



While public attention has been concentrated on various great national and local questions, two movements of the greatest importance have effected, scarcely noticed, noteworthy transformations in this country. One is the work of the Anti-Saloon League; the other that of the Woman's Suffrage Association.

The Anti-Saloon League points to these conditions that it has recently brought about:

Georgia became a prohibition State simultaneously with the coming of the new year. In North Carolina more than 95 per cent of the territory has barred liquor. In South Carolina nearly one-half of the counties have done the same. A movement for State prohibition has been started. In Virginia and West Virginia considerably more than half the territory is "dry."

In Florida liquor is prohibited in three-fourths of the State. Tennessee is prohibition except the three cities of Memphis, Chattanooga and Nashville. Ninety per cent of the territory in Mississippi is prohibition, and it is expected that the coming Legislature will enact absolute prohibition for the whole State. Louisiana allows saloons in only one-third of the State. In Arkansas fifty-eight of the seventy-five counties have gone "dry." In Texas liquor is sold now in only 47 counties. Fifty-one other counties partially prohibit it, out of a total of 243 counties. After April 1, 1908, Tennessee allows the sale of liquor in only four counties. At the last session of the Alabama Legislature the passage of a prohibitory act for the entire State. It will take effect Jan. 1, 1909. In Kentucky, the home of Bourbon ryes, 97 per cent of the territory has gone "dry." Not less than 1,500,000 of Kentucky's population of 2,200,000 now live in "dry" counties. Maryland is the only Southern State which has not lately taken a decided step for prohibition. Nearly half of its counties, however, forbid the sale of liquor under local option. Part of Delaware has declared against liquor selling. Oklahoma, by its recently adopted constitution, prohibits the sale of liquor. Missouri's local option law has made fourteen out of its 115 counties "dry." Local option by villages and cities has been brought about in Nebraska. Out of 1,000, 400 villages and cities have declared for no license. South Dakota has made one-third "dry." North Dakota is wholly "dry." Minnesota has 123 "dry" towns and is increasing the list. Sixty-five of Iowa's ninety counties are "dry." Wisconsin has 650 towns where liquor selling is prohibited. A prohibition wave is rolling through Illinois, where the Anti-Saloon League is making a terrific fight against liquor selling. Eight counties have already gone "dry."

In Ohio 1,140 out of 1,378 townships forbid liquor selling, as also do 90 per

cent of the municipalities. Massachusetts has more than 250 towns where liquor selling is illegal. Connecticut has ninety-six "dry" towns out of 170. About half of Rhode Island is "dry." New Hampshire is nominally a prohibition State, but liquor is sold in about 40 per cent of its territory. California and Colorado are almost wholly local option, and Oregon partially so.

This is certainly a formidable record of achievements. It does not include Maine and Kansas, which are non-liquor States as a result of the old prohibition movement.

While this in every State the Anti-Saloon League is pressing the issue to a finish, it is, at the same time, determined to stop indiscriminate interstate traffic in liquor. At present liquor packages are sent through the express offices to thousands of communities, and are often addressed to fictitious names and kept in storage in the delivery offices. They are called for promiscuously by those who seek liquor. All that is necessary is to pay the C. O. D. charges. A bill that the league is now pressing in Congress will, if passed, put a stop to this "original package" practice by putting shipped liquors on the same basis as liquors made within the boundaries of a State.

Woman Suffrage Agitation. While the men of the United States have won the reputation of playing the cavalier to women in social life, America has moved at much slower pace in according civil recognition than has been done in some of the countries across the sea. In England, where the husband has from time immemorial been voted upon the same terms as men at all elections except those for members of Parliament; and the sentiment for complete suffrage is strong and unmistakable.

Women vote for all officers except members of Parliament in Scotland, Ireland and Wales; for the women of England have had municipal suffrage since 1869, the women of Scotland since 1881, and in Ireland since 1868.

That little patch of insular territory known as the Isle of Man bears a misnomer in its nomenclature, for its women have equal rule with the men in all elections; and it has been pointed out that none of the political cataclysms have swept the attractive spot since 1850, the date of the enactment giving full suffrage.

