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Smasher's Mail, Vol. 1, No. 13, 1901

Carrie Amelia Nation

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THE SMASHER'S MAIL

PRICE 5 CTS.

VOL. I.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, DECEMBER, 1901.

NO. 13.

SUB. 50¢ PER YEAR.

"Peace On Earth, Good Will Toward Men."



Carrie Nation, Your Loving Home Defender.

A stands for Alcohol, deathlike its grip;
 B for Beginner, who takes just a sip;
 C for Companion who urges him on;
 D for the Demon of Drink that is born;
 E for Endeavor he makes to resist;
 F stands for Friends who so loudly insists;
 G for the Guilt that he afterwards feels;
 H for the Horrors that hang at his heels;
 I his Intention to drink not at all.
 J stands for Jeering that follows his fall
 K for his Knowledge that he is a slave.
 L stands for the Liquors his appetite craves:
 M for convivial Meetings so gay.
 N stands for No that he tries hard to say:
 O for the Orgies that then come to pass.
 P stands for Pride that he drowns in his glass;
 Q for the Quarrels that nightly abound.
 R stands for Ruin, that hovers around.
 S stands for Sights that his vision bedims,
 T stands for Trembling that seizes his limbs;
 U for his Usefulness sunk in the slums.
 V stands for Vagrant he quickly becomes;
 W for Waning of life that's soon done;
 X for his eXit, regretted by none.
 Youth of this nation, such weakness is crime;
 Zealously turn from the tempter in time!
 Dr. Cyrus Edson.

Oct. 21, 1901.

MY POLITICAL VIEW

According to my understanding, politics is a masculine form of government; religion a feminine form. But in order that they become both practical and progressive they should be united under the Golden Rule standard. While under the competitive system it's almost impossible to keep the "ten commandments" and do business, no matter if "honesty is the best policy." Probably that accounts for so much rascality in these times. The most sacred laws of the competitive system and about the only ones truly enforced are the gold standard, protective tariff, and monopoly. It takes money and "pull" to elect candidates these times. They can't win in their run for office on merits alone. About election time there seems to be plenty of money in circulation, I suppose as an inducement to voters. After election dull times begin. For all the gold and grain and other plentiful products of our land there seems to be more paupers than ever. Half the homes are mortgaged. So much for our model republican form of government. Adding mobs, lynchings and strikes and the causes back of them; saloons, side-entrances, human wrecks and ruins and so fourth and so on. "Grown mad in the race for gold." Was there ever an evil equal to the liquor traffic and saloon? Can women be blamed for not desiring offspring? Can there be any wonder at the number of divorces? No less than one out of every eight marriages! Every case has its effect. Church members and saloon-

keepers vote the same ticket, and dollars are more of a consideration than the safety of soul. The greed for gold is the damning sin of the present generation. "The love of money is truly the root of all evil," and is the stamp of the devil. The world's greatest need is conscience and consistency, or clarity and truth. For "love fulfils the law," "while truth sets us free." "There is nothing so kingly as kindness and nothing so royal as truth."

Tom Sawyer's Wife.

Gimletville.

Encouragement For Christian Workers

My word shall not return unto me void.—Isa. lv., 11.

When saddened by the little fruit thy labors seem to yield,
 Or when no springing blade appears in all thy barren field;
 When those whom thou dost seek to win, seem hard, and cold, and dead—
 Then, weary worker, stay thine heart on what the Lord hath said;
 And let it give new life to hopes which seem well-nigh destroyed—
 This promise, that His word shall not return unto Him void.
 For if it be indeed His truth thy feeble lips proclaim,
 Then He is pledged to shadow forth the glory of His name.
 True, this may be at present veiled; still trustingly abide,
 And "cast thy bread," with growing faith, upon life's rolling tide.
 It shall, it will, it must be found, this precious living seed,
 Though thou may'st grieve that thoughtless hearts take no apparent heed.
 'Tis thine to sow with earnest prayer, in faith and patient love,
 And thou shalt reap the tear-sown seed, in glorious sheaves above,
 Then with what joy ecstatic, thou wilt stand before the throne.
 And bless the Lord who used thee thus to gather in His own!
 Adoring love will fill thine heart and swell thy grateful lays,
 That thou hast brought some souls to Christ, to His eternal praise,
 That thou hast helped to deck His crown with blood-bought jewels bright;
 The trophies of His wondrous love, and His all-saving might.
 Oh, grandest privilege to be thus used to bring them in,
 Oh, grandest joy to see them safe beyond the reach of sin!
 Then mourn not, worker; though thy work shall cause thee many a fear,
 The glorious aim thou hast in view, thy saddened heart will cheer,
 Remember, it is all for Him who loveth thee so well;
 And let not downcast weary thoughts, one moment in thee dwell,
 It is for Him! this is enough to cheer thee all the way;
 Until He says the glad "Well done," and night is turned to day.

Smasher's Mail

Price 5 Cents

Vol. 2. No. 1

Topeka, Kansas, December, 1901

Whole No. 13

"Peace On Earth, Good Will Toward Men"

KANSAS

Proud Sunflower State! I would not give
My birthright on thine honor'd soil,
The fellowship of those who live
By heaven's blessing on their toil,
For all the wealth and pomp that clings
Around the throne of lords and kings!

EDITORIAL

THE EMERGENCY OF THE SMASHER'S MAIL

Dear Friends:—You know some the struggles and hinderances of the editor of this SMASHER'S MAIL. While in jail in Topeka the first time after I had served a sentence of a month in Wichita jail I tried to get some one to publish the letters I received from those interested in the crusade of the Home Defenders. I tried to get some one to print my paper. After failing in several instances I sent for Nick Childes a negro who had a printing press. I paid him 247 dollars to print my paper for two issues. Did not expect for him to otherwise have anything to do with it except to send out the papers. I was a stranger to almost everyone in Topeka. Did not know of the disreputable character of this negro. After I left jail I was told by Mr. Nation to draw up an instrument of writing with this negro and Mr. Nation drew up one that made this miserable criminal my partner. I, not examining the papers, signed them. I know now from what I have found out since that this was done maliciously be-

cause I objected to editorials Mr. Nation wrote and also to his opening my mail, for he destroyed my important letters taking out all the money sent me. I found some of these letters weeks after he left and parties never new why I did not answer or send them the paper. Mr. Nation, finding out that I would not longer submit to this left me. This negro robbed me of everything he could. I had to dissolve business relations.

When I was in jail again I had several who robbed and hindered me while I was behind bars. In fact at every turn I was beset with enemies. I went east and since that time have lectured and sold souvenirs to keep the SMASHER'S MAIL before the public. I put the price down to 50 cents, that it might come within the reach of all. I have been able up to this time to keep it up by paying out over a hundred dollars every month, more than I took in. I get very tired of being compelled to strain every nerve to do this. If my friends had responded with their subscriptions as they have with their words of encouragement I would have been greatly helped. Some have done this, and more, but they are few. Now dear friends I will have to cut the SMASHER'S MAIL from being a monthly visitor to that of four times a year. I believe I have a faithful young man who has the support of a wise efficient mother to get out the paper and manage the business in my absence, but the finance is the trouble. So after December number do not look for another magazine till March. But we will give you a good one and I hope you will not complain. We are sending out samples. Write for one and send us your subscription.

Carrie A. Nation,
Your Home Defender.



SALOONISTS AND POLITICIANS.--See next page.

Saloonists And Politicians

At the annual convention of the New York State Liquor Dealers' Association, the other day, Morris Tekulsky, a Bowery saloonkeeper, took the members sharply to task for violating the preamble of their constitution by failing to punish politicians who influence legislation antagonistic to the liquor interests. He declared that they must punish officials, for that was the only way in which they could save their business from annihilation. Mr. Tekulsky's frank speech suggests a lesson or two for "the other side." The saloon fraternity are not in the habit of erring in the direction pointed out. They usually stand ready to punish politicians and officials who do not favor their business, and to reward those who are friendly to their interests. They are in politics, "up to the neck," early and late, in season and out of season, and make their votes and influence count for all they are worth every time. If they do not get what they want, or if they get what they do not want, the politicians and officials are sure to hear from them. Nay, more; they do not wait for the motions of the politicians, but themselves force the issue, and not only at the elections, but at the primaries and the preliminary slate-making they "get in their work" in ways that count; for they are thoroughly organized. How is it with the good people—the Church people—the temperance people? Well, it is slightly different. As a rule they are disorganized; disagree as to methods; are apathetic before election and indifferent after. When the politicians and officials do something particularly flagrant, like the nullification of the anti-canteen law, or the defeat of local option in Ohio, they (the good people) express a little indignation—in resolutions at conference and such like—and then go up to the polls like sheep and vote the slate of the same politicians and officials. See the difference? Let the good people learn a lesson from the enemy. Let them be one-half as vigilant and in earnest to obtain what they want as the saloonists are, and nothing could save the business of the latter from annihilation. — Michigan Christian Advocate.

AN OPEN LETTER TO OUR PRESIDENT

Dear Mr. Roosevelt:—In the providence of God you have come to the kingdom at this time, for there are no accidents. You can now see, and have seen before this, the dreadful scourge of your people. In no nation, no condition and extremity has brought about such loss of life, property and patriotism as the rum traffic. No agency could work in our midst to degrade a people as this; no foreign power could insult our flag as it is insulted by being hung up at the door of these places of shame, blasphemy and brutality. This menace to all decency is licensed by this government in violation of our constitution and is the worst form of anarchy. Does not our supreme court recognize and warn of this when it says the liquor traffic has not, CAN HAVE no inherent rights? Is it not because of anarchy, perjury and bribery that the head of this great nation, with its law makers (rather, law breakers,) tolerate a traffic that murders and degrades it as a people? Is this not rank conspiracy? One class of men are allowed to live and conduct business because men are drugged, robbed and sent to perdition, children and women have bread and clothes taken from them and every interest of the home destroyed, to support this trade. A nation is what its homes are. If homes are protected the home will fortify the nation and vice versa. Look at the possessions of the U. S., even the Philipinos, who are in a worse condition of bondage than under Spanish dominion, just from the rotten beer and firey drink sent them by their would be deliverers! Look at rum soaked Alaska and the Hawaiian Islands all in a state of distress and suffering because of what this nation, by its inhuman traffic has and is doing, causing men to lose all manhood, love of country, family, friends and heaven, has forced them to. This is directly opposed to our constitution that is designed to protect us in peace, prosperity and pursuit of happiness. Our state laws of Kansas are in harmony with this clause of the constitution, but who and what is it that is our enemy? Why the revenue that antagonizes our law and gives privileges to these outlaws! Why is this schism? The department at Washington would hinder our state law. Can this government barter away the health, liberty, conscience and every high and holy motive, that men may sell this vicious poison tobacco and intoxicating drink to their fellows? This is treason, anarchy and conspiracy, and dear Mr. Roosevelt give us relief that this people may bless the day you became their president, that wives and mothers

"Honesty of purpose covers up many faults."

may tell their little ones of a benefactor who liberated them; as the poor negro women revere the memory and deeds of Mr. Lincoln! This is Rachel weeping for her children and would not be comforted because they are not!

Carrie A. Nation,
Your loving Home Defender.

Some Reasons Why Men Desire The Licensed Hells

SHERIFFS wish a fat office, and deputies also, where they can live without manual labor. The office of police would almost be obsolete were it not for the criminal factories. But most of all reasons is that the miserable drunken, swearing, perjured, lying lawyers could not make a living except by defending criminals made so by the traffic they advocate and for which they use their depraved arguments and stretch their miserable carcasses in impressive gymnastics to make the people believe this traffic of hell has rights we must respect! These liars who pretend to interpret the law but in fact they uphold anarchy. No lawyer with principal can plead the case of a rum seller but they think it smart, witty, and guffaw and giggle over their triumph when they set the lawless free and put the innocent in jail. Jesus said: "Woe (curses) unto you lawyers!"

That Trial And That Coniff Of Wheeling

I WENT into one of those devil shops to warn men of their dreadful fate. Poor degraded Wheeling with its small minority of law-abiding citizens and its multitude of anarchists! It is commonly reported that two brewers own the town and its public sentiment! Alas! Decent people know what degradation and desolation exists where this is the case, for a brewer in practice at least is anarchist of the worst type.

This Coniff, who is a disgrace to even the form of a man, uttered one truth. That was: "If Mrs. Nation had her way she would destroy all the whiskey, beer and tobacco." This was a menace to him, of course, for a lawyer of his type makes his livelihood defending the existence and perpetuity of crimes of all kinds. His indecency is such that he plants himself as the friend of the lawless, saying the man who had a "saloon was entitled to as much protection as any other business and that he would defend him just as quick and charge him just as little for his service." Begging whiskey votes of course. This man has not been elected by the people of Wheeling but got into his position by climb-

ing up some other way, but he is very eager to bait his political hook for the votes of the worst element. Wheeling will do herself honor to vomit up such carrion. Has she lost the breed of noble bloods and her reason also?

ADDITIONAL EDITORIAL

I VISITED the jail in Wheeling, Va., found four women in there all for drunkenness! Oh, this conspiracy against life, temporal and eternal!

WHILE visiting a house of prostitution in Binghamton, a poor woman told me that she never consented to come to such a place till she had lived on dry bread till it was moldy! "The salt has lost its savor," surely.

DANCING. IS IT RIGHT?

LET us see. It has led many to hell, not one to heaven. It has been the step downward, never the one upward. It cost a saint his head and has caused many a broken heart and ruined life. Some one write the advantages. In the balance, which is the weightier, the advantages or disadvantages?

IN going from Topeka to Medicine Lodge I stopped off at Florence and got into a miserable little den of outlaws called a joint. Will not thieves steal if the people let them? Where ever the lawless are open in their actions the state of the morals of that community are correspondingly low.

THE POLICE OF WHEELING, WEST VA.

THEY are watchdogs of the saloon, even defending them when they run open Sunday, for one pulled me out of one on Sunday. The police of Wichita, Kans., are of the same type. When will the American people wake up to the fact that such officers are perjurers, traitors and enemies of the law?

DOES the W. C. T. U. late in convention in Fort Worth, Texas, imagine that their resolutions against the Raines conspiracy in the state of New York will disturb the security or serenity of the rum power of that state? The straw did not bring the boy from the apple tree, it took a brickbat. These resolutions of disapproval only, of these seat warmers are amusing to the dram shop keepers and disgusting to the righteously indignant.

WHAT are we to think of the Yukon insurrections? If this anarchy of ruin and shame that exist through the traffic and the determination of perjured police and government officers is as general as it is in New York and Wheeling, W. Va., I do not blame any decent, law abiding citizen from resisting. Poor beer swelled, rum soaked Alaska is in a far worse

condition now than before the U. S. had the privilege of drugging the poor natives who are starving now because drunkenness has prevented them from gathering supplies for the winter!

CONIFF OF WHEELING, WEST VA.

THIS is the man who has the place of a man who ought to prosecute criminals, but as it is usual in those states with the whiskey and brewer, anarchy is protected. This man's boast is to defend these conspirators against life, honor, decency, peace and prosperity. He made broad his fallaciousness in telling as many lies as his paltrous principal could bring before the jury that was empaneled to try me.

TRAVELS HERE AND THERE

RATHER AMUSING

WE arrived in Pittsburg Nov. 1st. Visited some of the many anarchistic institutions called "Licensed Saloons!" Was arrested by a detective, taken to police headquarters and kept there until my train left for Wheeling, Va. I must say I was treated courteously and was told by the chief of detectives that he would like to conduct me to my train WITH MY CONSENT!

