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Smasher's Mail, Vol. 1, No. 12, 1901

Carrie Amelia Nation

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THE SMASHER'S MAIL

PRICE 5 CTS.

VOL. I.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, NOVEMBER, 1901.

NO. 12.

SUB. 50¢ PER YEAR.

"Peace On Earth, Good Will Toward Men."



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NICHOLS AND
DAVIDSON.

Carrie Nation, Your Loving Home Defender.

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Opinions

LORD SHAFTESBURY said that six out of ten lunatics in the English asylums were made such by drink.

"It is a financial curse. Nothing is so pauperizing to the individual and to the country as the drink habit."—Prof. A. M. Phelps.

"GREATER calamities are inflicted on mankind by intemperance than by the three great historic scourges, war, pestilence, and famine."

—Gladstone.

"I HAVE seen man after man, wealthy and educated, come into my saloon, who cannot now buy his dinner. I can recount twenty custom-

ers, worth from \$100,000 to \$500,000, who are now without money, place, or friends."

—Mr. Stacy, ex-saloon keeper of New York.

Dr. F. R. LEES makes this startling statement: "There are in England one million of paupers receiving relief from the public funds, and another million on the verge of pauperism, living (or starving) on charity. About every eighth person is either beggar or pauper or criminal, or publican (rumseller) who creates him, or policeman who catches him, or judge who tries and condemns him."

WHEN Gen. W. H. Harrison was a candidate for the presidency, he stopped with some friends at Chester, Pa., for dinner. He was urged to drink. In giving his reasons for declining, he said: "I am one of a class of seventeen young men who graduated, and the other sixteen filled drunkard's graves, all through the pernicious habit of wine drinking."

WISE DIRECTION AT A CRITICAL PERIOD

DR. ADOLPH KOHUT in his recent work, "Furst Bismarck und die Frauen," reveals an interesting fact concerning the influence that shaped the career of the great German. As translated in a recent review in the Independence, Dr. Kohut says, speaking of the relation between Bismarck and his mother:

He wanted to study at Heidelberg. She determined to guard him from the influence of a too free student-life; she was particularly averse to Heidelberg, where a terrible quantity of beer was drunk—for to beer-drinking she was decidedly opposed. As an obedient son, he complied with her wishes, and went to more staid Gottingen, to the university of a more renowned world.

HUXLEY ON ALCOHOL

In a letter published in his "Life and Letters," replying to a question as to what he thought of alcohol as a stimulant to the brain in mental work, Professor Huxley said:

"Speaking for myself—and perhaps I may add for persons of my temperament—I can say without hesitation that I would just as soon take a dose of arsenic as I would of alcohol under such circumstances. Indeed, on the whole, I should think the arsenic safer, less likely to lead to physical and moral degradation. It will be better to die outright than to be alcoholized before death. If a man cannot do brain work without stimulants of any kind, he had better turn to hard work. It is an indication on nature's part that she did not mean for him to be a head worker."

A RUMSELLER'S STORY

(Here is a very fine little story which a good friend of THE SMASHER'S MAIL has kindly contributed:)



MAN named Stacy, the owner of a splendid drinking saloon in New York City, signed the pledge lately and closed his house.

Hearing that a party of lads had formed themselves into a temperance society he went to them and gave them his experience as a rumseller.

We repeat some of his recollections for our larger audience.

"I sold liquor," said Mr. Stacy, "for eleven years—long enough for me to see the beginning and end of its effects. I have seen a man take his first glass of liquor in my place, and afterward fill the grave of a suicide. I have seen man after man, wealthy and educated, come into my saloon, who cannot now buy his dinner. I can recall twenty customers worth from one hundred thousand to five hundred thousand dollars, who are now without money, place, or friends."

He warned the boys against entering saloons under any pretext. He stated that he had seen many a young man, member of a temperance society, come in with a friend and wait while he drank. "No, no," he would say, "I never touch it. Thanks all the same." Presently, rather than seem churlish, he would take a glass of cider or harmless lemonade. "The lemonade was nothing," said the rumseller, "but I knew how it would end. The only safety, boys, for any man, no matter how strong his resolution, is outside the door of the saloon."

SELFISHNESS

SELFISHNESS is the parent of crime. All crime and corruption, both in public and private life, finds its origin in self! Every drop of blood shed in battle,

every tear coerced by poverty, every sigh for "lost happiness" in life, is a tribute—yes, a sacrifice—demanded in the worship of self. Two thousand years of Christianity have scarcely made an impression on the "old evil," for it is a notorious and disgusting fact, that an appeal to man's baser instincts brings a readier response than an appeal to his higher nature.

A CONVERTED PREACHER

By Rev. N. W. Talbot



IT will be a very great surprise to my friends to see my statement in the Standard: I have quit cigar smoking.

Mrs. A. J. Parks, of Fort Worth, was visiting at Eolian during my meeting at that place, and on invitation of her many friends, she conducted for us a children's meeting.

Being one of the children yet less than 30 years of age, I attended, hoping to get some lesson of great value in after years.

Mrs. Parks told us we must learn how and choose in regard to every thing, but in religion we must choose between right and wrong, and whatever side we choose, our choice includes everything on that side. She then began to enumerate the things on the side of wrong, and alas! she said smoking was wrong.

I frankly confess I sat there with my cigars in my pocket, wondering what to do.

At last my decision made: I will tell these children I will smoke no more. I broke my cigars in their presence and, flinging them to the ground, vowed before God and man I would smoke no more. Many of them vowed with me to make clean their mouths. Hope others may follow our example. Thank God for the coming of Mrs. Parks.

THE ELECTRO-MEDICATED OZONE TREATMENT.

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By this new method no medicine is given or applied except in the form of Electro-Medicated Ozone, which is absorbed into the system through the pores of the skin purifying the blood, strengthening the nerves force, and accomplishing more of an equalization of the circulating fluids of the human system, and assisting nature in effectually relieving more aches, pains and diseases than can be effected by any other treatment. It is pleasant, safe, rational and effective, and we invite every person afflicted to visit us in order to be convinced that there never existed a remedy so immediate in its effect, so universal in its character and scope, so simple and safe in its application. Consultation Free.

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The Smasher's Mail.

Devoted to the surpression of
the Liquor Traffic in all its
branches and ruinous outcroppings
in our broad land. * *
The only paper of its kind. *
Unique. Original. Sparkling.
Published at Topeka, Kans.,
by the originator of this new
movement. * * * * *

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Smasher's Mail

Price 5 Cents

Vol. 1, No. 12

Topeka, Kansas, November, 1901

Whole No. 12

"Peace On Earth, Good Will Toward Men"

SPIRITUAL VICTORY

FORWARD

BY MARY WILLOUGHBY

KEEP strong, brave heart, while you climb
life's height

Let no wound wring cry nor moan;
Take thorn for spur, and by will's sheer might
Turn each rock to stepping-stone."

In gale and storm let your courage ring,
Trust God and your good right hand;
Life then to you shall rich largess bring
And you a conqueror stand.

EDITORIAL

My Eastern Trip

SOME of my friends wonder why I stay east. I stayed in Kansas. I took the cowhide in Kansas, I suffered the lies told about me in Kansas, I paid my lawyer in Kansas, I stayed in the filthy quarantined jail with the ravings of the maniac and the cigarette smokers and have now inflammation of the bronchi which has deprived me of my voice. I struggled with poverty beside and the last time I was in jail in Topeka I did not have means enough to buy food. I lived almost exclusively the 18 days on salt-rising bread and milk and people I owed was at the window almost making me wild with duns for money which I owed them. I

have been robbed and slandered there and while in jail the last time the man whom I cooked and washed for and partially supported 25 years sued me for a divorce. J. E. Furlong wrote me he would assist me out of jail if I would fill some dates and so I came east and have worked and am paying the debts I owe in Kansas. I will say of Kansas I love her and her cause. I have some friends in Topeka who worked so hard to help me and did raise 70 dollars. Dr. Harding and Mrs. Goodman and others—may God bless them. I have not deserted the only state which is loyal to the constitution, for all states where one of these criminal factories are licensed are anarchists. The supreme court has decided the liquor traffic has no inherent rights. Kansas leads the hosts back to the rights of men and women to protect their homes, their wives, and their little ones. I will return when I have gone to a few places more. I have found so many friends here, indeed the world is my home. I meet brothers and sisters, mothers and fathers wherever I go. I hope my friends will help me with my magazine, SMASHER'S MAIL. Send in your subscriptions, it is only 50 cents a year. I have spent so much money to get this before the people and struggled so hard myself in defence of your home, lend a helping hand to the woman. Jesus said: "She hath wrought a good work on me."

**Why I Said I Would Publish
Whiskey And Tobacco
Adds**

Colorado Springs, Colo., Aug., 15, 1901.
Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kas.

Dear Sister:—Since receiving your letter, received a copy of "SMASHER'S MAIL," and was very much pained as well as surprised at a statement in the Editorial, which says, "Yes I will advertise whiskey and tobacco." We are at a loss to know how you can justify yourself at all. Where is the difference between renting property for such purposes and receiving money for advertising the business? Your calling seems to be to "Smash" the whiskey concerns and you offer in your paper to help build up their trade.

We are keeping quiet and waiting for an answer from you.

In His Name,

Anna D. Chamberlain.

SOME have wondered why I said in my July issue, I would advertise tobacco and whiskey. It was for this reason—you can not knock a man down unless he is in front of you. I wanted a chance to speak of the dangers of the use of such poisons. Let them tell of their merits and by contrast I would tell of the death in the pot. I have offered parties a space, I will give it to them free of charge. For instance—"Chew Bull Dog Twist," this is a disgrace to the dog for he would not chew what a man chews, he would be a "no account dog" if he did. "Chew Polar Bear." This is another libel on the polar bear for although he is but a beast of a bear he would not offend his native appetite and exchange his animal smell for the horrid stink of a nicotine soaked man, and so on. Nowadays we have to cause people to think by dressing up in severe words that the quality of truth may be the only one. People have dressed up a lie in a white dress with a blue sash long enough. You see I never get an add although I will take one for nothing. I do hope my readers will "catch me" before long.

Does your friend take THE SMASHER'S MAIL? Why not get them to subscribe?

MY EXPERIENCE AT WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA

I CAME here on Sunday Oct. 6, over the B. and O. Spoke at the Fair grounds, went to Stamm Hotel. Was invited to speak at First Christian Church which I did, after the sermon. Made an appointment to speak there again the next day, at three o'clock and also at night. I did so. After the night service in walking down street, I stopped in at one of the dram shops intending to lecture the bartender for plying his murderous trade. I spoke a few words when a man came catching me by the shoulder, saying: "You get out of here." I asked: "What for? What have I done to be made to get out?" He said: "Get out!" I replied: "Are you the proprietor?" Again he repeated: "Get out!" "Who are you?" I asked. He replied: "I am an officer! You get out and come along."

I was pulled along to the police station and went before the chief who read to me an ordinance preventing one from raising a riot etc.

I said: "I am not guilty of such." He said: "We do not allow women in saloons." "Neither ought you to allow men," I replied. He wanted me to promise him that I would not go in any more. I said: "I could not do so, for as a christian I must rebuke, reprove, exhort, with all long suffering and doctrine."

I was then taken before the mayor at about twelve o'clock at night. I had no witnesses, the officer who arrested me swore to a lie. The city lawyer asked the mayor to impose a punishment on me. Pressure was brought to bear on me to compel me to promise that I would not go in a saloon while in Wheeling, W. Va. I said: I will make no such promise. I am a free American citizen. I am a christian. God commands us to go into the highways and hedges of sin. Whether it is lawful for me to hearken unto God

rather than men Judge ye."

I received quite a lengthy admonition from the mayor. Especially did he wish me to understand that Wheeling was a great city and the authorities were fully capable of administering all the law and order necessary. I thought of the numerous criminal factories, the tobacco dens, the four streets that this same mayor could clean up. I was given \$20 fine and costs and 30 days in jail. I was taken to my cell, (it was clean!) and put in charge of one of the best jailers I ever saw. Found a Bible and read a part of the blessed love letter.

There were just two thin mattresses on one of the iron beds with no springs. With some clothes under my head for a pillow I retired. Now, after there was a little nibble made at my little nose, I saw by the dim light that I was to have these fragrant little bugs as bed-fellows. I had to do a little smashing, and then I went to sleep.

Next day was a busy one. Bro. C. C. Bruner, Temperance Evangelist, brought me a lawyer who was to take me out under a writ of habeas corpus, but finally it was arranged that I take an appeal. I gave a bond of one hundred dollars for my appearance in November.

I was never so fairly treated by the news papers of any place as by those of Wheeling. Column after column appeared morning and evening and all in sympathy with the poor Kansas woman that lifted the axe in defence of those she loved—those her Savior loves. While in jail I found a lovely girl who had become intoxicated by drink she had bought on the Sunday before. This same mayor put her in without a trial and gave her six months, while the man who sold it to her went free. I secured her release and paid her way home, she saying she would never drink again.

There was another party who was in

there forty days for drunkenness who was made glad by Carrie Nation being put in jail. Oh, now it is not being in jail with no means to buy a meal, no money to pay fines, no friends to help you! God is so good to me! I have money to help myself, and others.

