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

Carrie Amelia Nation

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The Smasher's Mail

VOL. I. NO. 1.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1901.

PRICE 10 CENTS.



MRS. CARRIE NATION.

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

at
that kind of
be sent +
minded
(Continued)

Letters From Hell

And Elsewhere Among the Wicked.

Columbus, O.,
February 22, 1901.

Mrs. Nation:
Please come to our city and your
Lights will be put out. A CITIZEN

WISCONSIN HELL.

You Old Slouch:
Come here as quick as possible, we
are only waiting for you. Bring your
hatchet along. MILWAUKEE.

ANOTHER FROM HELL.

Columbus, O.,
February 25, 1901

Carrie:
I hope you will come to Colum-
bus and make a turn with my brother
Roland.

You are a lobster and that is no fa-
ble. I hope to see you soon dear and
if you come I shall show you a good
time. DEAF GEN.

HELL FROM THE SOUTH.

Yazoo City, Miss.,
February 7, 1901.

Dear Madam:

If you should happen to run across
a bottle of good booze in your raids
would appreciate it very much. I am
a sympathizer in the destruction of
good booze. It is impossible to get
anything but Blind Tiger booze here.
Your Most Hearty Sympathizer,
JOHNIE McDONALD.

LETTER FROM HELL.

Philadelphia, Pa.,
February 5, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:
We would like to see you come to
Philadelphia and do some of your work
as you are doing in Kansas. I see how
long you would live I think you are
crazy or something else. I hope you
will accept of this invitation.
Your Friend,
A SALOONKEEPER.

LETTERS FROM HELL.

LeRoy, Minn.,
March 4, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.:
Madam. I am in re'ct of a letter. Sup-
pose to be written by you to me where-
in you say, you are coming to visit me
and this city; if you have a letter of
such kind preported to be written by
me it is false, and same one has forged
my name. You are not wanted here
by me. Yours Resp. Carey Bros.
per A. B. Carey.

WILL SHOOT.

New York City,
February 2, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Kansas,
Dear Madam:
If you will come over to New York
City and lay your hatchets on one of
the saloons over here as stated in the
New York daily papers, I'll lay for you
and put a bullet in your head before
you get a chance to do anything.
Yours Truly,
A SALOONKEEPER.

AN INVITATION.

Le Roy, Minn.,
February 28, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.,
My Dear Mrs. Nation:
You have a relative here and as I
am tired of running this joint, I invite
you up here to LeRoy, Minn to smash
up my joint. Your expenses will be
cheerfully paid by me.
Your Loving Admirer,
A. B. CAREY.

P. S.—If you cannot come, let me
know.

HELL.

Mrs. Nation, care of Hudlums and Mis-
chief Lemp Union,
Dear Madam:

As there is a rumor circulated that
you have intentions upon calling over
to New York and no doubt you know
that men in New York wear pants and
not skirts like in Kansas City and I
assure you if you wish to live your
life that you have coming to
New York to stay where
you are should be. I assure you, my id

you get drunk every time and go out
and raise disturbance in New York
there is pails for the like of you.
Yours Resp.

Mc GURK & TAYLOR GARDEN.

HELL FROM TEXAS.

Dallas, Texas,
February 28, 1901.

To That Blockhead Carrie Nation, who
is in jail at Topeka, Kan.:

If you are so game, why don't you
come to my saloon in Dallas, you know
better, I will break a 45 Colt's over
your head and let my dogs gnash your
skull bones. I will give you \$5,000 a
month to advertise our fine Dallas beer.
Again, before I close, I dare you to
come to Dallas.

A SALOONKEEPER.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM HELL.

Duluth, Minn.,
February 20, 1901

To Old Nation—Carrie Nation:

I see you have finally got your posi-
tion in jail among the rest of thieves
and criminals. You old dirty thing the
jail is too good for an old Bladder like
you. I was going to send you an invita-
tion to come to our city as we are
fully in shape to take care of lunatics
no matter what kind of hatchet they
may carry. Now I, damn nation, I'll give
you an idea what you would get from
Brackfort: It would consist of a rope
around your neck, and a swift walk
would procede to the bay where your
old soul would be filled with sand
and you old bat would find yourself
in the bottom of the lake—full of
sand—Please accept this invitation and
come as I am much impatient to see
you. I am Yours Truly,
YOUNG NATION.

ANOTHER HELLISH LETTER.

Indianapolis, Ind.,
February 20, 1901.

Poor Old Granny Nation:

You are in a fine pickle, ain't you?
chtahw.dafoteranugrsuidpb,e hrdlutt
This is what happens to a wilful wo-
man who hen-pecks her husband. I
would like to be David Nation for
about four years. I'd land you in the
lunatic asylum or chase you home to
attend your own business. I pity a
man with a wife like you. There ap-
pears to be only one good thing you
have done since you commenced your
dirty work, and that is to take a bath.
You ought to take sour wine to get that
conceit wecked out of your fool body.

I am not a whisky drinker; never
patronize saloons, and wish there were
none; but I am not so mean and nar-
row minded that I refuse to others
the privilege of enjoying themselves
as they like. God made whisky. What
did he make make it for? He makes
everything that goes into whisky and
gives man the intellect to compound it.
You might as well attack the sun with
your hatchet and the rivers and the
corn fields and wheat fields. There is
no sense or reason in such as you, and
the sooner you are given a lesson in
common sense the better.
(Seal.)

Yours Truly,
J. L. Ward,
321 Illinois st.

POOR SYMPATHY.

Randall, Kan.,
February 21, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.,
Dear Carrie:

It is with deep regret and the most
profound sorrow that I hear the sad
news of your confinement as I know
that a steady job of looking through
the ten of diamonds especially when
a persons time is so valuable as yours
is and inhaling and absorbing the pois-
on fumes of those cigarettes is a long
ways from being as joyous as a bridal
trip, besides I suppose your feelings
are outraged while of course it is quite
a disgrace to be confined in there the
way you are, yet I feel quite sure that
you will come out right end up in due
time, it seems that the people up this
way are awfully hard hearted and are
not manifesting a due amount of sym-
pathy for you and when I read where
you refused to give bonds and express-

ed your determination to remain in the
quay I said first that I thought you
had gone wrong, that being shut up
there would tend to weaken your side
of the fight and I was quite sure that
the way you have got the jointists buf-
faloed that some of them would sign
your bond through fear if not through
friendly motives but after all when I
come to take a more of a cool and dis-
passionate view of the matter I see
that there are some great advantages
in being confined in jail there for
ever away up here at Randall every
day one most knows that you are in
jail at Topeka and now everybody who
wishes to communicate with you can
do so. I have been wanting to write
you for a long time, but I thought
in all probability you would not get
my letter, but now I can address you
with all assurance that you will receive
my letter which I think will comfort
you. I think when you read this that
all your fears shall dissipate like the
morning vapors, your arms will be
nerved to greater endeavors and fore-
bodings will give way to feeling of con-
fidence, peace and joy. Just think of
it some of the fools up here call you
an anarchist while others say you are
crazy and others call you a hypocrit,
but I tell you, I tell them that you are
alright physically and mentally and
that you are only enthusiastic and possi-
bly a little radical and this is abso-
lutely necessary in order that you may
accomplish your objects. It seems to
me that I cannot convey to you the
real thoughts that are in my mind con-
cerning you through the medium of my
pencil, although I hope you will make
a due allowance for my inability to ex-
press myself fluently and intelligently,
now Carrie if there is anything I can
do for you that will add to your com-
fort I am at your service, I can't fight
by I can provoke like the old Henry,
this is a notorious affairs and one that
will remember and I feel quite sure
your victories will always loom upon
your memory like the bruised knuckles
the right hand of a retired prize fighter
and it is not a very clean record, it is
quite a nasty one anyway, it is famous.

Now Carrie in case this don't just
actly fit your crook, possibly you can
crook a little to fit it. I get so dis-
gusted at the people around here some-
times that I have a notion to leave
here, it has even been predicted around
here that you would land in the peni-
tentiary, just as though you cared, if I
am not mistaken in the kind of a wo-
man you are. I tell them that you
can go to the penitentiary with a smile
on your face, you are not like the ordi-
nary delicate little spindling women
who is too cowardly to fight even when
she is imposed on but as I understand
it you are a great strapping big, big
dash skinned duple-fisted savage-look-
ing woman who wears about a No. 9
shoe and that you are just as fearless
as old Quantrell or any of his followers
and just as good and law abiding as
he ever was, whatever you do, Carrie
don't allow yourself to get the blues
while you are in jail.

I shall expect you to acknowledge
the receipt of this by return mail and
I would be much delighted to corre-
spond with you if you so desire so if
not you will kindly accept an apology
from me or this unsought communi-
cation.

Hoping that you may again soon be
at liberty, and after asking you to give
my love to all your friends and to re-
serve a good share for yourself, I am,
Your Friend,
W. H. COLLINS.

San Luis Obispo, Cal.,
January 5, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Wichita, Kan.,
Madam:

I once lived in Kansas, but made my
escape. The never-ending fight on sa-
loons made me tired and I went West
in search of rest. I personally knew
"Tiger Bill" and Holy St. John and the
latest Jesus—"Sheldon" and some les-
ser lights, you among the number.
Most of them have gone out, but you
are blazing in glory although just now
a little in the soup, but dear sister
don't be discouraged. You have
strength in your tongue and venom in
your nails, telephone to St. John and
wire to Sheldon to pray for you and
then especially in Kansas, as Kansas
is not in for such as you, but don't let
that keep you from fighting as it is
fun for the public and I know you like
it, and you make a few dollars lectur-
ing to us heathens out West. Dear

Mrs. St. John was here but people didn't
turn out very well and the poor dear
woman left unnoticed. Carrie stay
with them. I certainly think you will,
in you is the right stuff. Medicine
Lodge will be a quiet country village
if you stay away, but of course you
will return and raise—H— and if you
don't do it there it will be somewhere
else. I met you several times and it
was my opinion you would yet distin-
guish yourself. You have done it
gained notoriety. Dear sweet
come West, as soon as you have
deemed Kansas and save us
alcohol. Have St. John pray for
it will avail much. But fighting
more in your line. Are the saloons in
Wichita and Medicine Lodge now clos-
ed? If not when will they suspend
business? Is South Fourth street now
a nice residence street? If not, please
regulate it. It won't take long, turn
yourself loose, and may the sisters and
the old Hen be with you.

Earnestly Yours,
JOHN FERGUSON.

LETTERS FROM HELL.

Milwaukee, Wis.,
February 19, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation—Topeka, Kan.
Having read in one of our daily pa-
pers that it is your intention to visit
our city, I take the liberty of writing
you a few line.

I believe if you come to our city you
could do a lot of good, (if you knew
where to begin) not with your little
hatchet, but in another way.

Before I go any farther I wish to
say that I do not believe in joint smash-
ing, as two wrongs do not make one
right. Then I believe joint smashing
is as useless a task as to build a house
on sand, or to begin with building
with the roof. First, lay a good founda-
tion, so that your structure will stand
the wear of wind storms and time.

If I tell you that I am only 25 years
of age, you might say I have no right
to even try to advise an older, more
experienced person; experience comes
with years I know, but a good chance
to observe and see things ought to be
something. I have been

in the heart of vice since the age of 13,
have been a bartender for over 5 years
and had lots of chances to observe.

I wish to say in my behalf that I
held this position not voluntarily, but
through force of circumstances, which
would be a waste of time to state. I
drink a glass of beer and smoke a ci-
gar once in a while and am by no
means what you would call an angel.
Now what I call beginning at the founda-
tion of a structure, you are so
easily trying to build, I will try to
briefly.

Stop all dances where intoxicating
liquors are sold, try to have a law pass-
ed to close all places where intoxicants are
sold after 11:00 p. m. If you ever come
to Milwaukee, let some one take you to
one of those so-called Saturday night
dances, you will see things that will
knock hollow all your ideas of vice,
you will find yourself in a training-
school of H—1.

I believe you would stop joint smash-
ing, you would see where vice grows,
know where to find its root.

I have tended bar at such places and
have seen, what nine out of ten people
would think impossible, I was at such
a place very recently, my only wish
was that Mrs. Carrie Nation could see
the sights I saw.

It was a masquerade ball, there
were people there of various ages
ranging from 13 to 50 years, drink
was sold to all, no questions asked like,
are you of age, not in the least, money,
is the only question.

One incident I took particular notice
of was this: A mother with her
daughter, both dressed in very shame-
less manner, short skirts, low cut dress
etc. The mother I should judge to be
about 40, the daughter about 18. The
mother paid no attention to her
child, she had no time, she gave all her
time to drinking and crouching with
boys, young boys, 18 and 19 years old
and younger.

The daughter's time was spent in
drinking and dancing with drunken
men, some old enough to be her father
yes, even her grandfather.

Now these are common occurrences in
our city. I know nothing about other
cities. Such dances begin at 8 p. m.
on Saturday eve and last until 5 and 6
a. m. Sunday, are mostly arranged by
boys 18 to 25 years of age.

(Continued on Page 10.)

LETTERS FROM HONEST PEOPLE

And Sympathizers.

WOULD DEFEND ME.
Rochester, N. Y.,
February 23, 1901.

Dear Mrs. Nation:

Your card, 29th inst. received, I am sorry you are in jail as the result of the court's preverted ideas of right and wrong. I destroy the tools of a burglar or a counter-feiter the courts say "right;" I destroy the tools of a car-penter, the court says "wrong."

I think I could put your defense into the right shape,
Sincerely Yours,
LEONARD HENTEL.

MINNESOTA'S GREETINGS.
Minneapolis, Minn.,
February 14, 1901.

Mrs. Nation, Dear Sister:

Representing the conference of unions composed of the twenty-one unions of the city of Minneapolis, I desire to express to you our deep interest in your work of annihilating the unlawful saloons in Kansas, with our earnest prayers that God will guide you in the work.

Respectfully,
KATE A. WELSH,
Secretary Conference of Unions.
2735 Nicollet Ave.

EDITOR OF TOWN TOPIC TALKS.
Winnipeg, Canada,
Saturday, March 2.

Dear Madam:

It will be no surprise to you that your campaign against the saloons in your state is being followed over on this side of the line with great interest. I am editing a little society sheet called Town Topics. Along with this I send you a copy of this week's issue, in which we demand enforcement of our license law. Please to note that, though personally I am in favor of out and out Prohibition, all we are pleading for in print is the carrying out of the law.

Would it be encroaching too much on your time to write over your signature for publication in our paper, a letter expressing sympathy with us in our demand for the enforcement of the law? Don't speak harshly of the liquor men, but emphasize the necessity of law enforcement. It would be appreciated if you would add a brief description of your objects and of the present state of your campaign. I should be gratified to get an answer as nearly as may be by return mail. Head the letter "To the Editor of Town Topics, Winnipeg, Canada," but address envelope simply "W. T. Osborne, 137 Carlton, street, Winnipeg, Canada.

Counting on your courtesy, I am
very truly yours,
W. T. OSBORNE.

FOR KANSAS LAW AND ORDER.
Topeka, Kan.,
March 4, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:

The Epworth Herald declares: "Nineteenth century problems cannot be solved in the prayer meeting. We must go outside. We must grapple with the world, the flesh and the devil. We must push aggressive campaigns—must force the fighting. We must not only ask God to help, but help ourselves. The abominations about us must be literally choked to death by the grip of determined men and women who love the Lord and hate the devil."

The Kansas jointists respect nothing but a hatchet, a gun or a club; God has raised you up to lead the armies of Prohibition as Deborah led Israel and as Joan of Arc led the French.

The very highest judicial authority, the supreme court of the nation, has made a very radical ruling as follows: "No legislature can bargain away the public health or the public morals. The people themselves can not do it, much less their servants. Government is organized with a view to their preservation and cannot divest itself of the power to provide for them."—U. S. 816.

