

THE USE AND NEED OF  
 WRONGS WE CAN NEVER UNDO.

(By Delle M. Mason.)

I have come home to you, mother. Father, your wayward son  
 Has come to himself at last, and knows the harm he has done.  
 I have bleached your hair out, father, more than the frosts of years;  
 I have dimmed your kind eyes, mother, by many tears.

Since I left you, father, to work the farm alone,  
 And bought a stock of liquors with what I called my own,  
 I've been ashamed to see you; I knew it broke you down,  
 To think you had brought up a boy to harm his native town.

I've given it all up, mother; I'll never sell it more.  
 I've smashed the casks and barrels, I've shut and locked the door.  
 I've signed the temperance pledge—the women stood and sang,  
 The clergymen gave three hearty cheers, and all the church bells rang.

But one thing seemed to haunt me, as I came home to you;  
 Of all the wrongs that I have done not one can I undo.  
 There's old Judge White, just dropping into a drunkard's grave;  
 I've pushed him down with every drop of brandy that I gave.

And there's young Tom Eliot—was such a trusty lad,  
 I made him drink the first hot glass of rum he ever had.  
 Since then, he drinks night after night, and acts a ruffian's part,  
 He has maimed his little sister, and broke his mother's heart.

And there is Harry Warner, who married Bessie Hyde,  
 He struck and killed their baby when it was sick, and cried,  
 And I poured out the poison, that made him strike the blow,  
 And Bessie raved and cursed me, she is crazy now, you know.

I tried to act indifferent, when I saw the women come,  
 There was Ryan's wife, whose children shivered and starved at home,  
 He'd paid me, that same morning, his last ten cents for drink,  
 And when I saw her poor, pale face, it made me start and shrink.

There was Tom Eliot's mother, wrapped in her widow's veil,  
 And the wife of Brown, the merchant, my whiskey made him fail;  
 And my old playmate, Mary, she stood amid the band,  
 Her white cheek bore a livid mark, made by her husband's hand.

It all just overcome me; I yielded then and there,  
 And Elder Sharpe, he raised his hand, and offered up a prayer.  
 I know that he forgave me, I couldn't help but think  
 Of his own boy, his only son, whom I had taught to drink.

So I have come back, father, to the home that gave me birth,  
 And I will plow and sow and reap the gifts of mother earth.  
 Yet, if I prove a good son now, and worthy of you two,  
 My heart is heavy with the wrongs I never can undo.

GEN. HUGH CAMERON'S APPEAL TO THE MOTHERS IN  
 KANSAS.

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

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

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

Mother's rouse now to your duty; for your boys in this dry state,  
 Victims of the brutal monster; of the drunkard-maker's hate  
 Need the shelter and protection that the hatchet will create;  
 For with weak courts and officials you can not safely wait,  
 While trusts intrenched grow strong.  
 Volunteer, with Carrie Nation; spoil the drunkard-making hoard;  
 Unhorse "the riders on white asses," with the ballot not the sword.  
 All the judges and officials who serve the jointists; not the Lord.  
 Bravely do this painful duty; be united, in accord,  
 And so make union strong.

With the prudence of Deborah, the diplomacy of Jael,  
 Strike down every foe of freedom; all who do your rights assail;  
 Keep your lanterns trimmed and burning; keep the hatchet and the nail,  
 Whate'er is needed in this conflict, for you can't afford to fail,  
 Nor the crusade prolong.  
 Spurn no blessing God has given, use the ballot, put down fraud;  
 Act as it becomes the woman, mother of the Son of God;  
 Keep your boys from degradation, hear the angels bright applaud,  
 Hear the "well done" of the Savior, Son of woman, Son of God,  
 And in his love be strong.

Respectfully submitted by—THE HERMIT OF KANSAS.

WELCOME TO MRS. NATION.

How dear to her heart is the dear little hatchet,  
 When fondly she wields it in Kansas saloons;  
 The shutters, the windows, she broke ope' the latchet,  
 And entered each spot, which the boys knew so well.  
 The mirror, the tables, the chairs that stood nigh it,  
 The bar, and the barrel from which the beer fell,  
 Her dear little hatchet, her iron-clad hatchet,  
 Her ribbon-wrapped hatchet, that broke up saloons.

THE USE AND NEED OF

CARRIE NATION'S HATCHET.

Carrie had a little hatchet,  
 With a business edge of steel,  
 And everywhere that Carrie went  
 That hatchet played the deal—

And will, while whiskey men hold office.

It went with her to Wichita,  
 Where tipplers, bold, of course,  
 Go arm in arm with those who should  
 The temperance law enforce—

But they are whiskey men in office.

An entertainment soon was held,  
 The hatchet led the way,  
 It made the jointists skip around  
 To see that hatchet play—

While whiskey men hold office.

It capered o'er the mirror's face  
 And did the pictures mar,  
 Then hypnotized, with perfect ease,  
 The fixtures round the bar—

Because, whiskey men hold office.