A Good Letter

Wheeling W. Va., Oct. 9th, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Sister in Christ:—We are heartily glad for your visit to Wheeling and I will enclose the little item in the morning paper (The Intelligencer) showing you how the Mayor of this city is up a tree. You helped to take his picture. And you did not pose as an artist either. Well thank God for your visit to Wheeling, come back as soon as you can—we will do all we can for you. I have in my possession a few of your little hatchets and will sell them for you. Am sorry I could not be at the meeting last night, I had an appointment in the country and was compelled to leave soon after dinner. Am glad you can go through by God's help. While waiting in the attorneys office yesterday I composed three verses for Carrie Nation and she shall have them later. God bless you always. Victory is coming.

C. C. Bruner.

Questions For Mayor Sweeney

From Wheeling Intelligencer

1. Is it true that "every saloon in Wheeling is permitted to do business on the Sabbath day in direct violation of the city statutes?" (See yesterday's News.)

2. Is it not your sworn duty to see to it that this violation of law ceases, if question No. 1 be answered in the affirmative.

3. Are you trying to perform this duty?

4. If you are not trying to impartially enforce all the laws, don't you think that in deference to the law abiding citizens and tax payers that you had better resign and let us have a mayor who will see to it that the laws are impartially enforced.

5. If you will neither try to enforce all the laws nor resign, do you not think that council should impeach you?

6: Will the mayor kindly answer these questions, so that the law abiding public may be honestly informed?

Wheeling, Oct. 8.

CITIZEN.

Mrs. Nation Thinks Justice A Little Awry

Made A Discovery While An Inmate Of The Wheeling Jail—Talks To The Point

THE DISPATCH BUREAU,
WHEELING, Oct. 8.

Carrie Nation, contrary to general impression, has not a manager who travels with her, but only one who makes her dates. So the successful effort to effect her release was started by one of her sympathizers. In the meantime she spent the day in jail, singing hymns and urging the prisoners to lead better lives. "I found one woman, Ella Clites by name," she said, "who was given a six-month sentence without trial for drunkenness. She bought her liquor on Sunday, and I've secured two affidavits to that effect. I will furnish her the money to get a writ of habeas corpus, and intend prosecuting the saloon man for Sunday selling on my return. The woman has promised me to quit drinking, and I want to know why she was punished and the saloonist was not."

Spiritualism Or Witchcraft

THIS device of Satan has been in the world since the beginning. God gives Satan certain prerogatives. The devil tempts but God always provides a way of escape and when a man is tempted he is drawn away of his own lusts and enticed. When a man is thus tempted and he gets the victory he is made the stronger. We have seen many degrees of unbelief but we believe that Spiritualism is the lowest. It is giving place to seducing spirits and God says for this cause He will send them strong delusion that they may believe a lie that they may be damned because they receive not the love of the truth. God told Moses he must not suffer a witch (medium) to live. I have thoroughly investigated this and find the end to be destruction. It ends in licentiousness and worship of the animal, not the spiritual. I should like to meet any of these witches or wizards in public discussion of this devil's doctrine which is a lie from beginning to end. Who is a liar

but he that denieth that Jesus is the Christ? And Spiritualists say that Jesus was a medium or wizard!

TRAVELS HERE AND THERE

My Visit To Buffalo Exposition



HERE for the second time. I announced to reporters on my arrival that I would lecture here free of charge if a place of meeting should be arranged. Only one place has been opened to me—a saloon owned by Mr. Fenton in which there is a theatre attached. I requested that the prostitutes of the town be invited and so they were. I had a large responsive audience from the highways and hedges. These are what filled the empty seats at the wedding feast. I find it a joy to take food to the hungry and drink to the thirsty.

FRIENDS IN THE EAST

I AM so glad I came east. God knows where he wants me. I would not have had the pleasure of seeing my dear friends east if my friends in Kansas had paid me out of jail. I should have spent most of this time in Kansas. As it is I know this tour has been for profit. I shall return almost if not entirely out of debt.

Hurrah For New Hampshire

IN traveling through New York I felt something like Elijah when he told the Lord to take him from the earth, that it was enough because the poor discouraged prophet thought that God had no body that was true to Him but himself. God said he had seven thousand that had

not bowed the knee to Baal. So the brave patriotic little state of New Hampshire is another little tug boat that is faithfully steaming her course through the opposing stream. We shall look up and smile when we think of New Hampshire.

Mrs. Nation A Wonderful Woman

MRS. CARRIE NATION arrived on first train Aug. 20 and met with a warm reception as she appeared in the door of the car and was ushered through the Assembly gate amid shouts and hand clapping. Carrie Nation is a wonderful woman. Her addresses in afternoon and evening were well received by a large and appreciative audience.

In the afternoon she spoke to one of the largest audiences gathered on the Assembly grounds this season. Her address was a characteristic one, in which she denounced all forms of vice and intemperance. She lamented that she had not taken to the hatchet 30 years ago, and expressed the belief that she would have to answer for the work she had left undone during that time. She laid the charge of existing evils at the door of the preachers and Christians, saying that they are not doing what they might to rid the world of the existing evils. She expressed the opinion they are cowardly and afraid to do their duty. She gave cigarette-smokers a scathing such as a woman only could do, and pleaded for a revolution along those lines.

She was loudly applauded and received cheers and encouragement in her work at every turn. At the close of her address, she sold pictures. She spoke again in the evening.—Ex.

The furnace of adversity withers false friendships and welds true ones.—Baptist Standard.

Men have the same moral right to sell liquor that they have to commit murder. Florida Temperance Herald.

ADDITIONAL EDITORIAL

AT all the meetings I hold I desire the presence of the children and no charge at the door for them.

THE prayers of all Saints are requested that THE SMASHER'S MAIL may be sustained by the power of God and for the love of God and humanity.

WHILE in New York City, Mr. Klopsch of the Christian Herald gave me a blessed Bible from which I read every day in my travels.

I DESIRE that friends of this great war for "Peace on earth good will to men," will send in articles for our magazine, good clippings and poetry, as well as letters helping to bring to an end this anarchy, death and misery.

I WILL say to my friends and the people at large that in having dental work done in Topeka, not to go to Dr. De Obert, for he made a failure of what he did for me and refused even to try to make a satisfactory job. Such workmen should give place to better.

MY engagement with J. E. Furlong closed the middle of October. I am glad to say to my friends that in his dealings with me he has proven himself a friend, and strictly straight in all business transactions, and through his management I have been enabled to raise sufficient means to almost get me out of debt in Kansas.

I DESIRE that SMASHER'S MAIL shall be the Peoples' paper. I wish all women to feel free to write their sorrows in its columns. Poor women, my sisters who have mourned and wept and prayed in silence, now is your time to cry aloud and spare not. Let your voice be lifted on high.

Rachel wept for her children and would not be comforted because they are not. Jesus said: "Weep for yourselves and your children," and while we weep let us work. Let us demand protection. God is ready to help us. Do not delay, but all over this land let the women Rise and resist the devil. God told you to resist the devil and he will flee. There will be no bloodshed and no one will be defeated but the devil for he hates a woman and her offspring. The dragon follows the woman and her child. Don't forget the hatchet!

At High Mass, Buffalo, Oct. 27

I ATTENDED High Mass in St. Joseph Cathedral. One of the priests, Mr. Percell, was taking up the collection. He came to where I was sitting but the smell of cigarette smoke was so strong about him that I could not refrain from a rebuke, so I said: "You smell so bad from cigarette smoke."

He said: "Who?"

I said: "You!"

He said: "You are a liar!"

I said: "No I am not, you do smell bad!"

He said: "I will have you put out of this church!"

I said: "I dare you! You are the one that should be put out!"

"He passed on and after Mass I went into the house of the priest's and asked for him. He could not be found but two priests tried to make excuses and treated me well. Said they smoked. I told them God said for them to cleanse themselves from all filthiness of the flesh. That they were making provisions for the flesh to fulfill the lusts thereof. I said: "What a shame for a man to dress like a saint and to smell like a devil!"

One thing I have noticed—that the Catholic schools taught by the Brothers are saturated with vile tobacco smoke. I

would not like to send a son to such a place for that reason alone. There are many things I like about the Catholic church, but why, oh, why is it so silent as a general thing on the liquor traffic? Why are so many of its members in this devil's work? O what a retribution will be theirs when it will be proven that instead of clothing the naked they have robbed children of clothes. Instead of feeding the hungry they have allowed them to starve because their bread was taken to buy drink. They send souls to prison and did not minister to them!

CONTRIBUTED

ONE THING LACKING

BY EVELINE THOMAS



ALCOHOL always has been an opposing element to Christianity and civilization, but instead of marshalling all our forces together and summoning the powers of our inner-selves to check its insidious encroachment on the will power of man, we have grown to look upon it as an unconquerable monster, and the man who succumbs to its influence as a hopeless case of depravity fit only for the flames of hell toward which he rushes with unwanton haste. But this is a mistake for behind the will power of man is the Great Eternal Will. No man or woman ever does become so depraved in this world as to have utterly crushed out of them that little spark of divinity which is somewhere hid in every soul. This, my dear friends, is what we must regenerate before the drunkard's appetite for whiskey can be overcome—before we can cut off the demand for the cursed stuff made by the worm of the still.

Heretofore the prohibitionist has overlooked this great feature of the temperance question and devoted himself almost exclusively to devising ways and means for cutting off the supply for whiskey; but one only need come to Kansas to be convinced that something else must be done before his victory is complete.

In calling your attention to Kansas, I do not wish however, to cast any reflections upon her, for her heroic efforts in trying to conquer this great evil cannot be commended to highly. I wish rather to point out another mode of attack, which if combined with the one now in operation, would increase its strength a hundred fold. That her defense is weak, cannot be denied for besides the hundreds of joints, nearly every drug store in the state sells whiskey—I am sorry to say, by the permission of Uncle Sam. This condition of affairs exist solely because the demand for whiskey has never been cut off.

To emphasize the very important part the demand for whiskey plays in its utter annihilation, I will go so far as to say that if we had prohibition in every state and punished the violation of its laws with fine, imprisonment and even death, unless the demand for whiskey was cut off also, the supply would never cease. No one who has ever had any personal experience with a confirmed inebriate can deny this statement, for they know only too well that the fear of hell, the wrath of God, or the love of humanity are powerless to quench his thirst for strong drink or rend the shackles that bind his soul. They know also that no material remedy has ever been discovered which is subtle enough to resurrect his willpower, and until this is done, all efforts to rescue him from the sea of destruction will have been in vain. "But how can this be done?" you ask. The remedy I would suggest trying, is not of political origin, neither is

its use limited to any particular class of individuals, but its most potent results lay in the hands of the mothers of this land.

As we gaze upon that drunkard in the gutter, we can hardly believe that he was once an innocent babe nestling in the arms of a Christian mother; neither can we conceive how he could have fallen so low as to have brought her down in sorrow to her grave until we have searched the realms of nature for an answer. There we find plainly written by an invisible hand, this statement—"She failed to securely bolt the doors of his child-mind against the evil influences which were brought to bear upon it in after years, and the constant pressure finally weakened his willpower and undermined his better qualities." No matter how hard she tried to do this it is evident that she lacked one thing, and that was a knowledge of the laws which governed the mind and soul of her precious child. And now comes this question: Must woman follow in this mother's footsteps forever, or shall she defy the invisible demon behind which is hidden the golden key of knowledge that will securely lock every door of the child-mind except the one opening toward the Kingdom of Heaven and all that is good? This is for you to answer, mothers, and the fate of a nation depends upon your decision.

To explain my meaning fully, I will say that I know there is some natural process still hidden in the heart of nature by which the drunkard can be taught to let whiskey alone, and the little child made absolutely impervious to its influence; I further believe that this has been partly revealed through science, and that the day is not far hence when every mother will know this secret and use it.

I am aware when I propose that we call to our aid an intelligent use of the laws of psychology, metaphysics and sug-

gestion to overcome this defect in human nature, I'm trampling on the belief of many good christians, and I hear some of them exclaim: "Hypnotism! why that's old Satan's weapon, we'll never dare touch that!" But let me ask all those who still look upon the laws which govern the mind and soul of each individual from that standpoint, this question: With whose sword did David cut Goliath's head off? And while you are contemplating the answer, please allow me to introduce you to that individual's brother—King Alcohol. Behold this second giant, a thousand times more powerful than the first, who is now defying the God of Israel and making his armies tremble for the second time, he too calls for one man whom he may fight single handed, but Christianity knows not whom to send. But, hold! there is one—Uncle Sam, to whom God has sent this message: "Do what Spain has left undone." It is he who must fight this battle! It is he who must become slave or king! His noble efforts in rending the shackles from the slaves of Spain, and planting the flag of freedom in the Philippines, were only a fore-runner of the great war he was soon to wage against King Alcohol in his own domain. And thank God, it has already begun! No one knows more truly than I that Mrs. Nation's little hatchet is sounding the death knell of King Alcohol. It is one of those new tongues with which Christ prophesied we would one day speak, and its language is understood in every clime. So ring! Grandma, ring! Ring oh ring for liberty! If there are not enough saloons and joints left after you get through to be converted into churches to shelter the multitude that come to witness his funeral procession, we'll convert this whole

United States into a tabernacle and cover it with the canopy of heaven for their accommodation.

King Alcohol must die!
Whack! Whack! Whackety, whack!
King Alcohol must die!

