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### Smasher's Mail, Vol. 1, No. 3, 1901

Carrie Amelia Nation

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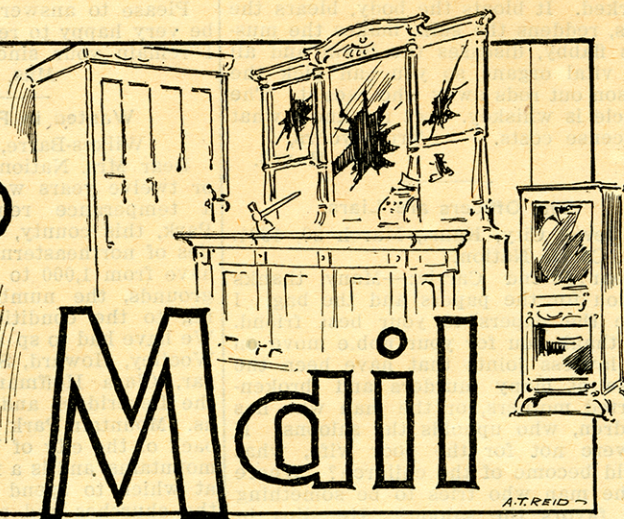
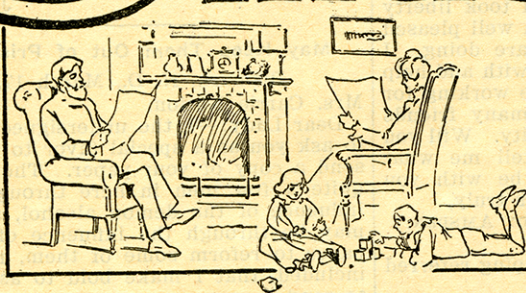
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# The Smasher's



# Mail

VOL. I. NO. 3.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1901.

PRICE 5 CENTS

## LETTERS FROM HONEST PEOPLE AND SYMPATHIZERS.

### One Woman's Work at Election Time.

Sweetland, Muscatine Co., Iowa.  
Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.

Dear Mrs. Nation:—I feel I must write to you and say God bless you and your hatchet. I wish to tell you what your work is doing in this nation of ours. It is arousing the people to

as never before. You and your hatchet have caused people to stop and look at the vile thing you were crushing. Those who had never thought of it as such a terrible curse, begin to see it in its true light. Ministers of the gospel are awakened as never before and they are preaching Mrs. Nation and her hatchet to kill the saloon. To-day our minister, Rev. Lee Crull, preached a roasting sermon against the liquor traffic, and commended you and your work. When the preachers preach purity and temperance the people will soon begin to think and act. Dear sister, I see you have not counted your life dear unto yourself, but that my boys and others like them may have a pure clean life without the cursed saloon to destroy them, you have gone out to face a frowning world, a deadly foe, even though they slay you. I believe God surely appointed you to this task, and while they have put you in jail to stop you, God is not shut up; He will cause His work to go on; you can serve Him in jail. Surely the people will see the injustice of putting you where the wicked law-breaking saloon-keeper should be. My home is six miles from the city of Muscatine. My husband went to hear you when you were there, I not being able to go with him. But he went to help you if you needed help, should any violence be shown you. Mrs. Nation, save the state of Kansas from the liquor traffic, and other states will be saved. I know what it is to be called a crank on the liquor question. Five or six years ago at election time I did a small thing which caused some people to talk of the unlawfulness of the act. They talked of fining me or else putting me in jail. You know women do not vote in Iowa at general elections, as for governor or president, and I did so much want to do something to help elect a prohibition governor for Iowa, so I got a board about one foot square and wrote upon it: "To the voters:—Vote to-day as you would if you were to stand before God tonight! Vote to save the boys from the saloon. O, save my boy!" Then I went over two miles to the polling place in the country and nailed the board in the corner of the school house yard to an old dead stump of a tree, and some howled around, saying it was against the law to do any electioneering within a certain number of feet of the polling place. I guess I had got my board too close. However, they did not fine me, for this was my first offense, and they did not know certainly who did it as I

did not sign my name. Those who spoke to me about it were soon told who did it, for I was not ashamed of the act.

My husband went with his hammer in hand to smash the whisky jug of a neighbor who had been giving our little son tastes of his toddy, but when he arrived, they informed him it was empty, and after an earnest warning not to give any more stuff to our child he left them with the jug. So smash away, dear sister, and teach the children to smash and clean old Kansas' free soil of the saloon. Teach the world that prohibition does prohibit in Kansas. Again I say God bless you, Mrs. Nation. ALICE E. ROBINSON.

### A Debate.

Bluffton, Ohio, March 9, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kans.

Dear Madam:—We have an anti-saloon league here in Bluffton. We would like to see the saloons wiped entirely off the face of the earth. I sympathize with you in your crusade. Next Friday evening we have a debate at the Central Mennonite College Literary Hall. The question is, "Resolved, that Mrs. Nation is justified in her crusade and its methods." I am on the affirmative with Wm. Plattner, another anti-saloon man. Will you please give us your views. There is no doubt in my mind that you are right. If you will only give us a few pointers to prove to a sinful town that the saloon should go.

Thanking you in advance, we are,  
Yours very truly,  
HARLEY R. LUGIBIHL, Pres.  
WM. PLATTNER, Sec.

### In Behalf of Suffering Humanity.

National Military Home, Ind, 3, 9, 1901.

I take my pen in the name of God and in behalf of suffering humanity. As God has given His only begotten son to save the world He will not allow the gin shops and saloons to send us to hell. Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. God maketh the wrath of men to praise Him. No peace to the wicked saith my God. First pure then peaceable. But we have got to fight for peace. God cleansed us from the curse of slavery by fighting for peace, and even so He will cleanse us from the curse of the saloon. But whom the gods would destroy they first make mad, and woman with the hatchet has already done this. John Brown's body lies mouldering in the tomb, but victory prevailed in behalf of humanity. And although Carrie Nation's body may yet lie mouldering in the tomb, God will give us victory in behalf of suffering humanity. The churches vote the license law to support saloons, and the saloon keeper pays in his money to support the churches, but God says plainly in His word: "The wicked shall not go unpunished though they go joined hand in hand." God says in His word:



MRS. CARRIE NATION

A Home Defender Who Defends.—Leader of the Greater Smashing Reform Crusade.

"Think not that I have come to bring peace on the earth. I come not to send peace but a sword." And again: "Ye have not resisted unto blood, striving against sin." First pure then peaceable. No rest for the wicked. And without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin. ROUGH AND READY.

P. S. John Bunion had his pen and ink in jail and so have you. He wrote and published a book—one of the best the world ever knew. Now let a hint be sufficient for the wise and do the same.

### The Whiskey Business in Plain Terms.

Reno, Nevada, March 15, 1901.

Dear Mrs. Nation:—The following letter was sent to the Board of Commissioners of Washoe County, Nevada. It is worth publishing. Yours truly,

W. G. BALDWIN.

Pie Creek, Idaho, February 1, 1901.  
To the Honorable,  
The Board of Commissioners of Washoe County, Nevada.

Gentlemen:—I desire a license to put on sale in Reno county an article which I expect to make a fine profit from and incidentally to put money in circula-

tion in the town. It is of a peculiar nature and though there are places now in your town where it can be bought, yet such is its nature that the more it is used the more the appetite for it grows, and by keeping it constantly before men, and even boys and women learn to like it so well that it is almost impossible for them to do without it even for a few hours. There is a big profit in selling it for it costs but little and when put out in small portions it runs up into high figures, so that those who become accustomed to its use often spend everything they can get hold of for it, even to depriving their families of the necessities of life, their wives of proper clothes, their children of school books and shoes and both themselves and their families of proper food. Of course such an article is deadly in its effect on the body, on the mind, on the character and on the intellect of those who use it, but there is money in it, and there is no trouble in teaching people of all positions in life to use it. It has a very many effect upon the muscles, and those who have taken a drop too much will stagger along the street, affording amusement to bystanders and school children



who happen along, and it is very wise to entertain the young, almost as good as an art gallery or a library. The effect on the appearance, too, is very marked. It bloats the body, blears the eyes, reddens the skin, makes the muscles flabby, diseases the brain and all the vital organs so you can pick the person out rods away who uses it. The article is whiskey. Let me know what a license costs. Truly yours,  
ELI HAYES.

#### The Officers are Liars.

Jewel City, Kans., March 20, 1901.  
Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Friend Carrie:—Many thanks to you for the papers and the bag. I gave the papers to your best friend. We thank you for your noble move on the lawless joints that have been the cause of many murders and broken-hearted mothers, or the man who has children, who upholds the saloons. If it were not for the poor wife, what would become of the children? Where is the man who tries to be something that favors the saloon? He slips in the back door or slips a bottle out in the stable or some hiding place, just like a thief or murderer, and in these hiding places he can have friends to help him drink. Oh, what awful shame they would feel even to be caught by their wives. This is the case all over the country. Shame on the man that will hide in some dark place to violate the law of his land and coil his friends in the same habit. That is the principle of the devil, and we hate to say that our officers of the state of Kansas have done this. They came out before all the people and promised to stand firm for their country and enforce the laws of the state right to the scratch. But, oh, how they have lied! And what a shame on the state that there are thousands of dollars paid to the officers of Kansas, just to hear them promise they will stand by the law, it matters not what comes. But they lie and know it all the time they say such things. There is only one way to settle the question and that is just the way you took hold of the matter. The people of this country should stand as one with you, that is the decent class of people, and the other class would be better off, and their little children would be protected from the jaws of Satan. From your friend and your best wisher,  
J. R. MORRIS.

#### Would Like to Smash.

Ashley, Mo., March 12, 1901.  
Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Sister:—I have been reading of your good work in the newspapers and I am greatly interested. May God bless you in your undertaking. I am a strong temperance woman; I am thinking of organizing an army of "Home Defenders," and I want your aid. I live in Ashley and we have two hundred inhabitants in our town. We have two (drug stores) so called, saloons. I would like to go a-smashing although the law is not on my side here. We have other surrounding towns that are whiskey towns. Now, I want you to please write immediately, for I think you could give some valuable information towards getting at these terrible places. Please send me a badge and a few defender buttons. Yours truly,  
MRS. J. C. WELLS.

#### Some Statistics.

Roseville, N. J., March 15, 1901.

Dear Mrs. Nation:—I thought of writing to you a long time ago when I first heard of your public work. We ladies that are in the temperance work get very little credit from the people. I have a temperance school; I organized it eighteen years ago. At one time I had 175 children; I have not so many at this time. It is work to get money to pay rent. If God be for us, who can be against us? I often think of the poor drunkard's children.

Who knows the curse of a drunkard's life?

The drunkard's children, the drunkard's wife.

The birds have a home in the forest-tree,

But the drunkard's child has no place to flee;

Pity not the animals wild,

But pity, oh pity the drunkard's child.

Dear sister, I have written a book of my life on temperance. They are at the printing office; when I get them I will send you one. We might say, how many persons are said to go down to a drunkard's grave each year in the United States? It is estimated that there are from sixty to a hundred thousand. If there were but eighty thousand, it would make an average of two hundred and twenty each day, nine

each hour, and one every seven minutes. The tread of this long procession as it passes into the eternal world is never hushed.

Please to answer my letter. I shall be very happy to receive one from you. I remain your sincere friend,  
MRS. JULIA A. MANNON.

#### Wanted in Pennsylvania.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Feb. 12, 1901.

Dear Mrs. Nation:—For the last ten or twelve years we have been having a temperance reunion at Mountain Park, this county, taking in the counties of northeastern Pennsylvania. We have from 1,000 to 5,000 people on the grounds, the number varying according to the condition of the weather. We have had to speak for us: St. John, Woolley, Howard, Swallow, Helen Gougar, Clara Hoffman, and others, and the Beveridges and others to sing for us. Mountain Park is about three miles back of the city of Wilkes-Barre in the mountains, and is a most beautiful place at which to spend a day. Nearly all the churches and other societies have their picnics here, every day being taken during the summer. We have our reunion July 19 next. We would like you to be the principal speaker on that occasion, providing you can see your way clear to come, and on such terms as we can meet. We are more than anxious to have you come. This is the worst rum-cursed county in the state. We have about 1,200 licensed places in the county and at least 500 speak easies, or what you call "joints." We say to you, come. We need your "Joan of Arc" heroism to awaken the people. I know you will be greeted by at least 3,000 people. Let me hear from you at your earliest convenience, and oblige, Yours in the war,  
EMMETT D. NICHOLS,

Chairman Luzerne County Prohibition Committee.

P. S. We had nine saloon-keepers arrested in Ashley last Saturday for selling on Sunday and succeeded in getting them convicted.

#### Wanted in Minnesota.

Savoy, Minn., Feb. 18, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kans.

Dear Madam:—Having heard of your excellent work at Topeka we decided to let you know that your presence in this little town would be highly beneficial. The field for action is a wide one. Kindly let us know when you can come. Most sincerely yours,  
X. Y. Z.

#### Want Encouragement.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Houghton, Mich., March 21, 1901.

Dear Friend:—Met sisters of charity at Hancock, Mich. They formerly were in Kansas. They are now engaged in trying to have this state legislature pass a law not to allow any saloon within 500 feet of any church. Today there are 12 saloons within 500 feet of their church. Write them an encouraging letter—(Sisters, at St. Joseph Hospital, Hancock, Mich.) Your friend,  
I. G. CLARK.

#### Writes Another Song.

Sparta, Mo., March 21, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—Your very kind note of the 12th duly received, with the button, for which accept my thanks. Also I feel gratified at the implied endorsement of the poem. Will forward application for copyright today, and get the music arranged as soon as possible, and then get an electric plate like the one the "Missouri Song" is printed from, and then if you think best I will let your office do the printing, etc. Your vignette on the title page would, I think, be the right thing in the right place.

Also accept thanks for the initial copy of the "Smasher's Mail." I prize it very highly, and will enclose subscription for same. I also enclose "Golden Hatchet," just born, which I hope to see in your publication at an early day.

If the "prohibitionists" fail to support you in the present contest they will, I think, invite and receive, in the future, the scorn and contempt of all manly men.

Your friend,  
D. E. GRAYSTON.

#### "Are You Sanctified?"

Blue Creek, W. Va., Mar. 2, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Sister:—The world knows of your crusade; God bless you! Go on; keep your soul's eyes on Jesus. A thousand prayers reach the throne of God for you. Please reply on card and answer if you are sanctified (a second ark of grace.) And state if you have buttons of yourself for sale like the Wooley buttons (photo buttons). They would sell easily, I believe, all over. If you

send out sample copies of Smasher's Mail send a copy to me.

JOHN H. HAYES.

Bancroft, W. Va.

#### From a Boy Friend.

Lorain, Ohio, Feb. 27, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Madam:—Here is a piece of poetry that came out in our Lorain paper this evening, and I thought that I would cut it out and send it to you and see what you think of it, for it touches the hearts of those in Lorain, and you can show it around in your city. I am a boy 18 years of age, but I took liberty to send it to you, and I am well pleased with the work that you are doing. I hope that the Lord will be with and help you keep it up, for you are working for the Lord and you have many friends and sympathizers in this city. Will you please answer this and tell me what you think of this? God be with you for ever and ever. Yours truly,  
ROY AMSDEN.

1630 Livingston Ave.

The following is the clipping referred to above:

#### Oh! Carrie, Dear Carrie.

A LITTLE GIRL'S PRAYER.

God save Carrie Nation; release her, I pray.

There's no hope without her, not even a ray.

My father's a drunkard, I want to explain,

I'm praying for Carrie, and live in Lorain.

They say you will answer up there on your throne,

If three pray together, but I'm all alone.

O, God protect Carrie. Shall my plea be vain?

Oh, Carrie, brave Carrie; please come to Lorain.

I'm cold and I'm hungry; O, Lord, hear my prayer;

I'm waiting for papa; he's gone right in there—

Where the whiskey will madden his brain;

Dear Lord, we want Carrie right here in Lorain.

I call on God's people; have you any soul?

Then pray for the Nation, the Nation in gaol;

The suffering are silent, they dare not complain

While whiskey is master all over Lorain.

#### THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

#### Endorses Smashing.

Coldwater, Mich., March 18, 1901.

Dear Mrs. Nation:—I live in Coldwater. I am for cold water. I am with you heart and hand, and if I had a hundred of them—and every hand held a hatchet—they would still be with you. Smash 'em—dash 'em—Those enticing windows—crash 'em—All saloons and keepers—smash 'em!

Enclosed find stamps for "Smasher's Mail" if you print the communication of

MRS. H. C. BAILEY.

269 West Pearl St.

#### An Old War-Horse.

Shorey, Kans., March 17, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, City.

Revered Heroine of the "Hatchet":—It may be exceedingly presumptuous, but I can not resist the impulse to write you a few lines of encouragement. I have been "in the harness" for more than half a century, until I have worn both myself and my harness entirely out. You are doing a grand work; and you deserve the help of all who love right and hate oppression, but I will finally conquer the reptile (the liquor business) in a single stroke,—by removing the element of profit. Men sell whiskey for money. Please do not feel annoyed lest I should mention politics, for politics never accomplished any good and it never will. The rum power is but the handmaiden of a higher and far more damning oppression sometimes called mammon. People sometimes prate about civilization, while in fact there is no such thing on earth today—nor any hint of its approach. We merely submit for want of common sense to the prevailing anarchy.

May God in mercy nerve your arm;

To strike the hell-born demon down,

Protect you from the slightest harm,

Until you stir the torpid town.

Yours for immediate emancipation,  
C. D. JUDD.

P. S. I refer to Mrs. Page and Mrs. Thorp—although neither of them really know me—only a little. I am old, crippled, and exceedingly poor. Have not even a decent suit of clothes to appear on the streets, and I merely mention this as my apology for not helping you.

The protection of "Kansas' prosperous and happy homes" has been my lifetime hobby, and I am still hopeful of ultimate success, though now "under the harrow." (Mr. and Mrs. Green of 1231 Monroe street have known me for ten or twelve years.) I will enclose you the "Battle Cry for Home" (written several years ago), without copyright attachments. This poor, old staggering world is welcome to all I can do for it—and that will be much, too. After seeing Mrs. Thorp, Mrs. Green and Mr. Page, if convenient, please drop a hasty line, and oblige Yours for progress,  
JUDD.

#### May Keep Them Out of Prison.

Bismark, N. D., March 17, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Lady:—I, the undersigned, wish to ask you as a special favor to please send a copy of your paper. There are quite a few men in here through the influence of the demon alcohol, and it may be through the influence of your paper to reform some of them, myself included, that I make bold to ask you to send a copy.

It will be passed around from one cell to another and so all or nearly all will get a chance to read it, and I hope some will profit by it and reform from drink, so it will not cause them to return to this place or any other of the same kind. I will be very thankful for the favor. I would willingly send the subscription if I had the same.

Sincerely yours, THOS. MURPHY...  
P. O. Box—X, Bismarck Prison.

#### Hearty Endorsement.

Malta, Ohio, March 16, 1901.

My Dear Mrs. Nation:—I received the copy of the Smasher's Mail. I hope it may be a help toward smashing, not only the joints and saloons of Kansas, but of the whole United States. We can not look to office-holders and politicians for help in the matter. The liquor element is over them and directs their movements. You are not wrong in resorting to the hatchet in such an emergency.

May the good work go on!

Respectfully yours, J. M. ROGERS.

#### A Message.

East Syracuse, N. Y.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kans.

Dear Mrs. Nation:—The enclosed message of sympathy and encouragement from the Womans' Christian Temperance Union, is the same as I forwarded to you from our Union Free school, about February 21, by telegram to you in care of the Topeka Capital. Hope you received it on time. I expect to come to Kansas soon on business, connected with my ranches near Manhattan, Kans., and hope to find that your method has proved beneficial. We must not give up the cause of temperance and good citizenship to indifferent people and the rum traffic. Papers say you will rally your hosts if the law is not strictly enforced. I think now is the time to bring the people to a sense of their duty to God and man, otherwise it may go by default for several generations. I send East Syracuse News, setting forth progress in our school. Respectfully,

A. D. ELLIS.

213 Park St.

East Syracuse, N. Y., March 19, 1901.

To Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Lady:—We know of your sorrow and your tears. Your cries for the freedom and deliverance of Kansas come to us upon the wings of the wind like that of the children of Israel, crying in the wilderness. We saw you composed and in meditation—as in our Syracuse Herald of the 15th of February, 1901—(in cartoon with honest Abe Lincoln at the log skid), and we thought it augured much good. It seemed so restful, hopeful, and peaceful; but alas for the frailty and instability of man; for in the brief interim of battles there comes to us over the wave the crash and hiss of a demon's bullets, and the wail of a dying mother and orphaned children, breaks the quiet spell. It is again your incentive to battle.

We look out upon the plains of Kansas and catch the gleam of your tiny battle axe at the head of a swaying straggling column of struggling women, "Home Defenders," charging in helpless wretchedness and blindness upon those illicit and infamous dens of the rum traffic. Oh, how we pity you! But we are powerless to save. Such unscrupulous inaction of officials, defeats the intention and the end of the law, and disgraces all of the people.

We arise to come to you (under the conditions you impose) with clean hearts and clean hands to give you cheer, and extend our sympathy.

May heaven pity you, smile upon and



bless you, and give you and yours victory, rest, and peace at last.

East Syracuse, March 18, 1901.

Mr. A. D. Ellis:—At the last meeting of the W. C. T. U. the above paper was read and a unanimous vote of sympathy with Mrs. Nation was passed; also thanks for opportunity of presenting the above.

(MRS.) FANNIE COCHRAN, Pres.  
(MRS.) IDA BERGHOLD, Cor. Sec.

#### Encouragement.

Kansas City, Mo., March 17, 1901.  
Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dead friend and sister in Christ:—I have been reading of your great work and I am a believer in destroying liquor for just think of the many happy homes it has destroyed and the many little orphans that are in the world on account of the rum traffic. It was the cause of my mother's and father's home being broken up, but, thank God, father has repented and now he never gets drunk. My mother is dead. She has been dead ten years. My mother and father separated when I was three years old and I never saw father any more till I was 18 years old. I am now 24 years old. I would be with you in smashing the saloons but I am married and have three little children and my baby is ten months old and I know I would have to run the risk of being arrested. I would not care for that if it was not for my baby. May God bless you in all your undertakings. He has promised to be with all His dear ones.

FROM A FRIEND.

#### Officers Shall Be Compelled to do Their Duty.

Kansas City, Mo., March 17, 1901.  
Mrs. Nation.

My dear beloved sister in the Lord:—After hearing the papers read for some time of your great work in joint smashing, I am impressed to write to you. I think the first thing you ought to do—that is, if the state of Kansas is prohibition—is to issue warrants for every office-holder that is in favor of the rum traffic, to be arrested, for they are the first to violate the law. If there is no law permitting the sale of liquor, why do they issue licenses for that purpose? I think every man that is in office who has violated the laws, resign his office and another man selected for his place. The men who are in office to-day are the transgressors of the law. The police that has not performed its duty should be turned out of office, too. People of Kansas should call an election and elect men that will abide by the law and use the law as it is intended to be used. May God bless you in your work is the sincere prayer of my heart.