Now as an expert on the stage,  
 That hatchet yearns to be,  
 And entertain with loyal pride  
 The Kansas dogger-ce—

For surely, whiskey men hold office.

Its mission o'er at Wichita,  
 It other cities sought,  
 Where violation stalks abroad,  
 And officers are bought—

But hush, their oaths forgot in office.

—O, H. PEED, in *Nickerson Argosy*.

THE LIFE OF CARRY A. NATION.

WAR AMONG THE POETS.

From the Royal Arch News, the warhorse of the booze hoodlums,  
 the snapdragon of the jungle, the siren of Hades.

"The Lips that Touch Liquor Shall Never Touch Mine," so sings  
 Miss Cora Vere, who writes jingle for the Anti-Saloon press, and this is  
 the reply that the R. A. News would make:

The lips that touch liquor don't hanker to touch  
 The lips of a maiden like you—not much!  
 If a man—not a milksop—should happened to wed  
 A creature like you, he had better be dead;  
 For never a moment of peace would he see  
 Unless he would bow to your every decree,  
 If he smoked a cigar, or drank beer, you would make  
 A hell of his home, and perhaps you would break  
 Into court and denounce him, in search of divorce,  
 And fools would uphold you, as matter of course.  
 Perhaps, like the Nation, a hatchet you'd take  
 And his bottles of beer and cigar-boxes break,  
 And get your name blazoned in all of the papers,  
 By your rowdydow talk and unwomanly capers,  
 No! the lips that touch liquor don't hanker to touch  
 The lips of a female like you are—not much!

I am not a poet myself but I am fortunate in having a friend that  
 is, so I called on him to meet this antagonist with a nobler steel, and  
 behold the defeat of this champion of a dying cause:

AN AMERICAN COUNTESS, OR LADY VERE.

"The lips that touch liquor, shall never touch mine;"  
 The meaning is clear, the sense is divine,  
 Bespeaks a clear head, an unsullied heart—  
 A fortune from which no sane man would part.

O, God! Give us more of such women, we pray,  
 Then slop-pots of whisky we'd urge to the fray.  
 The hatchets of "Carrie," and Cora Vere,  
 Would knock out the spigots and bungs of whisky.

An army like those would drive them pell-mell;  
 For safety they'd Hazen, and think they did well  
 To escape from the jury of women turned loose  
 Who have drank to its dregs the damnation of booze.

The idea that women would "hanker" to touch,  
 The lips of a demijohn; I guess not—"not much;"  
 A forty-rod pole should line up between,  
 No nearer than that a fair lady be seen.

*THE USE AND NEED OF*

So now, "Indiana, of Royal Arch News,"  
 You've taken great pains to give us your views;  
 I take up the gauntlet, and venture reply;  
 I stop not to argue, but simply defy.

You say in one case one had better be dead  
 Than with a good woman in wedlock be wed;  
 But somewhere I've read your kind do not die;  
 But passing from earth, 'are hung up to dry."

Besotted with whiskey,—unfitting to tell,  
 Even Satan himself avoiding the "smell;"  
 Before then we part, I would bid you adieu,  
 Reform while you may—begin life anew.

If you have a surplus—like Lady Vere,  
 Please pass them around, turn them over to me;  
 "A la Hobson"—I'd venture to sample the store,  
 And look o'er the field—yes! and "hanker" for more.  
 Without malice, your friend,

Sparta, Mo.

D. E. GRAYSTON.

*BRAVE MRS. NATION.*

Mrs. Carrie Nation is a little woman of some grit,  
 She made the law-breaking rum-sellers of Kansas quit,  
 She smashed up the bars and broke up their tools,  
 And pronounced the state officers cowardly fools.

She is a good Christian woman, she did what she could,  
 And like Jesus of Nazareth went about doing good,  
 She has waked up the governor and the state officers, too,  
 They may enforce the law now and see what that will do.

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

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

Naples. N. Y.

J. B. JOHNSON,

*SHE'S COMING ON THE FREIGHT.*

Or, The Joint Keeper's Dilemma.

Say, Billy, git ten two-by-four  
 'Nd twenty six-by-eight,  
 'Nd order from the hardware store  
 Ten sheets of boiler plate,  
 'Nd 'phone the carpenter to come  
 Most mighty quick—don't wait,  
 For there's a story on the streets  
 She's coming on the freight.

O, many years I've carried on  
 My business in this town;  
 I've helped elect its officers  
 From mayor Dram clear down;  
 I've let policemen, fer a wink,  
 Get jags here every day;  
 Say, Billy, get a move on, fer  
 She's headed right this way.

I don't mind temp'rance meetin's  
 When they simply resolute,  
 Fer after all their efforts bring  
 But mighty little fruit;  
 But when crowbars and hatchets  
 'Nd hand axes fill the air—  
 Say, Billy, git that boiler iron  
 Across the window there!