Would it not be far more manly, creditable and patriotic for the Kansas press to voice that decision, and in tones of thunder than to lend aid and sympathy to this more than sum of all villainies? We commend this ruling to the great legal lights who imagine that crime and vice of any kind

can be legalized or licensed or protected at all.
M. N. BUTLER.

MORE FROM ATCHISON.

Atchison, Kan.,
February 5, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.

Dear Mrs. Nation:

Come to Atchison and see what can be done. There is much to be done here, and it should be done at once. There are to be several call meetings here and we hope for much good. Come.
WOMEN OF ATCHISON.

ANOTHER HATCHET.

Coffeyville, Kan.,
February 8, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.

Dear Madam:

I send you by express today one hatchet, which I hope you will have occasion to use in your glorious work. I see you have lost some of your weapons. Hence this is why I wish to replenish your stock. Keep right on. Please acknowledge. From one of your admirers,
C. L. WILSON.

Winfield, Kan.

Dear Mrs. Nation:

We heartily endorse the work you are engaged in. May God bless and prosper you. The temperance people were aroused here by your noble efforts. With God's help we hope you will succeed in our only wish. May the everlasting good for nothing Judge Hazen be put out of office.

Yours respectfully,

A Party of School Boys Who Wish You Success.

P. S. All of the people of this town heartily are in favor with you except those poor devils who run those saloons.

Meadville, Pa.,
February 23, 1901.

To Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.

Dear Friend:

The W. C. T. U. of this city at their regular meeting passed resolutions of sympathy and bid you Godspeed in your unique method of dealing with the "devil in Kansas." Keep right on as long as God gives you strength. Thousands of women all over this land would do the same thing cheerfully, only that the government protects it instead of its own men and women. "Be of good courage. I will be with you to the end," and you shall not be over come, are some of His promises to you.

Faithfully yours,
MRS. C. LANG.

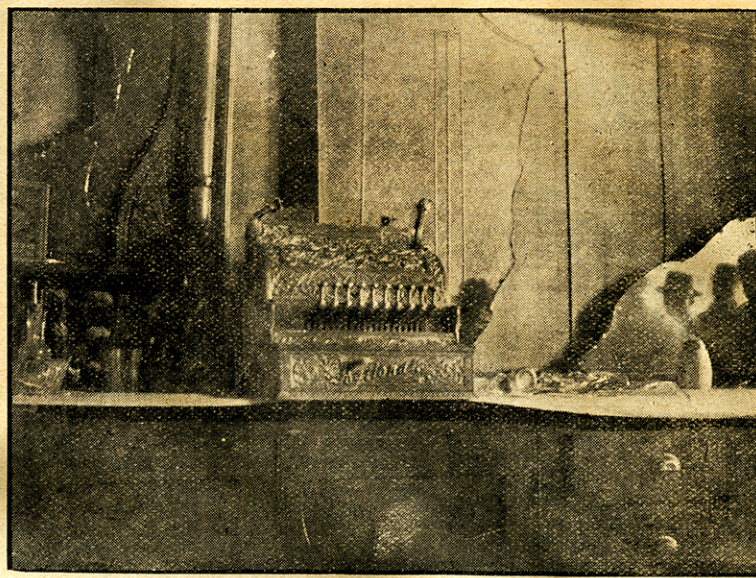
Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.,
Dear Madam:

On behalf of the temperance people of Berkley, among whom I am a shining light, I invite you and your little hatchet to visit our town. We believe that a visit from you would cause the ungodly saloon keepers to close their doors and say "Damnation" or some other awful word. We have in our town an unconverted sinner who is in the express business. This benighted scoundrel the other day pasted a notice on the side of his wagon, which read:

"Pity we can't take a drink on any happy occasion without being scared to death by Mrs. Carrie Nation. I hope she won't get on the cars and come to Berkeley Station; for I'll be damned if I'll pack the trunks of Mrs. Carrie Nation."

Should you decide to visit Berkeley, it would be advisable for you to send me a check for \$75 or \$100 that I may secure rooms and a hall for you to lecture in. As our people have heard so much about iron trusts, sugar trusts and other trusts, they have adopted the motto "No Trust." I might add that I have secured the services of a good-looking expressman to haul your baggage. He is a first rate man and will give credit to anyone, but his boy Sherman, who helps his father, is a son of a gun and wants cash. I remain yours in good liquor. cash.

JOHN E. BOYD.



Slot Machine destroyed by Mrs. Nation and the Home Defenders at the "Senate Joint" on her recent raid.

LAWRENCE NEEDS.

February 10, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.

Dear Madam:

Or I should say my dear friend, I wish to inform you that your presence is wanted in this city. Don't you think you ought to give this town a good visit. You were greatly misinformed about the joints here, the town is full of them; they are to find. A lady is not safe on the streets at night unless she has a good deal of spunk. The temperance people here are very strange, they seem to be afraid of something. I tell you what me want, it is Mother Nation with her hatchet to chop out the way for them. The officers are a little to blame. They like the mean, rotten stuff themselves too well to bother much, still they are excused because they are not to go where whisky is sold. This town is too mean to hire the number of officers it ought to have. The town is full of joints and the jointists do very much as they please. They think they have fooled you. I wish you would show Lawrence—you will find plenty to help you. Will you come? I will consider it a great honor to meet you. I glory in your spunk. Men have made the laws and you have shown them how to carry them out. Now I don't want the whisky ring to know my sentiments just yet, as I might be of some use to the temperance cause by keeping still on the subject, so I hope you will pardon me for not signing my name to this letter as it might get lost, but if you will favor Lawrence with a brief visit you will know me. Lawrence is a bad, wicked place with more (lie) than can be found at a soap factory.

With kindest regards and all due respects for you,

I am, yours for business,
MRS. M. L. T., A FRIEND.
A. B. A.

Kiowa, Kan.,
February 5, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.

Dear Madam:

While not exactly in sympathy with your methods in your fight against the liquor traffic, yet I deem it my duty to inform you of the fact that I have lately received positive knowledge of an organized band whose ever member has pledged himself to do all in his power to arrest your career, even if it becomes necessary to take your life. Therefore I warn you to be on your guard. Be aware of a tall, plous looking elder man, who will pretend to be a preacher and a great temperance worker from some city in the east, also a man dressed like a seedy preacher with scar above left eye, pretending to have charge near Kiowa. These are a few of the dangerous characters who are billed to meet you while you are at Topeka or soon afterwards. Hoping this will serve as a warning to you that you might be prepared, I remain,

Resp. Yours,
H. MILTON COLVIN,

Care of John Fisher, now at Kiowa, Kan.

OSAGE CITY NEEDS HELP.

Osage City, Kan.,
February 18, 1901.

My Dear Mrs. Nation:

Can't you stop at Osage City Tues-

day on your way to Medicine Lodge? We need you. I will be at the depot. We had a citizen mass meeting last night. The Opera House was packed, but it was a sort of take the law and goody goody talk in which all the preachers and all the speakers denounced the hatchet plan. The officers will not do their duty. Mayor Howard made a speech and laid the blame of non-enforcement of the law on the citizens, after the program was exhausted any one could speak who wished and my husband defended you and your methods and was cheered.

There was a committee appointed to draft a set of resolutions to be submitted to a meeting on Tuesday evening at the M. E. church unless the people of Osage City back their resolution by a treat of the hatchet we will never get the places closed.

There are 180 government licenses here, and it's the toughest town of its size in Kansas. There is a large foreign element here, Italians, French and other desperate people to deal with and we need you. Very resp.

MRS. FERRIS.

P. S.—It's the same old gag that we have had for years, only such speakers booked as were in sympathy with the preachers who work for salary. The rank and file were in favor of the hatchet. They were going to have only business at the close of the program, but Mr. Ferris and one other man threw the hatchet in the crowd.

Butler, Mo.,
February 22, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.

Dear Madam:

I took the liberty to trespass a couple of times on you with letters since your arrest at Wichita.

I notice in the papers today that you designed publishing the letters and telegrams sent you. When I wrote you I had no idea of writing for anyone to read but yourself, but I am perfectly willing that you publish my letters should you wish to do so, if you would only let me revise them before they are printed.

I suppose that the letters you design printing, however, are from people of prominence and influence, and not from so small an individual as I, and from one too, who is outside the state of Kansas.

I congratulate you on the grand agitation you have caused throughout the nation. Prohibition has not grown because its arguments could not reach the people, the public prefers being almost entirely in the hands of the saloon power. Your work has placed the crimes of the saloon in the face of 70,000,000 of people. I notice you are to stay in Topeka until after the election. It is at the ballot box that the saloon must die. As all the wrecking of the saloons can amount of 0 if the voters continue to fill the officers with the criminals whom the saloons support. When women and church members vote the same ticket and for the same parties the saloon men do, and then to want to smash saloons because they are allowed to run by the officials, that kind of Christians and that kind of women should be sent to the home of the feeble minded. The women of

(Continued on page 11.)

Appeals for Help

From Everywhere.

FORT SCOTT NEEDS HELP.
Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.,
Dear Madam:

We need you at Fort Scott; the worst place for joints in Kansas. Please come, and help us.

Yours truly,
A FRIEND.

APPEAL.

Atchison, Kan.,
February 17, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.,
Dear Mrs. Nation:
You are wanted in Atchison very much. There are dozens of saloons here and they must be gotten rid of one way or another.—You will do a great favor to the citizens of Atchison if you come. Arrange a crusade here. **MOTHERS & SISTERS OF ATCHISON.**

APPEAL.

Mrs. Nation:

As I was just reading the St. Joseph paper about your work at Topeka yesterday, I could not help wishing that St. Joseph was a dry place. I know of a man that never drinks unless when he goes to St. Joseph. He always goes on a spree when he goes to that town. Hope you and your hatchet will do the work in St. Joseph.

A FRIEND.

COME AND HELP US.

St. Marys, Kan.,
February 8, 1901.

Dear Mrs. Nation:

Will you be so kind as to come to this town and give a speech to the saloonkeepers. Especially where there is a great school of 400 young men as students. The worst saloon is Will Hardden's; smash it down. There are six saloons here; they pay \$300 license to the town. They are protected by the county attorney. — this is not open hell, I would not know where to find one like this place. Please do not forget this.

A CITIZEN.

FROM CHICAGO.

Chicago, Ill.,
February 15, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:

Dear sister in Christ and a true worker for the Master I believe. I want to hear from you at once. When are you coming to Chicago again? I only got a look at your face just as you were going out of Willard Hall, just as you were going out. I want you to come and see me when you come again. My office is at 167 East Washington street, top floor; just two blocks from Willard Hall. I know plenty that you don't and will tell it to you when you come. People are all good with the tongues, but don't do anything with the hands. I send you stamps for a reply as soon as convenient, and dear sister, please answer.

Emporia, Kan.,
February 16, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.,
Dear Madam:

We, the good Christian people of Emporia, are praying to God that He may send you here to our city with hatchet purifiers assisted and guided by the hand of God and all that is good. Our city is full of Hell Dives. Drug store saloons are the very worst of the devil's own construction.

Our city council has in it one of the very highest grade, in which the proprietor is acting mayor. One who takes care of our poor. Our city mayor is one of the devil's best, and the slickest hypocrite in the business. And the devil's ring will be sure to bring him out again this spring. Our city Dad Saloonist is the offspring of one of our most respectful druggists. In his many years of employment he had a chance to pull his present start, that he and the devil are flourishing under. His position in the council gives him a great advantage over his competitors. But the devil tells them to go on with his good work and he will protect all of them. Now come; come we implore you to give us your assistance in carrying out God's commands.

May God protect you in your good work, and send you here.

A CITIZEN.

P. S.—We are full of business and plenty of first-class backing.

Galena, Kan.,
February 18, 1901.

Mrs. Nation:

Dear friend I will take the liberty to say friend, because I think you are a friend to all honest bodies. We need your help in our little place. It is the worst town in Kansas. The saloons run open all day Sundays; wide open, and boys and men are drunk and fighting like dogs and cats. I think if you will come here you can stop some of it. I have read the paper all about what you have done and I think you have acted nobly. The women here don't take much interest in clearing the joints, but if they had someone to stir them up a little I think there are some that would help. Now please come and bring your hatchet and make them clear out and you will have help. I wish you were here some Sunday and see the sight. Please don't state it in the paper if you, but just take them by surprise. Please be kind enough to answer this. Your Friend till Death. **MRS. EMMA QUINN.**

KENTUCKY WOMEN APPEAL.

Slater, Ky.,
February 2, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.,
Dear Madam:

I have been reading a great deal about you destroying saloons. This state is a Prohibition state.

I live in Ballard county, Ky., the county seat is Wickliffe, a town of about 300 inhabitants, and they run it over we county people where they took the vote on it, they claim they want the whisky to put streets in their town, and it is not sold nowhere else in the country.

The town has one dry goods store; one grocery and five saloons. If you could come to Wickliffe and organize a W. C. T. U. society, perhaps we could get shut of the saloons and it would be a great help to the country.

Hope you will give this a thought and if you can't visit us, maybe you can advise us what steps to take. Hoping to hear from you soon.

Yours Sincerely,

MRS. FANNIE BOSTON,
Slater, Ky.

Ballard Co.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S APPEAL.

Old Soldiers' Home,
Leavenworth, Kan.,
February 14, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:

As I have read of your grand success in Topeka, and elsewhere I wish to congratulate. For God's sake come to the Soldiers' Home and save the old Veterans. Bring your hatchet along and clear out the Canteen in the Home. Congress recently passed a law for all Canteens to be closed on United States reservations, the officials of the Home claim the law does not apply to the Old Soldiers' Home. Last year the officials of the Home were very anxious to have the saloons closed in the Klondike near the Home, for the protection of the Veterans; as it did not bring the revenue into the Home, we are to be paid in one week. Come at once and close the joint in the Home. Over 70 half-barrels of beer are sold in one day at the Home after Pension day. Respectfully,
OLD SOLDIER.

CHICAGO SCORED.

Chicago, Ill.,
February 2, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.,
Dear Madam:

I see by the Chicago American that you are contemplating a visit to this city, for the purpose of assisting the mayor in a reform movement.

By all means come to Chicago and lecture.

But if you intend wrecking saloons you had far better remain where you are. When it comes to the protection



Here is the way the Home Defenders and Mrs. Nation began their liquor war in Topeka. Scenes of the first attack at the Unique restaurant and joint on East Sixth street.

of saloon property you will find the police wide awake.

Such action can result only in arrest followed by a heavy fine, perhaps worse, and the saloon will not stop doing business.

I indorse your action in Topeka.

Still I fail to see how the combined efforts of all the women in America, could wipe out the saloons in this way. If I were to adopt your tactics I would begin on the brewery.

In my opinion there are existing in Chicago, evils worse than the saloons.

In several houses of ill-fame trained animals are kept, which are used to give exhibitions of the lenden nature. This is not all, there are habits indulged in, in these places which I cannot mention.

I have just completed a MS. which, when printed, will cover 681 pages. This is the result of three years' hard work on the levee. This work will be illustrated with 269 half-tone engravings of scenes taken in houses of ill-fame, pool-rooms, opium-dens, wine-rooms, and hotels of questionable character.

Many policemen and prominent men and women were caught in these pictures. The municipal government of this town is rotten to the core, and I warn you not to lay yourself liable.

Resp. Yours,

GERALD JOSEPH DONALD.