FROM A FRIEND IN KANSAS CITY.

#### Asks for Counsel.

Brockton, Mass., March 15, 1901.

Dear Mrs. Nation:—Having read in the daily newspapers of your good work in regard to the liquor question, and all the good you have accomplished in that line, I hope you will pardon me if I seem bold and forward in addressing you.

I have always had the utmost admiration for you, on account of the good you have already done.

Now the city I live in has a population of 40,000 and is in the no-license ranks. On the question of license or no license the city voted NO by a majority of 1,000, but the law has never been enforced, and there seems to be no remedy to stop it.

This seems to be a problem that no one here can answer. Now, my dear Mrs. Nation, is there anything that you can suggest to stop it? If so, let me know, and I will be more than grateful to you, and I will also ask God to bless you in your good work, and I know He will. I remain very respectfully yours,  
J. F. BUCKLEY.

#### Smashing the Only Effective Means.

Compton, Calif., March 10, 1901.  
Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Respected Madam:—Your crusade against saloons has been a vision to me as to how the saloon can be brought to justice and stopped. I hope that you will have the support and co-operation of the W. C. T. U. in getting laws passed by states, counties, and towns, embodying your system of work, only asking that the police (or other peace officers) lead the search, or that some one be deputized to go with your forces and lead the way. That will remove the appearance of mob law that so many object to. I notice they went with you on some occasions.

Dear Mrs. Nation, you have the honor of instituting the first movement against this law-defying business that perjury, lawyers' tricks, and sympathiz-

ing jurors and courts can not interfere with. I hope you will be able to co-operate with the W. C. T. U. and ask the friends of temperance the world over for contributions to help employ deputies or officers to accompany you in your grand raids.

I enclose you five dollars to be used in this way as a starter. I send this via the W. C. T. U. to get the idea before them. I am yours truly and respectfully,  
BENJAMIN WALTON.

#### From One Who Is Heart-Broken and Lonely.

Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 9, 1901.

Mrs. Nation:—I have been reading about you from time to time smashing the saloons. I wish I were beside you to help you, for I would be only too glad to do it. I have had to go out and make my own living after they made a drunkard of my husband. He died a drunkard, ruined in soul and body, and now I have the bold world to fight. I must walk and toil alone, while they pursue their hellish traffic. Smash their mirrors. The Lord is on your side and so is many a lonely heart-broken wife and mother. God bless you in your noble work.  
C. B.

#### Sympathy of the Colored People.

Atlantic City, N. J., March 11, 1901.  
Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Madam:—I rejoice to say the W. C. T. U. is blessed with a decided heroine, one who is blazing in the eyes of the people as a fighter for temperance principles and not financial principles.

I am also delighted to see that the interest you have in the colored people has established among them a good feeling, out of which prayers for the success of your mission continually will rise to God.

I should indeed thank you for your favorable work more in their behalf and hopes those far and near in whose interest this work is presented may without hesitation give it sincere patronage. Hoping your ladyship will accept the lines I gratefully dedicate to you:

Temperance within a powerful hand,  
Stretched forth to shield the law;  
Temperance hath shaken the western land,  
And temperance treads to war.

Alas! Victory shall crown her head  
when battling shall be o'er;  
When all intemperate things shall cease,

And temperance's home from war.  
I am gratefully yours,  
HENRY M. OSTOON.

#### "More About Mrs. Nation."

Roberts, Ill., March 13, 1901.  
Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kans.

Dear Madam:—I enclose a little communication that I sent to the Bloomington, Ill., daily "Pantagraph." It appeared March 11 in the daily.

If you think well you may re-print it in your "Smasher."

I am Congregational pastor here. My work has been in the West, Kansas, Missouri, South Dakota, for twenty years or more. I have many personal friends in Topeka, and other parts of Kansas. I have preached in Anthony, often in Wichita, etc.

If you insert this, will you kindly mail me copy of your paper containing the same? If you do not use the article, please return it in enclosed envelope, and oblige.

I have published a paper for several years. I would like very much to get into some reform journal work. Very respectfully,  
J. V. WILLIS.

Editor, Pantagraph:—I notice you admit comments on the Kansas crusade. It is clearly a case of public interest. Loons in the state are also lawless and can not be defended in itself. But the nearly fifteen hundred wide open saloons in the state were also lawless and without defense. The officers who refused to enforce the law against open, flagrant offenders were of the worst type of lawbreakers. And the people who are at the bottom of all government—what shall be said of their offense?

While general principles apply to the Kansas case, it is also a case by itself. Prohibition has been in the state constitution for twenty years. (The writer voted for it). A vote to repeal it was defeated a few years ago. Now the situation is this: A majority of the men of the state, and about all of the women and children, want the prohibition law and want it enforced. But a minority of the men who have personal vices or private greed demand that saloons shall be run in open violation of the state's most sacred law, so that they may conveniently gratify said personal vices and private greed.

The case had reached a malignant stage. The healthy conscience and robust character of Kansas had been outraged. The "home defenders" came forward in self-defense. There is such a thing as righteous wrath. Under this awful impulse the Christ drove the traders from the temple. The time comes when "forbearance ceases to be a virtue," and virtuous outbursts seem to be justifiable.

The courts will admit that there has been no malice in the motive nor cruelty in the method of the crusaders. Our own country in the Philippines and Britain in Africa illustrate that the end may sometimes sanctify the means, or that we may do evil that good may come. Sword and hatchet hurt and destroy. The crusaders may be gibbeted as offenders to-day, but they will be crowned as benefactors to-morrow.

J. V. WILLIS.

Roberts, Ill., March 7.

#### A New Plan Proposed.

Independence, Mo., March 3, 1901.  
Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kans.

Dear Madam:—My sister told me you were in this whiskey-ridden city. I would have given one dollar a minute for ten minutes time in which to ask you some questions before the high school where you were speaking. When you first started out with your little ax, I thought you were a little fast, for I am not a prohibitionist in the sense of voting on the liquor question, fooling around and giving one's time to go to the ballot box and vote on such a hellish question. Now this is my way: First, for every town where you can get 100 women as a committee, go in person and wait upon the city dads and mayors and ask them after the six months license has expired please not to grant any more; and tell them in plain terms, "if you do, we with all good people of this city, will ostracize you and your business and your families if they take sides with you in your actions against the right." Then go to that agent of the people, the saloon-keeper, and tell him he must not sell any more after his six months expires. Tell him if he does he will have to be at the little ax show, and that it will cost him something to see the ax play havoc with his murder dive or rattle snake den. Then get about 1,000,000 names with about one thousand women, the back bone of the town like yourself, and swoop down. Tell the President and Congress what they must do to be saved from the stigma and blood of them—the millions of men that have been murdered, and if they do not act, tell them they will be at the show, too. Now if you do this in less than one year there will not be a dram shop or drug store in the United States that sells the infernal stuff.

Mrs. Nation, when still-houses or devil manufacturers, joint-keepers, and Uncle Sam finds out that the women of this God-given land of ours mean business, the above plan, I know, will work. I have been on both sides of the bar and behind the bars for the devil king, and know that there is not a still or whiskey man but what knows he is in a guilty business. At least he feels so when the people agitate and wake him up. That which we call a dollar is his almighty devil.

If you will go to work on this plan we will not have a murder shop among us in one year. Then go after a law that puts liquor in the hands of each city for medical purposes and the arts. Mrs. Nation, I am not a member of a church; I do not deal in or drink the devil's broth now, but if I were on the stump, as you were, for God and right, I would ask the people this question: If we as a nation, from the President down, can stop the hellish business and do not, whom are we going to find as jurors to try the murder cases that are not guilty of the crime?

As Christ says, You that are clean from the blood of this crime, get the rope to hang the poor wretch. Ask every man or woman in churches or out of them this question. You can defy and challenge any one for an answer; they will all turn away as they did in Christ's time. Use the little words "if they can and do not." We are all murderers, in a sense, until we try and stop it. The blood of every man is on the nation's hands till we stop it, and the above plan will stop it.

Wait on still men. Tell them they must turn their business over to government or be at the show; organize at once. One more pointer then I am done. We had whiskey coming our way but the ladies backed out. They said, "It hurts my husband's business." Now, just stomp them this way, "You that are not willing to leave father and mother, husbands and lands, are not in it. We do not want you in it." The

cold front must be acted in this vital question, regardless of feelings of any business.

God and His angels speed your little ax is my wish.  
G. E. PAGE.

#### "Carrie Nation is Insane."

If Carrie Nation is insane, in the words of Abraham Lincoln when informed that Gen. Grant was drunk at the battle of Shilo, Lincoln replied that "he wished more of his generals would drink the same kind of whiskey that Grant drank."

So I think the same kind of "insanity" back of the hatchet is commendable to all—state and local officials, as well as the average voter. We have had quite enough of lawless idiocracy on the part of so-called dispensers of law, and now that the Fort Sumpter of vice has been hit, and a sentiment arising, I say anything to kill the Hydra-headed monster. Long may this strike last and the moral in the hatchet continue as it has for more than a century and with a greater meaning.

I. Z.

#### What the License Does.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Feb. 5, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—We the women of Pennsylvania, appeal to the law-makers not to be law-breakers, in the upholding of the whiskey and beer traffic. The government at Washington can pass laws to punish people when drunk, so let them enact laws to prevent men and women from getting it. Either exterminate it or stop it from being made or sold for common drink as it is at present. But instead, they will reduce the revenue to let humanity suffer the more. The time is come and the fact is fast becoming evident that our government will have to take some action in this matter as we know they can. Our government could exist without the income of taxes to promote crime, which it surely does when it licenses distilleries, wholesale and retail houses. Then it looks on at the poor, struggling wife and mother, half-clothed, half-fed, and suffering a thousand ills, yet offers no help; but if we commit any act by way of self-protection, how quick the noble knights of the law will take hold of us and how roughly they will handle the poor worn creature with no mercy. And they think it ennobles them because it is the law. But look! I see a hand raised to God for mercy and deliverance; I see those weary lips move in prayer; I hear her say, "My God, be merciful," and on whose head will this mercy fall? Surely not on the wily policeman who also breaks the laws. God says, Vengeance is mine, and he will wreak vengeance on all such as violate His law, as also the laws of man—if man has any law. I do not think he has, for it is not a law to license a man to deal death and destruction to his fellow man, and that is what the license law does every day. The saloon-keepers take the man's money as long as he has a cent, and then give the drink to them on tick. Now the author of this knows what she is saying and feels shame for the police and people of Pittsburgh to invite Mrs. Carrie Nation to the city and then threaten her with the noble laws which are protected thus. I was in the city with my husband and on getting lost from him knew he would be at a certain wholesale liquor hole. I went and asked permission to wait. While I was there the big, burly policeman on the beat came in, walked to the second tier or bars, too kdown the glass, poured out the glassful, swallowed it, walked out. So you see it was no new thing. That is the safety the tax-payer has for keeping up police to protect. No wonder thieves break in at night, and fires get headway, with such trusty officers to protect life and property. While men are being knocked down on the street and dragged in alleys and robbed, the worthy policeman is in the nearest den getting another drink. And such are the noble defenders of the boasted state of Pennsylvania and city of Pittsburgh! Now, I say, bag your heads, ye law-makers and law-protectors! Now Mrs. Nation, don't you for one minute think temperance has no friends here, because the ladies' C. T. U. does not like harsh measures, but they are not, as a rule, the sufferers from it. Go among the worthy poor that can not dress to go and hold offices in societies, and then you have the ones that bear the burden the laws of the country put upon them to enrich others. Why, the laws keep revenue officers to watch the moonshiners, where if they would make the right kind of laws and put whiskey in such a way that it could not be bought for anything but medical purposes, they would not need to have men there to be shot down like dogs



by the worst element of humanity that infests the face of the earth, for if they could not sell it, they would not want to make it, so the noble laws and grand government are to blame. It needs the upraised hand and power of God to do something for the suffering people. So if we can't be with you in your holy and, I believe, Godly work there are thousands of our prayers that by the power of Almighty God and the power of the Holy Spirit may go with you to the end. And if this reaches you safely read in in your meetings, put it in your papers, or anything you think best if you think it worthy of notice. Yours respectfully, A Friend of Temperance, also a Sufferer of Intemperance.

#### Wants a Sample Copy.

Bentleyville, Pa., March 15, 1901.  
Mrs. Carrie Nation, Editor Smasher's Mail.

Dear Madam:—Enclosed find 10 cents in stamps for which please send me the worth of them in your paper as I would like to see a sample. Several of my customers would like to subscribe for it.

Mrs. Nation has stirred up the people in her crusade against the illegal liquor traffic. Kansas people are by some considered extremists, it being the home of great cyclones, grasshopper plagues, band and railroad bandits. But to balance these she has vast plains cultivated in wheat and corn, together with great herds of cattle. The Sunflower State should be proud also that she is the home of John Brown, Charles M. Sheldon, Carrie Nation, and many other great reformers. Yours respectfully, C. K. FRYE.

Bentleyville, Pa.

#### Congratulations.

Crary, N. D., Feb. 22, 1901.  
Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Madam:—At the last meeting of Crary W. C. T. U. it was voted to send you congratulations on the work you are doing. And to assure you of our sympathy. And we hope the crusade begun by you may result in banishing the saloon from Kansas. Yours for prohibition,

Mrs. R. A. WHITCOMB.

#### Greeting from New Jersey.

Trenton, N. J., Feb. 14, 1901.  
Mrs. Carrie Nation:—The prohibition workers of New Jersey in conference assembled send you heartiest greetings and trust that before your crusade shall cease, not one saloon shall continue its soul and body destroying work in Kansas, a prohibition state where liquor dealers have no rights to protection of property used in the nefarious business. We pray that the influence of this crusade shall spread until all lovers of humanity shall be awakened to the enormity of the drink evil that they will speedily come to the prohibition party and help us to annihilate this wicked traffic in the vices of humanity.

(Signed) F. H. LANDON,  
JAS. PARKER,  
D. W. GARREGES,  
Committee.

Winfield, Kans., March 24, 1901.  
Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kans.

Sister Nation:—I have thought of writing to you several times but did not want to intrude on your press of cares and duties. But since reading of your shameful treatment in Atchison I wish to send a word of condolence and sympathy.

I doubt if there is a town of that size in Missouri where all the people would have acted as they did in Atchison. I have written to Col. (Rev.) B. H. Moore, Col. 2nd Regiment Home Defenders, at Arkansas City, asking him what can be done.

I would like to see a good strong delegation go up there and smash their joints. I wish a couple of good men could be employed to make complaints and if possible compel officers to do their duty. There could be plenty of funds raised for the purpose.

I never read a newspaper endorsement of your work but what I wish you could see it, but of course you do see a great many.

Rev. Fred Scott, presiding elder in Kansas Conference of Free Methodists church, said in his report in "The Free Methodist" (published in Chicago), "Mrs. Nation finds a most hearty approval of her work among our people. We believe God called her to the work she is doing and many of our best are ready at any moment to go with her to battle."

May the Lord comfort and sustain you.

My brother-in-law tells me that Geo. Elder said that you was the best wo-

man in the world and the best neighbor he ever had. Very sincerely,

W. B. DENTON.

#### A Minister in Sympathy With Mrs. Nation.

Calvert, Tex., March 25, 1901.  
Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Madam:—I have spent the greater part of the morning in reading your paper, "The Smasher's Mail." Will say that my emotion seemingly as the pendulum of a clock swung from tears to rejoicing. What the results of your work will be eternity alone can tell. But as a minister of the Gospel that in my weak judgment you richly deserve the prayers and support of the Christian family, and the protection of this great government of which we are a part. God bless you. Yours truly, W. A. RAY.

#### THE DEVIL'S VIEWS.

##### What I Learned and Heard On a Three Days' Trip with One of the Devil's Agents.

On March 23, 1901, a wholesale liquor dealer and drummer and I started on a two and one-half days' drive to make some inland towns. We started from Eureka Springs, Ark., and the first town we came to was Berryville, Ark. He told me before we arrived there that he would have no business to do there. I wondered what the reason was. I supposed there were saloons there or else the drug stores sold liquor, but when we reached town, I was surprised at not seeing a single saloon in the town, not even a joint or blind tiger. He did not sell a drop of liquor in this town. Does prohibition prohibit? We drove on to the next town of Green Forest, Ark., and behold, there were no saloons there! But the druggist here was permitted to sell whisky and he only sold about \$150 worth in this town. Does prohibition prohibit?

The next town we made was Alpina, Ark., with a small saloon outside of the city limits. He did not sell any liquor in this town. Does prohibition prohibit?

The next town we arrived at was Harrison, Ark. In this town there are 5 saloons running wide open and licensed by the city. Here the liquor drummer sold over \$700 worth of liquor, and he thought that if he had had more time and some other day besides Sunday to do his business on, that he would have sold at least \$1,000 worth of just whisky and alcohol, as this was all in the line of liquors that he sold. In Harrison there is a law compelling the saloons to close on Sunday, yet the liquor drummer told me that the saloons were very busy all day doing a back door business. What respect has a liquor-seller for law anyhow? Does prohibition prohibit? The liquor drummer told me that while he was in the saloon taking his order, that one of the wealthiest business men and a professed Christian, too, came into the saloon at the back door, and he was asked whether he would have whisky or beer, he replied by saying, no, that he would take blackberry brandy. The liquor drummer said that this man was a good business man and believed in saloons so as to get the revenue for the city. God pity such business men, such church-going and church-belonging hypocrites who use the church as a cloak to hide their meanness, and as an influence to wield them trade. The devil will have to enlarge his kingdom in order to make room for the surplus he will receive. In that little town of Harrison, of about 2,000 inhabitants, I saw more drunken people than I have even seen in Topeka, Kan., a city of over 35,000 inhabitants. This same liquor drummer told me that he despised a drunkard and had no use for them at all. And just the time before this when he was in Harrison, he was drunk himself and was refused admittance to the hotel because he was drunk and he told me himself after this, on the way home, that he had been drunk. He praised his boys and said that if he saw any one give one of his boys liquor that he would fix them. Yes, he wants his own boys saved but wants to take the lives of some other father's boys. He said that he was a member of the Lutheran church, but never went to church. He further said that the churches 25 years ago were all right, but now they are getting into politics and meddling with other peoples' business. And he said the preachers were all fakirs and humbugs and hypocrites, and in referring to F. W. Emerson and Mrs. Nation, said they were fakirs, humbugs and hypocrites and only working for fame. And he praised Judge Hazen and said that he was his type of a Christian. If Judge Hazen does not know that he is a Christian until a liquor drummer like

this one tells him he is, God pity his chances for heaven. The liquor drummer also said that he felt sure that if he should die any time that he would go to heaven. Well, probably he will; I have heard some people say that there was a hog heaven and if there is one for the hog, there is no doubt one for the brewers and liquor dealers, too. But this is only some man's theory, and the word of God does not tell us so. If you doubt the veracity of these statements, just consult Hursh, the wholesale liquor drummer, Ft. Smith, Ark. As ever yours for morality, decency and sobriety, N. A. HYPES.

#### JO McDILL'S MUSINGS.

##### Prohibition.

Hitherto, I have not written much upon the liquor question. I have been afraid of the effect upon my children's and grandchildren's prospects for office. A liquor man never forgives an anti-liquor man, and it is presumed that a liquor man's hostility will extend down to the third and fourth generations. It is also presumed that the office mania will eventually become universal. As to who will be in the majority upon the prohibition question in the future is not yet determined, viewed from surface indications. If prayers and talk could be taken as conclusive evidence, then prohibition would surely be on top. If the action of our officers be taken as conclusive evidence, then liquor is on top. Most any dull person may perceive that prayers and talk never shut up a joint nor lessen the profits of a bar. The liquor men have no fears of prayers and talk—just contempt.

The persons whom the liquor men fear are people of action. Usually, an office-holder in Kansas is not a man of action if in action there is danger of losing votes. The office holder who moves upon a saloon knows beforehand, to a certainty, that, in so doing, he will lose every liquor vote in any future race within the domain of the office he holds or seeks.

The liquor man does no praying, and is not a loud talker, but he is the very devil in action. The anti-liquor man exhausts his modicum of hostility in loud prayers and bombastic harrangues, and which he and the liquor man vote the same ticket.

The office-holder and the office-seeker also fears the men of action, and, no doubt, down in his boots, he also has a large store of contempt for long prayers and loud talk. I am not abusing the praying man for praying, but for not acting along the line of his prayers. I am not abusing the office-holder for seeking office, but because he so seldom has any principles.

I arraign the liquor man because, first, he is a law-breaker. I hold that no good citizen can continually and persistently break any law, even though it be a bad law. Citizens good and bad, may differ as to what the law should be, but good citizens never differ as to the enforcement of law. To admit that any citizen may violate law because he does not believe the law just or practicable would lead to the overthrow of all law. The principle is wholly wrong. When I say that a man is a bad citizen I mean that his badness is proportioned to the degree of his failure to obey law.

In the selling of liquor contrary to law there are extenuating circumstances—profit and public sentiment invite illegal traffic, and, after once embarked in, the office-holder condones and upholds. There are no extenuating circumstances for the office-holder of the man of loud prayers and big talk.

In the second place, I condemn the liquor traffic because it is wrong. I shall not take up the religious aspect of the wrong, but I assume that it is without question that any true disciple of Christ will not drink intoxicants for the pleasurable effect. From the standpoint of health, physicians differ, with the weight of evidence in favor of total abstinence.

I attack the liquor traffic from the Socialistic point of view. Does the liquor traffic advance our civilization? Does it add to the well-being and permanent happiness of the men who drink? Are the influences of the saloon uplifting? Is the drinking of intoxicants an aid to the development and advancement of our race, either morally, mentally or physically?

As a man not seeking an office, I am bound to answer all these questions in the negative, and if the saloon is not for us, it is against us. If the liquor traffic does not advance civilization, it hinders. If the individual, in drinking, does not acquire permanent happiness, then drinking is detrimental. If the influences of the saloon are not refining, they are the reverse.

It will be accepted without dispute

that a large per cent of crime and pauperism is directly traceable to drinking and drunkenness.

Indirectly, the saloon inflicts a great injury upon all the members of society, and, in so far as it is productive of crime and pauperism, it is a foe to the advancement of civilization.

Alcohol is not creative in its effects, either mentally or physically. On the contrary, the weight of evidence, either of observation, experience or medical testimony, is in favor of the theory that alcohol wastes or dissipates the strength of mind or body gained through right living and the taking of proper food.

I arraign the liquor traffic upon still other grounds than those given above. The distillation of alcoholic liquors is a terrible waste of the natural foods as found in grain and fruits.

We are probably nearing that time when the forces of nature will not be equal to the strain.