In Sweden, the land of the picturesque and the sturdy in scenery and

its discovery. Mr. Helzer brought with him some pretty nuggets and coarse gold taken from the creek. The location of the "stream of mystery" is said to be an ideal one, being surrounded by mountains and heavy timber.

Considerable interest is being taken in the probabilities of Alaska as a coal-producing locality. About 8,000 20-acre coal-land claims have already been staked. Mr. Helzer said, but the government has shut down on any further coal prospecting and claims because of the alleged attempted monopoly of Alaska coal by certain big companies. The 8,000 claims already staked are being prospected and developed.

There is said to be coal in great quantities, especially in southeastern Alaska, and Mr. Helzer claims it is as good in quality as the Pennsylvania article. Recent heavy finds of coal have revived the statement of geologists that Alaska once possessed a tropical climate.

Mr. Helzer, speaking of get-rich-quick schemes in the States, said there was a dredge carried to Alaska which paid the company owning it \$50,000 in dividends in ninety days for service on the Solomon river.

Mr. Helzer gave a graphic account of how travel was impeded on the narrow-gauge road in summer by the piling up of snow. He also told of a new wrinkle in which the faithful Alaskan dogs are made to haul canoes along the creeks and rivers, canalboat fashion.

AN INGRATE SOLDIER.

His Cowardly Action Was the Making of a Nobleman.

Here is a story of the battlefield. There was war between the Swedes and the Danes. One day a great battle was fought, and the Swedes were beaten and driven from the field. A

soldier of the Danes who had been slightly wounded was sitting on the ground. He was about to take a drink from a flask. All at once he heard some one say:

"Oh, sir, give me a drink, for I am dying!"

It was a wounded Swede who spoke. He was lying on the ground only a little way off. The Dane went to him at once. He knelt down by the side of his fallen foe and pressed the flask to his lips. "Drink," said he, "for thy need is greater than mine."

Hardly had he spoken these words when the Swede raised himself on his elbow. He pulled a pistol from his pocket and shot at the man who would have befriended him. The bullet grazed the Dane's shoulder, but did not do him much harm.

"Ah, sir, rascal!" he cried. "I was going to befriend you, and you repay me by trying to kill me. Now I will punish you. I would have given you all the water, but now you shall have only half." And with that he drank the half of it and then gave the rest to the Swede.

When the king of the Danes heard about this he sent for the soldier and had him tell the story just as it was.

"Why did you spare the life of the Swede after he had tried to kill you?" asked the king.

"Because, sir," said the soldier, "I could never kill a wounded enemy."

"Then you deserve to be a nobleman," said the king. And he rewarded him by naming him a knight and giving him a noble title.—Famous Stories Retold.

Why It Is Stranger.

"Truth is stranger than fiction," quoted the wise guy.

"That's because we don't get sufficiently well acquainted with it," added the simple mug.—Philadelphia Record.

HARK TO THE BANANA MAN.

He Tells of the Fruit with a Money-eyed Future.

Bananas are a simple and a handy commodity. But, hark! They have a future. There's money in them. Listen to J. F. Kinsey, banana dealer, formerly of Honduras, at the Midland hotel this morning, says the Kansas City Star.

"We banana promoters are optimists. Did you see that Germany has taken the tariff off bananas? It won't be long before the Germans will be eating as much of my favorite fruit as Americans do. New York city last year got outside of a billion bananas, though, and the Germans will have to hurry.

"The vegetarians? We have lots of faith in them. They are growing stronger every year—in numbers, I mean. Banana flour is better than any other flour. Your bread won't taste flat any more. It'll taste sweet, like bananas. And if you ever eat a pancake made of the new flour you'll never touch another buckwheat cake, even though it be of the kind mother used to cook.

"Mills for making this flour are being built all over the country. St. Louis has the largest one in the world. You see, this Mississippi valley is the best place in the world to locate the mills. The fruit is shipped in barges across the Gulf of Mexico and then up the river to the factory.

"What makes the banana business such a good one is that everything concerned in it is utilized. The stalks may be used for making paper after the spruce forests are eaten up. The fruit may be used in flour and the little black knobs on the ends of the husks are made into cereal coffee. Best in the world, too, if I do say it myself.