SOME SMASHING NECESSARY.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.,
Dear Madam:

The laws of New Mexico permit gambling, and this with the acquiescence of the congress of the United States, for as New Mexico, being a territory, its laws are subject to the ratification or disapproval by congress—Section 1,305 of the compiled laws of New Mexico, of 1897, (still in full force and effect), provides: "That there shall be assessed and collected in the manner prescribed by law, as in case of other licenses, a tax of two hundred dollars, for the period of twelve months, to be paid in advance on each gambling table or apparatus of any kind whatever, such as monte, faro, pass faro, pass monte, vandeau, roulette, twenty-one, red and black, rouge et noir, poker, stud horse poker, craps, keno or any game of chance played with cards, raffle or dice, or any subterfuge for the same by whatever name known, which license shall be issued in manner prescribed by law, in the case of other licenses, but only upon a written request of the party desiring such license, signed by the applicant."

The legislature, paid for by the United States, is now in session and has been since January 21st, 1901, and will be until the last day in March, 1901. Saloons and gambling dens are open in Sante Fe, N. M., (the Capital—where the legislature is so in session), night and day, including Sundays, and in the name of God, we, mothers and wives, residing in Sante Fe, New Mexico, ask you to telegraph the governor of New Mexico, through the Associated Press, to insist, by special message, on the abatement of the evils mentioned—and we would sug-

gest the telegram be worded somewhat as follows:

The the Governor of New Mexico,
Sante Fe, N. M.

The Legislative Assembly of New Mexico is now in session, gambling under the laws of New Mexico, is licensed and this with the acquiescence of the United States, and the saloons together with the gambling dens of your territory are open now night and day, including Sundays—and special message to the assembly urging immediate act to prohibit, under heavy penalty, gambling in any form whatever if you hope for statehood for New Mexico—I am coming! Let the devils beware!

"COME OVER IN MACEDONIA AND HELP US."

Following is the text of the resolution introduced today by Phillips of Lampasas inviting Mrs. Nation to receive the members of the Texas legislature:

Whereas, Numerous petitions have been received from many communities throughout this state asking this legislature to enact a law prohibiting the shipment of intoxicating liquors into local option precincts; also to pass a law to suppress "bling tigers," also to pass a law providing for the awful breaking up or suppression of liquor joints run in violation of the law; and Whereas, Bills have been introduced intended to meet the demands of said petitioners; and

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

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

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

Mrs. Chiles

Is always

Pleased to see her friends

at the

Chiles Hotel,

116 East Seventh St.,

Cuisine is perfect, and guests

Receive every attention.

WHEN IN TOWN PLEASE CALL.

Some Poetry

Devoted to the Cause.

LINES TO CARRIE NATION.

(By Frank Butler.)

There are places, Mrs. Carrie, where
you really ought to know
Axes, like injunctions, are not sup-
posed to go;
If you wish to close a safe or stultify
a still
You must do it like a lady, or your
labor will be nil.
You mustn't use a mallet to smash a
private booth,
And a meat-ax is a carnal thing for
spiritual truth.
The unregen'rate ruffin is permitted to
feel sore
At a sweet and gentle lady who comes
breaking in his door.
Then, it prompts the hordes of evil to
demand some information
As to why you are not busy cooking
meals for Mr. Nation;
Then, again, they're prone to question
what it has to do with you,
So long as your dear hubby doesn't reel
upstairs at two.
We sympathize quite fully with every-
thing you feel
About living out in Kansas—it's
enough to make you squeal.
I'm inclined to fancy, Carrie, that you
grudge each printed piece
Of Kansas notoriety to Mary Ellen
Lease.
Though Mary Ellen's noisy, yet her
words are not a tax
On her hearer's sense of grammar. And
she doesn't raise an ax!
So fare thee well, dear Carrie, with
but this closing line—
You may be wrong, you may be right,
but I'm glad that you're not MINE

MRS. NATION.

When Mrs. Carrie Nation
Desires some recreation
Or lively occupation,
With due deliberation,
And grim determination
And makes a demonstration
Against intoxication.

She scorns expostulation,
Ignores all explanation,
Puts ax in operation
At every liquor station
That comes in observation,
And there's no hesitation
Until the devastation
Has reached its termination.

There's sudden agitation,
There's widespread consternation;
There's fiery indignation
O'er "booze" in percolation;
But Mrs. Carrie Nation
Displays no trepidation;
In fact her conversation
Is full of exultation.

With sorrow and vexation,
And sad-eyed contemplation
Or work of ruination,
The men whose occupation
Had angered Mrs. Nation
Makes heated declaration
And get remuneration.

No sign of perturbation
Is shown by Mrs. Nation,
For to her habitation
She goes in jubilation,
And vows that ruination
Will have continuation
Has stopped intoxication.
—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

THE JOINTS MUST GO.

(By Samuel B. Letson.)

What are these swelling startling
strains
Re-echoed from the Kansas plains?
Ah, these are heart-throbs, against a
wrong,
A wrong as bold and fiercely fell
As fumes from out the lowest hell.
The haughty groan. The hatchet's
gleam.
The fixtures. The wet goods steam.
The "murder-shops" fly off the stage.
Rum-lossoms glow in horrid rage.
Wipe out the serpent's loathsome trail.
Proceed today. Right must prevail.
Wipe out the serpent's venom sting.
Destroy the Hydra-headed thing.
Wipe out the traps of devilish den.
Dry out the whirlpool. Save the men!
Smash every joint to fragments,

Lev'l.
Christ would "destroy works of the
devil"
What, you suppose. So do the imps,
Bar-tenders, prostitutes, and pimps,
Distillers, brewers, highwaymen,
Thugs, dopers, gamblers, LIKE of
them.
Defend the joints, the soulless curse!
Could man or devil e'r do worse?
When oath-bound men will not enforce
The righteous statutes, then of course
Fair woma rises, waves her hand
And drives the lawless from the land.
They're going, going night and day!
'Twas CARRIE NATION blazed the
way!

Montesano, Washington, Feb. 11, 1901.

A NEW DEBORAH.

(J. E. Wolfe.)

Hark! The jugs and bottle crash,
With cyclonic whirl and smash,
Just across the border,
Judgment thunder's in the air,
And lightning—lots to spare,—
Just across the border.

A new Deborah hath arisen,
To "preach to those in prison,"—
Just across the border,—
Aye, to free men from the thugs,
Who manipulate the jugs,
Just across the border.

With her hatchet in her hand,
Soon will she rid the land,—
Just across the border,—
Of the dreadful curse of drink;
Oh, she's setting folks to drink!
Just across the border.

You can hear the tne awful whacks,
Of the woman with the axe,
Just across the border.
Moral suasion is played out;
That old idea's put to rout,
Just across the border.

What's her name? It matter not,—
One who's making cold thing hot,
Just across the border.
She is putting legs to prayers,—
She is settling up affairs,
Just across the border.

Long a multitude have prayed;
But to act they were afraid,—
Just across the border.
Now a Judgment day has come,
To the vendors of red rum,
Just across the border.

Sister Nation, do come down,
To our whisky-sodden town,
This side the Kansas border.
You will find a lot to do,
And we'll see you safely through,
On this side the border.
—Vinita, I. T., Feb. 4, 1901.

SOME POETRY DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE.

We've heard of the grasshopper's pere-
grination,
Of the cyclone's devastation,
Of the politician's spoliation,
Of the populist's agitation
And the James boys' terrorization
'Mongst the Kansas population.

But, though these caused no end of
vexation,
And considerable flusteration,
They're not worth contemplation
Beside the startling revelation
Of temperance demonstration
In the present generation
Of the Kansas population.

Now, this is the situation—
The famous Mrs. Carrie Nation,
Since her much talked of incarceration
Seems bent on the extermination
And utter expurgation
(Without the slightest compensation)
Of the saloon occupation
From the Kansas population.

No sternest intonation
Of wrathful protestation.
Nor official proclamation,
Not the hottest altercation
Nor severest castigation
Truns Mrs. Carrie Nation
From her career of subjugation.

There seems, indeed, a fascination
To Mrs. Carrie Nation

In her course of mutilation
Toward removing this profanation
From Kansas population.

So there's the utmost consternation
And there's the utmost consternation
And there's despairing speculation
In the saloonists' imagination
As to what intermediation
Can prevent Mrs. Carrie Nation
From the triumphant consummation
Of her expensive reformation
Mongst the Kansas population.
—Baltimore Herald.

GO FEEL WHAT I HAVE FELT.

Go, feel what I have felt,
Go, bear what I have borne;
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,
And the cold, proud world's scorn,
Thus struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept,
O'er a loved father's fall,
See every cherished promise swept,
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
Hope's faded flowers strewed all the
way
That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt;
Implore, reseed and pray,
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be cast with bitter curse aside—
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears de-
fied.

Go, stand where I have stood,
And see the strong men bow;
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in
blood,
And cold and livid brow;
Go, catch his wandering glance, and
see
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard—
The sobs of sad despair,
As memory's feeling font hath stirred,
And its revealings there
Have told him what he might have
been,

Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go to my mother's side,
And her crushed spirit cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the tear;
Mark her dimmed eye, her furrowed
brow,
The gray that streaks her dark hair
now,
The tollworn frame, the trembling
limb,
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith, in early youth,
Promised eternal love and truth,
But who, foresworn, hath yielded up,
This promise to the deadly cup,
And let her down from love and light,
From all that made her pathway
bright,
And chained her there 'mid want and
strife,
That lowly thing—a drunkard's wife!
And stamped on childhood's brow, so
mild,
That withering blight—a drunkard's
child!

Go, hear and see and feel and know,
All, that my soul hath felt and
known;
Then look within the wine-cup's glow;
See if its brightness can atone;
Think, if its flavor you would try.
If all proclaimed—'tis drink and die.
Tell me I hate the bowl—
Hate is a feeble word;
I loathe, abhor, my very soul
By strong disgust is stirred
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell
Of the dark beverage of hell!

MRS. NATION AT THE BAR.

Dame Nation of red Kansas
By all her ribbons swore
That her bewhiskered neighbors
Should quench their thirst no more!
She smashed a glass and chewed it,
And spat the pieces out
And tore out bunches of her hair
And flung them forth upon the air
And fiercely danced about.

East and west and north and south
She ran with all her might,
And never did a maddened cow
Present so fierce a sight!
Shame on the Kansas woman
Who sits at home and croons
A lullaby when she might be
Demolishing saloons!
The bourbon and the lager

Are pouring out amain
From "Frank's Buffet" and "George's
Place,"

To irrigate the plain;
And many a costly mirror
Is cracked in forty ways,
And all her actions are designed
To frighten and amaze.

Decrepit folk on crutches
And laughing maids and men
Behold her smash the windows,
And cry: "Go in again!"
She grasps the shameful painting
That hangs above the bar
And tears it into little bits
And scatters them afar.

And, cscreaming in her anger,
She spies a demijohn,
And, as the fearful tiger
Springs on the helpless fawn,
She takes it in her clutches,
And bites it full of holes!
The man who tends the bar and he,
That owns the institution she
The sheriff hurries forward
And bids her cease a space;
She pulled his ears and tweaks his
nose
And roughly slaps his face!
She rips the bar to pieces
And knocks out all the bungs
And, round about, five hundred men
Stand with protruding tongues.

She grasps the tall cop's whiskers
Within her goodly clutch
And pulls them from his system
And whoops to beat the Dutch!
Her hands are full of splinters,
She feels them not, nor cares,
But keeps right on proceeding
To regulate affairs.

And, when her work is ended
The men who stand around
Sighing, see her eat the hoops
which the casks were bound
Speed off in all directions
And thank their lucky stars
That they may still get thirsty
And drink at others bars.

Ah, may her muscle ever
Bulge till her fight is won,
For oh, I wot she'll need a lot
Before the job is done!
Hurrah for Mrs. Nation—
Ten thousand times hurrah
For her who in her good right hand
Can swing the fearsome brickbat and
Herself become the law!
—S. E. Kiser.

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

Now girls don't keep company with
a man who does not value your socie
enough to keep a clean mouth, fra
from liquor, tobacco and profanity
You have been too loose about a duty.
Raise the standard. Have them to be
what they require you to be. They
have shown the best taste so far.

Moore's

603 Kansas Ave.,

Exclusive Dealers
for the

Smith's
Premier
Typewriter

ARE SOLD ON EASY PAY-
MENTS.

MOORE'S
BOOK & STATIONARY CO.

603 Kansas Avenue.

Notes and Comments

From Journals.

South Carolina has knocked the profit out of the liquor business by establishing state saloons and selling pure liquors at cost. This plan has resulted in reducing the consumption of liquor just 50 per cent and at the same time eliminating all the other evils which have as their foundation head the saloons.

Education, with its magic touch, steps in and on the testimony of the brewer plays havoc with the profits of the saloons and will finally wipe out the other 50 per cent of the business. This is the Socialist remedy. Has the Blade or anybody else a more practical or sure one?

(Taken from the appeal of ransom, published at Girard, Kan. Sent by Mrs. F. A. Barbets, 317 South Oak street,) Wichita, Kan.

SULLIVAN ON MRS. NATION.

Special Dispatch to The Enquirer.

New York, Feb. 24.—The depredations of Mrs. Carrie Nation, the Kansas saloon smasher, have been carefully followed by her eminent fellow citizen, John L. Sullivan. When John isn't entertaining visitors at his Forty-second street cafe he's reading the newspapers, for the former champion of the world isn't drinking these days. Mrs. Nation, because of her pugnacity, has particularly interested Sullivan, though he does not approve of her methods.

"The woman ain't right in her nut," was John's reply to a suggestion as to what he might think of her. "She comes from some jay town where they ain't up to date. There's all the booze in the world in Topeka and there always will be."

"Say, if this old lady is on the level, why doesn't she go down to Atchison or Leavenworth, two hot Kansas towns where the saloons are wide open and there's lots of tough fellers hangin' around? She's wise, see."

"Why, they'd throw her in the river if she got gay down there. I'd like to see her come in my place and start to smash things."

PROTEST OF THE CLERGYMEN.

To The Star: In order to place before the public the very bill against which over fifty clergymen of this city protested on Monday, will you kindly, for justice to them, print the following sections, which they deemed so objectionable? That we were justified in making this protest is shown by your article in last evening's issue, wherein you sketch a very different bill as being in the governor's mind. As we were not mind readers we had, preforce, to deal with the bill actually before the legislature, of which the following is a verbatim copy:

House bill No. 547, section 1—In all counties of the state which now have, or may hereafter have, a population of 175,000 inhabitants or more, there is hereby created the office of excise commissioner who shall have exclusive authority to grant dramshop licenses within the bounds of the county; and the commissioner shall be appointed and hold office during the pleasure of the governor.

Not a word is said in this or any other section of any "co-ordinate authority" of the county court, which is not even mentioned. Even "well meaning clergymen," as you call us, can usually read and understand the English language, and it is difficult to see how "exclusive" and "co-ordinate authority" can co-exist.

Section 8 of the bill before the house reads:

The person to whom a dramshop license shall be issued shall pay to the excise commissioner a fee of \$3 for each state license and a fee of \$3 for each city, town, village or township license for granting or issuing the same, and said commissioner shall charge, collect and receive the further sum of \$3 for taking acknowledgments to each petition filed, etc.

It is very difficult to reconcile this language with your statement that the commissioner "shall receive a salary from the state."

The bill provides for these fees of every six months, or \$18 per year, collected by the commissioner

from every saloon that he licenses. As there are said to be 500 saloons in this city, even "well meaning clergymen" can cipher sufficiently to calculate a salary of \$9,400 per annum from Kansas City alone, and to see that it is to the interest of the excise commissioner to grant as many, and not as few licenses as possible.

The fifty clergymen and others thought that it would be more difficult to fix or unduly influence six men (four of them elected by the people) than one man appointed by the governor.

I am sure you will allow the people to know just what we protested against. Thanking you in advance for the courtesy.—William Potts George.—K. C. Star.

MANAGER JACOBS OF HARMANUS BLEECKER HALL, OFFERS HER \$500 A WEEK TO PLAY A PART IN "TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR ROOM."