I have no data at hand with which to give figures as to the amount of grain and fruit converted into drink, but it will go without saying that it is enormous. If the grains and fruits of the Old World were all used as food in their natural state, America would find no market abroad for her surplus foods. I present this assumption as an argument against the idea that prevails in some quarters that the world is about to be over-peopled. To put it in other words, if the drink traffic was destroyed the food supply, at present production, would more than feed every man, woman and child upon earth. I am willing to lay every other consideration aside and join issues upon this one alone—not because other considerations have no weight, but because this one alone, from the standpoint of humanity, is sufficient to justify the extinction of the manufacture of intoxicating liquors. By careful study, I find but two elements of human impulse or motive that justify the saloon—one is profit and the other is the thoughtlessness of the multitude. It is not wise to have saloons—not moral—not refining, and certainly not religious, and at best, the saloon is wanton waste of God's best gifts.

If men did more thinking, there would be less drinking, simply because thinking—study—leads to wisdom, and wisdom and religion are sharp. In the pruning of human nature, take away the element of profit, and men would not want to make and sell. Here, at least, supply and demand are joined together, and as long as there is demand, and supply is not prohibited, or the prohibition is not enforced, so long will supply ask and receive its reward in the gains that flow from that source that is neither wise nor religious.

To go back to where I started, we find the law, or shadow, but not the substance, and it is the substance that all good and thoughtful men are earnestly seeking. Give us the substance, and we care not what the name or what the means through which it is procured. We can not wholly rely upon moral suasion. There was a large number of horse-thieves who could not be reached by moral suasion, so that class of society had to be sternly dealt with, and the law against stealing is so well enforced that theft is reduced to the minimum. I do not mean to place the liquor-seller on a plane with horse-thieves. That would not be fair. The liquor-seller pays the general government for a license to sell. He pays for his wares, and he finds a ready and sympathizing customer. The general government is an accessory, and the sympathizing customer aids and abets. But, while these extenuating circumstances plead for clemency, they can in no wise plead for immunity. It is one of the disagreeable incidents of government that some one has to be coerced. Government has not existed without resorting to coercion, and can not exist, and the only question society may fairly consider is the reasonableness and justice of government's demands. In all the history of governments, society has never made a fairer demand than that of the extinction of the liquor traffic.

The distillers and venders of liquors can engage in any occupation that any other citizen can engage in; hence, prohibition is not persecution or prosecution. Liquor supplies no necessity; hence, the drinker is deprived of no good thing.

The chief corner-stone of government is the protection of the governed. Protection calls for the nurturing of what is good and the eradication of that which is evil.

Prohibition is a step in advance, but, nevertheless, it is in line with all just and humane measures that governments have taken where the interests of the

(Continued on page 16.)



# LETTERS FROM HELL

## AND ELSEWHERE AMONG THE WICKED.

Wanted in Rhode Island.

February 5, 1901.

Mrs. Nation:—Please come to Rhode Island and we will make it warm for you. Come as soon as you can.

A FRIEND.

A Warning.

St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 21, 1901.

I should think you would take a tumble. Don't you ever try to come to Missouri and try your hand at smashing. See?

HIRAM SMITH.

"Two Wrongs Do Not Make a Right."

Mrs. Nation.

Dear Madam:—Do you not know that "two wrongs do not make a right?" Your method of treating the evil of the drink habit and selling intoxicants is not a remedy, for the reason that violence simply produces the same responsive effect. This is in accord with a law of nature. Whatever course of action we put forth will respond in similar; for example, love begets love, kindness responds in kindness, and so on to the end of the chapter. I would beg of you to let a wiser course govern your further method of work in the cause of reform; join hand in hand with those who may see their way out of a very bad condition of society without resort to violence. Sincerely yours,

DR. JOHN STOLZE.

Box 539, Reading, Pa.

Are Waiting With a Big Club.

New York City, February 1, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—I am reading every day of your raids and smash-up of saloons, and finally of your coming to this city. All I have to say is, don't put it back too far. Come soon, for there are a good many saloon keepers here itching for your coming, but bear in mind that you will find it more fun here than in Kansas. There will be a good many of them awaiting you with a great big club, which you richly deserve, without mercy. New York is getting so good and quiet it is hardly worth living in it, so come soon. We want some excitement to wake the people up, and you are the one that can do it. In the way of a little advice as an old resident: Start at the Waldorf Astoria, then work your way down through the Bowery down to Oliver, Cherry, Roosevelt, Pike Street, and down the slums and you will find your trip enjoyable and very interesting; but don't forget—start at the fashionable cafes first. The papers will then announce your presence here in big head letters, such:

"The Great Reformer" has arrived. The Waldorf Astoria Cafe is no more."

Ta ta, come soon. Awaiting your arrival, Yours, etc. P. O. M.

From Jail.

Jackson Co. Jail, Kansas City, Mo.

March 12, 1901.

Dear Mrs. Nation:—We take our pen in hand to offer you our sympathies in your present strained relations with the unholy minions of the law. We know how it is ourselves, being in the same fix. We congratulate you upon the noble fight you have made to put down rum and rum-venders. Most of us have been booze fighters of more or less distinction at some time in our careers and we know something of the difficulties besetting the man or woman who puts down whiskey. Putting it down is what brought many of us here and as your efforts have had the same result, we hail you as a sister and fellow sufferer in the cause.

But you have one circumstance in your favor, dear sister, which we hope you will take advantage of at your trial. You only attempted to put it down and an attempt is a much lighter offense than an accomplished act. There is where most of us have it harder than you, for there is indisputable evidence that we absolutely did put it down, some by quarts and some by gallons. We sincerely regret that you have been so suddenly retired from the business of crashing the joints. You were doing fine work and for a time it seemed you had the police bluffed to a frazzle and we who watched your course with anxious eyes were in hopes that you might eventually make your way to this city and deliver a few illustrated and demonstrated lectures on the art of crushing in which we might

pick up a few points which would aid us in crushing out of here. But alas, they closed in on you too soon and the fine points of your art must be lost to us cracksmen for a time at least. If we only had your hatchet here we might do something by practicing, for most of us are green with that sort of tool, being more familiar with the jimmy. Do they let you have your hatchet in jail? If they do you certainly should be able to use it effectively.

Your warm friend and admirer, X. Y. Z.

Not in Sympathy.

Waterbury, Conn., Feb. 26, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—I will not even start my letter by calling you "dear madam," for I do not think that you are even worthy of that, for when a woman has got so that she comes out and lowers herself so as to say that it is the "will of God" that she should put herself on the level of a common drunkard and fighter, that she is not worthy of even the name of woman. Enclosed you will find a clipping of the "Journal" that I have cut out, in which you say that it is "mandate of God" that God appeared to you in a dream to go on and do as you have done, smashing up saloons and raising such a disturbance.

I should think that you would be afraid that God would strike you dead for saying such a thing. I do not think that you even believe in God, for He is a just and good God. He would not sanction anything that you have been doing and I know that He will condemn you and those that follow you. Do you once think what you have got to answer for when you stand before the judgment seat of God? You have got to answer for murder for one thing, for there are several who have been killed in this devilish riot that you have been breeding. You have got to answer for it and you only. Don't God say in His book: "You shall commit no murder?" Well! you have been doing it. It is not those who fired the shots but you and you alone, for you started it, no one else. What will you say in the judgment? The Lord will say: "Depart from me, you accursed, I never knew you." How will you like that? I am a temperance and a God-fearing woman, but when it comes to letting such women as you loose on the streets and saying that God tells you to do such abominable things, I would be almost tempted to turn from that, for you will drive more to the devil than you turn from him. I hope you will see the error of your ways, and go back to what God intended you to be—a decent woman, loving Him and doing right in your own home and leave all rowdiness out of your life. Talk gently and kindly and it will do more good in the end. If you do not see that it accomplishes as much as the hatchet, you will look better in the sight of God, anyway, and He will honor you.

This is from a woman who does not like to see another woman lower herself so as to come out on the streets in a common squabble. If you should wish to reply to this you could do so in the "New York Journal." You can print my letter if you see fit. There is nothing in it but what comes from the heart, for it makes me indignant that a woman should lower herself so.

Mrs. J. C.

The Haskell County Republican is Queer.

The recent advent of Mrs. Nation into the public world has caused much comment and while others are having their say we wish to be heard also; this is a queer world and all of us are queer; we are none of us just what we should be and we take sides in all social discussions with the party who touches our "queer spot" just right. Kansas is forty years old and yet some of her people are queer. They believe in good schools and plenty of churches, they believe in prohibition, however, and this makes them queer. Kansas mothers, as a rule, love their children and try to teach them that "strong drink is a mocker," and in this they act queer. They don't like the joints, because they are the gateway to hell. They don't like joint-keepers, because men who sell intoxicating drinks are lawbreakers, murderers and thieves; but some men in Kansas are queer; when you put them on the witness stand they don't know whether they ever drank whisky at

the joint or not; they don't know anything about the matter, even though they have sworn to tell the truth and nothing but the truth, so help them Almighty God: we say such men are queer. Suppose the county attorney does succeed in getting the jointist convicted and the judge sentences him to pay a fine or go to jail. The jointist has money and money will do most any thing and all criminals aim to have money, and the joint-keeper especially.

He can employ a lawyer to defend him, the said lawyer for a few pieces of money pleads for a new trial; this the judge won't give. Kansas laws are queer in that; they allow a prisoner at the bar to take his case to the highest court in the state. So the lawyer goes on pleading and the jointist, who is out on bail, goes on selling poison to men and boys. Mothers go on praying and crying, men go on filling drunkards' graves, and Kansas boys go on drinking. But there comes a time when some mother gets queer; she is crazy, some people say; she is broken in body, mind, and spirit, all because of strong drink. Some dark night she raids a joint, spills the liquor on the streets, and breaks up the rumery with a hatchet. She acts queerly, and people say, well, I like her principle, but I don't think her method good. Why, bless you, they have had years to do what she did in an hour, and they didn't do it. But she is queer and up comes the sheriff and takes her off to jail; poor, queer woman. Kind reader, don't be too harsh in your judgment of her; she is a drunkard's wife and a drunkard's mother. Strange that men should love money better than they love manly, noble boys and men.—Haskell County Republican.

Wichita Satire.

State of Wichita.

Formerly in state of Kansas.

Editor Smasher's Mail, Topeka, Kans.

Having seen no account of the business men's meeting in Wichita, February 22, we desire to let the people of Kansas know about it, and take this means of informing the people. You see the cranks of Kansas have a prohibition law that we business men of Wichita don't like and it has caused us

no end of trouble. Some weeks ago a few crazy old women destroyed a valuable picture (that of a nude woman). This picture was in the Carey Hotel saloon, and worth \$10,000. We business men used to take our sons and daughters, wives and sweethearts in and look at the picture for hours, and then turn around and look at the picture in a fine mirror, and the only time our eyes were off the picture was when we were looking through glasses or bottles upturned toward the ceiling. They also smashed the mirror in this saloon and in one other saloon, and some show cases and other furniture and wasted beer and fine liquors. We do not feel so bad about the mirrors and furniture as they belonged to the brewers. You know if a jointist will sell a certain brand of cigars they will be furnished with show cases, mirrors and other furniture suitable free. But the picture! What a loss to our business men!

The situation was such that the churches, people, and ministers (except one or two ministers that were business men). One minister especially, that says the saloons and houses of prostitution are a necessity. All of us business men, and as one young business man has expressed himself, says that he is the only preacher he has any respect for, and this same young man says his father and mother are members of the Methodist church, and with curses and oaths says they are hypocrites and does not recognize them as his parents. To prevent further destruction of property, such as groceries, dry goods, meat shops, shoe stores, clothing stores, by these church people, we passed resolutions asking the county and city officers to take steps to prevent further destruction of property as we lost one valuable picture.

We had a rousing meeting. We had large and portly, red-nosed, and some others whose eyes and clothing had every appearance of business men. Also some young colored business men with cigarettes in their mouths, and one business preacher who spoke was cheered to the echo, but some way one minister got on the platform that nearly spoiled our meeting by offering an amendment that took our breath. This amendment in fact meant the closing of our pet business. You see we have a large number of saloon business men, and several hundred business women who pay monthly fines to violate laws, and we want the county and city officers to protect lawlessness from the lawless church people and keep them from do-

ing anything to hinder the business of our prostitutes and jointists.

We had a great disappointment last week. You see we business men had Mrs. Nation and some other crazy women arrested and tried (ordinarily we have crazy people declared insane by a board of insanity) but these women ruined our business men's picture and we and our judge wanted them to suffer for it by going to prison for a term of years and to pay \$10,000 for the picture. That judge told the jury in as plain words as it is possible to bring in the verdict right. You see he is a business man, and would not allow the word saloon to be used. Even the Beacon and Eagle said they were crazy and should be punished, and after the jury were out two hours said that there would be a hung jury for that it had been discovered that there were two prohibition cranks on the jury not business men. Then afterwards they said there were eleven for conviction and one crank, but to our disgust after twenty-two hours it was found out there were seven business men and five cranks on the jury, and as a result disagreed and how are we going to get a jury of business men that will bring in a verdict for our law breakers is the question here in Wichita.

JASPER HUFFMAN.

Wichita Wants No Cranks.

A Wichita dispatch says: To-morrow evening the organization of a business men's club, with a unique purpose in view, will be completed here. It will accept any taxpayer for membership, according to their unadopted by-laws, "who is not a crank, an anarchist or a saloon-keeper." The object of the organization, in plain words, is to boycott or ostracize any and every person who meddles with the business policy of Wichita, which is to permit a saloon to run for every 1,000 people, under strict regulation.

All classes of business men will be in the club and they are determined to run Wichita, or at least not to let "cranks" run it. For instance, the rental agents in the organization—and they are nearly all in it—will not rent a house to any person inclined to disturb the even tenor of Wichita's way of doing things. The doctors in the organization will not visit the sick of "medicaliers," so called, and all the merchants will see to it that such people must pay cash in advance for the goods they need. The organization will be known under the patriotic nomenclature, "The Greater Wichita Club," and will have in it the strongest business and professional men in the city.

At Hoisington.

We, the law-abiding citizens of Hoisington and vicinity, in mass meeting assembled in the United Brethren church to consider what may be done in regard to the illegal sale of intoxicating drink in our city, do make the following declarations:

Whereas, This business is being carried on in open violation of the constitution and laws of commonwealths, and in defiance of public sentiment against it; and

Whereas, There seems to be no hope of overthrowing the murder shops and schools of vice and crime in the ordinary and usual course of law; and

Whereas, Violators of law have no right under those laws which they themselves violate, and as this business is outlawed in the state of Kansas and the goods thus sold are unlawful and contraband, therefore be it

Resolved, That we appeal to those engaged in this wicked and murderous traffic to STOP IT AT ONCE AND FOREVER.

That we appeal to those who rent buildings in which this traffic is carried on to at once cancel such contracts and declare them null and void, or be considered abettors of crime and criminally responsible for all evil results growing therefrom.

And third, that we appeal to officers of the law to take this matter in hand and join us in carrying out our purposes of destroying the joints and other places where intoxicating liquors are illegally sold, and breaking up these dens of iniquity in our city, and we do pledge them our help and assistance to the utmost of our ability.

Fourth, that as this business is unlawful and that the goods sold are contraband of law, we DEMAND the destruction or removal of the same from our city AT ONCE by those in possession of and illegally selling the same.

(Signed) MAYOR, COUNCIL, AND FIFTY CITIZENS.



# Newspaper Comment

The first issue of Mrs. Nation's paper, called the "Smasher's Mail," is out and is a lively paper and bids fair to lay Bryan's paper in the shade. It has a cause that appeals more urgently to the public than Bryan's, and interests men and women alike of all parties, who love to see law and order and decency prevail everywhere. Mrs. Nation's paper is sold at the news stands and on the trains at 10 cents a copy and is selling rapidly.—Spring Hill New Era.

The Brown County World says an effort to close the "joints" in Seneca failed. Twenty-five business men voted on the proposition and only two of that number wanted them closed. Bro. Herbert, don't you think we had better bail Mrs. Nation out of jail and send her to Seneca? We are in hopes that the wives of those business men are better and more law abiding than their husbands. Seneca surely needs a hatchet brigade to do some work, and the quicker it is done the sooner that community will stop making drunkards and cease to advertise itself as a law breaking community. It is such disregard for law which makes mobs necessary. The officers who permit "joints" to exist in Seneca or elsewhere are no better than any other common perjurer occupying a cell in the penitentiary where they belong with the "jointists," with whom they are accessories in crime.—The Denison Leader.

Just think of a Missouri paper saying this, but truth is mighty and will prevail, for the Auxvasse, Mo.), Review says: "Back of the crime of joint smashing lies the greater crime of running joints in open violation of law. Those who have no respect for the law have no right to complain if those who are aggrieved by their violation of the law take the law in their own hands and proceed to protect themselves as best they can. \* \* \* There is scarcely a county in this state in which there is not work in Mrs. Nation's line that needs doing and those who are responsible for this state of affairs need not be surprised if they find themselves confronted by the same kind of conditions almost any day. The crusades of Mrs. Nation have caused people, not only in Kansas, but all over the country, to awaken to the realization of conditions as they actually exist and the effects of this awakening will be felt far beyond the confines of Kansas."—The Denison Leader.

## Result of Nation Crusade.

Several live stock commission men doing business at the Kansas City yards have stopped drinking within the past few weeks and their abstinence is said to be directly attributable to Mrs. Nation's crusade against Kansas joints. One of her converts yesterday named a number of others who had come under the influence of the agitation she began with her hatchet.—Kansas City Journal, March 28.

## What do We Think of Mrs. Nation?

We think many things, perhaps some of our thoughts had better not be expressed, but we are free to say that while we are in favor of lawful means of attaining right ends, if the whole machinery of law and state stands as a block in the way of preserving the youth and manhood of the nation from the horrible vulture, the liquor traffic, we glory in the grit of any one who can smash such machinery. How much worse is it for Mrs. Nation to smash the furniture of a saloon, than it is for the saloon to furnish a man the liquor which fires his brain and sends him home to smash the furniture in that home and the heads of his wife and children? A hatchet driven with all the force a woman can command into a mirror in a saloon is not as bad as the same hatchet driven by all the force a drunken man can command into the head of his helpless child and his dying wife. It ill becomes Americans to stand aghast at the results of revolution. What Mrs. Nation attempts alone is nothing more than revolution if she had several thousand like-minded persons to stand with her. Revolutionary methods may not be the proper methods at all times, but they come in for good work sometimes when other methods utterly fail. We might not feel it our duty to join in these meth-

ods if we lived in Kansas, but we do not feel it to be our duty to go into spasms of horror at the conduct of this woman. We are ready for any method of work that will bring down the saloon and not build up some other evil of worse character and greater proportions, and we utterly fail to see that the course of Mrs. Nation builds up anything particularly bad. In war if the man on one side does not shoot the other man will, and this is war. If Mrs. Nation does not destroy the saloon the saloon will destroy her. We wish the saloon could be destroyed according to law, but it has not and will not be thus destroyed until there is a mighty change in the consciences of a class of men who are very little less despicable than the saloon-keepers, the voters who support them in their deadly work.—Wesleyan Methodist.

## "The Smasher's Mail."

We are indebted to our distinguished aunt, Mrs. Carrie Nation, for a copy of the initial number of the "Smasher's Mail," the newspaper edited by her as an organ for the reformation of the liquor traffic. The paper is 12-page, 4-column, and published in Topeka by Nick Chiles, Mrs. Nation attending to the editorial duties from her cell in the county jail. Under the headings of "Letters from Hell," and "Letters from Honest People," a large amount of criticism and praise is brought together. Each editorial is tersely written and displays the earnestness of the editor's intentions. On the front page is a good half-tone likeness of the great crusader, which shows her holding aloft her Bible and ever present hatchet. Some of the arraignments of arrogant officials are caustic and scathing and show that no gloves were used in their handling. The "Smasher's Mail" gives promise of a large circulation and will serve the editor best by bringing the crusade movement before the people.—The Holden Gobe, Holden, Mo.

## Of Course.

The Wine and Spirit Review, the whiskey and beer organ, says: "The retail dealers in liquors give their unqualified approval of this necessary adjunct (canteen) of the military department, and commend the firm and manly stand of the president in its defense and maintenance." This bill reaches farther than has generally been understood or appreciated, as it included in its prohibitory scope every government reservation and building in the United States from the National Capitol down. Had it become law, the bibulous scalps of our national legislators, senators, and representatives, would have dangled in promiscuous confusion with those of soldiers and Indians from the belt of the W. C. T. U.

The National Association of Retailers will continue to wage interminable battle against the exorbitant war revenue on fermented liquors, the excessive tax on distilled spirits, the crowning iniquity of "high license," with all their hosts of kindred evils, municipal, state, and federal, until they are reduced to an equitable basis or stricken from the statutes which they disgrace.

The American saloon is the creation of law and order, the especial guardian of personal liberty, the systematizing upon an intelligent basis of an institution which contributes more than any other to the enjoyment and preservation of the social virtues.

## Mrs. Nation's Method.

While Mrs. Nation's method of disposing of saloons has been severely criticised by a great many, it is a fact that the anti-saloon sentiment has been brought out to its fullest extent.

She is accused of losing her mental equilibrium, but it can not be proved. The same was said of others who instituted great reforms, but people can now see that they made a mistake.

It must be remembered that the people of Kansas had said by their votes that they did not want liquor to be sold, but the saloon men were so determined to acquire wealth that they ignored the law and outraged the sacred wishes of the people.

Besides this, the officers who had taken a solemn oath to do their duty and maintain the dignity of the law closed their eyes and took no steps to bring the guilty parties to justice. As

a natural result the whole state teemed with blind tigers, their number being legion. Corruption was on the throne and swayed the scepter in a most lawless and tyrannical manner. The law was broken, the wishes of the people ignored, and decency outraged.

The people had stood this condition of things until forbearance had ceased to be a virtue. It was evident that something had to be done, and that quickly. They could not hope to get help from the law, and they were compelled to resort to some other source. Whither should they go? No help was in sight, for the strong arm of the law had been fettered.

Just at this juncture, Mrs. Nation rose up out of obscurity, and like the famous Washington, used her hatchet to great effect. She demolished saloon after saloon in a fearless manner, caring nothing for results as far as her own safety was concerned.

They did not kill her, but simply placed her in jail. Her friends offered to go her bond, but she declined to accept their kind proposition. She preferred to remain behind the bars, for she knew that this would arouse more sympathy than anything else she could do.

Her method corresponded with the subject which she proposed to handle. She did it in defence of outraged decency and her motive has not been impugned. Good results have come from it, for her temperance enthusiasm has permeated the whole country and many are following her example. She decided later to accept bond that she might better lead the crusade against lawlessness. However much her methods may be criticised, it remains a fact that circumstances seemed to demand it, for she and her sympathizers simply did what the law refused to do.

It is true that at least one life has been lost during her campaign, but at the same time her crusade has probably saved a thousand. We do not advise mob violence, but that seems to be the only remedy in this case. May the temperance cause rush on to victory until, like a mighty avalanche, it shall sweep all lawlessness, perfidy, debauchery and crime before it, burying them in a grave of oblivion, never to be resurrected.—Florida Temperance Herald.

## The New John Brown of Kansas.—The Lesson of the Hour!

Never shall my hand or voice be lifted against so-called temperance fanatics. If ever a cause justified fanaticism, the temperance cause does. To me there is nothing more disgusting or more disheartening to the cause of humanity than the selfish, ease-loving, luxurious man indulging in dissipation and denouncing temperance fanatics.—Phillips Brooks.