It beats the nation—no, I think  
 The Nation's beatin' me,  
 When I can pay a license here  
 And still not sell it free;  
 Fer I must keep my customers  
 Outside 'nd make 'em wait,  
 Because the story's got around  
 She's comin' on the freight.

There, Billy, now we've got her—  
 Six-eights across the door,  
 'Nd solid half-inch boiler iron  
 Where plate glass showed before;  
 But, Bill, before that freight arrives  
 Ye'd better take a pick  
 'Nd pry that cellar window loose,  
 So we can git out quick.

Ed. BLAIR.

THE USE AND NEED OF

A. WOMAN.

(Dedicated to Mrs. Carry Nation.)

When Kansas joints are open wide  
 To ruin men on every side,  
 What power can stem their lawless tide?

A woman.

When many mother's hearts have bled  
 And floods of sorrow's tears are shed,  
 Who strikes the serpent on the head?

A woman.

When boys are ruined every day  
 And older ones are led astray,  
 Who boldly strikes and wins the fray?

A woman.

When drunkenness broods o'er the home,  
 Forbidding pleasure there to come,  
 Whose hatchet spills the jointist's rum?

A woman.

When rum's slain victims fall around,  
 And vice and poverty abound,  
 Who cuts this up as to the ground?

A woman.

When those who should enforce the law  
 Are useless as are men of straw,  
 What force can make saloons withdraw?

A woman.

When public sentiment runs low,  
 And no one dares to make them go,  
 Whose hatchet lays their fixtures low?

A woman.

Who sways this mighty rising tide  
 That daily grows more deep and wide,  
 Until no rum shall it outride?

A woman.

Who then can raise her fearless hand  
 And say 'twas "Home Defender's" band  
 Who drove this monster from the land!

A woman.

—DR. T. J. MERRYMAN,

THE LIFE OF CARRY A. NATION.

"THOU SHALT NOT STEAL."

In an editorial of the Philadelphia Record it is said that the advocates of Prohibition admonish the public to keep no commandment, not even "Thou shalt not steal!" but merely say, "Thou shalt not drink!" To which assertion the following verses are a reply:

We say, Thou shalt not steal

From out an infant's lips the bread!  
 (At eventide, child, kneel

Beside thy snowy downy bed!)  
 Thou shalt not steal that baby's couch  
 Nor place within a glutton's pouch

The price of one child's peace!

Thou shalt not steal, we say

The sunny smile, the heart's proud throb,  
 The step was firm alway;

Then dare not thou the weak to rob,  
 But staunch the tear and hush the sob  
 And bid oppression cease!

Thou shalt not steal the hope

Bids woman's eye with lustre beam!  
 She can not singly cope

With ills dispel her girlhood's dream,  
 But all life's joy thou shalt not steal,  
 Ah! know that woman's heart doth feel

When robbed of hope and love!

Thou shalt not steal, we say,

The light from out the wife's fond eye,  
 The faith from lips would pray—

Grown weaker as the years speed by  
 With one beloved too seldom nigh  
 No more her hopes remove!

Aye, more—"Thou shalt not kill!"

Nor license murder year by year,  
 When ye, the poisoned, fill

With whiskey, gin, and rum, and beer,  
 And deem your hands are free from blood,  
 Alas! ye also slay the good,

The innocent and pure—

"Thou shalt not kill," we say,

Because poor fools insist on wine  
 Will drink it day by day.

That fact affords no refuge fine  
 For licensed murder—theft—no sign  
 Ye must such crime endure.

THE USE AND NEED OF

"Thou shalt not kill," we say,—  
 Starvation bring to children small  
 And curses fierce: nor lay  
 Temptation in their parents' path;  
 O, fear ye not God's righteous wrath—  
 Transgressing each command?  
 Thou shalt not break, we say,  
 The least of God's commands. Refrain  
 From crime, and pray  
 That thou may'st break disaster bring!  
 Oh, cause each troubled heart to sing—  
 The licensed curse remove!

Thou shalt not break, we say,  
 The two commands that Christ  
 Alone enjoins to-day,  
 (His blood hath for the past sufficed)  
 Oh, love thy God with all thy heart,  
 And to thy neighbor act the part.  
 That thou thyself dost love!  
 May Prohibition proudly stand  
 To aid the weak of every land!  
 Then turn aside Oppression's heel,  
 We say, "Thou shalt not kill nor steal!"

—MRS. MARSHALL FLANSBURGH.

THE FORCEFUL WAY.

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

THE JOINTS MUST GO.

What are these swelling, startling strains,  
 Re-echoed from the Kansas plains?  
 Ah, these are heart-throbs, true and strong,  
 From woman's breast against a wrong,  
 A wrong as bold and fiercely fell  
 As fumes from out the lowest hell.

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

—SAMUEL B. LETSON.

THE MAN BEHIND THE BAR.

