

## Selections.

## WHO'LL BUY

(Suggested on seeing the advertisement of a wholesale liquor dealer.)

Forty casks of liquid woe—  
Who'll buy?  
Murder by the gallon. Oh!  
Who'll buy?  
Larceny and theft made thin,  
Beggary and death thrown in,  
Packages of liquid sin—  
Who'll buy?  
Foreign death imported pure—  
Who'll buy?  
Warranted not slow but sure—  
Who'll buy?  
Empty pockets by the cask,  
Tangled brains by pint or flask,  
Vice of any kind you ask—  
Who'll buy?  
Competition we defy—  
Who'll buy?  
Dye, to make the soul jet black;  
Dye, to make the conscience slack;  
Nothing vile do our casks lack—  
Who'll buy?

Your loving

—UNCLE JIM in the League Journal.

## TO NON-ABSTAINERS

We will not give it up. Our feasts it brightens,  
Why should we self deny for other men!  
And they the weak and sin-stained?  
We despise them.  
You cannot move us by your voice or pen.  
Freedom we claim! In vain we try to harrow  
Our hearts with all your tales of sin and woe.  
Because some men are weak, shall we be fettered?  
Our liberty we will not let go.  
And are ye Christian men? And will not hearken  
To childhood's wailing, or to women's tears?  
Will you despise the cry that, mounting, ringeth  
With piteous pleading in the Saviour's ears.  
Oh for a tongue of fire to tell the story  
Of blighted homes and ruined sinful lives;  
Of little children maimed and starved and tortured;  
Of slowly-murdered, silent, weeping wives!  
Of mothers whom the "drink" has turned to demons,  
From whom all womanhood has passed away;  
Of lads whose bright young eyes its curse has blighted,  
Of maidens whom its power has led astray.  
Oh Christian men and women, Christ is pleading  
For lives of self-surrender, by His grace,  
Will you not leave the sin-polluted pathway,  
And help those sin-bound souls to seek His face?  
Then shall ye taste the freedom that he giveth  
To those who Him as King and Master own;  
And prove how blessed is His bondage holy.  
When He as King shall rule your heart alone.

—S. S. Times.

## THE ANTI-SALOON CRUSADE OF CARRIE NATION.

"Mrs. Carrie Nation and her little hatchet promise to become as famous in the history of warfare with the saloon as John Brown and his stalwart sons in their attack on slavery. It is more than an incident. It is a call to arms. If legal authorities refuse to enforce the laws enacted by the people, it simply means an upheaval. This will either bring defeat to the temperance and law-abiding forces of the United States, and a closer entrenchment of the saloon and lawless elements, or it will bring glorious victory. It will either enforce the

Prohibition law in Kansas or destroy that law. If it enforces the law, the results will be so apparent, the example so contagious, that other States, where Christian people govern, will take courage and array themselves against the enemy of the home and country." Such is the comment of the Ram's Horn on the recent sensation caused by Mrs. Nation's bold crusade against "illegal" saloons in Kansas State.

Mrs. Nation is 54 years of age; her maiden name was Moore. She married early in life a Dr. Glyd, who, a year after their marriage,

## DIED OF DELIRIUM TREMENS,

having become an incorrigible drunkard in so short a time. By his graveside Carrie vowed eternal enmity to the saloon.

Soon after that a sister married a man who took to strong drink and spent \$150,000 in a short time; his whole fortune.

After some years she met David Nation, and was married to him soon after.

Eight years ago Mr. and Mrs. Nation moved to Medicine Lodge, Kansas. This town was then the home of some of the toughest characters on the plains. Mrs. Nation made it her daily practice to go into the seven saloons daily and pray and sing for the cowboys, and others who frequented them. Sometimes she was not so peaceful. One saloon-keeper made some savage threats to kill her if she came near. She entered the saloon, slapped him in the face, knocked the glass out of his hand, and ordered him out of town. He left never to return. Six years ago she attacked the Medicine Lodge saloons with rocks, sent some of the proprietors to jail, and closed up every den.

SINCE THEN NO LIQUOR HAS BEEN SOLD in that place.

Two years ago she started out to raid the saloons of Wichita, but the crowds frightened her. Instead she went to Kiowa and smashed two saloons there. Then she returned to Wichita and prayed for courage and did some good work there.