The nicest police headquarters I ever saw is in Pittsburg, Va. There are three ladies in attendance. For the first time in my life I was searched there.

MY STAY IN BUFFALO

ON my arrival in riding on the street car I met a Mr. Bidwell who invited me to be his guest during my stay there and I found dear good friends in him and his wife. I went to the city to stay four or five days and I remained over two weeks there and at Niagara Falls. I spoke at the Pan American eight times one day. The weather was damp and cold and I took a severe cold from which I have not yet recovered. Like all cities in New York state, Buffalo is a city of anarchy, death and ruin! I went to the morgue and saw four bodies there struck dead while drunk! What is known as the Raines law has opened thousands of houses of prostitution and the murder shops are called hotels which would better be called h(ot)els.

AT NIAGARA FALLS

I ALSO spoke at Niagara Falls. I visited Mrs. Williams, the woman who went over the falls. She was confined to her bed for some days helpless from the bruises over her body. I asked her what she did it for. She said: "To make me a home." Poor woman! With tears in her eyes she told me of the destitution she had borne, although raised with plenty.

CARRIE NATION IN BETHESDA HOME

ON the morning of October 31st. in answer to the doorbell, a lady said, "I am Carrie Nation." I was more than glad to see this Deborah of the 20th century. She took me entirely by surprise as she thought she could not come here at present; but she said, "I have to go to Wheeling, Va., and I could not go without looking in on you." She could only stay one night; but we praised the Lord for one night with this mighty woman of God. We thoroughly enjoyed the face to face talk on subjects near to our hearts and the heart of Jesus.

Before going to the hall in the evening we visited several saloons. The first one we entered was Carrington's, on Front Street. Here was a woman tending bar. Fixing her eyes on the proprietor, she said in awful tones, "A woman tending bar! You ought to be ashamed of yourself! She must have been drugged or enticed, or trapped, for no woman would choose such a business! How would you like for your wife or daughter to be tending bar?" By this time the saloon keeper seemed to get his breath, and said, "That's my wife." She replied, "You are the meanest man I ever saw, to allow your wife to deal out that cursed drink to a rabble of men."

By this time the crowd wanted to know of me who she was. When it became known, the news spread along the street that Carrie Nation was here. The crowd began to follow us as we went to another saloon, where the proprietor was just pouring out a glass. "O, here you are dealing out your devil's broth!" and such a scathing I never heard. Devil's were dumb before her, while she poured the red-hot truth on them. We visited several saloons on Front Street, the crowd increasing all the time. We went to the "Mighty Dollar" saloon on Main Street East. Here the crowd surged in until the saloon was packed, and they had to push them back. As she talked to the keeper here he seemed struck dumb. His face turned scarlet, and he looked right at her as she poured the truth on him, and then talked to the bartenders. From here we went up Exchange Street to the

hall. The crowd had swelled into hundreds as we went, and the hall was well filled on so short a notice. The address was powerful and enthusiastically received and appreciated by the lovers of righteousness as the testimonies from various ones gave evidence.

Quite a number expressed their willingness to join the hatchet crusade. This is a last resort. Pleadings and moral suasion have been tried. They utterly fail to cope with the monster. Sister Nation spoke of the infamous Raines' law that, under the name of hotel, protects houses of prostitution. Nearly all the miserable saloons in this city are called hotels. They have their side entrances for ladies (so-called), which is just an entrance to back rooms, or up stair rooms, which are nothing but bad houses. I am slow about going into anything until I am sure God is leading, then I can go in with all my heart and leave my life in the hands of the Lord. Who is on the Lord's side? Get thoroughly saved, ready to die or live, and join the ranks and say to the saloon keepers, You have ruined homes enough. It is time for a halt. Sister Nation makes this point, you cannot legalize a wrong. To legalize means to make right. The sale of intoxicants is in direct opposition to our constitution. The Lord help us to arise in the strength of the Lord of Hosts.—Emma L. Eastman, in Gospel Worker.

ONLY A CRUSADER

By Clara Moler

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CHAPTER ONE



It was in the year 1875, when the women's crusade was sweeping like wild-fire over the fair Buck Eye State, that a young girl was sitting in a handsomely furnished room of her aunt's stylish home, in the pretty little city of B—— in eastern Ohio. She was turning over in her mind the contents of a letter she had just received, and the probable consequences if she dared disobey its commands.

Her's was a pale, earnest face, lighted by a pair of large, dark blue eyes; the small queenly head was crowned by a mass of wavy, light brown hair; the mouth was beautiful, but firm, and in every lineament of the fair proud face, in every curve of the graceful girlish form, there was a certain noble pose that added much to

her grace and beauty. Almost unconsciously, she read the letter aloud.

"My Dearest Daughter:—" it ran, "I have just been reading from the Daily News about that contemplated crusade, by a lot of fanatics in petticoats; I strongly disapprove of this movement; it's a disgrace to any woman, and I should never be able to hold up my head again if my own bright, impulsive little daughter should so far forget her dignity as to join these low crazy women, and kneel with them in street prayer meetings or going with them into the saloons where men of the lowest, vilest order are congregated. But my darling child has always been bright and obedient to me, and I feel that all my fears are groundless. But if you do let all this temperance rot carry you off your feet, if you dare to join that crazy crusade, you will be forever an outcast from your home! Your very image will be torn from the hearts of those who have loved you, and it will kill your mother. Poor fool, she would be willing to join the crusade to-morrow, if I would let her, but the dignity of the family must be maintained, and no woman in my home, shall join this silly movement, if I can prevent it. Your two little brothers are rosy and happy. They are going to make strong, fine looking young men I think, and your mother and I are very proud of them. Good night, my child, and may God be with you.

"Your affectionate father,

"Charles Westburn."

For one moment Grace Westburn sat motionless, then she sank upon the floor beside her chair and poured out her heart to that All Divine Being, Whose love she had lately learned to prize most highly.

Then, through the stillness, a silvery voice seemed to penetrate to her very heart, bringing a feeling of unutterable peace, nay almost of exultation with it.

"I shall do it!" she cried, clasping and unclasping her slim white hands in nervous excitement; "nothing can prevent me. No! not even my father's stern command shall come between me and my duty to God and humanity!"

Then seizing pen and paper, she quickly wrote the following letter:—

"My Dear Father:—Your letter has given me the most intense pain. I can not understand how you, who claim Christ as your guide, can be so hard on a movement that is intended for the good of those who are being dragged downward to hell. Every day the saloons are claiming new victims—bright, handsome, manly boys are being lured into these dens of iniquity while their loving Christian mothers are waiting for their dear ones at home, in prayer and in tears.

"Father for the love you bear your two little boys, awaken to the cause of justice and right and help us women drive this curse from the state! Remember that Lewis and Grant will be young men in a few years and how are they to escape, when these vile dens are near them? Dear father, I have never disobeyed you, but there is one whose commands are to be obeyed even above yours. I have pledged only feeble

aid to this movement and nothing shall induce me to break my pledge. Now, father, remember that I am your daughter still. Do not break those family ties that bind us together, simply because I am going to do my duty!

"With a heart full of love, I remain your devoted daughter,

"Grace Westburn."

And the face of the proud stern man worked as he read those lines a few days later and the hot tears sprang to his eyes as, in imagination, he saw the white pleading face of his daughter rise before him, and a feeling akin to pity arose in his heart, for this child who had once been his pet and idol. Only a moment thus, then pride gained the victory, a fierce light flashed in his haughty black eyes, and his hands clinched.

"She shall never darken these doors again!" he cried to his wife, who sat near. "We must forget that she ever lived, undutiful, disobedient child that she is!"

"Charles! Charles! hush! You can not be in earnest? Oh my husband, she is our darling child. You can not turn away and break her mother's heart! Charles, for my sake, forgive!"

"Forgive, indeed! She has chosen, let her reap the bitter reward to the full! She deserves it all! Never mention her name again, any of you," he said, looking about the little white faced group, his own face white and stern.

And so the months dragged by, and the crusade ended. Poor, faithful, noble Grace, after going with the crusaders and joining them in hymn and prayer before the saloons, found now that she had no home, that those who had always seemed so loving and so kind had cast her out. Even the haughty old aunt with whom she had stayed for some time, would have her no more.

But God always provides for his own, sometimes in a very unexpected way. One morning, Miss Beaver, a lady friend, much older than Grace, called upon her, accompanied by a slender little woman dressed in deep mourning, whom she introduced as Mrs. Raymond.

"My dear Grace," she said, after a brief pause, during which the two women cast covert glances at each other, "Mrs. Raymond is in search of a companion. I have told her about you, and why you find it necessary to earn your own living. She admires your pluck, and feels a deep interest in you. As soon as I told her your story, she said, 'Grace is just the girl I want, and, my dear, I think you would do well to go with her,'" concluded Miss Beaver.

"Yes, do go with me, my dear child," said

the lady eagerly. "I like you. You have such a sweet, kind face, I think I shall love you very much indeed. I live in Kansas on a large cattle ranch. There are just the two little boys and myself. The hands are boarded by my husband's foreman, and our house work is light. Girls are hard to get out there. My husband died three weeks ago, and I brought his body here for burial. It will be so lonely in our little home, without dear old Fred," she said, her voice tremulous and her eyes full of tears; "won't you go home with me, Miss Westburn? I will pay you good wages for I can easily afford it."

"I can not answer you now," said Grace, "I will give you your answer to-morrow. How soon will you leave?"

"I want to return next week if possible," Mrs. Raymond replied.

And then the interview closed.

TO BE CONTINUED

CONTRIBUTED

FOR THE SMASHER'S MAIL.

THE WAY FOOL MALES MAKE LAWS

JOPLIN, MISSOURI, is one of the most enterprising business cities in the country and is one of the toughest towns on the globe. Whiskey and the concomitant evils are brazen in their wickedness. Three murders in twenty-four hours, and three murders for three consecutive Sundays was the record for November. Drunkenness was at the bottom of all these murders. I have never known a place where so many men desert their wives and children and I have never known so many young boy criminals, for the population, as in Joplin. Social drinking among the women who claim to be respectable is almost the rule rather than the exception. I believe the woman who handles the intoxicating glass socially, although she may claim to belong to the "400", is no more respectable than the woman who attacks the stranger on the streets and takes him into a beer garden to debauch with liquors and other vices. Indeed the latter will not do the harm to the innocent that the former, the "fashionable" woman does. There are several "Chili Parlors", the new name for beer gardens and brothels combined, in the city. I was returning to the home of my

hostess, one evening recently when visiting in the city, about 10 o'clock and my attention was attracted to a stairway leading down into a cellar that had the sign of one of these parlors over it. Two young women came reeling up the stairs; they were swearing like pirates. They accosted some men who were standing on the street corner and soon each had her victim and they plunged down into the den; soon two more came up and this time they caught a young man, not out of his teens, and down they went; for a half hour I watched this disgraceful scene; not a policeman was in sight in all this time; I counted ten women all young, plying the trade of enticing men from the streets in to this hell-hole. The next day I sought out the officers of the law and asked them if this was the best the powers could do to protect the morals and common decencies of Joplin. The reply was "We have arrested the proprietors and they will be tried in the morning, to-morrow." They have a musical instrument in the saloon and this is against the law. This is all we can take them for. We arrested them last week for selling to minors but it was proven that the liquor was sold by a clerk, to the boys, and the court decided that we could not hold the proprietor for what his clerk did or that we could not punish a man for the misdemeanors of another man!"

So children can be made drunk by the clerk of any saloon and the proprietor can go free, according to male-made laws!!!

Now look at such laws! Is it any wonder that women go out with their hatchets against the laws of fool-men who make such to protect the accursed liquor traffic? Here is a saloon that makes men drunk and prostitutes young women and has a musical instrument and yet the only innocent thing about the hellish den is the only thing that can be "arrested" by the laws made by men!! Is it not time that sensible women were permitted the hatchet and the ballot, that laws may be written in the defense of sobriety and virtue and laws of sufficient intelligence to, at least, deserve the commendation of a brass monkey. I want to thank the editor of the SMASHER'S MAIL for the good she has done by her unique method of campaigning against the liquor traffic. Her message has gone around the globe for everybody has heard of Carrie Nation and her hatchet. By the way I think the funniest thing on the pages of history is the scare that has caused men (God save the mark!) to bolt and bar their doors and turn pale with fright, because one little, old enthusiastic lady was headed their way!! O, ye braves!! You

are almost as brave as if you used your opportunities to protect your offspring from the accursed liquor traffic. Let the smashing go on.

Helen H. Gougar.

La Fayette, Ind.

The Truth Shall Make You Free

Scientific View Of Woman Suffrage



HE object of mental culture, is the fullest development and highest activity of the faculties of the mind. The aim should be to attain three ends — culture, knowledge, efficiency.

History bears us out in the statement that the greatest mental progress has been made in those countries where liberty was enjoyed.

The dawn of development is found in the democratic spirit of the Ionians. The advancement of the Spartans was along the line of physical culture. We find that cultivation of bodily health and strength always adds strength of intellect. Added to this is unrestrained action, the right to explore the sources of knowledge and try the forces of nature.

The Spartan culture, by Lycurgus, may be regarded as precursive of the laws by Draco. The latter, having been called on to draw up a code for Athens, made them so severe that they were said not to be written with ink but in blood. The people, tiring of legal slavery, were glad to have a revision by Solon, which partook more of the democratic ideas of the Ionians. This laid the foundation of the happiness and intellectual development of his people.

The Greeks in Asia Minor revolted against Persia. This resulted in the battles of Marathon, Thermopylæ, Athens, Salamis, Plataea, Mycale; Salamis, the last battle, causing the Persian scheme wholly to fail. The fifty years following was the most brilliant period of Athenian history.

To give an idea of what superior enlightenment and discipline will do to make possessors surpass an enemy void of them, we might call to mind the battle of Thermopylæ. There was a narrow pass between the mountains of Eta and a marsh at the edge of the Gulf of Malis. The defense of this was entrusted to Leonidas who commanded three hundred Spartans. They withstood the hosts of Persia for two days till on the third day a traitor disclosed a mountain path through which the position of the Spartans might be turned. Still, thousands of Persians bit the dust ere the pass was won, and the

commander reckoned that, at that rate, his vast army would be destroyed ere it could accomplish what was intended.

The victories of culture as derived from liberty are not confined to war. They are found in the happiness of the people. They are found in the preparation of the people for the occupancy of a higher plane of existence.

As charming as may be the study of the history of the strongest and best nations, and the causes that led to their supremacy, they are useful only in judging the future by the past. Since liberty during those remote ages contributed to the development of men and nations, it will continue so to do.

We are only half free. Although the United States of America has progressed beyond the expectations of the people of the Eastern World, we have only just made a beginning. No matter how kind a ruler may be who is made superior by human law, and may be inferior by nature, the mind of the one superior by nature is hampered, so that not the fullest results in development can be had.

It has been said that each son partakes chiefly of the nature of the mother. Since the mothers of to-day are to submit themselves to their legal rulers, will it not have a tendency to make each succeeding generation more submissive until it ends in absolute monarchy? Is not this the cause of republic's degenerating into monarchy?

The tyranny of rulers is the only thing that counteracts the degeneracy of republics. The enfranchisement of women is the only measure that will make republics permanent. The tyranny of rulers goads the people into rebellion, and on the ruins of empire republics are built. Is it not a good time now to avoid the decadence of our republic and its sequent rebellion and bloodshed by the enfranchisement of the other half of the people? They have the same faculties of mind, the same aspirations and inspirations. Their intuition is better than ours. Let us turn on them the full light of liberty. They may be dazed at first. Gradually, their visual organs will become used to the brighter light, and we shall find, in each, a stronger and more congenial companion.