Mrs. Carrie Nation, of saloon-smashing fame, can earn a salary of \$500 a week very easily if she will come to Albany. If she is too busy to negotiate for the \$500 herself, any person who will attend to the matter for her can also earn \$100 a week to make the arrangements. A contract for forty weeks will be signed with the famous Kansas liquor hater, so that by the close of 1901, she will be \$20,000 to the good.

All that Mrs. Nation will have to do for this money is to sign with Manager H. R. Jacobs, of Harmanus Bleeker Hall, to play a role in "Ten Nights in a Bar Room." Mr. Jacobs will put this old play on at Harmanus Bleeker Hall for a preliminary run of two or three weeks, and then will send Mrs. Nation and her support through the entire state. Mr. Jacobs has little doubt as to the result. To a Sunday Press reporter last night Manager Jacobs said:

"There is a fortune waiting for any theatrical manager who will put Mrs. Nation on the stage to play 'Ten Nights in a Bar Room.' There never was such an appropriate play nor such an appropriate personage to play the star role in a play. Why, I'd willingly guarantee her \$500 a week. I'll give any man \$100 a week who can close the contract with her. You can hardly imagine how she would draw. She would simply compel audiences to come that have never been into theaters in their lives. I'd put on a realistic saloon scene and let Mrs. Nation break about \$25 worth of 'prop' glass ware at every performance. She could use her hatchet on a good mahogany bar if she would only do so, and I would not have a single regret. My offer is good and nothing would suit me better than to have Mrs. Nation accept or somebody arrange her acceptance."

"Outside of the speculative end of the scheme, I really think that Mrs. Nation, playing in such a play and smashing the bar at every performance, could reach many thousand—yes, millions of people, with an object lesson that would be more forcible and enduring than reading of her doings in a newspaper. I think perhaps Mrs. Nation has not looked on the matter in this light or she might think seriously of accepting my offer. She would be a great money maker and at the same time one of the most powerful temperance preachers of any age."

Mrs. Nation has already had offers from dime museums, circuses, and one from a noted brewer, who was willing to pay her a high salary every week to smash only bars where his beer was kept. None of these, however, contain anything but a bid to act as an advertisement for pay. Manager Jacobs' offer is the first in which Mrs. Nation may practically continue her temperance work by appearing in a temperance drama.

GEN. VON NIEMAN EX-POUNDS SOME LAW.

March 3, 1901.
"There would be a hot time in the old town if Mrs. Nation or some of her followers were to break loose in Cincinnati or any other Ohio city," remarked General von Nieman at the social meeting of the "Older the Buck club."

"Why would it be a hot time? Be-

Star Grocery

E. MONTGOMERY, PROP.,
(SUCCESSOR TO J. S. SPROAT)

Telephone 252.

112 East Sixth Street.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

MAIL ORDERS SHIPPED PROMPTLY.

HOT SHOTS

Read every line—it will be money saving for you come and leave your orders with us, or 'phone 252.

19 lbs. Best Granulated Sugar

With other groceries amounting to \$2.50.

\$1.00

12 bars good laundry soap 25c	Golden can pears - - - - -40c
2 lbs. Fresh crackers - - - 15c	2 cans peas - - - - - 15c
4 cans sugar corn - - - - - 24c	2 cans red kidney beans - -15c
12 boxes parlor matches - - 5c	2 cans string beans - - - -15c
fresh country eggs, per doz 15c	2 cans speckled trout - - - 25c
high pat. flour, per 50 lb \$1.00	2 cans brook trout - - - - 25c
Straight grade, " " - - - -95c	1 can salmon - - - - - 10c
12 lbs. Rolled oats - - - - -25c	3 lbs. bulk mince meat - - -25c
2 lbs. Santor coffee - - - - -25c	Gunpowder tea per, lb - - 35c
good rice, per lb - - - - -5c	5 bkg. pancake flour - - - 25c
	4 lbs. Faucy ev, ring apples 25c

Anything in Our Queensware Department at Cost.

cause traffic in intoxicating liquors in Ohio is in violation of the constitution of the state. Section 9 of Article 15 provides that 'No license to traffic in intoxicating liquors shall hereafter be granted in this state, but the General Assembly may, by law, provide against the evils resulting therefrom.' This section of the constitution was voted separately and adopted by a large majority. But public sentiment has not reached a point where it upholds such a law. While there is absolutely no statute under which the dealers in liquors could appeal to the courts for protection, they are protected by the popular will, which nullifies the law. It is also a fact that there is no legal method by which the raiders could be punished for raiding. A debt for liquor cannot be collected nor can the rent of premises used for the unlawful traffic be collected in any court. The anti-saloon people understand the law, but with only a few exceptions nobody has resorted to force to stop the traffic. The legislature could absolutely prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors—the constitution says "it may" but does not say "it shall." This is the issue which the anti-saloon people are always agitating, but they have never been able to elect a General Assembly which would enact prohibitory laws. The constitution declares that the traffic produces evils, and, in a general sense, anything which is productive of evil would be held in law to be unlawful.

COULDN'T MAKE THE ISSUE.

"When the constitution was adopted it was regarded as a victory for the Prohibitionists, but since the vote on that section they have never been able to make it an issue. Party issues dictated by managers, have always obscured the liquor question, and the anti-liquor people have had to flock by themselves. They insist that the situation has changed in recent years. They allege that political bosses who have been successful have become more and more independent of the saloons, and that today the Prohibitionists are almost the balance of power. It is this condition which causes some people to fear an outbreak of the Mrs. Nation warfare. If the party in power calls out the police force and prevents saloon smashing the Nationites might go in a body to the other side. Such an outbreak would certainly result in a change in the political complexion of the state; it would make the question the important issue in the campaign. I am told that the Anti-Saloon League is determined to force this issue into the campaign this year.

"IF" AS A QUESTION.

"If the saloon smashers start raiding it is hard to tell what would be the consequence. The mayor might order the police to arrest them, but he would have no law under which he could punish them. If the governor sent the militia to take a hand either way it would play havoc with his party. Senator Foraker and Mr. Kurtz might demand that this be done, or that it be not done, but they could not say to the voters that they never heard of it. We laugh over the fun which the raiders are having in Kansas, but we overlook the fact that we are subject to the same conditions in Ohio. And if it does come ambitious politicians will not be able to carry water on both shoulders."

Then the general called for his check for refreshments, bowed to the gentleman behind the counter, and went out.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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ENDORSEMENTS AND INVITATIONS.

TO RUN A DAILY.

Salem, Ill.,
February 27, 1901.
Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.,
We would be pleased to tender you the columns of the Daily Herald-Advocate for one day. In the event of your acceptance we will notify you what date you may have it. Resp.,
BRETS & FURRY.

WANTS MY PAPER.

Greenville, Ill.,
February 22, 1901.
Mrs. Nation, Topeka Kan.,
We see in today's paper The "Globe" that you are intending to edit a paper in Topeka. Please send us a copy of the first edition and price and we will do what we can in the way of getting subscribers. You are on the right track. Keep on with the good work as it's high time something was done and if it takes the "hatchet" all right as Washington's weapon ought to be good enough for us now. Resp.,
W. W. HUSSING & WIFE.

AN INVITATION FROM MASSACHUSETTS.

Merrimac, Mass.,
February 22, 1901.
Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.,
Dear Madam:
Could we secure you to give our men an address on Temperance some Sunday in the near future? I understand that you expect to be in Boston in the coming spring.
Kindly reply and state your price.
CHAS. E. PRICE.
General Secretary.

Madisonville, Ky.,
March 4, 1901.

My Dear Mrs. Nation:
The W. C. T. U. of this city have this led an offer to publish an Easter inhabitants. We have a union of about sixty members, the largest in the state outside of Lexington and Louisville.
The Easter edition of the paper will contain eight pages and more if we have more matter and we want to issue 1,500 copies. We will be glad to have you furnish an article of from one to two columns as you prefer and wish to know on what terms you can do it. An account of the steps leading to your active crusade would be very acceptable.

Earnestly hoping it may be possible for you to oblige us, I am yours in fullest sympathy,
MISS H. C. BROOKS,
Corresponding Sec.

NEBRASKA ENDORSE.

Nebraska City, Neb.,
February 27, 1901.
Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.,
Dear Madam:

You are a stranger to me, but not to my God. O believe in righteous indignation when kindness ceases to be a virtue. I endorse you in your method of treating the liquor business and I want to tell you so. But I would like to see it carried further and a rebellion against this government for fastening this iniquitous business and I believe that it is the only method that will wake the people up to the hideousness of this terrible curse. I would be glad to hear of you making a call for a million men consecrated to God to shoulder their guns if need be and if it must be let there be blood shed that the future generations may not suffer the curses of this present age. You have scores of sympathizers here and let the good work go on. Pardon this intrusion. Good bye.

BEN R. ALLEN.

WISCONSIN WORKS SYMPATHIZE

The Christian Worker's Convention of the Northwest District, Wisconsin Conference, Free Methodist church, assembled at Maple Grove, Barron Co., Wis., by unanimous vote passed the following resolutions:

Whereas, Mrs. Carrie Nation is in jail for the demolition of outlawed property, belonging to the joint-keepers of Kansas, out

Resolved, That we heartily approve of her radical measures for the destruction of the liquor traffic in Kansas, and

be it

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Mrs. Nation, also that copies be sent for publication to the Free Methodist, The New Voice and the Northwestern Mail.

J. FURGESSON,
Chairman.
N. B. Ghormley Secretary.

NEW YORKER'S RESOLVE.

New York,
February 23, 1901.
At a conference of Prohibitionists of New York and vicinity, held in Grand Central Palace, on Washington's birthday, 1901, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:
Whereas, Many of the officials of the state of Kansas who have taken a solemn oath to enforce the laws, have signally failed and refused to do so in regard to the Prohibitory liquor laws and

Whereas, Women are the principal sufferers in consequence of the non-enforcement of these laws, as they are the natural home-makers, while the curse of intemperance is the most potent factor in the production of poverty and unhappiness which blights and blasts the home life to untold thousands all over our fair land, and

Whereas, Women in Kansas only to a limited extent enjoy the civic opportunities for remedying existing evils enjoyed by the other sex, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we most heartily sympathize with Mrs. Carrie Nation in her raids upon the illegal saloons of Kansas. While her method may possibly not be the wisest yet, considering her limitations, it may be the best she could adopt, and has certainly proved most effectual in breaking the conspiracy of silence so long enforced, and given the Prohibition cause more impetus than any other action. We are instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the press, and to Mrs. Nation, and express the hope that she may live to see, not only the sunflower state, but every state in our union free from the damning curse of the legalized liquor traffic.

C. E. LATIMER,
Secretary.

102 West 48th St.

MY ADOPTED BOY'S WORK.

Trenton, N. J.,
February 27, 1901.
Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.,
Dear Madam:

I have been reading of some of your work in Kansas. I have also been speaking on it, as you will see by the clippings enclosed. I would like to say, "Don't you get scared because you are doing God's will in breaking down the strongholds of Satan. Stand firm as a rock, and don't you allow nothing to scare you, or move you from doing your duty."

I would feel highly honored if I could have you to call me your "adopted Prohibition boy." I would like to hear from you.

Yours Truly,
GEORGE D. SORTER,
133 East Front street.

SORTER'S MEETING.

G. D. Sorter held his outdoor temperance meeting yesterday near Coalport. He took his subject from St. Luke, 20:25, "And He said unto them, render therefore unto Caesar the things which be Caesar's and unto God the things which be God's."

The speaker commenced by saying "When Jesus was on earth, He rebuked sin, and Satan said that He was stirring up the people against the king, and He ought to be put to death. Caesar is dead and his kingdom has gone down. Jesus is of God, and His kingdom lives and will forever."

The speaker said a great many asked him what he thought of Mrs. Nation of Kansas. He replied that "Old Satan had the liquor serpent's tail around the rulers of that state, and threatens that he will squeeze them to death if they attempt to enforce that strong Prohibition law. The liquor serpent stands with his mouth wide open, declaring that he is going to destroy the husbands, the fathers and the children, in spite of this woman. This woman is standing between the ser-


FRED L. JELTZ.

Candidate
for . . .

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pent and the people, and declares that he shall not destroy the people, and he hisses at her, and she raises her hatchet and strikes him right in the middle of the forehead at every blow. Satan says if she don't stop it, he will kill her. Other nations have sent martyrs to heaven in the past, with men's clothes on. The United States in some of their hard fights have astonished the whole world, but if the liquor serpent should kill this woman in this awful and desperate fight that she is in, would it not astonish the hosts of heaven when she came up there from the United States, a martyr, all dressed in women's clothes? Would not the heavenly host wonder, where are the men? The liquor serpent is doomed to death."

ANOTHER GRAND MEETING.

G. O. Sorter held his outdoor temperance meeting yesterday near Mad-dock's pottery. He took his subject from St. Matthew 4:8. "Again the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, and saith unto him, all these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

The speaker commenced by saying that the devil claimed to own this world in the olden time and he tried to fool Jesus and make Him believe that he wanted to deliver His kingdoms to Him, but Jesus knew that he was lying about it, and He said unto him, "Get thee behind me Satan, for it is written that thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve. The speaker said it would be

well in these days for men that profess to be children of God to tell Satan to get behind them when he comes lying to them and makes believe that he is going to make them rich. He said that the devil had changed his name and calls himself the liquor traffic, and he would prove it. He said a poor man told him not long ago that when he wanted to be rich he got drunk and then he felt that he owned Broad street on both sides from the Battle Monument to the White Horse Tavern, and the next morning when he woke up he found himself in the police station, and because he would not have any money to pay his fine he would be sent to the court house or the county farm for thirty days or three months. "Now, if this don't represent old Satan I would like to know what does." The speaker said a man told him the other day that the sheriff had arrested Mrs. Nation and locked her up. He said he answered him by saying that he felt very proud that to think that she was so popular as to have such a high officer to arrest her, and, as he understood, to give her a dinner and let her go. "Isn't this something unusual for sheriffs to walk along the streets with ladies?" He said a man showed him Mrs. Nation's picture in one of the papers and wanted to know what he thought of it. He answered him by saying that it was a very fine picture and it wouldn't surprise him a bit if the next time Mrs. Nation was arrested if the governor arrested her and gave her a dinner. But she is knocking the front out of Satan's kingdom, all the same.

SMASHER'S MAIL.

A Newspaper for the Suppression of
the Rum Traffic.

(Entered at the postoffice, Topeka Kan-
sas, as second class matter.)

Published at Topeka, Kansas.

S. CARRIE NATION, - EDITOR.

Advertising Rates, 50 cents per inch, single column.

NICK CHILES, - PUBLISHER.



SALUTATORY.

I have no apologies to make in hav-
ing Nick Chiles for the publisher of
The Smasher's Mail. Our Saviour ate
with publicans and sinner to do them
good. The Servant is not above his
Lord. This paper shall be as its name
Smashers' Mail. I shall put into
the columns the letters I get from all
over—even from across the water.
From those who espouse and the decent
ones from those who have reason to
oppose this reformation. He that
gathereth not with me scattereth
abroad. There are but two sides in
this question, the children of God and
the children of the devil. "Jesus said
unto them if God were your father ye
would love me for I proceeded from
God and came from God neither came I of
myself but he sent me. Why do ye
not understand my speech? even be-
cause ye cannot hear my word. Ye are of
your father the devil and the lusts of
your father. Ye will do. He was a
murderer from the beginning and
abode not in the truth because there
is no truth in him. When he speak-
eth a lie he speaketh of his own for
he is a liar and the father of it. Those
wishing to say anything through the
columns of the Smashers' Mail must
put it in the form of a letter and use
brevity, the soul of wit, for I re-
serve the exclusive right as editor. I
have had a severe lesson in Peoria
from allowing some one else to attend
to what I ought to, therefore, I alone
am responsible for what goes in.