"Bananas are great moneymakers. They are grown upon swamp lands that are so thick with underbrush before they are cleared that even a cat couldn't penetrate them. But after nine months the plants bear fruit; 350 plants to the acre. They aren't much trouble to take care of and the crop is harvested every month. The Canary Islands raise the best bananas but that is because the business is better developed there than in Honduras, where I came from."

Federated Australia, a composite citizenship of the English, the Yankee, the Dutch, and the lover of freedom from all lands, made a complete surrender to the women in 1902 and extended full national suffrage. New South Wales caught the infection and decided that intelligence, and not the sex of the voter, was the requirement for a permanent government. Nineteen women sat in the Parliament of Finland, and the people of that country have expressed satisfaction with the results.

Hungary, the land of the queenly Maria Theresa, recently witnessed a demonstration in which thousands of men marched in a parade that had equal rights for women as its battle cry. Scotland duplicated the performance the same week and the English cities are so accustomed to such outbursts that they cease to excite wonder or surprise.

Kentucky, always proud of its beautiful women, was the first to recognize the claim of equal rights, but evidently afraid to trust its wives and sisters too far, extended the school suffrage only to widows with children of school age. In Wyoming the women have voted upon the same terms as men since 1869; the women of Colorado since 1893, and the women of Idaho and Utah since 1896.

In 1861 Kansas gave all women the school suffrage. School suffrage was granted by Michigan and Minnesota in 1871, by Colorado in 1876, by New Hampshire and Oregon in 1878, by Massachusetts in 1879, New York and Vermont in 1880, while in 1907 the movement swept through Canada and the women of Toronto won in the battle for municipal suffrage.

But the returns are now coming in so fast that women's rights associations are obliged to frequently revise their statistics to keep them up to date. The first victories were won on the school franchise, the extension of full municipal suffrage came in natural sequence, until one or both have been granted in North and South Dakota, Montana, Arizona, New Jersey, Connecticut, Ohio, Iowa, Delaware, the Northwest Territory, British Columbia, Quebec and Nova Scotia.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Real Sinews of War.

To achieve a perfect powder is the dream of every war chemist of today. So writes William George in the Technical World Magazine for January.

For upon this uncertain stuff does the destiny of nations depend, in spite of Hague conferences and the amiable platitudes of peace envoys. Great Britain has her cordite and lyddite; France puts her trust in poison-reeking melinite; Japan has her Shimono powder. In short, every war office has its own formula, but all are based on a "nitro-compound" like gun-cotton. This is a high explosive almost entirely smokeless, and enormously more powerful than ordinary gunpowder, long since relegated to the limbo of other days, just as gas has been superseded by electric light in the more peaceful walks of life.

Unfortunately the compound cannot be relied upon. The absolute requisite is stability—the ensuring that the powder will endure without change any heat or climatic variation. An unstable explosive—the terror of every warship afloat, which stocks many tons of it—looks like any other in the laboratory, and will shoot as well as the best, provided it be used before it has time to burn itself up. The trouble is that no chemist on earth knows when spontaneous combustion will take place through decomposition with the powder itself. Hence many terrible disasters of recent years in all navies.

Costliest of All Fish.

The fish was no bigger than a silver dollar. Its color was bright gold, and it had a beautiful bushy golden tail.

"That," said the pet stock dealer, "is the finest aquarium fish in the world, a Chinese brush-tailed goldfish. It is handsome, healthy and long lived. A good brush-tailed goldfish," he concluded, "costs \$250 or \$300, and some fine specimens have sold for as much as \$700 apiece."

When a man hears a rap on his back door he imagines all sorts of things, and hopes it may be something important, but his wife, more practical, says: "Oh, it is only the boy with the milk."

THE LITTLE ONE AWAY.

