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### Smasher's Mail, Vol. 1, No. 4, 1901

Carrie Amelia Nation

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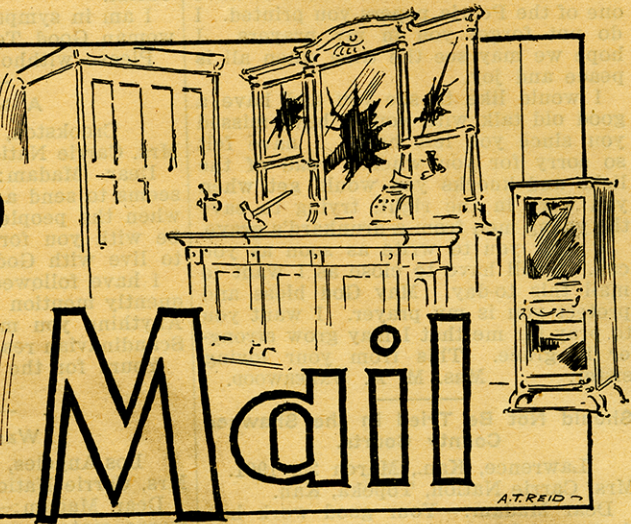
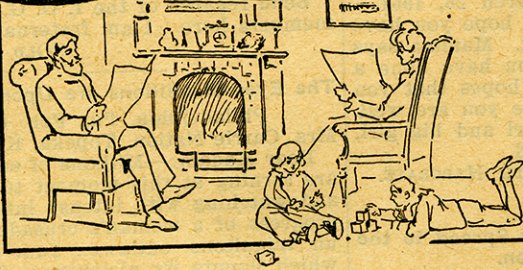
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# The Smasher's



# Mail

VOL. I. NO. 4.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1901.

PRICE 5 CENTS

## LETTERS FROM HONEST PEOPLE AND SYMPATHIZERS.

Thinks the Smasher's Mail is the Best Paper in the World.

Seligman, Mo., March 25, 1901.  
Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.  
Christian Friend:—I have been looking for the second number of the Smasher's Mail and have not as yet noticed in yesterday's paper that Chile had dissolved

Nation, you must not stop the Smasher's Mail, for it is the grandest paper ever published to further the interests of temperance and prohibition. It is the saloon's enemy and the true Christian's friend. I bought one of the first numbers and read it and I must say that I never read a paper in all my life that so interested me as the Smasher's Mail. The only place I have seen them for sale was on the train, and the newsboy sold every copy he had. I have not seen or heard of their being sold in the towns and cities I have been in. The people are more than anxious to get the paper and will buy it if they have an opportunity and can get the paper. After I read the copy I had I gave it to another party to read, expecting to get one the next week, but was disappointed in getting it. Let the good work go on, Mrs. Nation, until the kingdoms of this world shall have become the kingdoms of our Lord and Master, "when every knee shall bow and every tongue shall confess that Jesus is the Christ to the Glory of God the Father." "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend." "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you." "He that loseth his life for my sake shall the same shall find it." I would rather die now fighting for God than live a thousand years and die for the devil, and so would you, Mrs. Nation, and if some one should be mean enough to take your life because you are doing God's work, great will be your reward in Heaven. But may God spare your life, and protect you and shield you from all harm and cessations of your good work until every saloon is wiped from the face of the earth. And may the high standard of morality, decency, and sobriety be so established that there will be an everlasting protection to our homes, our children, our fathers, our mothers, our nation, yea, and the nations of the world, is the prayer of one of your sympathizers. N. A. HYPES, Salesman.

Wants Help to Arouse Public Sentiment in Old Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Pa., March 18, 1901.  
Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Co-worker.—We have followed your work in the West with much interest and noted its excellent results and influence. We believe that it would be a great revival and create much interest in temperance work if you were to speak in this city. We

have therefore decided to extend to you an invitation to come to Philadelphia and speak under the auspices of our society, either in the Academy of Music, or the Grace Baptist Temple, either of which seats about 3,000 people. Will you please write me as soon as possible under what terms and arrangements and at what time you could

organization and financially poor. we would not ask you to confine your address to our work, but to speak for the cause of temperance in general, our object being to arouse general temperance sentiment throughout the city; it is badly needed. Hoping for an early reply, I am, yours in the cause,  
H. G. HARING.

Want Help Badly.

Toronto, March 26, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kans.  
Dear Madam:—Toronto has a beautiful Music Hall seating about 4,000 people. Each Sunday every seat is taken for a temperance talk. One of the churches wants you for an address in this hall and tonight their committee met me at the depot on my return from a trip to ask me to secure a date and your price at once for a week night. Hoping to hear from you at your earliest convenience, I am, yours very truly,  
CARY W. HARTMAN.

Some Friendly Advice.

Emporia, Kan., March 7, 1901.

Friend Carrie Nation:—You will please excuse me for addressing a few lines to you giving you some of my thoughts concerning the situation in which you are placed. First, will say my sympathies are with you and the work in which you are engaged. I have been for many years a strong prohibitionist. I was a citizen of Wichita for fourteen years and have lived to see the growth of the whisky business in that beautiful city; and I know many young men whose lives have been blasted, and many, many women also. Oh, how sad! And now you are behind the bars for trying to save the boys and girls! Mrs. Nation, I feel ashamed that it had become a necessity for you to do what we men should have done long ago, and it might have been done without the aid of the hatchet.

Now as to the situation, I want to say this, that I don't want to see you tried before Judge Dale of Wichita, as I have known him for years. While he might give a fair decision on some other matters, I don't want to see your case go before him. You should have it moved from Wichita if possible, and while there may be other judges that might give you a fair trial, yet being personally acquainted with Judge Dennis Madden of Emporia, I am free to recommend him to you. I am not lawyer enough to say what kind of a case they will finally make of it, but what-

ever the law may be in the case, I think he would give you all there is for you. I believe the final outcome will be all right. While he was county attorney of Chase County he enforced the law to the line and shut off the sale of whisky, and he says if officers wish they can stop it. Now I write you this as a friend to the cause of temperance, and you can act as you think best. Very respectfully,  
V. K. STANLEY.

Wants a Lecture and Help for the Colored People of the South.

Birmingham, Ala., March 22, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Madam:—I read in the paper that you would be in Birmingham on the 28th of March to lecture in the Presbyterian church. I am deeply interested in your work and have kept up with your grand work and think it will be the means of doing great good. For two years I have been interested in the work of the W. C. T. U., and was appointed state superintendent for Alabama. But it is a hard work to establish in this wicked city. I have established an industrial school here, where I am endeavoring to teach temperance. We are struggling, as it were, as I have had no help as yet to carry on the school. This is a colored school. What I want to know is this: When you come to Birmingham to lecture, would you be willing to lecture one night for the colored people to aid this industrial school? I want to get the temperance work before the people and that would help me so much and it would help the school, and help you also. If you say so, let me know, and I will arrange for it right away, so that you will get a big crowd. This is a great place for you to lecture. Please answer right away, so I can arrange for the meeting.

Pray for me that I may have success with this temperance school for the poor colored children.

Hoping to get an early reply, I am, yours for the temperance cause,  
MRS. J. R. ENGLAND.

Needs Encouragement and Sends Words of Cheer.

Cartwright, Manitoba.

Mrs. Nation.

Dear Madam and Friend:—I have long desired to express my thanks and hopes to you for the brave example you have given to the women of America. How many of us have grown weary of praying day after day. He surely intends for us to do something ourselves and thousands of women have the seed of rebellion in their hearts against the way our "protectors" protect us. You have the prayers of thousands, I believe, both men and women.

I have a collection of criticisms cut from newspapers; one says you have an independent income, but if that is not true many would be glad to give you financial aid. How I envy the chance you have for doing good. You could command an audience that is impossible for others. May the Lord direct you in every little detail how to best use your time to His service. Forgive me for trespassing on your valuable time and if you ever come to Manitoba I hope to be able to see you or if I can do anything for you that is in my power, I will do so. I remain yours affectionately,  
MRS. M. WATTS.

Words of Cheer.

Hornettsville, N. Y., March 18, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

My dear Madam:—I wish to thank you for the little note you wrote me from the Topeka jail. It will be one of my treasures. I had the honor to present a paper before the Steuben County Convention of W. C. T. U. of New York state, the subject of which was, "Should Mrs. Nation be Endorsed by the W. C. T. U. in Her Methods of Fighting the Saloons in Kansas." At the close of the paper, which was as strong as I could make it, a motion was made endorsing you heartily, and I was appointed to communicate with you to that effect, sending you words of cheer and God-speed in your brave work. Not knowing your address at present, I did not telegraph, but take this way of notifying you.

May God bless you and protect your precious life and may your hatchet-swinging arm never grow weary until a revolution shall sweep through our whole country, which shall close forever the last saloon.

May God hasten the day.  
To the bravest woman in the world, from an ardent admirer,  
MRS. S. MITCHELL.

Instrument in God's Hands.

Scranton, Kan., Feb. 22, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Medicine Lodge, Kansas:—We, the undersigned, on behalf of Heart and Hand lodge No. 102, of the I. O. G. T., of Scranton, Kansas, desire to express to you our unbounded sympathy, admiration, and thanks for your courage and determination in attacking the worst evil afflicting this or any other land, and for the great success achieved by you and the noble women associated with you in demolishing and destroying the utensils and fixtures used in the most damnable business on earth, contrary to the laws of the state and the better judgment of all right-thinking people everywhere. We most heartily commend you, also, as the instrument in God's hands of stirring up the citizens of our state, and arousing such a sentiment in favor of the enforcement of the prohibitory law as the state has never witnessed before. Praying our Heavenly Father that your life may be long spared and that His richest blessing may rest on you and your family, we are, on behalf of the above lodge, very respectfully yours,  
S. S. JACKSON, G. C. T. of Kan.,  
CHARLIE EASTER, P. C. T.,  
ISABELLA CALEY, Committee.

From an Old Neighbor.

Seiling, Ok. Ter., March 25, 1901.

