that downward going youth would say, 'Hic, hic, here's that the captain and bar tender may live long and happy!'—or words to that effect.

"Every such drink out of our own doctored bottle brands me as a thief, when I took their money." I said, "James, here comes your train for the West—our ages are such that the chances are we may never meet again. I should liked to have given you my experience as chief dresser of wounds in the Army hospital, and the damaging effect on our wounded soldiers!"

JOHN W. OGDEN, Aged Veteran.

Newark, N. J.

#### Hearty Indorsement

The July issue of the SMASHER'S MAIL of which Mrs. Carrie Nation is editor and proprietor, comes to hand just as we are

locking up the forms. We stop to get an item: The SMASHER'S MAIL for July is a 32 page magazine, and is a gem. It is clean, forceful, and is filled from cover to cover with a class of reading matter, every page of which is worth the price of the magazine.—California Voice.

## MISCELLANEOUS

### BARRELS AND BOTTLES EXPRESSES SYMPATHY

Barrels and Bottles, a monthly publication devoted to the interests of the retail liquor dealer says:—

Does your brewer own your place? Then we are sorry for your children.

We are glad that Barrels and Bottles has a little sympathy to send out their regrets to them who patronize the Devil's agents. "A house divided against itself can not stand." "Come over and help us."

### Laughable, Yet Serious

Salt Lake City, Utah, Feb. 17, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kas.: Beware! Smash another saloon and you shall die within forty-eight hours after. Take a timely warning.

Your enemy,

P. C.

This sounds funny doesn't it? The last we hear from Mrs. Nation she was still lecturing and stirring up the people to—smash! And this was no later than Sept. 26, 1901. Still, there is another side to this question which is of so grave a nature that we are astonished at not having noticed it before. At this time the people are just being awakened to the fact that there are anarchists under their very noses! Anarchists of the most subtle and malicious kind—the saloonists. What is anarchism if this is not? What else is this letter but pure and unadulterated anarchism? I tell you the saloons are the most powerful and worst anarchists that we have. Do you support this anarchism?

### Woman—A Tribute

New York Sun.

To the Editor of the Sun—Sir: In the Sun of June 28 a spanguliken who signs itself "J. W." wanted to know why it is that there have been about fifty famous or great men in all walks of life to one great woman: but so far nobody has



seen fit to throw any light upon the matter. Not being a woman myself, I don't believe that there have been fifty great men all told since time began; but, on the contrary, I believe that since Eve the number of great and famous women has been infinite. She is the world-compelling power which makes for greatness, and if the greatest happiness of the greatest number be the standard of right and wrong, or of good and evil, it follows that the source of that goodness which makes for the greatest happiness must be the greatest moral force on earth. That source is woman. She is the greatest moral source on earth. She is the helm of all things human. She is at once the most inconsistent and the most relevant thing in nature. She is sunshine on a holiday, balm o' Gilead, strength in weakness, the pound of sweetness to every ounce of sourness in human life. She doubles the joys and halves the griefs to every son of Adam.

She is the one thing needful, a perpetually recurring comfort and consolation, a whip and spur to success, the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. The words of her mouth are sweeter than honey and smoother than butter in a lordly dish. She is a rod and a staff, she is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother, she is as good news from a far country, and as cold water to a thirsty soul. Her counsel is as the counsel of princes, her love is stronger than death, her jealousy is as cruel as the grave. She is a pearl of great price, a helpmeet for man, the star of his hope and betimes the nemesis of his destiny. She is all things to all men; she is Lot's wife, Delilah to Samson, Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Great Eliza, Lucretia Borgia, Jenny Geddes, Mollie Pitcher, Florence Nightingale, Grace Darling, Flora Macdonald, Victoria, queen and empress; Nancy Hanks, Helen Gould, Carrie Nation, Mary Matches of Manhattan.

She walks by faith and not by sight and her hand is the right hand of fellowship. Her face is the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace: she is fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners. A light which never shone on sea or land twinkles from her eyes and like dew on the gowan lying in the fa' o' her fairy feet. For her are wars, peace, fire and sword. For her men spend their strength in gathering gains, and for her men spend their gains in gathering strength. Thrones, dominions, principalities and powers have bowed to her sway; she has crushed empires beneath her feet; the proudest of the sons of men have on bended knee besought her mercy.

She soothes the wrinkled brow of age with her soft caresses, she wipes the death dew from the brow of the dying, she performs a thousand acts of grace and gladness to friend and stranger alike, she causes the widows heart to sing for joy she kisses away the tears of the orphan. In the first flush of motherhood she is the envied of gods and men and all angels, she is a thing of divine beauty as she coos and cuddles to her breast her first born, the first born among many brethren. Her heart throbs and she weeps tears of sorrow o'er the bed of suffering, her notes of angel sweetness ascend to heaven as she carols the yodlings of peace; they find echo in the outmost depths of perdition as she calls her sons to go forth beneath the banners of war.

Nature ever fights upon her side, she is a born

winner. She may have brought sin into the world, but by her came also the Redeemer of mankind. It is hers to lift up the fallen, her way is the way in which light dwelleth, she unlooseth her sweet influences and the hands of devildom are unbound. Public policy, private happiness, domestic peace; everything from a good conscience to a good complexion attends upon the will of woman. She can quench the purple fire of love by a ladleful of lukewarm soup, the milk of human kindness she can turn into curds and whey by a dish of bony potatoes and Monday washday hash.

Every mortal thing from law, logic, literature and the proper washing of dishes, to science, art, medicine and the fulfillment of prophecy, is made either better or worse because of her. She is the genius of life, liberty, and the pursuits of happiness which the framers of the declaration of independence declared to be of the inalienable rights of man.

Her reign is forever and ever. Her beauty knows no horizon. Her love knows no limits. Her hate needs no added bitterness, and he must be a great man indeed who can defy her powers:

Possessed of all those glowing charms  
That fired the Trojan boy,  
And kindled love and war's alarms  
Around the walls of Troy.

Fifty famous or great men to one great woman, eh? "Ah, gentle dames, it gars me greet."  
G. M.

#### CLERICAL DETERIORATION

It was unfortunate to see preachers and saloon-keepers line up on the same side in the dispensary fight. If we were a preacher we would pick a better crowd. Is it any wonder that the cause of God is advancing backwards? When the good Lord called them to preach the wrong crowd answered, if that clerical mob over at Deland is a sample. We all know the saloon men are not on the Lord's side, and the preachers and saloon men were bed-fellows. That will do for them as likes it, but a preacher who would so defile himself shall never break the Bread of Life to us. He should stay with his crowd. At Tallahassee the whiskey men celebrated their victory in a champagne revelry. What the Deland preachers did is not recorded, but they no doubt said, "Praise the Lord."