The man behind the gun may have a nerve that's No. 1,  
 He may rush without a tremor on the foe;  
 But the danger he must face is as only the merest fun  
 Compared with other terrors here below.  
 When the women get their hatchets and set out  
 To scatter costly glassware all about;  
 When the wrought-up Mrs. Nations madly go to jam and jar—  
 When they hammer down windows and the doors;  
 When they spill the firewater on the floors,  
 It is worse than common warfare for the man behind the bar,  
 And he's lucky to escape without a scar.

It may be a thrilling moment for the man behind the gun,  
 When the decks are cleared for action out at sea,  
 But it's forty times more thrilling when a dozen women run  
 Through the street, dead set on letting liquor free—  
 When they hold their spattered skirts up an begin  
 To cut the hoops and knock the stoppers in—  
 When they open up cases where the fancy juices are—  
 When they fiercely rush to tear the faucets loose—  
 When they render the free lunch unfit for use—  
 Then there's always something doing for the man behind the bar,  
 If he hasn't wisely sprinted fast and far.

O, the birds are sipping whisky from the sow tracks all around,  
 See the streams of seltzer spurting here and there!  
 Behold the cloves and coffee that are spilled out on the ground—  
 Yonder goes a leather dice box through the air!  
 There are new demands for hatchets every day;  
 Newer facts are appearing in the fray,  
 And there's terror in the places where the drink dispensers are,  
 For the sounds of falling mirrors swiftly spread—  
 The men who lift the schooners drink in dread,  
 And from Kansas to Chicago folks are going forth to mar  
 The features of the man behind the bar!

—*Fresno Republican.*

THAT LITTLE HATCHET.

The world reveres brave Joan of Arc,  
 Whose faith inspired her fellowman  
 To crush invading columns dark.  
 So, modern woman's firmer will  
 To conquer crime's unholy clan,  
 Crowns her man's moral leader still.

A century was fading fast,  
 When o'er its closing decade passed  
 A matron's figure, chaste, yet bold,  
 Who held within her girdle's fold  
 A bran' new hatchet.

The jointists smiled within their bars,  
 'Mid bottles, mirrors and cigars—  
 The woman passed behind each screen,  
 And soon occurred a "literal" scene—  
 Rum, ruin, racket!

At first she "moral suasion" tried,  
 But lawless men mere "talk" deride:—  
 'Twas then she seized her household ax  
 And for enforcing law by acts,  
 Found nought to match it.

The work thus wrought with zeal discreet,  
 Has saved that town from rum complete;  
 Proving that woman's moral force  
 Like man's, is held, as last resource,  
 By sword or hatchet.

And following up that dauntless raid,  
 The nation welcomes her crusade;  
 All o'er the land, pure women charmed,  
 Are eager forming, each one armed  
 With glittering hatchets.

Talk of "defenders of the nation!"  
 Woman's slight arm sends consternation  
 'Mong its worst foes, on social fields,  
 Worse than the "Mauser," when she wields  
 The "smashing" hatchet.

THE USE AND NEED OF

Mahommed sought by arts refined,  
 To raise his standard o'er mankind;  
 But found success for aye denied,  
 Until at length he boldly tried  
     The battle-hatchet.

When soon his power imperial, shone  
 O'er countless tribes, in widening zone;  
 And wine was banished from the board  
 Of Moslem millions, by the sword  
     And victor's hatchet.

So may it be with this great nation,  
 When woman tests her high vocation;  
 Persuasion proves a futile power  
 To quell the jints, but quick they cower  
     At the whirling hatchets.

True chivalry must come again,  
 And men, more noble, but less vain,  
 Responding to its modern sense,  
 Guard woman, while in self-defense  
     She plies her hatchet.

When honor bright appeals to men  
 "The weak confounds the mighty," then  
 Side doors and slot-machines must close  
 And such games hide, when women pose  
     With sharpened hatchets.

'Else are men brutes, and all their pride  
 And gallant valor, they must hide  
 In coward shirking. This shameful end  
 They must accept, or else defend  
     The "home-guard" hatchet.

'Tis woman's crucial, fateful hour,  
 Her fine soul's test, 'gainst man's coarse power.  
 In war, she can not be man's peer,  
 But for home's weal, all men sincere  
     Bow to her hatchet.

Man's "Vigilance" is oft condoned,  
 When Vice and Crime has been enthroned.  
 Shall women then, be more to blame,  
 When she in Virtue's sacred name  
     Raises her hatchet?

THE LIFE OF CARRY A. NATION.

'Tis she must grasp the nation's prize—  
 A pure, proud home, earth's paradise.  
 The joints must go, but, never till  
 Woman exerts her potent will  
     And holy hatchet.

As men, once slaves, their freedom gained  
 By force, and power at length attained;  
 So, cultured brains and force combined,  
 Shall mark the sphere of womankind  
     And surely reach it.

In valor, more Joan d'Arc's are needed,  
 Woman's high social power's conceded,  
 But she herself, must blaze the path  
 To public morals, by her own worth  
     And "Little Hatchet."

—C. BUTLER-ANDREWS.

