

From the day the temperance movement started in this country it has never gone backwards.

A few months since, curiosity prompted me to write to State officers in different states whose Legislatures were in session last winter, asking them for the record of legislative sessions ten years ago, and also the record of the session during the last winter—and I found this to be true,—that, of all the Legislatures of ten years ago, there was not one which discussed the question of the prohibition of the liquor traffic, while the Legislatures of the past winter, without a single exception, devoted a large part of their time to the discussion of this question.

The St. Louis *Globe Democrat* (and, by the way, the *Globe Democrat* is not noted as a very strong temperance paper, the history of both its former and present managers proving that they sympathize largely with the whiskey and beer traffic) in the month of April last, contained an editorial nearly a column in length, in which it was asserted that the temperance question was the religio-politico question of this age, and the editor went on to say that the man who thought this movement was an agitation by a few idle visionaries or old women, was dreaming on the crater of a social volcano. Then, after explaining and giving fully his reasons for such conclusions, the editor said that the Legislature of the State of Missouri would no more dare, at its next session, to refuse to submit the question of the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors to the voters of that state, than it would dare commit any other kind of political suicide.

In my state, the frontier State of Nebraska, ten years ago, a member of the Legislature who did not drink liquor was an exception; to-day a member who does is an exception. To-day a man could not be elected in Nebraska, on any party ticket, if it was known he was a tippler.

The Legislature met last winter, and during the entire session I saw no member under the influence of liquor. I understood there was a member drunk, but his friends said he was suffering with brain fever, and kept him out of sight until he became sober.

Ten years ago, those who called on the ladies in Omaha, who kept open house on New Year's, found wine on nearly every table; for the past three years (and I have means of knowing the truth of what I affirm) not a family in Omaha, nor in the city of Lincoln, has placed wine before its guests on that day. Even our German friends have, to a great extent, banished it, in obedience to the demands of educated public opinion.

As I look over the rapid advance that has been, and is being, made