The twentieth century has already packed into its short career of fifty-five days, to date, more agitation and widespread discussion, more radical and fearless war upon the liquor curse than happened in many a whole decade of the nineteenth. The daily press of the country teems with temperance news an anomaly and paradox which can only be explained by the remarkable events of the past six weeks in the state of Kansas.

December twenty-sixth, Kansas was at the mercy of a thoroughly organized liquor machine which nullified the constitution of the state and defied the people, while it completely controlled the state officials and secured to a thousand saloon-anarchists in cities and towns the privilege to run their business in direct defiance of statute. This had been the situation for half a decade, and the people believed it irremediable.

But within twenty-four hours' time the whole liquor tyranny was trembling as with the ague and the patriots of the Sunflower State were thrilled to their hearts by a telegraphic message from Wichita, telling of the debut of a new John Brown, Carrie Moore Nation of Medicine Lodge, the twentieth century Ossawatimie! Six—seven weeks have hurried by, and all America has fixed its gaze upon Kansas, the battleground of Liberty—and "as the fight goes there"—Columbia says—"So shall it be throughout the sisterhood of states—in time not long to come." And the most startling fact in the whole history of this sudden coup d'etat of the forces of righteousness, is the wonderful response which the young people are making to this appeal for heroes and fighters who will be glad to risk their lives in this war to the death with the hellish anarchy which thought itself safe but yesterday. It is indeed a call and an appeal to the young people of America to rally and organize for immediate war upon the rum curse—a

war of normal and of ballot and of legal suasion—ere it is too late, and it may be a war of shot and shell and civic violence has already launched its fearful reality into history—and can not then be stayed.

## BUNKER HILL AND WICHITA.

If ever there was justification for war, then war of sword and blood and fire is incontrovertibly right in this case—where "murder shops" in open anarchy and rebellion to the state so bind the commonwealth, both hand and foot, by corrupting the officials, great and small, and then proceed to ruin and debauch and murder its young men, and steal their wealth and destroy their character and brains and hearts withal. Who says that such a hellish state of absolute despotism by desperate outlaws of the state—who dare assert such facts do not warrant war and open insurrection by the people themselves, who find themselves governed by officials who have proved traitors to their oath of office and connived with outlaws in the open trampling under foot of the most sacred, sovereign, fundamental law of the state! If Bunker Hill was justifiable, Carrie Nation is a heroine patriot deserving the support and solid sympathy of every citizen of the Republic.

In Wichita the law-breaking joints own the city. The city is so notorious for vice, crime, and sin of every kind caused by the saloons that the farmers in the surrounding country are afraid to let their sons visit the city, knowing that some of them must be murdered on the saloon altar.

Gov. Stanley's home is in Wichita. He was formerly one of the greatest Sabbath school superintendents in the state.

Now he is Governor. One order from him would call out the state militia and close up every joint. In case the state troops failed, he could call in United States troops. But the liquor traffic demands that he bow down before it and he bows down, and, like Mayor Harrison, who says if the saloons are not fit to run after midnight they are not fit to run at all—but he "considers them fit to run"—absolutely refuses to have the laws of Kansas enforced.

I ask you what could that woman do if she wanted her home protected but take the law in her own hand?

It is easy enough for those who have never suffered through the infernal liquor traffic to be shocked at such a step as hers has been. But when I think of the awful suffering and agony heaped upon the women of our republic by the saloon—and how helpless they are!—I wonder that all over the nation just such things do not take place constantly.

## THE TRUE COMPARISON.

What did that woman do? Mere'y destroy some glass, pictures and pieces of furniture? What is the Kansas joint doing? Destroying the homes of Kansas, breaking the hearts of its citizens and wrecking their souls.

If thirty-five rattlesnakes were running loose in Wichita we all would say, "three cheers" for any woman who, at the risk of her own life, killed the snakes before they killed her loved ones.

And what are the thirty-five joints of Wichita but institutions one thousand times worse than so many rattlesnakes?

## A COMING GETTYSBURG.

Furthermore, I believe one of the most tremendous Gettysburgs in the coming conflict between the church, the home and the saloon is destined to be fought on Kansas soil.

What else could you expect in Kansas—historic Kansas—whose soil has been made sacred by the blood of the murdered sons of John Brown, because he said "Kansas shall be free from negro slavery"—a tyranny not half so appalling as that which now holds Kansas with its grasp?

Let me quote for you what Wendell Phillips said of John Brown after his arrest at Harper's Ferry: "John Brown has twice as much right to hang Gov. Wise as Gov. Wise has to hang him."

And to my mind this Kansas woman has more right to call Gov. Stanley and all other state and city officials to account who have failed to do their duty and have the laws enforced, and the homes of their state protected from the unlawful liquor traffic, than those officers would have to call her to account.

You understand I would never undertake to defend such action if only the city and state officials would do their sworn duty.

## THE PRESENT SITUATION.

But the awful fact is, that in nearly every city in our republic, as the twentieth century is drawing, the saloon power—the giant enemy of the human



race—is in control and the officials obey its demands.

So why criticize suffering, crushed, broken-hearted humanity when it rises to its own defense? What else can it do? May God speedily arouse the Christian patriotic element in our nation for the destruction of the saloon and the annihilation of the liquor traffic and the freedom of our republic.—Eva Marshall Shontz, in Twentieth Century Liberator.

#### Homeless, Helpless, Outcast Women.

Wandering on the streets or sitting in the saloons, music halls or low comedy theatres, wondering where they will find shelter for the night. Common property of licentious, low-bred men, gratifying their wicked, unholy passions, to the ruin and destruction of both soul and body. Poor, insulted woman, trodden down, an outcast in society, when the very man who ruined her is looked up to and passes in good society as respectable. Especially so, if he has money and influence. O God, lend Thine influence, extend Thine hand to the helping of these precarious ones whom Jesus died to redeem. Mark the spot where her feet tread. Follow her into that house of prostitution, led there by some human fiend, some incarnate devil, then watch her as she is taken into the patrol and carried to the police station, then to the jail, then to the workhouse, discouraged, sad, and ruined, hopeless, helpless, penniless, friendless and homeless. Not one to intercede and care for her. And the man who was her downfall walking the streets with the crime covered up from men by good clothes and appearances. And there wailing in her cell is some mother's darling who once was pure and sweet, the pet of the family. Yonder in that cottage sits the gray-haired mother weeping and praying for her lost jewel, saying, O God, bring back to me my own precious child, though marred and blighted by sin she may be. Then with your thousands and abundance will you not lend a helping hand to provide for such that they may have a loving, kind and holy influence thrown around them, and be snatched as brands from the burning. Think of your sweet daughter, relative or friend in the embrace of a murderous, licentious, drunken man who has lost all respect for women and under the cover of night puts her in condition where she is ashamed to face the world and thus is driven to suicide, while this wretch from the bottomless pit walks the streets and lifts his hat, having the appearance of a gentleman and smiles as the body of this woman of whose death he has been the direct cause, her murderer, is carried by to a pauper's grave. Christians of Rochester, of the world, arise in the strength of Jesus Christ and crush this monster sin, and stand by this crushed, downcast and ruined woman. Parents look after your daughters, ministers warn your congregations. Let an army arise that shall shake the world, march on to the rescue and deliverance of downtrodden woman. Be manly, be noble, be brave, be courageous and true, face this monster sin and crush the serpent's head. Every Christian home in America ought to be thrown open to receive such a woman.

Gospel Workers, rescue every such woman from the saloons and houses of prostitution you can. Break through Satan's ranks and get them from his grasp for Jesus' sake.

N. L. A. EASTMAN.

#### What One Preacher Says Who Lives in a Free Whiskey State.

Dr. Cranfill, in Baptist Standard, says:

"Over in Kansas Mrs. Nation, a venerable Christian woman, has lately been in jail. Her offense was breaking the plate glass mirrors in a Wichita dive that is run in open and flagrant violation of the prohibition law of that state. It is a sad spectacle that in every municipality in America, the officers of the law are under the control of the saloons. There is not a city government in America that does not wink at the constant and wide open violation of all the laws that look to the regulation or the prohibition of the liquor traffic. Here in Dallas the violations of the Sunday law on the part of our rum-sellers are persistent and notorious. The very essence of the saloon business is lawlessness. The liquor traffic is lawlessness organized and compacted, and it either intimidates or defeats every public official whose duties bring him in contact with it.

Mrs. Nation knew all this and she attacked this lawless business by violence. The Standard does not think she was to blame. She simply did what the custodians of the law were too cowardly to do, and attacked no-

lens volens an infamy that was being conducted in outrageous disregard of law and morals. For our part, we ascribe all honor to this brave and heroic woman. God grant that her tribe may increase! We wish that every woman in Kansas would go out on a dive-smashing expedition, and smash every doggerly in that state into irredeemable smithereens. Our men are either dolts or cowards. They stand silent while the 240,000 American saloons go on reaping their blood-stained harvest of ill-got gains, and thus trample under unhallowed feet the broken hearts and ruined lives of weeping wives and homeless little ones. It often seems that the only way to annihilate the saloon is to meet lawlessness with lawlessness, and if the women take the thing in hand in a new crusade for righteousness, we shall never say them nay. That either the liquor traffic or our institutions will have to die was never as plain as it is to-day. Our entire system of national government has become an instrument for the advancement of the interests of the brewers, distillers and rum-sellers. And rum is the most conscienceless master that ever forged a chain or waved a lash. It demands all. It makes no compromise and accepts no terms. The President and Congress, every governor of every state, and every mayor and every alderman of every city in the union is in the grip of the insensate devil. Many a preacher cuts off both the head and the tail of his sermon because he fears the ostracism of the octopus. The secular press is as much controlled by it as an electric car is controlled by the current generated at the power house. There is not a public officer nor a political newspaper, nor a candidate for place or power that does not play Punch and Judy to this devil-fish, whose slimy tentacles have gripped every engine of power that can be cajoled, or scared, or bought.

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

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

#### It Must Go.

The Mrs. Nation movement in Kansas isn't a spasm, it isn't a fanaticism, it isn't in any sense new or different from other reforms. It had to come. The masses of the people want right to prevail but they are very long suffering and tolerant of evil. After the temperance victory during the 80's, Kansas was the Mecca of thousands desiring the best surroundings for bringing up families, and the state was filled with excellent citizens. The situation in the state for a few years was unequalled anywhere else under the sun. The sight of a drunken man was a rare thing, and the brothel and gambling dens, the saloon's companions, were practically unknown.

At the present time we are at the opposite extreme, and the gambler, the jointist, and the prostitute are in the saddle and driving furiously. Law abiding people have tolerated the growing iniquity under protest and have appealed earnestly, forcibly and persistently to the officers to check the tide, but their appeals have been ignored.

The other faction is a potent and most active one in politics, and officers get their positions through politics. As long as there was hope of remedying the evil through the lawful avenues provided, no well-disposed person considered any other measures. But all hope of relief from that quarter is given up. The city officers throughout the state not only refuse to do their sworn duty and close the saloons, but in open violation of law actually enter into an agreement with them to share the proceeds of their hellish traffic. But the mere existence of the saloon, bad and corrupting as it is, is not the serious nor dangerous aspect of the case. Other states have saloons in operation. The great evil in the case is the violation of law—the ignoring and spitting upon it openly and defiantly. That will under-

mine any government, and at a surprising rate, too. If one law may be ignored so may another, if the logic of the criminal, and it is sound. From the most moral state in the Union to a condition where a man, condemned and with no positive proof against him—only a suspicion of murder—can be taken in open day by a crowd of thousands and burned at the stake, simply to glut a passion of savagery, shows how swiftly the whirlwind harvest has come for the wind sown, and the dreadful possibilities of the downhill course the state is running.

What is to be done? The people of Kansas declared that they wanted no saloons, and to settle the matter beyond a question they put that desire as a plank in their state constitution. But now the officers refuse to enforce the law, either of their own accord or at the earnest solicitation of the law abiding people. That cuts off all hope through legal channels. What then remains for the people to do? Either to surrender to crime and let lawlessness rule, or to go to war, the last resort. War is always to be deplored but it is a wonderful purifier of the moral atmosphere. Mrs. Nation is simply the Fort Sumpter of the war. It had to have a beginning and the quick indorsement of her work from the Kaw's mouth to the Colorado line shows that the temperance forces were lined up close to their leader all along the line. "The saloon must go" seems to be and ought to be the watchword, and every good citizen ought to enlist for active service. If it will capitulate, that is the way to settle it, but if not then let the hatchet brigade advance under Mother Nation's banner.—Concordia Empire.

It is strange how law-abiding some people are when it comes to enforcing the law against horse-stealing, forgery and a hundred other crimes, but when it comes to enforcing the laws against liquor-selling they become as criminal as the horse-thief, forger or other criminal as an accessory to the fact. A law is a law. When it says thou shalt not, it means one and all. Why a man who purposely and premeditatedly breaks the law should be winked at, is something we can't understand. Such acts are what make crime in the other branches common. If one man can break the law without punishment, why can't the other? Law is no respecter of persons. It is the toleration of the violation of law which makes mobs necessary to awaken the people to the real condition of affairs in their midst. Mobs never interfere with law-abiding citizens. Criminals must bear the spirit of the mob which wreaks its vengeance upon the man who violates the law and whom the officers of the law do not enforce the laws against. Mobs are bad at their best. They should not be encouraged, in fact are not except by the law-breakers themselves.—Denison Leader.

#### Bass Voices and Whiskers.

A great majority of women oppose the reform methods of Mrs. Nation and Mrs. Sheriff, knowing them to be ineffective, and that they bring reproach upon worthy womanhood. There's something "funny" about every woman who is willing to assist Mrs. Nation or Mrs. Sheriff in their foolish acts; they do not stand high in the communities where they live. Therefore we wonder that the better class of women do not assert themselves, and protest against the acts of Mrs. Nation and Mrs. Sheriff. Of course it's all a joke, but can the women afford to be ridiculed as they are being ridiculed as a result of the acts of these women? Can the women afford to be responsible for the fun that is now being made of Kansas all over the East?

The women who call on Mrs. Nation, and speak "encouraging words," do not represent one-tenth of the women. They do not represent the best class of women. The best women should, therefore, assert themselves, and not permit worthy womanhood to be misrepresented by women who have whiskers and bass voices.—Atchison Globe.

#### The Mrs. Nation Crusade.

Kansas is on the brink of an uprising of temperance sentiment that will sweep the state from end to end and that will make the life of the grog shop keeper in Kansas so miserable that he will be glad to suspend operations. To the everlasting shame of the officials of the law into whose hands is entrusted the enforcement of the law, it has fallen the lot of one old, gray-haired grandmother to take up the cudgel against these law defying evil-doers and to-day she is carrying on her warfare single-handed, hooted and

jeered and insulted by the very officials whose duties she seeks to perform.

Hired thugs and burly negro brutes stand guard over the jointists' property, and assault this old mother who dares to question its right to exist, and then who is arrested?—the old woman, of course, not the jointist or the thugs—not much.

There is good reason to question some of Mrs. Nation's methods and deplore some of her utterances. She is an extremist and is sure to meet with violence that will put an end to her work.

The Topeka Capital, which severely censures Mrs. Nation's work, said Wednesday morning that every day men and women who count in the business and social life of Topeka were coming to the support of Mrs. Nation. She does not lack for friends anywhere except in the ranks of the jointists and officeholders or office-seekers.

In Olathe seven out of every ten endorse Mrs. Nation's cause and method, two more endorse the cause but not the method. The remaining one is a resubmissionist.

If the sentiment of the state be taken it will be found overwhelmingly supporting Mrs. Nation, radical as she is.—News-Herald, Olathe, Kan.

#### Mrs. Nation and the Kansas Saloons.

Not since "John Brown's raid" has any one person so startled the country as has Mrs. Carrie Nation. Her action was heroic, and bids fair to bear fruit of the greatest importance. This is indicated by the fact that as early as February 10, three thousand of the leading business men of Topeka attached their names to a notice which was served on the saloon-keepers and joint-keepers of that city, warning them to quit the business, all of whom are said to have obeyed the command. Mrs. Nation is not a "crank" or a "crazy fanatic." She is a woman who has suffered at the hands of the rum traffic. Here is her story:

"My husband came home drunk one night. My mother discovered his condition, and from that time on I had no peace of heart. I stood over his grave one year after our marriage—he a victim of the drink habit. He died in a bar-room of 'snakes in the boots,' delirium tremens, and I made a vow over his grave that the rest of my life would be devoted to fighting rum. A sister of mine married a drunkard, who went through with a fortune of \$150,000, and this added to my bitterness."

Several years after the death of her first husband she was married to Mr. David Nation. He has been a lawyer and a journalist, and is now a man of ample fortune. For several years they lived at Medicine Lodge, Kan. Saloons were entrenched there, but, after a bitter fight of months, Mrs. Nation compelled them to close up.

For the following specific account of this heroic woman's experience at saloon-smashing in Wichita, we are indebted to the Christian Herald. It is as follows:

"As many different accounts of the matter have appeared in the daily prints, the Christian Herald has requested Mr. David Nation, the husband, to furnish the facts, which he has now done in the letter which gives the history of the crusade up to January 23. On December 26 or 27, Mrs. Nation entered the saloon of the Carey Hotel, Wichita, broke bottles, spilled liquor, demolished a mirror, and a large picture of Cleopatra. For this act she was arrested and confined in the county jail at Wichita. The members of the State W. C. T. U. employed lawyers and met at the jail almost daily, and held prayer-meetings in her cell. This exasperated the saloon element. A pretext was found for quarantining the prison, and no one was allowed to see her. Her lawyers were not even permitted to see or talk to her. Her trial was set for January 5, when her lawyers appeared and announced themselves ready for trial, provided Mrs. Nation would be brought out, which was refused. A bond worth \$250,000 was tendered, but was refused, because 'the jail was quarantined.' The lawyers then presented a petition to the District Court, then in session, for a writ of habeas corpus, but the judge even refused to permit it to be read in his court. Her lawyers then went to the Supreme Court at Topeka with a similar petition, and the 12th of January was set for the hearing. The quarantine was again set up as an excuse for not producing the body of Mrs. Nation. Her lawyers, however, proved to the satisfaction of the court that there was no record of a quarantine. On the 15th, the court ordered the quarantine raised and Mrs. Nation brought out, although the order to raise the quarantine

(Continued on page 12.)



# THE SMASHER'S MAIL.

## A Newspaper for the Suppression of the Rum Traffic.

(Entered at the postoffice, Topeka, Kansas, as second class matter.)

Published at 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 \$2.00 per year.

### NO PARTNERSHIP.

The copartnership which existed between myself and Mr. Chiles in the publication of the Smasher's Mail has been dissolved. I am now my own publisher.

CARRIE NATION.

Topeka, Kans., March 28, 1901.

No person ever got as much good reading out of a single paper for five cents as there is in this number of the Smasher's Mail.

Mrs. Nation is absent this week on a lecturing tour in the east, and is not, therefore, responsible for the improved appearance of the paper; but she alone is responsible for what there is in the paper.

Isaiah 5: The Lord has given me this chapter several times lately, and I will use it now, lest I offend him whom my soul serveth. Now the wise shall understand but the foolish shall not. The Home Defenders are the ones spoken of from the 26th to the 29th and the 30th in the last tells of the condition of those who will not honor God.

It is presumed that the Cincinnati man who has offered Mrs. Nation \$600 for a series of six lectures has sources of revenue which justify him in giving free reign to his taste for amusement. Was it this same man who pays for the advertisement for the benefit of the joints, that stands at the head of the editorial columns of the Capital?

If correspondents would be more particular to write their names and post-office plainly, it would cause us less trouble and at the same time insure prompt attention on our part. It is no trouble to throw unintelligible manuscript in the waste-basket but it is annoying when a letter contains an order for papers and the name and postoffice can't be made out. This is only a hint.

Some days ago we got an order for papers, with cash enclosed, but there was no one about the editorial sanctum that could read either the name or postoffice, and now comes an inquiry as to the why and the wherefore. Should the writer ever see this article he or she, as the case may be, will know what is the trouble. We don't want any one to lose our valuable Smasher, and if they do they ought to know where the fault lies.

The Topeka Capital of March 21 reads Judge McGaw a lecture for dismissing a charge against a man for permitting his horse to stand in the street for half a day without a blanket. But it has no word of censure for his dismissing cases against men for causing wives and children to go hungry for want of food and almost naked for weeks, for want of clothing. Such small matters as these do not disturb the slumbers of the sleepy old thing. But that poor old boss! Perhaps the owner was in the nearest dive. But then whiskey is king and McGaw is its prophet.

Ever since Mrs. Nation commenced her crusade in trying to get the sworn officers of the law to do their sworn duty, Topeka's chief whiskey organ, the Capital, has been not only mad, but hot at the old lady. It thinks her work in showing the law officers from County-Attorney Nichols down to Governor Stanley may injure the republican party. It therefore has turned its attention to Mrs. Carrie Nation, trying in its feeble way to injure her lecturing. The Capital finds it has no influence over men and it will now try its influence on a woman. We hope the Capital will find this new venture more to its liking, as its influence has never hurt any one nor done any good;

but like the boys and the frogs in the fable, furnished amusement for the editor.

I shall be absent when the third issue of Smasher's Mail is out but before I go I wish to say that Mr. Nick Chiles has no more to do with the Smasher's Mail. In the two editions he got out for me, my copy was suppressed and articles changed. The last paper was cut down expressly against my orders and my principal editorials were forbidden to be put in. This outrage has been a great cross to me for I have tried hard to put up with the tricks of Nick but his outrageous, bold carelessness and lack of principle has become unbearable.

### HAZEN OBJECTS.

Third Judicial District—Z. T. Hazen, Judge; R. H. Gaw, Official Reporter. Terms of Court: Second Monday in January, First Monday in April, and First Tuesday in September.

Shawnee County,

Office of District Judge.

Topeka, Kans., March 11, 1901.

Nick Chiles, Esq., Topeka, Kansas.

Dear Sir:—I examined the paper issued by Mrs. Nation and yourself known as the Smasher's Mail, and desire to call your attention to the fact that I am willing to pass this issue by, but if there is another issue of the paper in which there is libelous matter about me I certainly will take steps to determine whether a man is compelled to submit to libel in a paper of that character.

I do this in order that you may be on your look out, because in case of a repetition I shall apply to the county attorney for the arrest of Mrs. Nation and yourself under a charge of libel.

Very respectfully.