DOMINUS VOBISCUM.

O, Universal Spirit, brood upon the air  
 In Wichita, and shed one halo o'er the place!  
 When danger lurked around our ancient queen, and fair,  
 And threatened her and all her kin, her native race,  
 'Twas thine own will did intervene, and turned the tide  
 Of woe from innocence to guilt, that it might ride  
     The guilty party down, and shield the pure in grace.

Sure, faith is weak, but canst thou, wilt thou hear our prayer,  
 And make the prison tremble neath the seemly cell,  
 The rushing mighty sweep of denser, nether air  
 The presence of heavenly spirit, there to tell  
 The sympathy immortal spirit always feels  
 For kindred soul who makes direct appeals?  
     O, let thy power lift them up to thee, as well.

Like Paul of old, and Silas, may they sing aloud,  
 An earthquake spring the bolts that here are tightly set,  
 And darkness vanish from the scene, like fleeting cloud,  
 To find thy trusted ones within the cell, as yet  
 Awaiting higher functions that must bring them out,  
 In quietude, no loud command, nor yet a shout,  
     While Cynthia, in crescent form, declines to set.

JOSEPH MAKINSON, Holdrege, Nebraska.

THE USE AND NEED OF

A NEW DEBORAH.

(J. E. WOLFE.)

Hark! The jugs and bottles crash,  
 With cyclonic whirl and smash,  
     Just across the border, ,  
 Judgement 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 think!  
     Just across the border.

You can hear the awful whacks,  
 Of a 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 matters not,—  
 One who's making cold things hot,  
     Just across the border.  
 She is putting legs to prayers,—  
 She is settling up affairs,  
     Just across the border.

Sister Nation, do come down,  
 To our whiskey-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.

THE LIFE OF CARRY A. NATION.

AMERICA'S HISTORIC HATCHET.

Ere Yankee Doodle came to town,  
 And routed king and tory,  
 Three words sublime were writ by time  
     To live in song and story;  
 "George Washington"—immortal name  
     There's few or none can match it;  
 His father's favorite cherry tree,  
     And "George's little hatchet."

In Boston's harbor next we trace  
     The little hatchet's story;  
 In smashing up the Crown's tea-chests,  
     It won a crown of glory.  
 And every time Wrong shows his head,  
     That weapon "bald doth snatch it,  
 For patriot hands are ever found  
     To wield the "Yankee hatchet."

A century and more has passed,  
     With blooms and blizzards blowing  
 O'er Kansas' plains—where corn and grains,  
 'Round happy homes are growing;  
 Where statutes pure close each "joint" door,  
     Forbidding to unlatch it,  
 There, in the fight, defending Right,  
     We find our "loyal hatchet."

The boy who 'could not tell a lie,"  
     The flag of freedom planted,  
 He shelled "Corn"—wallis to the "cob"  
     On Yorktown's field undaunted.  
 Since then, our tea is duty free  
     No Briton dare attach it;  
 While the new woman in the case,  
     Now poses with the hatchet.

She dares to fight a gorgon fight!  
     A cruel monster hell-born,  
 Whose hungry maw, ignoring law,  
     Mocks misery's tears to scorn.  
 She may not slay the beast, but aye  
     Her blows will badly scratch it;  
 All praise is due the woman true,  
     Who wields the "home-guard" hatchet.

THE USE AND NEED OF

When time shall build the marble guild,  
 That marks man's reformation,  
 Its arch of fame shall bear the name  
 Of dauntless Carrie Nation.  
 Her righteous scorn of rum and wrong—  
 May all creation catch it,  
 And join the "Woman's World Crusade,"  
 Armed with "our nation's" hatchet.

—Minna Irving, in Leslie's Weekly. Revised and  
 second stanza added by C. Butler Andrews.

OUT IN KANSAS.

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

Don't see what them laws is fer,  
 Over thar in Kansas?  
 What's th' world a comin' ter,  
 Over thar in Kansas?  
 Guv'ner don't know what ter do,  
 Sheriff's gone plumb crazy too,  
 Thar'll be blood 'fore they gits through,  
 Over thar in Kansas;

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

—GEORGE TOWNE.

A GOLDEN HATCHET.

(Air: Cottage Home, or Susanna.)

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

First Chorus—

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

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

Second Chorus—

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

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

Second Chorus—

Then I woke, and lo! behold!  
 It was just as it seem',  
 In Kansas everything I found

THE USE AND NEED OF

Just as 'twas in my dream,  
 I asked the people what it meant,  
 Was told with some vexation  
 The little woman there in sight,  
 Is Mrs. Carry Nation.

Second Chorus—

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

A "DISJOINTED" RHYME.

(Written for Smasher's Mail.)

Sing a song of six joints,  
 With bottles "full of rye"—  
 Four and twenty beer kegs,  
 Stacked up on the sly;  
 When the kegs were opened,  
 The beer began to sing:  
 "Hurrah for Carrie Nation!  
 Her pluck beats everything!"