Dear Sister Nation:—I will try and write you a few lines, but I could talk better than write if I could see you. I glory in your bravery and my prayers are with you. May the good Lord bless you and may you come out more than conqueror is my prayer. I wish the saloons and whisky could be destroyed in our little town; we are all interested in the temperance cause. I have been helping the Endeavorers a little by giving them a temperance song once in a while. I sang them the "Drunkard's Doom." I have one more I am learning which is the "Drunkard's Dream," and that is the last one I have. Well,



sister Nation, I have got your and Brother Nation's pictures, which were printed in the Christian Herald; they are natural. I would have liked to have one of the Peoria papers you printed. I do not forget you in my prayers. I hope we may see the time when all is peace and joy.

I would like to see you and have a good old talk with you; I have missed you since you left here. I have felt so sorry for you when I read of the licks and knocks you would get when you were in the right, trying to save the young men from a drunkard's grave.

I want you to write as soon as you can. I will have to close as I want to mail this to-day. May God bless and protect you is my prayer. I want you to pray for me that I may grow stronger in grace. This from your loving sister,  
MRS. M. A. UNDERWOOD.

#### Should Not Be Tried In the Shawnee County Courts.

Lawrence, Kan., March 20, 1901.  
Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.

Dear Madam:—Your good work has done wonders in arousing public attention to the lawless manner in which the officials protect the outlawed joints in the state. The decisions of courts and persistence in following them up, as they have you, would close the last one. But nothing has so shown the partnership of the executive officers with that traffic as has the care shown by them in protecting it since your crusade has begun. An old friend in New York has sent me some verses of you in the work and asked me to forward a copy to you for publication, and to send a copy to him. His name and address is on the copy sent you.

I think you ought to have the cases which are to come up at the Shawnee County court changed to some other county, or before some other judge than Hazen, as it is not possible for him to decide a case according to evidence, if it interferes with the joints or the Republican party. His decision on the club-rooms, his decision in regard to a traveling man soliciting orders for whisky, deciding it to be an interference with the interstate traffic to stop it (I think he decided that case), and his ruling that joint property is under the protection of the state law, when the constitution and law both are against it, all show his partiality towards wrong decision.

I hope you will get the best attorneys and carry the cases to the highest courts, and try them at every point in the proceedings for all they are worth, and get a right understanding before the world.

You have the many on your side in this contest for the right, and can count on me as one of the number. Yours,  
A. H. GRIESA.

#### A Kind Invitation and Welcome.

St. Bayonne, N. J., March 27, 1901.  
My dear Mrs. Nation:—In behalf of the Christian Endeavor Society of the First Reformed church of this city, I extend to you a cordial invitation to be present at an entertainment to be held in the Town Hall on the 9th day of April.

I enclose a welcome song which I have composed and which the "Unclaimed Blessings" will sing on that occasion.

Hoping to receive a reply of acceptance, with best wishes for your work, I remain, very sincerely,  
KATHERINE HAMPTON.

#### WELCOME TO MRS. NATION.

How dear to her heart is the dear little hatchet,  
When fondly she wields it in Kansas saloons;

The shutters, the windows, she broke open the latchet,  
And entered each spot, which the boys knew so well.

The mirror, the tables, the chairs that stood nigh it,  
The bar, and the barrel from which the beer fell,

Her dear little hatchet, her iron-clad hatchet,  
Her ribbon-wrapped hatchet, that broke up saloons.

#### Sympathizes, But Is Too Cowardly to Have Her Name Appear.

South Britain, Conn., March 26, 1901.  
Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Madam:—I congratulate you on your success in demolishing some of Satan's fiends.

God bless Mrs. Nation,  
God save this nation,  
All nations follow  
In the wake.

With silver hatchets,  
And gold hammers,  
Knock thy fill.

"Go your way, and pour out the vials of the wrath of God upon the earth,"

until there shall be a sea of glass," (1 Cor. 6: 10), and hasten in the kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

I am in sympathy with your work—a woman Good Templar.  
Please withhold my name.

#### A New Moses.

Crookston, Minn., March 1, 1901.  
Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.

Dear Madam:—Occasionally God seems to send a Moses in the darkness when the people need him most. God be with you forever! To do right is to live with God.

I have followed your course and frequently mention the work in my paper. Anything you may like to say to our Scandinavian readers will be welcomed. Yours for the light of God—reform,  
G. T. HAGEN.

#### Wants Help.

Los Angeles, Cal., March 27, 1901.  
Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.

Dear Madam:—If Kansas is in any worse state in regard to saloons and riotous living than Southern California, I pity Kansas. Los Angeles is a modern Sodom and Gomorrah. We need somebody to stir us up out here and I think if you could possibly find time to write an article for the Post it would do a great deal of good. I would suggest as a title, "When Radical Measures Are Necessary." Yours very truly,  
POST PUBLISHING CO.

H. M. WRIGHT, Associate Editor.

#### Approves All.

Athens, Ga., March 30, 1901.  
Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.

Dear Mrs. Nation:—Have noticed in the papers an account of the great work you are doing for humanity and write you this to express my approval of what you have done and to wish you success. Whisky is indeed a great curse, especially in this section of the state. We have a dispensary here and it is doing great harm among the University boys. Those of us who do not drink and a few of the good people of the city are powerless, as nearly every body wants the dispensary. Meantime the evil is going on and gaining ground every day; the Y. M. C. A. and other religious organizations can do nothing. What would you advise us to do? Wishing you success in your noble work, I am, very truly yours,  
ED. Y. HILL, JR.

#### From Belle Center.

The open letter published in the issue of March 14, calls forth a few remarks from another citizen, who has made Belle Center his home for a number of years and watched with no little interest the trend of public opinion regarding the liquor traffic in our midst. Those, who have with unfaltering courage and anxious hearts, been instrumental in creating the sentiment, which we see manifested, at the present time, may well feel proud of their achievement.

The writer considers it no trivial affair when he looks back over the history of the last ten years in this village and remembers the abuses and diabolical assaults perpetrated upon good citizens and upon those who were loyal to a just cause and had the well-being of the community at heart.

The interest of some half-dozen men, and the chafing appetites of a few poor deluded victims of intemperance, are small indeed in comparison with homes denied of every comfort necessary to a peaceful existence of its occupants, and the progressive and financial interests of this town.

The factions among us which we are pleased to designate as those opposing good government, but who now cry for personal liberty have begun to realize that by their own moral turpitude (which in the light of past experiences is inconceivable) have actually turned the tide in favor of their enemies, and to their own discomfiture, and now while contemplating the fabric which has been demolished, let us all be agreeable with ourselves, while we watch them procure an honest dollar in an honest manner.

The only way for the temperance question to gain national recognition is for the smaller municipalities to crowd the liquor fiend from their midst.

Belle Center's progress has been blocked long enough by these contending forces, and it now lies within the power of the unprejudiced and right-minded voters to forever bury in deep, dark, dank and dismal oblivion what little existing opposition there remains to good government both moral and financial.

Historians tell us the victory of Charles Martell, at Tours, determined the history of all Europe for centuries,

but when the thralldom of intemperance is forever lifted from the American people by national authority, it will signify more to the nations of the world than Martell's victory did to the civilization of Europe. It means more peace on earth, more joy in heaven, and less demons in hell.

Realizing this let us put our best foot foremost in the suppression of vice, by giving the citizens' ticket, deserving support and push our little village out on a prosperous career.—Rev. Brown, in Belle Center Herald.

#### From a Little Girl.

Richmond, Kan., March 26, 1901.  
Dear Mrs. Nation:—I hope you have done good in your work. Mamma says that she thinks that you have done a pretty good work, and hopes that you will succeed, and I hope you are well. I am a rather little girl and big girl, too. Your little friend,  
BETH HARGRAVE.

Write soon.

#### Hopes the Crusade May Spread to the Entire Nation.

Des Moines, Iowa, March 31, 1901.  
Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.

Dear Madam:—We have read of the noble and good work which you in your fearlessness of wrong, and your love for right are doing in Kansas, and we pray to God that we may have more like you. May your name be true to its meaning, may it "carry nations" till not only Kansas but the whole Union may catch your spirit and destroy this demon, Strong Drink. We remain yours with our fervent prayers.

Very respectfully,  
CHERRY SISTERS TRIO.

#### The Hermit's Appeal to the Mothers in Kansas.

"They ceased in the villages, until I, Deborah arose; until I, Deborah, arose, a mother in Israel.

"Curse ye, Meroz," said the angel of the Lord; "Curse ye, bitterly, the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord; to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

"Blessed shall Jael be; blessed shall she be above women in the tent."

Mothers, rouse now to your duty; for your boys in this dry state

Victims of the drunkard-maker's hate

Need the shelter and protection that the hatchet will create;

For with weak courts and officials you can not safely wait,

While trusts entrenched grow strong.

Volunteer, with Carrie Nation; spoil the drunkard-making hoard;

Unhorse "the riders on white asses," with the ballot not the sword.

All the judges and officials who serve the jointists, not the Lord.

Bravely do this painful duty; be united, in accord,

And so make union strong.

With the prudence of Deborah, the diplomacy of Jael,

Strike down every foe of freedom; all who do your rights assail;

Keep your lanterns trimmed and burning; keep the hatchet and the nail,

Whatever is needed in this conflict, for you can't afford to fail,

Nor the crusade prolong.

Spurn no blessing God has given, use the ballot, put down fraud;

Act as it becomes the woman, mother of the Son of God;

Keep your boys from degradation, hear the angels bright applaud,

Hear the "well done" of the Savior, Son of woman, Son of God,

And in his love be strong.

Respectfully submitted by  
THE HERMIT OF KANSAS.

#### Hopes for a Universal Reform.

Soldiers' Home, Sandusky, O.  
Mrs. C. Nation.