Z. T. HAZEN.

Mr. Hazen, there is no use for me to write a private letter to you, for I have tried that twice and silence on your part has been maintained. Now why did you write to Nick Chiles? You might as well have written to this pencil I use. Nick is not the writer, no not the proof-reader, although he told me he would have one, but since he told me, he has never had one and of course he did not, else he would not have misrepresented me in the printing of my articles, especially in the article which reads: "I say to my friends in Bunker Hill, Kans., let this scullion of a Judge Hazen alone. Give him time to repent of his drunken energies and infidelity. He may be a step in my course, so let him be, for soon he will not be." This last sentence should read: "May be a star in my crown." Now this is the article you think is libelous, is it? If you are not the devil's scullion, whose scullion are you? If you do not belong to the Arions and get drunk, why have various parties that have been at the Arions and bought and drank beer, eight glasses for a quarter, come to me and told me so, and that on a fishing spree you were so muddled that you could not tell a frying pan from a green cheese? One mother told me she had a son die who had worked for Moeser Bros. six months, and he was full of beer all the time and that two weeks before his death he told her that you, Moeser, and he himself were drunk together. Now, I would not have told this, but when you threaten to sue me for libel, I don't want to have anything to fall back on. Please state what the libelous matter is. I shall be glad to meet you in public or private, by letter or otherwise to consult. I will be on the lookout. Next time address all communications to me. I prophesied you would not be. The Bible narrates me in saying that I beheld the wicked in great power, spreading himself like a green bay-tree, but soon I considered his place and he was not. Now, you don't believe in the Bible I know, but that does not alter the fact of the portion of the wicked who shall be turned into hell with all the nations that fight God.

Your loving friend,  
CARRIE NATION.

### Saloons and Hold-Ups.

An old soldier was sandbagged in Leavenworth Tuesday evening by a negro who thought he might find 15 or 20 cents in the veteran's pockets. Not long ago a Leavenworth saloon-keeper and a companion were caught trying to hold up an old soldier on the streets. The action the Leavenworth saloon-keepers are enabled to get on their customers by virtue of their calling ought to be enough to satisfy them, without resorting to the lead pipe methods of the street gang.—Topeka Capital.

We print the above for the benefit of Governor Stanley and Attorney Gen-

eral Godard, who have it in their power to stop this robbing and murdering of the old soldier.

### Money for Groceries.

The New York Tribune says that Mrs. Nation has caused the closing of many saloons, even in states where the business has been legalized by license, and that much more money is being paid out for groceries and clothing and many more children are being fed, clothed, and sent to school on that account than before. Gov. Stanley and Atty. Gen. Godard will take notice of this.

### Wanted to Know.

When the State Temperance Union ever instituted a prosecution against any person for the unlawful sale of intoxicating liquors.

The name of any person ever prosecuted by the State Temperance Union.

The place where any person was ever prosecuted for unlawfully selling liquor by the State Temperance Union.

The court in which any person was ever prosecuted for the unlawful sale of liquor.

The attorney or attorneys ever employed by the State Temperance Union for the unlawful sale of liquors.

The amount paid by the State Temperance Union to lawyers, witnesses or officers for the prosecution of any person or persons for the illegal sale of liquors.

It has been charged that the State Temperance Union has never done anything to enforce the prohibitory law of the state but talk to arouse public sentiment in favor of law enforcement, and we want the above information so as to set the Union right before the people.

A MEMBER OF THE UNION.

### God Appeared in a Dream.

This work is the work of God carried on through a lot of us women. I take no credit upon myself for having started the crusade. God told me to do it when my husband died of drink twenty-five years ago. He appeared to me in a dream on the night my husband lay a corpse in my room and said that unless I went into the work of saving souls from a drunkard's grave I would be damned everlastingly.

I am a believer in fate. I think that if I had not obeyed that mandate of God I would have been dead long ere this, and here I am, you see, having passed through many battles, endured a life of hardship on the plains, and yet I am a pretty well preserved woman of fifty-four. There are not many women who have the strength in their right arm that I have in this.

Well, when my first husband died of drink I started at once to follow the dictations of God. I came to Kansas, then a wilderness of murder shops and saloons, which are all the same thing to me. I started the W. C. T. U. in many towns on the plains and helped the society to get started right.

Finally I got married to David Nation, a rich old lawyer and farmer, an older man than I, but an ardent believer in temperance. I did not marry him for love of himself, but merely because he was a great temperance man and promised to help me in all of my trouble, and you see how he has stuck to me in this trouble, while other men have threatened to sue their wives for divorce even if they mention going on a tour with me.

### Proclamation.

Whereas, The Governor, Attorney General, and the County Attorneys of most of the large cities in Kansas, have personal knowledge of the violation of the prohibitory liquor laws of the state of Kansas, and

Whereas, The Governor on entering upon the duties of his office, took an oath to "see that the laws are executed," and

Whereas, The said Governor knowing, permits saloons to run openly in Wichita, his home town, in utter violation of the constitution and laws of Kansas which he took an oath to see that they were enforced, and

Whereas, The Attorney General and the County Attorneys aforesaid, as well as the Governor, knowingly, willfully, premeditatedly and maliciously permit these laws to be publicly violated every minute in the day and every hour and every day in the week and every week in the year, in violation of their obligations, and instead of enforcing the laws, they use all the powers and influence they have to protect violators of the law, and if a poor man or woman uses their powers of mind and body to enforce the laws that these officers have sworn to enforce, he or she, as the case may be, is cast into prison, whilst the man behind the bar, who is

engaged in making drunkards, murderers, wife beaters, widows and orphans, filling our poor houses and jails, at the expense of the honest farmer and taxpayer, are allowed to continue in their nefarious business and all the effort that is made is to protect and help them in their business, whilst the poor woman is the only one punished or attempted to be punished, thus making themselves not only violators of their obligations, but particeps criminis of their crimes and all of them anarchists. Extra police officers and extra deputy sheriffs are appointed who stand at the doors of these vile places—violators of the laws of God and man, so as to protect them in their business of law breaking, and the honest farmer and citizen are called upon to foot the bills. Newspapers advertise and publish that when a raid has been made on saloons, that their business has greatly increased, and when a person goes to an officer to make complaint, he is met with, "Oh, you are a spotter," and no complaint is or can be made, so it appears that our officers are elected to protect and not to prevent or punish criminals.

### All About It.

"The Religious Telescope" tells all about it in the following extracts:

Some friends of the rum traffic are now pointing to the Mrs. Nation affair as proof conclusive that the prohibition law in Kansas is a failure. As well point to the numerous instances of counterfeiting, burglary, and murder throughout the country as proof that the law against such crimes is a failure. Mrs. Nation's uprising is only a demonstration of the fact that in certain cities in Kansas the rum power and the lawless element have succeeded in bribing certain officials into violating their oath of office and refusing to enforce the law.

The fact that Mrs. Nation has proven herself mightier than the whole Kansas state government in the way of securing the enforcement of the law against the saloon is only another evidence of woman's ability to legislate and govern. Her righteous indignation at the non-enforcement of law, and her heroic action entitle her to a place in history with Deborah, Joan of Arc, and Queen Victoria. How small by her side do the butterflies of fashion appear! How pitiable and futile the scorn heaped upon her by many whose sons, brothers, and husbands the saloons are ruining.

Dr. Louis Albert Banks on February 10 preached a striking temperance sermon in the First Methodist Church of Cleveland, Ohio, his theme being, "John Brown and Carrie Nation; a Historic Parallel." The following is one of his striking paragraphs. It may be studied with profit, especially by the women who are criticizing Mrs. Nation: "For centuries the most cruel pressure of the liquor traffic has fallen upon womanhood. No woman has been safe. No woman to-day is so hedged about by wealth or nurturing circumstances that she can say, with any just reason, 'The liquor traffic can not reach my fortress; it can not tear down the citadel of my happiness.' Women have been wooed by clear-minded, healthy-bodied, true-hearted young men, and have given them all of affection and service, have borne them children, only to find, at middle age, that the allurements of the licensed liquor saloon has clouded the mind, and debased the heart, and deadened the affections of the husband and father. And at last, after twenty-five years of toil and devotion, bearing and enduring such horrors as only a drunkard's wife and the merciful God in heaven can know, she is turned out to face old age, a poor, broken, and wrecked piece of humanity. What do you think such a woman's feelings are about the liquor saloon? Do you wonder that she hates it? Oh, my God, no! I have no wonder of that sort; my only wonder is that there is a saloon left standing in America."

It seems that there is in Kansas a great revival on in regard to the enforcement of the prohibitory laws of the state. A Fort Scott dispatch of March 13 says: "At Uniontown to-day, R. E. Eckert, traveling salesman for a Louisville company, was arrested for soliciting orders for liquor. He was fined \$100 and sentenced to thirty days in jail. Judge Simons, of the district court, refused to issue a writ of habeas corpus." Verily, the work of Mrs. Nation and her hatchet is bearing good fruit.



## SNAP SHOTS GATHERED FROM HERE AND EVERYWHERE.

There are in the United States 711,161 persons engaged in the liquor traffic.

The United States Brewers' Association, organized in 1862. There are also state brewers' associations.

The Religious Telescope locates her in the wrong city. She lives in Medicine Lodge, a clean city; not in the wicked city of Wichita.

There are, according to recent statistics 119 brewery and distilling companies, composed of about 120,245 shareholders.

**Number of Saloons.**—There are in the United States, as shown by official statistics, for the year ending June 30, 1899, 227,693 liquor dealers.

**The Organized Liquor Powers.**—The liquor traffic is the most thoroughly organized power in the United States. The organizations are intended to influence legislation, and in general to protect the interests of the trade.

**Men.**—Estimates from various sources worth considering: In the United States, 100,000 drunkards die annually; 10,000,000 steady drinkers; 1,000,000 drunkards; 2,000,000 boys required from each generation as raw material for the saloon.

Cleveland has 700,000 population, and had 7,500 arrests for drunkenness last year, and yet some folks seem to think an open saloon better than prohibition. We are not told how many wives have been beaten—how many mothers have been made widows—how many children orphans, nor how many went to bed hungry.

**Worse than Wasted.**—Engaged in breweries, 15,432; engaged in malt houses, 4,899; engaged in distilleries, 6,532; variously employed in the manufacture, 10,000; total engaged in making

liquors, 36,853. Engaged in wholesaling, 19,281; engaged in taxed retailing, 353,552; engaged in untaxed retailing, 176,776; total selling liquors, 549,609; grand total, 586,472.

**Amount of Liquors.**—It is said there are 6,000 different kinds of intoxicating liquors. The aggregate quantity of fermented liquors, upon which the internal revenue tax was paid, from 1862 to 1899, 20,309,710,419 gallons. For 1899 alone, 1,134,014,534 gallons. Distilled liquors, 1899, 67,055,508 gallons. Wine production of the United States, 1895, 89,700,000 gallons; of the world, 3,008,051,000 gallons.

In 1860, the consumption of all liquors by gallons was 3.22 per capita; in 1893, this consumption had increased to 18.04 gallons per capita; it is now, for various reasons, somewhat reduced, but it is still at the appalling figure of 16 gallons for every man, woman and child in the country. A reliable authority has figured that while the population has increased 125 per cent in forty years, the consumption of liquor has increased 1,800 per cent in the same period.

A summary of the estimated losses from the use of intoxicating drinks and their cost annually in the United States:

1. Loss of productive industry of 586,472 persons in the liquor trades, \$293,236,000; 2, loss of productive labor of 700,000 drunkards, \$175,000,000; 3, loss of productive labor of 2,135,391 moderate drinkers, \$222,392,664; 4, loss of time, cost of medical attendance and medicine, in sickness caused by drinking, \$119,368,576; 5, loss to employers by drinking employees, \$10,000,000; 6, cost of supporting 83,809 defective persons by drink, as insane, etc., \$16,779,800; 7, cost of supporting 59,110 paupers, etc., made by drink at \$100 a year, \$5,911,000; 8, loss of labor of paupers, etc., at three hundred dollars a year, \$17,733,000; 9, cost of supporting 39,841 prisoners at one hundred dollars a year, made such by drink, \$3,984,300; 10, loss of labor of 39,481 prisoners at three hundred dollars a year, \$11,844,300; 11, cost of police, prosecutions, court expenses, losses by jurors, witnesses, etc., \$15,000,000; total indirect costs and losses by drink, \$891,213,640; direct cost of drinks, 1893, \$944,629,581; grand total of loss and cost by drink, \$1,835,842,221. All the churches of all denominations in this country cost for all purposes only \$150,000,000. That is from

the above summary, \$12 for drink and \$1 for religion.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, a respectable Christian woman of Wichita, Kan., has achieved notoriety by attempting to lead a crusade in her city for the extermination of the saloons which exist by virtue of the cowardice or corruption of the officials, who refuse to enforce the law. The following from the Chicago Chronicle is to the point on the question: "Though the proceedings of Mrs. Carrie Nation have a somewhat lawless flavor, it should not be forgotten that the people against whom she is campaigning are likewise open violators of the law. The sale of liquor is prohibited in the statutes of Kansas; hence, while we can not entirely approve Sister Nation's proceedings, we have nothing but contempt for the chicken-hearted and corrupt officials of Kansas who are shielding the saloon-keepers and winking at the assaults upon Sister Nation. She is seeking, in an irregular way, to perform those functions which they fail to carry out." If Mrs. Nation is to be punished for lawlessly smashing the furniture of the law-defying saloons of Wichita, how much more should the officers of the state and city, from the governor down, be punished for violating their oath of office by refusing to enforce the laws of the state.

A temperance lecturer was preaching on his favorite theme. "Now, boys, when I ask you a question you must not be afraid to speak up and answer me. When you look around and see all those fine houses, farms and cattle, do you ever think who owns them all now. Your fathers own them, do they not?" "Yes, sir," shouted a hundred voices. "Where will your fathers be in twenty years?" "Dead," shouted the boys. "That's right. And who will own this property then?"

"Us boys," shouted the urchins. "Right. Now tell me, did you ever in going along the streets notice the drunkards lounging around the public house door waiting for someone to treat them?"

"Yes, sir; lots of them." "Well, where will they be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead," exclaimed the boys. "And who will be the drunkards then?"

"Us boys." Everybody was thunderstruck. It sounded awfully! It was awful, but it was true.

The music at a New England funeral was discoursed by a band of singers who had been refreshed for the occasion by items in the following bill:

To 6 quarts West India Rum.....\$3.20  
To 1 pint Brandy.....40  
To 1 gallon Cider.....20  
Other items of "pyes," fried nuts, cheese, and cigars are added, making the bill \$7.31. All for one funeral!

Courts and jails carried on the machinery of justice in the inspiration of the cup. Here is a "court" bill more than one hundred years old:

To mug of Flip.....s. d. 0 8  
To bowl of Punch.....1 6  
To bottle of Wine.....3 0  
To bottle of Wine.....3 0

Total .....8 2  
Here is the jury bill on the same day:

To 2 mugs Flip.....s. d. 1 4  
To 2 mugs Cider.....0 10  
To 11 Dinners .....9 2  
To 2 mugs and half Cider.....1 0  
To 3 mugs Flip.....2 0

Total .....14 4  
Here is an old account of April 1, 1812: Col. C. B. Dr. to Thomas C., to 3 mint slings before breakfast...\$ .75  
1 breakfast .....50  
9 tumbler of grog before dinner 1.12½  
3 glasses of wine and bitters... .37½  
Dinner and club .....1.25  
2 ticklers of French brandy.... .50  
Cigars .....25  
Supper and wine .....1.25

Total .....\$6.00  
Quite an April Fool's Day!  
Here is a charge in Connecticut in 1810: A. B. Dr.:

To 1 N. E. Primer.....\$ .15  
To 1 pint of Rum......05  
Here is an item I copied from a fa-

mous old ledger kept in Mercer County, Pa. In that community now the people are staunch and true for temperance, but many familiar family names are on the grocery book for "wet goods." This is an item of interest:

One speller and whisky.....\$ .15  
All that is ancient history on the temperance reform and drink traffic; but it is not traditional; it is fact.

### Temperance and the Death Rate.

The Registrar General of Great Britain has just tabulated the mortuary statistics of the country and finds that the death rate among adult men is 1,000 to each 61,215 of male population. He then shows the number of deaths in the chief occupations, and finds that the lowest is among ministers, while the highest is among inn-keepers. The death rate among ministers is found to be less than one-half the general rate, while among inn-keepers it is nearly double that rate.

The statistics show further that more than one-half of the deaths among the last named class are due to alcoholism. The figures demonstrate to a certainty that the death rate is lowest among non-drinkers and also that it increases just about in proportion to the use of alcoholic beverages. The death rate is below the average with ministers, engineers, farmers, schoolmasters, and farm laborers, while it is above the average with general laborers, lead workers, dock laborers and inn-keepers.

It is worthy of note that engineers belong to the exempt class and this is due to the fact that those who employ them insist out of deference to the demands of the public, that they shall be sober, temperate men. It would be of value if American national statistics were kept with the exact nicety that characterizes the British.

### Don't Know Kansas.

Knowing persons outside of this state do not take Mrs. Nation seriously. They understand Kansas is a hive of busy cranks that swarm often. Time's up. That's all. In sixty days prohibition will be as dead a letter as it has ever been since May 1, 1881, when the law first went into effect. It's the way things are done in Kansas. Mrs. Nation, with an old mummy she calls her

husband, was starving by inches in a little sand-hill town called Medicine Lodge, and she was smart enough to see that Kansas "time was up," so she lit out, wing, stinger and all. Now she is making \$100 a day and the old man who poses as a lawyer, is tagging along with a meal sack catching the money. They will soon round up in a sand-hill town again, heretofore noted only as the home of prairie dogs, owls, snakes, Jerry Simpson and Chester Long. The old man will gather "cow chips" in day time and knot them in dry prairie grass at night for fuel as heretofore. The only change will be both will have more to eat and Mrs. Nation will have more clothes.—Paola Spirit.

### Too Late.

He, that being often reproved hardened his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.—Proverbs 29: 1.

### ONE MONTH TOO LATE.

At a prayer-meeting in a country neighborhood in western Washington, a young man appeared to be much convicted of sin. He was urged to give his heart to God immediately. He hesitated, but finally said: "No, I will surrender to God when I am done hauling logs; I have a month to work yet." Four weeks from that day he and a young friend went bathing in Lake Lacamas. He was using profane language while undressing. Plunging into the lake, he swam into the deep, cold water, was taken with a cramp, screamed wildly for help, then sank to the bottom—drowned. He was one month too late.

### ONE WEEK TOO LATE.

A lady in Scotland became greatly concerned about her soul. One night she was so troubled she could not sleep, but walked the floor in great distress of mind. At last she sat down and wrote in her diary: "Next week I will attend to the salvation of my soul." She then retired and slept soundly. The next day she went into scenes of pleasure and gaiety. The day following she was taken violently ill, and soon became delirious. Before her death the delirium left her mind long enough for her to say: "I am one week too late! I am lost!"

### ONE NIGHT TOO LATE.

One night at a revival meeting a young lady was urged to repent. She said: "I will seek God to-morrow night." The next evening her mother

found that she intended to go to a ball, and she begged her not to go. She replied: "I will go if I die," and went up stairs to prepare. A young man called to take her to the ball-room. She was called, but did not answer. Her mother went to her room, and found her sitting before the glass, putting a ribbon in her hair, but she was a corpse! She waited one night, lost her dance, and lost her soul!

### ONE HOUR TOO LATE.

A young lady in New York attended a revival meeting with her parents. A pious aunt became greatly burdened and distressed for the young lady, who was unconverted. At last she went to her and earnestly pled with her to come at once and seek God; but she refused. At the close of the meeting she started home with her parents. A few rods from church the team became frightened, and overturned the sleigh. The young lady was violently thrown against a telegraph pole and instantly killed. She was one hour too late!

Seek ye the Lord, while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near.—Isa. 55: 6.

Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.—2 Cor. 6: 2.

### Two Sides to a Question.

Of course there are two sides to the liquor question; otherwise it would not be a question. A question must have at least two sides, and many have many more. Some of the sides may be so slight as to hardly make a shadow of a showing, but there must be two tangible sides to turn a subject into a question.

All intelligent, fair-minded men naturally feel like weighing and measuring the merits and demerits of the liquor traffic and prohibition before endorsing either, and right has nothing to lose and everything to gain in this process.

It is very easy for ignorance and prejudice to smile in derision at Mrs. Nation's modus operandi, and caricature her use of the hatchet in trying to cor-

rect the double headed danger, in Kansas, of laxity of officials and the criminal sale of liquors. But it is not so easy to dispose of the stubborn fact of wholesale lawlessness which her hatchet has called attention to. While liquor dealers everywhere pronounce her purpose and plan impracticable, yet she has practically proven to the onlooking world that there is a law-breaking liquor traffic in Kansas, concurred in by tricky officials.

On one side of this question, in the state of Kansas, we see prohibition law, most of the people, and Mrs. Nation, upholding sobriety, industry, morality, health and happiness. The liquor side means conscienceless greed, destitution, disease and death. Now that the temperance fight is on, both sides must be looked fairly and fearlessly in the face.

As all the liquor lovers and liquor dealers are compactly organized for the deliberate destruction of humanity, are banded together to sustain the vending of an article whose uniform and certain effects are to tear down morals, undermine character, benumb conscience, and debauch manhood. It becomes the bounden duty of those loving order, justice and right, who wish to conserve the very best interests of society at large, and are anxious to rescue the perishing from the claws of lawful crime, to present a solid, unbroken front against a common enemy. Stand shoulder to shoulder, thoroughly organized and equipped, equipped to any emergency and ready for the fray. In order to be able to do this work successfully, every little petty personal preference and prejudice should not only be laid aside, but lost sight of altogether. Measures promising success should be put through vigorously. Many victories have been lost from want of celerity. The concentration of energy, earnestness and action rarely fails to bring success if persevered in.

A strong Christian co-operation is necessary all along the temperance line of this question. The leaders in this reform are in evidence in all the church organizations; in fact, there is sufficient Christian fervor connected with this branch of reform work to render Christians, who hold aloof, uncomfortably conspicuous.

While we do not attempt to put temperance before religion, it is evident to all candid observers that temperance, like honesty, should figure as an important ingredient in the religion we profess.

MRS. J. B. WEAVER.

Tacoma, Wash.



# Some Poetry

DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE.

## "He Smokes."

In the office, in the parlor,  
On the sidewalk, in the streets,  
In the faces of the passers;  
In the eyes of those he meets;  
In the vestibule, the depot,  
At the theater or ball,  
E'en at funerals and weddings,  
And at christenings and all.

Signs may threaten, man may warn him,  
Babies cry and women coax,  
But he cares not one iota,  
For he calmly smokes and smokes.  
Oh, he cares not whom he strangles,  
Vexes, put to flight, provokes,  
While they squirm, and fret and fidget,  
He just smokes, and smokes, and  
smokes.

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

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

MRS. LYDIA A. ROWE.

Topeka, Kans.

## The Joints Must Go.

BY SAMUEL B. LETSON.

What are these swelling, startling  
strains

Re-echoed from the Kansas plains?  
Ah, these are heart-throbs, true and  
strong;

From woman's breast against a wrong,  
A wrong as bold and fiercely fell  
As fumes from out the lowest hell.  
The haughty groan. The hatchets  
gleam.