We receive a great deal through inheritance. Memory is exercised in conjunction with the senses and perception. It is the store-house into which the perceptive faculties carry all facts obtained. Calling up for inspection that which is thus stored gives it exercise. Understanding takes up pictures that recollection has called up. Reason determines the relations of parts. It classifies in accordance

with relations. It places facts as links in a chain. Last of all comes inheritability. It transmits the strength and habits of mind and body to the child.

The child of parents, one free, and one not wholly free, is only half developed, and goes through life hampered by the undeveloped progeniture.

Antecedent to all education is a desire for knowledge and liberty to explore all its sources. It is the voluntary action of an intelligent agent, that distinguishes between right and wrong, between what ought to be done and what ought not to be done. It is the voluntary exercise of the administrative power to carry out the decisions arrived at by the intellect and conscience, that is efficient for good.

Joseph Makinson.

Holdrege, Nebraska.

THIS IS WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH KANSAS

PRESIDENT McKinley is gone. The first crime of the century is perpetrated. Czolgosz is gone, having given up his life in expiation, but the causes that brought about this National disgrace remain.

Czolgosz thought he was serving his country but was deluded. He was given a trial the papers say—a fair trial—that is, the form of law was complied with. He was given a trial by jury and a noted criminal lawyer employed to defend him whose only defence consisted in making an apology for appearing in his behalf. We think this lawyer was honest and did right. He did not attempt to clear the prisoner—and justice was meted out to the assassin.

But there have been thousands of murderers just as guilty, who are defended and protected from justice, and the lawyer who by any trick or chicanery or flaw in proceedings can secure the liberty of any criminal, feels justified in doing so and thinks he has added a feather to his judicial cap. The people have had so much injustice dealt out through the "majesty of the law" that they are almost ready to revolt. It is the cause of most of the lynchings throughout the nation. Especially is this true, in Kansas. The people were indignant at the way officials and courts have administered the prohibitory law. It was this failure of enforcement that produced a Mrs. Nation. It was the sympathy of the people with her and the righteousness of her cause and the spirit of justification that upheld her. The press and pulpit lauded her and wished and prayed for thousands of Mrs. Nations and they arose from almost every home in Kansas and had the women been sustained there would not

to-day be left one dram shop or joint to disgrace this fair state. But now, we see that Mrs. Nation has not been sustained by the courts. She has been bitterly persecuted and all women who follow in her steps have been threatened in like manner, unless they DESIST. The very ministers and prohibitionists who were loudest in her praise are either silent or denounce her and her methods. Why is this change? Only one word is necessary to express it—POLITICS. Twenty-one years ago when Kansas passed the prohibitory law, the Republican party claimed the credit and justly so for the Republicans were largely in the majority. When it was seen that candidates for office in loud-mouthed speeches made public promises to enforce the prohibitory law if elected, and then never made any attempt to fulfill their promises. In short stultified themselves. Then and there arose the prohibition party, and for a time had considerable power, but the party screws was put to work and the ministers who were in the main, leaders, were told to desist or lose their salary and they desisted to such an extent that it became hardly possible to get churches in which to hold W. C. T. U. meetings.

About that time the Farmer's Alliance had developed the Populist party and they swept the state. That the whiskey power held a firm underhanded grip on that party, is evidenced by the fact, that it never in any convention endorsed the prohibitory law, nor would they allow the Farmer's Alliance to do so. We remember attending a County Alliance just before a campaign when Mrs. Anna Diggs was present. She came to induce the women of the Alliance to form a political League for the study of political economy to be able to assist the men in their political work and to fit themselves for the ballot which was to come to them and a resolution for prohibition. How she plead for its adoption! She made speech after speech in its behalf and at last in tears uttered a "PROPHECY". The opposers of the resolution pursued all the convention tactics—postponed the vote and then whispered around to the men and made speeches to the effect that we had prohibition and it was useless to make any resolution on the subject, and that prohibition was a republican measure and because it was for that reason and that alone was sufficient for not passing the resolution, and the vote was taken and the resolutions lost. We didn't know so much about politics and politicians in those days as we do now, or we would have understood the silent influence of the whiskey donation to the campaign fund, and we have lived to see Mrs. Diggs' prophecy: "That unless the People's party come out squarely on the side of

prohibition that party will go down in defeat and the time will come when there will be no Populist party," literally fulfilled.

When the Republicans saw the attitude of the Populists then they nominated a good prohibitionist for Lieutenant Governor, placing him where he could have no hand in enforcement of the law, however, endorsed prohibition, and stumped the state thoroughly, calling attention to the failure of the Populists to endorse the law and uttering a warning that a populist legislature meant re-submission. This had the desired effect. The Republicans elected their state officers and many county and township officers, and the Populists lost the great army of prohibition voters as far sighted Mrs. Diggs told them they would. In the next campaign the Populists were obliged to fuse with the Democrats, and again they swept the state. The Republican leaders saw that the CAMPAIGN FUND had much to do with the carrying of the state, and sold out to the WHISKEY POWER. A vote on re-submission was taken the REPUBLICANS VOTING FOR IT, and had it not have been for the Populist members of the legislature who were yet in the majority PROHIBITION WOULD HAVE BEEN LOST in Kansas. Since that time, the Republican party has received large donations from the whiskey and brewers unions and the rank and file of the people of Kansas don't know it. BUT it is a FACT THAT FROM GOVERNOR STANLEY DOWN TO THE COUNTY COMMISSIONER'S who have been elected in either party owe their election to a judicious use of the campaign fund. This is what is the MATTER WITH KANSAS. The whiskey power through the State Central Committee to the other committees said: "Be easy on whiskey offenders or the campaign donation will cease and you'll lose your jobs. In cities take a monthly fine and let the joints run, using the money to pay city officials, and divide spoils. Reduce the city taxes. When you have a strong prohibition sentiment and some joint keeper is arrested make the expense on the county as heavy as possible and remit the fine so as to make the tax payer complain. Turn the revenue into the city treasurer so the cities will be willing for the joints to run, but the expenses fasten to the County so that the country people will FEEL the expense of prohibition." This was the state of affairs a year ago. And oh, how our hearts bled to see the effect of the licensed murder shops! Kansas was settled by Grant and Sherman heroes many of whom in the army learned the use of strong drink, but in prohibition Kansas had led sober useful lives, an honor to their families, themselves

and their state. And it did seem as if it were more than patriotic hero worshipers could bear to see so many of these old soldiers falling into the toils of drink and to know that unless some power intervened they must at last in the evening of life sink in dishonor into drunkards graves! And then, too, there were the boys being led into evil, and all mothers in the towns and for a radius of five miles about them were in perpetual anxious worry. This sorrow was laid upon the hearts of many men and women. One woman found a remedy and showed the women of Kansas the way out. True, there were many conservative and said: "Let the law take its course, but the tide of public sentiment upheld Mrs. Nation in spite of the fact that attorney Lindsley, with the consent of the presiding officer of the State Temperance Union, undertook to give her a public tongue lashing—but was called down by an indignant convention—and whose methods the state president of the W. C. T. U. said were not endorsed, and who publicly stated that they had no sympathy with jug breaking methods.

The same convention allowed her to finish her speech but let her take her seat in a frost. Mrs. Nation showed what she could do and through her influence together with the State Temperance Union, better legislation was given the state. But the women all over the state who were suffering from the curse of rum, backed by the men began a crusade of Smashing. Then the rum power got in its fine work again. First, that prince of jurists Judge Hazen who, we are told is himself interested in the liquor traffic and himself a good customer—and who sometimes takes fishing trips down into Osage County, getting off at Michigan Valley, and who brings along three wagon loads of camp outfit, eatables, drinkables, etc., and who with his companions spend a week in debauchery, **THIS ADMINISTRATOR OF JUSTICE** proceeds to persecute Mrs. Nation—and the cause of temperance. The rum power's second step was to cause to be said: This is NOT the proper way, take the law. The destroying of **PROPERTY** is not right. Kill Mrs. Nation and her influence and make her work unpopular and bring her to such disfavor as will make other women afraid to follow her. The Republican press must NOT say anything more in her favor," and the Republican press denounced her.

All over the state mass meetings were held and the people were going to enforce the law. No mention was made of Mrs. Nation at all, or if anything was said in her favor the leader of the meeting promptly stopped; and privately such talk as this was handed about, "The

woman is crazy and she should be in the insane asylum, and if she begins her antics again she will be put there." The Governor himself is responsible for this bit of persecution.

Then too the rum power had David Nation worked and I doubt if any whiskey man has any more respect for him because he has allowed himself to be worked. When we saw him, he was proud of his wife as long as the people carried her in high esteem and poured money in her lap in every mail. It was all right with David and he continued to be as he had been, her counselor and guide. But when Judge Hazen imposed such heavy bonds and so many of them and it taxed her friends to the utmost to meet them and he was asked to assist with his means which he never did, showed his vulnerable point and the divorce proceedings followed.

In many towns some of the prohibitionists have gone to work, attempting to enforce the new law and here is another rum block—the new law is to be attacked as to its legality before the supreme court, and many county attorney's advise the old law which requires testimony as to the purchase and sale of liquor, which is hard to obtain. The known prohibitionist could not buy it, or obtain it in any manner, so the people who would enforce the law must resort to spotter evidence, and just now the rum power is engaged in persecuting the spotters and creating sentiment against them, in short making it so disagreeable for them as to drive them from the work. And when that is accomplished as it will be, the people of each town will be obliged to do the disagreeable work themselves and receive all sorts of abuse and persecution from the hands of the rum power for their pains—as was the family of the M. E. minister at Alma recently. It's the next move on the checker board. The Republican party have the power to enforce the law, and save our home, our husbands, our boys if they WILL. They do not have the Populist party to contend with, nor do they need fear the Democrats for the rank and file of the Populists were Republicans and will go back to that party. In the first place they want to refuse whiskey campaign money, so that the officials will not be longer under obligations to the whiskey power. In the next see that only those who will enforce the law are elected and give us **ABSOLUTE** prohibition and let us test the benefits of the law.

The majority of the people of Kansas want prohibition and are in favor of it, but the will of the people is being thwarted by the rum power through the party leader. It will be wise if the party who gave us prohibition will con-

tinue to champion its cause and not leave it for individuals to do.

The women of Kansas are watching the outcome and unless the laws are better enforced by proper legal authority there will be many more smashings, bloodshed and persecutions for these women have the blood of heroes in their veins. They are either the wives of soldiers who suffered during the Civil war, or the daughters of soldiers who are born with the courage of their convictions and are willing to dare and do, suffer martyrdom and death for the sake of those they love. Kansas in the past has produced many noble, heroic women and she has plenty of the same mettle within her borders. It needs only circumstances to develop them.

The work of the 20th. Century will be the abolition of the rum power as that of the 19th, was the abolition of the slave power. It's God's work and it will not stop and the war is on in Kansas. If only the Republican party will do its duty, it will be a comparatively easy task, but we can't wait long. The rum power is not afraid of the prohibitory law and its the same old fight with the spectacle of men and women going down, down. The day will come when the people of Kansas will arise in their might and wipe the curse from the state. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord!"

Mrs. Ida Ferris.

Osage City.

The above letter is a true state of affairs. The observing will note in the Republican, rum soaked sheets of Kansas the mention of the excellencies of this wire puller, Gov. Stanley. Will the people of Kansas elect and pay a governor who said he was powerless to have the laws of Kansas enforced? What is a governor for? It is a shame to Kansas that we have such a figure head.

INTEMPERANCE BEGINS AT HOME



T the family table perverted appetites are cultivated by unnecessary, unnatural food and drinks, and by too much variety. All animal food contains poison—ptomaines, toxines, uric acid and effete matter combined with comparatively little food. Cooking only destroys germ life, not poison. Modern methods of feeding and care of domesticated animals and fowl only tends to increase their load of disease-producing material at killing time. The child that is fed on and taught to relish chicken pie, and the boot-black with his bologna are each unnecessarily

adding to their natural amount of poison, seeking the sewerage for exit. Any animal is a poison-making machine, but in less proportion with proper food. However all material consumed becomes poison or effete matter, after the animal economy use, on its way to exit, through the systemic sewerage. Kill the animal and it all stops and remains in flesh and blood where existing at that time, to be swallowed by the person consuming the flesh, and the same with the fowl or fish. This toxic material having a similar affect on the human economy as alcohol. And the same is true of theine and caffeine found in tea and coffee, and all of them leading to the desire and habit of using alcoholic beverages. Thus the child's appetite is coaxed and educated to the desire for still more exciting foods at its home, to be gratified at a more mature age at the grog shops. Thus the saloon may be made a thing of the past, by non-support, if you will show the people these facts, and induce them to study "right living," and so educate the children, that in a couple of generations by living on a natural diet of fruits, nuts, cereals and vegetables, we will have eliminated all desire for the toxic effect of these so called stimulants. Having thus freed the race from that educated, morbid appetite, man will use water, the only beverage God created for ALL animals and use nature's diet, when no poison mill can grind for the want of suckers to turn the wheel.

A. M. Eidson, M. D.

Topeka, Kansas.

LETTER TO SUBSCRIBERS

THIS is the last issue of SMASHER'S MAIL. Dear Friends this is a sorrow of heart to me. When I first began the publication of this paper, I was inspired to do so in order to give to the public the letters I got in my mail, also to find a medium for my own thoughts, for I have had but few opportunities of doing so, my letters are not such as periodicals of to-day will publish, they are too radical. I like to be radically right. I have lectured and sold souvenirs to keep SMASHER'S MAIL going, have spent all the means I have to do so, will not have a hundred dollars when I pay my debts for its publication. Will be glad if I come out whole. I am willing to go to the extent of my ability, but I must not go in debt with means of paying; I thought that people all over would subscribe for this paper, but I have only between five or six hundred paying subscribers. This paper has cost me over 125 dollars every month more than it brought in since its publication last March; which would have been to me quite a little for-

tune. I have done the best I could in this matter, and still will continue to do it, but in a different line. I shall write my life and put it in book form as soon as I can get it out. I have on hand thousands of copies of SMASHER'S MAIL, that any one can have for five cents a copy, I will also send my autograph on the magazine if so desired. I shall when my voice permits do what lecturing I can and if any band of women will organize to break up that which is breaking up their homes I will come and help them.

Any subscriber that is not satisfied with the six numbers of SMASHER'S MAIL that we have sent them will be refunded their money, if they will write to Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kans.

EDITORIAL, CONTINUED

There is not a man in Kansas who is a re-submissionist but he is also an anarchist. Does he not conspire against the protection of life?

O, Kansas! Kansas! Shake off the shackles of corrupt officials who have made game of you to further the cause of their pocket books at the loss of your home protection!

What can be done to prevent the dirty men from spitting the vile contents of their mouths on the streets? They ought to be compelled to swallow it rather, for let him that is filthy be filthy still.

If Governor Stanley is powerless to arrest gross violations of law, at least he says he is, is such a man fit for any public position? Has his administration not been a disgrace to the office of governor but he got his salary all the same and how much more, the Judgment Day will reveal.

I hope the people will not be short sighted enough to vote for Gov. Stanley to any place of trust. We elected, honored and paid him to defend us in our rights, and like a traitor he sold us out to our enemies. When did he ever perform his oath in closing up a criminal factory? Look at Wichita, his home. That is the proof of his treachery!