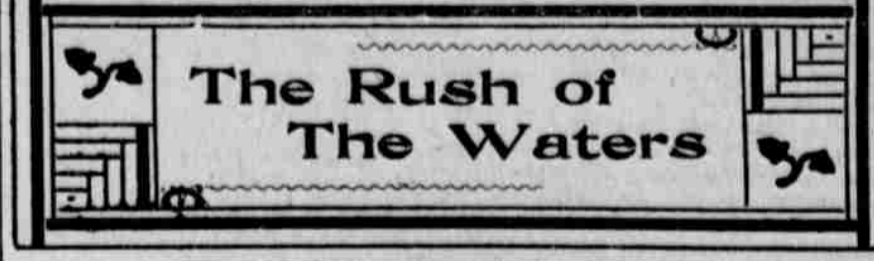
World ain't like it used to be—colder sides in May; Summer ain't so sweet to me; The little one's away! Wish the birds singing could reach the ones that roam; Wish the sweet bells ringing could ring my darling home!

Sit here in the sunshine, solemn-like, and see Morning-glories peeping in where once she used to be; They loved her little window, with the blossoms and the lights; Gave her glad good mornings, kissed her sweet good-nights.

Sit here in the darkness, when no winds the maples stir, And hear the Silence ringing a sad, sweet song of her; I know the lilies dream of her, with her roses room, And sunflowers shine like stars of gold and lean to light her home.

World ain't what it used to be—skies are cold and gray; Summer ain't as sweet to me; The little one's away! Wish the sweet birds singing could reach the ones that roam; Wish the glad bells ringing could ring my darling home!

—Atlanta Constitution



Miss Wayne had locked the school-house door, had seen the last letter well on his homeward way, and with the key in her hand she now picked her steps carefully down the hill-slope.

Fog wreathed the summits of the high hills in the background, rills and rivulets foamed down their sides to pay tribute to the swollen and muddy river; even Miss Wayne's sunny temperament yielded slightly to the depressing influence.

"Hello, Kitty, are you dreaming?" was the queer salutation that startled her from her moodiness. She greeted her cousin, Richard Hartwell, with her ready smile.

"Not dreaming, Dick, but absorbed in contemplation of the weather."

"No wonder you looked gloomy, and see yonder!"

He pointed to the southeastern sky, where a cloud of ink, tinged with violet, darkened all beneath it.

"They think over there," nodding towards the village, "that there will be another freshet; and that reminds me, I promised Mr. Carter to look after his family in his absence. I have just been there, but Mrs. Carter will not leave her home. The water did not reach it in the last rise, and she thinks it will not now. Can you not spend the night with her. It would be less lonely."

"I will go after supper, if mother is willing," she answered, and she pursued her way thankful, as she looked at the widening river, that her mother's home stood high above its reach.

When she tapped at Mrs. Carter's door in the early dusk, her friend welcomed her warmly, but with a subdued, half-awed manner.

"I never felt so nervous in my life," she confessed. "Everything outside looks so dark and strange. That is the reason I lighted the fire in the grate—to make it seem more cheerful."

"The room light played through the dark corners of the room, and glistened on the cottage piano, which was open. Kitty's glance rested on it.

"I tried to play to chase away the blues," Mrs. Carter explained, "but the notes seemed actually to wall. They will not for you, however; play some of our favorites."

And the little school-teacher played and sang sweet old ballads, which brought a feeling of rest and good cheer into the quiet room.

"What a pleasure this piano must be to you," she remarked, when at last she closed the instrument.

"It is my most cherished possession," replied Mrs. Carter; "but neither thought then of the use to which it would be put before another day should dawn.

The hour was late when the two thought themselves of bed.

"You may sleep in the guest-room across the hall; or, if you prefer it," she glanced at the two little sleepers, "Rose and Blanche may stay where they are, and you may have their single bed."

"I would much prefer it," answered Miss Wayne promptly, noting her hostess' wistful look, and listening to the roar of the river snuffed through the mist, she at last fell asleep.

There was a cloud-burst at the head of the valley, and when the threatened storm broke over the village the flood came with it, bearing in its course all the wreckage it had swept from the devastated upper country. The villagers, whose homes lay in the path of the angry waters, rushed tumultuously from their houses, hurrying women and children through the drenching rain to the nearest available shelter.

Men worked with a will to save some remnant of their household goods, but brief time remained for that. Against the might and fury of the elements broken from their bounds human strength availed nothing.

In a machine-shop that stood on higher ground than the village residences, pale from violent exertion, soaked with rain, which had not ceased falling, fathers and brothers were gathered, thankful amidst such discomfort that at least no lives were lost.