The fixtures fly. The wet goods stream.  
The "murder-shops" fly off the stage.  
Rum-blossoms glow in horrid rage.  
Wipe out the serpent's loathsome trail.  
Proceed to-day. Shall virtue quail?  
Pluck out the serpent's venom sting.  
Wipe out the hydra-headed thing.  
Wipe out the traps of devils' den.  
Dry out the whirlpool. Save the men.  
Smash every joint to fragments. Lev'l.  
With Christ "destroy works of the dev'l"  
What, you oppose? So do the imps,  
Bar-tenders, prostitutes, and pimps,  
Distillers, brewers, highwaymen,  
Thugs, dopers, gamblers, like of them.  
Defend the joint, the soulless curse?  
No devil could indulge in worse.  
When oath-bound men will not enforce  
The righteous statutes, then, of course,  
Fair woman rises, waves her hand,  
And drives the lawless from the land.  
They're going, going, night and day!  
'Twas Carrie Nation blazed the way!  
Montesano, Washington, Feb. 11, 1901.  
\*1 John 3:8.

## Ilias Malorum.

The world is growing better every day;  
By nature's agents fully trained,  
Death-penalty for those who cross her  
way,  
Rewards for those who have ab-  
stained.  
Eliminate the evils that arise,  
Prolong the days of those who still are  
wise,  
And thus the good she has sustained.

Fool-killers, many, always guard the  
road

On which men toil to higher plane;  
When they accept the ninny's fatal load,  
It bears them down, where they re-  
main

Insouciant, of heart and soul bereft,  
There, to their follies and their fancies  
left,

And, by their own unwisdom, slain.

I need not name the killers, by the way,  
For they are known, alas too well;  
They stalk the ninny's path, from day  
to day,

And lure the ninny down to hell.  
Be wise and live your three score years  
and ten,

A true example to the sons of men.  
Let happy homes your wisdom tell.  
—Joseph Nakinson, Holdrege, Neb.

## A Golden Hatchet.

Air: Cottage Home, or Susanna.

I had a dream, or thought I had;  
As in my cot I lay—  
'Twas in the present century,  
It seems, it came to stay.  
An angel convoy came to earth,  
To bear some tidings new;  
"The gates of hell were wider thrown,  
Heaven entered by but few."

First Chorus—  
"O, who will go for us, they said,  
Oh! who will go to-day;  
A golden hatchet they shall have,  
To arm them for the fray."

The Judge and Gov'nor cow'd in fright,  
It filled them with dismay;  
The officers they ran and hid,  
And said, go "nil;" and nay.  
The angels passed them with disgust;  
As they had sneaked away;  
And then a little woman said  
"O, let me go, I pray."

## Second Chorus—

"O, let me go," the woman said,  
"The men have sneaked away;  
The golden hatchet I would have  
I'll use it, night and day."

"Take this," he said, "and in God's  
name,  
For this it is His will;  
Smash everything that comes in sight,  
The product of the still.  
And when your race on earth is run,  
Well done, your Lord will say;  
The gates of heaven will open wide,  
Forever there to stay."

## Second Chorus—

Then I woke, and lo! behold!  
It was just as it seem'  
In Kansas everything I found  
Just as 'twas in my dream.  
I asked the people what it meant,  
Was told with some vexation  
The little woman there in sight,  
Is Mrs. Carrie Nation.

## Second Chorus—

D. E. GRAYSTON.  
Sparta, Mo., March 21, 1901.

## The Battle Cry for Home.

A burning Sirocco now scourges our  
land,  
Its flames consume flower and vine;  
Its booty consolidates quite a strong  
band,  
But vengeance, good Lord, shall be  
Thine.

With ten times ten thousand wrecks  
everywhere,  
With widows, and orphans and crime,  
While agony swells on each breath of  
the air,  
Shall we idly stand wasting our time?

No! Rise in God's name and strike off  
your chains,  
Persuade, work, talk, even fight,  
Don't be thwarted nor bribed by their  
ill-hoarded gains,  
But defiantly stand by the right.

Our homes are invaded, our children  
dragged out,  
Our peace and our lives are at stake,  
Then down with "King Alcohol," put  
him to rout,  
Strike for God, and humanity's sake.  
—C. P. Judd, Shorey, Kans.

## Song of the Hatchet.

"George," the Father of his Country,  
Used his hatchet only once;  
Up-to-date, bold Kansas "Carrie"  
Every whiskey joint confronts.  
Hide your hatchet  
Or she'll snatch it,  
She don't care if she does "catch it,"  
She has proved that she's no dunce!

"George," the Father of his Country,  
Could not, would not, tell a lie;  
And no more will Mrs. Nation;  
She wants all to know, "'Tis I."  
Whiskey savings—  
Nude engravings—  
Cigarettes—Tobacco shavings—  
One and all, she makes 'em fly.

"George" was e'er the soul of honor,  
Always on the side of right;  
"Carrie" feels it borne upon her

All the whiskey joints to fight.  
Hasten, "Carrie,"  
Do not tarry—  
Deliver us from "The Old Harry;"  
Make our homes and future bright.

"Washington" upon our banner,  
Ever uppermost shall be;  
Next is Lincoln—Liberator—  
Set four million captives free.  
Though it's risky,  
If King Whiskey  
Yields to "Carrie"—firm if frisky—  
Her name above the stars shall be.

Then an unborn generation  
Keeping birthdays all along,  
Natal day of Carrie Nation  
Shall proclaim with shout and song.  
Tell the glory  
Of her story—  
Temp'rance battles, fierce and gory—  
How she freed the world from wrong.

Women of this glorious country  
Rise and beat the monster down;  
Men and voters ne'er will do it —  
Hatchets hew out woman's crown,  
Help our sister,  
Though some hissed her—  
Righteousness and truth have kissed  
her,  
Heroine of Kansas town.  
Coldwater, Mich. E. S. BAILEY.

## To Mrs. Nation.

We rejoice that in this day and gener-  
ation,  
We are blest with the celebrated Car-  
rie Nation,  
Who is capable of leading a temper-  
ance crusade  
Without being daunted or in the least  
afraid;  
With her little hatchet in hand,  
Can smash glass and break bottles to  
beat the band,  
Destroying the deadly liquid wherever  
it may be found.  
And we pray she may be spared to vis-  
it every town  
Also that all rum-sellers dealt with not  
only by Mrs. Nation  
May be induced to seek a more honor-  
able occupation.

## Out in Kansas.

Gals is havin' lots o' fun,  
Smashin' things in Kansas.  
Got them fellers on th' run,  
Over thar in Kansas.  
Swar them dives has got ter go.  
Say th' Lord has told 'em so.  
Gosh! them women folks ain't slow,  
Over thar in Kansas.

Don't see what them laws is fer,  
Over thar in Kansas.  
What's th' world a comin' ter,  
Over thar in Kansas?  
Guv'nor don't know what ter do.  
Sheriff's gone plumb crazy too.  
Thar'll be blood 'fore they gits through,  
Over thar in Kansas.

Mother Stewart says, "God bless  
All them gals in Kansas."  
"They'll come out on top, unless  
God goes back on Kansas."  
"Pray," she says, "with all yer might.  
Keep on prayin' day and night."  
"Fer," says she, "they're in th' right,  
All them gals in Kansas."  
—George Towne.

## Dat Female 'ooman Wid de Ax.

From the Colored American, Washing-  
ton, D. C.  
Bowed with the weight of forty sum-  
mers she,  
Swoops down on the saloons with  
ghoulsh glee,  
Chanting the words "Nearer my God to  
Thee,"  
Meanwhile the toppers take the tip and  
flee.

With vigorous strokes she plies her lit-  
tle ax  
And turns the bug juice loose with  
many whacks  
And then defies the minions of the laws  
To interpose or raise their pesky claws.  
Full many a quart of delicious juice  
Her handy ax from bottle—jugs have  
loos'd,  
No male man yet has risen who can  
stay  
The arm that wields the ax and whacks  
away.

And now she's coming (East), she's  
risen in the West,  
Like Phoenix from the fire, and will do  
her best  
While here (D. C.), to rise a little  
higher  
And reach the heights where axes  
aren't required.

—John Edward Bruce.

97 Orange Street, Albany, N. Y.

## The Welcome Smile.

The thing that goes the farthest to-  
ward making life worth while,  
That costs the least and does the most  
is just a pleasant smile.  
The smile that bubbles from a heart  
that loves its fellow men.  
Will drive away the clouds of gloom  
and coax the sun again,  
Is full of worth and goodness, too, with  
manly kindness blent—  
It's worth a million dollars and it  
doesn't cost a cent.

There is no room for sadness when we  
see a cheery smile—  
It always has the same good look—it's  
never out of style—  
It naves us on to try again, when fail-  
ure makes us blue;  
The dimples of encouragement are  
good for me and you.  
It pays a higher interest, for it is  
merely lent—  
It's worth a million dollars and it  
doesn't cost a cent.

A smile comes very easy—you can  
wrinkle up with cheer  
A hundred times before you can  
squeeze out a soggy tear.  
It ripples out, moreover, to the heart-  
strings that will tug,  
And always leaves an echo that is very  
like a hug.  
So, smile away. Folks understand  
what by a smile is meant.  
It's worth a million dollars and it  
doesn't cost a cent.

—Denison Leader.

## In the Presence of the King.

Under the cross of a mourner's pain  
Laid on the soul when you went to  
God,  
We have walked these years, while  
the sun and rain  
Faded and freshened the grassy sod.  
Time for the flowers all to blow,  
Time enough for the leaves to fall,  
Time enough for a winter's snow  
To scatter its whiteness over all.  
Time enough for the trembling feet,  
Tired of the earth way's dust and  
dew,  
To ache for the tread of the golden  
street  
And to weary in waiting to come to  
you.

Have you ever missed us, walking alone  
By the beautiful shore of the jasper  
sea?  
Have you kept the old place in your  
heart for your own,  
Wherever you linger—wherever we  
be?  
In the harmonies that the holy sing,  
Have you heard the voices we've  
missed so long?  
Have you seen the light which their  
glad eyes bring  
Shining out from the heavenly  
throne?  
Have you sat in the hush of some holy  
place  
When the heaven was flooded with  
God's own calms,  
And kissed for its mother, the angel  
face?  
Of some little child that crept to  
your arms?  
Are there any to comfort—to cheer—  
to bless?  
Is this the work to the freed soul  
given?  
Does earth's most beautiful tenderness  
Find place in the blessed life of  
Heaven?

Ah, vainly we question—our pleading is  
vain,  
For words that the stilled lips cannot  
say,  
Yet we feel your touch on our heart's  
sore pain,  
Your eyes smile a welcome—and yet  
we stay,  
And clasping our crosses we'll try to  
wait,  
No matter how many the summers be  
For whether our coming be soon or late  
We know there are years with the  
King for thee.  
They can add no shadow of pain or  
care  
To dim the sweetness the dear face  
wore,  
No lines of white to the silvery hair—  
For all that is beautiful entering  
there  
Is beautiful evermore.

And it may be the marks of our pain  
and sin,  
The scars we bring from the field of  
strife,  
Shall be washed away at our entering  
in  
At the gate of the sorrowless life.  
Clothed in the mantle that waits the  
forgiven—  
It may be, in coming to you.



Who have waited for us through the  
years in heaven,  
That we shall be beautiful, too.  
—Selected.

#### Come, My Darling.

Come, my darling; come to-night  
To thy mother's waiting soul;  
Bring to me love's holy light;  
Make my broken spirit whole.

Let me see thy radiant face,  
That once lay upon my heart;  
Let me now behold thy grace,  
Darling, of myself a part.

Thou who left me one lone night,  
When the mist was falling fast;  
Left me to my sorrow's might,  
To the storm that o'er me passed—

Come and take me by my hand.  
Lead my yearning spirit up  
To the heights where I can stand  
Far above life's bitter cup.

Lead me to the mountain top,  
Where I may perceive the light;  
Where I may in meekness drop  
All that keeps me from the right.

Come to me, my own sweet child,  
With thine eyes of heaven's blue;  
Come and make me reconciled,  
For my spirit yearns for you.  
—Emma D. Pitts, in *The Psychic Cen-  
tury*.

#### Tampering with Trifles.

FANCY AND MEMORY.

Ah, who of us all that when day hath  
flown,  
And he sits in the night-time, and all  
alone,  
Can shepherd his thoughts, his fancies  
guide,  
To a far-off future, where, side by side,  
The hopes of his living fruition bear,  
And the joys of his hoping seem near  
and fair?

Yea, who of us all hath strength to cast  
The curtain down that shall hide the  
past;

And say to his memory: "Bide ye here!  
The past hath graves, and the past is  
dear;  
Let Fancy her pinions preen for flight  
And Memory sleep thro' the murky  
night?"

For Fancy doth know of no last fare-  
well;  
Nor knoweth she aught of a funeral  
knell;  
She leadeth one laughing where skies  
are blue,  
To the land of one's longing where  
dreams come true,  
Where red japonicas light the gloom  
And breezes are heavy with sweet per-  
fume.

Ah, red japonicas! glowing warm!  
That light up the gloom where the fire-  
flies swarm.  
Ah! the jessamine white and roses red  
That hand o'er the paths we were wont  
to tread—  
Ah, Fancy hath flown, but Memory  
stays,  
And we're walking again in the dear  
old ways.

And here's to you, Memory! here's to  
you!  
You know of the paths we have wan-  
dered through;  
You know of the lips that have smiled  
and passed,  
And you know of the pleasures too  
sweet to last!  
You know of life's joys transcending  
pain—  
Ah Memory! bring back the past again!

#### The Heavy Sister.

Com in, Sister Mandy—don't stan' dar  
by de do'—  
De fiddle des a-gwine, en de white san'  
on re flo'!  
De sister in de center—she weigh two  
hundred poun',  
En de prize is fer de deacon dat'll  
swing dat sister roun'!

Don't you heah de music?  
Come en jine de ring!  
Ain't dis halleluia?  
Swing yo' pa'tners—swing!

Heah come Deacon Williams—he'll win  
out, I be boun'!  
But oh, dat heavy sister done flinged  
Br'er Williams down!  
Still she standin' lonesome—fines' gal  
in town;  
En de prize is fer de deacon dat'll  
swing dat sister roun'!

Don't you heah de music?  
Come en jine de ring!  
Ain't dis halleluia?  
Swing yo' pa'tners—swing!

Bless God, none kin swing her! What  
yo' gwine ter do?  
Dar's de prize a-lookin' f'um de chimbley-  
shelf at you!  
Br'er Williams—he is missin', but he'll  
git dar, I be boun'!  
He gone ter git a derrick fer ter swing  
dat sister roun'!

Don't you heah de music?  
Come en jine de ring!  
Ain't dis halleluia?  
Swing yo' pa'tners—swing!

—Frank L. Stratton, in *March Leslie's*.

#### Carrie A. Hatchet.

BY ROLLO KIRK BRYAN.

Ye home defenders band,  
Like David, with his sling,  
In faith securely stand;  
The righteous course demand,  
With hatchet in your hand,  
And plead and pray and sing.

The Lord is on your side—  
He will not let you fail—  
E'en now a rising tide  
More than a "Nation" wide,  
Of thought, is on your side—  
The vender's cheek is pale.

He trembles in his track—  
Durst not retaliate.  
He hears the hatchet hack,  
The glistening hammer whack,  
The bar-room fixtures crack.  
Oh, long did woman wait!

Yes, true, a better way  
The civil courts employ;  
But, shall the mother stay  
Her hand until a day  
When lagging jurors say  
That she may save her boy?

If snakes of venom sting  
Were rending babes at play,  
What woman would not bring  
An axe, or anything  
The eager hand could swing,  
And strike, without delay?  
Lansing, Mich.

#### Borrowing the Baby.

"Good mornin'. My ma sent me  
To ast you how you was,  
An' hope you're well—you know 'at is  
Th' way she allus does.  
My ma—she sez, you're strangers,  
But then she kind o' thought  
She'd like to borry th' baby  
'At you folkses 'as got.

"My ma sets by th' winder  
An' watches you an' him,  
An' kind o' smiles an' cries to wunst,  
'Cause he's like baby Jim.  
Who's Jim? He was our baby—  
We named him after pa.  
Say, c'n we borry your baby  
A little while for ma?

"My ma she sez she wouldn't  
Mind if your baby cried.  
She says 't'd be like muste—  
Since little Jim has died.  
She sez she'll be good to him,  
An' she'd like a whole lot,  
If we c'n borry the baby  
'At you folkses 'as got."  
—Josh Wink, in *Baltimore American*.

#### Outcast.

[Found in manuscript among the per-  
sonal effects of a prostitute, 22 years  
of age, who died in the Commercial  
Hospital, Cincinnati, O.]

Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell,  
Fell like the snowflakes from heaven  
to hell;  
Fell to be trampled as filth on the  
street  
Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and  
beat;

Pleading—cursing—dreading to die,  
Selling my soul to whoever would buy,  
Dealing in shame for a morsel of  
bread,  
Hating the living and fearing the dead.  
Merciful God, have I fallen so low?  
And yet I was once like the beautiful  
snow.

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,  
With an eye like a crystal, a heart  
like its glow,  
Once I was loved for my innocent  
grace—

Flattered and sought for the charms  
of my face!  
Fathers,—mothers,—sisters,—all,  
God and myself have I lost by my fall;  
The veriest wretch that goes shiver-  
ing by,

Will make a wide sweep lest I wander  
too nigh;  
For all that is on or above me I know,  
There is nothing so pure as the beau-  
tiful snow.

How strange it should be that this  
beautiful snow

Should fall on a sinner with nowhere  
to go!

How strange it should be when the  
night comes again,  
If the snow and the ice struck my  
desperate brain.

Fainting,—freezing,—dying alone,  
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a  
moan,

To be heard in the streets of the  
crazy town,  
Gone mad in the joy of the snow com-  
ing down;

To be and to die in my terrible woe,  
With a bed and a shroud of the beau-  
tiful snow.

Helpless and foul as the trampled snow  
Sinner, despair not! Christ stoopeth  
low

To rescue the soul that is lost in sin,  
And raise it to life and enjoyment  
again.

Groaning—bleeding—dying for thee  
The Crucified hung on the cursed tree,  
His accent of mercy fell soft on thine  
ear,

"Is there mercy for me? Will He heed  
my weak prayer?"

O God! in the stream that for sin-  
ners did flow,  
Wash me and I shall be whiter than  
snow.

#### Carrie Nation Rally Calls.

BY CARLO ERENARY.

Gather, lasses! Heed the voice  
Pleading succor to our boys,  
Who, undone in traps of hell,  
Satan's business help to swell.  
Gather, fleet!  
No retreat!

Smash the grog shops, smash again,  
Till you see these gates of hell  
Crumble, tumble, fall pell-mell.

Lo! behold our rum-cursed homes,  
Reeking, foul, with stygian foams,  
Barley-corn's accursed slops  
From ten thousand drunkard-shops.  
Infants kicked,  
Mothers licked,

Starved and shivering, cry and moan,  
Victims of saloon-made brutes,  
Forced to swallow rum-rule's fruits.

Gather, lasses! Save our homes,  
Spill the grog shops' hell-fetched foams,  
Kegged or bottled, big or small,  
In the gutter spill them all.

Gather, fleet!  
No retreat!  
Smash the grog shops, smash again,  
Till you see these gates of hell  
Crumble, tumble, fall pell-mell.

See these drinking-dens sublime!  
Polished fountain-heads of crime,  
Gilded, bawdy-breeding nests,  
Vicious, rotten, stinking pests!  
At their dice,  
Belching vice,  
Flaunting painted bawdy-nudes  
Thus to foster maddened lust  
And drag virtue in the dust.

Charge our prison-feeders,—kill!  
Spill our bawdy-breeders' swill!  
Youth-enticing manhood-traps,  
Law-defiant murder-gaps,—  
Kill them all,  
Big and small;

Smash the grog shops, smash again,  
Till you see these gates of hell  
Crumble, tumble, fall pell-mell.

Come! behold our rum-ruled land,  
See our parties great and grand  
Cringing, crawling in the dust  
Just to please the Liquor Trust;  
Laws are foiled,  
Oaths are spoiled,  
To insure the liquor trade  
Chance to fatten, chance to grow,  
Multiplying public woe.

See these bloated, red-faced toughs,  
Busy, rearing drunken roughs,  
Bribing, sneaking, greedy, lewd,  
Brewers' and distillers' brood;  
Grabbing gain,  
Seeking reign

Through depravity of man,  
Heedless in their aim and rush  
Whom or how they maim or crush!

Gather, lasses, fleet and firm!  
Tackle branch and root and germ  
Of the hideous liquor growth,  
Snake-like and hyenic both.

Tackle, firm,  
Root and germ;  
Grant no quarter, leave or let,  
Till you see the hydra gone  
And your fight completely won.

#### Puzzling.

Boston Transcript.

Dickerman—There's one thing that  
puzzles me.

Rawley—And, pray, what is that?

Dickerman—How it happens that the  
new woman is generally not a very  
young one.

#### The Books of the Bible.

It is surprising and even painful to  
see prominent young Christian workers  
(?) members of religious society, how  
little they know of the location of the  
books of the Bible. We therefore print  
these helps and hope they will be of  
some use in dispelling their ignorance:  
Genesis first in order stands,  
Exodus gives the ten commands,  
Leviticus and Numbers see,  
And Deuteronomy near will be.  
Joshua, Judges, Ruth, each dwell  
Before Samuel.

Kings and Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah  
then

To Esther point, the pious queen.  
Job, Psalms, and Proverbs next appear,  
And Ecclesiastes; while we hear  
The Song of Solomon declare  
What beauties in the Savior are.  
Isaiah speaks, in sweetest strains,  
Of Christ, and tells of all His pains,  
While Jeremiah, weeping bears  
His Lamentations to our ears.  
Ezekiel, Daniel then will come;  
Hosea and Joel here find room;  
Amos and Obadiah too.

Jonah and Micah stand in view;  
Nahum and Habakkuk make way  
For Zephaniah and Haggai.  
Zechariah's is seen,

And Malachi concludes the scene.  
This is the way the gospels run:  
Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.  
Next comes the Acts, inviting you  
The apostolic Church to view.

The Romans and Corinthians are  
To cities sent, renowned afar.  
Galatians and Ephesians then,  
Wrote by the same inspired pen.  
Philippians and Colossians stand,  
With Thessalonians near at hand.  
Timothy leads to Titus on,  
Which brings us down to Philemon.  
Hebrews then we gladly find,  
And that of James comes close behind.  
To Peter, then our thoughts we give,  
With loving John we'd wish to live.  
The solemn Jude can pierce the soul,  
And Revelation crowns the whole.  
Author not known.—Ed.

#### A New "Personal Effort" Crusade Is Needed.

Who can tell what might be accom-  
plished for temperance if the millions  
of church members, both Roman and  
Protestant, throughout Christendom,  
would all unite against the evil of  
drink? What greater enemy has the  
church than intemperance?

A new "personal effort" crusade is  
needed. Nothing else will accomplish  
the results. A great army of workers  
is needed. Such a crusade must come  
sooner or later. God demands it. His  
church demands it. Enlightened hu-  
manity demands it. Millions of en-  
slaved souls demand it. And who can  
afford to take the responsibility of  
standing in its way, or decline to lend  
it his support and influence? "In the  
name of Jesus Christ as King," the  
drink habit must die. How is this cru-  
sade to become wide-spread in the  
shortest possible time?—T. C. T. A.  
Union.