* * * * *

As there are many people who still advocate the "Blame, Pity and Prayer-Book Method" of olden times, I'll now try to show them how useless it has ever been in this cause since the world began. The Bible says: "Prayer without works availeth nothing." If you will only consider the meaning of "blame" and "pity" a moment, you will plainly see that they are not the kind of works referred to; for no one ever did remove a drunkard's appetite for whiskey by blaming him for getting drunk, or accomplish anything by putting that worthless weapon "pity" into the hands of a drunkard's wife or child with which to drive that demon drink out of their otherwise happy homes. I can compare this method to nothing so well as those little bushes I used to tie knots in, when a child. It has no backbone in it, yet it is so old it's tough. The most I can say about it is the sooner the civilized world throws it overboard the better. You can pity that drunkard's child forever, and it will never know that it has the power within itself to teach its father to let whiskey alone. You can blame that woman until the end of time, for marrying a man who has no more respect for her, himself and children than to get beastly drunk, go home and drive them all out of the house at midnight, and the most you will ever be able to do, is to break up that home, send the wife out to wash for a living, the children to the orphan's home or some place worse—usually worse,—and the husband headlong toward hell. The joy-lamp in that home will remain unlit forever. So if you have nothing more than "blame" or "pity"

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to offer those whose misfortune it is to suffer for the sins of a nation's ignorance, in the name of all that is good, withhold them. You couldn't light a joylamp in their darkened home with one of them in ten thousand years. Yes, you could blame, and pity, and pray, until the Judgement Day, yet by these means you would never be able to do what some mother has left undone—teach her son to let whiskey alone.

WHEELING!

JOSEPH MAKINSON, HOLDREGE, NEBR.


O! Wheeling, rose amongst the hills,
By laughing waters growing;
The seed that folly always tills
Is never worth the sowing:
Revenge, on hoaryheaded age,
The vent of spleen, and sordid rage,
Is horrible, the knowing.

Dost thou not know, O city fair,
That God still reigns on high?
That he dominion will declare,
And bring his judgement nigh?
Go! count the graves on southern fields,
And know what vice and folly yields,
In sorrow, by and by!

The Universal Spirit knows
The source of evil now,
As when a mighty whirlwind rose
That made the forests bow.
Look up and see the dark portent,
That pauses, ere its force is spent,
A respite, to allow.

TRUTH SPRINGETH OUT OF THE EARTH—(1)
I, THE LORD, HAVE CREATED IT—(2)

J. FLOMERFELT, 1 UNION SQUARE, N. Y.

OW a seed in venom and it will produce a tree of venom (3). Saw a truth in philosophy and it will produce a tree for the healing of a nation. Our whole nation is sick with a disease described in the Bible as "Venom," i. e. "Thou art filled with shame for glory" (4). It is a result of death by fermentation. It is a sin against creation.

Truth springeth out of the earth. How?

The farmer plants corn in the warm moist earth. A day or two after planting he examines a grain and finds it has pushed out into the earth several small fibers. These fibers are conveying back to the germ an invisible substance which the germ sends up toward the sun and air—a blade. This develops into the stalk, then the full corn in the ear. On the ear there are as many fine silky hairs as there are germs on the cob. These germs are all lifeless until from the tassel there falls the invisible life, giving pregation to the silk which conveys it to each germ, making corn a life giving principal—an illustration of eternal life. As all things growing from the earth are so maintained since the day of creation.

This invisible substance is the soul of the grain, the life-giving principal like as Moses says: "For the soul of the flesh is in the blood," (5). It is intensified when fed to animals as we all know in the result of partaking of flesh diet or farinaceous. We could not live long if this invisible principal was destroyed in our food. The Children of Israel ate angel's food, and our Saviour ate after the resurrection, showing to us the need of partaking of food to sustain the soul of our blood. We are particularly instructed not to "Destroy" it (6), because there is a blessing in it. It cannot be destroyed except by fermentation, then being distilled it is death, a result of death, and the life giving principal becomes as Jesus says (7); and the heart is affected as we read (Matt. 15:19) and witnessed by us all in thousands of instances. We see now how this truth springing from the earth is changed into a falsehood of treachery, enlarging itself as hell, and as death, and cannot be satisfied but gathereth up all nations. Shall we continue to be booties unto them?

Kindly read the references:— (1) Ps. 85:11. (2) Isa. 45:8. (3) Hab. 2:15. (4) Hab. 2:16. (5) Lev. 17:11. (6) Isa. 65:8. (7) Matt. 12:43,45.

THE NEEDS OF THE HOUR

Kate Willey

Read at a W. C. T. U. Convention in Bethany, Mo.



TO me it has been assigned the pleasant duty of writing the needs of the hour.

A good solid vote of conscientious men—that are not afraid to vote their sentiments regardless of Political issues—and more consecrated workers---women who are willing to make any sacrifice for the cause of Temperance. Our dear Home Defender, Mrs. Nation, would say, "If it becomes necessary, use the little hatchet." But we will still continue our appeals to the ruling men of this nation.

If they haven't considered how many lives they could save and how much happiness and joy they could bring to the homes and lives of those whom we see and read of filling drunkard's graves, we will continue sending in our petitions. It was very gratifying last year when our petitions were sent in and the reply came back that they would be considered.

Men will legislate to protect birds and beasts of various kinds and these matters may in themselves be of importance, but are we of less importance than they?

They crumble and fall into the merest shadows, compared to the one overwhelming problem that confronts the American government, demanding justice for women and children!

Men, the highest type of animated existence, will treat with utter neglect the most stupendous social condition that now looms up for their consideration.

The protection of animals and birds is a christian duty and we endorse it, but the all important question of today is: How to save our men and boys from premature graves?

Is it any wonder women rise in all the dignity, courage and fortitude they can

summon and say: "There must be something done!"?

Sometimes we get discouraged. But the blessed Star of Hope brightens up our horizon when we remember that no true work since the world began has ever failed. Let patience have her perfect work and bring forth her celestial fruits and may we all realize life is a battle in which there can be no retreat. Every heart has its response and every soul its own responsibility. Our blessed leader's (Francis Willard) highest conception of happiness was to sustain the right, the wrong disdain. How sad we feel when we think of her giving her life for the protection and defense of the laws of our nation. And with all her perseverance and persistent efforts, she had to leave us on the border land, and die before the goal of her aspirations was attained.

But, such is life. We start out in the morning animated by hope and inspired with desire. We dream of beautiful fields, of pleasant homes, with walks bordered with fragrant flowers, and watered by crystal streams. And in our efforts to accomplish good, how often does our imagination and fondest dreams fall short of reality! Thus ever in ebb and flow the irrepressible conflict goes bravely on. Do you suppose the handful of women in the little Ohio town dreamed of the army of white ribboners that would follow them, as they bowed in prayer with their faces uplifted to Jehovah, pleading for home and loved ones? They are sowing the good seed. All nature teaches us we must sow the good seed if we expect to reap the harvest. We plant our seed in the ground and wait for it to germinate and grow. It attracts the dew and sunshine and brings all the forces of nature to its assistance. Think of the products of the minute grain of mustard seed, how it spreads; and the little acorn bringing forth the gigantic oak, and what it

does in the economy of nature.

With an honest purpose as the fixed chart of our nation's course, there is no rock so hidden that we cannot penetrate it; no sea so savage we cannot ride upon it; no storm so wild we cannot weather it; we are ever toiling upward, impelled by that mysterious law that makes the pine to spring toward the sun. Sometimes the progress is by leaps and bounds as if some giant intellect brushes aside all obstructions. We are singularly blest, as no other nation on earth, and are an independent people, or would be, were it not for the bondage of intemperance.

Each nation has a standard by which it is judged. The proudest European Nobleman is but a subject, the humblest American Citizen is a sovereign and realizes that below him are all things animate and inanimate and above him only the eternal King of Kings. Wise and conservative statesmen have torn the diadem from the prince's brow and placed the power of authority in the hands of the people and have given independence to the oppressed of Cuba. Whatever opinion you or I may have on the needs of the hour in the temperance movement now in progress and the multitude of questions growing out of this conflict, I have faith enough in the honesty of the legislators to believe that ere long we shall hear the welcome report: "All is well!"

LET WINE DRINKING OFFICIALS READ THIS AND
MEDITATE

The following pledge, found in a scrap book, was taken from an old almanac of the year 1837:

Being satisfied from observation and experience, as well as from medical testimony, that ardent spirits and drink is not only needless, but hurtful, and that the entire disuse of it would tend to promote the health, the virtue and the happiness of the community, we hereby express our conviction that should the people of the United States, and especially the young


men, discountenance entirely the use of it they would not only promote their personal benefit, but the good of our country and the world.

James Madison,
Andrew Jackson,
John Quincy Adams.

OUR 2 by 4 modern statesmen would be, who look upon liquor with complacency and approval are not setting the young a patriotic example as did those worthies of old.

The Life of Carrie Nation,
The Home Defender

CHAPTER SEVEN

HEN I was a child there was one pleasure above all the rest, and that was, to hear any one "tell tales." When my mother would have a visitor, very frequently the lady would bring a nurse to care for the child or children she might bring with her. Oh, how pleased the black and white children would be to see such visitors! We gathered round and in every way made our pleasure known. Would give them doll rags, or nuts, or apples, and in many ways express our delight at having them come. As soon as they were made comfortable the next thing was, "Tell us a tale." So seating ourselves around on the floor or in a close group we would be all attention. Of course there would be some raw heads and bloody bones, but not as much so as there use to be in the stories told at night in the cabins.

One of the prettiest stories I ever heard and never tired of, was about two girls, the children of a couple who were hard-working, good people. One of the girls was named Sarah, the other Mary. Sarah was a very pretty girl with curls. Mary was rather ugly and had straight hair (curls in my childhood days were

something very much sought for). Although Sarah was pretty in the face, she had very rude ways, she would not speak kindly and politely: would not help her hard-working mother, but was idle and quarrelsome, always wanted someone to wait on her; while Mary was the reverse—would pick up chips to make a fire and would sweep the yard and bring in water and was polite to all, especially to her mother.

One day the well went dry and there was no water to make tea for supper. Mary saw her mother crying and said: "Don't cry, mamma, I will go get some at the 'haunted spring.'"

Her mother said: "Oh, my dear, sweet child, those goblins will kill you!"

"No mother, I will beg them to let me have some water for dear father and I am not afraid."

So her mother got a light bucket for her and went to the top of the hill with her and said: "God bless you, my dear child, and bring you back to me."

So Mary went on till she came to a high iron gate.

She said: "Please, gate, open and let me through. I mind my father and mother and love everybody."

So the gate opened and she passed into the haunted grounds. (By the way, the the darkeys always said "hanted.")

She saw a funny little short man come running with a stick. Mary said: "Please, nice man, don't hit me! I have come down to get some of your good water to make tea for my father's supper. He has been working all day and our well went dry. Please let me have some of your spring water."

"Well, little girl, as you talk so nice, you can have some. Tell the little folks to open the briars for you." So she went on and came to a briar patch and saw, down at the roots, little people not much longer than your finger. Mary spoke so kind to

them. She said she would be so glad if they would open a path for her to walk in, she would thank them so much, so they began to pull the briars back till there was a good path. Mary thanked them and went on till she came to the spring and there was a rabbit jumping up and down in the spring.

Mary said: "Please, Mr. Rabbit, don't muddy the water! I would like to get a bucket of real clean water to take home to make tea for supper."

So the rabbit ran off and she dipped her bucket full of nice water. She looked down the branch and there was a little lamb that had fallen in and was lying down and could not get up. The lamb said: "Little girl, please pick me up and lay me on the grass to dry." So Mary stepped on some rocks till she got to the lamb and she lifted him up and laid him on the bank to dry. The lamb said: "When you go home, spit in your mother's hand."

Mary thought that would not be right but she never said anything. She went through the briar patch and the little folks held them from scratching her and the little old man spoke nice to her and the gate opened for her. Her mother was watching for her and she helped her home with the water and kissed her and she fixed a nice supper for them.

While they were sitting at the table Mary said: "Mother, the little lamb told me to do something I do not like to do."

"What is it?"

"The lamb told me to spit in your hand."

"Well, you can my child. Come on." And her mother held out her hand and Mary spit out a diamond and a pearl.

This made the family happy and rich. They had men come next day to dig a new well.

Now Sarah wished to go down to try her fortune. Her mother did not wish

her to go because she knew what a bad girl she was to talk saucy but Sarah said she would do as well as Mary. Her sister told her how she must do but she got mad at her and said: "You mind your own business, I reckon I know what I am about."

So she took her bucket and went on till she came to the gate, she gave that a kick and said: "Open gate!" and the gate opened and slammed on her.

The little old man came running with his stick. Sarah said: "Don't you hit me, old man. I'll tell my father."

So the old man beat her and the little folks pushed up the briar bushes so she tore her clothes, and scratched her self badly. The little rabbit was in the spring and he jumped up and down and she threw at him, telling him she would knock his head off. But the rabbit jumped up and down till the water was a loblolly of mud, so she had to take muddy water in her bucket. The little lamb had got back in the branch and said: "Please, little girl, pick me up and put me on the bank to dry?"

But Sarah said: "I won't do it!" The lamb said: "Spit in your mother's hand when you go home."

