

Local Option, Prohibition and License Territory by States

The local option and prohibition laws which in recent years have been placed on the statute books of the various states have left very little territory where the liquor traffic is regulated by license alone. The only states, in fact, which are exclusively committed to license regulation are Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New Mexico, Utah, Nevada, Wyoming, Idaho and Washington.

The State of Arizona has what is called a local option law, which, however, requires a two-thirds vote in any county to abolish the saloon.

Local option, with the county as the largest unit, prevails in Virginia, South Carolina, Florida, Louisiana, Arkansas, Texas, Kentucky, Ohio, West Virginia, Michigan, Missouri, Montana, Oregon, California and Delaware.

In most of these states, municipal and township local option also prevails, but in a few instances the county unit stands alone. The State of Montana, for instance may vote on local option in the county as a unit, but no municipality, precinct or township can vote as a unit.

In Maryland the legislature has given the local option privilege to several counties and ten entire counties have excluded the saloon by a majority vote of the people. The State of Maryland, however, has no uniform local option law.

Either township or municipal local option and, in most cases, both, exist, in the following states: New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, North Carolina, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois, Colorado, Indiana (by remonstrance), South Dakota, Nebraska, and Tennessee, with only four municipalities in the state where saloons are permitted, is provided with practical local option by law which prohibits a license clause in any new charter and which gives the right to present wet cities of adopting new charters by majority vote.

North Carolina has prohibition.

In Iowa the conditions are peculiar in that the state is under prohibition, with the provision that saloons may be installed in any community upon the 65-per-cent vote of that community.

The remaining states, Maine, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Oklahoma, Kansas, North Carolina and North Dakota, are all under state-wide prohibition. In the case of Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia, the provision is statutory, while in Maine, Oklahoma, Kansas, North Carolina and North Dakota, the provision is in the form of an amendment to the state constitution.

MEG AND I.

You ask me, mates, to spin a yarn, before we go below;
Well, as the night is calm and fair, and no chance for a blow,
I'll give you one,—a story true as ever yet was told—
For, mates I wouldn't lie about the dead; no, not for gold.
The story's of a maid and lad, that loved in days gone by;
The maiden was Meg Anderson, the lad, messmates was I.

A neater, trimmer craft than Meg was very hard to find;
Why, she could climb a hill and make five knots agin' the wind;
And as for larnin', bulks and spars! I've often heard it said
That she could give the scholars points and then come out ahead.
The old schoolmaster used to say, and mates, it made me cry,
That the smartest there was little Meg, the greatest dunce, was I.

But what cared I for larnin' then, while she was by my side;
For, though a lad, I loved her mates, and for her would have died;
And she loved me, the little lass, and often have I smiled
When she said "I'll be your little wife," 'twas the prattle of a child
For there lay a gulf between us, mates, with the waters runnin' high
On one side stood Meg Anderson, on the other side stood I.

Meg's fortune was twelve ships at sea and houses on the land;
While mine—why, mates, you might have held my fortune in your hand.

Her father owned a vast domain for miles along the shore;
My father owned a fishing smack, a hut and nothing more;
I knew that Meg I ne'er could win, no matter how I'd try,
For on a couch of down lay she, on a bed of straw lay I.

I never thought of leaving Meg, or Meg of leaving me,
For we were young and never dreamed that I should go to sea,
Till one bright morning, father said: "There's a whale ship in the bay
I want you Bill, to make a cruise—you go 'board today."
Well mates, in two weeks from that time, I bade them all good-bye,
While on the deck stood little Meg, and on the deck stood I.

I say her off' before we sailed, when e'er I came on shore,
And she would say: "Bill, when you're gone, I'll love you more
and more;

And I promise to be true to you through all the coming years."
But while she spoke her bright blue eyes were filled with pearly tears
Then as I whispered words of hope and kissed her eyelids dry
Her last words were: "God speed you Bill," so parted Meg and I.

Well, mates, we cruised for four long years, till at last one summer's day

Our good ship, the Minerva, cast anchor in the bay.
Oh, how my heart beat high with hope as I saw home once more,
And on the pier stood hundreds to welcome us ashore;
But my heart sank down within me as I gazed with anxious eye—
No little Meg stood on the dock, as on the deck stood I.

Why mates, it nearly broke my heart, when I went ashore that day,
For they told me little Meg had wed, while I was far away.
They told me, too, they forced her to't—and wrecked her fair
young life—

Just think, messmates, a child in years, to be an old man's wife.
But her father said it must be so and what could he reply?
For she was only just sixteen—just twenty-one was I.