#### Social Drinking.

A writer in the "Christian Advocate"  
calling attention to the increase of so-  
cial drinking says that men high in the  
church circles drink freely, not only in  
social circles, but at club rooms, not  
neglecting beer in hotels and "first-  
class" saloons, and that many young  
men, workers in the local Y. M. C. A.,  
or the Christian Endeavor or Epworth  
League, are frequenters of drinking  
places, entering usually at a side door.

To this the editor of the *National  
Advocate* replies: "If the facts as to  
drinking among church members is as  
he states them, we think a liberal dose  
of Methodist discipline would be an ap-  
propriate remedy to begin with. One  
of three things is certain, either there  
is no such amount of drinking among  
Christians as he states, or else a re-  
form will come soon, or else there will  
be a disruption soon, not only along  
political lines, but along ecclesiastical  
lines as well."

We can't call to mind a worse de-  
cayed town of its size in the United  
States than is Atchison, and the once  
somewhat popular newspaper is going  
to destruction with it when it espouses  
the violation of law and seeks to be  
the Tom Paine of the twentieth cen-  
tury. Why one man who claims to be  
sane, will set himself to work to de-  
stroy what centuries have failed with  
the master minds to obliterate, is  
enough to make sinners weep, and pity  
to be stirred in the hearts of every  
father and mother in Israel for the  
poor, deluded mortal who can denounce  
the faith of his mother. We indeed  
feel charitable towards him, for in his  
madness he needs pity.—The Denison  
Leader.



## NEWSPAPER COMMENT.

(Continued from page 7.)

did not expire until the 21st. In the meantime they offered to let Mrs. Nation out of jail and discharge her, provided she would sign a contract releasing all parties from civil suit for damages. This she refused to do. They then offered to release her, pay her fare to Kansas City, Mo., and the jailer and his wife to accompany her, provided she would leave after night, and no one know it. This was reported to her lawyers, who refused, because they believed it was an attempt to kidnap her.

"As soon as she was released on bail, she went to Newton, Hutchinson, Nickerson, and Sterling, where she addressed large audiences. Mrs. Nation returned to Wichita, where her trial was set for Monday, the 21st, but before her arrival the authorities dismissed the case. The contention of Mrs. Nation's lawyers is as follows:

"1. Every man who goes into the courts asking for a remedy for a supposed wrong must go with clean hands. This the saloon man can not do, as he is compelled to admit that he is in open violation of the law, by which he claims redress, every hour in the day.

"2. All places in Kansas where intoxicating liquors are sold or given away, and where people assemble to drink such liquors, are declared common nuisances, and all liquors, bottles, jugs, chairs, tables, shelves, counters, screens and other property used in maintaining such nuisance are to be publicly destroyed. Hence, such property when so used is of no value.

"3. The destruction of this class of property, when so used, was simply to prevent crime. If a person sees two men in combat, one with a revolver in his hand, shooting at the other, and a man rushes in and wrenches the revolver from his hand, dashes it against a stone, and breaks it to pieces, he is guiltless. But in Wichita, the sworn officers of the law would arrest the man for maliciously destroying a pistol, but would let the man go free who did the shooting. The Kansas saloon-keeper is violating the law every day. The means he uses is destroyed, but the woman who destroyed the means used to violate the law is arrested, and cast into jail."—Ohio Paper.

## Mrs. Nation and the Saloon.

A few months ago and the name of Mrs. Nation was unknown outside of Medicine Lodge, Kansas, but within the limits of sixty days she has achieved notoriety, if not fame, by her unique crusade against the Kansas saloon. Many methods have been adopted during the last two decades for the abatement of the liquor nuisance, but it remained for an American woman, under the spur of bitter memories, and a sore heart, to originate a method, at once so bold and radical as to sharply focus public attention upon the utter villainy and lawlessness of the Kansas saloon.

As was to be expected, Mrs. Nation has been subjected to unhandsome treatment. A section of the press and the pulpit have joined forces with the rum brigade in holding her up to ridicule. She has been burlesqued, abused and belied; but when all the facts are soberly and fairly weighed, it will be found that the scale of justice inclines, very positively, toward this sorely tried woman and her hatchet. I do not pose as Mrs. Nation's champion or apologist; she needs neither. History that corrects the blunders of contemporary critics, will assign to her an honored place long after the paltry penny-liner and ranting pulpiteer are forgotten. It is a simple task for those to whom the curse of rum has never come close home, to condemn the methods of a woman, who, as a drunkard's wife and widow, drank to the dregs the bitter cup of woe. Mrs. Nation saw her brilliant and handsome young husband slowly transformed into a demon by rum. She saw him land in an early and dishonored grave. She saw her baby cursed by the father's sin, die in infancy. She saw her early hopes blighted, and poverty haunting her door. She saw a favorite sister grieving her heart out over a fallen husband—fallen in purse, in character, and station. With this black catalogue of domestic griefs "deep printed on her heart," is there a man?—surely there is no woman!—who could blame Mrs. Nation, if she turned upon the guilty gang who had blighted her life and smote them right and left. When the infernal record of rum is recalled, it is not so surprising that there is one Mrs. Nation, but that there is not one in every home in the United States. Give any wife and mother in Eastport M. s. Nation's domestic experience, and the only reason she would not adopt Mrs.

Nation's method would be lack of courage. There are sore-hearted women in Eastport to-day who are suffering in silence, while the greed of the saloon is taking bread out of the pantry and happiness out of the home. Should these women band together and "smash" the saloons wherever they found them, they would not be destitute of sympathy and co-operation. The saloon and its friends might not like it. They might cry, "fools and fanatics," there might be some cheap talk and swagger, but deep down in the heart of every true man and woman there would be a sense of satisfied justice. There are too many people who are willing to shy a rock at the saloon, if they can do it unobserved. There are others who will fight the saloon with cloudy rhetoric and bombastic phrases, and still court its friendship and feel after its purse. A cartoon in a western paper, some weeks ago, showed a man in clerical coat pulling Mrs. Nation's hair and a rum-seller watching the spectacle with delighted grin; while underneath was the legend, "He gets a dollar a hair." This may appear absurd, but it has too many applications to be other than serious. What is needed is a strong infusion of Mrs. Nation's firm, unpurchasable hostility to the saloon.

Kansas is a prohibition state. As such the saloon with its stock, fixings, and furniture, is under the ban of the law, just as much as the implements of the burglar or counterfeiter. They are the instruments of crime, and are not and can not be property. To destroy them is violating no law, since there is no law for their protection. For a citizen to be jailed for smashing a criminal's tools and appliances, and the criminal himself allowed to go free, would be such a travesty on justice that civilization could not exist if such a custom became general. There is no law for a pirate or his ship, only the law of capture and destruction. Any merchantman of sufficient strength can sink a pirate ship wherever he finds her, without waiting for a special commission. The prohibitory law makes the saloon the pirate of society. Its existence is a violation of law; its proprietor and promoters are criminals. Therefore to destroy the instruments of a business carried on in defiance of

law and directed against the most sacred interests of humanity would seem to be within right of any citizen who cared to engage in it. This is Mrs. Nation's position, and the brightest lawyers in the employ of the Kansas saloon find it a difficult position to assail.

But this is not all. The method of the hatchet was forced upon Mrs. Nation as a last resort. She saw the saloon everywhere flourishing. She appealed to the officers of the state. She tried the regular processes of law; but in every case she was hoodwinked and humbugged. From the governor down there was no redress. Then in her scorn of an ineffective executive, in her hot indignation at official incompetency, she did what American chivalry will yet admit to be one of the bravest acts on record. She faced the saloon alone! Alongside of this picture of outraged womanhood confronting, single-handed, the most cruel, the most lustful, the most colossal evil of our times, how poor and petty and paltry are some of her mouthing critics. It is very like a bantam rooster trying to claw the face of the moon.

I have before me a letter written by a brother pastor in Kansas. In that letter he says, "Beneath and behind Mrs. Nation's movement may be perceived the assertion of a great moral sentiment, which, being long outraged and repressed, has been gathering a terrific momentum." This is the whole matter in a sentence. The pent-up moral sentiment of a community must find an outlet; if not in a normal and regular channel, then in a turbulent and stormy one. It is the business of the constituted authorities to arrange for the regular and orderly working of the moral forces of a people. If they fail, as they did in Kansas, then they are responsible for what follows; and what followed in Kansas only lacked proper dimensions to become revolution. Mrs. Nation, John Brown, and the Boston Tea Party all belong to the same class. The movements that crystallized around each of these, were simply irregular outlets for a popular sentiment, that could no longer be denied. Unlawful! Yes, perhaps in the letter; but clearly in line with man's God-given sense of justice, which is the foundation of all law.

Mrs. Nation's method will not close the saloons in Kansas. Probably she did not expect so much, but it has stiffened the back-bone of the temperance party; it has put vim and snap into the temperance sentiment of the

state; it has revealed the scandalous corruption and apathy of the state authorities; it has riveted attention on the fact that the saloon in Kansas is an interloper and an outlaw; it has proved that when the rum-seller runs up the stars and stripes over his saloon, the act is a lie; for Old Glory affords no protection to the Kansas saloon, and this is equally true of Maine; it has revealed the helplessness of the saloon, with all its money power, when confronted by an aroused and wrathful people.

Mrs. Nation may have made mistakes. It would be surprising if she didn't. It is the man or woman of aggressive character that is most liable to mistakes. The fool and the jelly-fish never make any. Sampson took strong measures against the Philistines in his day; and he made blunders before he got through. He could have avoided these by spending his life sucking his thumb. The mistakes of strong natures have become a proverb and history affords numerous illustrations, but in spite of mistakes, they achieved more than regiments of very proper people who had no other quality than discreet and decorous littleness. Mrs. Nation's failings are those of a resolute woman keyed up to the battle pitch by the sight of a pitiless, life-long enemy. She could stay at home and cry and scold and wring her hands in helpless misery over the curse of drink, but fortunately she is not that kind. Her indignation found a practical outlet and herself and her hatchet have become the most striking objects in the United States. All things considered, I prefer to stand with Mrs. Nation rather than the unscrupulous rum-brigade, the cold-blooded critic or the windy sensation-monger on the other side.—J. A. Ford, in the Eastport (Me.), Sentinel.

## St. John on "Joints."

Olathe, Kan., Feb. 4, 1901.

Editor of the Times:—Your editorial in the last week's Times in relation to the Paola joints pictures a condition that exists wherever intoxicating liquors are sold for beverage purposes. During the past two years our government, at a cost of over \$200,000,000 and many thousand lives, has been trying to subjugate a people 8,000 miles from our shores, who want to be our friends, and whose only offense was the love of human liberty that actuated our revolutionary fathers four generations ago. Two hundred Filipinos bite the dust every week in defense of their homes and freedom, and we call that "benevolent assimilation," while right here in Kansas, we allow a class of habitual criminals to conduct a business in open violation of the constitution and laws of the state, that has no conscience, no respect for God or humanity, breaks the hearts of wives and mothers, destroys homes and manhood, and is an enemy to every impulse that tends to make the world better, and we call this a "Christian government." It seems to me that it would be more consistent with the fundamental principles on which this government was founded and more in harmony with Christianity, to protect our own homes, instead of going 8,000 miles away to destroy the homes of others. To say that "joints" can not be suppressed is not true, for I know they can be, if officers will only do their duty. Olathe has outgrown Paola in the past ten years, and Olathe has no "joints," and her druggists are decent, law-abiding, self-respecting citizens. Should a "joint" be opened here, our sheriff would have its keeper under arrest within twenty-four hours after the fact is known, and our sheriff is not a prohibitionist, but he is loyal to the constitution and laws of Kansas and respects the oath he took upon himself when he entered upon the duties of his office. "Joints" exist in Miami County because officers who have the power to suppress them fail to do their duty. Just so long they will be cursed with "joints."

Why do the "jointists" tremble at the approach of Mrs. Nation? She is not crazy, nor is she a crank, but she is a brainy Christian woman. No one engaged in a lawful business dreads her coming. You would not be afraid she would "pi" your type. Merchants would not be alarmed. No mother would fear to have her son or daughter meet her.

It was the existence of human slavery that sent John Brown to Harper's Ferry. It cost him his life, but the hanging of John Brown didn't destroy the principle for which he fought; others took it up and the work in which he so bravely led the way way finally crowned with victory. It is the existence of the unlawful liquor traffic that may send Mrs. Nation to Paola. It might cost her life, but the killing of Mrs. Nation would not destroy the good

influence of the noble work in which she is engaged, for others would take it up and the cause in which she lost her life would finally triumph.

The shame of this whole matter is found in the fact that the government has become so corrupted and debauched, so careless and unmindful of the morals of the people, so wholly absorbed in a scramble for the almighty dollar, that the wives and mothers of our land are compelled in self-defense to go forth with clubs and hatchets and utterly destroy these awful dens of iniquity, and thus partially, at least, avenge the wrongs to which they have been subjected for many years past.—John P. St. John, in Paola Times.

## ISSUE IS SQUARE.

Unless Prohibitionists Back Down a Hatchet Brigade Will Be Organized.

"This is our Ultimatum: We have been patient; we are still patient and waiting. We do, with a full sense of what we are saying, solemnly pledge, if we are not heard in this way, we will be in another. Submitted respectfully.

## "COMMITTEE FOR LAW AND ORDER."

Unless the prohibitionists of Winfield back down from the stand taken, it now seems sure that hatchet brigade a la Nation will be organized for business in Winfield.

The ultimatum has been delivered and the issue squarely made. There can be no half way ground. The prohibitionists have told the mayor and council that unless their appeal was heeded other methods would be adopted and the mayor and council failed to heed the appeal. The other methods will be selected at a union mass meeting at the Presbyterian church to-night to which the committee will report.

The committee appointed Sunday afternoon appeared before the council last night, and while they were given a respectful hearing, there was no satisfaction received in the answer. Rev. H. R. Best was chairman of the committee and he commenced by asking some questions for information. He asked first if it was true as reported that there were joints licensed to do business in Winfield under the guise of monthly fines.

Mayor Albright asked City Attorney Bradshaw if he could answer the question. Mr. Bradshaw replied that the docket of the police judge showed that jointists were fined \$100 a month regularly.

Rev. Best then asked if the same were true of bawdy houses. The question was also referred to Mr. Bradshaw and he answered as the first.

Rev. Best then asked if the mayor and council did not believe this plan a violation of law. The mayor referred this question to the council and Mr. French was the only member who replied.

He said it was in violation of law and he had voted and talked against it ever since he had been a member of the council.

Rev. Best then put the question squarely, "will the mayor and council in accordance with their oaths use their best endeavors to enforce the law and close the joints and bawdy houses?"

Mr. Brotherton replied that so far as he was concerned he answered yes, but he did not understand that the council was an executive body. He thought the council was purely a legislative body with no power to enforce the laws they made.

Rev. Best then wanted to know where the responsibility rested and who was to blame for the open violation of law in Winfield. Mr. Harter replied that the people were to blame. Rev. Best wanted to know then if the people were expected to enforce the laws, what officers were elected for, and Mr. Harter said it was the privilege of citizens who knew law was violated to make complaint and furnish evidence as provided by statutes. Mr. Brotherton asked the city attorney if it was in the province of the council to enforce the law, and the city attorney answered no. The following resolution in the form of an ultimatum, which were passed by the mass meeting Sunday afternoon, was then read by Rev. Best:

To the Mayor and Council:  
We, the citizens who love law and order, who know that our town is being menaced by open saloons and other vice shops, which are running daily in open violation to our prohibitory law. This we regret. We know those who are responsible, but refrain from personating in this appeal. We beg you to at once take measures to suppress this violation of law. We feel that it is best for the officers whom we have elected to enforce the law, to do this which is their sworn duty, rather than



for us, and we will lend our influence, money, and anything in our power to benefit you. If you will do this at once there will be no need of stronger methods. It will save property and perhaps the loss of life.

If the officers who are charged with the carrying out of law and making effective the will of the law-abiding citizens fail, then other methods must be used.

Many have and are still pledging their lives to see that this nefarious business is stopped and we shall hold those also guilty who cater to this awful crime.

In the name of humanity, morals, and reason, in the name of our city, whose fair name has been a synonym of education, moral and religious life, in the name of our homes and coming generations, and of law and order, we make our appeal to you to take such measures as will prevent this work of evil. If you can not do this, will you not tell your people publicly; (through the papers) why? If there is anyone who is either afraid, or lacks the disposition to do his sworn duty to the people, will he not resign his position as a servant of the people? We feel kindly toward you, but insist that you should speak out, that the people may know where to rest the blame.

This is our ultimatum. We have been patient; we are still patient and waiting. We do, with a full sense of what we are saying, solemnly pledge if we are not heard in this way, we will be in another. Submitted respectfully,

COMMITTEE FOR LAW AND ORDER.

When he had finished reading, Mr. Brotherton said he thought the citizens should go to the county officers, whose special duty it was to enforce the statutes. Rev. Best asked if it were not true if the mayor instructed the marshal in good faith to close the joints, if it would not be done, and he closed by requesting the mayor to issue such an order. Being thus appealed to directly, Mayor Albright "spoke out in meeting."

He gave a history of the joint wars in Winfield and gave the results as the reason for his position. He said last spring the prohibitionists elected eight councilmen, city attorney, and marshal, and he appointed two assistant marshals, selected by the prohibitionists. The enforcement of law he considered a practical matter and he believed the prohibition officers elected did the best they could to enforce the law, but as a result the joints increased from four to eight and the bawdy houses had increased in a like ratio and Mr. Harter added sotto voice, "and the city went \$3,000 in the hole."

The trouble with prohibitionists, the mayor said, was they did not understand that a majority of the people favored the sale and use of intoxicating liquors. It was simply a question of the best government and in his opinion suppression was impossible and restriction the only practical method. The result of the attempt by the prohibition administration to enforce the law he thought sustained his position.

Rev. S. W. Stophlet said from the mayor's position it became an officer's first duty to find out if a majority of the people favored the enforcement of any particular law before attempting to do his sworn duty and if a majority opposed the law, then it became void. It has been discovered, he said, that it was possible for the city officers to enforce the law once a month and asked why it could not be enforced every day in the month. If it was revenue the city was after he thought this plan would be much more effective.

The mayor replied that the jointists were not prosecuted and convicted as Rev. Stophlet implied, but they voluntarily pleaded guilty once a month and paid their fines. If the jointists wanted to plead guilty and pay a fine once a month, no objection would be made. There were many statutes, he said, which were openly violated every day and he thought the senseless crime of profanity had increased because forbidden by law. The crime of usury, he said, was practiced every day largely by church members and nothing was ever said about it. If everybody would unite in restricting these evils instead of trying to suppress them, he thought more good would be accomplished.

Mr. Silliman said he told the mayor and council two years ago what would result from allowing one man to select a law to violate because he did not favor it. If this plan was carried out there would soon be no law. If usurers were not prosecuted for violating the law they were at least not fined once a month for the privilege, and he thought the comparison not good. It is not, he said, for an officer to say whether a law should or should not be enforced, but he had taken a solemn oath

to enforce all law. Kansas people, he said, would not stand this kind of business much longer, the law would be enforced or repealed, and he was not sure which would be the best. He was loudly applauded. The mayor said the universal violation of the prohibitory liquor law was proof to his mind of the inability to enforce it. Conditions, he said, were worse in other places than in Winfield and he thought Mrs. Nation would ultimately bring about the repeal of the law. He thought she was doing the cause of temperance more harm than good, and said her example led to mob violence and disrespect of law. He asked Rev. Stophlet if he endorsed Mrs. Nation's methods, but Rev. C. A. Hendershot got up before Rev. Stophlet could reply. Rev. Hendershot asked if officers by licensing men to violate law, were not creating a sentiment in favor of mob violence. The mayor denied that the joints were licensed. Rev. Hendershot then asked the mayor how much tax the city would require for the privilege of smashing joints. It was much better, he said, to destroy property than souls, and the prohibitionists were willing to pay for the privilege. This was greeted with both hisses and applause from the audience.

The mayor told him if he wanted to smash joints to come in and pay his \$100 and go to work. Rev. Hendershot asked, "Will you protect us the same as you do the joints?" and the mayor replied, "We do not protect the joints."

Rev. Deuker said the decalogue had not been repealed because the people had failed to live up to its standard and he thought God's example a good one to follow. The city, he said, had no more right, moral or legal, to take money from jointists for the privilege of violating law than an individual, in which case it would be termed blackmail. It was blood money, he said, and a city supported by such money could not stand.

The mayor replied that the fines were received according to law.

Rev. Best said personally there was no feeling in this matter. He would go as far to help a jointist if in need as he would anyone, but it was the business he deprecated. He wanted the council to feel that the appeal he had made was delivered with the best of feeling and thought it best to work peacefully and in harmony with the officers, if this were possible. The mayor replied that he was still willing to appoint any special officer the council might ask.

Rev. Stophlet wanted to know if special officers were instructed by the mayor, and the mayor replied that they seldom were. The marshal, he said, was elected like himself, and responsible only to the people, and special officers were supposed to be under his directions. Rev. Stophlet said he thought the meeting had been productive of good as they had all learned some things they did not know before, and he thought there was now a better understanding all around. This ended the discussion and the council adjourned.

The house was crowded and judging by the applause on the one side and the hisses on the other, the two elements were about equally represented. —Winfield Courier.

#### Destruction of Life Versus Property.

An outraged nation; downtrodden humanity; men and women crushed to the very earth, can stand it no longer. No wonder that Mrs. Carrie Nation is stirring this nation. In the United States there are 250,000 saloons running night and day, and 200,000 harlot houses. There are 100,000 pimps engaged in stealing young girls, who are brought from the country. These innocent girls are really stolen and sold to these dens of vice. There was spent last year in this country \$900,000,000 for tobacco, and more than \$1,500,000,000, or nearly \$4,000,000 a day, for strong drink, and sending thousands and tens of thousands of men and women to the bad house, to the mad house, to a drunkard's grave. What is the value of one soul? "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—Mat. 16: 26. Which is of the greatest value? Mothers, sons and daughters, fathers and mothers, or a few fixtures in the saloon, and whiskey and beer? Who should be punished and shut up in jail? the one who goes against the law of the land and the law of God, or the one who enforces the law, even with the hatchet? Mrs. Nation has done more to stir up the people in a substantial way against the saloon than any temperance movement has for many years. Mrs. Eastman wrote to Mrs. Nation, and in reply received the following: "In

## TO STOCK MEN:

...TRY...

## ROGERS COMMISSION COMPANY,

### KANSAS CITY STOCK YARDS,

WITH YOUR NEXT SHIPMENT OF

## Cattle, Hogs, and Sheep.

jail, Topeka, Kansas, March 4, 1901. Organize and defend for dear life, and our Savior. Carrie Nation."