So Sarah had to go through the briars that scratched her and the old man beat her and the gate slammed on her and when her mother met her she was a sight! Her face was dirty, her dress was torn, her legs and hands were scratched and bleeding and her curly hair was in a mass of tangles.

Her mother washed the dirt out of the bucket and scolded her for being naughty. Mary helped to wash and dress her up for supper. Then they all sat down to eat and every one was happy but Sarah, for they had plenty of everything nice. Sarah said: "Mother, the lamb told me to spit in your hand."

"Very well, come on."

So Sarah spit in her mother's hand and out jumped a lizard and a frog.

A child ever so small will see the moral and that tale made an impression on me that I never forgot. Of course the pearls and diamonds were the politeness and kindness which are so beautiful in children and the lizard and frog were for rudeness and impudence. Very often the nurse would say: "Look there, you Sarah, you!" and it did "our quietus make."

I can remember how shocked I would be to think I would ever be like that naughty Sarah. I was, when a child, always doing something. I loved to climb—had a mania for it. Never saw a tall tree that I did not try to climb or wish I could. I used to run bear-headed over the fields and woods with the other children lifting up rocks and logs to look at the bugs and worms. When we found a dead chicken or bird or rat or mouse we would have a funeral. I would usually be the preacher and we would kneel down and while one prayed the rest would look through their fingers to see what the rest were doing.

We would sing and clap our hands and shake hands, then we would play "come to see." I never had but one "store" doll, that was kept in the bureau drawer. We made doll babies out of dresses. My delight was to have one of the colored woman's babies. We would go visiting and take our dolls and would tell of the dreadful times we had and of how mean our husbands were to the children. Sometimes one would tell of how good instead. And then we would catch bees in the althea blooms. One of the delightful pastimes was to make mud cakes and put them on boards to dry. We had a clay that we could mold anything out of—all kinds of animals, and indeed, there were shapes worked out by our little fingers never seen before. I shall write another

chapter or two about the child life among the whites and blacks of the south for it is now a thing of the past and I know the children especially will be interested in it.

TO BE CONTINUED

Mrs. Carrie Nation

THIS noble woman, devoted wife, mother and grandmother, after years of suffering because of the licensed liquor traffic, in her desperation has, by her unexpected attack, on the property of lawless rumsellers, stirred the whole country. Nothing resembling it has occurred since the raid of John Brown who hailed from the same state. And yet the two cases are entirely dissimilar in the fact that John Brown struck a blow for freedom against a legal institution and was legally punished as a traitor, though to his honor be it said his treason existed only in the violation of law that had no loyal right on the statute books, while the blow struck for freedom by Mrs. Nation is against an outlawed institution having no claim on the state for protection. The saloon keepers of Kansas are the traitors, but only subordinate to the official traitors, like the Governor who quailing before Mrs. Nation, piteously whined, "I am powerless." This new century woman has convinced the Governor and his henchmen that there is power even in a hatchet when wielded by even a woman who dares to face a frowning mob, a dastard profane rumseller, a brass buttoned policeman or the Governor himself. The people of Kansas have been awakened, the people of the nation have been aroused and the liquor fraternity have learned a lesson. Mrs. Nation is right. She has been repeatedly arrested and as many times discharged; her recent trial by jury has resulted in a divided jury and the saloon keeper by pressing the case is a self-confessed criminal. Give us Prohibition in Pennsylvania and there will be a thousand

Mrs. Nations to rise up and assist the officers in enforcing the law.—Williamsport Pa. Index.

A MRS. NATION NEEDED!

RECENTLY in East Hamilton a laboring man who has a wife and three children depending on him for support, left his work to serve the hotel as an appropriate advertisement to show the finished product of the grog shop. He got drunk on Saturday, went home and choked his wife severely. He continued this performance on Sunday. (Of course, he probably had laid in a supply of liquor on Saturday night for Sunday use, as the hotel in question is licensed and therefore is supposed to keep the law (?) to a letter.) On Monday this man started to the woods to work, with ax and dinner pail in hand, to earn wages which his wife and children sorely needed, but in some way he went straight to the grog shop. It will soon be tax time for the saloonist, so he must necessarily gather up all the loose dollars in sight which can be tempted to come his way. The fact that this poor drunkard could be induced to starve his wife and children was satisfactory to this would-be tax saver. Regardless of the law regulating the business, which says that the saloonists shall not sell to a drunkard, this poor victim was too easy prey to let escape when he had come to the pitfall. A long story short, the poor drunkard neglected his work so earned no wages, spent the day at the hotel saloon, and at night was found wandering about insanely drunk, after having lost his dinner pail, gloves, and some groceries which his wife and children sorely needed. He had in some drunken fall, cut his thumb severely, thus disabling him from work. It is to be hoped, at least, that while the wife suffers from the loss of his support, she may have a rest from his blows while his hand is crippled.

The "personal liberty" plea of the saloonists is that this man had a right to quit his work, get drunk, choke his wife and starve his children. The Christian plea of the temperance people is to destroy the grim monster that turns a loving husband and father into a cruel and heartless fiend, and set at liberty all—husband, wife and children.

No-License Advocate.

NEWS ITEMS

THREE CHILDREN BURNED TO DEATH

Wier City, Oct. 31.—Three negro children were burned to death here Wednesday, the oldest being 5 years old. They had been locked in the house by their mother when she started to go to the store. The fire is supposed to have started from the overturning of a stove.

THERE is no excuse to our minds for any such a course on the part of parents. To lock the children in a house alone is a crime for which there should be some severe punishment.

DID YOU HELP PAY FOR IT?

Perhaps as an evidence of how badly a reduction in the beer tax was needed the stockholders in a St. Louis brewery company have presented the president with a Pullman car costing \$50,000 for his own private use.

—State Journal.

PIPE SET HER AFIRE

Atchison, Oct. 31.—Mrs. Martha Stearns, an aged widow, who lived with her son-in-law, John Gregg, at Willis, north of here, was smoking her pipe yesterday evening. In some manner her clothes caught on fire. She was so badly burned that she died in a few hours.

MISS HELEN GOULD ACCEPTS

St. Louis, Oct. 30.—Miss Helen Gould accepts the appointment of lady manager of the Louisiana Purchase exposition.

JOHN MOST TURNED LOOSE

New York, Nov. 1.—John Most, the anarchist, recently sent to the penitentiary for the publi-

cation in his paper of an article entitled "Murder versus Murder," has been released in bonds of \$1,500.

ALBERT GRIFFIN'S CHANGE

State Journal makes A Strong Argument For Prohibition

Albert Griffin's change of belief is startling. For anyone to turn from the principles of a prohibitionist to the opposition would be startling enough, but for a man who has been a most zealous worker and an ardent expounder of the doctrines of temperance and prohibition to suddenly take a change of base is almost incomprehensible, at first thought.

There are a few things, however, that Mr. Griffin cannot answer in explaining his change of front, so far as Topeka is concerned. The fact is that when the license system was in force in this city, the town was full of disgraceful saloons and they were important factors in politics. Today there are no saloons. Would Mr. Griffin like the old order restored? Does he think any system for checking the liquor evil will do away with moral suasion and with any other good effort to support temperance? There is no complete and perfect method for solving the whiskey question. Neither is there for the prevention of theft and other crimes. With all its faults prohibition works better in Topeka than license ever did.

KILLING AT MANHATTAN OVER A FUSS AT GAMBLING

Manhattan, Kan., Nov. 4.—At an early hour this morning Tom Ashby, a notorious colored gambler, shot and instantly killed Frank Wolf in this city. The men were engaged in shooting craps and it is supposed they had been at it all night. Wolf was shot through the heart and died instantly.

WOMAN TRIES TO BURN A JOINT What Other Course Was Open To Her?

Wellington, Kan., Nov. 4.—Conway Springs is greatly stirred up over two attempts at joint wrecking by women during the past week. No damage was done in the first instance. The second attempt was by Mrs. Bert Sparks, who went to Dorsey & Cox's place, just outside the city limits, and tried to set the building on fire. The barkeeper saw her at work, but while he was endeavoring to put the flames on one side of the house out she was drenching the other with kerosene and lighting a second blaze. The flames were finally extinguished before much harm was done. Mrs. Sparks' two minor sons has been buying liquor at the joint, it is said.

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.

Entered at Topeka Post Office as Second Class Matter.

TO NEWS PAPER MEN

ALL exchanges on our list are honored this month and a number of new ones. You will greatly oblige this office by making mention of the receipt of this month's magazine in your publication in as lengthy a manner as your sympathy with the cause will permit and send us a marked copy of paper. We are now in position to exchange regularly with other publications providing they give this magazine a monthly notice in their paper. There has been a wide spread report that THE SMASHER'S MAIL has discontinued and we want the assistance of the honest press in counteracting the falsehood.

Business Matters

IMPORTANT

THIS month brings you a SMASHER'S MAIL which you may hardly recognize. Yet it is not changed to any great extent. Our aim has not been to give a whole lot of reading matter, but to give it in a plain, readable manner—by that we mean that we have not crowded the type to see how how much we could get into a square inch. A few typographical changes have been made, which we hope are for the better. If you like it, write and let us know—if you are not pleased, make a suggestion as to improvements. So much for this issue.

There are a number of persons who have failed to respond to last month's questions, (orders, I think I called them) and we take this silence as indicating that you are bonifide sub-

scribers and that the books are straight. We ask for your remittance as we are very much in need of funds in order to advance the interests of THE SMASHER'S MAIL.

TO CONTRIBUTORS

I ask you who have written for these columns before not to be backward in sending your articles now. Please remember that no one has ever told me anything about the "workings" of THE SMASHER'S MAIL, except what little Mrs. Nation is able to give by mail which is very unsatisfactory to all concerned. So if I don't write to you for an article, it is because I don't know about you. If you have never written before, write now. Mrs. Nation wants her magazine to be the peoples' magazine and so you are at perfect liberty to use its columns. If you do not agree with Mrs. Nation, or her methods, that is no barrier, write anyway and you shall have a hearing. We are particularly anxious to learn of the temperance situation in different places. Bear this in mind when you write.

FOR DECEMBER

Now about the December SMASHER'S MAIL. We want and must have double the circulation for that issue that we have for this, (6000) and it is to our readers that we appeal for the principal help to do this. A new temperance story of exceptional merit will commence in that issue and we know that you will all enjoy the story and we want the enjoyment passed around to more people. An extra effort will be made to make it the neatest and best SMASHER'S MAIL yet published, it will be illustrated and will contain food for all people of all classes. A circular is being prepared for you which will be forwarded at a later date, but in time for use before the December issue. Look for this circular announcement, and do a little for the cause when you get it. You will be proud of the December magazine. Watch for the circular! Obey its commands!

Yours for the advancing of the temperance cause in a practical manner,

Thomas C. Roe,
Business Manager.

Make all drafts and postal orders payable to order of SMASHER'S MAIL. Do not send personal checks.

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

Does your friend take THE SMASHER'S MAIL? Why not get them to subscribe?

THE WAY IT WORKS

CHILD FOUND THE LIQUOR

Death From Alcoholism For a 5-Year-Old Boy in Iola

From State Journal.

Iola, Kas., Nov. 8.—The 5 year-old son of Elijah Barber, an employe at the cement plant, died last night of alcoholism. The boy found a half-pint of whiskey in the house when he arose in the morning. He drained the flask, inserted the cork and went back to bed. The liquor completely prostrated him, and in spite of the doctors the boy died.

Poor heartbroken family! We are so sorry for the accident! Who was to blame, the one who drinks, the one who sold the liquor or the pious citizen who voted for license, or all?

WILL DESTROY THE LIQUOR

Fort Scott, Kas., Nov. 8.—Sheriff Brooks was today ordered by Judge Margrave to publicly destroy a lot of liquor which he recently seized at the Henry Neubauer place, upon a warrant issued for its arrest. There are ten gallons of whiskey, two cases of wines, Holland gin, fancy mixtures and liquored fruits in the lot. Sheriff Brooks will pour the liquor out of the north window of his office at the court house.

WAS DISGRACEFUL WORK

Pastor's Home at Alma Egged by Unknown Toughs

Alma, Kan., Nov. 4.—In the absence of the Rev. J. B. Gibson, pastor of the M. E. church on Halloween, and while his wife and niece were at prayer meeting, a crowd of toughs decorated their porch with beer kegs in acknowledgement of his activity in the recent campaign against the Alma saloons.

Soon after the ladies returned home, the gang came back and indulged in all sorts of vile language and noise, and ridiculed the statement that they would be shot at if they did not leave. Mrs. Gibson finally fired, but aimed low, so as to avoid hurting anyone, and they then left. About 3 a. m. the ladies heard the crowd returning and soon the house was pelted by a storm of eggs. The ladies again went on the porch and Mrs. Gibson this time shot at the crowd, which immediately ran, leaving numerous paper bags and six dozen eggs behind them.

The next morning Mrs. Gibson had a bon fire of the beer kegs, after which the city marshal

called to tell her that she would have to pay for them

Attorney General Godard has written a letter to the county attorney of Wabaunsee county, F. A. Seaman, instructing him to do everything in his power to bring to justice the members of the gang that "egged" the residence of Rev. Mr. Gibson at Alma last Friday night, and afterwards filled the minister's kitchen with beer kegs. Mr. Godard says the perpetrators of the outrage are anarchists and criminals, and he characterizes their actions as worse than horse stealing, larceny or embezzlement in their effect upon a community. Rev. Mr. Gibson was active in the prosecution of jointists in Wabaunsee county, and this is said to have brought about the attack on him.