During the intervening six years Mrs. Nation and her hatchet rested, but she now says that in these six years the spirit of revolt against the demon rum was working on her. A month ago it became too strong to be borne longer and she started on her second crusade.

Mrs. Nation chose Wichita for her first assault. The last Wednesday in December, she warned the "joint" keepers to close. The following morning she appeared in the bar of the Carey Hotel with her arms full of stones. In a moment she had smashed the big mirror put holes in an indecent painting, and crashed five stained-glass windows. She got into the ante-room and did a thousand dollars' worth of damage. She was arrested and locked up. Habeas Corpus proceedings were instituted and carried to the Supreme Court, which ordered her release pending trial. But

## RATHER THAN FACE A JURY

and the chances of some unwelcome exposures regarding the liquor traffic, the prosecuting attorney of Sedgewick County dismissed the proceedings against Mrs. Nation, on the ground that he believed her mentally unbalanced.

Tuesday, January 22nd, Mrs. Nation turned up at Wichita again, and, accompanied by three women, started on another anti-saloon round up. The four women were armed with hatchets and base-ball bats carefully concealed under their cloaks. They smashed the plate glass front in Burns' saloon, and then made short work of all breakable stuff in the ante-room. They failed to reach the bar, because the proprietor stood them off with a revolver.

Wednesday, she invaded Enterprise. Followed by a crowd of women, she went to the Klondike saloon. Mrs. Nation was knocked down and rolled in the gutter. She was jumped upon by women who cried, "Kill her!" She was too stout to struggle much, and she endured with patience. As soon as there was an opportunity she rose, without showing a trace of excitement. Her eyes flashed, but she was cool. She stepped deliberately from the gutter to the sidewalk, and, raising her hands in the position of a platform orator, began a temperance lecture. For a half-hour she talked, and her wonderful nerve and courage won her friends. Then she went to the home of Mrs. Hoffman, wife

of the wealthiest man in Enterprise, tied a piece of raw beef over an injured eye, and returned again to her place on the sidewalk.

When she left Enterprise that night a howling mob followed her to the train and amused itself by

## CASTING EGGS AND EPIPHETS.

Yet she did not seem to mind. Her last words to Mrs. Hoffman, as the train pulled out, were, "Good-bye; keep up the good work. Don't let them open up the rum-holes again."

Saturday evening found her in Topeka, and in an hour she made four ineffectual attempts to enter "joints." The saloon-keepers had been warned. In the place on Fourth Street, kept by A. Meyers and his wife, she received a terrible drubbing at the hands of Mrs. Meyers, who wielded a broomstick, and cut Mrs. Nation on the back of the head and shoulders. When she entered Wm. Ryan's saloon, Ryan, who is a six-footer, grabbed her in his arms and placed her outside the door. Two thousand men, women and boys, followed Mrs. Nation from place to place, and finally it was necessary to get a posse of police for her protection. After each rebuff she would say, "Where's another 'joint'?" Then she would talk to the mob thus: "This is not my work that I am doing. It's God's work."

On Sunday, Mrs. Nation took a rest, and Monday morning she made haste to the State House. She found Governor Stanley in his office, and immediately opened up to him. It was a painful hour for the Governor that he spent. Probably no other Governor ever had such an experience.

Mrs. Nation put her questions direct and quick as lightning.

Governor Stanley questioned her method in trying to stamp out the saloons.

"Well, Governor, have you got a better one?" said Mrs. Nation.

"No, I don't think I have."

"Then, what are you going to do?"

She reminded him of his

## OATH TO SUPPORT THE CONSTITUTION

and execute the laws. She drew from him an admission that rum shops are against the law.

"Why, then, don't you close them?" said she.

The Governor pleaded that he was powerless. "What can I do?" he said.

Calm and clear came Mrs. Nation's reply: "Call out the militia. You can close every 'joint' in Kansas, if you will, Governor Stanley." Then rising from her seat, she looked him squarely in the face and said: "You can do it, if you want to, but you won't. But you are a law-breaker if you don't. You took your oath of office to keep the constitution. If you refuse my request you are not only a lawbreaker but a perjurer."

Then Mrs. Nation took another tack and finally secured from the Governor a promise that if she would induce the prosecuting attorneys to put the "joint" keepers in jail he would try and find a way to keep them there.