Times Democrat, (Fla.)

Another article in this department under the caption "Sound Doctrine Needed Among Clergy," etc., will be found interesting reading in connection with the above clipping from Times Democrat, (Fla.) "Ye can not serve God and mammon."

#### ECHO FROM SCOTLAND

The following editorial in the Scotsman, of Edinburg, is a reflection of the Nation crusade of a few months ago.

Intemperance has ever been a feature in the character of temperance agitators. In this



country the vice has generally been confined to the tongue. It has manifested itself in words rather than in deeds. But there is always something new coming from the United States; and Kansas is at present supplying our American cousins with a "sensation." This State is passing through a high crisis over the drink question, which reminds the world of the dangers of the democracy, and particularly of the democracy in petticoats. The law of Kansas prohibits the sale of intoxicating liquor. But there, as in other prohibition States, the law is ignored. Every drug shop becomes an illicit drink shop. Shebeening and secret drinking flourish under the very nose of the authorities. And as criminal officialdom has refused to suppress the evil, it was necessary that private enterprise should take it in hand. Accordingly a lady called Mrs. Carrie Nation, of Medicine Lodge, Kansas, the wife of a lawyer, has brought sudden fame upon herself by starting a crusade against the illicit drink shops. The crusade is peculiar in that it does not run upon the ordinary lines of meetings, speeches, and agitation. Mrs. Nation recognizes that the most potent argument in cases that yield to no other treatment is the brickbat. There was a certain saloon in Wichita which first drew her attention and fire. This shop not only sold strong drink in open and flagrant defiance of the law, but further exhibited a picture of "Cleopatra entering her bath," which, although pronounced "a Wichita masterpiece," was not, in Mrs. Nation's opinion, calculated to improve the morals of the male community frequenting the shop. Accordingly this Amazonian led a female reconnaissance in strength against the ill-fated saloon, with the result that under a well-directed fire of "brickbats, rocks, scraps of old iron, and billard balls," the saloon was wrecked. Glasses, bottles, plate-glass mirrors, even "Cleopatra entering the bath" were swept away in a whirlwind of destruction. It was inevitable that Mrs. Nation should be arrested; but straightway there mustered to her assistance all the forces of the temperance cause, with the result that in a few days the Kansas Crusader became an object of national attention. It was gravely argued that as certain States enjoy the special privilege of lynching, so in Kansas saloon-smashing was a defensible method of enforcing a law made nugatory by the criminal indifference of officials. From her prison cell Mrs. Nation sent forth a manifesto addressed to her sister prohibitionists, and calling for the extermination of the saloons. Moral suasion has no place in Mrs. Nation's vocabulary. "Take your consecrated rocks," she says, "hatchets, brickbats, and anything that comes handy, and you can clean the thing

up. Don't wait for the ballot! Don't stop for Chester I. Long or William McKinley, even if you do find them in a gilded hell. A good square blow might bring them to their senses. God will back you and bless you. You will elevate your own sex and the men too." These sentiments have commanded themselves to the women of Kansas, who have taken upon themselves the name "Nationites," and carried war into the enemy's camp with astonishing vigour. It is stated that fully 10,000 women have sworn to carry on the crusade a outrance. Many saloons have been wrecked, and the rest, between threats of attack and failing business, are having a bad time. The police are in a very awkward fix. With their connivances there has grown up a regular and recognized illicit drink traffic in the State of Kansas. The Nationites appeal to the law, and in a Prohibition State they have a good case. But failing the authorities, they have taken the law into their own hands. The latest news is that the movement is assuming alarming proportions. Scarcely a saloon is now doing business in any of the big Kansas towns. Police officers are powerless to curb the violence of the excited female populace. "Bar-tenders protecting their property have been treated less considerably than the police, and brawny women with stout sticks are responsible for between fifty and sixty more or less seriously wounded barmen." There is a good deal of food for reflection in such a movement. Political philosophers who believe in the democracy may find it difficult to reconcile their theories with the plain facts of the case—a State that votes for prohibition of the liquor traffic, a State executive that declines to carry out the law against offenders, and a female crusade that breaks one law in order to enforce another law. If the temperance extremists were open to reason, the example of Kansas would afford for them a new example of the hopelessness of the attempt to compel people by legal enactment to become total abstainers. In the meantime, the crusade goes on merrily, and is affording the newspapers of the United States and their readers a little agreeable respite from excessive elation over the boom in American industry and commerce on the one hand, and on the other from excessive gloom or the continued worry which the Philippines are causing the perplexed Executive.

#### Sound Doctrine Needed On The Temperance Reform Among The Clergy

It is a painful fact that there are clergymen full of excuses and apologies for liquor license law advocates. Their creed is "We must not doubt, or call in question, the piety or sincerity



of preacher or church member who believes in legalizing a traffic that manufactures drunkards. We must never protest against their belief. We must affirm that the liquor saloon advocate is entitled without protest to his belief, though it ripens up into rum shops that wreck families, that the saloon is the home of the drunkard, the libertine, prize fighter, robber, anarchist and mid-night assassin. Were church and clergy a unit in declaring the sin and guilt of the license belief—our nation would not have two hundred and forty thousand saloons burning up thousands of people and sending vast numbers to a drunkards hell. Should the church declare a belief in Prohibition to be one of the tests of Christian decipleship and a license advocate unworthy of Christian confidence, church license men would not be in legislative bodies, wise laws would be enacted and a state of prosperity hitherto unknown would take in the country.

#### Retrospective

The accompanying paragraphs are taken from a sermon by T. P. Haley, Kansas City, Mo., denouncing the treatment received by Mrs. Carrie Nation by the police authorities of that city:

"I do not know Mrs. Nation. I never saw her. Until recently I felt little interested in her crusade. Without any sort of indorsement of her method of dealing with the whisky question and the miserable jointists in Kansas, it may be said that she has a perfect right to visit Kansas City, Mo., if she wishes to do so.

"No one will deny her right to speak to saloonists or to enter the saloon if she wishes to. Whatever may be said of the propriety of entering the saloon on Sunday, it was certainly no violation of the law to do so, especially as she found the saloons wide open and doing the usual business in the usual lawless way.

"No one will deny the right to remonstrate with the saloonists and to reprove them for their flagrant violation of the law in the sale of whisky on Sunday and exposing to view indecent pictures.