CARRIE NATION.

I have some where in Utah a nephew,
John Burnes Moore. Let me hear
from you.

To the Army of the Home Defenders,
we say stand together. Stand firm,
and having done all, stand!

We solicit advertisements of all that
is useful and beautiful, and that its
use will be to the glory of God.

We desire to send a copy of our
paper to every one who has ever writ-
ten us a letter. When you get this
and desire to contribute or subscribe,
send price to Smasher's Mail.

There was a blind German woman
named Frederica who used to stay
with me in Richmond, Texas. If she
is living I want to hear from her. She
was a great musician.

We will not for all the consolidated
banks of all the consolidated earth
lease for one moment the work of a
consolidated love to God and our
neighbor. So those theaters and cir-
cuses can save money and time by not
sending me any more offers.

A FEW WORDS TO HIS
"DIS-HONOR," JUDGE HAZEN.

In Jail, Topeka,
February 23, 1901.

Judge Hazen:

I want you to quit your fooling and
let me out of here so I can be in Peoria
Monday morning. I am to edit the
Journal there and get \$150, and if you
are the cause of me missing my en-
gagement there I shall not feel like
a ministering angel unto you. It is
time for you to recover yourself before
the devil, your master, makes a clean
sweep of you into hell. You know that
the storage was a nuisance and that
he has no protection at law, and you
know you are persecuting one of God's
children who loves you for Jesus' sake.
Now, you let me go out of here and let
me go about my business trying to
save such a poor devil as you are.

Your loving friend,
CARRIE NATION.

This is a lunacy, is it! Dishonored
Hazen? "How pregnant her replies
are, a happiness that often hits on
which reason and sanity could not so
prosperous be delivered of," Shakes-
peare.

CARRIE NATION.

This paper will be a weekly paper
and come out Thursday of each week
on the best paper and try to do the
best we can for all parties.

All those to whom I have given let-
ters will please send copies of the same
to me, saying on the envelope "copy."
I wish to put them in Smasher's Mail.

Why didn't the legislature pass a law
prohibiting prisoners to use tobacco,
whisky or the play cards in jail? Why
build again the things which they de-
stroy?

I say to my friends in Bunker Hill,
Kan. Let this devil's scullian of a
Judge Hazen alone. Give him time to
repent of his drunken arien orgies and
infidelity. Maybe he may be a step in
my course, so let him be for soon he
will not be.

The Smasher's Mail will be sent to
those having their letters in the paper
from time to time single copies will
sell at 10 cents. This is a means of
carrying on out work, so don't com-
plain; by the hundred 8 cents; 1,000
at 5 cents; by the year \$3.00.

I see from Geneva, Ohio, that Walter
L. Maine announces falsely that he
has secured me for his circus. This
man may wish he was with the man
in the moon before I get through with
him. I go with no one, not for a "mil-
lion a minute." I came not doing mine
own will, but the will of Him that sent
me.

I desire to say to my many dear
friends that it is now out of my power
to handle my mail by writing them
personal letters, but those letters writ-
ten so as to further out great love and
smashing business shall find place in
time in the Smasher's Mail, also those
letters from those in hell and those
going there shall have a chance to
show that they sympathize with the
old devil.

In going to Peoria last week on the
train we saw in the Kansas City Times
an article with the caption, "Scorns
the Holy Christ." We read further
and found a brutal beast calling him-
self T. E. Roberts, who dares to belch
out his blasphemy in the ears of
decency. The Bible tells of people
people to whom God shall send strong
delusions that they may believe a lie
and be damned because they receive
not the love of the truth, but had
pleasure in righteousness. This devil
is not dressed up as an angel of light,
but is just devil and lie, and yet he
does not talk to empty benches, even
finds ears to listen to his hellish logic.
I will not insult this paper to quote
one word of this blasphemer. The
Kansas City Times must have gone
into partnership with hell to have its
columns so besmirched with such filth
as this Roberts fumes from his rotten
insides. What fools these mortals be!

Hurrah for the crane of New York,
the bird with the wings of light, and
for the righteous flood that will sweep
the hell holes of New York. You wish
me to come, but the prison has kept
me. I have a helper there in Brother
Battell. He will help in my absence.



A scene at the City Prison, after the arrest of Mrs. Carrie Nation for
smashing Topeka joints.

THE PLEA WAS
SENTIMENTAL, NOT LAW.

"I am a resident of Barber county,"
she said. "There is nothing in the
world that I haven't done to close the
joints there, I am doing the same
things here. I am forced to do it
alone because the men won't help.
Men are cowards. The Lord has show-
ed me the way, and it is His will that
I do these things. I am the jail evan-
gelist. I go among the people who
need my help. I have received many
work is finished. Men have sent me
word that they would protect me, but
I did not need them, as God will do
that. I take no step unless God im-
pels me. I was convicted of slander-
ing the county attorney of Barber
county, and the jury fixed the damages
at \$1. It is the command of God that
I smash joints. I have no malice
against the men who are engaged in
the business. The strokes of my hat-
chet are prompted by love. The laws
do not protect me. They do not pro-
tect my children. Therefore, I tell
little children to smash joints. Wo-
men are deprived of every protection
to which they are entitled. The brute
in the corral has more respect for the
female of its species than has man.
God will not bless you if you sit in
judgment upon me. It is a matter of
principle with me. I don't mind jails,
cowhides or black eyes or broomsticks.
And I go right on smashing until I
have helped rid the world of saloons.

"LET NOT MEN SAY OF ME
A WOMAN SLEW HIM."

Gideon was a great deliverer
from the hands of the Midian-
ites. The story is generally known
how Gideon slew Oreb and Zeeb. For
illustration let us call Gideon the God
fearing Republican party that deliv-
ered us from the rum rule in Kansas
typified by Oreb and Zeeb. Zebah and
Zeilum was one whom he slew. Then
Israel said unto Gideon, "Rule thou
over us both and thou and thy son and
thy son's son also, for thou hast de-
livered us from the hand of Midian."
And Gideon said unto them, "I will not
rule over you, neither shall thy son rule
over you; the Lord shall rule over
you." But Gideon died and his illegi-
timate son Abimelech obtained rule
and hired vain and light persons to
follow him. He slew all his father's
sons, but Jothan who went to the top
of Mount Gerizim and spoke the par-
able record in Judges 9th where the
trees wanted some one to rule over
them, all refused even the vine. At
last a bramble was asked and consent-
ed under the condition that all the
trees would put their truth in its shad-
ow. This bramble was Abimelech in
whom the people gave the rule over
them, but God sent an evil spirit
between him and his people, and, there

was war, and this Abimelech was burn-
ing down a tower in which men and
women had fled for refuge and "a cer-
tain woman cast a piece of a mill
stone upon Abimelech's head and fail-
ed to break his skull." Then he called
hastily to his armor hewes, "Draw thy
sword and slay me that men say not
of me. A woman slew him." Now
consider of it, take advice, and speak.

Our heart goes out after Mr. Hughes
the straw man of Republican schemers
(P. I. Bonebrake and his crowd). We
shall see Mr. Hughes through if he
sues for defamation of character best
laid plans of man and mice after going
agley" (not a Glee.) Why did Mr.
Gleed apologize to the women when
he proposed Mr. Hughes as a candi-
date? See to this friend Hughes.
You are very cute, but God says he
has sent for the cunning women, and
God never goes back on his word. You
may bring in your straw men and de-
ceive some poor, good hearted, silly
headed women and get us hedged in,
but a woman will give him his death
blow. You say "Stick by the party."
You, who have no principle to stick
by can do so, but God has reserved
those who have not bowed the knee to
Baal and there is a strong reserve force
yet. Mr. Bonebroke, Gleed and Trout-
man, we may be in the tower where
you have put us, but we yet have a
piece of mill stone for your skulls.
Now I should have met with a great
loss when the league women refused
me good cheer, as I had not had a
good supply on hand. Keep it ladies,
for yourselves. Thank you all the
same.

Now Home Defenders, we say be as
one, and we will haul our Kansas out
of this horrible pit of rotten rum-
soaked, riotous, ruinous, Republican
rule, and let us without schemes set
flint and cry "Peace on earth, good
will toward men," and as Nehemiah
said to Zobia and Sanballet, "We
are doing a great work and can't come
down."

CARRIE NATION.

A Home Defender of every race and
clime.

THE GOOD CITIZEN.

Truly, when the devil a saint would
be, the devil a saint was he. This soul
slayer commends Judge Hazen for
putting me, a good citizen, in jail. So
does every other hell hound—thou
murderer, and villain. This dirty little
coward and blackguard excuses, and
even pities the Moeser brothers be-
cause they have been proven to keep
a nuisance. Of course this good citi-
zen of hell indorses Hughes because he
adores Judge Hazen and his crowd.
Why is it that I am in jail for trying to
abate a nuisance and he, a criminal,
is out?—Carrie Nation.

SNAP SHOTS.

I was glad to notice that anarchy was not indorsed by McFarland or Sheldon.

Who killed Joe's baby? The man or woman who votes for Hughes or Warner either.

If some things seem harsh in my editorials, remember Jesus called Peter a devil, but yet he loved him.

We as Home Defenders can say vote for Emerson if you want to be on the Lord's side. Where is Hughes and Warner?

You want to be in the band wagon with the preachers and the good women. Verily, I say unto you, Mr. Lindsay, ye must be born again.

Mr. Lindsay don't want to use the Nation hatchet any more. When did you see him use it? You never did nor never will, but Home Defenders will.

The meanest men, as a class, are hypocrites, but as an individual Brubaker of Peoria is "a devil," a born devil, in whose nature virtue can never stick.

My method is not refined, neither was the method of Jail, the wife of Heber. Yet God said, "Blessed shall Jail, the wife of Heber, be; blessed shall she be above women in the tent."

Home Defenders, go to the primaries and nominate your man. Don't let these devils have anything to do with Topeka. One said to me, don't do anything till after the primary. Now go and be heard as well as seen. Divide the chaff from the wheat.

Yes, the nation is looking at Topeka, and heaven. On the morning of March the 6th God showed me a bright horizon and on it was: "Victory, victory, victory," in script letters, all for the cause of God and human rights. Hughes and Warner.

Under this league enforcement law Kansas has made a move she is ashamed of. It smells to heaven. It hath the primary election cure upon it—"A brother murderer," but now shall the winter of our discontent be made glorious by the Home Defenders.

What is your opinion of the present state of law enforcement? Why, man, this town is full of cozemers, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye, dark working screeners that change the mind, soul killing witches that deform the body, disguised monte banks and many such like libertines of sin.

In justice to Mr. Cook and family I will say my confinement was almost pleasant if it had not been for the cigarette smoke. I have three meals a day and a good bed. It is a first-class hotel beside the Wichita jail house, with its maniacs, cigarettes and green persimmons. The turnkey, Mr. Dodd, was kind to me.

A large reward is offered for this commodity which call forth this explanation: "What a piece of work is man. How noble in reason, how infinite in faculty, in form and moving, how express and admirable; in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like God; the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals!"

Two weeks ago there was a white woman asked me if she could do anything for me. I said, "You can wash this skirt." That is the last heard from it and I have needed it so badly.

A white woman came and got two garments to wash for me over a week ago. I have not heard from them and have no change.

A colored woman came and got my clothes to wash and brought them back next day, first class. Oh, these niggers, you can't trust them.

The lawyers of Kansas are arguing vehemently the unconstitutionality of the election of county officers, saving the county a big expense and give good officers a chance to regulate affairs for the good of the public. Why this opposition? It saves litigation on general principles. These same barristers never have argued the uncon-

stitutionality of the rum traffic of the United States. Why? They can't live without the criminal factory. Buzards must have carrion.

Dear Brothers and Sisters: We hand you herewith an illustration of our Souvenir Water Bottle, through courtesy of The Perfection Water Bottle Co., of Wilkesbarre, Pa. We have been given these goods at cost. The proceeds from same we propose to use in bringing all mankind to give up the whisky bottle for the water bottle.

Your contribution by purchase will be gratefully received in the interest of humanity.

Yours for temperance,
CARRIE NATION.

I can send out the Smasher's Mail laden with peace on earth, good will to man. I am can truly say I love every one, sinners and all. There is a class I might except and they are the hypocrites. John called them "Generations of vipers." Christ said, "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can you escape the damnation of hell?" And I say the quicker the devil gets you the much the better for you. These vipers are what have caused this corrupt rule in Topeka. The jointkeepers are not mean enough to be compared to them. They are they that put me in prison that crucified the Lord, but you are coming to your rope's end.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MRS. NATION.

From the Toledo Blade, a Republican organ of Hanna's state, comes a remarkable story of capitalistic enterprise. It is a splendid and inspiring illustration of the "incentive-to-gain" idea, and is right in line with the present plan of trade expansion. Read it, you fellows who howl for an extension of the profit-mongering system, which stops not to sacrifice the lives of little children to fill its coffers:

"Some time ago the president of some brewers' association, in an address to the members, said that the greatest danger which confronted the trade is the influence brought to bear upon the boys and girls to keep them from forming the drink habit; that the children are taught in the homes and in the schools as well as other places, not to drink anything and that it was necessary for those engaged in the liquor business to cultivate a taste for drink in the young or the trade would certainly suffer.

"Acting along this line, it is now discovered that in Chicago there are a number of saloons, in each of which a room has been fitted up with small furniture, picture books, toys, and hobby horses, and into which children are enticed to play. They are at first given sweetened wines to cultivate a taste for liquor, and are told to bring in some of their little friend to play with them. By and by the drink habit is fastened upon the little ones and all their pennies are spent for intoxicants.

"On one street in Chicago twenty such places have been found, and evidence secured to convict the propoetors. How many more such saloons are now running in Chicago is simply a matter of conjecture. In how many cities and towns the same plan is being used to destroy children, can only be imagined.

"The scheme is as damnable as the ingenuity of man can devise. For the sole purpose of increasing business, little boys and girls are lured into these dens and taught to drink. The plan is deliberately formed and executed. Ruined lives count for nothing; liquor must be sold and children are offered as a sacrifice on a keg of beer."

And the Blade gets terrible wrathful and calls upon the law to take the saloon keepers in hand and arrest them, and then arrest the brewers who furnish the beer to the saloon keepers. And why not, while you are at it, dear Blade, arrest the farmers who raised the barley and hops and the railroad magnates who transported it and then the officials of the United States who legalized the traffic, and so on down? But then what good would it do? Would not other fellows take the places of the arrested men and continue the traffic as long as there is money in the game? That's the secret of the whole business—there's money in it and as long as the saloon keepers and the brewers can make a nickle, little children will be sacrificed if it takes a life-time to do it.

Then what's to be done? How will

WE HAVE THE AGENCY FOR THE ONLY
AUTHORIZED AND COPYRIGHTED
PHOTO OF . . .



Mrs. Nation.

They are the finest photographic works, platinum finish, and we will mail them anywhere on receipt of 25c. We also have her picture on button at 10c each. We have sold hundreds of these photos.

JUST RECEIVED

Several fine new patterns in DECORATED DISHES. The association has raised prices on all dishes, but we were lucky enough to buy these cheaper than ever, and we are selling them the same way.

It Will Pay You to Come and See Them.

We can give you the prettiest patterns you ever saw and save you money on them. Remember it pays to trade at

The Fair,

618 Kansas Avenue.

We Don't Care How Many
Joints Mrs. Nation
Smashes.

The Topeka Pantitorium and Howard
Tailoring Company . . .

The Topeka Pantitorium and Howard Tailoring Comdany is just now busy SMASHING THE JOINTS in High Price Made-to-Order Clothing. Our Little Hatchet is Raising Cain with Prices on Cleaning and Repairing.