Mr. Godard asks County Attorney Seaman to prosecute the participants in the matter to the fullest extent of the law, and also suggests that he bring impeachment proceedings against the city marshal of Alma, who is reported to have acted as agent for a brewing company.

We're often forced to rob Peter,
In order to settle with Paul,
But some of us merely rob Peter
And Paul never sees us at all.

—Philadelphia Press.

SON-IN-LAW

A majority of the mothers at the Lincoln Park Sanitarium complain of the neglect and brutality of their husbands, caused by excessive drinking habits, and say they are hungry and almost shelterless, not because they are poor through illness, or because of lack of work, but because the men spend their wages at saloons. One woman aged about 35, told a story more than half a century long in a few words:

"I married a man who was good to me as long as I was young and nice-looking; my mother did the same thing with the same result, and her mother met the same fate nearly sixty years ago, and I suppose this baby will go and get a drinking husband if the Sanitarium succeeds in saving her poor little life. If my husband had treated us right, I wouldn't have to come here with my baby nor would I have to depend on the matron giving me car tickets in order to get home and get back to-morrow. I wish the rum holes of Chicago were sunk at the bottom of of the lake."

What do you think of that sort of a record—and what about the value as citizens of the descendants of such a line? This is a bigger and more important question to this country than the oratorical combat about free silver and the gold standard, but it is difficult to get people to see it in such a light.—Chicago Daily News.

The meanest trick the devil ever played on any family was to send it a drunken son-in-law. A drunken father, brother or son is bad enough but the climax of chagrin and misery is the son-in-law.

SEEKING WEALTH IN SUICIDE'S BODY

Leavenworth, July 8.—Some Missouri farmers started the report that George Santee, the man who drowned himself in the river last week, had \$500 on his person at the time he made his plunge to death. This has caused several persons to drag the river for Santee's body. The story is discredited by Santee's friends, who say that he spent every cent he had for drink and before going out on the bridge to drown himself gave a Stillings citizen his knife, saying that he would have no further use for it.

THIS is not unfrequently the terrible end of strong drink. No man knows when he puts the bottle to his lips but that he is treading the road that ends in a suicide's grave. Truly the end thereof is death—death whether it comes in this way or not—death to body, to soul, to happiness here, and hereafter. Death and only Death!

CAN NOT BE BOUGHT

We received the following statement from Rev. Hervey Wood, Supt. of the Church and Civic League, of the National Temperance Society:

At a recent hearing before a committee of the Maine legislature, in Augusta, Maine, the Rev. Mr. Pearson, Sheriff of Cumberland Co., stated that he had been offered thirty-five thousand, \$35,000 to allow two brands of beer to be sold in Cumberland Co. during the year 1901, and that he had received another of a large sum if he would allow 250 barrels of beer to be brought in, he to reserve the right to seize 25 of them, in order to deceive the people. But the Sheriff of Cumberland Co. can't be bought.—No License Advocate. (Hamilton, N. Y.) April 5, 1901.

That was a great temptation and it

took a man with sterling integrity to refrain from accepting the proposition. Let thinking people ponder this a few moments:—1. How could a firm afford to pay \$35,000 for a year's privilege to carry on their business? And 2 where would this money come from? It is a source of much satisfaction to know that there is a man once in a while who is honest with his God, the people whom he serves and himself. We can rest assured that the inhabitants of Cumberland Co. Maine have \$35,000 more in their pockets due to this man's integrity, and who dares to estimate how much more money and how many lives were saved because one man had the courage to say: "NO!"

PRESS AND PUBLIC

Situation As Seen By The Hiawatha Democrat

The Supreme Court in a decision handed down last Saturday held that the Carrie Nation plan of closing the joints was illegal and that persons engaging in a crusade of this kind can be prosecuted for malicious trespass. By the same process of reasoning we suppose the learned judges would agree that instead of killing a mad dog that was threatening his family the citizen should go and call the dog catcher. The jointist is in a position now where he can come into court and say "yes I know I am running an unlawful business but I have bought up the county attorney and he won't bother me and I now demand the protection of the courts for my illegal business." Then the jointist fraternity and the machine will get the county attorney the Republican nomination for a second term. Then the official organ of the county, whose editor holds the postoffice and wants a reappointment, will take back all he said about the county attorney before the convention and tell the brethren that it will be a direct slap at the Roosevelt administration unless the county attorney is re-elected along with the rest of the ticket; and then the good, church going brethren, who are so glib at repeating thy kingdom come, will go to the polls on election day and vote for the re-election of the county attorney, in order to perpetuate the glory of the grand old party. Of course this will never happen in Brown county. It only applies to Shawnee county and Sedgwick county and places like that.

Official Laziness And Perjury

Some people wonder why Mrs. Nation and her followers are permitted to smash the saloons, fixtures and all, in Kansas; it is the simplest reason in the world; the saloon is an outlaw in Kansas and anybody has the privilege of taking a smash at it the same as to chase a horse thief. They may "disturb the peace" while smashing the illegal concerns and be arrested, but the question may arise whether the disturbance of the peace isn't for the peace of the disturbance and a perfectly lawful act under the law providing for the suppression of the saloons. If Mrs. Nation should be sworn in as a constable or deputy sheriff she could legally smash every saloon in that State and the keepers, too, if they resisted. People tire of official laziness and perjury, and as law-abiding citizens feel like doing a smashing business in more places than Kansas, and it may be chargeable to non enforcement of law—the same conditions breed lynching. It is a settled fact that there is a limit to public patience with lawlessness.—[Berkeles Gazette.]

WELL now, there is a little grain of truth in that. If, IF Mrs. Nation "should be sworn in as a constable or deputy sheriff" she could "legally smash." Pray tell us what the constables and sheriffs who are drawing their salaries this very minute are doing? If Mrs. Nation can go ahead and find the saloons and joints and smash them without an "official banner" to protect her, why do these officers not do the same and not be such infernal cowards? They are infernal cowards to permit a woman to expose her life as does the Home Defender leader! when it is their duty, their sworn duty, blasphemers that they are, to uphold Kansas' good laws!

By far the biggest portion of this country is run in the interests of the rum octopus and not for the people who are "ruled" by the officers elected by their own hands!

Same Old Story

Mrs. Thorpe Says Drink Is The Inciting Cause of Almost All Crime

Police Matron Thorpe made a short address at a meeting of the Home Defender's recently, in which she said that it had been her observation that practically every girl who departed from the paths of rectitude was the daughter,

either of a saloonkeeper, or of drunken parents. She said that her experience in dealing with criminals had convinced her that liquor is the inciting cause of practically every crime. She thinks also that the child's character is irrevocably formed for either good or evil during the second seven years of its life.

THIS is only one of thousands of opinions which are based on actual experience gathered from contact with criminal characters. How responsible are the parents having children growing up under their guidance! And how many of them wink at a man's, nay, even a son's "wild oats!" How many drunkards, criminals, murderers, or robbers are themselves responsible for their own conditions think you? "All that I am I owe to my mother," said Lincoln. What a grand tribute to his mother! "All that I am I owe to my mother!" says many a drunkard to himself! How awful!

Their Divinity Needs Doctoring

A certain St. Paul doctor of divinity recently denounced Mrs. Nation's raid from his pulpit as anarchical. This clerical gentleman has lived in this city for more than a dozen years, and as often as his choice for mayor has been selected, so often has that official proceeded to deliberately and flagrantly violate his oath of office in the interest of the saloon. Who is the anarchist?—Minneapolis Paper.

THERE are a few D. D.s like that in Kansas, be it said to their shame. They would have denounced the Christ for threshing the buyers and sellers out of the Temple. Garrison, Lovejoy and Phillips had to deal with these pious compromisers, who are all things to all men, for profit.

Another View

Vineland, N. J., Preacher Urges Women To Emulate Mrs. Nation

Vineland N. J.:—The Rev. Dr. J. Ward Gamble, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church here, indorsed and applauded the drastic methods adopted by Mrs. Carrie Nation in her crusade against the saloons of Kansas in his discourse before a large number of the most prominent women of Vineland last night. Dr.

Gamble even advised the women of this city to emulate Mrs. Nation's example and smash all the unlicensed saloons or "speak easies" in Vineland if the authorities fail to do it. Dr. Gamble took the ground that as the laws of Kansas prohibit saloons, this women has the example of Christ as a precedent in what she is doing and that the principle is identical. Dr. Gamble was prepared for the bar before entering the ministry.

National Drink Bills

FIGURES SHOWING THE SUM SPENT FOR LIQUOR

It is estimated that slightly more than \$1,000,000,000 was spent in the United States in alcoholic beverages in 1900, and the amount of beer and spirits consumed was 1,334,176,033 gallons, or 17.68 gallons per capita.

FROM the report of the Commissioner of internal (infernal) revenue (1900) the total number of liquor dealers in the United States is 238,683, which includes druggists who dispense liquors. If this appalling sum of money was rightly directed (nay, in thousands upon thousands of instances if kept at home) it would set 500,000 men up in business with \$2,000 cash capital to start with and if this condition should remain, the second year every one of the 500,000 men would have acquired from their business as much more making a total of 4,000 in two years! But this is just a small matter, hardly worth the mentioning. "Men must have an occasional" glass of beer.

SELLING TO MINORS

Three Saloon Keepers Convicted In Chicago — What The Judge Said About It

Three saloon keepers in Chicago were found guilty of selling liquor to minors, and the following is the address of the judge who sentenced them as reported in the Chicago Tribune:

"By the law you may sell to men and women, if they will buy. You have given your bond and paid your license to sell to them, and no one has a right to molest you in your legal business. No matter what the consequences may be, no matter what poverty and destitution are produced by your selling according to law, you have paid the money for this privilege, and you

are licensed to pursue your calling; no matter what families are distracted and rendered miserable, no matter what wives are treated with violence, what children starve or mourn over the degradation of a parent, your business is legalized, and no one may interfere with you in it; no matter what mother may agonize over the loss of a son or sister blush for the shame of a brother, you have a right to disregard them all and pursue your legal calling; you are licensed.

"You may fit up your lawful place of business in the most enticing and captivating form, you may furnish it with the most costly and elegant equipments for your lawful trade, you may fill it with the allurements of amusement, you may use all your arts to induce visitors, you may skillfully arrange and expose to view your choicest wines and captivating beverages, you may then induce thirst by all contrivances to produce a raging appetite for drink, and then you may supply that appetite to the full, because it is lawful; you have paid for it, because you have a license.

"You may allow boys, almost children, to frequent your saloons. They may witness the apparent satisfaction with which their seniors quaff the sparkling glass. You may be schooling and training them for the period of 21, when they, too, can participate, for all this is lawful. You may hold the cup to their very lips, but you must not let them drink; that is unlawful. But, while you have all these privileges for the money you pay, this poor privilege of selling to children is denied you. Here parents have the right to say, 'Leave my son to me until the law gives you the right to destroy him.'

"Do not anticipate that terrible moment when I can assert for him no further right of protection. That will be soon enough for me, for his mother, for his sister, for his friends and for the community to see him take his road to death. Give him to us in his childhood at least. Let us have a few years of his youth in which we may enjoy his innocence to repay us in some small degree for the care and love we have lavished upon him! This is something you, who now stand a prisoner at the bar, have not paid for; this is not embraced in your license. For this offense the court sentences you to ten

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.

days' imprisonment in the county jail, and that you pay a fine of \$75 and costs, and that you stand committed until the fine and costs of this prosecution are paid."

How would this sound in Kansas? In Topeka? Talk about legitimate saloon keepers! What are they in the business for anyway? Do you suppose that they are taking the chances as it is written "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink," just for the sake of running a "respectable" (whom do they "respect") saloon? No, indeed! It's the dollars that they are after, and a boy's small change is just as good to them as any man's, and they don't let many chances of getting it go by either!

STARVATION

Same Old Story Of Civilizing The American Indians Is Being Repeated In Alaska Without Variation

Port Townsend, Wash., September 25.—According to reports from Nome brought by the steamer Oregon, the Indians of that section are threatened with starvation. During the past few months about three hundred natives have visited Nome bringing furs to trade for supplies. As soon as their goods were disposed of, however, whiskey peddlers got among them and they changed the proceeds of their sales for liquor. The Indians have again camped on the beach generally in a drunken stupor, allowing the season to pass in which they could lay in supplies of fresh fish for use during the long winter period. Unless they are assisted by the government it is said suffering and starvation will surely follow.

YES, but the government can stand it. The good, lawabiding, church-going people have paid their portion of revenue to the government and this money can just as well go to provide for the destitute Indians of the north, made so by "legitimate business" men selling an article that's "good for the nerves" (and their pockets,) as not. And we good people never tire of this kind of thing either. Every cent of money used in this way is the same as paid into the saloon keeper's money till!

Correspondence From the Field

NEW METHOD

Osage City.