"If she had violated the ordinance prohibiting the blocking of the streets, as she and street preachers are apt to do, and refused to move on, the policeman appointed for the special protection of the good and orderly people in and about the saloons had the right, rather was in duty bound, to arrest her. But I respectfully submit that the policeman had no right to play the ruffian, as did the fellow Sparks, puffing his cigar smoke in her face, uttering coarse jokes in her presence, and dishonoring the people whose servant he is.

"Again, the police-wagon was no doubt neces-

sary for the drunken negroes and the bloody 'rough,' whom they were taking to the police station, but I submit that as Mrs. Nation had not resisted the police nor refused to go to the station it was not necessary to thrust this decent, respectable old woman into such contact and haul her through the streets as a common felon. It was not done in defense of law and order, but to humiliate and degrade a woman whose shoes these ruffians are not worthy to tie; because and only because she is the enemy of saloons.

"Again, when she arrived at the police station, if she had been a murderess or a prostitute she would probably have been assigned to a comfortable room in the matron's department, but as she was an enemy of the saloon she was sent down to the holdover with the drunken negroes and the bloody toughs, into a place too filthy for the punishment of a decent dog.

"There is not a decent citizen in Kansas City whose blood does not boil at the ruffianism of this whole transaction, but the climax is yet to come.

"When she appeared for trial before the police judge a few questions were asked by his honor, which the immaculate policeman answered promptly without cross-examination. Mrs. Nation had no counsel. Not a witness was allowed to testify for this 'poor old fanatic.' Not a moment did the judge hesitate, but at once pronounced her guilty of the heinous offense of blockading the sidewalks and assessed the penalty, a fine of \$500, with hours to leave the city.

"Is there a parallel in all the iniquitous history of the police court? The citizens feel and know that this fine was not imposed because of the alleged offense, but because, this immaculate judge must meet the approval of the saloonists.

"It would seem that our city had been sufficiently disgraced by his proceeding, but the chief of police must take up the matter and threaten that if this fearful woman dares to show herself again in Kansas City she will get two rides—one to the station and one to the workhouse, from which she shall not emerge until she has stayed a year or has paid the \$500 fine. Valorous chief! What a pity some of this valor had not been expended toward the gamblers, who, it is alleged, openly robbed visitors to our city during the Democratic National Convention.

"How comfortable the Sunday saloonists and their aiders and abettors must feel that they have so gallantly rid the city of this dangerous old woman! No wonder the saloon men are getting up a testimonial in the shape of a diamond ring for their champion, the judge of the police court. If he accepts it, he should be impeached. If he wears it, it will be a glittering proof of his dishonor."



\*\*\*\*\*  
 Correspondence From  
 the Field.  
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Words of Encouragement

Holton, Kansas.

Dear Sister Carrie Nation:—I saw in THE SMASHER'S MAIL, that you would like to have the poem; "Tis but a Little Faded Flower." I with pleasure favor your request. I have two of the same title. I will send it to you when I find it. Well Sister Carrie, I do so heartily commend you in your work and I hope God will bless you and may He keep you safe from all harm. I think I will try to take THE SMASHER'S MAIL as soon as I can, for I do so like to read it. I do hope you will have a large demand for the paper, for every home ought to take it and make a practice of reading it to the children and boys. May God bless you and the paper.

A. A. Mullins.

Opinion Of A Little Girl

Girard, Kan.

Dear Grandma Nation:—The last time I heard from you, you were to appear in Topeka. I have been keeping track of you ever since you left Wichita. You have been doing more good than all the prohibitory laws that ever were made, and I hope you will go on with your good work and not stop till you visit Pittsburg and Girard, Kan. Don't leave till every saloon and drug store is smashed in the two towns. I am only a little girl 11 years old, but would like to help you carry the hatchet. You know it was the emblem of George Washington's truth and a chosen weapon. If you come to Girard, I will see you and your good work go on. I remain your friend and will read the paper closely.

So good-bye, from Iva Daly.

Letter From A Little Boy  
 A Sad Example

Dear Carrie Nation:—I have read in the papers how you have been smashing saloons in Kansas, and I have also read how much good it has done. I am very glad somebody has the courage of their convictions.

I believe you have done more to help the temperance cause than any other person. My papa left our home last August and went to Dubuque Ia., and started a saloon. He left us here and I am afraid he is never coming back. I have to run our farm alone (excepting what help mamma and my bigger sister gives) and we don't get along nearly so well as when he was home. Now, dear Mrs. Nation, will you not please go out there and smash his saloon and then perhaps he will come back home again and we will be happy once more. If you can't go to Dubuque please write to me and tell me what to do.

Yours anxiously,

Richard Kelley.

My darling boy, I should have answered your letter long ago but I have been hustled from pillar to post and in such a hurly burly life that I misplaced your let-

ter. I hope you have relief by this time. Write me and I will give you my best advice.

Beginning Of A Grand Work

Blue Mound, Kans.

Dear Mrs. Nation:—Learning from the last paper that you are not free to continue your work, I take the liberty to write words of comfort and cheer. I have never been so much interested in any tragedy, or question of state, or nation, as I am at present about the "Nation" question. From your first smashing at Wichita (which was the beginning of a grand work that will go down for ages on the pages of history) I have been a radical supporter of Mrs. Nation. I compared your work then to Christ's when he went into the Temple and drove out the traders, overthrew the tables, etc. They were no more law-breakers than jointists and if he could do such work without authority from law we may, too, just follow his example. I believe we ought to let law be the precedence, but when officials turn to be perjurers, law-breakers themselves, then it is time for good law abiding citizens, to show their colors. I am proud of Kansas and hope its citizens will never drop the ax or hatchet, until the prohibitory law is enforced to the letter. It will probably cost blood as well as closely drawn partisan lines in every city and town in Kansas. Even in Blue Mound (where the joints have been closed since the crusade begun.)

We are wearing the badge, many others are asking where they can get them so you see the work is not in vain. I often wonder how you can carry on your work so successfully. Surely you have a source of aid higher than human might. The agitation is spreading over the country so rapidly surely our officials will do something soon. The result of this work will, in my mind be for all time and I do trust and pray that all joint smashers will do their work so carefully and considerately that no disgrace can even fall upon the cause. In the last raid may you come out more than victorious over Sin and Satan and be rewarded by the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

Yours in the Cause,

Mrs. R. S. Alexander.