Then through the blackness of the night and the raging of the storm a woman's shriek was borne to their ears. It was repeated—a long, heart-rending cry for aid. The call came from the Carter residence, and with self-reproach keen and sudden, they remembered that in that hour of peril no one had thought of their helplessness.

Their security in the recent flood had caused friends and neighbors to forget that this one was higher by many feet. Richard Hartwell heard and knew his cousin's voice. The words that others could not understand shaped themselves distinctly to his ears:

"Help! oh, help! We are drowning!" His heart grew cold with horror, for between them rushed the flooded river, bearing on its surface trees, logs, pairs of barns, stables and dwelling-houses, crowding and crushing together. No boat could stem that torrent, no human hand oppose the might of the waters.

Mrs. Carter was awakened from the heavy sleep that so often follows mental disquietude by a heavy jar, as if some weighty object had been hurled against the house. She started up and listened. A hissing noise in the room filled her with indefinable fear, and she sprang to the floor, to feel water sweeping over her feet.

Her cry of horror brought Katherine to her side, but before a match could be lighted they understood the situation. They were surrounded by water, which was rushing under the closed doors, extinguishing the dying embers in the grate and rising higher every moment. The lamplight revealed two pallid faces, for a moment staring blankly at each other. Then the two women ran to the window.

Through the blackness and the pouring rain they could hear the rush of the river and again the house shook, struck by some drifting object.

"We cannot leave the house, but we must save ourselves," cried Mrs. Carter.

Katherine had already caught up one sleeping child and laid it on the single bed.

"The piano—quick!" she panted, as she placed little Blanche beside her sister.

With the strength that great extremity often lends, they lifted the piano, and, how they could not tell, placed it upon the bed where Mrs. Carter had slept.

It needed only a rapid survey to satisfy them that there was no room up-

on it for the four—some additional refuge must be devised. A center table placed firmly upon the single bed was their only resource, and then the question remained to be settled who should occupy the piano, and who, the lighter table?

A thoughtful, habitual regard for the rights of the welfare of others, is the true basis of a noble character. And this is why acts of heroism—as they are properly called—are so apt to be performed by some modest, unobtrusive individual, who thinks and acts in the moment of extreme necessity as he is in the habit of thinking and acting in his daily life.

The one crowning act is the natural outcome of a long series of similar but smaller ones.

By quick mental process, Katherine Wayne contrasted her own light figure with the taller stature and greater weight of her companion, and made up her mind.

"Little Blanche and I will share the center table," she said, "and you and Rose must take the piano," and she waded to the single bed.

A hope that the passing moments fast dispelled had lurked in the heart of each, that the water would not rise much higher; but the roar without steadily increased, and the murky food within rose higher, still higher, till at last, with a silent prayer for help, they sought their last refuge.

One mistake, in the hurry and excitement of the moment, they made; the lamp, which might have been placed upon a bracket shelf, was left upon the center table.

Katherine lamented it when, with little Blanche well wrapped in her arms, she found what scanty room the light piece of furniture afforded. Now and then the two friends cheered each other with hopeful words, but not many were spoken—the situation was too perilous.

Voices were borne to their ears; but they were the voices of wind and rain; of food and tempest. Weary with the long constraint of her position, Katherine's little courage grew restless, and added to the young girl's anxiety, as she moved carefully and gave her all the relief possible.

A short interval of quiet followed; then, with a sudden petulant movement, the child broke from her kindly grasp and slipped from the polished surface of the table into the water beneath.

Katherine bent quickly down to grasp her, the table tipped over, and the lamp slid into the water, and total darkness added its crowning horror to the scene.

The mother shrieked in terror, but Katherine had but one thought, to rescue the little Blanche, whose struggles had borne her out of reach. A gurgling sound guided her, and again she held the half-strangled child with her left hand, while with her right she clutched desperately for some support.

She found—something, and then one

long imploring cry for help peeped from her eyes, followed by another and another, as she realized how frail was the support to which she clung, and felt that any moment her strength might give way.

Mrs. Carter joined her wild cries for aid to Katherine's, until the screams of the frightened children forced them into a semblance of composure.

"Some one will surely come soon," said Katherine bravely. "And we are all safe for the present."