My Dear Mrs. Nation:—I want to tell you of an amusing incident that happened at Osage City. A Mrs. Granstrom, a Swede lady, warned some of the jointists not to sell her husband any more drink. This was not heeded. She found out first just where he got it, and then she warned that one again. In a few evenings he came home in a terrible condition. She saved all his vomit and excrement and in the morning she took her slop pail and went to the joint and without saying a word threw the entire contents over the bar and deluged the joint-keeper all over!

Yours sincerely for work,

Mrs. Ida M. Ferris.

THREE cheers for Mrs. Granstrom. Let the good work go on.

MRS. NATION WANTED BY THE PRISONERS OF COUNTY JAIL AT WHEELING

Ohio Co. Jail Oct. 1, 1901

Respected Madam:—I trust you will pardon me, an entire stranger, for addressing you in this important matter but necessity knows no law. Our Chaplain informed us on last Sunday you contemplated making our beautiful little city a visit this week, which I trust is true as it is impossible to find a territory so badly in need of your valuable services as this city. In case you do come allow me in behalf of 40 unfortunate prisoners of this institution to extend to you a cordial and hearty welcome to our city and we shall be under personal obligations to you if you will stop within our gates long enough to speak a few words of cheer or condolence to us poor unfortunates who are badly in need of your good advice on reformation. We have services each Sabbath in our temporary home but it would afford us unbounded joy and pleasure to hear you on temperance and the Bible. I heard you speak in Topeka on one occasion and was very much impressed with your good word of truth. So madam I hope you may pardon me for the liberty I have taken in this matter, but you may rest assured we all mean every word of it from the bottom of our hearts so hoping you may give this matter your attention and come and see us at your earliest possible convenience,

We are very respectfully,

40 Prisoners in Ohio Co. Jail.

PRISONER'S LETTER OF SYMPATHY

Ohio Co. Jail, Oct. 8, 1901.

To M Carrie Nation, City.

Dear Madam:—The sad news of your arrest in this morning's paper threw a mantle of deep sorrow over me and my fellow inmates, so allow me in behalf of the unfortunates in this prison to extend as much sympathy toward you as is possible from one human heart to another, as I am fully aware the position you have taken in the cursed liquor traffic is just right and may God speed you in your noble undertaking and banish them from our midst. The saloon keeper is grateful for past patronage and having a new stock of choice wines, spirits and Lager-beer he continues to make drunkards and beggars out of sober and industrious people. His liquors excite riot, robbery and bloodshed, diminish comfort, increase expenses and shorten lives and are sure to multiply fatal accidents, and distressing diseases and render the latter incurable. They cost some of us life, many of us character and reason and all of us peace. It sends hundreds to temporal and eternal death. Members of the church hinder the gospel. It makes fathers and mothers fiends, wives widows, children orphans, and all poor. He trains the young to ignorance, infidelity, dissipation, lewdness and every vice. Still he will accommodate the public even at the cost of his own soul.

The Bible says: "Thou shalt not kill," "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink," and not to put a stumbling block in a brother's road. It also tells us, "No drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of God," and I suppose a drunkard-maker will not share any better fate. But he wants a lazy living and as his iniquity pays very good wages he continues to do his best to decrease the wealth, impair the health and endanger the safety of the people. As his traffic flourishes in proportion to our ignorance and indulgence, he will do all he can to prevent our mental culture, moral purity, social happiness, and eternal welfare. For proof of his ability he has to refer you to the police office, hospital, lunatic asylum, jail and gallows where all of his customers finally land.

It's my wishes that your stay in prison will not discourage you in your noblest of causes and that God may be with you in all your undertaking. Allow me to express our thanks for your buttons and apples you so generously gave us yesterday as I am thoroughly satisfied your kindness of heart and nobility to say no has made warm friends for you in all walks of life as it has with us and I only trust some day we may be able to meet again only under different

and more favorable circumstances. So wishing you success in your grand and noble work,

I am very respectfully,
James L. Shaw and 40 other prisoners of Ohio County Jail, Wheeling W. Va.

WHEELING, W. VA. THANKFUL FOR MRS. NATION'S VISIT

2707 Jacob Street, Wheeling, W. Va.

October 15, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear sister in Christ:—I thank God for permitting you to come to Wheeling. Your visit has done more to stir the thinking class of people in our city than any thing that has ever come to us in any form, either personal or editorial. The honorable Mayor went back upon his own word and refused with Chief Ritz to grant Ella's release. As Lawyer Dobbs told you at the depot, I went to the Chief and pled for her but to no effect. Then they tried to lay the blame on Ella for telling on the saloon keepers that sold on Sunday. When you come to Wheeling again, I hope you will arrange to go to Benwood Mounds-vill Cameron, and if you could go to more of the cities in W. Va. I think the Devil would tremble. He is shaky in Wheeling because of your visit to us. Thank the Lord for his wonderful love and his answer to prayer. I am praying that our Mayor and chief and sheriff and prominent men of Wheeling may be convicted and stirred to a sense of their duty in connection with the liquor traffic. How ridiculous it is and how awful the facts that exist, in the so called licensed saloon; where murder, adultery, theft, lairs and all sorts of crimes are hatched and started out to slay the innocent one, and professed Christians will persecute those who dare to come out fearless and fight the foe, the giant alcohol and cry out against its dealers and sympathizers! I have no fears for you. God will deliver and over-rule for his own glory in his own time. Praise his holy name! Hoping to hear from you soon I will close with love to you and much sympathy in your work.

Truly,

Mrs. S. H. Allen.

Young Girl's Life Changed

My dear Mrs. Nation:—Your letter received and I was so glad to hear from you, for I thought you would go away and never think of me again, but am so glad you did not. Oh! I've thought of you so much and of the good you do, but this world is so wicked no one will believe how good you are. But as for me you have my constant prayers and wishes for success. No one knows the curse of drink as I do. Oh! I've

seen so much of it, and the temptation surrounding poor young girls without an adviser that meet those depraved men and are led through doors with a sign marked, "family entrance," or "ladies entrance," and they are snared in to ruin. Oh, my dear Mrs. Nation, if all the women were like you how many happy homes there could be! But no, it will never come. And even with all your good they try to keep you down. Oh, the bad things some papers say of you!

Every saloon along the street with a \$500 license framed in the windows means a stepping-stone to hell! And yet men go there and spend their money needed at home. Oh! in a free country, an upright country, how can such vice go on? Always remember me as one who will always be thankful she met you and who wishes you a long life-time of success.

Yours with the highest esteem for you,
Mayme Fitzgerald.

Hotel Jefferson, Syracuse, N. Y.

THIS letter is from a lovely girl whom I met in the depot at Syracuse, who said: "I will drink no more. You bring back my youth when I was decent!" I shall never forget the lovely face and the happy, joyful expression as she patted my cheeks and said: "O you are the sweetest woman! O God make this one a power to save her sex!"

Law Abiding Citizens Disgusted

Baltimore, Aug. 25, 1901.

Dear Mrs. Nation:—We beg to call your attention to house on Alice Anna near Chester, known as "Evergreen Cafe." I am a business man in that part of town and am really disgusted with it. The house is kept by a woman and nearly all the inmates are women. Would you for God's sake see into this place? By so doing you would gain favor with God and people who try to serve him.

Yours with greatest respect,
Business Man.

POOR Beer-soaked New York city! I got many letters from different ones with a cry like murder! murder! Would God would give me the power to help these poor creatures. Oh, the drunken women at Coney Island! About 40 cases the morning I was tried—all drunks! Three women with families! Will this nation suffer this outrage longer? Shame to such!

A Father's Only Daughter
Mrs. Nation Wanted

N. Y. C. September 2nd, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Madam:—I have seen in this morning's paper, the fine work you done yesterday. I would be very much pleased with you if you would come up to Harlem and smash a saloon on the corner of 119 st. 3 ave. It is a terrible place. For God's sake come up and put these women out of it. I am a poor man with a family of children and the only daughter I have got keeps up the place. I cannot do anything with her for she has her own way in everything. For God's sake come up tonight about 8:30 or tomorrow night, and have a talk with these women. I am sure you can do more for them than I.

I will close hoping you will oblige me by doing this.

Respectfully yours,

John Dunbar.

The saloon is on the S. W. corner. Come up. We will protect you. The entrance is on the 119 st. side. Go into the back room and you will see a sight you never did see before!

From A Heart-broken Mother

Paterson New Jersey, Sept. 2nd, 1901.

Dear Mrs. Nation:—Will you come to this city before going home? The conditions here are worse than in any place in the whole country. One thousand saloons run day and night, every day in the year. Come for God's sake. You can do so much good, and if you smashed fifty or sixty of the hell holes here you would be called an angel. Do Come! and save the young of both sexes!

Yours,
A heart broken Mother.

Why Are These Evils Permitted When They Are The Cause Of So Much Misery?

Another Heart-broken Mother

New York, September 3.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Madam:—I hope God will bless you in your good work. If you could only go out to one hundred and tenth street and Broadway you would be surprised to see hundreds of young men mere boys and girls drinking in the dance hall. I am a mother of sons and tremble for their influence. I don't know what the police are doing to let such wickedness and vice exist. From a broken hearted mother.

Do try and visit what is called little Coney Island.

 WOULD BE WELCOMED

Cherryvale, Kansas, June 21, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—As a duty and command of our God I will write you. There are joints here now. Beer and whiskey, going in the front door. Many a little child needing bread while the father spends his money for whiskey. You will be cordially welcomed in our city and see what you can do to stop the sale of liquor. We will meet you with an army at the depot to go on with the work. There are 50 or 60 of the W. C. T. U's. who will aid you.

By order of Committee.

 KIND INVITATION

New York, Aug. 30, 1901.

Dear Sister:—In view of your coming visit to this city, I cordially invite you to call at my cafe, No. 96 Lincoln Ave., New York city, at your earliest convenience, and any assistance that I can render you in the cause you are advocating, I feel it my duty as a citizen and fellow worker to co-operate with you.

Yours very truly,

John Buttell.

THIS was so far out I did not get to call on Mr. Buttell. But God bless him for his cordial invitation. May he help no man to a drunkard's grave.

 FROM A BOY

East Steuben, N. Y.

Mrs. Nation.

Dear Madam:—I am sixteen years of age and one of those "no liquor" boys and as I am unable to attend the lecture at the Boonville fair on account of my parents being present, I am about to ask of you a favor which I hope you will grant and hope it will meet your approval which I think it will. I wish to ask of you will you please be so kind as to send me your lecture for I do long to hear or read it.

I read in one of the papers that you would give a hatchet to anybody who did not use liquor or tobacco. I would count it a favor if I could have one or even take one in my hand, for I myself approve of your great work. Keep on. Every chance I get I say, "Hurrah for Mrs. Nation," which provoke some men of this vicinity.

As you of course know that when boys now a days get to be from 8 to 10 up their whole hobby is to learn to smoke, chew, drink and swear, which is against God's approval. I have kept a

close eye on the papers and books, of your travels. If you feel so disposed come and see me and my mother some time, for my mother is as much against liquors as you are. I should be pleased to hear from you and also to receive a hatchet.

I must close now. Good bye. Truly yours,
Mr. Henry Salmon.

East Steuben, N. Y.

I LIKE to get these letters. There is hope for the country if we can bring to the front men who are clean.

 LETTER FROM SUSAN B. ANTHONY

Rochester N. Y.
September 16, 1901.

Dear Mrs. Nation:—I am very sorry I was out when you called at No. 17 Madison street. I heard from my neighbor on the south, of your call on the one on the north, and am glad the one on the south was polite in her treatment of you. To night is my reception night and I should be glad to have you present. But if you must go without seeing me, I shall be sorry and forever regret it. I have been to the Temperance Hotel, the Jackson, and then here at the station, and here I found your trunk, but can get no clue to your whereabouts. I am sorry for the failure in seeing you.

Yours for all peaceful methods to put down evil,

Susan B. Anthony.

I WENT to see Miss Susan after this. The best preserved woman for 81 I ever saw. She did not seem to understand the need for the hatchet, but if she went into the dens that I did, in her own home city, she would think that something must be done to avert the fire and brimstone.

 SYMPATHY FROM A FAR-A-WAY FRIEND

Aykleyheads, Durham.
Oct. 16, 1901.

Madam:—Allow me to send one short note of appreciation of your work, and of gratitude for it. I do not know that I approve of it all; but you are on the side of right, and on the side of God and the Angels, and so may God and His Angels give you strength. Some say you are mad! But surely not so mad as those who tempt poor men and women to drink. I believe my country is engaged in a righteous and necessary war in Africa; but I know that the

war you are engaged in is more righteous and necessary.

Yours respectfully,

G. H. Hunter.

WOULD CHANGE THE GOVERNMENT

September 3rd, 1901.

My dear Mrs. Nation:—I have noticed through the press your method of dealing with the lawless you see around you, but, while admiring your pluck, it will not remedy what we see around us; there is but one solution to the problem, we need a change in this government, and the laboring masses are now becoming enlightened enough to see it, and will in time bring the change, the great social revolution.

Our country is full of corruption, private and political, and social unrest, discontent, and disorder. We need a good Sovereign like Victoria to set an example and to keep the rascals such as one have here from getting into office to plunder the public in the various forms in which we see it done; the rascals in one ring protect the rascals in the other, so that the rascals in the other will protect them when the time comes. The example set has and is ruining our young people. Then again immoral women rule in society. Their clothes, jewels and movements are noticed and lauded in the press. What ruination to our young girls! Do you for a moment suppose that such a state of affairs could exist with good Sovereign at the head of this government? No, indeed! Neither would we have our working men shot down, bayoneted, imprisoned, expelled, as in Florida. Free speech is no more. Witness the injunctions recently against men talking to others in public, or assembling peacefully in the public streets!