Breathing Holes Of Hell

Shelton, Con.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—While some are condemning you for the course you are pursuing in your raids on infamy and lawlessness. I cannot see anything but righteous indignation and hope it will arouse such a spirit of aggressiveness against the saloons of Kansas that no quarter will be shown until every saloon is driven back to perdition from whence it came. Every saloon is a breathing hole of Hell. I hope the next election will put men behind the law who will not be too corrupt or cowardly to enforce it. You cannot fail in the end of success for it is a struggle between mighty right and mighty wrong. God speed you and reward you for the temperance spirit you have stirred up in Kansas.

Yours for Right and Righteousness.

S. H. Blackman.



From Rhode Island

Pascoag, R. I. Aug. 5th, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

My Dear Madam:—I have just seen in the Evening Bulletin of Providence, R. I. a communication from Topeka, Kansas, describing your incarceration and desertion by those who professed to be your friends and promised to sustain you. Although I am a perfect stranger I write to express my deep sympathy and to enclose a small check that I hope may be some comfort to you.

Long before I ever heard of you I had thought and said if my loved ones should be taken in, my husband or my sons degraded and destroyed by the rum traffic I would demolish everything of the kind within my reach. I have often wondered how mothers and wives can sit mournfully by and suffer from the desolation and misery which rum drinking and the sale of rum brings upon them and other innocent ones. One would think women would rise enmasse and drive this fearful evil from their midst. You have done just what I should think thousands of others would do, counting not their lives dear unto them so that they might save some precious souls.

Hoping that you can keep well and keep up your courage till the good time coming, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

Henrietta P. Westbrook, M. D.

Thanks for the check. It helps the good work on.

## Those Harmful Cigarettes

Mrs. Carrie Nation,

Topeka, Kansas.

We have been reading your recent speech in Syracuse, N. Y. and we praise the Lord that some one has the courage to proclaim so many truths along the temperance line as the Truth when properly applied will make free. Yet we believe your tactics and methods a little harsh. Still, we have read of a good physician in treating chronic and stubborn cases resorting to harsh treatment when all the remedies in the medic materia have failed. We note your mention of hypocrites in the church that don't vote as they pray, suggestive of what Neal Dow said: "When the churches voted 'go,' the saloons would go." I have been thinking, as a church member, what I ought to do. Many of us can not help our education. I was early taught that whiskey was good as a medicine and thus we learn to take that kind of a medicine too often.

The slimy, nasty cigarette needs a hatchet to to knock out its foundation more than rum and tobacco. We have seen many wrecks caused by the cigarette.

And how truly it has been suggested that if the saloon was closed that over one-half of the lawers would be out of business. Police, jailers and prison-keepers would have but little to do. Someone says: "Enforce the present good laws." But how will they be enforced when a whiskey judge and jury in too many cases do the enforcing?

Dear reader, did you ever stop to think that a small majority vote in this country dictates the

policy for the excise laws to a large majority and why should the people submit?

Yours for the Truth's sake.

John P. Gardenier.

P. S. We believe the saloon enslaves more than ever did southern slavery.

Pray that the saloon may soon be a thing of the past.

## Mild Request

New Orleans, La.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Madam:—Please let me know what arrangements I can make with you, for the use of your photograph to be used as a Brand of Whiskey. I will have a fine lithograph made and name the whiskey "The Crusader Rye." Hoping to hear from you early,

I am very truly,

Louis Ochs.

My face can be hung up in a stable or thrown in a ditch of mud but it shall never be on a brand of whiskey.

## What Next

24 Vassar St. Leominster, Mass.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear White Ribbon Sister:—There is a call for a name for a new brand of cigars manufactured by friends of mine.

The thought came to me that the Carrie Nation Cigar would be a constant reminder to those who frequent saloons, barrooms, etc., of the great work which you have begun, and it would be impossible to know the amount of good that it might be the means of doing. Would you consent to have your name thus used with your picture on the cigar box? Please reply at once.

Yours truly,

Ruth A. Fastic.

Poor woman, if indeed you are! Pitiful, to persuade, a woman to do that which would degrade the worst class of women.

## Sulphurous

Washington's Birthday, 1901.

Dear Madam:—You are deserving of very great credit in the manner you are wiping out the joints. When you come to New York please call at McGurk's Suicide Hall, Bowery, corner 1st street, and get the top of your head blown off. Then let another one of your gang pick up your head, and take it with your body to some museum and have you exhibited as an object who defied the cowards of Kansas, but whom one New Yorker put to sleep. Your reception will be same as given to that Dutchman two years ago. Bring Hatchets and dried up old maids.

Always yours, Sinclair.

As seen, in the Rev. Post affair mentioned elsewhere, the saloon power is ever the same threatening, intimidating, murderous philosophy. A system that will school men up to threaten one life will imbue it to threaten another and that will take one life will kill another.



**Wants Mrs. Nation**

Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 16, 1901.

Dear Mrs. Nation:—In passing through Philadelphia, returning from Atlantic City, I wish you would call at our City Hall and see the Mayor, and ask him to urge the police to close, speak-easies, and the many dives where liquor is unlawfully sold. We have the largest City Hall, and the highest in the world. Samuel H. Ashbridge is our Mayor. I would like if you would visit the saloon of Jerry Donahue, 8th and 9th streets. It is visited by thousands during theatre season. More young men visit there than any other retail saloon. Wishing you success.

Very truly yours,  
A. T. Brown.

**From Poor People**

Norwich, Conn.

Mrs. Nation.

Dear Sister in Christ:—I am reading of your work in the saloons in Topeka. May the Lord help you and I wish I had a hundred thousand dollars to help you with. But I have not and I am too old to get it now, but I will help you in any way I can. I will put in my mite.

Yours in Christ,  
Daniel J. Brown.

**A Good Letter From Manila, P. I.**

Manila, P. I., June 29, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Friend and Home Defender:—Your letter dated in May arrived last evening and I am glad that you are chopping and hacking at the great saloon question through your paper. THE SMASHER'S MAIL.

The American public is apparently in a lethargic state as to the temperance question. Until the majority say go, the saloon will stay.

You have startled some by your methods but it is those who are not surprised nor moved with practical sympathy upon learning of the murders and starvation and destruction traceable to the saloon.

A question touching the pulse of our land—the youth, should be treated in a vigorous manner and if need be let startling and drastic measures be used to awaken the people to a realization of its importance.

If there is hope in any country, especially our own, it must be in the youth.

Hammer and chop at the gaurdians of each home, and you will not be without your reward.