A friend who is standing out against your enemy, in jail? Your boys' and girls' friend; one who loves Jesus and walks uprightly—right into the joints and cleans them out; spills a few gallons of swill. It is not fit for hogs to drink. They wouldn't, as filthy as they are, drink it. O, how valuable is the saloon keeper's property. Weak-kneed politicians and some prohibitionists had no courage to step out and take the monster by the throat, so God raised up a woman to do it. Push it through. There are some down here in New York who will stand by you. Go ahead. Can't stand it any longer. Something has got to give way. The heart-rending, piercing and penetrating cry, from burdened, crushed and bleeding hearts, has entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. God Himself is beginning to move. This thing has reached its height. Too many loyal hearts are in the United States to stand and look on and see the accursed traffic go on, and say and do nothing about it. Let us, in Jesus' name, lift up a standard against it so strong and so high they can't get through it or over it. The innocent suffering for the guilty. Saloon-keepers and law-breakers running at large, and law-keepers and law-enforcers in jail. Thieves, robbers, murderers and house-breakers (saloon-keepers) running at large, and one who would not steal nor lie nor do wrong, in jail because she destroyed a little property to save life. Ministers and prohibitionists of Kansas, go ahead, drive it from your state. There are thousands you don't know of all through the United States in harmony with you and will stand by you. Praise the Lord. Fighting to save so many dear intelligent men and women from drink, from the curse, from poverty and sin, and the destruction of life. And you, saloon-keeper, fighting to save your few saloon fixtures and rot-gut whisky. Destruction of life of less importance than the destruction of property? Property worth more than virtue, more than purity? No estimate on human life? but very great estimate on a little saloon property? There was a thief entered the house to-day and stole that last loaf of bread, and a brave woman caught the thief at it, and was arrested for catching the thief, and shut up in jail and the thief let go. Again, a man was caught murdering a young man and a heroine cried murder, and she was arrested for the murder and put in jail and the murderer went free. Potiphar's wife, down in Egypt where Joseph was, tried to lead Joseph astray, and when she found she couldn't do it, she cried out, he has insulted me, and snatched his robe from off him. So the innocent goes to jail while the adulterous one has liberty. When law is trampled on and beer guzzlers and whisky bloats set up their nefarious business, and in the face of bleeding humanity, mothers' tears, ragged, cold and hungry children, carry it on, then officials keep silent and let it go on. Thank God

that Carrie Nation, sixty years of age, filled with loyal blood, neither afraid of men nor devils, plunged into the iniquitous business and crushed the serpent's head until its stinking corpse is unavailable and passed in its check and sunk to rise no more. Go on, thou brave heroine, of the closing scenes of two thousand years. Angels and the Father, Son and Holy Ghost and all true loyal Christians will stand by such work. Spill every gallon you can, spoil all the business you can, and let us rush on to victory and drive this hydra-headed monster, saloons and rum, to hell from whence they came. For victory everywhere. Jails, martyrdom, slander, and persecutions await you if you stand out full-sized—all there is of you—for righteousness, purity and heaven.—N. L. A. Eastman, in Gospel Worker, Rochester, N. Y.

#### Rev. Dr. Cortland Myer Talks of the Kansas Smasher.

New York, March 4.—How Mrs. Nation's work should be considered in relation to law was discussed by the Rev. Dr. Cortland Myers in the Baptist Temple, Brooklyn, last night. He said in part:

"Mrs. Nation lives in Kansas, and the laws of Kansas are not the laws of New York. There the people have entered into a holy compact. They have agreed that no intoxicating liquor shall be sold as a beverage within the borders of their state. The saloon-keeper defies that righteous law and tramples it beneath his hardened sole (or soul) of mockery.

"New York inhabitants have made another kind of agreement, and saloons and their resultant vice and crime and death have been made legal. In Kansas Mrs. Nation may be leading a crusade for God and humanity. It is a movement against law-breakers. They are the authors of anarchy and the inciters of riot. They have taken the only king in a republic, King Law, and dragged his majesty from the throne and hurled him into the mud of the city streets.

"The state of Kansas never saw law so outraged and ignored as the evil forces of New York and even the officials are now guilty of doing. It is a mixture of comedy and tragedy when an official whose character is stained as black as the smoke of the pit is made a judge over others. His violation of every oath and all law is a step to a throne. Ten thousand other disgraces, more to be condemned than the acts of a Tweed or a McKane, ought to silence every mouth and stop every pen in New York concerning the lawlessness of Kansas. But this uprising in the state of Kansas is destined to come in every part of the land. The day will appear when the saloon element will not be permitted to persistently and continuously break every law on the statute books. If officials will not enforce the law the hatchet may be the sword of God in the state of Kansas. If you condemn Mrs. Nation you can condemn the man who at midnight strikes the murderous burglar."



### The Prohibitory Liquor Law.

Ex-Senator Peffer writes as follows of the Kansas prohibitory liquor law, in the Forum, to which an old lawyer adds something. Mr. Peffer says:

"Our prohibitory legislation has all been through the courts; and the result, in a few words, is that in Kansas anything and everything in the nature of a drinking saloon, tippling shop, dram shop, or joint is unlawful from any and every point of view. Intoxicating liquors may be lawfully sold in Kansas for medical, mechanical, and scientific purposes only, and nobody other than a legally permitted druggist may sell for these purposes. Hence the person whom we designate a joint-keeper deliberately and defiantly puts himself outside the law every time he sells a glass of whiskey or a mug of beer to any person for any purpose. Furthermore, the place in which he carries on the unlawful traffic was long ago declared to be a public nuisance.

"This kind of legislation differs from criminal laws generally in one important particular. If a horse be stolen, a house burglarized, or a man beaten or robbed, the offence is primarily one against property or person, and hence it is presumed that the personal interest of the individual most immediately concerned is sufficient to move him to give information of the offence to the authorities; but in the case of unlawful liquor selling, the offence is neither against person nor property. The person who buys the liquor wants it for his own use. He asks for it, pays for it, and drinks it, or carries it away for future use. The offence is not against the person or his property, but against the whole people in their organized capacity as a state. It is not against one, but against all, taken as one, that the seller has sinned. No one person is more interested in the transaction than another, for all are equally concerned as citizens or residents of the state.

"It is not such an offence as would ordinarily and naturally move the average citizen to notify the law officers, even if he were present at its commission and knew all about it. The offence being against the public, obviously public officers ought to look after the case. And if the county attorney fails or refuses to proceed, or if, for any other reason, this law is not enforced in any county, the attorney-general of the state is required to appoint one or more assistant attorney-generals—as many as he sees fit for that county—for the purpose of enforcing this particular law. It will thus be seen that our laws and legal machinery are amply sufficient for the complete execution of the prohibitory law in every part of the state; and it is a fact that whenever and wherever the officers that are charged with its execution have faithfully done their duty as the law provides, there has been no more difficulty in enforcing this law than there has been in enforcing the law against any other offence.

"In a carefully prepared report by an experienced and thoroughly competent agent of the State Temperance Union, submitted a little more than a year ago, it was stated that 129 towns had been visited and canvassed, and that of these 129 places, 27 openly protected liquor shops on condition of their paying certain stipulated sums of money at stated intervals; 34 allowed joints to run through 'apparent collusion on the part of public officials;' and 40, or less than one-third of the whole, appeared to have no such places running. More than two-thirds of the towns ignore the violation of the law; nearly half of these openly exacting and receiving revenue from the unlawful traffic."

In the case of Spaulding vs Preston, 21 Vt., p. 9. The court in that case said: "If any members of the body politic, instead of putting his property to honest uses, convert it into an engine to injure the life, liberty, health, morals, peace, or property of others, he can, I apprehend, sustain no action against one who withholds, or destroys, his property with the bona fide intention of preventing injury to himself, or others."

In a case recently decided in Illinois, where a party had rented his building knowing it was to be used for immoral purposes. This was the case of Fields vs. Brown. The court said it appeared from affidavits in the case that the lessor knew that the property was being rented for the "sole and only purpose" of carrying on therein immoral and illegal practices; that the property actually was used for such purposes, and that the lessor accepted the rent with the knowledge that it was part of the proceeds of the immoral and unlawful use made of the premises. An Illinois statute declares the using or leasing of a house for such purposes a criminal offense. In the light of this statute the court said that one who

rents a house knowing that it is to be used for such purposes, permits the house to be so used and receives rent therefor, violates the statute; and "on principles of public policy" ought not to be allowed to invoke or obtain the aid of the courts to enforce advantageous agreements made with the lessee. The court said further that in such a case, the lessee, although equally guilty with the lessor, ought not to be denied the privilege of setting up the defense that the lease was illegal because of the violation of the statute. The court based its decision not on the ground that the lessee was entitled to relief, but "upon principles of public policy and to conserve the public welfare."

All authorities agree that a private nuisance may be abated by any one injured thereby, provided one does not commit a breach of the peace, or destroy property not necessary to the abatement. These exceptions depend upon the facts of each abatement, and as Mrs. Nation has been discharged by the authorities whenever arrested for disturbing the peace, they may be eliminated from this discussion.

1 Bishop's Criminal Law 828; 1 Hilliard on Torts, 605.

"At common law it was always the right of a citizen, without official authority, to abate a public nuisance, and without waiting to have it adjudged such by a legal tribunal. His right to do so depended upon the fact of its being a nuisance. If he assumed to act upon his own adjudication that it was, and such adjudication was afterwards shown to be wrong, he was liable as a wrongdoer for his error, and appropriate damages could be recovered against him. This common law right still exists in full force. Any citizen acting either as an individual or as a public official under the orders of local or municipal authorities, whether such orders be or be not in pursuance of special legislation or charter provisions may abate what the common law deemed a public nuisance. In abating it, property may be destroyed, and the owner deprived of it without trial, without notice and without compensation. Such destruction for public safety or health is not a taking of private property for public uses without compensation, or due process of law, in the sense of the constitution. It is simply the prevention of its noxious and unlawful use, and depends upon the principles that every man must so use his property as not to injure his neighbor, and that the safety of the public is the paramount law. These principles are legal maxims or axioms essential to the existence of regulated society. Written constitutions presuppose them, are subordinate to them, and can not set them aside."

Manhattan Manf. etc. Co. vs Van Kueren, 23 New Jersey Eq. 251, 255.

"Any one may lawfully destroy a common nuisance."

Lancaster Turnpike Co. vs Rogers, 2 Pa. State, 114.

"We consider it also well settled, as is claimed by this defendant, that a common nuisance may be removed, or in legal language, abated, by any individual. Any man, says Lord Hale, may justify the removal of a common nuisance, either on land or by water; because every man is concerned in it."

Cites cases: Burnham vs Hotchkiss, 14 Conn. 311. To the same effect are the cases of Renwick vs Morris, 7 Hill (N. Y.) 575, 257, Wetmore vs Tracy, 14 Wend. (N. Y.) 250, and Grey vs Ayres, 7 Dana (Ky.) 375.

A case that has often been cited favorably upon the subject of nuisance, and cited favorably on other points by the authorities upon both sides of this controversy is that of Gates vs Blencoe, 2 Dana (Ky.) 158, and in this case the court says:

"The plaintiff sued the defendants in case, for diverting the water from his mill, by cutting a ditch. They attempted to justify on the ground that the mill dam was a nuisance, which they had a legal right to abate." Held, "Any person who is injured by a private nuisance may abate it, and a public nuisance may be abated by any one, even though it may not have occasioned any special damage or inconvenience to him individually."

See also the cases of Hart vs Mayor of Albany, 9 Wendell (N. Y.) 589, and Meeker vs Van Rensselaer, 15 Wendell 397, where the same rule is laid down in the most emphatic manner.

Bishop on Criminal Law, paragraph 1081, says: "This doctrine [of abatement of public nuisance by an individual] is an expression of the better instincts of our natures, which lead men to watch over and shield one another from harm. It is impossible, therefore, to look upon some late cases, in which

it seems to be laid down in broad terms that no one is entitled to abate a public nuisance unless personally and specially injured by it, as serious utterances of the courts; unless we understand them, as probably we should, to refer merely to the special facts in contemplation." And again in the same paragraph Bishop says: "It will undoubtedly in some circumstances, lend strength to the right of abating a public nuisance that the person abating suffers a special injury from it, because this fact will authorize even the abatement of a private nuisance; yet when the nuisance is clearly public, it is not, as a general proposition, essential that the person abating should be a special sufferer from the thing abated."

From these authorities and others that might be cited, it will be seen that the practice of abating a public nuisance by individual effort had its origin long ago; and that learned courts have indorsed that which some persons are now pleased to term lawlessness.

It can not be denied that there are authorities that hold the doctrine reverse to the authorities above cited; but they are not looked upon as authority by the best judicial minds and would have never been quoted as law, had it not been under present existing circumstances as demanded by the whiskey trust, which is most powerful in the political world just now. When such a man as Representative Barthold of St. Louis, a leading Republican and a brewer, arose in his place in Congress and said: "Mr. Speaker, the Republican Central Committee, before the last election, promised the Brewers' Association that if the present administration was continued in power this tax (the war tax on beer) should be taken off, and I for one propose to stand by that agreement." Under these circumstances it is equally expected that even judges should fall into line and be governed in their decisions by these authorities long since overruled and set aside as authorities. To the authorities above cited, at least 40 judicial opinions along the same line could be cited.

### THE NEBRASKA LECTURE BUREAU.

Motto—"The Strength of Our Movement is Expressed with the Ballot."

The hope of our nation, and its redemption from the saloon power lies in the young men and women. Even God failed to win Israel from her love of and service to Egyptian idols. He must turn to the young men and women and train these that He might have a people worthy to possess the land. Though David had accumulated great treasures with which to erect the temple of God, because his hands were stained with blood he was not permitted to build the house, but a young man with clean hands should construct it. When Israel was in the midst of prosperity, she forgot righteousness, and God sent Jeremiah, a young man of only 20 years, to call that nation back from her mad rush toward death. God will not permit the men whose hands are red with human blood to bear aloft the temperance banner, lest their crimson touch should mar its spotless folds. Where waves the banner of spotless purity there must be a hand clean and white to sustain it. Every man whose vote has helped to sustain a saloon, and every one whose silence has helped to make it possible is before God guilty of the destruction of the soul and body of that man, upon whose sepulcher the finger of truth writes: "Here lies a body in a Christian grave, whose soul has gone to a Christian eternity." At the close of this year there will be one hundred thousand of these graves. One hundred thousand men murdered in the first year of this century by a government that calls itself Christian.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND MURDERS COMMITTED ANNUALLY BY A SYSTEM CALLED HIGH LICENSE.

Inspiration of God teaches: he who bids speed to a movement shall be partakers of its evil deeds. Every man who knowingly cast his ballot last year for a party, or men, whom he knew would perpetuate this murder machine must be held before God for murder more foul and black than he who at the midnight hour drives the dagger to the heart of the sleeper. The latter may only free the soul and send it sooner to a home of glory, while the former wrecks manhood and sends a soul crashing into the destruction of a drunkard's hell.

WHO ARE THE JEREMIAHS THAT GOD CALLS TO cry unto this nation and warn it of its impending doom, unless it shall re-

form? When officers will perjure themselves and permit the existence of slums and brothels though in open violation of law, where lies redress for the people whose sons are being murdered? The executors of law have defied their votes and laugh at their tears. Mothers with bleeding hearts occasionally arise and destroy these hells of the human soul, and a Mrs. Nation will lead the women of her state to destroy these dens of vice, and everywhere is heard the cry: "Mob law is dangerous."

### THE FOUNDATION OF MOB LAW

is builded upon the non-enforcement of law. With few exceptions it is the rising of a wronged, rather than a misguided people. The wild animal of the forest will die in protecting her young, and will tear in pieces the trap wherein her young has been ensnared. Shall the human arm be paralyzed and the tongue dumb while these infernal machines destroy our children?

Human reason answers, No. Every noble impulse of the soul answers, No.

Out of the depths of the Infinite comes a voice saying: "Cry unto the people all the things I have commanded thee."

### LET OUR YOUNG PEOPLE ORGANIZE

in every town and rural district in Nebraska. Work for the Voter's Pledge. Enlist the young men. We have listened and obeyed the voice of deception that has long cried keep the temperance movement out of politics; while others in the church, more political than Christian, say keep it out of the pulpit. It has been almost forty years since the liquor power organized, and from that until the present day it has dominated and largely dictated the politics of this nation, and the policies of its great parties. It asks and desires nothing more of the temperance movement than that it shall leave this mighty nation in the control of its own heartless and murderous clutch. Silence upon this question in the political world is no longer to be considered a virtue. We must not only contend upon the platform, but we must meet it in the halls of legislation; but the place where the great battle must be fought and the victory won is where our municipal elections are held, and our weapon must be the ballot.

Miss Addie E. Harris, 212 McMurtry block, Lincoln, Neb., will answer calls for organizing work. She is the general secretary of the Lincoln Y. P. C. T. U., and has had much experience in public work.

Also Mr. Frank E. Lynch, of 2151 South 15th Street, Lincoln, will respond to calls from this department.

Write me and arrange for the organization of this work in your town.

Beatrice, Neb. D. A. WICKIZER.

### Trophies of Mrs. Nation.

Max Stern of the Nassau Sponge Company of Chicago, has borne in triumph a beautiful trophy presented to him by Mrs. Carrie Nation while she was in jail at Topeka. The prize is a carafe in cut glass, beautifully decorated. It is made in two parts, which screw together. It is ornamented with a hatchet in gold, and it bears the following inscription, prettily engraved in the glass:

.....  
: "CARRIE NATION, :  
: "A Lover of Humanity, :  
: "Home Defender, :  
: "Feb. 13, 1901." :  
.....

This fine water-bottle was sent as a gift to Mrs. Nation, and reached her after she had been arrested and placed in jail. The sheriff at Topeka is a friend of Mr. Stern, and secured permission from his charge for a call by the Chicagoan. Mr. Stern paid his respects to the saloon smasher and made such an impression upon her that she made him a present of the carafe as a souvenir of the meeting. She accompanied the gift with the following certificate:

"IN JAIL, TOPEKA, March 1, 1901.—Given to Mr. Max Stern, Chicago, Ill., with a request that it be always used to hold the drink that Adam drank before there was any curse."

CARRIE NATION.

"A Home Defender—Neh. iv., 14." Mrs. Nation also presented him with her photograph, on the back of which she wrote:

"Count me as one who loves his fellow men."

It would be difficult to tell whether Mr. Stern is prouder of his triumph or of his trophy, but the water-bottle is now counted as one of his choicest treasures.



# THE NATION'S WATER BOTTLE.

## Most Perfect Container in the World.

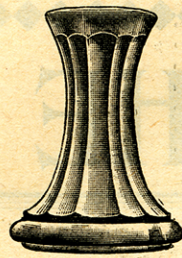
CARRIE NATION,  
HOME DEFENDER.

O, let me drink  
As Adam drank.



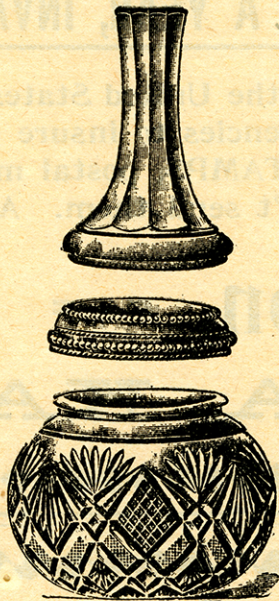
SHUT

Sanitary,
Easily Cleaned,
Economical,
Receives the Ice,
No Accidental Breakage,
Parts Supplied.



OPEN

FORWARDED, PLAIN, TO ANY ADDRESS, ON RECEIPT OF 75 CENTS  
ENGRAVED CARRIE NATION SOUVENIR, - - - - - \$1.00



By Courtesy of the  
**Perfection Water Bottle  
Company,**

WILKES-BARRE, PENNSYLVANIA.

These bottles are provided at cost, that the proceeds from their sale may be used to abolish the whisky bottles and make water the universal beverage.

DEALERS SUPPLIED SOLD EVERYWHERE

...ADDRESS...

**Carrie Nation,**  
TOPEKA, KANSAS.



## LETTERS FROM HONEST PEOPLE.

(Continued from page 4.)

people are fairly considered. I might say that prohibition is more than a step. It is a tremendous stride of world importance. It embraces more people and more interests than any other measure thought out in the minds of men, and sought to be incorporated in the laws of governments. As in other movements, we are only on the skirmish line. Precedent, ignorance, prejudice and profit are all against us, but prohibition will ultimately win, because it is in line with the onward and upward march of civilization. That prohibition is impracticable, or can not be enforced, is the best argument of the anti's, because it seems to be true. A Mrs. Nation in every county in the state would soon refute the argument of impracticability.

There is more anti-saloon sentiment than pro-saloon sentiment in this state, and that sentiment is among her best people.

Shall law yield to the law-breaker? Shall the most worthy yield to the least worthy?—the majority to the minority? Impracticability is another name for

cowardice of the individual and knavery of the office-holder. In our mad partisanship, we have lost sight of as great a cause as ever engaged the attention of mankind, and it is left to a woman to arouse the people to a sense of their duty and a realization of their contemptible cowardice. As a people, we stand rebuked and humiliated in the presence of that woman, who, without the authority of office, has done more in a fortnight toward enforcement than all of our office-holders in the past year. Principle and courage are the twin servants of destiny. They have fought all the great battles for the betterment of the human race, from the beginning, and will to the end.—Kansas Agitator.

## Joint Sentiment in Hoisington.

Joint sentiment, that is sentiment in favor of the joints, is more scarce than money in Hoisington at the present writing. No such temperance enthusiasm has been seen since the days of St. John in Kansas as is floating through the atmosphere now. Every town in the state that is a town, is fighting the joints, and Hoisington being one of the towns, is doing her share of the fight-

ing. A Law and Order League has been organized and is holding meetings. This society has demanded that the jointists quit business in Hoisington, and as the society is backed up by a fighting majority of the citizens and business men, the jointists will have to quit. In fact, the jointists are beginning to realize that public sentiment is against them, and they have always said that when it is demonstrated to their satisfaction that public sentiment is against them, they would quit. Hitherto the liquor element had one pull that was hard to break. It was said that if the farmers could not get liquor in Hoisington, they would not do business here. But the farmers say that it is an insult to them to depend upon rum to draw their trade, and are one of the strongest elements in the fight. Many of the temperance people have decided to do business only with those who back the Law and Order League, and as they are in the majority, their trade is more to be desired than that of the liquor element. After closing the joints in Great Bend, Monday, a big county mass meeting was called to organize a county league. The purpose of this league is to prevent the illegal

sale of liquor throughout the county. Since the county officers express a willingness to do their duty, and a stringent liquor bill has just passed the legislature and only awaits the governor's signature to become a law, Kansas prohibition bids fair to become a live letter. The Law and Order League is not organized just for a week or two, but to do business forever and a day. If such a condition prevails it will be impossible to run joints under the new laws without suffering the penalty. No violence is intended, and it is hoped the liquor men will realize they are up against the real thing, and flunk.—Hoisington Dispatch.

## How It Works.

A prominent Kansas City business man says that liquor dealers of that city complain of the decrease in liquor sales for Topeka since Mrs. Nation came here.—Topeka State Journal, March 29.

If you wish to help the temperance cause send in your subscription to the Smasher's Mail at once.

# THE SMASHER'S MAIL

**Mrs. Carrie Nation,**

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

**The Bravest and Most Noted Woman in Kansas**

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