"We tho't that we were destined,  
 To create discord, strife;  
 But kindly she permits us  
 To sing away our life.  
 And ere our voices falter,  
 A blessing we implore,  
 On this brave Carrie Nation,  
 Who spilled us on the floor!"  
 (or who makes the jointists roar.)

The bottles of "Maderia,"  
 Of "Muscated," "Cognac,"  
 It mattered nothing what they were,  
 She hit them all "ker-whack;"  
 And as the "ardent spirits,"  
 Went trickling to the floor,  
 'Twas: "God bless Carrie Nation,  
 Go smash the joints some more!"

THE LIFE OF CARRY A. NATION.

THE TWO HATCHETS.

You may talk about the hatchet that Washington once used,  
 When he cut and slashed his father's cherry-tree;  
 But Mrs. Nation out in Kansas, with official aid refused  
 Closed the joints with legal hatchets as we see.

And the smashing with her hatchet beats the record that he made,  
 And the damage that was done to the tree  
 And leaves the little hatchet story entirely in the shade  
 By the overt demonstrations that we see.

She called on the state officials and told them what to do  
 To enforce the legal laws that were made;  
 And with sarcastic epithets they knew that it was true,  
 If they failed to do their duty she would raid.

But Mrs. Nation's vacation was short on duration  
 While they held her a pris'nor for a while,  
 Liberated she came forth with avowed determination  
 To carry on the work in better style.

So early in the morning before it was even day  
 With her pick and little hatchet in her hand,  
 And the work she did while facing a gun  
 Soon was spread far and near o'er the land.

But George, 'tis said, was sorry when he saw what he had done  
 And was willing to admit it was wrong,  
 But Mrs. Nation seldom fails and defies the courts and jails  
 And keeps smashing up the joints right along.

But the great demonstration that followed Mrs. Nation  
 And awakened a slumbering cause  
 Will long be remembered by those she befriended  
 And the Kansas violaters of the laws.

—FROM ONE IN SYMPATHY.

THE USE AND NEED OF

THE HATCHET CRUSADE.

(Dedicated to Mrs. Carry Nation.)

Oh, woman, armed with one little hatchet,  
Fighting for justice and right,  
And with your brave mother courage  
Knowing your cause was right,

You've done more to hasten God's kingdom,  
And to crush satan's power o'er men,  
Than countless numbers of creation's lords,  
With the power of the ballot thrown in.

You've awakened the mothers to action  
Whose powers have long dormant been,  
While the minions of satan have strained every nerve  
To ruin our boys and our men.

Rouse, mothers, too long we've been sleeping,  
Shall one of us let it be said  
That we calmly stood by while those who are dear  
Were down to destruction led.

American mothers, hear me,  
If you think God will not send the warning  
In hieroglyphics upon the wall?  
God is not mocked, He is just the same,

And has given the power to you.  
If you're weighed and found wanting our nation will fall  
Because you did not your duty do.  
Then let us unfurl our broad banners,  
Fling their folds to the breezes high,  
Let this still be our motto,  
"We'll trust in God, and keep our powder dry."

—CARRIE CHEW SNEDDON.

THE LIFE OF CARRY A. NATION.

A SMASHING ODE.

We have missed your gentle voice,  
Carrie Nation;  
And it makes our hearts rejoice,  
Carrie Nation.  
That once more you have cut loose,  
Raising up the very deuce  
With those men who deal out juice,  
Carrie Nation.

But it gives us quite a shock.  
Carrie Nation.  
At the horrid way you knock.  
Carrie Nation.  
On the folks that make display  
In the fashionable way.  
That is called decollete,  
Carrie Nation.

It is proper you should know,  
Carrie Nation.  
Ere among the swells you go,  
Carrie Nation.  
That it hardly is the spiel,  
Blurting out the things you feel.  
Talk's intended to conceal.  
Carrie Nation.

On the artificial height,  
Carrie Nation.  
Telling truth is not polite,  
Carrie Nation.  
If it were, 'twould spoil the game;  
Sin would have its rightful name;  
Shame would then be known as shame  
Carrie Nation.

We have had all kinds of fun,  
Carrie Nation.  
At the things that you have done,  
Carrie Nation.  
'Tis so strange a thing to find  
One who dares to speak her mind  
To the blind who lead the blind,  
Carrie Nation.

Yet 'tis possible the quips,  
Carrie Nation.

*THE USE AND NEED OF*

All may die upon our lips,  
Carrie Nation.  
When God's messengers appear,  
They are often quaint and queer;  
And they're martyred while they're here.  
Carrie Nation.

And 'tis possible some day,  
Carrie Nation.  
We'll do honor to your clay,  
Carrie Nation.  
We may say, in prose and song,  
We were weak and you were strong,  
You were right and we were wrong.  
Carrie Nation.

J. A. E.

*"GOD BLESS OUR CARRIE NATION."*

May she live to see the day,  
When the liquor traffic will be no more,  
When the traffic of the devil  
Will all be swept away  
And God's peace remain supreme from shore to shore.