Through your paper you may be able to cause some parents to realize that they are raising a child as precious as one of royal lineage, and that he should be brought up under such surroundings as will develop into a man worthy to receive the responsibilities of a prince. Is not every American youth a part of the ruling power in our republic? Every one is a prince. May we be worthy of the inheritance which has come from our political ancestors.

With these few lines I send best wishes.

Your friend,  
Roscoe C. Ozman.

**Wants The Defender To Talk To Him**

Aug., 26.

Dear Mrs. Nation:—You will do the city a great service if you will visit the saloon of one Grogran, Columbia Avenue and 15th, a few blocks from the opera house. The Law and Order Society has tried twice to have his license revoked. Young couples visit there. I wish you would give Grogran a good talking to.

Yours,  
R. C. Hamilton.

**In A Noble Work**

1640 W. Baltimore Street.

Baltimore, Md., Aug. 27th, 1901.

My dear Mrs. Nation:—I am glad you have undertaken this grand and noble work. I most earnestly pray that your efforts may be attended with the success you so truly deserve. May you be a faithful steward of the prayer of your most earnest sympathizer and well wisher.

(Miss) E. S. Ford.

**He Has A Good Reason For Desiring Mrs. Nation To Succeed**

Rapid City, S. Dak.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—It is with pleasure that I find time and opportunity to pen you a few words of encouragement. You are doing a noble work for the uplifting of humanity, not only in the state of Kansas but throughout the nation, press comments and sundry criticisms to the contrary notwithstanding. Kansas has never shed her blood in vain. Although the eyes of your predecessor, John Brown were not permitted to see the shackles drop from the arms of those he spilt his blood to liberate, yet the work initiated by him was consummated within a few years time. You certainly deserve the aid and encouragement of every servant of Christ, as well as of every patriotic, liberty loving American citizen. We can only protect the nation by protecting the home. Our prayer to God is that he will give you strength to continue the good work, and that he will grant you length of days that your eyes may behold the consummation of work began by you, and that seventy millions of people may be liberated from the iron grasp of the rum power.

I was profoundly impressed on last Sabbath morning. I had just been reading aloud the account of your work and the proportions the crusade was assuming throughout the state, as given in an issue of the Union Signal, at the close of which I took up the Bible to conduct family prayers. The book seemed to open of its own accord at the 121st verse of the 119 Psalm. I read to the close of the 136th verse. It was filled with words of comfort and assurance. Each word, each sentence, although written centuries ago, seemed to be prepared explicitly for your individual benefit. We feel assured that your inspiration comes from the right source. Having a family consisting of eight boys, we are naturally solicitous for them, and look anxiously forward to the day of our nation's redemption. My wife unites with me in wishes for your success.

Yours truly,  
A. J. M. Cain.



### The Movement Attracts World-Wide Attention

Elsewhere in this issue of THE SMASHER'S MAIL will be found a splendid editorial from the Scotsman, of Edinburgh, in sympathy with Mrs. Carrie Nation's determined move on the liquor and kindred traffic. Here attached is a good letter from Miss M. Jennie Street, of London, Eng., the editor of "The Band of Hope Review," an English juvenile paper, which shows how universal is the interest in this warfare against the saloons.

London, Sept., 2, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.

Dear Madam:—I read in The Alliance News of your interview with Mr. Guy Hayler, and learned from it that you had only received one letter of sympathy with your anti-saloon crusade from England. Please believe that that does not mean that Temperance workers do not sympathize with your heroic attack on the drink evil in Kansas: I personally know many who have been intensely interested in it, and who have looked eagerly for news of you in the newspapers, and have, moreover, been wise enough not to believe all the canards copied from the organs of the traffic. In Christian Endeavour, the official organ of our British National Union, there have been several references to your work and the wish was expressed that our British law would allow such a lawful attack upon the public-houses which here, alas, are licensed and legalized. But we Britishers are not very quick at writing letters to unknown friends, and perhaps I should not venture to write to you now if I had not a request to make to you. I am editor of The Band of Hope Review, the juvenile organ of our Band of Hope Union, which circulates by the hundred thousand among the boys and girls of Great Britain, and I should be very grateful if you would send a brief message to our young readers—if only a sentence of counsel and encouragement. If I might also have your photo to reproduce, I should be still more grateful. I need hardly assure you that I shall send you copies of the paper, and will gladly forward cost of photo and postage if you will allow me to do so.

With thanks in anticipation, and praying that the Captain of our salvation may still guide and strengthen and use you,

I remain, very sincerely yours,

(Miss) M. Jennie Street.

Editor, The Band of Hope Review.

### A Good Kind of Insanity to Have Around

Sister Nation, Greetings:—I write to let you know you have sympathizers here for your cause, and to say I glory in your methods. May God help us all to do our utmost, as you are doing, and I hope God may raise up many more like you. I see the old Judge says you are insane. What did they say of Christ? If it is insanity to destroy the Devil's dens, I hope the whole of humanity may go insane in that direction.

My husband, until a few years since, followed those dens of vice, but to-day, thank God, he holds your methods up to our boys as right.

I hope the crusade may grow until all the world is covered. The influence of the saloons leads off our boys and there they are taught vice in all its forms. And as soon as a town is laid off, the first substantial house built is a saloon. True there is a law, but no officers to enforce it. The whiskey element elects the officers. The man who is the most liberal with whiskey is the one that is elected.

Men that are known to be frequenters of such places should be debarred from office, not even allowed to vote. This is a mining country and every shaft has a small town. The companies will not lease ground for a saloon but every place has two or three, as close as they can get to town. Then the drug stores are not much better, if any, than a blind tiger in Kansas.

I came here from Kansas, west of Wichita. John 2 chapter, 14 verse. Christ scourged the lawbreakers, poured out their money, and threw over their tables, and you are following his example and I hope many more may have the courage to follow on. May God grant you the help of all good men and women in destroying the Devil's school houses, is the wish of your sympathizer.

Mrs. M. E. Campbell.

### It Is A Good Work Anyhow

Richmond, Okla.