We Clean, Repair and Press Clothes on Short Notice. Do You Need Anything in our line? If so Call 'Phone 872.

TOPEKA PANTITORIUM,

REYNOLDS & CHILDERS, Prop.

208 W. 7th St.

Topeka.

society protect itself against this insidious enemy? How will the saloon keepers and the brewers protect themselves against loss? For the Blade tells us this scheme was worked that the brewers might protect themselves from loss. Various reforms and schemes from prohibitive laws to Mrs. Nation's hatchet brigade have been tried and yet the traffic goes on unabated.

Now in the article quoted is plainly written the remedy, although the writer would not recognize it unless pointed out to him, and that is what I propose to do in a very few words.

The thing that aroused the brewers was loss of his profits—in other

words there was money in the saloon business—otherwise we could not account for the dastardly action of men in thus polluting the youth of the land.

What was the force that lowered the brewer's profits? Was it the law? Was it high license or low license of any of the other patent mostrums dealt out by the would-be reformer? Nary a one of these. It was the education of the children in the public schools that did the work.

Knock the profit out of the whisky business and educate the children to a correct understanding of the effects of the saloon evil and in a generation the liquor question would be but a memory.

LETTERS FROM HELL.

(Continued From Page 2.)

The money made on such dances is spent for a good time, e. g. visiting houses of ill-fame. Another root of vice, which is in fact the beginning of all is the existence of clubs. Clubs and clubs have many definitions, the clubs I refer to are, where a crowd of boys, schoolboys mostly, chip up, rent a part of an old barn, a part of a vacant house or saloon, in which they meet to drink, smoke, gamble, fight, curse and very often plan crime.

I knew of a club at one time, consisting of about 15 members between the age of 14 and 18 years, they would chip up all their spending money and lay in a supply of liquor for Saturday night. One of the members told me that at one time they had 12 eighths of beer on a Saturday and there was not any of it left over Sunday eve.

Now if the law was enforced in this case and all cases of this kind there would not be any need for hatchets in the future. Joint smashing would be useless, they would smash up for want of support. These clubs make young men unfit to associate with respectable people, they do not know how to speak to a lady, and must keep among themselves.

One of the members of the club I write about is at the present time serving time in prison for murder, I lost track of a lot of them, those that remain are all loafers who only work long enough to get a suit of clothes, and then they beat the saloonkeeper out of the drinks. I will close hoping you succeed in your undertaking, and that by and by you get to the true root of evil, I believe that until you locate the root of this very powerful weed (vice) you will be unable to destroy it.

I hope you will not call me a coward for writing anonymous, I have reasons to sign myself
Sincere Yours
AN EX-BARTENDER.

PRISONER WRITES

Stillwater, Minn.,

February 24, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.,
Dear Sister:

I will take the pleasure to drop you a line and I wish to tell you that if I were not in prison today I will tell you what I would do. I would join you in that business and I would stick by you until the end is over. If there were no saloons I would be free today. I do hope no one dares to harm you, and I only wish to be by you today, as I know you will pray for me, and write to me. If I only had a friend like you, I would do anything in this world to please you, even give my life to save you, and I will pray for you, God will save you and me. I have eight months to stay here yet, and I am a young man too, I know there is a God to save us from sin. I want to live honest, please write to me, and I will answer all your letters, as I think lots of you, and I like to get nice papers to read, if you are not able to send me papers, will you kindly tell some lady to do so. But I only want you to write to me. If I am in prison, my prayers are all for you. My dear sister friend will you kindly mail me your picture when you write to me, your picture will be a great pleasure to me. And I know you will do so, if I could only help you smash them joints I would do so I am not fooling at all, and I say now I will stand by you and God, and if I was by you today, there is not one man or woman would harm you. I will do anything in the world for you, and anything you say to please you. You are my darling sister in Christ and I will pray for you always. I will close now, hoping you are well, and please try to do as I ask you sister, and some day we may meet, all for one. I pray you will answer soon. I will be glad to hear from you, do not forget me, and may the Lord be with you. Good bye sister, write soon, do not delay.

Your Brother in Christ,
FRED DELANEY.

Stillwater, Minn., Box B. J.

New York City,

March 2, 1901.

Dear Friend:

I am the owner of a small saloon and make what the world calls an easy living out of it. But tiring of the iniquitous ways of business, I would like to engage in a more congenial calling and business. But this requires a

capital of from five to seven hundred dollars. If you would help me in the object of my wishes think it over, write and let me know. Yours Resp.,
ROBERT BARRON.

Address Robt. Barron,
300 West 10th St.
New York City.
In Jail, Topeka, Kan.,
March 5, 1901.

Dear Friend:

Your letter to hand. Your class of men have written me so many letters I cannot rely on. I will only help you by smashing your goods and give you what they are really worth to begin some other business on. I hope you are sincere, liars are the devil's own children and your soul slaying business manufactures liars by the wholesale. Prove to me your sincerity and I will smash you up and set you up.

Your True Lover,
CARRIE NATION.

A NEBRASKAN WRITES.

Grand Island, Neb.,

February 21, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation—Madam:

I am impelled to write you this letter, perhaps by the same so-called—God—who impelled you to use your hatchet. The devil, you are an anarchist. You are inciting riot and responsible for one, and perhaps two, deaths. Do you think the Lord approves of such methods. I do not. If you were a refined woman with the instinct of a true lady and had the cause really at heart you would devise some other way of promoting the cause of Temperance. You seem to be well along in years and married and I should think you would know better than think for a moment that you could compel a man to do anything. I do not know about your husband of course but my experience has been just try to compel a man to do a thing and you had a mule on your hands as long as a hand has a scrawling for drink he will

have it. I am sure you should prefer the fair means and my dear madam you must suppress the appetite. I see in one paper where you walked up to a man on the street and took his cigar out of his mouth and threw it in the gutter. If I had been that man I would simply have slapped your face and made you buy me another cigar. My husband drank for several years. Had he drank in moderation I should not have cared very much but he went the full figure. I threatened, coaxed and plead with him, but it did no good. At last a good, holy man, a Catholic Priest, who was a friend of my husband's came to the rescue, he did not tell me, that he thought the Lord had called me to take a hatchet and sally forth and smash—and smash—no, he did not, he talked to my husband, pleaded with him for his little children's sake to stop ere it was too late. My husband signed the pledge for five years and lived nearly ten years after he signed it, and never drank a drop of anything in the shape of intoxicants, and was in the same temptation to a certain extent as before, but the good Father told me his own will, and prayer alone would save him, and I prayed with all my heart and soul that God would protect him and he did. I did not pray one day or month or year, but as long as he lived. I am no Christian, I cannot quote scripture; I seldom go to church, yet pardon me for saying I feel myself the better Christian. You have made sorrow and death enough and hurt the cause of Temperance and brought religion into ridicule. I do hope while you are in jail you will see your work in its proper light and make up your mind to reform your principles and throw your hatchet away and advise your followers to do the same and try the ballot and prayer. You women in Kansas have a right to vote and, why don't you put proper men in office if you do not succeed, try until you do, but in the end you will find that Prohibition does not prohibit in Grand Island. We have several saloons and they are licensed. You very seldom see a drunken man on the streets and seldom a street fight. The money paid for license is used to make city improvements and pay the school teachers and I say let the saloons alone teach men that they must stop drinking for their soul's sake and there will be no need of saloons.

A CITIZEN.

H. W. Thudium, Prop.

Telephone 323.

Buy Your Meat of the Queen Bee Cash Market.

The Leading Market in the City.
Quality Our Motto.

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The Shawnee Grocery,

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Staple and
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TO STOCK MEN.

..... TRY.....

Rogers Com'n Co.

KANSAS CITY STOCK YARDS,

With your next shipment of

Cattle, Hogs and Sheep.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:

We advice you to try this brand; it always gives satisfaction. Don't buy a cheap and inferior brand of whisky as long as you can get Clarke's Pure

Rye. When you purchase a bottle you can depend on it being a pure quality of whisky and that it will give entire satisfaction. It is bottled in bond, 100 proof. With Love, From
WILL AND TOM.

LETTERS FROM HONEST PEOPLE.

(Continued from page 3.)

Kansas could vote every saloon out of the state, but they appear as much the tools of the saloon power as the men. The failure of women to vote for morals in Kansas has been a great blow to woman suffrage in the world. I am glad the legislature of Kansas is passing some better laws, but laws without a party to enforce them are no good. If the people of Kansas want prohibition they must stop electing a political party to power in Kansas, which throughout the entire country is in league with the saloon for power and office. If Kansas wants state laws against saloons enforced, it must elect Prohibitionists to office, and if the women in the towns don't want saloons they must not vote for the nominees of whisky parties.

I am yours resp.
JOHN M. VAUGHAN.

APPRECIATES THE WORK.

Emporia, Kan.,
February 26, 1901.

Mr. Nation, Medicine Lodge, Kan.
My Dear Sir:

For a number of days I have been on the point of writing you, but till now have hesitated thinking, probably you had sufficient annoyance of this kind already.

But I must tell you how warmly I admire your conduct in morally supporting and allowing Mrs. Nation to continue her determined efforts to rid our state of joints and whisky. I read with great pleasure your recent denial of newspaper reports and scathing rebuke to the same. I myself have in the past been a faithful W. C. T. U. woman, but I believe Mrs. Nation has accomplished more in a few days than the rest of us have in many years of hard service and I pray the Lord will reward you both for all you have undergone and that the people may not only cry "The joints must go," but saloons of every name and nature must

to me I will only
the friend and well
yourself and Mrs. Na-

Harveyville, Kan.,
February 17, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Dear Madam:

It is with pleasure that I write these lines congratulating you in your wonderful work in Kansas. We need just such a noble woman as you here in this county as we have a wholesale liquor and beer house in Alma, Kan., in this county and it just fills our small towns full every week. Our C. T. U. met here a few days ago and past some resolutions in regard to the matter you may hear from them soon. We see the dreaded deamon most every day, Oh, what can we do to stop this dreaded curse? It is bringing sorrow to the many homes, it is leading our boys away, it is highway robbery, it is worse than the man that steals a horse, and he is allowed to run loose. If a man would come along and steal a pony that would probably bring \$10, the citizens would turn out in mob force and mob him and at the same time they have men that they see every day that is worse than the man that stole the pony and they look upon him as being a good and great man. Why not stop all this, it can be done, and we are the ones to do it. I am a man but I can use a broad ax and have got the ax.

Mrs. Nation, we kindly ask you to come to our county and make us a lecture in the near future if you could come to this place I will arrange to have everything in order. You will please let me hear from you, and may God bless you in all your efforts to do good wherever you may go, keep up the good work until there is not a place in Kansas. Don't leave our noble state till all the work is finished, help us and we will help you.

Your True Friend,
J. R. TURNER.

Harveyville, Kan.

IOWA SYMPATHY.

Council Bluffs, Ia.,
February 23, 1901.

Mrs. Nation.

I am indeed sorry that you are in that place, do take the bonds and be free once more. We want you free once more for you have done good

work, and we will never forget you, but you are too good to lie in there and if I had the money you should not stay in there one day. But I am only a poor colored man, but commenced the temperance work in 1876 and I have talked to a good many white and colored in that time. I want to take your paper as soon as it is out and if you ever think of wanting a good colored servant to travel with you let me know, I will do good work with the colored people just the same, there is good work to do in all the Southern states and in the New England states, I have been all back there, but in the South, still I feel that you could do good work there for the whites and I will look after the blacks. I hope that I will hear from you soon and you will be free again. I hope you will not smash any more just yet but talk to them and pray for the Lord will do the rest. Good bye this time I hope I will hear from you and you will be free and well and doing well, from,

CAPT. HENRY ROBINSON,
Council Bluffs, Ia.

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mrs. Nation:

I wanted to write you because the work of these saloons is awful. I have a young woman named Nell who is going to rack and ruin. Please come here with your hatchet and help your good work. Come, my dear lady, come.

Your believing friend,
SUSAN MORSTE.

Atchison, Kan.

Dear Mrs. Nation:

I have been with you in communion every since you started in this great work, and so anxious I cannot wait for your coming to our rescue in this town. There is a dentist in a picture gallery up stairs in the building on Seventh and Commercial who keeps beer by the keg or box. He invites girls about 15 years to his place and gets them drunk. God save the unwise girl from such brutes. Come! Come. Come.

AN APPEAL.

Canton, Illinois.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:

Dear Mrs. Nation: Can you spare the time to come to this sin cursed city and smash some of the saloons. They are ruining our young men and affording old men opportunity to get drunk and make a hell of their home. There are 13 saloons in Canton and drunkenness is increasing. Saturday night three men were injured either directly or indirectly by the saloons. Can you not take a day from your busy life and come to Canton. Last night I went to bed without any supper because my husband who works in the shops and spends most of his money in the saloons, had no money left to buy things for the house. God will surely bless you if you come. I dare not sign my name, but believe me,

A DISTRESSED MOTHER.

Can you come? Send your answer to Mrs. J. S., care lock box 50, Canton, Ill.

Wenatchie, Wash.

Dear Mrs. Nation:

As I have heard so much of your brave and noble work in Kansas in smashing dives, a thing that I always did admire, I feel it my duty to address you a few lines of encouragement and also to offer my assistance if needed. I am an attorney at law, and consider myself possessed of superior talent and may be of great help to you if law is required. I feel that by your side I would plead with such a vim that it would confound the wise men of the east, but if your great work is done in Kansas and you can come to the State of Washington please answer immediately and I will arrange every thing for your expenses. We have a great work to do here, but I am a man of great power and with your supernatural power we could smash every devise den in Wenatchie in short notice. Now my dear Carrie, please answer this as I ask no higher honor than to be by your side, the noblest and bravest woman on earth. Your friend and admirer,

BERT WHITED,

Ex-County Attorney of Klatiss county, Wash.

COME TO WICHITA.

To whom it may concern:

Looking over the field as a warrior and a counselor of war.



THE SENATE SALOON.

An hour after the raid led by Mrs. Nation this notorious resort was open again, selling liquor. The small boy in the picture is only 14 years old—This place was afterward raided by Sheriff Cook and owners placed in jail. Thank God for this bit of work.

the first attack was not at Ft. Sumpter, but on Wichita. I notice that the fighting and the skirmishing as is it is going on, in the meantime, I see in my vision that both of the main armies are getting ready for marching order, not for Gettysburg, but for Wichita. This evidently is going to be the main battlefield not only in the eyes of the state or nation, but of the world turned toward Wichita with eager expectation.

What will history in the future tell us about Wichita? Who will be inscribed as heroes for the right? God will bring to the front and show us who will lead the people not up the Ahi, but in Wichita. I see a short way unto victory let the ministers be of one accord, who are the leaders of the people, let them lift up their voices like a trumpet to sound an alarm of danger for our fair sons and daughters of our beloved and boasted America, let the members and friends of the churches be so aroused that they may be enabled to stand up by the thousand, then petition Mayor Ross, who is a good man and the chief of police and his men in uniform who are under oath to enforce the law.

When Christ was here he spoke with authority. We are here as his representatives and have authority to stand not for the right and beyond all compromising sin. These men above referred to are the peoples' employees, and are paid by the people and we have a right to say how our work should be done. Are we going

to stand combined with all their iniquity and abominations who are making themselves strong and defying the church of God? I say, "Shall these dictate to us or shall we stand to our rights in Christ's stead?"

Everybody says that church members and their friends are in the majority. If that is so, then God will surely require the blood at our hands of the widows and orphans and the thousands who have fallen victims to these mighty forces of iniquity and if we will not do our utmost then we will prove that we are in partnership with these abominations above referred to.

May God help to be ever in the ranks that will march in strict unity with heavenly music.

J. D. SCHOLLENBERGER.

GO AHEAD ADVICE.