Well, mates, a few short years from then—perhaps it might be four
One blustering night Jack Glim and I were rowing to the shore,
When right ahead we saw a sight that made us hold our breath—
There, floating in the pale moonlight was a woman cold in death,
I raised her up:—oh, God, messmates that I had passed her by!
For in the bay lay little Meg and over her stood I.

Directoire Gowns In London and Chicago.

Jasper Has the Bloomer Girls Who Ride Horseback A-Straddle.

A Curious Public Awaits the Appearance of the Newest Craze.

In London, a fair equestrienne petrified the crowd of fashionable riders in the row with astonishment when she suddenly appeared among them.

Her gown was made of cream cloth, cut tight to the figure in princess style, with pearl gray lace yoke. The dress is slashed on the left side to the knee. Underneath were white tights and long white boots embroidered with diamonds.

Apparently unconcerned and riding a dapple gray stallion with ease and grace, she mixed with the others ahorseback, attracting the attention of everybody.

The woman rode up and down the row more than an hour, the other riders either forming lines through which she passed or following her in a procession, all eager to get a closer view of the daring costume and discover her identity. Down Piccadilly she was followed by a huge crowd endeavoring to keep pace with her.

Artist Bolding, whose portraits are well known in New York, said that the costumes which had caused such a sensation were, from an artistic point of view, delightful, and he would much like to see a revival of the directoire gowns. He also confessed his partiality for the empire style. In fact, his view is that fashions are beautiful or not, according to the woman who wears them and the way they are worn.

Jane Hading, the actress, on the other hand, declared that no woman with good taste would wear such a costume as that in which one young woman whose tight skirt of dark blue was slit up to the knee, thus permitting a view of her pink silk stockings, appeared. The split skirt would be pretty, said Mme. Hading, only if nothing else were worn beneath it from the ankle to the knee. What lady, asked Mme. Hading, would care to make such an exhibition of herself?

Marcelle Lender, who for years has been regarded as one of the most beautiful women on the Paris stage, is equally severe. Never, said she, will this fashion take.

Curiously enough the general consensus of opinion among those who should know is that this particular fashion not only will but in fact already has taken.

Mrs. Langtry exhibited one the other day and that well known English beauty was snap shotted at the Chester races Thursday while strolling through the paddock with the duke of Westminster, who has been entertaining the king at Eton hall this week. The photograph, as reproduced in a London illustrated paper, is decidedly fetching.

The leading dressmakers say that the number of sheath skirted directoire gowns ordered indicates that the style has already won favor. Only a small section of the feminine population can wear them becomingly. But the directoire period furnishes a note to the new season's dresses and gowns that will be seen. "To wear even a modified directoire style," continued the authority, "women have had to change their figures; the hips are being reduced; the waist, however, is a little larger in order to lessen the apparent size of the hips."

In Chicago last week that clinging fabrication of the gown-maker's art, all curves and contours and omissions—especially omissions—that so candid gown, which made even the Parisian of the boulevards gasp and brought forth a protest from all women who are built in bunches—almost precipitated a riot. Miss Bertha Carlisle, a show girl, went shopping in it. Miss Bertha is what is known as svelt. She is tall and supple and winsome and she wore the gown because it is "cool." At least that is what Bertha said.

It is not too much to say that Bertha was the only cool person along the thoroughfare when she went strolling in her "directoire" gown. Those in the crowd who struggled and fought and perspired and jabbed each other in the ribs and used adjectives other than *outré*, hadn't any air of being cool.

Every time one of Miss Bertha's delicately molded ankles, in its glistening silk sheath, stole accidentally from among the folds of her gown, some genius coined a new expression to voice his delight. Emphatically, the first appearance of the "directoire" style was a success.

The gown, which is the sensation of the moment, receives its name from its similarity to the sheaths which encased the willowy figures of the ladies of France at the time of the directory, about 1795. Of course the modern gown is an adaptation and is in some respects, at least, more thrilling than the original. It clings more closely to the figure and its effect is enhanced by slashing both sides from the ankle to the knee, disclosing either open work hosiery or a kind of tight-fitting trousers. The gowns of the directory period were made of soft, clinging stuffs, that molded the figure, but were more ample and flowing in outline.

State street resembled the Main street of Huntingburg with a circus parade in motion. Traffic was for the time paralyzed. While a complete list of casualties could not be compiled, it is known that one woman lost a skirt, sev-

eral had their gloves partially torn off as they fought for space, and Merry Widow hats strewed the wake.

Miss Bertha was openly disdainful, distressed and amazed. She had expected nothing of the sort. Dear me, no! Could not a lady wear what she chose without being stared at and gaped at by the rabble? It was an awful bore and the people showed such "a vulgar curiosity don't you know."

Besides, she admitted that she feared for her gown—although, as a matter of fact, there was so little of it that she contrived to wriggle through the crowd without displacing a wrinkle.