Dear Sister Nation:—I enclose \$2.00, 50 cents for papers sold, \$1.50 place to my credit on subscription to SMASHER'S MAIL. Placed in a position as I am, hearing so many different opinions regarding the work in which you have been engaged, I can almost say the saying: "It takes all kinds of people to make a world." Some think what you have done is a good thing. Others think you have acted very wrong. Some think you crazy. Others still that you are working for popularity, for money or for a great name. But I am glad that there are some who heartily endorse anything that will suppress the liquor traffic, the great curse of our country. I believe what you have done has been done from love to humanity and the cause of our Master, and while you may have to endure the criticisms of the ungodly and persecutions and afflictions, reward is sure for them that labor in the Lord. I often think of you and how you have suffered for others. While home duties seem to demand almost all my time, my prayers are with you and every movement for good. Oklahoma will no doubt soon become a state and if it is possible we want it a prohibition state. I want some instruction in regard to organizing the W. C. T. U. Tell me how to proceed, if you can find time to write. I have often thought of writing you, but knowing your time was so occupied, thought you had more interesting letters to read than mine. But tell me where we can get blanks and instructions for organizing. We mean to go to work. Sister Shepherd has just been here, said give her love to you. Her heart was with you in the cause of temperance. Write soon as you can. Thanks for the picture. Mr. White wishes to be remembered.

With love,

Ada G. White.



\*  
 OLIVER CHAPMAN;  
 ...OR...  
 A STORY OF THE HOUR  
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BY M. N. BUTLER.

CHAPTER VII.

TOM'S LIFE AND VIEWS.—HE SPEAKS RIGHT  
 OUT.—BORDERLINE OF THE OCCULT.—A  
 STRANGE AND MYSTERIOUS POWER.

One evening Oliver, Alva and Tom, were sitting in the latter's room at the hotel. Tom had been well remunerated for his work as a detective during the late strike. The three men had been talking for some time and all were in a confidential mood. "Tom," said Alva, "give us a history of your youth and early life."

"All right, Alva. I am a son of Erin. My father was an Irish tenant and one of the invincibles, when it came to drinking rum and gin. My mother was also addicted to drink, and it was a miserable place we called home. Both were kind when out of liquor, but under its influence, which was most of the time, they beat and abused me most unmercifully. At the age of thirteen I ran away and by chance made my way to England. I would rather face all the landlords and constables in the universe than such a home. My parents were devout papists, and betwixt the gin-shop and the confessional there was little money left for rent. And the all-withering curse of Ireland is not necessarily her landlordism, bad as that is: She is drunk and priest-ridden, and to this hour I hate the sight of a priest and a grog-shop. For years I tried to forget degraded, down-trodden Ireland. I even tried to forget the Irish brogue, studiously avoided it. In England I applied myself to books, and an old detective from Scotland Yard took a great interest in me and carefully trained me for the business. I finally concluded to come to the United States. I learned from a cousin in the Crescent City that my poor mother was dead and that my father was somewhere in the coal fields of Pennsylvania. I went North immediately, and an old countryman, an acquaintance of my father's, told me how he had quit his cups, but had been assassinated by Ex-Molly Maguires on the trumped up charge of revealing some of their secrets. It had been done in a cowardly way and my Irish was up. Attaching myself to a detective agency I proposed to do a little revealing on my own account and take the chances. In time I found my father's assassins and managed to do them up in self defense. The Molly Maguires are of the past. I have done some very successful work at various times and places for the government, as well as for private parties, and been amply paid for the same, earning thousands of dollars in rewards for trailing down criminals. All this has been profitably invested in American soil and realty. On first arriving in Pennsylvania, I filed my intention of citizenship. During the Pittsburg railroad troubles I got in some good business, and my transportation was

assured almost anywhere I cared to go. My life has been a busy one. You see all those books and papers. I, too, have been studying the history of my adopted country, as well as Alva. Have been especially interested in reading Irish history, the last year, from away back. What do I think of this country? With all its imperfections the American government has no peer. Any citizen, worthy the name, should be interested in the great questions and mighty issues pressing forward for adjustment. And after this you will realize why I so bitterly oppose the giant liquor curse that morally and financially overshadows all others. Do not tell me the laws in this state cannot be enforced. I know better. If a man out in the mountains of Tennessee, Kentucky or Arkansas, miles from settlements, is moonshining five gallons a week and carrying it off on a mule, the federal government will kill or capture and pen the mooner, if it takes the lives of half a dozen brave revenue men. Then the governor of this state, with his attorney general, more than one hundred high sheriffs and their deputies, two justices of the peace and their constables in every township, police courts, judges, city mayors and marshals, and regiments of cops, whose sole duty is to conserve the law and order, backed up by the moral support of the many thousands of teachers, and civil officials, sworn to uphold and enforce the constitutional and statutory laws—and whine that it "Can't be done." The White Caps of Indiana, the Bald Knobbers of Missouri, the Ku-Klux of Georgia, and other outcroppings of that "Can't" philosophy, is foreshadowed in the Order of the Mystic Brotherhood. The state is in a condition of organized anarchy. The men, and I know many of them, who would ride down this law, would destroy every other, if possible. This matter must be settled by ballots or bullets. The officary who connive at and cringe before imported outlaws will be responsible for the death and destruction that will surely follow, if allowed to run a while longer. Don't imagine for a moment that I am a crank or a fanatic. Bless you my whole life has been passed in dealing with the miserable curse and its supporters. I could write a chapter on the dark side of this matter that would startle the nation.

"No, the churches as such will never enforce the law against liquor and drunkenness. As long as the politicians want liquor it will be sold openly or covertly. Patriots and politicians must decide in the caucus and convention. Some of these are church members, but as a rule that will not materially influence their action in the premises. Prayers, ringing resolutions and temperance pledges alone will not even check the awful flood of iniquity. As one county attorney said: "I don't care how much they pray for my opponent, if they only vote for me." One vote in a close precinct or district is more value than one of Talmage's temperance sermons in the Sunday papers. As a man of the world I don't bank much on popular christianity.

"But, Mr. Chapman, I don't want you to think any of this applies to you or your religion. I have bought me a Bible, and DeRolf and I have been looking these things up. He more than I. If there is a genuine christianity you have it, and we bid you God speed."

All this had been delivered in Tom's inimitable style in less time than it takes to read it.

"Well, boys," said Oliver Chapman, "I am glad you are thinking. I am better pleased that you



are reading, and my prayer is that God will lead and guide you both. We doubt if the circulation of those popular sermons in the dailies conduce to piety or a deeper work of grace. One thing is certain, God will not hold any man guiltless if he does wrong, no matter what the excuse. What is morally wrong can never be religiously right. Try these by the Word of God and it is easy to decide all. I see you already have finer discrimination of right and wrong than thousands of professing christians care to acknowledge. The world wants just such christians as you will both make when you accept Christ. You are patriots already. Live up to the light as you receive it."