Dear Madam:—In regard to your paper, allow me to suggest that it surpasses all press material that has been yet sent out against the whisky traffic. I glory in your spunk and applaud all your actions and trust your work with the assistance of our colored brother may yet be a universal reform. The utterances of those diseased brains in your "Hell Column" are from ignorant "chumps," who are a menace to themselves and the public at large. They are the microbes of the beer and whisky trusts, who are diseasing the world, and filling the penitentiaries, lunatic asylums, poorhouses, workhouses, and who end in the drunkard's grave, if not on the gallows. Your "Hell Column" inside of six months will fill the paper, and the world at large will be astonished at the ignorance that has been taught in the drunken school of de-

bauchery and crime. Elect the prohibition, and oust congress, the senate, and the legislators, and put in clear-headed people, who will work a reform, and pass bills to benefit the constituents of the United States instead of passing beer and whisky bills of large denominations, presented in the green state by trusts. Excuse length of letter and allow me to congratulate you and wish you God-speed in your work. I write in haste. I am a pencil-pusher in the home, for three papers and am writing continually. I enclose an article, the "Corrupt Element," for print or waste basket.

Send regards of the I. O. G. T. lodge members here. I am fraternally,  
"OLD SPORT."

#### The Eyes of Millions are Upon Kansas.

Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 6, 1901.  
Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.

Dear Madam:—Millions of eager eyes are turning at this moment to Kansas, and watching with intense interest the progress of a woman's crusade against an iniquitous outlawed rum business which flaunts its viciousness in public defiance of public sentiment and constitutional enactment. The spectacle of fearless womanhood in this unique and righteous campaign has aroused the enthusiasm of many thousands and throughout all this broad land they watch and hope and look and pray for the blessing of the Almighty upon your commendable work just begun. Where constituted and delegated authority through wicked connivance conspires to violate the sacred oath of office, it is plainly the duty of some one to awaken and arouse the commonwealth to the peril which offers this bold menacing front even in the very executive chair.

May this be but the beginning of an overwhelming wave of aroused public indignation against the greatest curse of Christian civilization, which casts its baneful shade over the church, the home, the schoolhouse, the Sabbath day and the constitution.

Go on, Mrs. Nation, go on in the glorious war, and may the great result be the real pulverization of the rum power itself. Pulverize, destroy, annihilate, trusting in the wisdom and strength of a Divine Power.

strength and sense.

Such a tremendous task may require such sacrifice but the sacrifice could be none too great for such a consummation. The time has not passed when grand and noble souls are willing to lay themselves upon the altar of their country and their God.

Go on, Mrs. Nation, and God be with you. Sincerely yours,  
WALTER W. HUBBARD.

#### From a National Lecturer.

Wichita, Kans., March 9, 1901.  
My dear Mrs. Nation:—I was greatly disappointed at not being able to see you in this city while I am here. I am a national lecturer and organizer for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. I came to Kansas while yet a young girl and twenty years of my life were spent in this state, ten years under our old license law and ten after the passage of the prohibition law. I have been through every phase of "law enforcement" through the "rightful officials," and God knows I realize what a pitiful farce it is. I have walked the streets with petitions pleading for the execution of the laws which our officials had sworn to enforce, only to meet with sneers, abuse, and ridicule, or be altogether ignored. I have given the best of a Christian woman's earnest, honest life and unflagging effort for the establishing of temperance sentiment in Kansas and for the protection of her homes and children. And my heart has grown sick and faint at the puerile effort, criminal indifference, or abject cowardice of the men of Kansas regarding the enforcement of the prohibitory law, and when during my temporary absence from Wichita I read of your work in behalf of humanity my heart swelled with indignation over conditions calling for such heroic measures and at the same time burning sympathy with, and admiration for the woman (our Joan of Arc, our feminine John Brown) who dared go forth with the law of God and man in her hand and strike such telling blows against the God-defying, law-defying, home-wrecking anarchists that, with red hands, openly and without protest from the officials—of Wichita at least—besmirch the fair name and fame of the glorious state of Kansas. Let me plead in the name of outraged womanhood and sin-cursed, suffering humanity let nothing turn you aside from your original purpose. Let no offers in other lines of work—no matter how ingeniously prepared and present-



ed—cause you one moment's wavering. Were you to weaken now—were you to turn aside—were you to fail us, the great tide of awakening enthusiasm and determination would turn back and engulf us in a darker, deeper flood of wrong and death. But you will not fail us. God is strong. He is all powerful. Sin is mighty but God is Almighty. Truth is mightier than error. Light is more powerful than darkness, and God is Truth and Light, and we are on His side and we shall win the victory. While I call Wichita my home—and all the home I have in the world is here—still I have in reality spent only a few weeks in this city as I am almost constantly in the field lecturing and organizing for the W. C. T. U. I still hope I may see you before I leave the state, but I expect to start the fourteenth of this month for several months' work in Wisconsin.

Yours for God and home and humanity, and the complete destruction of—not the saloon only—but the liquor traffic.  
MRS. DELLE C. H. COX.

#### Kansas' Two Classes.

Kansas has only two classes now, the Home Defenders and the Gin-mill Defenders. The mothers are the Home Defenders, while the city officials are the defenders of the whisky outlaws.—H. Hansen, Pasadena, California.

#### From Canada.

Toronto, Ont., April 4, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kans.—Parliament in session, come strike blow felt around world; name date, price.  
CARY W. HARTMAN.

#### ANSWER.

Can not leave Kansas in the toils. Look to the Hills.

CARRIE NATION.

#### Wanted in Nebraska.

Mrs. Nation:—Officials of Concord, Neb., want you to come there and run the town. It is a whisky town and the officers can't shut up the dives. Will you accept it on trial? Answer by boy.  
J. S. LEACH,

Kansas City World Correspondent.

To the above I said I had not yet made a success of either running Kansas or of being able to have officials honest, and I preferred to stay here till I could say I cleaned up my house before I can help poor beer-soaked Nebraska.

#### After Mrs. McKinley.

San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 6, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kans.

Dear Madam:—I wish you success in your efforts to wipe out of existence the saloons of Kansas. When you are through with your work there, I wish you would destroy the saloon in the capitol at Washington, D. C., and also the saloon kept in Mrs. McKinley's building in Canton, Ohio. Doubtless you are aware that she owns the building in which is kept the finest saloon in Canton, or did own it at the time her husband was elected president first time. If she is still in the disgraceful business and has not self-respect enough to get out of it herself, I would like to see you put her out of it.

Wishing you the fullest measure of success in your work and the protection of the Heavenly Father to guard and uphold you, I am, Yours sincerely,  
A SYMPATHIZER.

Paducah, Ky., March 8, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Medicine Lodge, Kansas.

My Dear Friend and Co-worker:—I write to beg of you not to leave Kansas under any circumstances or for any sort of consideration. You have a prohibition state, and the fact that the people of your state have repudiated party prohibition has hurt the cause more than the action of any other state. You have now demonstrated to your people, and to the people of the whole nation, that officers of the law nominated and elected by liquor-licensing political organizations can not be depended on to enforce prohibitory laws against the liquor traffic. Therefore you have laid the foundation for a political revolution in Kansas in favor not only of prohibition, but of a prohibition party behind it to enforce the law. The opportunity should not be lost. If your work can be made to re-organize politics in Kansas in favor of a prohibition party the balance of the states will follow. If the good effects of your work are lost to the prohibition party in Kansas it will be largely lost to the balance of the states. If you wish to distinguish yourself, right there in Kansas is the place to do it. If you aspire to the higher realm of honoring God and serving the best interest of humanity, right there in Kansas is the place to do it. Do not weaken your

influence and work by spreading it over too much territory. That is just what liquor politicians in and out of Kansas would like to see you do. I have written a short article on your work and hope to be able to send you a paper containing it soon. Yours truly,  
J. D. SMITH.

#### From a Mother.

Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 8, 1901.

Dearly Beloved Mother Nation:—Progress and greetings, for your noble example and fine motherly bravery, in wrecking the saloons of Kansas. They are the most dreaded of all the enemies of good homes. The heroic fathers and sons of Kansas rallied to the standard of John Brown when he threw himself between the slave owners and task masters of the South, although it cost the lives of a million of American fathers and sons, it brought freedom from slavery to four million slaves. The influence of the saloon on fathers and sons, in destroying homes and consigning fifty thousand annually to drunkards' graves, as between the war of the rebellion, to free the four million slaves, and the crusade on saloons in the protection of American homes from consequences a thousand times more damnable than African slavery, we say in God's name let us protect our homes.

God and angels are surely with you, and thousands of mothers are lifting their hearts in prayers to the Most High, that your life may be spared to witness the emancipation of every state and city from the dread plague of the saloons.

#### AN AMERICAN MOTHER.

Onno, Wis., March 11, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Sister:—At their last regular meeting the W. C. T. U. of this place desired us to convey to you their appreciation of your work and their sympathy in your trying situation, in the following resolution:

Whereas, The battle is not to the strong, but God hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound the mighty, therefore

Resolved, That we, the members of the W. C. T. U. of Onno, Wis., believe that God has chosen you as the humble instrument by which the forces of the mighty liquor power, not only in Kansas, but throughout the land, have been made to tremble, and that, as a result of the agitation aroused by your action, a bound of law has been fixed which they will never again dare to transgress.

Only be strong and very courageous and the grace of our Lord be with you.

JESSIE NICHOLSON,  
BESSIE NIVEN,  
JULIA HINDERMAN,  
Committee.

#### Have a Principle of Your Own.

Does anyone imagine that the saloon-keeper is working so zealously for the Republican ticket merely because he is such a true, loyal Republican.

Not much! It is because he is a true, loyal "Wet Goods" man and he wants the election of his "wet" sympathizers. That is why he is working overtime to secure it.

Don't let him delude you, then, into thinking you are everlastingly bound to a party name as against principle. You are not, but you are morally bound to do what is right.

Is the quality of Republicanism any better in those named as "Wets" than it is in those named as "Drys?"

We think not. This is not a fight of Republicanism against Democracy, but of "Wets" against "Drys."

The fight is one of men who would open the saloons against men who close them and keep them closed.

The fight is one man's financial interests against the financial, social and moral interests of every man who patronizes his gin-mill.

If you think otherwise you are fooled. Which way you vote will mean an expression of "Wet" or "Dry" principle.

Hasn't Belle Center had about enough "Wet" management?

If you think it has then vote it out. Don't let any personal feeling of friendship or hate for any man influence your vote.

Be broader than that; rise above any so-called party, or any man's name and express your principles.—A Business Man, in Belle Center (O.) Herald.