Old Town, Md.,
February 20th, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.:

My Dear Madam: I am so delighted in the work that you are engaged in that I take the pleasure of sending you a newspaper clipping asking you to read the contents of same to your next Temperance lecture. Trusting that same will be appreciated, etc. Go on and smash the saloons.

Yours truly,
SCOTT TWIG.

The Smasher's Mail is a good thing at 10 cents per copy.

H. P. DILLON, President.

JOAB MULVANE, Vice President,

EDWARD WILDER, Auditor.

J. W. GOING, Sec. and Manager
JOHN R. MULVANE, Treas.

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ELLIOTT & CRISWELL,

TOPEKA REPRESENTATIVES,

534 Kansas Avenue.

LETTERS FROM HONEST PEOPLE

And Sympathizers.

ATCHISON WANTS.

Atchison, Kan.,
February 18, 1901.

Dear Mrs. Nation:

We would like you to come to Atchison as soon as possible. We have over forty saloons here and they are running at full blast. I think you could do a great deal of good if you will come over.

From one who is interested in the good cause.

Wichita, Kan.,
February 16, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.
Dear Madam:

God bless you. Please find enclosed five (\$5) dollars to be applied towards pushing the crusade for temperance in Kansas. Come to Wichita if the Lord so directs. Find also enclosed an epistle that the Lord gave me when on my knees at the throne of grace. Glory to His name.

Respectfully yours in the battle,
J. D. MOLLENBERGER.

Lemberg, Lyczakowska,
February 19, 1901.

To Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.:

I take the liberty of troubling you for a good will. I was officer in Austrian army. After my marriage I have retired from military life and now intend to leave for America. I speak Spanish, German, French and little English. I am really grieved to putting you to inconvenience, but I possess no relatives in America. I am in want of a situation. If, there, you should hear of any situation, employment, which you consider to be, your recommendation would be a material service to me.

Your obedient servant,
RICARDO SCHEGA.
Lemberg ul. Lyczakowska, 39 a.

FROM MY GRANDSON.
Cleveland, Ohio,
February 27, 1901.

My Dear Grandma:

I have closed my saloon in Chicago and came here to Cleveland. I am very glad to hear that you have been released from jail and sincerely hope you will not have any more trouble in your work. I am very sorry I did not go to Topeka with you when you wanted me to, and I hope in the near future to be able to join you and help you in your good work. You thoroughly convinced me of the terrible business I was in and immediately I closed up and came here. I have not entirely settled up my business yet but as soon as I do I will join you in Topeka or Medicine Lodge and assist you all I can. I understand you have signed a contract with the Walter Main show for two speeches a day. I don't see how that can be.

Dear Grandma, if you give me the authority I can arrange for you to make several speeches in Cleveland and I know positively you will do a great deal of good. I will send you a small hatchet which a friend of mine here in Cleveland is giving away with every drink. He desires you to call him if you come to Cleveland.

Well, Grandma, if you wish me to make an engagement for you here let me know by wire C. O. D. and I can let you know definitely by Saturday. Good-bye, with love and success in your work. I am as ever,

Your devoted grandson,
RILEY W. WHITE.

Care Bert Carver, Cleveland, O.

A CO-LABORER IN TEXAS WRITES.
Columbia, Texas,
February 23, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.:

Dear Madame and Co-Laborer in the Cause of Humanity—I have thought for some time that I would write to you, but knowing that you were burdened with correspondence I have put it off from time to time, but at last I venture to consume a little of your valuable time in reading a letter from me. I have been fighting the liquor devil going on nine years. Constantly have been called here by the

of lectures. I learn that you once lived here and I see from today's Houston Post that you once lived at Richmond, Texas. I find that the lady with whom I am stopping while here knows you (Mrs. G. W. Gayle). Now Dear Mrs. Nation, I wish to say to you that I believe that God has called you to a great work—a work that is much needed, and that is calling the attention of the people of the United States to the magnitude of the liquor traffic—the devil's great agent in peopling hell—and I believe you commenced at the right place, the capital of Kansas—the battlefield. Kansas being somewhat the center of the United States, the eyes of very state in the union is fixed on it as a guiding star relative to prohibition. If prohibition could be proven to be a success in Kansas it would not be long until other states would follow in its steps and on and on until our nation would be free from ruin, but I doubt whether that will ever come, short of a great war such as we have not seen or read of. If it is God's will, let it come, for there is greater cause for war on this line than there was for the liberation of the Cubans from the Spaniards. Now we see published in the papers down here that you have gone into a newspaper enterprise to defend the Negro race. I don't believe this for I know that there will be many things reported by the liquor traffic to destroy your influence. I shall deny this report as far as I can until I hear from you, for I know that the liquor traffic is as wise as serpents and as harmless as the devil, and will do anything they can to sidetrack you from the main issue, and that through your supposed friends, so keep both eyes wide open.

Then when they fall in that they will lie on you. God, give you wisdom and may you stick to your bush is my prayer. Oh, pray much and look out for enemies in the guise of friends. They will fool you if you don't look out, for you are doing more good than all the temperance workers combined. God bless you; keep at it, and nothing else, for your work is only the beginning of the greatest temperance and prohibition reform that has ever been. Now it all depends on your not being sidetracked by supposed temperance reformers. Don't allow any mortal person to stop you, but push the battle to a finish. I have known of so many reformers making a good start but about the time the thing begin to boil right well and a prospect of doing something, some supposed helpers come in and capture the whole outfit and put a stop to the move. But I trust in the Lord that this is not a case of that kind. If you have time I would

appreciate a reply from you. Write me here as I will be here for about ten days, after that my mail will be forwarded. My permanent address is Fort Worth, Texas, care Polytechnic College.

Yours for liberty from rum,
J. G. ADAMS.

Chicago, Ohio,
February 17, 1901.

To Mrs. Carrie Nation.
Dear Madam:

I have seen your name in the Cleveland Press so I thought that I would write and see if you could not make arrangements to come to Chicago, Junction, Ohio, for I think it would be a God's blessing for this place, for I don't think there are over twenty-five hundred inhabitants here and there are twelve saloons here. They are a disgrace and a ruination to families here and they take many a crumb of bread out of little children's mouths.

Yours respectfully,
M. G.

Riverside, Wyo.,
February 2, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.
Madam:

In reading the accounts of your work in Kansas I have taken a great deal of interest. I think you have begun a good and glorious work. May God help you. I am not a prohibitionist, for they are the people who have sat idly by and voted for party and nothing else.

The liquor men have got so bold that they come right out in open defiance of the law. What did the prohibs do to stoy it, to enforce the law? Not a thing. What did the W. C. T. U. do? They held meetings all around and prayed and had faith, but what did they do? Why, faith without work is dead. Not a thing had been done to start the ball to rolling until you started out with your little hatchet to chop down the thorn bush that was riming out the figs, and everything that is good, breaking up homes and bringing shame and disgrace to millions of homes in our fair land. I don't believe in taking the law in our own hands but in their case I think it just and right and any judge or jury who shall decide any case against you should be removed from that office. Judge Hazen of Topeka is a tool of the den keeper and should be removed from the bench at once. If he had been half as enthusiastic in carrying out the laws of the state as he was in stopping your good work there would not be a joint running in Kansas. Go ahead, smash every joint in each state, where they are running contrary to law. Go to the senates of other states and get them to make prohibitory laws and then smash the saloons there in other states. May God help you.

Roll on through great and glorious movement roll,
Ten thousand souls from hell thou mightest save;

May God protect you in your glorious work,
To keep our young men from a drunkard's grave.

Thou woman of our glorious band,
Good people of the country wish thee well,
And in their prayers assist you and your hand
In smashing up those awful den of hell.

FROM A FRIEND.
A temperance woman.

Schenectady, 1901.

Mrs. Nation.

Dear Madam:

Enclosed you will find a life-like portrait of yourself, also a correct reproduction of the horror caused by your own little hatchet.

You seem to have all the booze dealers out there afraid of you, so we cordially invite you to come here and give us a call, we assure you a warm welcome.

And you will look like thirty cents of Chinese money when you are done. There is all kinds of h—holes at present which need mopping out and I think if you come here you can get the job.

SCHENECTADY BOOZECLERKS.

Dealers of Fire Water.

P. S. Please come, it will be to your advantage.

Douglas, Mich.,
February 22, 1901.

Dear Sister:

Today is the anniversary of the birth of the father of our country and to which woman is true to its principles as He saw them and we should rejoice that we are yet alive, that we are allowed to exist under the flag that has been desecrated by man of the past century, tell you of my work. Yesterday I visited a drug store (saloon) and forbid them to sell liquor illegally. This request was sanctioned by the leading people of the place. I went alone, and he, the proprietor, went into a rage and started for me several times but Iaved him

and he gave up doing. I expected when I saw He did not deny the him by way of introducing were housecleaning and I was he sold liquor illegally and he to take it as a joke at first, to stunned him and he did not know what to say at first. Of course he threatened me and I thought he looked for something to throw at me, and he did pick up a large bottle and instead of firing it at me replaced it on the shelf. The M. E. minister here is a friend to the cause, while the Congregational is as good friend as a saloon keeper could ask for, "and a mighty angel took up a store like a great mill stone, and cast it into the sea, saying, thus with violence shall that great city of Babylon be thrown down and shall be found no more at all."—Rev. xviii-21. This chapter is full to overflowing



Under the influence of Mrs. Nation vigorous work in the smashing of whisky stocks goes on. Here is the picture of a leading Hiawatha druggist who is on the public square before a large crowd of people.

with good things. Rev. xiv, 18 and 19. Also xii, 12-16-17. The promises are sure, let them weep for their Babylon. Read Revelations, for anything you want, for in them all the weapons of warfare. "For all nations have drunk of the wine of her nicatine and lived deliciously? etc." Help is near. The bridegroom cometh and the bride (earth) must be made clean an arrayed in fine linens for his coming. That is a new consideration of things is about to burst upon its inhabitants and that was and is not, and yet it will be a mystery cleared away. You are safe because you are in the right. Our bodies are not ourselves but the holy temple in which we dwell.

Yours,
ELIZABETH D. MCINTOCK.

Mrs. Nation, Saloon Wrecker:

By reading through the papers I noticed your name as a saloon wrecker.

If you are so anxious to destroy saloons we have about 125 saloons in our city, and we dare you or any other female to come and try to wreck them. Since you got it into your head that you can make a success of saloon wrecking you have made a bad mistake and I advise you not to go to New York to continue your work, so if you wish to continue the business we would like to have you make a stop at our city if you dare, which is quite a distance nearer to you than New York City.

But if you destroy one saloon in this city or New York it will be the last. The saloonkeepers are very anxious to have a trial with your saloon business, especially in this city. They all say that those saloonkeepers must have been babies to have let any such a thing take place in their store without stopping you lunatics, which is not a hard matter to do.

Yours, truly, saloonkeeper,
JOS. KRUSE,
Pearl St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Chinook, Mont.,
February 20, 1901.

Mrs. Nation,
Dear Madam:

I have heard of your exploits and am highly elated over them and I pray you success. I would be delighted to meet you here at your earliest convenience. I consider you the greatest person on the American continent and I adore your work. We consider you here among the "lusers" a heroine and I tell you right now, Mrs. Nation, we will guarantee you free transportation and all expenses paid if you will condescend to come to Chinook. I hope you will not delay as we are in suspense. We are watching with eager eyes and hope you every opportunity that Kansas may afford you and when you wind up your work by crushing every horrible saloon in the Sunflower State for the Redeemers sake come immediately to the land we adore. I have a wife and seven children and the joints take away what I should take home. For God's sake come to Montana. There is a big field to operate in. Kansas is not in it with our beloved state, as we have legions of gentlemen here and very few ladies. Mrs. Nation, I hope you will consider our case and when you are liberated for God's sake come at once. We will meet you at the train and give you a happy reception.

Yours very respectfully,
AL. SMITH.

PROHIBITION A FAILURE.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, Topeka, Kan.

Dear Woman:
Pardon the intrusion. The enclosed clipping from the Chicago Inter-Ocean amuses me and prompts me to write you as I am in sympathy with your work as far as you have gone. I think you have done more toward advancing the cause of resubmission than any individual in Kansas ever has done. Prohibition in Kansas is a dead failure and always has been wherever experimented with. Not only a failure but is actually destructive in as much that it demoralizes the standard of justice, hence the unfavorable notoriety attached to Kansas as a state.

I called Kansas my home for twelve years and know whereof I write or I would not write you this letter. I have had all the experiences I want under Kansas jurisdiction. Yet I have not lost my interest in the beautiful state, and in fact have much sympathy

for Kansas women and children, but mighty little sympathy for Kansas pettifoggers.

My advice to you would be to promise to be good and so get out of jail. It is apparent that you will experience no trouble in giving bond, if you will simply make the promise. You have made an honest effort to destroy Kansas misrule, and have accomplished that which the better element in Kansas and elsewhere will give you credit for, and your acts no doubt please God, but draw the line, and get out of jail is my advice, and the joke will be on those who interfered with your business.

Yours truly,
EDWARD F. SCHOLDER.
References: Gov. Stanley, Ex-Gov. L. U. Humphrey or Editor Topeka Capital.

WANTS A HATCHET.

Kansas City, Mo.,
February 18, 1901.

Mrs. Carrie Nation:

I've read in every paper I could get hold of about what you are doing, and I say God bless you. Sometimes when I read the paper I think surely you are an angel sent down from heaven to deliver us from hell.

What is going to become of our little children when such hell-pits are left uncovered and they innocently fall into them and they are lost forever?

How many women, O God, how many a bride has sat and wept many a bitter tear while their husbands, or pretended to be husbands, were in the bar-room tanking up on hell fire. Oh, I say God pity these poor women, and I've prayed to God for eight long years to take pity on us and help us, but I see we've got to do something ourselves. I am ready any time to help swing the hatchet in Argentine, Kan., hell-holes, for it was while I lived there that I suffered all that a drunkard's wife could stand. I have no boys to worry about, but I would rather God would take all the children when they are yet young and innocent than to spare them for the devil, where so many of our young men have gone, and old ones, too. God bless such a noble woman as you are. I will stand by you forever. I can't find where to buy a little hatchet.

A DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

A SIGN BOARD.

I will paint you a sign, rumseller,
And hand it over your door;
A truer and better sign-board
Than ever you had before.
I will paint it with the skill of a master,
And many shall pause to see
This wonderful piece of painting,
So like the reality.

I will paint yourself, rumseller,
As you wait for that fair young boy,
Just in the morning of manhood,
A mother's pride and joy.
He has no thought of stopping,
But you greet him with a smile,
And you seem so blithe and friendly
That he pauses to chat awhile.

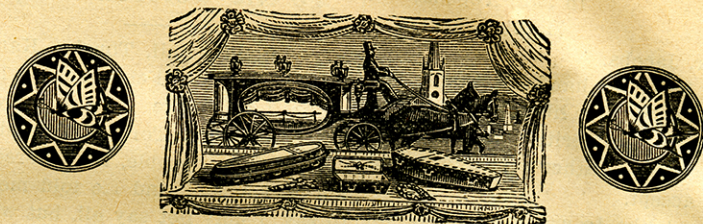
I will paint you a sign, rumseller,
I will paint you as you stand,
With a foaming glass of liquor
Extended in your hand.
He wavers, but you urge him
Drink, pledge me just this one;
And he takes the glass and drains it,
And the hellish work is done.

And next I will paint a drunkard.
Only a year has flown,
But in that loathsome creature
The fair young boy has grown.
The work was sure and rapid,
I will paint him as he lies,
In a torpid, drunken slumber,
Under the wintry skies.