Money and "pull" are everything. Poor people are looked upon with contempt.

Alexander Hamilton was right: "A limited monarchy is the best government in the world." We need more uniformity and stability here; a Republic is a farce and this form of government a humbug engendering envy, malice, hatred and uncharitable emulations.

The Constitution has lost its usefulness for our advanced life.

Liberty of the press has degenerated in a vast blackmailing body through its reporters. Money will put any article in a paper, or keep one out. What the people need is a Socialist Empire and it is coming very fast. God is behind the movement, may he hasten the day.

The motto "Live and let live," is now, "Live but don't let live!"

There is no such thing as equality, God never intended it. You find it nowhere in nature.

In inequality, is harmony, everywhere in the universe.

You are one of the many whom God has chosen to go before and draw the attention of those who are drifting along with dimmed perception, not caring or not comprehending, as yet, what should be done. Use well your power to open their eyes.

In conclusion, dear madam, let me say, I have written the above truths to many newspapers, answering articles read in them, none have had the bravery to print them! I have been called to write, not to speak, not having been gifted with eloquence, but still in my way and ability talking if you could read this to your public, on a few occasions, or give it in an interview to members of the press, perhaps it would get before the people in its more important points, if not all. With a high regard for your lofty intentions in the face of corrupt antagonism

I am, madam, yours truly,

Albert Bennett,

201, Summitt Ave. J. C. Heights, N. J.

P. S. I wish also to call your attention to the treatment of Admiral Schley and others; this has been the case in each war, and at other times. Talk of monarchies after this abominable exposure.

THIS Brother reasons all right about the state of affairs but the remedy he suggests is one that has been tried and failed every time. Poor England with her drunkenness is a spectacle that exceeds in depravity and misery, our own country. Would that God would give me the power to rule an empire as Queen Victoria did! I should count it joyful to be the poorest of subjects if I could lift my poor sex out of the miseries of poor drunken-cursed England! I heard a lady who lives now in Medicine Lodge, (Miss Best) say that "Kansas was a paradise to England." She is a native of England. She said that she never realized the woeful condition of her country till she went back after living in Kansas a while. The government is all right—it is the anarchy in the shape of this liquor traffic! This menace to all law, all happiness, all life. **DOWN WITH THE TRAITOR!** May the voice and hatchets of the women come quickly to the rescue of these depraved beer-soaked, nicotine-

poisoned men and smash every tobacco store, every case, every criminal factory in the land! God hasten the happy day!

FROM N. L. A. EASTMAN, EDITOR THE GOSPEL WORKER

Rochester, N. Y., Sept. 17, 1901.

Dear Sister Carrie Nation:—"God bless you. My wife went to hear you lecture when you were in this city, (Rochester N. .) "Surely," she said, "God was with you." We went in the morning to see you but you had gone. I wanted to see you and have a talk with you very much. There are some in Rochester who would go into the saloons with you. My wife has charge of the saloon and slum work. They go through the saloons and slums of this city. Take our paper THE GOSPEL WORKER (I am Editor of it) through the slums. We are out and out for God and against the accursed saloon and whiskey in every sense of the word. God bless and sustain you and help you to smash more and more and let out this liquor damnation. We have a good home at 431 East Main St. Rochester, and would be very glad to meet you at the depot and entertain you while you are in this city, should you come this way again, and I hope you will. Our hall will hold about 350 or 400 people and we would be glad to have you with us some night on your way through if you would.

Yours in Jesus' tender love,

N. L. A. Eastman.

I MET this Bro. Eastman since he wrote this letter and when possible I will help him in this rescue work. I can but look to God and pray for help when I see the terrible wickedness. Thank God for the Gospel Worker. I want it on our exchange list. These are my kind of people. God grant I may meet them.

ANOTHER IDEA ON THE SUBJECT

Shelby Ohio, September 8, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—"God bless you in the great work the Master has called you to do for him, in destroying the ungodly saloon, which is so wonderfully damning to this so called Christain Nation. You passed through our town a few weeks ago. I did not hear it in time to go to the train, but I should have been much pleased to have met you, and seen your christian face. I have so many times rejoiced in reading of the grand work you have done, and hope the good Lord will enable you to continue until every saloon in the land is closed. I have many times

thought how much more rapidly the work would go if the good Lord would put it into the hearts of thousands of christian women to join in with you in this great work. What would you think of the idea, if the Lord should lead you to go from one city to another and organize the good women together, say from 50 to 100 for every saloon. Then publish to all the world that the first of may 1903 every saloon that was not closed up then should, and positively would be visited by 50 or 100 Carrie Nation's, with hatchets, and would first try to persuade them by prayer, and reasoning, to discontinue their un-Godly business. If they would not, then use the Hatchet, as you have many times done, and make short work of it? My heart is in this work. I have voted the prohibition ticket ever since the party started. I am as anxious to have the saloon wiped out, as our Sainted John Brown was to stop, and do away with slavery. I would like to have a long talk with you on this great subject. I would write much more, but I do not wish to weary you. If you should get time I should like to receive a letter from you. Hope the good Lord will give you strength, courage and long life to continue the great work you have started in his Name.

Your Brother in Christ,

D. D. Johnston.

THIS is my solution of the question. O, if the W. C. T. U. would go to work and handle this question in a practical way, then the honor would be to them. The National President Mrs. Lillian Stevens comes out and says "No one could endorse my methods." I reply: I would endorse hers, if she had any. Hers seems to be her salary. She questions whether I belong to a W. C. T. U. or not! Yes, I am a co-president now in my own county and my method has been endorsed by every Union in it. O, these posers! these croakers! these stumbling blocks! They neither enter heaven themselves nor allow those who would to enter. Pray, what have you done, my dormant sister, to wipe out this or even close one saloon. My works speak for me and yours can not speak. Shame on such women as this. My initials are CAN.

Does your friend take THE SMASHER'S MAIL? Why not get them to subscribe?

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

BY M. N. BUTLER.

CHAPTER VIII.

BROADER AND DEEPER.—DANGER FROM GREAT CITIES.—THE GOOD CITIZEN A COUNTRY PRODUCT.—GROUND WORK OF TEMPERANCE.

DIVIDE two parties equally in a state, put eighty thousand majority on one, and it is tremendous. Change that to twelve thousand the reverse, in two years, and it is nothing less than a revolution. It was not an accident. There were serious reasons for this mighty upheaval. Neither old party offered relief to the voters for their dissatisfaction. The disaffection was almost exclusively among the farmers and younger citizens. No wonder the new movement was widening and deepening. The farmers all over the state had learned of the better way, through the various papers and periodicals that circulated among them. They were anxious for organization. Leading journals and magazines were interested in the welfare of the agricultural community, and voluntarily sent their reporters to write the matter up. And from other states came calls from the public spirited aggressive men in a thousand counties. They had long felt the need of improvement and emancipation from surrounding environments. A general awakening to the grand possibilities dreamed of but not realized, and a practical application of the new philosophy in his immediate neighborhood, was the hope and desire of the successful farmer everywhere. Various attempts in that direction had in some instances run well for a season, but eventually died out. The temporary benefits were sadly overbalanced by the discouragement and disappointment attending their failure. But here was something grander in conception, broader in its application and enduring as the art of agriculture. It was noble in its nature, practical in its workings and its results were truly glorious. The philanthropist, the patriot and the christian hailed it as their very own—

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at
Be thy country's, thy God's and truth's."

A special issue of the Headlight contains it in a nutshell, and a large edition was run off for use at fairs, celebrations, picnics, and other public gatherings. In fact the new reformers believed strongly in the power of the press and printer's ink. They did not expect much good cheer from the great dailies. A few though, had spoken kindly and others would in time. Then how true are the words of the poet Cowper: "God made the country and man made the town." Behold the Son of God chiding the Holy City in which was the Temple of the most High, where dwelt the Shekinah, and toward which the chosen Israel of the Almighty were wont to worship: "For it cannot be that a

prophet perish out of Jerusalem. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings and ye would not."

So much for the most favored city of ancient or modern times. And in it we are taught a lesson once for all. The great cities of any nation are its cesspools of iniquity. Their innate wickedness is proverbial. They are the centers of wealth, luxury and folly. Arrogance, extravagance, vanity and display are their distinguishing features. The spirit of speculation is only exceeded by superficiality. Their innumerable allurements and temptations are irresistible. But few men and women can mingle long in city society and business and remain free from contamination. Her street air is as impure as her club room atmosphere, physically and morally. In the rapid growth of cities the philosopher, humanitarian and moralists see increasing danger to the republic. And well they may, for every city is a stronghold of popular evils and abuses. Reforms of all kinds stop at city suburbs. To be sure the fashionable city churches are large, but the reform churches are as drops in the bucket. The twenty-third chapter of Matthew would be an appropriate sermon for most of the popular city pulpits. Jerusalem did not lack for religion. It was the Jews, high priests and pharisees who crucified our Lord and Master. They had no use for the lowly Nazarine. So it is today. Within the shade of the grand cathedrals and golden spires, sin flourishes. The saloon, Sabbath desecration, the social vice, political corruption, and all the vices are rife in the city, and there they make their final stand against reform, law and order. How many reform votes have the disciples of Moody, Howard Crosby or Henry Ward Beecher ever cast? Religion in silk, satin and self satisfaction is the same today as in the days of the Messiah. Infidelity and irreligion have no particular quarrel with a passive formal christianity but they do have for a Christ and a religion that says emphatically, "Thou shalt not," and means it. If a person is pure and noble and good in the city it is in spite of associations and surroundings, and if one is vicious and criminal in the rural it is despite the influences pointing heavenward. Nature and revelation are in harmony. The christian farmer sees the wisdom of God in the germinating plantlet, the growing grain and the ripening harvest. His child communes with the shady groves, the singing birds, the running brook, and all that is inspiring and invigorating. The atheist, the anarchist and the nihilist do

not find their ready pupils in the sturdy farmer sons of America. Those brave country boys would beat their plowshares into swords and their pruning hooks into spears to protect those peaceful happy homes. They have always done so when duty demanded it. How long would it take to educate a farmer patriot down to the miserable tenets of anarchy as set forth very tersely by an orator of that order in New York? He defined as follows: "Economy is a crime. Thrift is wrong. Temperance is an insult to justice. The man who ignores the cravings of his appetite is a liar, a villain. He insults his mother earth."

That sounds ridiculous, but it is the very doctrine the American yeomanry would do well to keep both eyes on. It is the doctrine that culminates in riots, strikes and boycotts. Its fruits are flames destruction and blood. Much of this is operating under the garb of socialism. The Encyclopedia Britannica says: "The ethics of socialism are closely akin to the ethics of christianity, if not identical with them." Socialism and anarchy are as far apart as the antipodes, as opposite as the midnight darkness and the most brilliant noonday sunlight. One is for organized government, law and order. The other would abrogate, nullify and destroy all law and civil government. One has the most profound reverence for Christ, his religion and the Sacred Scriptures. The other starts with the philosophy that there is no God and ends in assassination. One would nationalize all good, the other all evil—even the awful, murderous liquor traffic and the social vice. Herr Most, Emma Goldman, and the anarchist leaders get their inspiration in saloons and the rear end of drugstores and their followers are from the irreverent, coarse, vicious and depraved. The corporation, party, combine or trust that works injustice, over-rides law, or oppresses the populace, is the very quintessence of anarchy, oftentimes in the name of patriotism. We would not be an alarmist, but if the great dailies chronicle correctly it is high time all Americans were on their guard and the farmers fully alive to the rapid growth of that rotten philosophy in the metropolitan slums and in high places. An anarchist may be a pauper or a millionaire, in the White House or in the newspaper offices, native born or an alien, posing as a democrat or a republican. When all this is intelligently considered, is it any wonder that all reformatory and patriotic movements welcomed the farmer's agitation as a child of providence, born out of due time, for the salvation of the land and nation. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union saw in it the Alpha and Omega of prohibition. Its educating

influence began with the child in the cradle. Read this sensible lesson in the American Rural Home: "Children hardly make their advent into this sorrowful world before the nurse begins to dose them with various drugs to help nature. Instead of mother's milk, nature's provision, numerous vile decoctions are given infants; to quiet the discomforts caused by such diet, they are stupefied with narcotics, or given quack medicines, of which alcohol is a prominent ingredient. As soon as they sit in their mother's arms, they are brought to the table, and given tea and coffee, and before they have any means of masticating, they are crammed with solid food, keeping their digestive organs in an unhealthy state, necessitating, as their mothers think more narcotics and quack medicines. As they become a little older and eat what they see adults eating, they soon learn the use of salt, pepper, pepper sauce, catsup, etc., with their food, stimulating and blunting the nerves of taste until their tastes become so perverted that alcoholic drinks are rather agreeable than otherwise. Children under eight years of age should be confined mainly to the milk of healthy cows, bread and sweetened cream, bread and milk, rice and milk, oat meal and milk, mush and milk, fruit and vegetable soups, and but little or no meat and they should never be permitted to add pungent condiments to their food. Enough and more than enough are cooked with the food."