When I was North in speaking of Kansas I said: "It was generally our 'bum' and 'rum' element who smoked cigarettes." What would they have thought to have seen as I did, Mr. Hughes, the mayor of Topeka, walk into the court house the morning of the 6th. of December

smoking a cigarette? I will not for all this take back what I said.

Is there a preacher of the Gospel in Topeka who writes of the lowly Nazarine who refuses a place to his hired girl at the table with his family or a place in the sitting room when the gasoline stove in the kitchen does not give heat sufficient to keep the girl warm? I can not say as to the truth of this but we have heard this same thing. It is one thing to preach and often the reverse to practice what you preach.

We clip the following from The Florida Temperance Herald:

EFFECTS OF RAINES LAW.

The Raines law of New York state during the four and a half years of its existance has brought about a decrease of 6,307 in the places where liquor is sold and a decrease in the number of arrests for drunkenness of from one to nine of the population to one in twelve.

Ex.

How this fearless loyal little temperance paper ever put such a falsehood in its columns is a mystery, for of all the vicious anarchy we ever saw it is caused in New York by the Raines law made to debauch and ruin, made to protect the interest of the breweries. That state is in the worst condition of corruption of any state we were ever in. Every saloon there is so arranged as to be a house of prostitution and they are there by the thousands drinking and smoking cigarettes day and night for rooms are prepared for them in every saloon. Investigate Brother Herald "for if I build again the things which I destroy I make myself a transgressor." Sorry are we to see that this paper has issued its last number. It was a welcome visitor and was chuck full of good things.

THE LIES ABOUT EDITOR OF SMASHER'S MAIL

There is not one-tenth of what has been written about me true, but the most malicious damaging falsehood has been that about what I said of Mr. McKinley at Coney Island. I have now decided that this can only be set right by a lawsuit for libel, which will be begun immediately. This awful devilish malice is even being printed in a book for following generations to read. Jesus said: "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake, rejoice and be exceeding glad for great is your reward in heaven for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." I certainly have great cause to rejoice but I am

SMASHER'S MAIL

commanded also to avoid the appearance of evil, and this nation shall know the truth about this matter so that none can be in doubt.

Why did not Mr. Roosevelt call the attention of the people to the demoralizing effect of the tobacco habit that is depriving men of manhood that is priceless, of the vicious cigarette habit that is killing boys before they can grow up sending them to insane asylums and to felon's cells? Ought not a president to speak of matters that concern the vital interests of his people? Why does he not do this? Is it possible that he is ignorant? It must be a willing ignorance.

After Stanley's administration the paper who will advocate him as fit for any place of trust has a price and a cheap one too. Just look at his home, Wichita, one of the most lawless places in Kansas. If Stanley can not have the plain laws of the statute enforced, voters, ask yourselves what is the reason, and what do you pay him for? There is a cause.

I will say this of the divorce case. The injustice one party did to the other is in the hands of God Who says "Vengeance is mine." The Editor of this paper had her neighbors for her witnesses while Mr. Nation did not have one to testify in his behalf.

Why are the criminal factories in Wichita wide open in violation of law? Just because the man we elected in Kansas perjured himself and will not use his prerogative as governor to close them. Voters, will he fool you twice?

Have just been down to pay the monthly installment on my cost for breaking up a criminal factory in Topeka. A place where men were made paupers, corpses, and maniacs. This, under the nose of a governor, who is as much of an anarchist as Hazen or the devil. These three agencies are ready to oppose any move for law and order. Stanley is for Stanley, Hazen is for the devil and the devil is for both Stanley and Hazen.

How much of the campaign fund will Stanley use to get papers to keep his name before the people? We suspect it will be almost as much as the brewer will put in his hands for the purpose.

Why does the newspapers, generally, tell lies on the Editor of SMASHER'S MAIL? Because it is in their line to do so. While we can not correct them it is a consolation to go in their office and tell them they are liars. We feel almost

like doing what Jesus did when he went into the temple with a scourge of small cords.

We have numbers of our magazines on hand and will send the whole 13 numbers for 50 cents.

The time has come for the American people to repudiate any party that will not make the destruction of the criminal factories an issue.

OUR NEXT SENATOR

There is being discussed the merits of a man to represent the interests of Kansas in the upper house of congress. The law abiding voters might do well to cast your eyes toward the Merchant Miller of Lawrence, Mr. Bowersock. This is by way of calling attention to the matter. One thing we know—that is, that Gen. Hugh Cameron, the Hermit of Kansas, is favorable to his election, and he ought to know, for he has had the opportunity of knowing and is a good judge of public men and their worth. Lawrence the home of Bowersock, has no open criminal factories like Wichita the home of Stanley.

Belleville, Kans.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kas.

Dear Madam:—We have three saloons in this town commonly called joints. Can't you come up and do a little smashing for us? Our joints are protected by the Kansas Joint Association. They are taxed ten dollars per month, which goes to the Republican campaign fund, or to the Burton faction and that part of the Democratic party that is in fusion with the Burton faction, and always hungry for office, although this aim is to knock out prohibition in Kansas.

The crookedness and wild extravagance of the last legislature—under the present state of fusion, will turn the state to the democracy next trip, and then prohibition will receive a black eye, from which she will not recover if you don't watch out.

Under Crockerism in Kansas the above named forces fused and landed that prince of rogues to represent the Sun Flower common-wealth in the U. S. senate.

Let the Burton-Leland sham fight go on.

Let joy be unconfined.

Let the governor chase the orphans from the state—

The joints can make some more any time.

Yours for success,

Rev. J. R. Nobody.

This is a letter and speaks for itself. The name of a Rev. is at the bottom. This town is under sway of anarchy. Criminals are manufactured, whole families are smashed. People, next time elect a governor who will be true to his oath of office to see that the laws are enforced instead of being an aider and abettor of conspiracy.

The Soul Of The Flesh Is In The Blood



It is the blood that maketh atonement by reason of the blood. Even as the Son of Man came to give his life a ransom for many. This is the priceless value of the soul. How shall we explain it? We cannot, because it is so related to the Spirit of God that we must patiently wait until we shall know with Him as we are known. The things which are not seen are eternal. There are many things with which we are acquainted that are invisible—steam, electricity, air, the life of our blood, etc. All created things were made for this invisible, eternal, priceless spirit in the blood. In the blood is the soul of our life and the life of the blood is the iron in it. The heaven and the earth and all that is in them was created for the use of man. Man is pre-eminently of more value than all of them. Man's body was created, his soul was not created. On the seventh day God finished His work which he had created to make. Physically, man was complete on the sixth day. His blood circulated the same as it does now and as the blood of the animals. The finishing was the culmination of all the work which God had created to make.

It consisted of breathing into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul. This life is eternal, a part of God himself. His invisible, uncreated breath. Invisible things cannot be analyzed. In analyzing the blood it is found that the iron in it is the life thereof. To keep this iron in the proper quantity and quality God provided acetic acid, our common vinegar, as a regulator or producer of this iron. We know that vinegar rusts iron and when taken into the stomach it develops from the food the iron in it necessary for the blood, the appetite being the judge and not the stomach. This iron is the life of the blood and keeps it in good health. When this acetic acid is distilled it then partakes of the nature of hydro-chlorics as found in the various drinks causing drunkenness and the evil results. It does so by consuming the iron in the blood, changing it to rust or dead, effete matter. Prof. Remson says: "This rusted iron is no longer iron and it will not return to the form of iron. Also what is true of iron is true in general of all other substances." Prof. Brouardel, Dean of the Paris Medical Faculty in the principal paper read before the British Tubercule Congress, said: "Any measure tending to limit the

ravages of alcoholism would diminish the mortality from consumption." His remarks were founded upon this fact, that the acid existing in alcoholism rusted or burned the iron in the blood as it came in contact with the corpuscles, circulating, as it does, with them in the veins, arteries, heart, and brain then reaching the lungs, give up the dead rust to the air, as is perceived in the exhalations then expelled in sputum so prevalent with the drinker, and which modern science has prohibited from being spit in public places, because it results in spreading disease. The penalty in New York is \$500, and imprisonment. This destruction of the iron, or life of the blood is the reason the drinker of this poison staggers and falls. The iron being his strength he is weak both physically and mentally. The mental weakness is shown by his maudlin, silly talk and profanity, as Jesus describes it in Matt. 15: 19. This teaches us that the vitality of man's blood is connected with his Spirit which God breathed into his nostrils. How ignorant, then, is the man who drinks it! And how sinful against his body, his soul, his mind, his strength which God commands he should love, Matt. 22: 39. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

J. Flomerfelt.

1 Union Square, Brooklyn, N. Y.

This article is very scientific and will bear tho't. Wish the 500 fine would protect the streets of Topeka, but the worst place we saw for filthy spit on the sidewalks were in the oil towns of W. Va., Wheeling especially. It is nauseating to walk on the streets, for the puddles of vile tobacco spit and quids will almost make a decent man wish he was a cow.

The man who votes or advocates the saloon is a partner with the dram shop keeper, and also with the keepers of houses of prostitution; I know this so well, that when a man suggests the necessity of these places where liquor is sold, I almost lose my power of speech for the utter contempt and violent hatred I feel for his base principals.

OUR SERMONETTE

Our National Bondage.—Habbakuk 3:17. A state of bondage is a state of restraint. The liquor traffic has put this nation into a condition of restraint, as may be clearly seen. 1. It is a financial bondage. Millions of money are wasted every year in this abominable business. It would be a great deal better for the happiness of this nation if the money spent for strong drink were burned in one great conflagration. There would be enough to feed the whole na-

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.

tion if what is spent in drink was used for bread. This is a source of financial weakness to our system of commerce. There would be no more hard times if there were no drink bill, and there would be very little poverty in the nation.

More than that, we would not have to support nine-tenths of our police courts and penitentiaries and State prisons. It increases our taxes therefore, which are already too great.

2. It is a moral bondage. It graduates men into hell that ought to go to heaven. It makes unprofitable citizens of those who ought to be a blessing to the common-wealth. It debases manhood and virtue.

3. It is a political bondage. The saloon dictates the politics of the two great political parties and they have to obey it, too. The great cities of today are run most shamefully because the saloon has the power. The nation that struck against King George has a worse political tyrant and that is, King Alcohol.

"Into every place he's creeping,
Constant noise and uproar keeping,
And for power truly wondrous,
Many times he's been to Congress."

We have not more than five hundred paid up subscribers and send out from one to two thousand copies every month. Those who have not paid will confer a favor by sending us stamps on what they owe.

We see by observation, and records, that bankers are not as a general thing interested in driving out the great anarchy; because drinking men are spenders and borrowers of money

at great interest and risk. These banks have their ax to grind also. Banks would not have so much business if men paid their debts by money earned by the sweat of the face and if no man owed any other, anything but love as the Bible commands.

We can see why the liquor traffic exists in preference to any other crime. The lawyers have criminals to prosecute. The sheriffs and police have a job feeding, guarding and arresting criminals. The doctors have patients. Gamblers have a place to get money dishonestly. A large class of lustful men make prostitutes. Certain men like to get men drunk and then cheat them. The grave digger has business, the undertaker also. There is a large court docket and witness fees. Men draw largely from the public treasury, but who pays this expense? Of course the man who has by honest toil gotten a home and real estate. The farmer especially. Our taxes would not be half they are if this traffic was wiped out. The lawyer, sheriff, police, doctor, banker etc. will never see this, or allow any one else to see it, if they can help it. So dear honest hard working farmer can you see that this is the way it brings business? You are their cats paw, have you not been burned enough?

A GOOD GOVERNOR IN SIGHT

If Kansas wanted to redeem herself from the disgrace of having elected a governor who is a friend of her enemies, she can elect Elder Emerson, a Minister of the Gospel, who is a friend to God; a friend to man; and a friend to Kansas and her good laws. There is good timber for Governors, yet, in Kansas, the little tug boat of this union who is puffing against the adverse winds still making headway even with the dead weights that rums, bums and perjured anarchists, are loading her with.

THE DRINK PROBLEM

Archbishop Ireland:—"A thousand persons will drink when temptation presses upon them for the hundred who will put themselves to some difficulty to seek out liquor. Why our working classes, we might say, are compelled to drink and to become drunkards, so strong are the temptations by which they are beset, and it ill becomes their fellow-citizens, whom circumstances have placed on safe ground, to rebuke them for their intemperance, while no one lifts the finger to remove or diminish the fearful dangers.

"The State alone can save us. I know well

the value of moral suasion, of teaching by individual example and individual exhortation. But to be satisfied with the moral suasion while an army of lawless liquor-sellers is day and night defending and producing intemperance is simply trying to heal men wounded on the battle field, while from safe entrenchments a persistent army darkens the sky with shot and shell, strewing the ground with fresh victims, and winging swift death to the unfortunate over whom you are pouring the oil of mercy.

"Would God place in my hand a wand with which to dispel the evil of intemperance, I would strike the door of every saloon, of every distillery, of every brewery, until the accursed traffic should be wiped from the face of the earth. My anger is first against society, men who have the power to stop this great evil, next against the distillers and brewers, and then the saloon-keepers."—Manifestoes.

Bishop Spalding writes:—"The loss of faith in the effectiveness of persuasion, and the appeal to the legislative power which began to be made about the middle of the last century, opens a new era in the history of popular education was opened when the State established and maintained a system of schools. The same public opinion which thrust the question of slavery into politics, and led to its abolition, is now thrusting the question of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages into politics, with a view to their suppression; for suppression in the opinion of ever-increasing numbers of the most earnest, the most religious, and the most intelligent Americans, is the only adequate remedy.

"High License diminishes the number of saloons, but not the quantity of liquor drunk, nor the amount of drunkenness. And then to license is, in a way, to approve; and a wise and good man cannot approve the liquor traffic. Whatever restrictions may be thrown around its management, the American saloon is, and must continue to be, so long as it shall be tolerated, a nuisance. Its influence upon the individual, domestic and natural life is wholly evil.

"As to the right of the State to prohibit there can be no question, since the right to repress crime involves the right to suppress its chief cause.

"The objection is made that Prohibitory laws are ineffectual. They certainly are violated, though not to the extent we are prone to believe. And then, what laws are not violated? Shall we repeal the laws against bribery? Against the adulteration of food and drink? Against the desecration of Sunday? Against

adultery? Against obscene publications, because they are infringed?

"After all that may be said of the inoperativeness of Prohibitory legislation, it remains true that nothing else so effectually suppresses drunkenness and the crimes of which it is the source; and as we advance in knowledge and in virtue the efficacy of such legislation will become greater."—Manifestoes.

If our Catholic brothers who are in the ministry, would take the position these do, what a revolution! The Catholic church has more of her members behind the bar selling this damnation than any other church. What concord hath light with darkness? or Christ with Belial? or the Temple of God with idols?

Thank God many preists now are coming out boldly on the Lord's side. Some of them that we know of, are kept back by the devil of a Bishop. Shame! shame! on such.

WHAT IT WOULD DO

The money paid for one glass of beer would pay for one loaf of bread.

The money paid for one glass of whiskey would pay for one pound of beef.

The money paid for two glasses of beer would pay for a peck of potatoes.

The money paid for two glasses of whiskey would pay for one pound of coffee.

The money paid for three glasses of beer would pay for a quarter of a pound of tea.

The money paid for three glasses of whiskey would pay for a dressed fowl.

The money paid for four glasses of beer would pay for two dozen eggs.

The money paid for four glasses of whiskey would pay for three pounds of butter.

The money paid in one month for two glasses of beer a day would pay for a ton of coal.

The money paid in one month for two glasses of whiskey a day would pay for a suit of clothes.

The money paid in one year for three glasses of beer a day would pay the rent for a small suit of rooms for one year.