While Miss Bertha said she hadn't expected to attract so much attention by her "simple little frock," she did say that she had taken precautions in advance.

Underneath that clinging sheath of "London fog" cloth, Miss Bertha said, she had encased herself in a perfectly clean pair of fleshings, fresh from the laundry.

"Dear me," gasped Bertha after the ordeal, "one never can tell what will happen and in case I lost my gown I didn't want to appear immodest."

It is only fair to Miss Bertha to say that she didn't apply the adjective "outré" to her gown. She contented herself with saying that it was "cool" and "comfortable," "an ideal walking gown." That adjective "outré" was supplied by a Mrs. McCreery. "My dear," said she to Miss Carlisle, "that gown is lovely and so sensible. Of course, it is a bit outré, but, dear me, that is nothing against it. I find it splendid."

As for Miss Carlisle, she is "strong" for wearing it again. She thinks of wearing it frequently during her stay in Chicago. She looks upon herself as the emancipator of her sex. She says that women have been too long trammelled with skirts that impede walking, and its high time some one took the initiative.

The gown itself—well, it's difficult for a man to describe it. If a woman has the figure to begin with it is supposed to be form fitting. Miss Carlisle said that hers was form fitting. It has a close fitting skirt and is slashed on the right side, slightly above the knee, exposing the blue satin "trousers" which fit over the boot like gaiters. The trimming is blue with a lace jabot and lace cuffs.

The buttons throughout are trimmed blue, agate and gold, with double loops. A set of blue buttons run down the side of the skirt, which is cut full directoire, heavily embroidered and walking style. On her head was perched a full directoire hat of blue, with buckle of brilliants and a large bunch of ostrich feathers.

In this costume, jauntily at ease, Miss Bertha tripped down Jackson boulevard. A few of the bolder onlookers fell into step as Miss Carlisle passed and made up a procession headed by street gamins, which wormed its way through the crush. By the time Adams street was reached the crowd was so dense that Miss Carlisle and her escorts stopped at a jeweler's for a moment to get their collective breaths.

"Scandalous!" cried several women who had been waiting half an hour to find out whether it really was. "Ain't that the show!" cried the gamins who trod at Miss Carlisle's heels. At Washington street the press was so thick that Miss Carlisle with her escorts passed through the front entrance of a convenient shop and out of the side door, walking across the street to the department store.

Along the main aisle hundreds of women, who all seemed busily shopping and most of whom were smartly gowned, saw the "directoire" pass. A chorus of sighs followed in its wake. The elevator was then entered for the trip to the ninth floor, where Miss Carlisle is the center of interest for the saleswoman.

"Grand," "smart," "too stylish for anything," were some of the comments that passed among the wide-eyed employees. They begged Miss Carlisle to stand up and to walk about and to sit down with her knees crossed, and they inspected the frock from every conceivable angle.

"How did you feel?" Miss Bertha was asked afterward.

"Oh, I didn't feel anything in particular," she replied, with a coy smile. "There is no reason why people should stare at this gown. Its cool and sensible. Just at first, you know, with all those people looking, I was just a wee bit uncomfortable, and oh! I almost had the breath jammed out of me for good and all."

"Do you think these gowns will become popular?" she was asked.

"There is no doubt of it," she replied, "at least with slender women. Of course, you've got to have a figure to wear 'em." she added, modestly.

OF INTEREST TO DEMOCRATS.

The National Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee has begun active operations at its headquarters at Washington D. C. In addition to its regular work, it is now preparing a Campaign hand-book which it hopes to have ready for distribution by July 1—two or three months earlier than heretofore.

The Committee is charged with the duty of assisting, in every way possible, the election of a Democratic Congress. We wish the active co-operation of every voter in the United States who believes with us, that the election of a Democratic Congress would greatly benefit the country. We must rely upon the people to sustain our work by giving information as to local conditions, and suggestions for our guidance.

Each individual can at least aid us by making a contribution. Will he not do so and interest others in helping us too?

We wish our Campaign hand-book distributed as generally as possible, and we will furnish a copy, as soon as published, to every one who contributes to our Committee.

Send remittances to me at Washington, D. C.

JAMES T. LLOYD,
Chairman.

How A Publisher Got Even.

A newspaper publisher has recently brought suit against forty-five men who would not pay their subscriptions, obtaining judgment in each claim. Of these twenty-eight made affidavits that they owned more than the law allowed, thus preventing attachment. Then under the decision of the Supreme Court they were arrested for petit larceny and bound over in the sum of \$300 each. All but six gave bond while six went to jail. The new postal law makes it larceny to the paper and refuse to pay for it.—Editor and Publisher.