Farmer Chapman's home life was an exemplification of the above and his family was the resultant of the ideal hygiene regime. Not only did these model farmers conform to the conditions of temperance and sobriety in the very nature of their home living, making temperance pledges a superfluity, but they outstripped certain professed temperance organizations by taking their principles to the polls and voting them. Many of the temperance organizations had inbibed and formulated in their constitution and bylaws, the non-political nonsense of the Arlington labor society already cited, as the figures of elections testify but too plainly. They profess not to effect a person's politics or religion. Hence where these orders were the strongest the reform vote was the least and that almost without exception. But here was a temperance society whose wives and daughters were White Ribboners to begin with, even before the "Crusade" began and nobly indeed have they stood by their principles through it all. How these daughters of agriculture rejoiced that their fathers and sons had organized for God and home, on a basis broad as humanity, to back their prayers with their franchise.

TO BE CONTINUED

"POETIC GEMS"

PRE-MEMORIAL ODE TO TOPEKA

In mass meeting assembled, 3000 citizens of Topeka, Kan. have presented an ultimatum to the jointists of the city, warning them that unless their places are closed and all their fixtures shipped out of town by next Friday noon, a thousand armed men will complete the work of destruction which Mrs. Nation has begun. Wherefore a poet of the Post-Dispatch is moved to indite the following ode:



O doleful and doomful Topeka!
O burg of the bibulous sin!
Whose burghers have bound them to wreak a
Dire vengeance on jointist and gin!
O sinful and sorrowful city
Of Nation-al note and renown,
I drop ye this dolorous ditty,
O tearful and tremulous town!

As the winds of the forest in flaying
The trees in their beauty and bloom,
As a Terrible Teddy belying
The beasts of the lair to their doom,
As the angered Assyrian sweeping
Like a wolf on the fold in the night—
Topeka, O widowed and weeping,
Ye are doomed to a blast and a blight!

For a thousand mad masculine Nations,
True Knights of the Age of Reform,
Proud Templars of Progress (sans patience,)
Have entered the lists for a storm;
And the battle-ax, otherwise hatchet,
Is sharpened the fray to begin,
And, Topeka, you're going to catch it,
O town of the jag and the gin!

Ah, never since tournaments olden,
When Knighthood in flower (and in mail)
Made chivalry gorgeous and golden,
Was told such a chivalrous tale;
For here is the Lady imploring,
And here are the Knights by the squad
As champions, avid for goring
The foes of the fair to the sod!

Wherefore, O Topeka! take warning,
Lest the day of your doom be at hand!
Take care that by next Friday morning
Your joints shall disjoint and disband,
Or the wrath of the chivalrous Templars
May rend you in wreck and in twain,
And their deeds be as shining exemplars
To the other gin plagues of the plain!

So I drop ye this dolorous ditty,
O bold and too Bacchanal place!
O fated and frantical city,
Foredoomed to despair and disgrace—
Unless, O too pretty Topeka,
You call, in your badness, a halt,
Or unless you—Eureka! Eureka!—
You wreak a revenge and sell malt!

"He Smokes"

Mrs. Lydia A. Rowe. Topeka, Kansas.
In the office, in the parlor,
On the sidewalk, in the streets,
In the faces of the passers,
In the eyes of those he meets;
In the vestibule, the depot,
At the theater or ball,
E'en at funerals and weddings,
And at christenings and all.
Signs may threaten, man may warn him,
Babies cry and women coax,
But he cares not one iota,
For he calmly smokes and smokes.
Oh, he cares not whom he strangles,
Vexes, put to flight, provokes,
While they squirm, and fret and fidget,
He just smokes, and smokes, and smokes.

Not a place is sacred to him;
Church yards where the flowers bloom,
Gardens, drives—in fact the world is
Just one mighty smoking room!
And when once he quits this mundane
Sphere, and takes his outward flight
From the earth he's made a hades
Day he's turned to murky night,

When he reaches his destination,
Finds 'tis not a dream nor hoax,
When the Judge deals out his sentence
Then I'll wager that he SMOKES.
Oh, he'll care then who is strangled
And their mercy he'll invoke,
But although he squirms and fidgets,
They'll just let him smoke and smoke.

Carrie Nation

Mrs. Lizzie Wallace, Evangelist, Burlington, Vt.
God bless Carrie Nation,
With heart so true and brave;
As she goeth forth to conquer,
The perishing to save.

She realizes fully
 The terrible curse of rum;
 That many precious souls are lost,
 Unless desperate work is done.
 If others would enforce the law,
 As is in their power to do,
 Then would she feel no need
 Of this course thus to pursue.
 But they have failed to do their part,
 As faithfully as they might;
 Hence she goes forth with her brave heart
 To do what she feels is right.
 In justice to poor broken hearts,
 Fast going to the grave;
 By long neglect from those they love—
 'Tis such she seeks to save.
 O ye, who would her course condemn,
 Bring these sad truths right home.
 Stop and consider, how you would feel
 If cursed by this fiend—Rum!
 Would you not thank the noble one,
 Who in defense of you,
 Would go and enter the saloon,
 The evil to subdue?
 Then leave her in the hands of God,
 To him give all the praise,
 For the precious souls that she may save
 From the cruel drunkard's grave.

The Lips That Touch Liquor Must Never Touch Mine

By D. E. Graystone, Sparta, Mo.

You are coming to woo me but not as of yore,
 When I hastened to welcome your ring at the
 door;
 For I trusted that he who stood waiting me then
 Was the brightest, the truest, and noblest of
 men.
 Your lips on my own when they printed
 "Farewell,"
 Had never been soiled with the bev'rage of
 hell;
 But they come to me now with the bacchanal
 sign,
 And the lips that touch liquor must never
 touch mine.
 I think of that night in the garden alone,
 When in whispers you told me your heart was
 my own;
 That your love in the future should faithfully
 be—
 Unshared by another—kept only for me.
 Oh! Sweet to my soul is the memory still,
 Of the lips that met mine when they murmur-
 ed "I will!"
 But now to their pressure no more they incline;
 For the lips that touch liquor must never touch
 mine.
 Oh, John! how it crushed me, when first in your
 face
 The pen of the "Rum Fiend" had written
 "disgrace;"
 And turned me in silence and tears from that
 breath
 All poisoned and foul from the chalice of
 death.
 It scattered the hopes I had treasured to last;
 It darkened the future, and clouded the past.
 It shattered my idol, and ruined the shrine,

For the lips that touch liquor must never
 touch mine.
 I loved you—Oh, dearer than language can tell,
 And you saw it, you proved it, you knew it
 too well!
 But the man of my love was far other than he—
 Who now from the "Tap-room," comes reeling
 to me:
 In manhood and honor so noble and bright,
 His heart was so true, and his genius so bright,
 And his soul was unstained, unpolluted by wine;
 But the lips that touch liquor must never
 touch mine.
 You promised reform, but I trusted in vain;
 Your pledge was but made to be broken again:
 And the lover so false to his promises now,
 Will not as a husband be true to his vow;
 The word must be spoken that bids you depart,
 Though the effort to speak it should shatter
 my heart—
 Though in silence, with blighted affection, I
 pine;
 Yet the lips that touch liquor must never
 touch mine.
 If one spark in your bosom, of virtue remain,
 Go fan it with prayer, till it kindle again;
 Resolved with "God helping," in future to be
 From wine and its follies unshackled and
 free!
 And when you have conquered this foe of the
 soul—
 In manhood and honor beyond his control,
 This heart will again beat responsive to thine,
 And the lips free from liquor be welcome to
 mine.

**'Tis Time To Swing Our Axes
 [Hatchets?]**

We've had enough of license laws,
 Enough of liquor's taxes;
 We've turned the grind stone long enough,
 'Tis time to swing our axes,
 This deadly upas tree must fall—
 Let strokes be strong and steady,
 Pull out the stumps! grub out the roots!
 Oh brothers! are you ready?
 No longer will we shield this foe
 To manhood, love and beauty;
 We've had enough of compromise—
 The right alone is duty,
 Enough of weak men and distrust:
 The burden grows by shifting;
 Let's put our shoulder to the wheel!
 And do our share of lifting.
 We've had enough of forging chains
 This demon drink to fetter,
 Good bullets from the ballot box
 Well sped, will fix him better!
 Will you not hunt him to the death!
 Speak out! speak out, O brothers!
 Will ye not sound the bugle call,
 O sisters, wives and mothers!
 We've had enough of shame and woe;
 Of cruel spoliation,
 Who fears to say it loud enough
 To thrill our land and nation?
 God help us all to work like men,
 In earnest agitation,
 Until we've crushed the power of rum
 By righteous legislation.—SELECTED.

"The Traffic Must Die"

An enemy strong in our land,
Spreading ruin and crime and woe;
It is time the people should stand
And order this monster to go.

The laws of the land he defies,
And the statutes of God he spurns;
While the world is filled with sad cries,
And joy into sorrow he turns.

He pays from his ill-gotten gain,
For a license to rob and kill;
And he laughs at sorrow and pain,
That comes from "the worm of the still."

Come, let us arise in our might;
In the strength of the Lord on high;
And proclaim, with faith in the right,
This monster of evil must die!

C. H. Mead.

A Case Of Murder

You can call me any name you care to call me,
Along the line of "coward," "cad," or "chump,"
But if all the cruel things that might befall me
Were bunched and put in one big wicked lump,

They'd just be simply nothing to what would
happen if

I'd go into that saloon and take one little sniff
As you urge me; I'm a coward, I'll admit,
But I've fairly fair good cause for being it.

You see I killed my mother — why, you start!
All the same I killed her just as true
As I'm a standing here—I broke her heart;
And that's what drinking and saloons for
some folks do.

She loved me with her great true mother love,
And from her Heaven home with angels up
above

I hope she knows my constant, bitter tears
Atonement are for all her sorrowing years.

I killed my wife; you start again, I see—
I've learned to call things by their proper name;
Of all in life I'd hoped and tried to be,

Nothing was left, but sorrow, sin and shame;
She loved me as she loved her soul and life,
With strength that comes to every faithful
wife,

And in turn, a drunkard's gift I gave—
But God was kind, and offered her a grave.

Not much to live for boys, I know 'tis sadly true,
But somehow up in Heaven I think I see

My lost ones looking down and watching all I do,
And maybe they are praying there for me.
And if in Heaven they cry, I know there's tears
of joy

On mother's cheeks, to see once more her boy
Living as he should live; and she my angel wife
Weeps joyful, happy tears, at my new, better
life.

I cannot preach, but let my ruined years
Be as a sermon strong as preached upon the
mount.

Turn back from DRINK—with shuddering,
loathing, fears—

And all the bitter costs and sacrifices count.

Turn back from that saloon—you know, as I
know well,

'Tis but an open door to ruin and to hell.
Turn back, I say, while yet there's time and
room.

God shield you from the curse—a drunkard's
life and doom.

Would I might stand upon some housetop high,
And tell in burning words the sin and curse
of drink;

Would that my words might reach as far as
earth to sky,

As far as Heaven's gate, down to hell's seeth-
ing brink.

This would I say: O men and brothers all,
Drink is the curse, the wormwood and the
gall,

Of human kind, and venomous is its breath.

'Tis but another name for sin, and shame,
and death.

—S. B. McManus, in Ram's Horn.

Awake! Thou Slumberer!

Tell me not in scornful numbers,
"Prohibition's but a dream!"
Dead is he who sits and wonders
If the light will ever beam.

Death is real! Crime is earnest!
And dark ways of sorrow roll!
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Means woe to the drunkard's soul.

No enjoyment, but much sorrow,
Is the wages drunkards pay
To their own; each coming morrow
Growing darker than to-day.

God bears long, but time is fleeting,
Myriad hearts, once stout and brave,
Now have ceased their muffled beating;
Silent in the drunkard's grave.

In the thickest of the battle,
Where still hotter grows the strife,
We'll not flee, like frightened cattle!
We will labor while we live.

Trust no future! Dream no day-dreams!
Leave the dead past with its dead!
Journey steadfast though the way seems
Long, there is a God o'erhead!

Broken lives are all around us,
Wrecked upon the shoals of sin;
Think how others might have found us
In the pools they're sinking in!

Save them, and perhaps some others
Turning from the pathway true,
Poor, forlorn and fainting brothers,
Seeing, shall take heart anew.

Let us, then, our zeal renewing,
Drive dire "License" to his fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Seize him where he lies in wait!
Mildred Merle, in The Lever.

Get subscribers for SMASHER'S MAIL and
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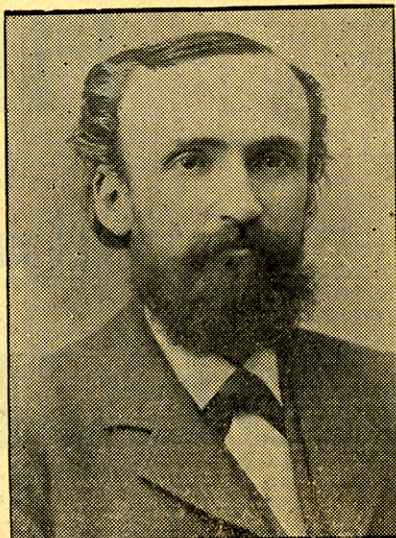
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