The money paid in one year for three glasses of whiskey a day would pay for an outfit of household furniture.

The money paid in one year for four glasses of beer a day would pay for a carriage.

The money paid in one year for four glasses of whiskey a day would pay for a horse and harness.—Wooster Herald.

CARRIE NATION MARCH

It Was Improvised Last Night by a Fort Worth Lady

SPECIAL TO THE NEWS.

Fort Worth, Tex., Nov. 20.—Last night when the Kansas delegation marched to the platform to carry off their part of the "State benefit" program one of the Nebraska delegates informed the reporters that the music was "The

Carrie Nation March." The newspaper men had never heard of the music, but as they were conscious of the fact that there are more things in heaven and earth than are known of in their philosophy, they recorded it that the Kansans stepped to the tune of "The Carrie Nation March." The report was not untrue, but it should be stated that there was not until last night such a piece of music as "The Carrie Nation March." The march which was played was improvised by Mrs. F. L. Jaccard of this city, who played the accompaniments at last evening's entertainment. Mrs. Jaccard has been solicited to write out and publish the music under the title given it in this morning's paper, but she says she is not sure that she could play it again.

The Decanter's Boastful Song

There was an old decanter,
and its mouth was gaping
wide; the treacherous
wine had gone its
way to do his
cruel deeds;
the wind
went hum-
ming hum-
ming— up
and down
the sides it flew,
and through the reed-
like hollow neck the
wildest notes it
blew. I placed
it in the win-
dow, where the
blast was blowing
free, and fancied that its
pale mouth sang the queerest strains
to me. "They tell me—puny conquerors!—
the Plague has slain his ten, and War his hun-
dred thousands of the very best of men; but I"
—'twas thus the bottle spoke—"but I have con-
quered more than all your famous conquerors,
so feared and famed of yore. Then come ye
youths and maidens, come drink, from out my
cup, the beverage that dulls the brain and
burns the spirit up; that puts to shame the
conquerors that slay their scores below;
for this has deluged millions with the
lava tide of woe. Though in the
path of battle darkest waves of
blood may roll; yet while I
kill the body, I have dam-
ned the very soul. The
cholera, the sword, such
ruin never wrought,
as I, in mirth or mal-
ice on the innocent
have brought, and
still I breathe
upon them,
and they shrink before my
breath; and year by year my thousands
tread the fearful road to Death!

Look not
upon the
wine
when
it is
red.

The house of ill fame and dram shop are twins. If you want one you want the other. One is almost a necessity for the other. Girls are seldom the base slave of lustful brutish men without the drink or cigarette habit; these inflame the animal passions and stultify the finer feelings. Men would be able to subdue their lower nature if they were not fed by the curses of drink and tobacco.

During the last campaign in Stonefort Ill., some thoughtful christians were made to blush with shame. In preparing a place for the speaking of the politicians, they decided to use the ground south of the Baptist church and one side of the church. A quantity sufficient of beer kegs and boxes such as they ship bottled beer in were used to lay the plank on for seats; there they lay close against the church for weeks. Those beer kegs and boxes and the church partners the church and the saloon joining together to prepare for both the old parties to solicit votes, and christians and ministers taking part. Will God forgive such leaders? If they could realize that the 10th. verse of the 13th chapter of Acts, was meant for such as these—it reads—"O full of subtilty and all mischief thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord." Also 19th, chapter of the Revelations, read especially from the 17 to 21 verses.

While I have time and time again, spoken and written against tobacco and drink, I have not as perhaps I ought, spoken of the dance. While east I attended many of the beer garden dances and find the waltz almost the exclusive dance. This waltzing between the sexes is one of the great highway to the falling of girls and boys. I asked a dancing master at one of these places if he did not know this. He said "I don't think so unless they drink," as much as to say if they dance and drink their ruin is certain. One thing is true no young man or woman can be a christian and do one of these things. Pick out one if you can among your acquaintances. The modern dance is only a hugging school, and the devil's method to ruin our young people. Let us educate these precious Jewels to avoid everything that inflames the animal nature. The control of this nature makes a strong man or woman. The lack of restraint will be their ruin. Do not think young girl or young man you have a depraved nature because you have these animal passions for if you keep them in check and master these strong inclinations they make you the stronger character. He that governs his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city.

The Life of Carrie Nation, The Home Defender

CHAPTER EIGHT



HE colored race or negroes, as I knew them, were generally so kind to the white children of their masters. Their sympathy was great in all childish troubles. They were our nurses around our sick beds. Their lullabys soothed us to sleep. Very frequently my nurse has held me in her arms till both would fall to sleep, but even in her sleep she never let me fall. When any of my mischief was discovered by my parents and I was to be punished, their testimony would as far as possible shield me and not until I would try their patience out of all bounds would they tell my mother on me. I never heard an infidel negro express his views, even if they were very wicked. They had firm belief in a God and a devil. I always liked their meetings, their singings and shoutings. They always told me that no one could help shouting. The first time I ever saw a white woman shout was in northern Texas. Now I did not wish the Spirit to cause me to jump up and clap my hands that way for those impulses were not in my carnal heart, so for fear I should be compelled to do so I held my dress down tight to the seat on each side to prevent such action. The negroes, who as I have said before are great readers of character, despised stingy people or people who were afraid of them. These colored friends taught me the fear of God. I imbibed a good deal of their superstitions. Some of their superstitions were not to allow a sharp tool or a spade, hoe or ax to be taken through the house; not to throw a grain of salt in the fire for you would have to pick it out after death; to kill a hen if she crowed; to look for death if a dog howled; or if one broke a looking glass it was trouble in some shape for seven years. They believed that persons had power to put a spell on others; would if taken sick frequently speak of having stepped on something put in their way or buried in their door yard. Said they were conjured.

CHAPTER NINE

When I was about fourteen years old a young man called at the house one Sunday afternoon. My parents were away. This was after we had moved to Cass County, Mo. I was taking a nap and was awakened by several of the negro girls, my size, shaking me and putting on my

shoes and stockings saying: "Get up! A young man has called and you must go in the parlor, and entertain him!"

They were very much excited because I had a beau. After I was ready to go in my nurse Betsy, said: "Now Carrie, you must begin to act like a young lady, for you will have young men come to see you now and you must learn how to talk to them and make it pleasant for them."

So they escorted me to the door and in this new role I walked in.

The young man was a Mr. Bob Cunningham, living now in Kansas City. He was perhaps twenty-five and took in the situation. I was very uncomfortable and of course was as green in knowing how to talk or act in young men's company as was possible. He did not stay long and I was glad for I knew he could not enjoy the society of a child who was even too timid to look in his face. About this time the war broke out and everything was in confusion. My father sympathized with the south as he was born there, but was opposed to secession and clung to the old flag and the Union but he saw that Missouri would be battle ground and he went south with his family and negroes and what he could take with him in wagons. There were no R. R. then. There was quite a train with the drove of cattle, mules and horses. One wagon had six yoke of oxen. It was the kind of wagon used to carry freight across the plains before the rail roads. Had to get in it by a ladder. The family went in a large family carriage that my father brought from Kentucky that he bought while we lived in Boyle County. I remember in the outfit were two gray horses, silver mounted harness, and when my mother drove out she had a driver in broadcloth with a high silk hat and a boy rode behind to open gates. This was one of the usual ways of traveling in Kentucky in those days when people could afford it. After being on the road six weeks we stopped in Grayson Co., Texas. Bought a farm at this place. Ten of the family white and black was down at one time with typhoid. The house had only two rooms in it except an outside kitchen. The small stable was used for the well ones to sleep in. A Dr. Paddy and wife nursed the sick. When I was ten years old we moved from Kentucky to Missouri.

I took cold on the boat and for years after this I had consumption of the bowels. Could not attend school long at a time. When a student at Mrs. Tillery's boarding school in Independence, Mo., I was out of the school a good part of the time and took medicine all the time. The physician advised a change and my health was one of the reasons for going south. I was one of the sick. No one died although the fever was of a malignant type. I had a severe attack of rheumatism after the fever left me. Was

helpless for weeks and suffered agonies, but was cured of the old complaint and was ever after well of that but was not strong. Never felt well. I had a girl friend who came from Missouri with us. That is, her father and family came also. I forget her name now. She and I spent our time riding over the country on horseback of which I was always fond. The Southern boys were preparing for war. Many a sewing did we attend where their mothers made their gray from the cloth they spun and wove. They thought their cause just.

My first experience in setting up with the sick was here and it was a good lesson to me. In eight months or as soon as spring fairly opened (this was the spring of 62) my father filled two wagons and took the family in the carriage and started back to Missouri. We were stopped at Sherman Texas, by the Southern troops and questioned as being deserters to the enemy. But a Mr. Jim Crow Childs, a neighbor of my father's in Missouri, and an officer in the Southern army said: "Uncle George Moore is all right and must have a pass through the lines."

We met the northern troops in Gatesville, Mo., and for the first time I saw the northern uniform. I cried bitterly at this place when my father was compelled to take the oath of allegiance for then I knew only the friends of Southern cause.

We left all the negroes in Texas, only the whites returned. My brother Charles drove one wagon and a young man whose parents lived in Kansas City drove the other. His name was Willie Nelson.

One incident occurred in going south which I must relate. A Mrs. January, husband and babe caught up with us. They, too, were traveling south by wagon. She, my girl friend and myself took off shoes and stockings and waded Spring Creek in the territory and when about half through the water a man on horse back came riding across the stream, which was 25 yards wide. She said: "We don't care, for you will never see us again." The water was over a foot deep and we kept our skirts dry.

CHAPTER TEN.

There is a turning point in my life, that I will record here. I was nine years old when I came from Kentucky to Missouri. Up to this time, I had not been troubled with moral restraints. I was not a truthful child, neither was I honest. My mother was very strict with me in many ways and to avoid this I told lies and when I did not get what I wanted I stole it, such as "doll rags" especially any thing to eat. I used to go to see my aunts and stay for months, es-

pecially to see my blessed Aunt Hope Hill living near Independence Mo. I also had a good aunt living in Jackson Co., near Hickmans Mills, Mrs. Kate Doneghy; I used to open her boxes and bureau drawers and steal laces and ribbons, little things they were, but I would take them and conceal them among my doll pieces. Also I would steal her perfumery and run out of the room to prevent her from knowing it. We lived at High Grove farm in Jackson Co., Mo. at this time. I got hold of a little child's book, such as are in Sunday School libraries and I read of the way people became thieves, by beginning with taking little things, and some of these little things were the very things I was taking. I was at once greatly shocked to see myself a thief. It had never occurred to me that I was this. I thought one had to steal something of much value, and this must be taken under peculiar circumstances. I had grown up to this habit. The colored servants had often asked me to get them things, especially my nurse, Betsy. She would say, "Carrie get me a cup of sugar or butter or thread, needles, pins and other things." This I would always do, but I was made honest so far as stealing by this dear blessed little book. Another book I read, called I believe, "The Children of the Great King" was handed me by a minister with a request to read and return to him. This story represented three brothers, one named Ezra, the other Ulric, the other I forget. These three were intrusted with certain passes in a mountain during a warfare between a great, good king and a bad one, and as these boys were faithful the good king was victorious, but as otherwise he would lose. The character of little Ezra was a sweet and unselfish one. He tried so hard to help his brothers and would wake them up when asleep and in all ways supply their indifference, begging them to do their duty. At last when the king came Ezra was richly rewarded the other brother barely passed but Ulric the unfaithful one was taken out and the door was shut amidst weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. That minister did not know the good he had done, but he sowed a seed in my mind that is growing yet. I now see the strongest characteristics of my life were awakened in my childhood. I learned then to hate the sins that easily beset me and they were many.

If the public knew the smashing God gave me strength to do in my own heart, they would not wonder at my courage in smashing the murder shops of our land. The impulse of honesty was awakened by one little book, the impulse to be faithful was quickened by another. Parents, ministers and teachers, teach the

child to read their little books for themselves. My own experience leads me to know this is a means of great good. The many examples of men and their struggles for the right and the reward and punishment as rewarded by the Holy Spirit makes impression for good on the childish mind almost universally. "These words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine home and when thou walkest by the way and when thou liest down and when thou risest up."

[As this is the last number of the SMASHER'S MAIL the rest of my life will come before the public in a book form, sometime in the future.]

THINK, WHO IS INNOCENT OF THIS WHOLESALE MURDER?

WHO knows of a good thing whiskey has EVER done? Who knows of a man or woman that has used it for any length of time that has not been drawn down to the valley of the shadow of death? Who has not seen on the form of the bleary eyed, bloated wretch dealing out this liquid damnation written Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips? How many are there who have opportunities of seeing some of its most deadly work? It was during the period of my administration as superintendent of the Good Templars Home for All Orphans at Valejo, California, that the real fiendishness of the whiskey traffic was revealed to me. From time to time there were children brought to our "Home for the Friendless" whose minds were so enfeebled from the hereditary influences of drunkenness, we were unable to give them the special care they required, on account of the large number of inmates under our care. It became my duty to take them to the Home for Feeble Minded at Glen Ellen, Cali., where there were at that time 450 being cared for, ranging from two or three to 60 years old, the most pitiful sight that God or mankind ever looked upon. And there were forty whom the "public eye is never allowed to look upon," some of whom were rolling and wallowing around on the floor like so many walruses or seals, and with not one one-hundredth part of intelligence, requiring greater care than a new born babe. All the result of hereditary WHISKEY. Some of the fruits of this business of which a man engaging in, must be possessed of the signatures of twelve tax payers and a "good moral character." When will the so-called "Christian people" awake and cease to bring upon themselves

the curse that comes to everyone that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips and maketh him drunken also," and smash with their influence, and smash with their money and smash with their votes this demon, soul-destroying traffic—WHISKEY?

F. M. Reynolds.

Past District Templar, of California.

CHRISTIAN NATIONS BRING HEATHENS INTO BONDAGE TO LIQUOR

CHRISTIAN nations are looked upon as examples to the whole world. Their laws are supposed to be in harmony with God's laws; what they license, or allow, or disallow should be right; they make Bibles and urge them upon the whole world; they license to make and urge alcohol upon every nation and tongue and people for greed of revenue.

Since the great Red Dragon led the first pair to diffuse among men the things forbidden of God as a means of enjoyment, strong men who ought to bear the infirmities of the weak are allowed and licensed to take advantage of the carnal appetites of poor creatures, who through the fall are too degraded to think, and lead them as sheep to the slaughter, cultivating in return a burning unnatural and artificial thirst for the essence of the infernal regions, to create a market for the deadly poison in whiskey and tobacco.

Since man forsook God and His service as the only source of enjoyment and satisfaction to the immortal soul, he is ever substituting improper and God-forbidden means of mental and bodily gratification as a source of enjoyment only to bite like a serpent and sting like an adder. In the year 1670 the Hudson Bay Company received a charter from Charles the II. to trade in that immense territory. Ever since then their chief interest has been to keep the native tribes in ignorance of everything else but to fish, trap and hunt. They get their fur for a mere trifle and pay that in tobacco and whiskey, principally.

The first thing the children learn is to use tobacco and whiskey and break the Sabbath. And seldom learn the nature of a school of learning. Yet although the serpent's slime is vomited out over the earth, we believe that women and men are rising up every where to the help of the Lord against the mighty, and will organize in bodies in every locality on the smasher principal to enforce obedience to the laws of God and bring civil laws in harmony therewith.

A. B. Coleman.

Castleton, Ontario, Canada.