God bless the hatchet wielder,  
May it never cease to strike,  
Till it drives the cursed intemperance from our land;  
Let us stand for God and duty,  
Till we gain the Eden of beauty  
And be what God designed for us,  
A happy union band.

God bless our Carrie Nation,  
Give her courage, strength, and might,  
To go forth in former battlements arrayed,  
Till this cursed intemperance,  
Will be driven from our shore,  
From every village, hamlet and the glade.

O, God raise up a million,  
Of our Carrie Nation minds,  
That they may fight for freedom, from the thrall.  
Let's join our hands with Carrie  
And do not let us tarry,  
Oh, let us toil for Jesus one and all.

*THE LIFE OF CARRY A. NATION.*

*JOHN BROWN'S SPIRIT.*

John Brown's spirit has come back to Kansas-land,  
John Brown's spirit has come back to Kansas-land,  
John Brown's spirit has come back to Kansas-land,  
His soul goes marching on.

Chorus:  
Glory, Glory hallelujah, etc.

John Brown leads the way down in Kansas-land,  
John Brown leads the way down in Kansas-land,  
John Brown leads the way down in Kansas-land,  
His soul goes marching on.

Chorus:

John Brown's hatchet now dissects the whiskey joints,  
John Brown's hatchet now dissects the whiskey joints,  
John Brown's hatchet now dissects the whiskey joints,  
His soul goes marching on.

Chorus:

He smashes up the fixtures and he pours the liquor out,  
He smashes up the fixtures and he pours the liquor out,  
He smashes up the fixtures and he pours the liquor out,  
His soul goes marching on.

Chorus:

He'll protect our Carry Nation way down in Kansas-land,  
He'll protect our Carry Nation way down in Kansas-land,  
He'll protect our Carry Nation way down in Kansas-land,  
His soul goes marching on.

Chorus:

Minneapolis, Minn.

LYMAN W. DENTON.

CARRIE A. HATCHET.

(By Rollo Kirk Bryan.

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

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

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

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

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

—Lansing, Mich.

Trinidad, Colorado, Feb. 28, 1901.—Dear Carrie Nation:—Go on save all you can. If it had not been for the drink and dance halls I would not be at death's door at the age of 28. I am thankful to have enough life to repent. MINNIE MAY.

OUTCAST.

(Found in manuscript among the personal effects of a prostitute, 22 years of age, who died in the Commercial Hospital, Cincinnati, O.)

Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell,  
 Fell like the snowflakes from heaven to hell;  
 Fell to be trampled as filth on the street  
 Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat;  
 Pleading—cursing—dreading to die,  
 Selling my soul to whoever would buy,  
 Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,  
 Hating the living and fearing the dead.  
 Merciful God, have I fallen so low?  
 And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,  
 With an eye like a crystal, a heart like its glow,  
 Once I was loved for my innocent grace—  
 Flattered and sought for the charms of my face!  
 Fathers,—mothers,—sisters,—all,  
 God and myself have I lost by my fall;  
 The veriest wretch that goes shivering by,  
 Will make a wide sweep lest I wander too nigh;  
 For all that in on or above me I know,  
 There is nothing so pure as the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow  
 Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!  
 How strange it should be when the night comes again,  
 If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain.  
 Fainting,—freezing,—dying alone,  
 Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan,  
 To be heard in the streets of the crazy town,  
 Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down;  
 To be and to die in my terrible woe,  
 With a bed and shroud of the beautiful snow.

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

*THE USE AND NEED OF*

To rescue the soul that is lost in sin,  
 And raise it to life and enjoyment again.  
 Groaning—bleeding—dying for thee  
 The crucified hung on the cursed tree,  
 His accent of mercy fell soft on thine ear,  
 "Is there mercy for me? Will He heed my weak prayer?"  
 O, God! in the stream that for sinners did flow,  
 Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

Dr. Howard Russell told in his address at Kokomo, Sunday, March 24, how when Mrs. Nation was on her way from Topeka to Peoria recently, a passenger on the same train came into the car where she was and sang a song of his own composition. He was evidently a farmer with a large stock of mother-wit. He was lame, and limped into the car, and hopped up and down while he sang. A great deal of merry enthusiasm was aroused, and the car, packed full of people, expressed their appreciation by round after round of applause. It is evident that Mrs. Nation is quite popular in that part of the country.

The song is as follows:

Hurrah, Samantha, Mrs. Nation is in town!  
 So get on your bonnet and your Sunday-meeting gown.  
 Oh, I am so blamed excited I am hopping up and down,  
 Hurrah, Samantha, Carrie Nation is in town!

Get you ready, we are going to the city,  
 Where the "Home Defenders" are all feeling gay,  
 And the mothers all exclaiming, "Its a pity  
 That Carrie Nation does not come here every day."