But she and the little girl were shivering in their wet garments, and the water rose higher in the room, which seemed to be a veritable death-trap set for them.

Some one did come, when the first lull in the rain—the first clearing of drift rendered the coming possible. The imprisoned women heard the stroke of oars, the grating of a boat against the house, and light from lanterns gladdened their eyes.

"Are you all right, Kitty?" called Richard Hartwell's eager voice, as he grasped a window-frame and flashed a lantern through the glass; but when the inside of the room was revealed no more questions were asked.

It was quick work for strong hands to tear out the sack and clamber into the room.

Katherine Wayne turned towards them a white, patient face, while she still clung to the transoms above the floor with her right hand, and clasped little Blanche to her side with her left.

But when they lifted her tenderly down, her right hand, all cut and bleeding, dropped nerveless at her side.—Chicago Daily News.

MODERN EUROPEAN CITY.

Despite Its Walls and Towers, Nuremberg Is Up to Date.

The distinctly modern character of the principal continental cities calls forth surprise from many fairly well-informed travelers. This is doubtless due in part to the historical or artistic interest that attaches to many of the larger cities leading to divert attention from their industrial side. The mention of Nuremberg, for example, usually suggests a picturesque mediaeval city, home of Albrecht Durer and sundry other famous persons. Industrially it is a modern city and a very vigorous one. The industries upon which it thrives and which are adding millions to its wealth each year are the usual modern industries of a great manufacturing center, where scores of smokestacks scatter soot in every direction, says Consul H. W. Harris in Daily Trade Reports.

In 1905 Nuremberg ranked as eighth city in Germany, with a population slightly less than 300,000. Its present population is estimated at 320,000 or about that of Pittsburgh in 1900. It has grown so rapidly that the housing of its population presents a difficult problem, much discussed in the papers. It is a center of varied industries. Its export trade runs far into the millions. The declared exports of the United States from the consular district of which Nuremberg is the chief manufacturing center will amount during the current calendar year to nearly \$8,000,000 worth. The exports to many other countries are large.

The city is a center of important banking institutions, of a considerable wholesale trade, of splendid retail stores which would rank as excellent in a corresponding American city. Its car service is good and includes a fair suburban service. The city has a popular "taximeter" automobile cab service by which at a low price passengers are rapidly carried to all parts of the city in excellent modern automobiles.

The new railway station nearing completion will be one of the largest and finest structures of its kind in the world. Its construction includes a vast project of raising the railway tracks through the city, which is also being carried rapidly forward. The city charter building is a structure which would do credit to any city, however large or modern. The city lavishes money on its schools, its museums, and other public buildings.

Its architecture is everywhere apparent and calls forth constant praise from intelligent travelers. One need not follow the proceedings of the city council to discover that the dominant spirit of the city is progressive and modern, not merely as compared with the city of a century ago, but as compared with an American city. The preservation of the city's walls and towers and historic buildings might seem to point to a non-progressive, mediaeval spirit, but it points rather to a keen, modern business foresight that views these things as a valuable investment well worth preserving. Every such historic object is kept in repair and preserved as well as possible.

Not Much News.

In the summer of 1905 an exploring expedition set out from Cook Inlet, Alaska, in an attempt to climb Mount McKinley, the highest peak on the American continent. They went in with a pack of kayuses, through a hundred miles of tundra, and then struggled for weeks over glaciers and through terrible hardships, to emerge at last on the Chulitna River, down which they rafted to civilization, as represented by Cook Inlet.

As they came in, worn, ragged, almost dead from exposure and hunger, a tall old man stroiled upshore with four white men's dogs, says Mr. Robert Dunn in "The Shameless Diary of an Explorer." They asked him the news of the world.

"Well, yer know the Pope's dead," he drawled, "and the cardinals held a sort of convention, and elected a new Pope. Roosevelt, he's agreed to complain to the Czar of Rossia about them unscrupulous Jews, and some one's killed that Queen Dragon of Servia, trying to jump her claim to the throne. And Rossia's going to fight the Japs. The ain't much happened this summer."

If we had stepchildren we wouldn't do us so many do, and wear ourself out by pretending to like them.

A terrible lot of the hospitality met these days belongs to the homeopathic school.