Valley Falls And The Saloon

SOMETHING over a year ago two traveling men were heard talking in the depot at Memphis, Mo. The following is their conversation:

- A. "Well, John, where are you going?"
 B. "To Topeka, Kans."
 A. "Which way do you go?"
 B. "By way of St. Joe and Atchison."
 A. "Let me see; if you go that way you will have to go through Valley Falls?"
 B. "Yes."
 A. "I'd think you would be afraid to go through that town."
 B. "Why?"
 A. "Because they drink so much whiskey there."

At the spring election, 1901, there was elected a "wet" city ticket. There was but one ticket, and no one (except the whiskey men) seemed to care who was elected. In April four saloons suddenly opened for business. One good (?) church member was elected to the council, and while it is denied that the council voted to sanction the saloons, it is generally understood and believed (and not denied) that they quietly gave their consent, for \$—per month "fine" apiece. Some of the wealthiest men of the town, who are, of course, the heaviest (?) tax payers, have been loud in their calamity wail about the town being so in debt, and declared by all that was good and bad (especially the bad) that it was necessary to have the saloons for the revenue from them, without which direful results would follow.

When the W. C. T. U. began to agitate the question of having the saloonists prosecuted, and the saloons closed, the honorable (?) dignified (?) mayor of the burg declared in presence of witnesses that a man's life would not be safe if he made complaint against the saloons.

The county attorney was interviewed, and expressed the "firm belief" that the saloons would close up if the temperance people meant business. The W. C. T. U. then formulated a statement to the County Attorney, in which they asserted that they had evidence for the conviction of the saloonists, and would prosecute unless the joints were closed by Sept. 19th. They closed on the eve of the 18th, and on the 19th, they started out to "bulldoze" and "terrorize" the town in revenge. One of the fellows, a supposed ex-pugilist, the foulest mouthed wretch ever allowed upon the streets of a decent village, a bosom chum of one of the deputy sheriffs, and of one banker and a couple of doctors of Valley Falls, made a personal assault upon a young lawyer for no other reason

than that he was supposed to have had a hand in demanding their closing. He and his ilk strutted up and down the streets, cursing and blaspheming, and swearing they would lick, and kill the preachers whom they supposed were parties to the demand. The city marshal was present and saw the assault made upon the lawyer, and made no arrest. The city mayor said he hoped this vile fellow would lick this lawyer, (and another one) and "do it good!"

A few days after this a young negro was arrested for stealing a hog; was tried hurriedly, and sentenced to six months in jail, but these men, who had openly and flagrantly violated the constitution of the state, were allowed to go free—because they had paid into the city treasury.

How long will christian people and the decent people who are not christians, tolerate such proceedings? How long will the spirit of border ruffianism be allowed to run rampant in Kansas? How long will people who love liberty and righteousness submit themselves to the government of a lot of long-faced-go-to-church-to-ease-conscience, sing-at-funerals-to-appear-pious, money-grabbers, with the intellect of turtles, backbones like a jelly fish, and the conscience of a coyote? How long, O Lord, are the people to be afflicted by these parasites upon civilization; these advance agents of the infernal regions? Whiskey and lewd women are the order of the day in Valley Falls (for the drug stores and bootleggers are busy,) and the young men (and many older ones) are in a whirlpool of iniquity and corruption begging description. How much longer will the decent people of Valley Falls submit to such humiliating conditions?

 * Correspondence From *
 * the Field *

—
 HOW ABOUT CARD PLAYING?
 —

Kansas City.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Madam:—Why not come to K. C. and put an end to card parties? The ladies spend most of their time at high-five parties and nothing is thought of that. Do you not think cards are worse than whiskey and that they both go together?

Respectfully,

A Husband.

Cards are indeed a destroyer of valuable time that should be devoted to better purposes, but liquor is a destroyer of souls, a ruiner of character, happiness and home. Ladies who spend

their time this way are seldom interested in great reforms, or anything great or good, but are frivolous—killing time, which they will find will wreak its own retribution. This is the amusement followed by gamblers and prostitutes and such.

Seiling, Nov. 20, 1901.

Editor SMASHER'S MAIL:—I have been trying to write you a few items. Our weather is fine and dry, we raised enough to spare here and health is good generally. Last spring a young man in our vicinity was looking in a saloon for his drunken friend's purse. While doing so a shot was fired the ball passing through the victim's nape of neck. The bullet lodged in this young man's clavicle, and it was a very close call. The man was not intemperate, but it was proven that he was in a bad place and nearly lost his life. A saloon is no place for a decent person to go. Another one of our neighbors Jim Huff, sister Nation your old neighbor, is going crazy. Some think it is liquor. He says himself he has drank seven kegs this summer. The doctors claim he has a great dose of poison on his brain and his spine is effected. Night and day they watch him, poor hard working Jim! I pity his good wife. Please pray for him and his family and all other weak ones. They are in great need of spiritual visitations. He wishes temperate people to wait on him and curses the parties that helped him to his ruin.

"How long must I take counsel in my soul for I have grief in my heart daily."

Yes, how long, O Lord, is this devil's intemperance going to reign!

I succeeded in getting Mrs. H. Libby and Mrs. Hammon of Seiling to subscribe for the MAIL, beginning with July No's. Have you sent them? Please let me know.

Yours with prayer,

Ida Foale,
Pres. Aid.

This letter is from the president of the Aid Society I organized while living near Seiling in Dewey Co., Okla. This band of noble women go from home to home and hold their meetings to sew for the sick or over burdened, to wash, iron, patch or in many ways do the act of the good Samaritan. As long as I lived there, there were no saloons. As soon as I left two were opened up and they have accomplished the ruin of many homes since that. Whose fault is it? The Christian peoples' of course, for one shall chase a thousand. Wish there was one such there. This Jim Huff that is a victim was my neighbor. he and wife were a devoted, loving couple, good neighbors in every particular. Men have lost even their reason to suffer such! Yes it is murder of soul and body.

Naco, Arizona, Oct. 6, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka Kansas.

Dear Lobster:—Please call on us at your earliest convenience. We are in need of a bright brainy woman to represent us in Naco. With

your knowledge of this business we are sure you can make us money.

Yours truly,
Madding, Wiley & Co.

P. S.

We will give you ten dollars Mexican money to act as floor walker in the toughest joint in Arizona. Will furnish Hatchet and anything you may need in your brilliant workings.

M. W. & Co.

This etter is from one of my bad brothers. I am not so much induced to go for the ten dollars of Mexican money but for the supply of Hatchets. I shall take great pleasure in being floor manager for I will manage so as to cover the floor with broken glass and devil's soup that will greatly benefit the cause of humanity and make devil's rave. Yes I will come Brother Wiley if you will let me manage things in this way.

Your loving Defender,
Carrie A. Nation.

Editor of SMASHER'S MAIL:—I am much rejoiced that Carrie Nation is a practical reformer. She does not narrow down on to one thing and make it a hobby but touches on many reforms, such as obscene bill board advertising, oppression of the negro, Sunday desecration and many other evils does she score. I am much pleased with Roosevelt too. I see in the paper that he will not buy horses with their tails cut off; and that Mrs. Roosevelt caused quite a sensation in society circles in Washington by saying a woman should be able to get along on \$300. a year for dress. I do bless God that Brother Roosevelt had the moral courage to be a reformer on one line in particular in having Brother Booker T. Washington dine with him. Let us be true reformers on all lines.

C. C. S.

Brother Smith you are not the only one that is expecting humane reforms from Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt. Certainly a man who will not buy a horse because some one was so brutal as to cut off his protection will see the sorrows of humanity from this traffic in this liquid damnation that is made by monsters of selfishness and greed for the purpose of getting money the same way the thief or murderer get theirs. This is the rankest conspiracy against the protection of peace, prosperity and the pursuit of happiness. Who is a wise man and will not see this? Who is a good man and will not resist? God bless the man who is merciful.

Chapel, Mo., Nov. 2, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Sister:—We have received two or three copies of your SMASHER'S MAIL and they are read and reread with interest by myself, husband and oldest daughter. We have a family of six children and only one boy, and oh, pray God to keep him from ever touching or tasting the awful, horrible stuff—whiskey. I am a temper-

ance woman and I don't know who would not be that have suffered as I have, from the rum fiend. My father was an awful drunkard. I never knew what a father's love was. All the way I can remember my father, is in a drunken state. He was abusive to mother, who, like so many other women, thought she could reform him, but ah! what a sad mistake! Married against her parents will, and of course had to take the abuses of a drunkard. But the Lord has been so good to me and given me a temperate husband and he does not smoke or chew tobacco and does all in his power for the temperance cause. My whole heart is in the temperance work. Oh, I do try to teach my boy, although he is but seven years old, the awful curse of intemperance and try to instill in his little mind what a terrible thing whiskey and tobacco is. Oh may the Lord give me grace and wisdom to raise him up in the way he should go that in after years he will not depart from it. I am determined, by the help of God, to do all I can for the cause of temperance. I have only the one boy, but I have five girls that will if they live, sometime be women and I am sure I don't want them to marry drunkards! I think that the one that signs the paper to license a saloon is as much to blame as the man that sells or the man that commits the murder. We read with interest of your work in the different states and pray God to bless and keep you by his mighty power and lead you on to victory, in His name. May God bless and lead and help Mrs. Carrie Nation. Enclosed please find 50 cents for subscription to SMASHER'S MAIL.

Mrs. Clara Minks.

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

BY M. N. BUTLER.

CHAPTER IX.

A HAPPY QUARTETTE.—ARRANGING THEIR PLANS.—WALTER THOMAS MILLS.—THE COUNTRY BOYS AND GIRLS.

TOM and Alva were often seen riding and talking together. The former had purchased a good stock ranch cornering with Alva's, and both were planning and improving. Two young women were equally interested in all this. One was Kate McBride, an Irish-American girl, a living embodiment of wit, vivacity, good sense and womanly graces. Her father had been a member of the Irish National League of America, and during his life had been quite successful in business. His only failing had been an occasional lapse from sobriety. He almost worshipped his only daughter, and was a genuine patriot, and the daughter

while she loved America more, loved Ireland none the less. She had visited Ireland with her father and had seen with her own eyes the ignorance, superstition, and political degradation of her blood and kindred. How her warm heart went out in sympathy for their moral, social and political improvement. She belonged to the same church with Esther and lived and thought much alike. Her father had died a protestant two years before and she and her lawyer looked after her property. Tom had a weakness for fine horses and drove a handsome pair of blacks, and he and Kate, and Alva and Esther, had many a pleasant drive together, as they talked over the present and planned for the future. Tom was a constant revelation and could assume as many characters as a comedian or tragedian. He was full of anecdote and reminiscence and a perpetual source of amusement and diversion. He had already lost his aversion to the Irish brogue and no man that ever kissed the Blarney-stone had it richer or more pleasing. He and Kate were a study for their two companions. But there was one song of Kate's that moved him strangely. She had a strong sweet voice and was a fair performer on the piano, the result of Prof. Hugh's skilful teaching (all teachers out west are called Professor) and the song was "Erin Go Bragh." That old song filled him with an unutterable longing to once more see "His own native Isle of the ocean." Then Kate would sing "The Wearing of the Green," and thus most adroitly did she win Tom to the cause so near her heart. Especially did she want to see her countrymen in America stand high in morality, intellectual attainments, prosperity and patriotism. She had attended school since childhood and like Tom was a profound student of the American philosophy. They, too, were resolved to do more and more for the cause of Americanism in America. Kate was an ardent White Ribboner and out of deference to her Tom had thrown away his pipe, and felt the better for it. Tom had never taken a drop of liquor since leaving his miserable home in Ireland, and he never would. Alva had joined the church. Tom was not that far along in grace, but when it came to patriotism, then look out. And while he admired the beauties and righteousness of the American system and compact, he did not lose sight of her abuses and dangers. His avocation had taught him the necessity of weighing carefully the pros and cons in all his undertakings. His practical knowledge of human nature and of criminality in all its methods and variation was of no small moment. Oliver Chapman was quick to see all this, and encouraged Tom to be ready for the oncoming campaign. "And while

we are waiting for it, and some other matters are being adjusted," said Oliver, "we will make a raid on the Arlington joints. Our farmer's club in the village is strong and in good working order. Rev. Harrington has the church all alive on the subject, and the White Ribboners are anxiously waiting. Now what we want is for you to pipe those joints. The very idea that you are watching them will make them uneasy. And if we can get a few strong cases against them for selling liquor, so much the better. We will hold some meetings in the school houses all around and set everybody to thinking. We'll post every solid citizen that when he goes into town to trade, while buying, he will give the saloon business a rap. Then we'll finish up in the village just before election with a grand rally and confront the enemy with a storm of ballots. Will that programme work?" "Of course it will. Did you ever fail in anything you undertook to do?"

"O, I shan't do much. I'll simply set everybody else at it and then I'll help a little here and there. You see after the strike a good many tough citizens blessed us with their absence, and one railroad has just passed an order to discharge all employees found drinking or seen lurking around drinking places. We have tried time and again to do something and we will succeed by and by. Never give up is the key to victory. We are at last getting at this thing right."

And he was correct. Walter Thomas Mills, an able writer, says: "One-fifth of the population of the United States is city and town population. The other four-fifths are country people. The one-fifth of the cities and towns furnish the larger share by far of the crime, pauperism, social vices, and commercial disturbance and exclusively the corrupt political forces of our political life. This is not all: The one-fifth of the cities are and have been to a large degree the political masters of our country. They write the laws, elect the officers, control the administration of the state and nation, while the four-fifths, the country people, suffer the evils of their bad administration, and are powerless to correct wrongs." He explains this by the fact that the two old parties divide about equally the suffrage of the farmers, leaving the balance of power with the cities.

Again he adds: It is evident, is it not, that the corrupt force in politics must be a vote which by corrupt means can be turned from one party to the other, and thus control elections?" He affirms that the farmers cannot be thus controlled and that whenever the question of temperance, or other needed reform, has been voted on, the country always gave its majorities and

the cities its defeats. Then he continues: "The question is, What is the remedy? There can be but one. Put the moral, agricultural, industrial portion of society together in a new party against the boodlers and bargainers. Put the large majorities for prohibition, which already exist in the rural districts together in a new party."

Thousands of law and order people believe this to be the only remedy. The farmers are the moral and industrial force of the nation. Frances E. Willard, late president of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union was perhaps the ripest product of that force before the people. If any doubts this let that one read her graphic description of "How we went to the fair in the olden times." The scenes of those early years of country life were engraven on her soul and memory with a pen of fire; they were a part of her very being, and influenced her entire after life more than tongue can tell. Mary Allen West, editor of the Union Signal, said: "Looking back over this farm life, we see it was God's providential arrangement for fitting Frances E. Willard for her life work. Its free, joyous life, so much of it spent out of doors, was just what was needed to give her, seemingly so frail, the physical endurance which enabled her to bear greater burdens and more severe strains than probably any other woman ever bore."

The Lord Jesus Christ was a country lad. "This country boy of Nazareth came forth to atone for the sins of the world, and to correct the follies of the world, and stamp out the cruelties of the world, and illumine the darkness of the world, and to transform the hemispheres," spoke the eloquent Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage. "So it has been the mission of the country boys in all ages to transform and inspire and rescue. They come into our merchandise, and our court rooms, and our healing art, and our studios, and our theology. They lived in Nazareth before they entered Jerusalem. And but for the annual influx our cities would have enervated and sickened, and slain the race. Late hours, and hurtful apparel, and overtaxed digestive organs, and crowded environments of city life would have halted the world but the valleys and mountains of Nazareth have given a fresh supply of health and moral invigoration to Jerusalem, and the country saves the town. From the hills of New Hampshire and the hills of Virginia, and the hills of Georgia, come into our national eloquence the Websters, the Clays and the Henry W. Gradys. From the plain homes of Massachusetts and Maryland come our national charities, the George Peabodys and William Corcorans. From the cabins of the

lonely country regions come into our national destinies the Andrew Jacksons and the Abraham Lincolns. From the plow boy's furrow, and village counter, and blacksmith's forge come most of our city giants." And he might have added that from the plains and prairies of Kansas and Nebraska, come the John Browns, and the W. J. Bryans, and the Charles M. Sheldons, and the Carrie Nations.