April will usher in another quarter, when subscriptions to our work will be due. Let every subscriber be prepared to pay when the collector calls.—Anti-Saloon Herald.

Any one wishing a great bargain in a piano call at 215 East Seventh Street. Toptka, Kans.

## LETTERS FROM HELL

### AND ELSEWHERE AMONG THE WICKED.

#### DIRECT FROM HELL.

Respectfully Referred to Governor Stanley.

It is significant of the spirit dominating the advocates of prohibition that, almost without exception, they have hailed the gymnastics of this crack-brained Kansas virago as the true and proper solution of the drink question. They have no words of condemnation for the murder of Mrs. Rosa Hudson by the cowardly assassins who took a preliminary drink at her brother's bar. The end justifies the means. Lynch law is highly commendable if only the lynchers roll up their eyes and smash, burn, maim and murder in God's name. Their sole idea of reform is of something enforced from without. They propose not to persuade a man who wants a drink that it is hurtful and unwise to take it, but to tell him that he shall not take it, and brain him if he resists their dictation. Their motto is: "Meddle, meddle and forever meddle!" Thus spoke fanaticism ever since the world began, despite the fact that no true reform ever since the world began was thus made effective. Human nature is not built that way. If their contention were true—as it certainly is not—that alcohol is the source of all evil, those who deal in this liquid would have far more to fear from the mother who stays at home and educates her sons to shun it, than from the mother who takes the family hatchet and sallies forth to make her sons blush for her deeds of violence.

Those who take the hatchet shall perish by the hatchet. It speaks volumes for the forbearance and chivalry of the Kansas liquor dealers that they have stood by and seen their property destroyed rather than raise their hands against women—unsexed though they be. But these women have husbands, brothers and sons who ought to be able to keep them at home, and who can be made personally responsible for their acts. By course of natural selection the virago is usually found wedded to a granny in pants, but while there is not much satisfaction in kicking such creatures as Mr. Carrie Nation, there is a duty to the community which the saloon keepers should not shirk. And the fanatical preachers who lead the amazonian zealots in their raids have placed themselves clearly beyond the protection of their cloth—though they probably would be otherwise engaged of they thought so. The champions of personal liberty should meet arguments with arguments, votes with votes, and lawless violence with the strong right arm of that instinct for self-preservation which is the first law of nature. The wise man who finds a snarling wolf in his path does not rely upon moral suasion, but looks around for a good, thick club.—From Barrels and Bottles.

#### One Man's Frank Remarks.

Hillsboro, Tex., Feb. 20, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:—I was very much pleased this morning to see by the Dallas News that you were still confined in jail. I think at present it is the fittest place for you. As to your statement that the Lord put you there, I don't know but you are correct. I rather think He got tired of your cavorting around and concluded that in jail was the suitable place. You should have said, "The Lord, assisted by a wise judge and the deputy sheriff, put me here."

I see also in the morning paper that your gang shot an innocent woman to death yesterday, which, no doubt, meets with your hearty approval.

There will be plenty of bloodshed as a result of your damnable methods, every drop of which will be directly attributable to you; and you surely must feel that the blood of that poor woman shot to death yesterday must rest upon your head. Women's Christian Temperance Union! Don't you think it a good idea to change the name in Kansas? Would not the name "Hoodlums' Christian Temperance Union" be much more appropriate? Three of your gang under peace bond, four of your gang under arrest and charged with murder in the first degree! What a record! And yet you say "the success of your life." What a life yours must have been in the past! I have never been drunk in my life and I am forty-seven years old.

I have no use for whiskey, neither have I any use for the anarchist. I have traveled in the state of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas and Texas since you began your high-handed work, and in hotels, at depots, on street corners, in railroad trains, I hear nothing except condemnation of your methods and complimentary remarks such as I am sure you would not care to hear. Very truly,

E. K. MORRISON.

Letter from Hell, via Salt Lake.—But It Don't Scare.

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

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.:—Beware! Smash another saloon and you shall die within forty-eight hours after. Take a timely warning. Your enemy,  
P. C.

The above is from Salt Lake, the reckless vow of outlaws of various kinds.

WANTS ME TO OPEN A READING ROOM.

How Much Will He Give?—How Many Dodges Some Professed Temperance People Have.

Leominster, Mass., March 24, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Dear Madam:—Being engaged in the temperance movement I send some clippings from our local paper, which perhaps will interest you.

I do not endorse your method of destroying property and turning men into the street, for they will go somewhere. It is not the fine mirror and counters, etc., that are to blame. But if you would open a pleasant reading-room and furnish it with good papers and magazines, and perhaps have a counter where some one could furnish hot tea and coffee, sandwiches, etc., for a small sum, it might be a help for the better. And I have no doubt but that if the wives of some of the men were instructed in better cooking it would be another help, for poor cooking drives many a man to the saloon for relief. Yours respectfully,  
W. F. MOORE.

The Jointist and Druggist Will not Sell Whisky to Boys. (?)

Dear Old Mother Nation:—I feel it my duty to felicitate you one the noble work you are doing. Being a good Republican Prohibitionist as you are, of course you naturally have to believe in protective laws and measures that will protect certain industries and occupations against trade competition and your crusade and agitation will result in protecting the drug-store against the ruinous competition of the jointist. The jointist can now sell for one dollar a pint a decoction of fusil oil, belladonna, strychnine, cannabis, and other drugs labeled Spirits Fermenti, Spirits Vini, Old Port, etc., and it won't make any onedrunke, but will simply send them to the lunatic asylum where they will be lovingly cared for by the state and religiously visited and prayed for by you and the other good sisters; while their widows and orphans will be well clothed by good charitable people of your kind. They can fare sumptuously once or twice each day on the delicious scraps left from the good people's and druggists' tables, after the cats and pet dogs have been taken care of. Then, being a good Christian, I know you must of necessity endorse the doctrine taught by that famous Jesuit, Father Lasalle, that all things are justifiable where the final end to be obtained will inure to the glory of God (or in your case, to the glory of prohibition), so that a little thing like perjury being committed in thousands of drug stores by hundreds of people in the state of Kansas every year, in order to obtain this stuff, yclept whisky, is entirely too insignificant a matter to require a second thought, even if it does teach the people at large to disregard the sanctity of an oath, so long as it inures to the glory of the prohibition cause. Lying and perjury, with their inevitable tendency toward other immorality, are of no consequence whatever. Then again think of the good you are doing the boys. A dear old motherly lady like yourself must of necessity have a mighty longing for the good and future development of the young boys. Now the jointist and drug-

(Continued on page 16.)



# THE SMASHER'S MAIL.

A Newspaper for the Suppression  
of the Rum Traffic.

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.

Those who talk most do the least.

Truth is not popular and never has been.

The more one has the more he wants.

Right and wrong are contending forces.

If money is your god then you are an idolator.

If you practice a thing because it is popular, you are a hypocrite.

When one drinks and denies it he is both a drunkard and a liar.

Liquor and morphine creates an appetite for more and won't be satisfied without it.

We have received a copy of the "Commoner," W. J. Bryan's paper. It is Commoner enough for most any one, and so we have placed it on our exchange list.

When a father gives his children liquor, he is simply their murderer, for he gives them something that poisons both soul and body.

I wish to state that the lady, Miss Morse, of Cincinnati, my manager in this town, was so lovely and kind to me. She gave me \$100 and I made her my best friend and ally in the engagement.

The saloon question is up and is going to stay up. Like Banquo's ghost it won't down until the last saloon in Kansas is wiped out, and then the disease will spread, and that is what is the matter with the whisky and beer trust.

Up to this time have heard from but about two or three agents who have sold my paper. All returns must be made to me both for advertisements and sale of papers, as Nick Chiles is not in any way connected with my business.

The county attorney of Cook County, Ill., has compiled a statement showing that Chicago is the wickedest city in the world. That county attorney leaves Wichita outside the pale of civilization. If he never heard of Wichita he may be excused.

The Capital says: "Galen Nichols is after the insurance companies." He is also after the joints and joint-keepers, and will see that they are not disturbed in their hellish business, and will also see that if a poor old woman tries to make them obey the law, it is dimes to doughnuts that Galen will see that she is promptly jailed.

A word to the wise is sufficient. Please don't write on both sides of your paper when you send us letters for publication, as the printers won't set up such articles. Should you write on both sides your articles will not appear in the Smasher's Mail. We have no time to copy them, although they may be meritorious, and though our readers might be greatly interested in them, yet into the waste basket they must go.

It is the duty of every good citizen to use his influence to prevent crime. If a man were walking the streets of Wichita and should see two men in mortal combat, one with a six-shooter firing at the other as fast as he could, and he should rush up, seize the revolver and dash it to pieces on the stone walk, he would at once be arrested by the police and taken before Judge Dale and fined, whilst the man who did the shooting would go scott-free. Great is Wichita!

Oh, the joy of seeing my Kansas once more. Yes, my native land, I love you. There is no place where I would

so thoroughly enjoy smashing up murder-shops. God grant I may if there is any there when I get through with my adopted Kansas. Look out for dear Kentucky; she has not lost her chivalry yet. The women need not fear a jail there. I do not believe the men would allow it. I love the women. I admire her fine-looking men, I never saw such horses, but I do despise her rot-gut.

Some time after the initial number of the Smasher's Mail appeared, a letter was received with stamps for a copy; but the name and post-office were so illegible that we could not send the paper; and now comes a letter from the same party asking why the order was not filled. This time we can make out the address from the post mark, but the name of the writer is still illegible. More pains should be taken to make names and offices plain.

The election is over and we will see what we will. For my part I had rather trust a man who makes no promises he does not expect to fulfill than one who poses as something which he does not expect to be. As for my part, I voted on the right by saying, Lord, this priceless vote I will keep till I can give it to a man who honors God. I will not be forced to vote for any man who is put in office by the devil's crowd. What concord hath Christ with Beliel, or the temple of God with idols, or he that believeth with an infidel?

I have just returned from the Santa Fe offices—asked Mr. Savage to give me an "ad" and would take my pay in car rides. But he was very evasive; said it required ninety days' existence as an editor of Smasher's Mail to entitle me to any pass. I wondered if I should ship a car-load of beer over the railroads if that in itself would entitle me to a pass? If I make one of their employers a safer man to transact business which might counteract the injury brought about by the same beer shipped am not I more of a benefactor? Can you see, Mr. Savage?