Alva DeRolf was a mystic. He had traveled in the far east. He was constantly surprising his friends with quaint and novel ideas: "Mind moves the Universe. Intelligence is all powerful. There can be no motion without thought. The invisible, unseen forces, all about and around us are infinitely more real than the visible and material. Electricity and magnetism are supposed to be very near the borderland between mind and matter. There is always something wonderful and weird about the occult. That cold type can create consciousness, feeling and emotion in the reader; that the monotonous click of the telegraph can convey absolute knowledge and information; that the telephone can transmit the human voice, annihilating time and space; that in the phonograph even the individual tone and personality is stored on the metal roller, to be reproduced years after the speaker has returned to dust; then the ignorant and superstitious doubt mental telepathy and clairaudience, and while looking in the kinetoscope will sneer at clairvoyance. They see the lodestone. They experiment with the galvanic battery. They watch the subtle influence of the horseshoe magnet diffuse a thousand nails or needles, until every one will lift a dozen. They see its force undiminished, and that it will lift as it did before to a hairs-weight, then they will scoff at hypnotism and mesmerism. They will discourse volubly of x-rays and wireless telegraphy, and mock at premonitions, presentiments and prayer. They accumulate electricity in the dynamo or leyden jar, but can not understand the religious revival and campmeeting, or the political caucus and rally, that bubbles and boils over with piety and patriotic enthusiasm. They realize why a person may be a mathematician, musician or logician, but fail to comprehend why any one should be a zealous patriot, preacher or philanthropist.

"Applying all this, and much more, the profound thinker understands perfectly why the students of political economy and civil government in the colleges, universities, and higher institutions of learning in Austria, Russia, Germany, and other monarchial countries, in reading and pondering the constitution, laws and principles of the United States, should become imbued and enthused with Americanism. Their minds are in a searching and receptive condition. They are unconsciously, nevertheless surely in touch, rapport and harmony with the vibrations, pulsations and waves of mentality of seventy-five millions of reading, thinking, patriotic freemen. This moves the student mind to thought, expression and action. Hence, as every graduating class swells the volume of personal independence in those several countries, fed from

this vast reservoir of human liberty, there are periodical outbreaks and clashings between the republican and monarchial forces in those countries. And this will go on until popular government will hold universal sway. The American college boy or girl, the pupil in the public school, who evolves an essay or delivers a stirring oration on governmental science and patriotic themes, as well as the sermon or editorial, adds to the sum total of this mystic but far-reaching influence for universal emancipation. How careful, therefore, and glad we should be to do something at least toward the world's political redemption."

Often when in earnest converse, with Alva's penetrating gaze upon him, Tom would turn pale and throw up his hand in a dazed and helpless way. He seemed paralyzed and glued to the chair. But a snap of Alva's fingers would break the spell. He could not understand Alva's strange power over people. "I would give more for that eye," he would say to himself, "than for the best gun ever made. I have seen him quell a hundred desperate men with that voice, a look and a wave of the hand."

Chapman would smile amusedly at Tom's discomforture, should he chance to be present. In fact he seemed possessed with the same peculiar power. All leaders and reformers, religiously, socially and politically have this characteristic in a greater or less degree. It impelled Peter the Hermit in those mighty crusades that overran Europe. It surrounded Joan of Arc at the head of the French army and struck terror to men who had never known defeat. It can not be explained. It may be used for the best or worst of purposes.

(To be continued.)

### Those Naughty Slot Machines

#### EDITOR SMASHER'S MAIL:

There are four card playing, euchre-deck slot machines, fixed like loaded dice, or three-card monte packs, at the Topeka transfer station tobacco cafe, to beat the suckers out of their money. Talking with the chief of police he explained that the machines always gave the player something, therefore could not be prosecuted or abated. That is, the player gets at least one cheap cigar, with the bare chance of winning more. Thus, if the gambling hells will put up a cigar on every game to the loser, they can play for any amount above that. Hence, when the little boys shoot craps again, they must see that the boy who puts up a nickel, dime or quarter, and loses, gets at least a penny. Is not that a beautiful way for men with hair on their faces to beat the devil about the bush. The impression is that politics might make a big difference in gambling devices. At a town in Missouri six little negro boys were fined by a justice of the peace for shooting craps at a nickel and penny ante, and the same paper that gave their names told how a wealthy church sister had won a five dollar vase playing "progressive euchre,"—progressive gambling—in a parlor, and was unmolested. I have known pious church members, who stood aghast at a lot of loafers playing poker in a livery barn, to have parties in the drawing-room with the same kind of cards in the hands of their own children. I have known



fast young men to run a horse race on a Missouri common at ten dollars a side, were jerked up in court and fined like blazes; served them just right. In the same county a pious sister conated a frosted cake, a sad-faced deacon put a five dollar ring into it and the biggest sport in the neighborhood raffled it off for fifty dollars, and pshaw, no one thought of indicting the religious outfit for gambling. If a man steals a twenty dollar calf, he is branded as a thief, and sent to prison; if he robs the people of a round million, he is called a railroad magnate, sent to congress or elected governor. Any one can see the difference and yet it is a distinction without a difference. Like the father who smoked stoggies and whaled his son for smoking cigarettes. Bob Burdette is a pretty smart man and he said: "If you want to train a child up in the way he should go, just go that way yourself, once in a great while."

What a strange old world this is anyhow.

RAY RAND.

## "Poetic Gems"

### Revenue On Rum

Our coffers fill with sordid gold,  
No matter what is bought or sold,  
We'll rob the many, help the few,  
All this, and more for revenue.

I saw a voter, asked him why  
He'd cast his vote that men might die,  
And thus this deathly course pursue?  
He answered, "Just for revenue."

The aldermen in council meet,  
To raise more funds, repair the street,  
They've struck a plan, though fiendish clue—  
We'll tax saloons for revenue.

The barber, oh his wretched lot,  
The dimes are coming, "git," get, got,  
Good lord, good devil, black or blue,  
My razor cuts for revenue.

The preacher smirks (we'll call no names)  
His coffers wax, his conscience wanes,  
And shouts for gilded, crowded pew,  
"Glory to God," for revenue.

See fathers reeling o'er the grave,  
And mothers sinking—naught can save,  
But what care we, we want our due  
Though thousands die for revenue.

I saw the bride, with rosy cheek,  
Her actions graceful, manners meek,  
Later: behold the palid hue,—  
The flower was plucked for revenue.

The babe upon its mother's breast,  
Its innocence demands sweet rest.  
Here comes its coffin—cheap, but new,  
The child was slain for revenue.