Speaking of "Famous Farmer Boys," the Kansas City Times remarks:

"There are some people foolish enough to laugh at the homely virtues of a farm life. They are fortunately few, and they are fortunately growing fewer; but it is well sometimes to look at the list of great men who came up from the farm—not all of them, for that would fill a thousand volumes, but some of the most notable ones that flash into mind in a moment.

"Nearly three-fourths of the men who have been chosen by the people for the great offices of the nation are men who were early familiar with wooded hills and cultivated fields. For instance, Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, Hamlin, Greely, Tilden, Hayes, Blaine, Harrison, and many others almost equally conspicuous in current events of living memory. Among journalists, Henry Watterson spent his early life in rural Kentucky, and Murat Halstead was born and lived on a farm in Ohio; W. H. Vanderbilt was born in a small New Jersey town, and early engaged in the business of ship chandlery; Russel Sage was born in a New York village; Jay Gould spent his early years on his father's farm in New York State; Whittier and Howells spent their youth in villages, the former dividing his time between farm employment and his studies. Follow the list out yourself, and see how long it will become."

TO BE CONTINUED

"POETIC GEMS"

The Steady Subscriber

How dear to my heart is the steady subscriber
Who pays in advance at the birth of each year,
*Who for SMASHER'S MAIL lays down fifty cents gladly.

And cast 'round the office a halo of cheer.
He never says, "Stop it, I cannot afford it;"
Nor, "I'm getting more papers now than I can read."

But always says, "Send it, the family likes it."
In fact, we all think it a real household need."
How welcome he is when he steps in the sanctum,

How he makes my heart throb, how he makes
my eyes dance!
I outwardly thank him, I inwardly bless him,
The steady subscriber who pay in advance.
—Manson (Iowa) Democrat.
(*Verse changed by the MAIL Mgr.)

Rum, The Fiend

From Forsyth's Chips

(The following is a parody on the beautiful hymn, "No, Not One." The rhythm may not be as good as the original, but the theology is just as true and the sense is no worse. Therefore all true ecclesia will hymnologize it).

There's not a fiend like the power of rum,
"No, not one! no, not one!"
None else can so much our souls overcome,
"No, not one! no, not one!"

Cho.

It well knows all about our misery,
'Twill damn us till the day is done,
There's not a fiend like the power of rum,
"No, not one! no, not one!"

No fiend like rum is so base and deadly,
"No, not one! no, not one."
And yet no fiend so bold and so loudly,
"No, not one! no, not one."

Cho.

There are no fiend's deeds that so 'bide with us,
"No, not one! no, not one!"
No day or night but rums' works do grieve us,
"No, not one! no, not one!"

Cho.

Did this fiend ever forsake a sinner?
"No, not one! no, not one!"
Or give him a good bed and full dinner?
"No, not one! no, not one!"

Cho.

Can a Christian give his vote for this fiend?
"No, not one! no, not one!"
For regulation and be Jesus' friend?
"No, not one! no, not one!"

Cho.

Question And Reply

Night's sable gown was fading fast,
The Hermit by his camp fire prone,
As through his camp crown'd spirits pa
Whose robes in heavenly glory shone.

The wind which was cold and dry
Then bore this question and reply:

QUESTION:

Did the Maine sink when Willard died?

REPLY:

Write plain in ink that stays when dried,
That Aguinaldo, Funston caught,
Once our ally and as such fought
And bled and fed until we bought,
Was not in our fine high schools taught.
But Willard, wonderful in thought,
Her every action with wisdom fraught,
By craft of man was never caught,

By bribe and flattery never bought.
As loyal as the best who fought,
She lived a most conspicuous naught,
And if I have not often lied,
As felon she DISFRANCHISED died!

Cursed be the men who still deny
Their worthy sister's heaven-born rights!
God help the statesmanship to die
That makes old anarchism right!

Maybe you claim it's not man's fault
If woman is transformed to salt
And stands a pillar by the way
To warn us not to disobey.

But had you been with Lot that night
I guess you'd think your claim was light!
I mean that night before the fire
When angels foiled man's base desire.

A Visitor to Camp Ben Harrison.

"Are You Carrie Nation?"

No, I am not "Carrie Nation,"
And not any of her relation;
I approve of the hatchet operation
Nevertheless.

The Murphy pledge is my ribbon blue,
The white is the W. C. T. U.,
But alone I paddle my own canoe
With earnestness.

Many rough places I've been through;
Have met with much rough treatment, too,
Doing my work in the way I do,
I must confess.

Your nickels that keep my tongue in motion,
As I sail on o'er life's mad ocean,
Dealing out the necessary portion
God will bless.

I've always made some sort of racket
All these years since I went at it,
But never yet have raised the hatchet;
And why—you guess.

But from my heart arose a prayer,
And if it is answered over there,
For Mrs. Nation he will prepare
A heavenly rest.

So I sent ahead my telegram—
A very strong petition—and
If you'd like to read it sure you can,
With reverence.

You say her method wasn't right;
Please turn it around in another light,
And remember she'd felt the withering blight
Of drunkenness.

The question arises here at last:
"Whose property was it that 'Carrie' smashed?"
It was owned by those who faced the glass
And viewed themselves.

Sincere Petition For Mrs. Nation

Heavenly Father, listen to this little prayer of
mine,
And bless it for its honesty, although it comes
in rhyme.

Thou knowest all proceedings what's been
going on of late—
Away out West in Kansas, that Prohibition
state.

May Thy richest blessing follow Mrs. Carrie
and her hatchet,
For I admire her pluck and nerve, and the way
she went at it.

He's a hydra-headed monster—this great big
demon, Rum;
But if he's only wounded, it will hurt his feel-
ings some.

Forbearance sometimes ceases to be a virtue
when
Laws are not enforced that have before been
made by men.

So, Father, when the women do act so well
their part,
This smashing process surely lies very near
the heart.

I am as deeply interested as any one can be,
But alas! to use the hatchet I am too cowardly.

So I will use my pen and tongue, be thankful
by the way,
That someone did the smashing, while I write,
preach and pray.

We know that all those gin-mills with the very
heavy loss,
Are little in comparison to soul and body lost.

The opinions of the people are many, it is true,
And those who will agree with me perhaps
are very few.

Thou knowest one conversation I had the other
day
With a gentleman who had the audacity to say:

That she was simply taking the place of a
man, great God;
Then I had to tell him not a man here top of
earth's green sod

Would dare to do that little thing, so of course
I couldn't see
How she was taking the place of a man—I
couldn't actually.

Now, Lord of all thy servants, I don't believe
that one
Will receive a better welcome or a heartier—
well done.

I'm ashamed to say it, Father, but these are
frozen facts,
With all my nerve, apparently, I dare not use
the ax.

I know if I should lose my head away would
go my tongue,
And I want to keep it running for many years
to come.

Thou knowest that I visit the lowest down
saloons,
Amid the fumes of liquor and the filthy old
spittoons.

That I take the dirty insults, and swallow
them all down,
Because we can't catch suckers, dear Father,
on dry ground.

He's somebody's son or brother, she is some-
body's daughter, too;

Girls are smoking cigarettes and drinking lager,
too.

Thou knowest, heavenly Father, that I often
get put out;
And sometimes with a vengeance, and this no
one need doubt.

Thou knowest I have carried some marks all
black and blue;
But thou hast seen me through alive, and I am
thankful, too.

Many things I try to do to further on the
cause,
Amid the ruination backed up by liquor laws.
Smash! I feel like smashing the thing up good
and fine,
For thou knowest, heavenly Father, what it's
done for me and mine.

From the little imps in the wine glass to the
whiskey barrel, too,
I'd like to pulverize it, but what can one
woman do?

The damnable whiskey traffic can crush us to
the earth;
We can suffer untold misery all along up from
birth.

But with our so-called freedom, if we fight in
self-defense,
We can make all preparation to die in con-
sequence.

Thou knowest they call her crazy—the press it
gives her fits;
But, Lord, for half a million of that kind of
lunatics.

Thou knowest I have preached it years and
years ago—
The smashing process up above, and in the
cellar, too.

How gladly I'd enlist, Father, in an army of this
kind;
Blow after blow I'd deal him, and never fall
behind.

Curse after curse I would pronounce on this
soul-destroying fiend
That has blighted all my pathway, the saddest
sight e'er seen.

No hand can paint the picture, but away back
in the past,
On memory's wall 'tis painted a picture that
will last.

Shame, disgrace and poverty, but Lord we'll
let it pass;
It's the same old pitiful story, the result of
that first glass.

Now, Lord, will thou forgive me when it lies
within my reach,
For not daring to undertake to practice what I
preach?

Again I'll ask thy blessing, as I am nearly
through,
On Mrs. Nation, Father, and her "little
hatchet" too.

And, if perchance, she never should raise her
hand again,
King Alcohol got a shaking up as never before
—Amen.

E. E. E.

"Jennie, Of Paterson"

Jennie! that name is spoken in many a home
to-day;
By some it is spoken joyously, by others in sad
dismay.

No one speaks it in sadder tones, I venture to
say—not one,
Than murdered Jennie's mother, in the city of
Paterson.

I can't sympathize as a mother, for such I have
never been;
But my sympathizing nature makes me feel
everything.

I have taken others' troubles as being so hard
to bear;
I have thought my life all sunshine with its
dark spots here and there.

But little periods after all, compared with that
great dark blot;
Some troubles gradually die away, while other's
can't be forgot.

My pen cannot keep quiet when I read these
horrible facts,
And think that innocent people are obliged to
suffer like that.

"Let the dead rest," did you say, sir? You'd
like her to, I presume;
I would have her live in memory of the visitors
of the saloon.

Not the first case on record, we know 'twill
not be the last,
If the drink habit continues to grow as it has
in the past.

Moderate drinker, it may be yours; voter, it
may be your son;
Brewer, it may be your daughter, among the
enjoyers of "fun."

Thirty long years in prison, their sun it went
down at noon;
Dead to this world so beautiful—and all for
an old saloon.

No law to prohibit my feelings, no law to pro-
hibit my tongue;
Everything most of this nature springs from
the damnable rum.

However guilty the parties of either sex
might be found;
Anything mixed up with whiskey my sym-
pathy covers the ground.

"An occasional glass"—God pity the man or
women who think
Such an awful crime is drunkenness, but harm-
less to take a drink.

Stealing makes thieves, remember; lying
makes liars, I think;
Profanity comes from swearing, and drunken-
ness comes from drink.

That "social glass," poor Jennie, the result is
what it is;
That "social glass" has ruined the hopes of five
families.

No lack for these dirty gin-mills, as you tra-
vel through Jersey state;

Few worse I think in the Union—and Pater-
son is up-to-date.

Remember, you whiskey voters, while you pity
and talk of her,
God holds you no less guilty than McAlister,
Death or Kerr.

Vote to clear up your conscience, the right is
always the best:
Vote to prohibit this traffic, and God will take
care of the rest.

ELLEN E. ELDRED.

LAWRENS, N. Y.

What Am I Licensed For?

D. E. Graystone, Sparta, Mo.

I'm licensed now to deal out woe
And misery where'er I go.
Licensed to take the children's bread
Wherewith they should be daily fed.

Licensed to take the woman's dress
And leave her there in great distress,
And later still to break her heart,
When called from everything to part.

Licensed to paint her husband's nose,
Likewise to take her children's clothes
And leave the whole outfit in rags,
The husband idle, sometimes begs.

But last, the whole plain truth to tell,
My license takes me down to hell.
With thousands I have killed for gain!
Alas! my life is worse than vain!

In A Prison

Tune: Nothing But Gold

In a prison dark and dreary sat a mother's only
boy,
While the tears so swiftly coarsing o'er a face
bereft of joy.
He'd forgotten mother's teachings, he had
brought her sorrow deep
And in prison now is branded as a thief!
Oh, those days so long forgotten, oh, those days
so long ago.

How they pass before him now in dread array.
List! He's speaking midst his weeping,
He is down upon his knees! As I listen close
These words I hear him say:

(Chorus)

"Just to be a child again at mother's knee,
Hear her singing 'Rock of Ages cleft for me,'
Just to hear her speak in words of loving
sympathy.

Just to see her face once, just to have a chance
to start life o'er again,
Oh, to blot out all the past of sin and shame.

Jesus help me; loved ones do not blame.
Blessed Jesus, now I come to thee."

At the door is heard the jailor with his bunch
of jingling keys.
He is bringing in a woman clad in sombre wi-
dow's weeds.

Now a voice strangely familiar, it is calling her
by name,
And his dear old mother's fondling him again!
"I have heard about your trouble, I have hast-
ened to your side,
I have come to cheer you and give you joy.
Darling, I am still your mother, although a
thief, I love you still!"
Then she kissed him whispering: "Jack, your
still my boy!"

Mother's tears falling like rain drops made the
stern old judge relent.
Jack was pardoned. With his mother to the
old homestead he went.
They are soldiers in the army. He's her comfort
and her stay.

Jack and mother walk now in the narrow way.
Wandering boy, your mother's praying, Jesus
waits to pardon you.
To the cross, all sad and weary come just now.
All the past will be forgiven, dried will be your
mother's tears.
And hallowed peace will shine upon her brow.

(To Mrs. C. Nation, from Mrs. Adjs. Main, Wheeling, W.
Va. Salvation Army.)

Can Partnership With Crime Avail?

Is conscience in the soul innate—
Though frequently somewhat inert—
And should we justice cultivate,
And wrong renounce and right assert?

When wrong seems hard to wholly stop,
Should we assist it to remain
By strenuously supporting prop
That stretches conscience to maintain?

Can "partnership" with crime avail
The guilty conscience to appease,
Because, forsooth whatere the sale,
We keep a portion of the fees?

If one should sell "worm of the still"
And many people pauperize,
Would license money pay the bill—
Though we the streets macadamize?

If one for pelf, a man should kill,
Then offer to devide the prize—
Would the community keep still
If city this should legalize?

Would council for excuse then say
"He would have died soon, anyhow,
And all his cash would go away
Some other city to endow."

Shall we proclaim to all the world
In name of "personal liberty"
That we our loyal flag have furled,
And hoisted flag of anarchy?

Can we on crossings, paved with stone,
That may unlawful trade marks bear—
And there with conscience all alone
Conceive a hypocritical prayer

That God our town might safely keep
Through forced "donations" by those who sell;
And then with conscience half asleep,
Continue "paving roads to hell?"

Though business men may not indulge,
Yet oft of selfishness it smacks—

An open secret we divulge—
Imbibers pay for them their tax.

Can officer take solemn oath
That he the laws will all sustain—
With "mental reservation" loath
To laws enforce, and crime restrain?

Are jointists wholly for to blame;
Ar'n't oft they educated so,
And often worthy to reclaim,
Though they to county jail should go?

And why should one be held by law
As a confederate in crime,
If theft of article he saw
And purchased it for half a dime,

Unless in sale of ale and beer,
He knowingly "aids and abets"
When slinking slyly up the rear,
For half a dime a drink he gets?