Some things I saw and learned in Indianapolis. I saw the most magnificent monument erected to the soldiers and sailors slain for love of patriotism and country. The finest in the United States, at least all made from the native stone of the state. I saw a magnificent state house and I saw in direct contrast to this a saloon owned and run by the mayor of the city. Also, I went into a saloon Sunday night where I saw beer sold and drank over a bar owned by one of the councilmen. I went in to see the governor, told him of this paradox and he told me I ought to have been at church. I said I was tired of the hypocrite's corner; thought I would eat with the publicans and sinners awhile. I asked him if it offended him because I saw these things? I had quite a spirited conversation of 15 or 20 minutes, but no reporters were allowed in. I found him the same kind of a man that the Stanley of Kansas is—of the same piece.

As has been the universal case, I was attended everywhere by my friends, the reporters. God bless them. It grieves me that so many use tobacco, and drink something that their ancient ancestor, Adam, did not. I want reporters to be my pall-bearers some time not so far in the future.

The administration of Governor Stanley will go down in the history of the future as the lawless, Godless, law-defying, peace-destroying administration of Kansas, an administration in which law was defied, crime protected, the innocent punished and the oaths of public officials violated as an every-day occurrence. Whilst the three-months' agitation of Mrs. Nation, although in jail part of the time where Governor Stanley, Attorney-General Godard and most all of the county attorneys of this state, including a few of the judges, should have been, will be remembered as the protest of the one person who has created a purer sentiment of law enforcement, of good to humanity, of better society, than all the Stanleys, Godards, Nicholls, Dales, and Hazens have done, or would have done in a hundred years, should they live that long and continue as at present.

The feat of the little general from Kansas, Fred Funston, explorer, journalist, Cuban insurrecto and volunteer soldier in the Spanish war, will, as Governor Stanley suggests, lift the cloud from that long-suffering state and compensate her for the humiliations the cranks like Jerry Simpson and Mrs. Nation have put upon her for the past dozen years.—Nebraska State Journal.

## A Serious Blunder.

In the editorial of March 30th, on page 8, is an article put in as an editorial with the heading "God Appeared in a Dream." This article got in the copy by a mistake of my husband's. It appeared in the New York World and is false. I therefore make this so the public may so read.

## "Twas Ever Thus."

Twice has my dear friend, the Hermit of Kansas, walked up to Topeka to see me, and I was absent both times. I can say of him: A brother was born for adversity, for he has given me sweet sympathy from the first. Like myself, he hears the voice of God and reads Hi sword.

## A Shame and Disgrace.

Before leaving the state on my last tour I went to the old soldiers' home. I asked to speak to them, but was not allowed to talk even five minutes, which I begged, for fear I would stir them up. The intention is to soak those old veterans with beer—and hands off. This is murder of those who risked their lives to save the nation. What a return this nation makes to its feeble old soldiers—to use them to drink its poison. I told the governor he kept a poison house and that he was a boss not a servant of the home. I was hurried off the ground between two officers at the order of the governor of the Home.

## To My Friends.

I am now compelled to earnestly solicit that my friends at least patronize my Smasher's Mail. You commend me for my endeavors to help humanity. I am struggling to keep this paper before you. There are serious mistakes in all the issues, but don't view me with a critic's eye but pass my imperfections by. I believe if my W. C. T. U. friends knew that I have no means to get out my next issue they would rally. I took this tour in hopes to get means to carry on the work which I have begun but financially it was a failure; otherwise I do not think it was. While I was in jail I was impelled by an impulse which I know was from heaven to let the public read with me the sorrows of others. I tried to get parties in town to help me but poor Nick Chiles was the only one who seemed willing. Glad to have the help of any one, I gave him \$185, a little egg I had from the sale of a few cows which a widow in Oklahoma had on the shares for she and I. Also I paid him \$62 after that. In return he has only given me, up to the present, \$15, which he paid Mr. Nation while I was gone. I have tried to get him to account for how matters are, for he told me I would realize four or five hundred dollars profit from the first edition, but I can not get him to show up or talk about it. I do not wish to stop to parley about this matter and shall not if I lose all, which is not much. But it will almost break my heart to have to give up sending out my little paper, which is a medium through which the poor women may let some one know what she has had to bear through the sorrows heaped on her through this viper which she carries in her bosom. No other paper that I have seen is capable of knowing the extent of woeful experience. I do not write this to beg, for I will give you value received for the \$2 you may give me for a year's subscription, and 20 cents will get all four editions up to the present.

## Law-Breakers.

We can scarcely pick up a partisan paper without seeing something horrible about the law-breaking hatchet. These men, who are violating the law every day, say, "Why resort to violence? Why don't you enforce the law?" One reason is that most all the officers of state from governor down are as deep in the mud as the saloon-keepers are in the mire. They won't enforce the law. The governor has been asked and he refuses; the attorney-general has been asked and he refuses; the county attorney at Medicine Lodge, Wichita, and Topeka to our certain knowledge have refused, even when witnesses went to them with written prepared complaints. Judges in Wichita and Topeka have refused to allow defendants to prove on trial that the prosecuting and complaining witnesses were engaged in the unlawful business of selling liquor. The whisky men know that the governor, attorney-general, judges, county attorneys, and the subsidized press are on their side and won't prosecute. Judges won't convict, and hence the whisky men, the gamblers, the newspapers and these officers who violate their sworn duty every

day, say, "Why don't you enforce the law? Why do you resort to violence?" Why don't they enforce the law? A wealthy merchant in a Kansas town said to three different men that he would swear a lie before he would tell where he got his whisky, and he was put on the stand and was as good as his word.

These men know that as long as the men now in office, continue in office there is no danger of the law being enforced. They know they are safe. They know that they are law-breakers, they know they are anarchists; but they are after the money there is in it. The attorney-general has been asked to bring suit to oust county attorneys who refused to prosecute and he refused. The only thing to do is to ignore all these old parties who elected these men. unite on law and order, humanity and decency, and elect men who will regard their oaths.

## The Difference.

Last week an old man enticed a little girl into a barn, in this city, where he attempted to commit a nameless crime, and the sheriff and his deputies and almost the entire police force of the city spent several days and nights trying to find and arrest the brute. All this is commendable. But with a small amount of the energy displayed, they could have found and arrested many worse criminals in this city—men who openly set the law at defiance and boast of it; men who are daily preparing men to commit such crimes; men who are openly making criminals of all classes—making wives widows, children orphans, and all of the beggars, who fill our jails with criminals, our penitentiaries with convicts, and our scaffolds with victims. And there has been nothing but a feeble effort to arrest them in their mad career. And the worst feature of it is that the governor, attorney-general, the judges on the bench, and the county attorney, all wink at it and too often openly and avowedly encourage such lawlessness.

## Rare Old Whisky.

The Smasher's Mail receives daily, almost, different flaming advertisements of various brands of whiskeys. The persons who send us these notices think they are smart, and in the next place they think they will get a little free advertising in the Smasher's Mail; but in both these cases they are very much mistaken. In these advertisements we are told how these "goods" are securely boxed so as to deceive an honest officer if there is one, and how easy it is for a person to violate the law and not be found out. Chicago and Kansas City are the cities that are engaged in this disreputable business. One of these Chicago distillers sent one of their flaming circulars to the Kansas Farmer, as follows—omitting the date, place, and name:

Kansas Farmer Co., Topeka, Kans.  
Dear Sir:—We take pleasure in enclosing herewith one of our price-lists and wish to call your attention to the fact that we are the oldest house selling absolutely pure wines, whiskies, and liquors in general at wholesale prices direct to the consumer. For many years we have made a specialty of supplying individuals and private families, and our goods are shipped by express, charges prepaid. We would be pleased to have a trial order from you in the near future, for either Golden Truth Whisky, which is our most popular brand, or any article quoted in our price-list, assuring you that we can give you better value for your money than you can purchase elsewhere. And goods which are not satisfactory can be returned to us at no expense and the money is cheerfully refunded.

Awaiting your early trial order, and assuring you in advance of prompt and personal attention, we are,  
Very truly yours.

## A Great Inducement to Commit Fraud.

A certain Kansas City whisky house is sending out to railroad agents in Kansas, a typewritten letter, asking said agents to furnish them with the names of persons who do, or are likely to, send off for whisky, etc. The brewers and distillers of Kansas City and Chicago are spending thousands of dollars to cause the prohibitory law of Kansas to be violated so as to bring about its repeal. The following is the letter:

Kansas City, Mo., March 29, 1901.  
Dear Sir:—We are selling our entire product direct to consumers and making all shipments by prepaid express, as you will note from our price current enclosed herewith. It is to the mutual advantage of ourselves and you, as the agent of the express company, to increase this business as much as possible. You can help us very greatly by



sending us a list—the larger the better—of people in your vicinity who are in the habit of sending away for liquor, or who might be induced to do so. We can promise you and them prompt shipments, goods of the highest character, absolutely pure, and at prices that are extremely low.

If you should wish any of our goods for your own use, we will be glad to fill your order, if sent with the list of names mentioned above, at a discount of 10 per cent, and will, in addition, send you a handsome and useful nickel-capped pocket-flask, filled with eleven-year-old Martin Rye, free of charge. As all such orders will be filled at a loss to us, please note carefully that this offer is good for one order only, for your own use, and then only when accompanied by the list of names. Our prices, express prepaid, will average 25 per cent less than wholesalers and middlemen, representing themselves as distillers, charge for liquor in no way so good. The general agent of your company in Kansas City, or the City National Bank of Kansas City, can inform you of our standing and ability to make good our representations. Please send us the list of names whether you care to avail yourself of this offer or not. We enclose stamped envelope and hope to hear from you promptly. Thanking you in advance for your kind attention. Yours respectfully.