Oh! baffled hopes and falling tears,  
Millions of souls, millions of years.  
But what care we, a drunken crew,  
We'll sell you all for revenue.

One other thought—the judgment day,  
The speechless many, naught can say,  
'Tis whispered by the injured few,  
They've sold themselves for revenue.

Once more I look, oh slighted grace—  
'Tis Judas like, they fill their place.  
God's thundering verdict claims its due—  
They've sold their heaven for revenue.

In hell they lift their baleful eyes  
With doleful groans and piteous cries,  
Such shrieks on earth none ever knew—  
'Tis called "Perpetual Revenue."

### Dominus Vobiscum

O, Universal Spirit, brood upon the air  
In Wichita, and shed one halo o'er the place!  
When danger lurked around our ancient queen,  
and fair,  
And threatened her and all her kin, her native  
race,  
'Twas thine own will did intervene, and turned  
the tide  
Of woe from innocence to guilt, that it might  
ride  
The guilty party down, and shield the pure in  
grace.

Sure, faith is weak, but canst thou, wilt thou  
hear our prayer,  
And make the prison tremble neath the seem-  
ly cell,  
The rushing mighty sweep of denser, nether air  
The presence of a heavenly spirit, there to tell  
The sympathy immortal spirit always feels  
For kindred soul who makes direct appeals?  
O, let thy power lift them up to thee, as well.

Like Paul of old, and Silas, may they sing aloud,  
An earthquake spring the bolts that here are  
tightly set,  
And darkness vanish from the scene, like fleeting  
cloud,  
To find thy trusted ones within the cell, as yet  
Awaiting higher functions that must bring them  
out,  
In quietude, no loud command, nor yet a shout,  
While Cynthia, in crescent form, declines to set.  
Joseph Makinson, Holdrege, Nebraska.

### "RUM"

[A temperance lecture derived from a visit to the Tombs  
Police Court.]

Behold the creature passing there  
With tattered clothes, disheveled hair—  
He shuffles on with footsteps slow—  
Trembling and weak, his head bow'd low.  
Ah, me! I know his story well,  
How from his grand estate he fell.  
I knew him as a bright-eyed boy,  
His father's pride, his mother's joy;  
In manhood, wealth at his command,  
High among men he took his stand,  
When lo! the wily tempter came  
And barred the gate that led to fame—  
You see him now an abject slave—  
Until he fills a pauper's grave—to rum.

Another victim tottered by  
With bloated features, watery eye,  
And even now for liquor begs.  
From misery's cup she'd drained the dregs  
In police station passed the night.



"What brings her to this sorry plight?"  
 They say she once was young and fair,  
 With laughing eyes and glossy hair;  
 She's been—you'd scarce believe it true—  
 A happy bride, a mother, too.  
 Her child, then husband, stricken down.  
 She sought the glass, her grief to drown!  
 Downward she went, they seldom pause—  
 One simple word explains the cause—it's rum.

Approaches now a man of wealth,  
 His face aglow with life and health.  
 A diamond from his breast does flash;  
 They say his clothes are lined with cash.  
 Who is this person great and grand  
 Who meets his friends on every hand?  
 A legislator great is he  
 In this, the land of liberty.  
 A chosen one to make our laws,  
 He also owns five liquor stores.  
 The stuff that made of others tramps  
 Procured for him both power and stamps,  
 In truth, 'tis but a fatal game.  
 The losers have themselves to blame—and  
 rum.

—Ed Gardenier, in Brooklyn Eagle.

### "God Bless Our Carrie Nation"

May she live to see the day,  
 When the liquor traffic will be no more,  
 When the traffic of the devil  
 Will all be swept away  
 And God's peace remain supreme from shore  
 to shore.

God bless the hatchet wielder,  
 May it never cease to strike,  
 Till it drives the cursed intemperance from  
 our land;  
 Let us stand for God and duty,  
 Till we gain the Eden of beauty  
 And be what God designed for us,  
 A happy union band.

God bless our Carrie Nation,  
 Give her courage, strength, and might,  
 To go forth in former battlements arrayed,  
 Till this cursed intemperance,  
 Will be driven from our shore,  
 From every village, hamlet and the glade.

O, God raise up a million,  
 Of our Carrie Nation minds,  
 That they may fight for freedom, from the  
 thrall.  
 Let's join our hands with Carrie  
 And do not let us tarry,  
 Oh, let us toil for Jesus one and all.

### John Brown's Spirit

John Brown's spirit has come back to Kansas-  
 land,  
 John Brown's spirit has come back to Kansas-  
 land,  
 John Brown's spirit has come back to Kansas-  
 land,

His soul goes marching on.

Chorus:

Glory, Glory hallelujah, etc.

John Brown leads the way down in Kansas-land,  
 John Brown leads the way down in Kansas-land,  
 John Brown leads the way down in Kansas-land,  
 His soul goes marching on.

Chorus.

John Brown's hatchet now dissects the whiskey  
 joints,  
 John Brown's hatchet now dissects the whiskey  
 joints,  
 John Brown's hatchet now dissects the whiskey  
 joints,  
 His soul goes marching on.

Chorus.

He smashes up the fixtures and he pours the  
 liquor out,  
 He smashes up the fixtures and he pours the  
 liquor out,  
 He smashes up the fixtures and he pours the  
 liquor out,  
 His soul goes marching on.

Chorus.

He'll protect our Carrie Nation way down in  
 Kansas-land,  
 He'll protect our Carrie Nation way down in  
 Kansas-land,  
 He'll protect our Carrie Nation way down in  
 Kansas-land,  
 His soul goes marching on.

Chorus.

Minneapolis, Minn. . . . Lyman W. Denton.

### Carrie Nation's Temperance Hatchet

(TUNE—"YANKEE DOODLE")

Since Carrie Nation's felt the blight  
 Of dreadful Mr. Rum-power,  
 She goes to work with all her might  
 And chops him by the hour.

Chorus:

Carrie Nation's come to town  
 And with her "Temperance Hatchet,"  
 With courage rare and will to dare  
 We hope that you can match it.

Chorus.

She felt the heart ache and the pain  
 Of cruel Rum's dominion,  
 And all her work will not be vain,  
 Tho' chopping but one pinion.

Chorus.

He never now can fly so high  
 But that the law will catch him,  
 And he will always be more shy  
 Since Carrie had to "hatch" him.

Chorus.

(In singing, "hold" last word, in third line of  
 Chorus.)

Hutchinson, Kan.

Essie Wilder S.



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