I will paint the form of a mother,
As she kneels at her darling's side,
Her beautiful boy that was dearer
Than all the world beside.
I will paint the shape of a coffin,
Labeled with one word, "Lost;"
I will paint all this, rumseller,
And will paint it free of "cost."

The sin and the shame and the sorrow,
The crime and the want and the woe,
That is born there in your workshop,
No hand can paint you know.
But I'll paint you a sign, rumseller,
And many shall pause to view,
This wonderful swinging sign-board,
So terribly, fearfully true.

Great Closing Out Sale



J. M. KNIGHT,

Undertaker and Embalmer . . .

632-636 Quincy Street,

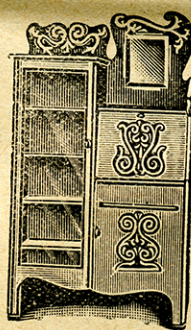
Is closing out his entire stock at a

GREAT BARGAIN

For the Customer.

This is a bonafide Closing-out Sale, and is the opportunity of your life to refurnish your home with articles of utility and pleasure. Remember that everything goes, and our great stock embraces everything you can possibly desire to purchase.

A Special Run on Rockers.



Remember the name
and the place,

J. M. KNIGHT

714 Kansas Ave.

Topeka, Kansas.

All kinds of

Seed Sweet Potatoes

For Sale.

CALL ON OR WRITE

D. CHILES,

P. O. Box 5,

Oakland, Kas.

Answers to Correspondents

And Side Talks With Friends.

In Jail, Topeka,
March 6, 1901.

Dear Mr. Jacobs:

Your letter to hand. I thank you very much for your liberal offer, which is beyond my merits. But I must be about my Father's business and cannot accept.

I should like to see you in Heaven.

Your Loving Friend,

CARRIE NATION.

A Home Defender That Defends.

In Jail, Topeka,
March 5, 1901.

I desire to say to the public that come things in my case ought to be known. I have written to Judge Hazen twice; he has not answered by word or line. I wrote to Mr. Goddard to come to see me; I have never heard a word from him, I sent for that Mr. Redden who was appointed by Goddard as a go-between to keep Goddard out of sight, so I have learned, and Redden came. I told Redden to go to Mrs. Crist and she would give him the names of witnesses. He said he would do this. Instead of that he takes care to keep out of Mrs. Crist's sight, for she has been to see him five times, and he has dodged her every time.

I sent for the Prosecuting Attorney Nichols, I told him, I wished to make complaint against Moeser Brothers for perjury and he would not take my deposition although five women heard him swear to several lies. What do we have these officers for? To draw their salaries and shield criminals. These malicious paupers are put in office by the vote of the people and when they prove to be paupers and unfaithful servants, turn them off and do it. The law provides for this new class of citizens. Put them out and do it now. They are not popes or absolute monarchs, but your servants who use your money. When I read of that Redden speaking to a temperance audience at N. P. church discoursing on the Prohibitory amendment, etc., and the people emitting a deed of stinking breath in applause, I thought Oh rot! Rot! Rot! that Topeka lost the breed of noble bloods and men have their nerve.

And so the Witches and Wizzards are coming to Topeka and the prince of wizzards, Harrison Barnet, is to preside. G. W. Gates, the speaking devil, is to spew his blasphemy over Topeka and the prima donna witch, Mrs. Gates, is to set up a refuge of lies and I suppose she will have some of the elite of the city attend this hell show, and they will be at the other hell show too, if they are not on their guard. There is a curse for every one who goes to this pandemonium. God made idolity as the sin of witchcraft, and some people calling themselves spiritually minded will say I do not believe in witches. Do not believe what God knows, for he said to Moses, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," and in Gal. 5:20 witchcraft is one of the mortal sins. I would like to have a chance to meet these enemies of all righteousness and hew them with the prophets and slay them with the word of God. I met these same devils in a Bible reading in Dewey county near Seeberry, and with one single contest silenced two of their crowds. The head one has become a member of the church and you cannot find any fifth a search warrant.

I want the world to know that of myself. I can do nothing. Ask the people of Medicine Lodge; they will tell you that for years I have gone on their streets to tell them what I am telling them now, and they would not hear me. I have been cursed and scorned and shunned by all. Put out of the Christian church of which I have been a member since a child. What has made the change God is now making in the hearts of the people, and this piece of mud says, "Here I am Lord, send me where Thou wilt."

To the Colored People.

County Jail, Topeka, Kan.,
February 19, 1901.

The Lord woke me up early this first morning in Topeka jail and said: "Write to my people, the colored people of Topeka," and I told me what to say, I may not say all, but will try to. I have just read as I opened to the 49th and 50th Psalms. Thank God that although I am in jail the world of the Lord is not bound. I know I am here because it is the will of God that I am, and good will come of it. The devil in his extremity is overreaching himself to his own destruction. Now my colored friends, you know that your real friends are few and although they flatter with their tongues, mischief and deceit is in their hearts, especially at this time. They have made an easy prey of you, but what have they done for you? They burn you—they love just such work—because they are devils, and that is his work, and he can't wait till he gets you in hell to do it. But look up; your redemption draweth nigh, because Carrie Nation, the colored men's friend is in Topeka, and she is here for your good, and He will see it. This riotous, rum-soaked, ruinous Republican rulers have been feeding themselves on you and they have picked the bones well, but thus far and no farther shall they go. God has heard the cry of the orphan whom they starve and freeze. The howl of the woman has ever ascended into the ears of Him who heareth even the raven's cry. You do not know me, but God has sent me to you. Ask of what a friend Carrie Nation was to the colored people Brazoria and Fort Bend counties, Texas. Let one speak if I have offended him. I was often asked "Why is it that you can keep help in cotton picking time when no one else can?" The colored woman who was my cook for nine years was on her death bed when I went to visit my daughter in Richmond. As soon as I heard it, I went to see her. With her last expiring breath she said: "I prayed for this. God sent you to me," and I said: "All go home. I will stay with Fannie tonight," and I lay by her side close to her dying pillow and held that dear, sweet hand in mine and we spoke of the blessed, happy time when we would be together where there was no death. Look up my record wherever I have lived, and see if many, many times I have not been almost ostracized because they said I believed in Negro equality—just because I was a friend to the black people, who have been the best friends I ever had. I know you as a race. I know that the wicked devices of your nature are angelic beside those of the vicious white people. They put up to most of your meanness and leave you to hold the bag. Now what I want you to do is to open your eyes and know your friends. Your greatest enemy is this Law Enforcement league, this devil in light whose nature is devil and whose livery is heaven. Did they make your yoke easy or your burden light? Now the Home Defenders are going to put a clean man in for mayor and to a man and woman you stand solid for for him. He will be a minister for good to you, not a raging lion, and God defend the right.

(Signed) CARRIE NATION.

MY HUSBAND A DRUNKARD.
March 2, 1901.

Dear Friend:

Mrs. Nation I call you a friend, because you have done our state a great favor. I am a poor woman. My husband is a drunkard, and ain't all drunkard's wives poor? I have eight children, and do hope your good work will go on so that the children, mine and everybody's, will be free from liquor, for tis ruin to all that take it. I am strictly temperate, and my boys are so far, but they have such bad in-



NICK CHILES.

Business Manager The Smasher's Mail—And The Topeka Plaindealer—Who Went to the Relief of Mrs. Nation When Deserted by the Law-Order People?

Nick Chiles, the present business manager and owner of the Topeka Plaindealer and business manager of the Smasher's Mail, was born in Abbeville County, S. C., of slave parent. He came to Kansas in 1886 with only five dollars in his pocket. He, however, had an abundance of self-confidence and energy, with a meager education and an inherent ability to make money; he applied himself diligently to everything that came to hand, and has succeeded in the face of the usual opposition to men of color to acquire a reasonable amount of wealth. He is at present the owner of three large buildings on East Seventh street in Topeka, and also has interest in several pieces of farm land scattered over the state. He began in 1899 the publication of The Topeka Plaindealer, devoted to the interest of the colored people. This paper has steadily grown in favor with the public and now ranks as one of the strongest papers published by coloredmen in the United States. It has among its readers, people of both races. He gives employment to a number of colored girls and boys who are learning the printing and binding business at his office. In this office is printed the official business for the Colored Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias and several of the church minutes are printed here. The plant of the Plaindealer is valued at \$2,000, and is one of the best equipped Negro offices in the west. Mr. Chiles also owns and operates one of the best equipped hotels in the West. In spite of intense opposition he has successfully operated all his various business and is gradually forging to the front. When Mrs. Nation began her crusade against the joints of Topeka, and the so-called Law and Order people organized under the influence of an aroused public sentiment Mr. Chiles manifested a deep interest in her work. As a result of the crusade Mrs. Nation was arrested for destroying private property and placed in the County jail, there she was deserted by her so-called friends. She called upon Nick Chiles to come forward and furnish her bond, this he did. Mrs. Nation being a Christian woman and desiring to promote the best interest of the community, and also to manifest her appreciation of the kindly interest of Mr. Chiles, invited him to associate himself with her in the publication of The Smasher's Mail. That Mr. Chiles will conduct the business side of The Smashers Mail with his usual energy and good business judgment no one for a moment will deny. For information concerning the business management of The Smasher's Mail, direct all communication to Mr. N. Chiles.

fluence all around them that I can't tell how soon they will fall in the trap that is set to ruin all moral people. If I had known that you would be in Kansas City, Kan., last week I surely would have talked with you, if you had permitted me to do so. I saw you when you spoke in Missouri. I know you are right, thou' you are condemned by a low class of people. All the good class of people praise you, and I praise you all that is in my power to do. I do wish you could be here with us for a few days. I will go with you and help with all my strength to destroy all kinds of drinks, and there is plenty here that will go if we had a leader. I would lead myself only on account of my little children. I am afraid I might be put in jail so long that they might suffer. I am not afraid for my self, for I have endured all kinds of

trouble through dring, but has been by my children to defend them all I could. Do you think you will ever come here to help us? If you do I will be glad to meet you at the depot and bring you home with me and treat you the best I can and as I have said I am poor and poorly fixed but you are welcome to the best I can possibly provide and if you come to Kansas City, Kan., again I hope to see you and may be your advice would enable us in some way to clean our town of saloons all or most all of our officers are in favor of saloons, so they won't do any thing against them and I am sure a hatchet and club is the only think that will stop them. Well I must close by wishing you success. Yours Respectfully,

MRS. JANE McNUTT.
Kansas City, Kan.

302 Ferry st.

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
Eng. Carrie Nation Souvenir,

75c

\$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.



THE LESSON OF THE KANSAS CRUSADE.

In all the news items and editorial comment on the saloon smashing crusade of Mrs. Carrie Nation, very little intimation of the true significance of the movement is to be found. Important as may be local consequences of her work, they are but incidents in the progress of a great reform, and are even more valuable than for their direct results, in throwing light upon the dark and devious ways of official perjurers and political parties bought by beer bribes, and owned by the lords of the mash-tubs and vats. I would not detract from the greatness of the achievement of one lone woman, in fixing the attention of a whole continent upon the lawless arrogance of the liquor power, and upon the supine submission of officers sworn to enforce the laws of a state which forbids the legal existence of the saloon. Words of praise cannot add to the brightness, nor words of censure detract from the heroism and devotion, of this one woman, in seeking, single-handed, to do what a thousand political perjurers promised on oath to do, and then, because of cowardice or corruption, failed to perform.

It is not necessary to either approve or condemn Mrs. Nation's methods so that we may learn something of their lessons. Whether she be right or wrong, this fact stands out in bold relief:—The Republican party of Kansas has the power to close the saloons, and they choose rather to disregard than to obey the law.

Even if Mrs. Nation were to utterly destroy the saloon business in Kansas, it would be of less importance than the forcing attention to another truth:—The enforcement of a prohibitory law can never be trusted to officers elected by a political party committed, in its national policy, to the license system.

Geo. W. Glick, Democrat and saloon champion, was first to whine from the Governor's chair of Kansas, "You can't stop it!" Then followed Populist and Republican Governors, bawling from housetops, each louder than his predecessor, "You can't stop it!" in the mad effort to placate the beer barons and buy from the brothels and slums another term of power for his party. Then "hell enlarged itself" and swallowed half a hundred puny public prosecutors, the county solicitors, sworn to enforce the law, and they, without attempting or intending to keep their oaths, echoed the coward cry of their chiefs, and humbly doffed their hats to triumphant treason.

One morning there stood, in the golden dawn, a strange spectre, a woman with an ax—and Kansas awoke. Timid little reformers, two-cent preachers, pot-house politicians, and insignificant little souls, tied to Republican or Democratic chariot wheels, all snivel in chorus, "This is not the right way to go about it. This is anarchy." Poor little brainlets, that never pulsate with a thought until some big whiskey daily paper pours its stupid rot into their brain-pans, have they never considered the anarchy that has reigned supreme for years under the eyes of Republican officials, and often with the connivance of Republican courts and prosecutors? Or can these drooling

apologists for saloon anarchy never see a crime, unless it be that of a woman in the fervor of despair defending her children and her home from spoliation and destruction?

Will America learn the lesson Mrs. Nation's work has taught? A political party, whose leadership opposes a law, will not permit the officers it elects to enforce that law. Maine has also demonstrated this truth. Prohibition is in her constitution and on her statute books. Republican officers permitted the constitution to be trodden under foot, and the law to be shamelessly violated. At last, a long suffering people weary of lying promises rallied to the support of the Prohibition party ticket, and last September elected a Prohibition sheriff in Cumberland, the county having the largest city and population in the state. Within one month after he took his oath of office the sale of liquor was entirely closed up in the county and the number of inmates in the jails diminished one-half.

Will America learn another lesson?—A political party which derives large support from saloon votes dares not wage war on the liquor traffic even in states where it is prohibited by law.

And another lesson:—If you want to overthrow the saloon, vote for a political party pledged in its platform to enact and enforce prohibitory laws.

FRANK J. SIBLEY,
Chairman Prohibition State Com.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Now my dear boys, I give you good council. Don't go with a girl so cruel as to wear dead birds in their plumage on their heads, and especially don't go with them with an intention of marrying them if they wear a corset. Often they are a delusion and a snare, and with me in Richmond, Texas. If she keep a constant string of doctors, nurses, drugs and end in an expensive funeral.

George M. Hammel,

*Tailor and
Draper,*

509 Kansas Ave.,

Topeka,

**THE
Topeka
CASH DRY GOODS CO.**
713 - 715 KANS. AVE.

OUR STOCK OF

China AND Queensware

(CARRIED IN THE BASEMENT)

Is now complete. Below we quote a few sample prices to show you what we can do in these lines.

GLASSWARE.

Water Sets, 8 pieces,98c

TUMBLERS.

Blown Glass set of 6 pieces, 15c

LAMPS.

Glass, bedroom, complete...19c

Reading Lamp, complete...39c

CHINAWARE.

Chambers29c

CHAMBER SETS.

4-piece set\$1.69

6-piece set\$2.25

10-piece set\$2.98

12-piece set\$4.75

6-inch plates, per dozen...69c

Cups and Saucers, set of 6...49c

BEAN POTS.

Two quart.....19c

Three quart.....29c

DINNER SETS.

58-Piece Cottage Set, White Porcelain with gold Trimmings,\$7.98
100 Piece Dinner Set as Above,\$10.98



58-piece Cottage set,
Astor Decoration,.....\$ 8.98

100-piece Dinner Set,
same\$12.98

WE Carry a complete stock of these, and can match separate pieces at any time. . . .

Kohl's . . .

Rheumatic

Cure.

This is a sure cure for

**RHEUMATISM,
LUMBAGO,
GOUT . . .**

And all Diseases Caused by

Impurities of the Blood.

Prepared only by

Chas. W. Kohl,

Ph. G., Pharmacist.

226 Kansas Ave.,

TOPEKA, KAS.

Price, - \$1.00