To this letter the agent replied: "There are but few of the scurvy or drinking element here. When I get in line to sell booze, I will advise you. Yours for Temperance. (Name omitted for fear he would be removed as one we know of was.) The agent then wrote to Mrs. Nation, as follows: Mrs. Nation: If convenient you might send this to the address at Kansas City with the compliments of us both. Yours for temperance and decency. Let your good work go on till we are rid of such hell holes as these and they will all sell their entire stock. Yours, etc.

#### 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 greta 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.

This falsehood appeared in last week's Smasher and was written by an enemy and was published in the New York World. By some hook or crook it got in Smasher's Mail as editorial very much to my chagrin. I was absent at the time of this edition. Hope readers will excuse mistakes.

#### Wooden Shoe Soles.

Some days ago I received a letter from a manufacturer of shoes with wooden soles, somewhere in a northern state, wanting to know the rates of ads in the Smasher's Mail, and also wanting to know if the proprietor would take her pay in shoes. To this last proposition I answered no, but if the firm wanted a personal notice of the shoes this could only be done by an inspection of the goods. The letter was laid by and forgotten; but yesterday being All-fool's day, and very appropriate, I received a pair of No. 10 shoes, through the mail, with wooden soles. The soles in the thickest part, are about one inch thick, tops of good leather fastened to the soles with wire. No doubt they will wear well, keep the feet warm and dry, and be a comfortable shoe when once

the wearer gets used to them. If noise is the main thing they would answer in a clog dance; but not for a fashionable ball. If I can find a farmer who wears No. 10 shoes who would like to give this new kind of foot-wear a trial, I will gladly hand them over and wait for further developments, and if the manufacturer sees this notice he will be reminded that he did not send his ad with the cuts, and that when the ad is received it will go in the Smasher. These shoes will be fine in grasshopper time. They would also be good for police officers, as the noise made over the hard walks of Topeka, would drive off all burglars, thieves and night prowlers for blocks. I could hardly advise bank-robbers to wear them as their advent into town could be heard all over a small town and would wake up the soundest sleeper; but they would be splendid for police officers. They may be good for many other uses and purposes; but of course I can not tell all their good qualities without the advertisement and the assistance of a good farmer to give them a fair trial. D. N.

Since writing the above we have received the advertisement and take pleasure in referring the readers of Smasher's Mail to the same. And now will some good farmer come in and accept the pair of number tens for trial? D. N.

#### "Poor" Mr. Nation.

Jordan, South Carolina, Feb. 19, 1901.

Mr. Nation:—I have been reading after your wife for some time and am sorry to hear of your troubles. I wish I was able to give you some advice. You had better take her into custody at once and not let her get too far lost. If you do she certainly will get in worse trouble. Her inclinations for whisky-destruction or saloon-smashing beats all former records. I never heard of such as she is before. Her organization beats the W. C. T. U. We have a good many temperance workers in South Carolina, but none with iron nerves as yours must have. I have been reading after her through the World. I would like to get some personal news from you. I think her course will soon end. If she don't think so, let her come south; we may be able to supply her with all the whisky she can destroy for a while. We will take her into custody and send her to you. You can give this to the New York World for publication if you choose, as she may get this letter or its contents if she reads the World. Mr. Nation, if this ever reaches you, please give me a reply. Your with much respect. R. D. COTHRAN.

Dear Sir:—Your letter above came duly to hand, and will reply by giving you a little advice. I never approved my wife's way of smashing; but as the women can't smash with their votes, isn't it best to allow them to smash with their hatchets until we men get generous enough to allow them to vote as well as pay taxes?

#### Are the Laws of Kansas a Mockery?

Incidents of the past few months in Kansas have made one, at least, to ask the question. In other states laws seem to be better observed. Some months ago, it was announced that there would be a prize-fight in Cincinnati, Ohio. This announcement came to the governor's ears. He immediately notified the authorities at Cincinnati that such was in opposition to the law of the state and would not be tolerated. The participants were notified (they must have been informed of the Kansas laws in regard to prohibition, and that prohibition does not prohibit), but they went on with the preparations for the fight. The governor notified them that the law would be enforced if it was necessary to call on the state militia to enforce it. This was a stunner, so they sent a committee to convince the governor that it would not be a prize-fight but a boxing match. The governor said he could see no difference between a boxing match and a prize-fight, and informed them that the law would be enforced. Like the lawless saloon-keepers of Kansas, they continued to do business. They sold tickets and arranged for the fight. What did the governor do but to call on the state militia to be in readiness at a moment's notice. Did the fight come off? No. In this case only two brutes in shape of men proposed to bruise one another for money, and it was only a proposal to violate the law. The governor of Kansas is up against the real thing. The law of Kansas is plain in regard to sales of intoxicating drinks. The saloonist says to the governor, "We do not run a saloon, it's a joint only," and the governor winks and says, "That's so." Every governor has been appealed

to for years to enforce the laws, according to his oath of office, to support the constitution of the United States, and to enforce the laws of the great state of Kansas. This great prize-fight is going on between the jointist and the law-abiding citizens. Women and children get in the way and are murdered, bruised, and crushed. Millions of dollars as taxes are paid by law-abiding citizens to support the insane and prisoners of the state, 90 per cent on account of drink, and caused by the governor not having backbone to call out the militia when necessary to enforce the law. Is law a mockery? When an old woman whose husband has been murdered by drink stands before the governor and bravely tells him of his cowardice, and that he is lacking in backbone no wonder that he is dumfounded and cringes under the lash and can say nothing.

Is law a mockery when the oppressed are prosecuted, fined, and cast in prison while the lawless oppressor is left unpunished, as in case of breaking in a place where the lawless stuff is kept, to be distributed to the law-breakers. The only object was to cut the jugular vein from which flows the stuff that has no property rights in Kansas. As is plainly shown there was no intention to destroy other property but that which should have no standing in the courts of Kansas. The real violator of law was allowed to prosecute and to throw the oppressed, law-abiding citizen wishing to abate a nuisance in prison while the real law-breakers were left to continue the lawless business. What is known as the black wagon with nothing to indicate its business every night from nine o'clock to two in the morning can be seen in the alleys, delivering the lawless stuff, and the mayor and police appear to be ignorant of what is going on. Is law mockery? The governor says he can't do anything to stop lawlessness in Kansas; the mayor of Topeka says he can do nothing to stop lawlessness; the police say they can do nothing. If this be true, the law of Kansas is a farce and a mockery. Topeka collects a monthly fine, gets all the money from that source and when a crime is committed the officers make a county or state case of it and the tax-payers of the county and state (except city tax-payers) get nothing in return for taxes paid in defending criminals and murderers and the keeping of asylums that have been filled directly by the permitting the lawless business. If the officers of the state, county, and city can not enforce the laws better send them to the state of Wichita (formerly of Kansas) where there seems to be no regard for law and where the Eagle and Beacon newspapers openly and treasonably advocate lawlessness for revenue, and where a decent man or woman can not go along the street without smiles and grins of the lawless prostitute and jointist, and where vile cards are distributed to school children by the disreputable class. A good place to keep away from by reputable people as the press of Wichita teaches and openly advocates lawlessness for revenue, and the business men hold mass meetings asking county and city authorities to station police at the doors of joints for fear that law-abiding citizens will interfere with their business and damage the vile pictures kept in the vile dens.

JASPER HUFFMAN.

#### How They Do Things in Jonesboro, Alabama.

Gus Sullens, John Brady, William Joiner and S. W. Williams, of Jonesboro and William W. Blackwood of Osceola were all sentenced by Judge Rogers at Helena to terms in the penitentiary and to pay fines for retailing whisky without license. They all pleaded guilty, the evidence against them being conclusive. Jonesboro and Osceola are both prohibition towns, and these men are what are known as bootleggers. Young Blackwood is a mere boy and a son of a former clerk of Mississippi County, now dead. A determined effort is being made to break up the illicit sale of whisky.

#### The Corrupt Element.

To begin a temperance reform we must unite our forces and march in a body to headquarters. We must go to the framers of the laws, pertaining to the future welfare of our country, and its constituents. We must go to congress, the senate, and the legislators, both national and state, and must reform them; we must pull the load of corruption that has bereft them of reason, and blinded them from seeing the distress and destitute condition of their constituents, from off their shoulders; we will have to lift the veil that they can see their way clearer, and that they

may cast the golden shackles of the beer and whisky trusts aside, and pass bills, to elevate the needy and the distressed, and not pass beer and whisky bank bills, of large denominations, to hold up these beer and whisky trusts which rule the nation and make paupers of the constituents of the United States, and which insult the flag that the old battle-scarred and maimed veteran fought for and saved from the enemy whose intentions were evil, by placing it over their dens of vice and making it the insignia of deceit, prostitution, robbery, crime, and debauchery. How would you like to change that good old song, comrades, brothers and sisters, to read "Rally round our dens, boys, rally once again, shouting the battle cry of treason."

#### The Church Must Wake Up.

The Standard, of Chicago, says:

"If intemperance is to be checked the church people will have to wake up, and interest themselves at once."

We give this sentiment a hearty second. The temperance question, as a moral issue, legislatively, and by right, belongs to the church, and its disposition rests with the church vote. Before this can be accomplished, the church people must be united upon a platform on which all can stand, which platform is offered by the A. S. L.

Our glorious flag as seen from over these dens signifies those sentiments. It is an insult to see it over these dens. Show me a man or woman who is loyal to its principles who would not blush for shame as they pass under it. Could you, or would you, stop underneath that flag and sing "Rally round the flag, boys, rally once again, shouting the battle-cry of freedom?"

No, you would sing a lie, and your words would be an insult to the flag. Its meaning is, "Come and destroy your reason, come and abide with me. Our fathers in the beer and whisky trust will redeem you. They will poison your system if you will but sup of the malt and spirituous liquors manufactured for the sole purpose of ruining you. You can go to any of our representatives, scattered all over the world, you can go to the penitentiaries which we have filled to their utmost capacities; you can go to the poorhouses; you can go to the lunatic asylums; you can go to the workhouses; you can go hungry and naked; you can go and console that wife and children, that old gray-headed mother and father we set out in the street, and whom we have left destitute and opened the doors at the poorhouse for. If you are not satisfied with this you can take our knockout drops; they will put you to rest and make you forget us. Take them. Good-by; if we don't meet you in this world, we will spend what we robbed you of and use it in corrupting congress, the senate, and legislators, and when our work is done on this sphere we will pass our hand and meet you in hell, where we have established our headquarters." This is a true principle of the beer and whisky trusts. They have made destitute 65 per cent of the population of America; they have mortgaged the homes and farms.