Mrs. Nation was almost beside herself with joy, and she kept repeating, "Oh, praise God!"

The Governor got rid of her by referring her to the Attorney General, who referred her to the City Attorney, and so on down the line of officials. But she gave each of these men a spicy sauce. She accused all of them of dodging, "but," said she, "you can't dodge my hatchet."

Is Mrs. Nation insane? If so, few of her acts indicate it. She is a woman of most remarkable nerve and coolness. She speaks well, and seemingly is never caught unprepared for any emergency. She is willing to accept rough usage because firm in the belief that she is doing good and will win her fight. She declares she will not stop until Kansas is free from rum sellers.—The War Cry.

## THE RIGHT POLICY.

How can we as temperance voters make our influence felt at the coming election is a question that is troubling a good many of the members just now. It is plain that we have nothing to hope for from either of the political parties into which the country is divided. Both have treated the question of prohibition with contempt and have virtually shown their want of faith in the temperance voters by refusing to give any measure of prohibition in answer to the demands of the people.

A petition with 900,000 signatures was presented to the late Conservative Government asking for the total prohibition of the liquor traffic, and in reply they gave us the Royal Commission composed of members who were with one exception opposed to prohibition. Its report was a foregone conclusion from the beginning. We asked for bread—they gave us a stone.

The Liberal party, then in opposition, about this time met in convention and made a bid for the temperance vote by promising to submit the question to the people and to abide by the result. There is no doubt that it was largely owing to the temperance vote that the Liberals attained to power. Many temperance Conservatives who had lost faith in their party on the question were led to vote for the Liberal candidates in the hopes that that party would prove faithful to its promises.

High hopes were entertained by its friends when the Liberal party was returned to power. The plebiscite was taken: 278,000 votes were cast for prohibition, 264,000 in round numbers against it, a clear majority of 14,000 in favor of the total prohibition of the liquor traffic. The vote "was a remarkable one," said the Premier. We must take steps to carry out the will of the people." Six months after, prohibitionists were dumbfounded to learn from him that there was an implied agreement, not between the Government and the prohibitionists, but between the political wire-pullers of the party, that unless a majority of the votes on the lists were polled in favor of prohibition no law would follow. Some of those lists were seven years old—only two were new.

We asked for fish—they gave us a scorpion.

What are we going to do about it? The opposition say "turn the Government out." But who will take their places? The Conservatives have made no statement as to what they mean to do. That means they will do nothing. We have their record of seventeen years before us and it affords us no hope. What are we going to do? The question is a hard one and we would like to have the opinion of some of our readers who have given this question serious consideration. For ourselves we believe that we should use all the influence we have to secure the nomination of tried and true prohibitionists, and then vote for the man who represents our principles regardless of the party to which he belongs.

The N. S. Templar.

## THE BEER POISONING EPIDEMIC.

The Medical Officer of Health for Manchester, in the report on the outbreak of arsenical poisoning which he has just issued, answers some of the questions which a Royal Commission has been deputed to solve.

He declares, first, that the persons, numbering at least two thousand, who have been poisoned by arsenic in the district, were all adults, and that this fact practically proves that the poison was contained in beer or stout, but not in bread, jam, or cheap sweets.

He states, secondly, that the persons affected were not necessarily in the habit of drinking to excess, as in some cases the sufferers drank only a small quantity of beer daily. The medical officer concludes that the beer contained a large amount of arsenic.

A third point, which has been raised by the brewers in reply to those who would prohibit the use of substitutes in brewing, concerns the purity of malt; as to this, Dr. Niven remarks that the arsenic is present in some malts, and may be traced to the use of inferior coke in the malt kiln; where it is deposited on the grain. In brewing, the arsenic might, however, have been removed from the malt more readily if arsenical sugars had not been used and if the arsenic had not been deposited on the vats and tanks.

Dr. Niven shows from a comparison of statistics that over a hundred deaths may be attributed to the poisoned beer, and concludes that it is impossible to say definitely that the danger is over. Here, surely, are facts enough to justify the passage of a short Bill to compel brewers to take greater precautions in the manufacture of beer. If we wait two or three years for the report of the Royal Commission the case for such a Bill can be no stronger than it is already.—League Journal.