I want to hear that mirror-smashing music,  
 And to look in Mrs. Nation's blessed face,  
 And to see the saloon men all cavorting  
 With that hatchet bringing sadness to their face.

Hurrah, Samantha, Mrs. Nation is in town!  
 So wear your brightest bonnet and your alapaca gown.  
 Oh, I am so jubilated I'm a-hopping up and down,  
 Hurrah! hurrah! Samantha, Mrs. Nation is in town.

WHEN CARRIE COMES TO TOWN

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

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

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

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

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

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

Arkansas City.

C. C. W.

SOME POETRY DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE.

We've heard of the grasshopper's peregrination,  
 Of the cyclone's devastation,  
 Of the politician's spoliation,  
 Of the populist 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  
 Turns 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 consultation  
 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.*

HATCHET DAY AT TOPEKA.

BY REV. JOSEPH COOK, D. D.

Written after the saloon wrecking, led by Mrs. Nation, February  
 at Topeka, under constitutional prohibition.

New Joan of Arc,  
 Saloon consternation,  
 She Carrys the Nation,  
 While mongrel dogs bark.  
 Rejoice! The wet Hatchet  
 Cuts Satan's shoe-latchet.  
 He limps now away  
 From an illegal fray,  
 May he limp and grow limper for many a day,  
 And lances of lightning his minions dismay;  
 Christ's whip of small cords  
 Purged the Temple's foul wards.

Dough-faces in power  
 Have hastened this hour;  
 Do-nothings on oath  
 To execute law  
 The people make wrath,  
 Let the Law command awe.  
 Hatchet Day, Hatchet Day.  
 In a righteous affray,  
 The heads of dough-faces will yet shear away  
 At the polls, with His people in battle array;  
 Christ's whip of small cords  
 Purged the Temple's foul wards.  
 Boston, Mass.

FATHER KNICKERBOCKER DROPS A FEW LINES TO MRS. NATION.

Dear Madam:—I write you  
 This letter to say  
 I hope when you've finished  
 In Kansas you may  
 Conclude to come East  
 To this city of mine.  
 Where numbers engage  
 In the selling of wine  
 And whiskey and brandy  
 And beer, ale and gin,  
 And high balls and rickeys  
 And mixed and straight sin.  
 It's dreadful the way  
 They're doing, and I  
 Am pained to inform you  
 They sell on the sly.  
 Contrary to law.  
 When the entrance they shun,  
 Around to the side  
 Of a place from the front.  
 I've tried every plan  
 That I know of to prevent  
 This lawlessness, ma'am,  
 Till my patience is spent;  
 But since I have learned  
 Of your methods, I think  
 I see my way clearly  
 To regulate drink;  
 And if you will come  
 To this city and do  
 As you're doing in Kansas,  
 We shall see p. d. q.  
 What the outcome will be  
 Of your break and your smash,  
 Your ripping and ruin,  
 Your bursting and crash  
 Of saloons of all classes  
 That lie in your path,  
 Beyond all protection  
 From the fire of your wrath.  
 Of course I can't promise  
 Triumphant success  
 For your hurricane methods  
 Which have more or less  
 Made the Sunflower saloonists  
 Surrender their goods,

Their bars and their fixtures  
 And take to the woods.  
 Because we are more  
 Conservative—still  
 A woman can raise  
 Billy H— if she will.  
 But if you do come,  
 Let me say to you that  
 You will go up against  
 A rough house; that is flat,  
 And the scrap that will be  
 Pulled off here between  
 Yourself and these parties  
 Will be a warm scene.  
 But come right along,  
 I am anxious to see  
 If the Lady or Tiger  
 Is going to get me.  
 In conclusion, I add  
 That wine is a mocker.  
 Most cordially, madam,  
 I am your,—KNICKERBOCKER.  
 — *New York Herald.*

HE PULLED DOWN THE HOUSE.

SALOON KEEPER WHO HIT MRS. NATION CAUSES A CRUSADE.

The following is a special dispatch taken from the *Louisville Times*:  
 Elizabethtown, Ky., July 25, 1904.—The assault of Saloonkeeper J. R. Neighbors upon Mrs. Carrie Nation is the same thing to the temperance cause in this city as the blowing up of the Maine was to Cuban independence. It has aroused all the churches in Elizabethtown and will bring about a vote on the whiskey question. Rev. A. P. Lyon of the Methodist church preached against the whiskey traffic yesterday morning. At a union meeting of the Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian and Christian churches at the Methodist church last night Rev. W. H. Brengle, of the Baptist church, also talked upon the temperance subject, and at the close of the meeting requested the members of the several denominations present to signify their objections to the selling of whiskey in Elizabethtown by arising to their feet. The congregation of about 350 persons arose as a unit.

This morning Revs. A. P. Lyon, W. H. Brengle and Wm. Megginsen, County Attorney L. A. Faurest and Commonwealth's Attorney J. R. Layman met and formulated a petition for the purpose of voting upon the whiskey question in October. A union religious revival of the several denominations of the city will be held.