Arouse, ye temperance reformers! Kindle anew in America the fires of liberty. OLD SPORT.

#### Information Wanted.

EDITOR SMASHER'S MAIL:—Should the county be held liable or be responsible for damage or be compelled to prosecute in any case where not in any way interested either financially or otherwise, where a city receives all the benefits in every respect and purely a city institution?

To illustrate more fully: In a case at Wichita in the county of Sedgwick, the county prosecuted Mrs. Nation and others for unlawful destruction of property. It was clear to the minds of all that these women entered a place called a joint and smashed the plate glass and furniture, etc. Now then arises the question, Should the county prosecute? The place was allowed to exist by the mayor and city council, who collected fines and used the said fines. The county received nothing from the business in any manner. Why should this great cost of trial and disagreement and the cost of a new trial fall on the farmers of Sedgwick County who receive no benefit of fines collected? Is it not purely a city affair and should not the city alone be held responsible for all damages that may result from permitting places to be run unlawfully, when the city alone has collected the fines and used said fines only for its own benefit? Is it not a case for the city attorney, and not for the county attorney? The tax-paying farmers would like information.

J. H.



# Some Poetry

DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE.

## DAWN OF A NEW ERA.

The People of the United States Want  
Men who are willing to do what is right  
Women to make the home pleasant and bright;

Men who are courteous, gentle, though strong,  
Women, though weak, yet like flint against wrong;  
Men who are honest in all that they do,  
Women who scorn to be false and untrue;

Women and men, of whatever degree,  
Kind and unselfish wherever they be.

Preachers imbued with the Spirit of God,  
Teachers with knowledge far reaching and broad,  
Judges unbiased by power or pelf,  
Lawyers who care more for justice than self;

Statesmen who will not yield conscience to wrong,  
Rulers rightminded, unmoved by the throng;  
Speakers who keep the truth ever in sight,  
Seeking to lead men from darkness to light;

Leaders of men, of whatever degree,  
Honest and worthy wherever they be.

Masters regardful of others who serve,  
Servants who never from duty will swerve;

Sellers unwilling false gain to receive,  
Buyers who will not attempt to deceive;  
Thinkers who think noble thoughts for mankind,

Toilers determined contentment to find;  
Gentlemen all, of whatever degree,  
Gentlemen always, wherever they be.

Fathers whose presence is help and delight,  
Mothers to teach the dear children aright;

Children who honor their parents and strive  
Ever to keep the sweet home love alive;

Brethren, considerate, gallant, not rude,  
Sisters compassionate, gentle and good;  
Relatives, friends of whatever degree,  
Loyal and loving wherever they be.

Should thus the wants of the earth be supplied,  
Goodness and charity dwell side by side,  
Then would the world grow in beauty and peace,  
Envy would vanish and trouble would cease,  
Deserts would blossom like gardens in bloom,  
Sunbeams of gladness disperse every gloom;  
Life in the world, of whatever degree,  
Evermore joyful, wherever it be.

### The Fence or the Ambulance.

'Twas a dangerous cliff, as they freely confessed,  
Though to walk near its crest was so pleasant;  
But over its terrible edge there had slipped  
A duke, and full many a peasant;  
So the people said something would have to be done,  
But their projects did not at all tally,  
Some said, "Put a fence round the edge of the cliff;"  
Some, "An ambulance down in the valley."

But the cry for the ambulance carried the day,  
For it spread through the neighboring city;  
A fence may be useful or not, it is true,  
But each heart became brimful of pity  
For those who slipped over that dangerous cliff;  
And the dwellers in highway and valley  
Gave pounds or gave pence—not to put up a fence,  
But an ambulance down in the valley.

"For the cliff is all right if you're careful," they said,  
"And if folks even slip and are dropping,  
It isn't the slipping that hurts them so much  
As the shock down below—when they're stopping!"  
So, day after day, as these mishaps occurred,

Quick forth would these rescuers sail,  
To pick up the victims who fell off the cliff,  
With their ambulance down in the valley.

Then an old sage remarked, "It's a marvel to me  
That people give far more attention  
To repairing results than to stopping the cause,  
When they'd much better aim at prevention.  
Let us stop at its source all this mischief," cried he,  
"Come, neighbors and friends, let us rally!  
If the cliff we will fence we might almost dispense  
With the ambulance down in the valley."

"Oh, he's a fanatic!" the others rejoined;  
"Dispense with the ambulance! Never!"  
He'd dispense with all charities, too, if he could,  
But no! We'll support them forever!  
Aren't we picking folks up just as fast as they fall?  
And shall this man dictate to us? Shall he?  
Why should people of sense stop to put up a fence  
While their ambulance works in the valley?"

But a sensible few, who are practical, too,  
Will not bear with such nonsense longer;  
They believe that prevention is better than cure,  
And their party will soon be the stronger.  
Encourage them, then, with your purse, voice and pen,  
And (while other philanthropists dally),  
They will scorn all pretence, and put up a fence  
On the cliff that hangs over the valley.

Better guide well the young than reclaim them when old,  
For the voice of true wisdom is calling:  
"To rescue the fallen is good, but 'tis best  
To prevent other people from falling."  
Better close up the source of temptation and crime,  
Than deliver from dungeon or galley;  
Better put a strong fence round the top of the cliff,  
Than an ambulance down in the valley!  
—Joseph Maline, in Prohibitionist Normal, Ill.

### An Old Woman's Complaint.

"Ef here ain't a terbacker spit, right on my nice new mat,  
Where I tuk sech pains tew pickin' a han'some yaller cat.  
Now Mr. Bruce the's no use talkin', you an' I will hev to part,  
Ef I had knowed you chawed the weed, you should never had my heart;  
You're a spittin' round this place from mornin' until night;  
I guess the furniture will soon be in a purty plight.  
Sich fools as men are, I wonder what's the use  
Fer them ter chaw terbacker and spit out all the juice.  
They spit in every corner and they spit in every room,  
They spit beneath the table, and they spit behind the broom;  
They spit on bristles carpet; they spit on painted floor,  
'Tis spit, spit, spit! in the house and out o' door.  
Ef they really think this life was made for nothin' but ter chaw,  
They can't expect the wimmin' folks ter dew anything but jaw.  
But I say you've got to stop it, Mr. Hezekiah Bruce;  
Ef you will chaw terbacker, you will swaller all the juice.  
Of course Hezekiah if you had the itch, Or lousy sheep or hogs, or any sich,  
There might be some excuse for you tew use the weed,

Fer they do say fer sich things 'tis powerful indeed.  
But the way it is I don't see any airthly use  
Fer you to be always chawin' terbacker and spittin' out the juice.  
The other day I went to ride, clar in Bosting town,  
An' so I wore my best—a bran new purple gown,  
But when I took my little pue, within them plaging keers,  
I like't drop by carpet bag, and burst all into tears.  
Don't you think that every seat, where I undertuk to sit,  
Was nothin' but a yaller ocean of terbacker spit.

I must confess I wished the men would go straight to the deuce,  
Always chawin' their terbacker and spittin' out the juice.  
Then jest to have the critters talk about wimmin drinkin' tea,  
Makin' mountains out of ant-hills and a whale out of a flea.  
They jaw, too, about schoolgirls, 'cause they take tew chewin' gum,  
And with mouthfuls of terbacker they say "Thy Kingdom come."  
I don't see why they think the Lord will take a flag of truce  
From a man that chaws terbacker and spits out all the juice.  
Howsomever, I suppose that you can't instruct a fool,  
But there's just one man on airth who is subject to the rule,  
And if you spit terbacker juice, I tell you, Hezekiah,  
You won't never need to die to get in tew a fire.  
I must and will assert my rights, as a female, not a goose,  
And if you will chaw terbacker, you shall swaller all the juice.

### Brave Mrs. Nation.

Mrs. Carrie Nation is a little woman of some grit,  
She made the law-breaking rum-sellers of Kansas quit,  
She smashed up the bars and broke up their tools,  
And pronounced the state officers cowardly fools.  
She is a good Christian woman, she did what she could,  
And like Jesus of Nazareth went about doing good,  
She has waked up the governor and the state officers, too,  
They may enforce the law now and see what that will do.

Kansas is a prohibition state, as we all very well know,  
The Supreme Court has decided it to be so,  
And little Carrie Nation, knowing all this to be true,  
She justifies her course, which she means to pursue.

Mrs. Carrie Nation thinks prohibition should prohibit;  
Therefore she has performed her remarkable exhibit,  
Her vim and perseverance beats all of creation,  
She's a plucky woman. God bless and protect Carrie Nation.  
Naples, N. Y. J. B. JOHNSON.

### The Forceful Way.

Few good words are told of Carrie Nation—  
Mostly gibes, throughout the whole creation,  
But she would rid our fair land of saloon,  
Smash, annihilate it, and none too soon.  
"Amen! and aye, aye!" says many a heart.  
Shame on writers who ridicule her part.  
Soft words will ne'er correct such an evil,  
For satan himself would have us feeble.  
Give him only threats and temperance drinks,  
And he can more than hold his own, he thinks.  
The saloon is his best emissary  
To defeat most any missionary.  
May forceful axe, like that of Carrie Nation,  
Rid this land of saloon abomination.  
J. B.  
Boston, Mass., March 11, 1901.

### "Reconsideration."

Down with government by horrorism,  
Down with the lynching dogs,  
Down with the hellish wretches,  
Down with the murderous thugs.  
Up with the law and order,  
Up with Christianity's light,  
Up with the Nation's honor,  
Up with the ways of right.  
Away with the cutthroats and assassins  
Away with the vermin-clad fiends,  
Away with the red-shirt scoundrels,  
Away with anarchy's means.

Back with virtue's purity,  
Back with human progress' days,  
Back with the sunshine and happiness  
Back with the civilized ways.