'Tis not the vital question here
In this reformed sunflower state,
Respecting harm of ale and beer,
Though this no one can estimate.

But 'tis a puzzle how or why
One claims to be a loyal man
And yet evade, and on the sly
Discountenance enforcement plan?

The permit druggist well supplies,
Medicinally all we need;
And one with health, in slight disguise,
In getting drunk there, might succeed.

Yet e'en if "just as much were sold."
Soon after open joints demise.
(Absurd the claim and falsehood bold!)
In minds the thought might there arise.

Then conscience we must educate
Lest it become so near inert
That we the wrong shall advocate
And justice frequently subvert.

For it alone can lead aright
In every act of heart and hand
And differentiate at sight
The right and wrong within the land.
Frankfort, Kans. M. B. NICHOL.

The Great Spider

A spider sat in his basement den
Weaving his snares for the souls of men.
"I will not work with my hands," quoth he,
"An easier pathway must open for me."
He spreads his tables of greenest baize,
And many a cunning trap he lays.
The marble balls are smooth and white,
The den is blazing with floods of light.
Behind the bar the spider stands.
There is not a wise man in the land
But will lose his wit and become a fool
If he yields himself to the spider's rule.
There is not a youth so strong and brave
But the spider will dig him a shameful grave.
Nor is there one so noble and fair
But will learn to drink and gamble and swear,
In the spider's den; but do not I pray
Dare to dispute the spider's sway.
If you sweep the den with the law's strong broom
Perhaps you might make a cleaner room;

But then men are fearful, a little afraid,
In fact, on the spiders to make a raid.
'T would stir up excitement, and spiders must
live
So our household treasures we patiently give.
And the spider still sits in his basement den
Lying in wait for the souls of men.

SELECTED.

Origination On Carrie Nation

By H. D. Richardson, Cardiff, N. Y.

If we seek an explanation
Of that firm determination
Which led Mrs. Carrie Nation
To seek the extermination
Of the "joint" abomination,
Those of one denomination
Might answer "Foreordination,"
Still others "Predestination."
Some say "A hallucination,"
"A foolish imagination,"
Or "lack of discrimination."

She had made examination,
With her sex in combination,
A temperance organization,
For the curse's amelioration
They had been in consultation,
O'er the failure of regulation
On prohibition's violation,
And the maladministration
Of restrictive legislation.
But with all their deliberation,
Their plans failed at formation.

Then there came an inspiration
To Carrie in meditation.
She claims 'twas a revelation
Answering her invocation.
So she made her preparation
To begin a demonstration.
And a vigorous application
Of the hatchet of devastation,
In the joints of dissipation,
Spreading wrath and consternation,
Havoc, ruin and desolation.

In her brief expostulation
Was no hint of arbitration;
She gave not six months probation,
But little hope of salvation,
She made no reparation,
To those venders of damnation.

But it caused a cessation,
Though temporary in duration,
Of the vender's potation,
Cutting off his daily ration,
Lessening the temptation,
To a hellward gravitation,
By the path of moderation.
If it was her expectation,
To effect a transformation
In the morals of creation,
It still fails of consummation.

From this work of reformation,
She now takes a short vacation,
And for a remuneration
Appears before an aggregation,
Perhaps a conglomeration
Of the people of our nation.
First kneeling in adoration,

Perhaps singing coronation,
 She then seeks by dissention,
 Or with argumentation,
 To give an elucidation
 Likewise a vindication
 Of her mode of operation,
 And gains the admiration
 Of all her congregation;
 Creating a slight sensation
 By the hatchet's elevation,
 Giving for a compensation,
 An emblem of her avocation,
 The saloon's annihilation.

By way of illustration,
 She is apt at recitation,
 Or with scripture quotation,
 Giving christian exhortation
 To a life of consecration
 For our country's renovation.
 She speaks in commendation
 Of temperance education,
 And methods of "hatchetation;"
 But she utters condemnation
 Of the prevailing fascination
 For the corsets malformation,
 And the general desecration,
 And the loathsome suffocation
 By tobacco fumigation,
 Suggesting the osculation,
 Of the filthy expectoration,
 From tobacco mastication.
 Asking the consideration
 Of parental propagation
 Of the unborn generation.

She seeks the liquidation
 Of financial obligation,
 And has a monthly publication,
 Not merely for speculation.
 When too late at railroad station
 For express or accommodation
 She fails of her destination,
 The people in anticipation,
 Filled with aggravation,
 Express their disapprobation.

We are told that Mr. Nation
 Deserves our commiseration.
 He does not like his situation
 In his lonely habitation
 On his Kansas plantation.
 He has lack of consolation,
 Has a horror of isolation,
 So makes in retaliation,
 An independence declaration,
 Seeking a legal separation
 And a divorced relation.

Oh! that our administration
 Could make a proclamation
 Of eternal emancipation
 From rum power's domination!
 Prohibiting distillation,
 The brewing or fermentation,
 The sale or the importation
 Of what causes intoxication.

With this in realization,
 Freed from drinks demoralization
 And awful terrorization,
 We'd advance in civilization,
 Spread forth in colonization,
 Labor for evangelization,
 Hope for Christianization,
 Prosper in each occupation.

Have less business stagnation,
 Less annoyance and vexation,
 Hear more pleas for annexation,
 Hear less wails of starvation,
 Less grief and lamentation,
 Less of poverty's deprivation,
 Less crime and degradation,
 Less wanton depredation,
 Less loss by conflagration,
 More safety in recreation,
 From care more relaxation,
 Less burdens of taxation,
 Less fear of assassination,
 Less of Sabbath profanation,
 More hope of regeneration.
 Is this an exaggeration?

With such a transfiguration,
 Freed from all inebriation,
 With a sober population,
 And such temperance elevation,
 No need of Carrie's agitation,
 Or her hatchet's manipulation.
 So for David's pacification
 Back to the home's vocation
 Could go Mrs. Carrie Nation.
 With this happy culmination,
 We will close this emanation.

The Old Whiskey Bottle

TUNE—"The Old Oaken Bucket."

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my
 childhood,
 When sad recollections presents them to view,
 That craving of hunger, the scarcity of firewood,
 And every dark spot which my infancy knew
 The little old house and the barn that stood by it
 The sorrow and sadness which therein did dwell
 The cause of it all, and who can deny it,
 That old whiskey bottle, I remember it well,
 That little pint-bottle, that demon-like bottle—
 That old whiskey-bottle, which made home a
 hell.

The little glass vessel which gave aught but
 pleasure
 For often at noon, when returned home from
 school
 I found it a source of discomfort, displeasure,
 The foulest and meanest of satan's own tool,
 My mother would seize it when found in the
 hay-mow
 And SMASH to the ground most politely 'twould
 fall
 Then quaking with fear at the thought of the
 next row,
 I would trudge back to school; I remember it
 all
 That little pint bottle, that demon-like bottle
 That old whiskey bottle; I remember it all.

How bitter the task; the sad heart-felt pressure
 When four o'clock came and I must return
 To wait the result of that dear broken treasure
 The curses and threats I had previously learned,
 And now far removed from the old habitation,
 I think that no one will consider it harm
 If I long not again for childhood's situation
 Or sigh for the bottle found hid in the barn
 That little pint bottle, that demon-like bottle,
 That old whiskey-bottle found hid in the barn.
 Ellen Eldred, Lawrence, N. Y.

To Our Patrons, Friends, and Supporters.

All who have been receiving our paper regularly and endorsing its sentiments, and supporting by their prayers and voices this onward movement for temperance, God and the right are requested to send us a remittance at once covering the period for which they have subscribed or taken the paper. If anything has been paid they are requested to send balance due promptly. We need money to conduct this great work against the mighty traffic in liquor and sin. Rally mothers and sisters. Verify your interest in us and our work by helping us financially.

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Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 12, 1901.

Dear Sister Nation, Topeka, Kansas.

I send fifty cents for paper or SMASHER'S MAIL to be sent to Smith Bros., above address. I also send you an add with fifty cents for the which you can, I believe, insert for me can you not? I am a young man still working by the day and so can not advertise much yet. But God is with me and shall conquer.

Yours, etc.,

C. C. Smith.

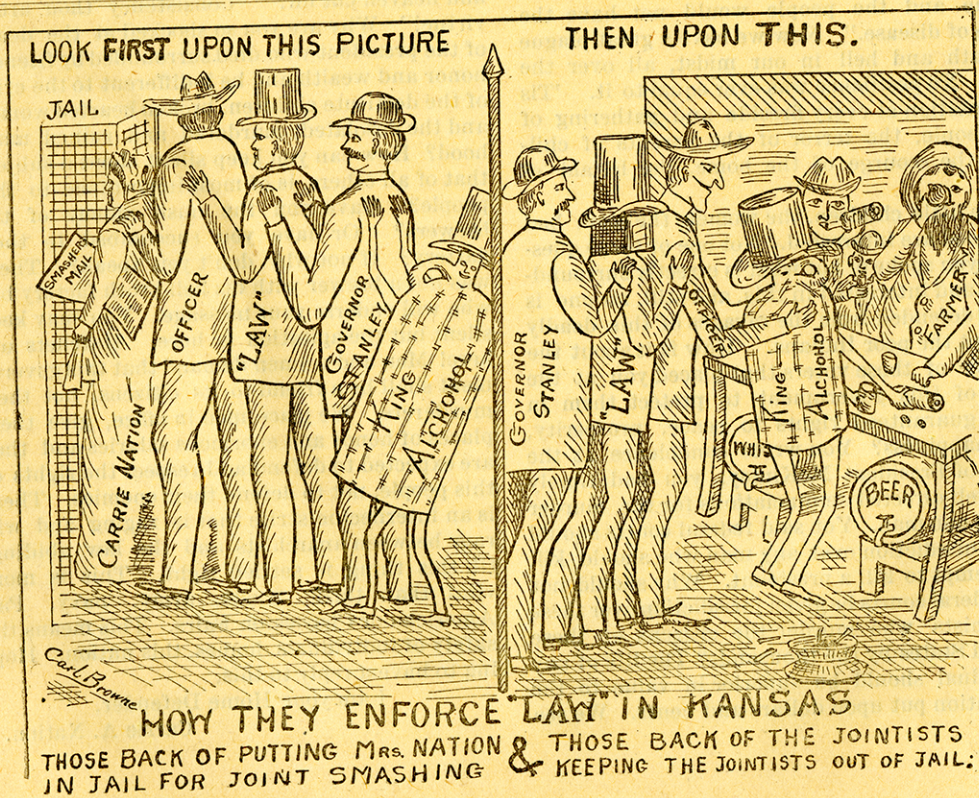
C. C. Smith, Carpenter and Builder 1612 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.

MY MOTTO: "THE GOLDEN RULE IN BUSINESS."

P. S. I emphatically demand that Americans shall be placed on our police forces. I demand the ABOLITION of SLAVERY to the saloons, and the SMASHING of same, and I shall, so help me God, have a PURE HEART, CLEAN HANDS and a CLEAR CONSCIENCE, even at the cost of all boycotts and concoctions of hell; and I exhort all who might want a nice house built, inside (especially) and out, to give me your work. Free plans to the poor man.

Our readers will notice but few typographical errors in our last numbers of SMASHER'S MAIL. Mr. Roe has certainly done himself credit. He is editing in Topeka THE JUNIOR HERALD, a weekly paper for children, which is 50 cents a year, and parents will do well to take it for their young children. The children need education. We pay too little attention to this. Many a

boy would never touch tobacco or cigarettes if they knew it was the ruin of that which would make them a clean, honorable and healthy man. "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge." The habit of reading a portion of some good book or paper everyday should be cultivated in every child.



A Second Letter To Mr. Roosevelt

Topeka, Kas., Dec. 10, 1901.

President Roosevelt:

I wrote you a letter which is printed, now in this magazine. This letter was written before I read your message, which I have just done. I must say I was somewhat disappointed. You certainly did "pay tithe of mint anise and cummin and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith; these ought ye to have done, and not leave the other undone." The Bible gives a perfect definition of law, and never is this word used to make a wrong right. The Bible definition of law is to make law an opposer of wrong, not a regulator of it. To protect men in doing right, and never otherwise. But politicians and poltroons generally have corrupted the public mind and we hear such expressions as the "legalized saloon," or "Raines law," when in fact it is "Saloon anarchy," and "Raines anarchy." What would you think, Mr. Roosevelt, of a case like this—a plague was in a city, depriving the people of eye sight, some of hearing, some of the use of their limbs, and so on. Would you commend the judgment of the physician who would not prescribe against the plague, but would direct all remedies to the recovering of sight, hearing, and use of limbs of these afflicted ones? Would you not rather say: "Get rid of the plague and the people would not have the cause of disease." Now we have a great plague of death and hell in our midst, all over the land. No pestilence was ever equal to it. 'Tis the question at every fireside and gathering of the people, the terror of the parents of children, the scourge of the home, the herald of ruin.

The little children, the women, the men, bad and good are interested. Not one of those questions you spoke of but what is directly surrounded by and interested in this, and still, no one is to be defended from the ravages of this deadly foe, but the poor Indians. How is it about the defence of those voters that placed you at the head of this government to protect them in their guaranteed rights to peace, prosperity, and happiness? You wrote condolence at the death of President McKinley; you had timely and well directed denunciations for the murder of this one man. You said federal courts should have jurisdiction over any man who should kill or attempt to kill a president. Why should not the federal courts be given jurisdiction over these anarchists who murder the citizens of these United States by the thousands? The life of any individual should be superior in value to the estimation put upon dollars and cents. We see

the brewers and distillers and their crowd who are murdering good citizens and destroying homes absolutely granted a license to do so, and this agreement with hell, called government, is taking the money from these murderers and protecting them while they do this devil's work! What a struggle heroic Kansas has had to defend her homes and now this government has resorted to all methods to ruin us. Should not the departments at Washington have respected our loyal state? But instead, it gives these anarchists the privilege of breaking our laws! This is the anarchist you should attack, Mr. Roosevelt, but you did not. All these law breakers wish is to have you silent about this. They will admire you, and if one of their own crowd becomes desperate and vicious enough to assassinate you they will praise you and have your face in their houses of crime and death surrounded with their bottles of liquid damnation. You say: "Never before has the wage-earner been so well off." We can truly say that never before did their wages do them so little good, for never before were there so many hell gates open for them to fill themselves with the drugs that deprive them of their hard earnings and also of the power to earn more.

Mr. Roosevelt can you refuse to buy a horse because his tail was cruelly cut off and not have a word of help for thousands that are having and have had their food, clothes, health, love and heaven cut off? "Consistency thou art a virtue!" Why are you so shocked at the death of the president who died surrounded by friends, honor and wealth and be indifferent to the cries of the destitute children, broken hearted women and the desolated, murdered and ruined manhood? How can you keep silent about a subject that of all others, is of most importance to this people? Have you the hush money of the brewers? Or have you succumbed to their flattery? If not why don't you speak? There was not a brewer with his hell broth factory but who will endorse your message. You may keep silent but the agitation is here. Hatchets are here! Men and women demand that this government shall be a friend to its citizens, not their murderers. We place men in office, give them places of honor and enormous salaries and they are expected to defend and respect the rights of this people, not to defend their enemies. There is an internecine strife that is raging and will rage between anarchists and the law abiding, till this thing is settled right. This is more vital than tariff, trusts, army, navy, Pan American or Charleston Fairs. This means the safety of individuals, homes, this nation. Hoping to have a reply to this,

I am your Home Defender,

Carrie A. Nation.