

War between rum and religion. The bible the saloon keeper's shield and shelter

A supplement sent out on March 1, 1910 by The Freethought Ideal in Ottawa, Kansas. It shows an illustration of Carrie Nation and her supporters, the Home Defenders, protesting the saloon business. Also shown is a commentary by Nation speaking out against whiskey, tobacco and profanity. On the reverse side of the newspaper is Rum vs. Superstition, a poem dedicated to Carrie Nation by the author, P. J. Cooley.

Creator: The Freethought Ideal

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War Between Rum and Religion. The Bible the Saloon Keeper's Shield & Shelter.

"Lay on McDuff, and damned be him who first cries 'Hold enough.'"—Shakespeare.



"This army of the Home Defenders declares its intent in its name. We are the fathers and mothers who, as God's host, have come to the help of the Lord against the mighty and we are here to withstand all the 'fiery darts of the wicked' with the shield of faith. We demand defense and will have it. No whisky, no tobacco or profanity shall defile our hearthstones. No man or woman who uses any of these defilements shall have or need ask to serve us. We will be your brother to help you to cleanse yourself from the filthiness of the flesh, but you need our assistance. We cannot use you in our business until you clean up. We are going to place before the people men and women who must be examples of virtue and strength, who shall serve us to reward good and punish evil. 'Happy is that people whose God is the Lord, yea, happy is that people in such a case. Kansas shall be free and we will set her on a hill that her light may go to every dark corner of the earth. 'Come with us and we will do the good, for the Lord hath spoken good concerning such a people.'—Carrie Nation."

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RUM vs. SUPERSTITION.

Respectfully dedicated to Mrs. Carrie Nation
by the author,
P. J. COOLEY.

People out in Kansas are on the bum,
But old Mother Nation is a daisy,
She wants to knock out all the rum;
But they say she is a little crazy.

If saloonkeepers violate the law,
Then why not take a legal course,
Or, better, call the game a draw?
Or put their temperance law in force.

If saloons are a nuisance in a town,
Improverish and degrade the poor,
Then why should mobs tear them down?
But compel them legally to close their door.

We seem to be going back to a savage age,
Forgetting all principles or right.
Let us consider before it is too late
That right is right, and not might.

And the preachers are leading on the mob,
Their conduct is a shame and a disgrace.
The community they "legally" rob—
Instead of whiskey, deal out superstition in its place.

When saloonists and preachers go to battle,
And fight like crazy o'ls and bats,
Let us hope they will make things rattle
And leave nothing alive—like the Kilkinney cats.

While rum and whiskey the body destroys,
Sends people to asylums and jails;
Superstition degrades our girls and boys;
Makes lunatics, fanatics and fools.

While old John Brown set the ball rolling,
Brought on the war that freed the slaves,
The "little hatchet" may set the bell tolling [graves.
That may bury the saloons and churches in their

And when the raiding and fighting is over,
And the smoke was cleared away,
We'll all live like pigs in the clover.
Hail, all hail, the glad day.

Then with no more saloons we'll all keep sober,
Grow giant-like and physically strong,
And with no more priests to preach superstitions,
We'll be sages when priests are all gone.

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