Out with the spurious demons,  
Out with the culprits' force;  
Out with the skunk-fumed rascals,  
Out with the vandals' course.  
In with the pure and right-hearted,  
In with truth's high wall,  
In with the country's glory,  
In with dignity—that's all.

EDWIN C. SMITH.

Fort Wayne, Ind.

### When Carrie Comes to Town.

O, it caused great consternation,  
And a mighty agitation,  
And a hurried barrication,  
When 'twas said that Carrie Nation  
Was coming to our town.

### Chorus—

If she comes this way, my friend,  
Joins are sure to come to end,  
For that's the Kansas trend,  
Of sentiment to-day.

Why should men fear Carrie Nation?  
She's the very incarnation  
Of the forces of salvation—  
Rather give her an ovation,  
When she comes to our town.

When she lifts her holy hatchet,  
Some vile joint is sure to catch it,  
And no sheriff dares to snatch it,  
For he has no nerve to match it,  
When she comes to our town.

If Kansas still has heroes,  
If she's oak, and not a tea rose,  
Let her oust her fiddling Neroses,  
Lest they sink her fame to zeroes,  
When brave Carrie comes to town.

'Mid the world's wild rush and rattle,  
She has paused to watch our battle,  
And to see if boys are chattel,  
To be sold like swine and cattle—  
In every Kansas town.  
Arkansas City. C. C. WOOD.

### What the Toys Said.

The Hobby Horse said,  
As he shook his head:  
"It's a long, long way to go  
O'er the white snow's foam  
To the Little Boy's home,  
But I hear the tin horns blow,  
And must race away till I'm out o' breath  
To the Little Boy who will ride me to death!"

And the Toy Drum said:  
"I've a hardened head,  
And away on my sticks I'll go  
From this icy dome  
To the Little Boy's home,  
I can beat my way through the snow!  
Away! away! till I'm out of breath,  
To the Little Boy who will beat me to death!"

And the Toy Doll said,  
As her bold-crowned head  
Shone over the wintry snow:  
"To the Little Girls  
With the golden curls  
In a fairy coach I'll go;  
Far, far away, till I'm out o' breath,  
To the Little Girl who will kiss me to death!"

But the Elephant said:  
"If that way I'm led,  
And they treat you all so bad,  
I tell you how  
That there'll be a row,  
And they'll wish they never had!  
For I'll pack them all in my trunk, you see,  
And lock it, and throw away the key!"  
—Atlanta Constitution.

### A Dastardly Deed.

This morning about half past twelve  
the windows of the United Brethren  
church were smashed in a cowardly  
manner by unknown persons. Not a  
window was left whole.

The gentleman who lives opposite  
states that he heard the first crash and  
got up and looked out. There were  
three persons in the gang and they ran  
rapidly around the church, smashing  
windows as they ran, then went rapidly  
away toward the east.

The people of Winfield are justly in-  
dignant at the cowardly deed. Many  
who were undecided before, now say  
the lawless element must be taught that  
they can not run the town. Churches  
stand for civilization, progress, good-  
ness. Joins stand for barbarism, retro-  
gression, evil. It is easy to decide  
which is best for any city.

A reward of \$500 has been offered for  
information leading to the arrest of the  
guilty parties.—Winfield Courier.



# THE NATION'S WATER BOTTLE.

Most Perfect Container in the World.

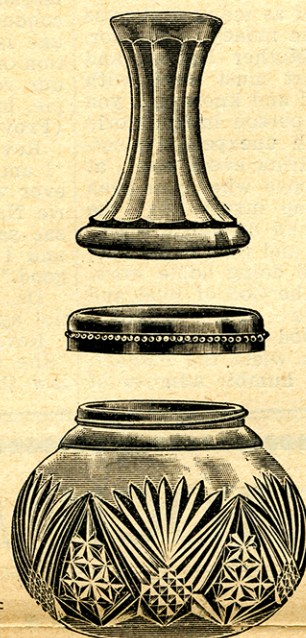
CARRIE NATION,  
HOME DEFENDER.

O, let me drink  
As Adam drank.



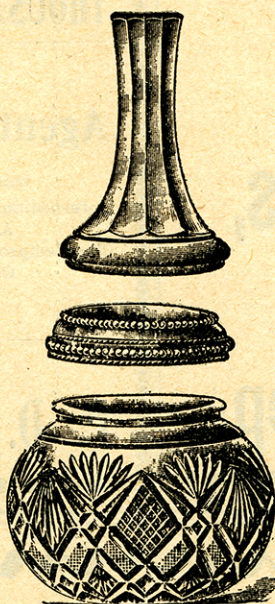
SHUT

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 HELL.

(Continued from page 3.)

gist alike, with perhaps a few exceptions, will not sell whiskey to boys—a great many through a sense of honor and many through a fear of the consequences. Now when the druggists have complete control of the sale of whiskey and beer there are a great many men who have been used to the steady and constant use of beverages (and they are good and prosperous citizens, but are not sufficiently Christianized to yet disregard the sanctity of an oath, and their unpurified souls recoil in horror from committing perjury), who send to other states and have their whiskey and beer shipped to them by express. Our wide-awake boy is an apt scholar and a good imitator of his respected elder's example, and as a result several of them chip in together and send for a jug, a case, or a keg, and oh, supreme delight and joy of the boyish heart, he has been enabled by observation to catch on and imitate the example set by his elders. And that elder was forced to set that example as a result of the glorious work you are doing and the dearly loved boys of your motherly heart are enabled to taste the delights of as many first-class drinks as he has the money to pay for. Just think of it, Mother Nation, and your motherly heart must swell with pride when you feel and know that you have been the one person in the world to bring about such unexpected pleasure and bliss as a drink every week, at least, to the poor boys who have been denied this grown-up luxury by the heartless jointists and druggists. Yes, Mother Nation, you and your little band of protectors are all doing noble work. Keep up and may the God of Baal and Ephraim strengthen your fanatical souls and may the God of Thor strengthen your muscles to wield the hatchet. I am very truly an humble admirer of

muscular and fanatical reform (at a distance).  
JOHN TEASER.  
Caney, Kans.

## A Lot of Hypocritical Preachers of Cincinnati Discuss Carrie Nation.

Cincinnati clergymen entertain varied ideas regarding the good resultant from the work of Mrs. Carrie Nation, the Kansas saloon-smasher. While many approve in general, others disapprove entirely, and still others strongly qualify their approval, as will be seen from the appended statements made by clergymen of churches of many denominations throughout the city.

Archbishop William Elder: "Mrs. Nation's violent acts in demolishing property are not to be justified. 'Two wrongs do not make a right.' Individuals must not assume to themselves to punish malefactors. Such a principle of action would be destructive of law and order and the public perpetration of such acts committed with impunity begets a spirit of lawlessness which easily extends to satisfying of private revenge of public odiums. But if her conduct is to be condemned, vastly more criminal is the conduct of civil authorities who guiltily suffer the open violation of laws enacted for the protection of order and morality. Their conduct is doing vastly more to encourage lawlessness and work the corruption of the people and the dissolution of our republic. 'Justice exalteth a people, but sin maketh nations miserable.' (Proverbs xiv., 34)."

Rev. Charles F. Goss, Presbyterian: "I am opposed to all violence, but if it ever was justified it was so when Carrie Nation smashed the unlawful Kansas saloons. She has a sweet nature and I hope will yet accomplish much good."

Dr. Wm. H. Taylor, Quaker: "I do not approve of her work."

Rev. Trumbull Lee, Presbyterian: "She did good work in Kansas. The law there says if the officials neglect

to break up a saloon a citizen may do so. I would discourage saloon smashings here under the present Ohio laws." Rabbi D. Phillipson, Hebrew: "I disapprove of violence."

Rev. George A. Thayer, Unitarian: "She is an ill-balanced woman, but has done some good in attracting attention to a common fault of Americans—law-breaking."

Rev. Warren G. Partridge, Baptist: "Carrie Nation has done some good, but I would recommend other methods. When Kansas officials neglect executing the laws she might try impeachment proceedings against them."

Rev. W. A. Robinson, Methodist: "Carrie Nation is to the saloon what John Brown was to slavery. She has the approval of tens of thousands of good people."

Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow, Congregationalist: "Saloons are largely caused by poverty. Mrs. Nation would do better work if she attempted to destroy the cause—poverty—instead of the effect—the saloon."

Rev. C. W. Blodgett, Methodist: "She has done some good as an agitator, but I do not endorse her methods. She is an outgrowth of the lawless spirit in Kansas."

## More Joint-Smashing.

Kansas City, Mo., March 12.—Mrs. P.

Smith, Mrs. James McNutt, and the latter's 16-year old daughter, Nora, marched single-file into Frank Eaton's saloon at the corner of Fourth street and Kansas avenue, Armourdale, last night and with the aid of a hatchet and several large stones succeeded in smashing a \$250 mirror and hacking up the bar fixtures before being ejected from the place. They were all three taken to No. 3 police station, where their bonds were fixed at \$100 each.

## Better Go to Wichita or Even Topeka Than Stay in Arkansas.

Says an item sent from Helena: The failure of the legislature to reconsider the drastic anti-gambling bill has thrown consternation in the ranks of the "knights of the green cloth" in this city, who are said to have relied upon promises that the bill would be killed. They still believe that some way will be found to render it ineffective, though they believe that Governor Davis will sign it. They acknowledge that they will have a rocky road to travel unless the courts come to their aid.

## OSTEOPATHY.

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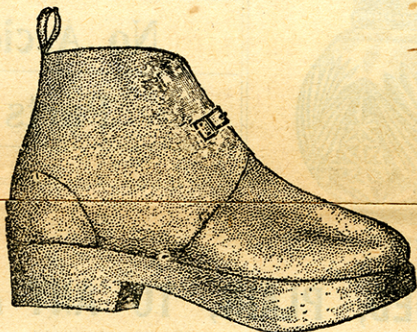
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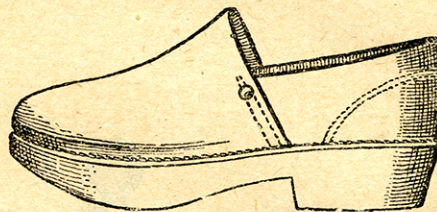
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