

voice in the affairs of my own little neighborhood.

Do you ladies know that a widow before the law is considered a relict. She is Susan Doe, relict of John Doe, deceased. How would some of the sprightly young widowers here like to be called John Doe, relict of Susan Doe, deceased. Well, they wouldn't like it, I trow. Josiah Allen's wife says that when Josiah dies she intends to write upon his tombstone, "Here lies Josiah, beloved husband of Samantha Allen." I know that will make some people laugh, but according to my way of thinking, it is a beautiful tribute to Josiah. But the idea is this, man can not get away from the thought that a woman is property and she belongs to him, and they are one, and he is that one, and outside of himself she has no right to any opinion or individuality of her own.

This story is told of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who was the daughter of an eminent jurist. In her childhood days she was often in her father's office and heard many points of law discussed. One day a widow came in who was in great distress. She told the judge that her husband had died without a will. According to the law of New York, the eldest son being 21 became the legal administrator of the estate. This young man being a wild, dissipated spendthrift, was squandering all the family estate. She asked the judge if there was any law by which she could have him removed and herself appointed administratrix. Judge Cody took down his law book and read the law that then obtained in New York, that if a man died intestate his eldest son became the legal administrator. He was very sorry for her. He could see the injustice of the law, but he had no power to help her. Little Elizabeth, very precocious child of five or six years old, seeing the mother's distress, and understanding the injustice of the law, was so indignant that when she saw her father's back was turned, she secured a pair of scissors and cut that page out of her father's law book, thus supposing that she had destroyed that unjust law from the books forever, not knowing that there were other law books and other lawyers outside of her father's office. That was characteristic of that great woman, and it has been characteristic of all those other great women who have fought so valiantly for women's rights, and to whom we owe such a debt of gratitude. They have clipped here and they have clipped there until they have gotten a great many of those unjust laws clipped out of the statutes. But they are not all out yet, and many good women and some good men would be shocked to know how many yet remain for the degradation of women. But for the last fifty years every state in this Union has been gradually emancipating women, and I for one would be glad to know that every vestige of law was any way discriminated against wrenched from the statute books that in men.

There is another class of men who are opposed to woman's suffrage, but they are fast losing their influence, because their arguments are so weak and purile they defeat their own purpose. They like to stand upon the platform and bawl themselves black in the face and hold up their hands in holy horror at the very thought of dragging our pure womanhood in the mire of politics. This is their stock argument. Politics, ladies, is the science of government. There should be no mire, about it. Some of these would be statesmen know very little about the science of government, but they do know about the mire. As for our pure womanhood, that is the cheapest kind of taffy, so cheap that it has long since palled upon the taste of every intelligent woman. They tell us, "We have always considered you women our superiors. If you had the same rights we have you would be our equals, and we wouldn't respect you." Now, ladies, isn't that a convincing argument, that they wouldn't respect their equals, especially if they had the power of the ballot. They wouldn't lift their hats to us. They wouldn't give us their seats on the street cars, and they would smoke in our presence, and they wouldn't marry us. In spite of all the ugly things they say about themselves, I have an abiding faith in the nobility of the greater portion of the American manhood. Four years ago, just after Arizona passed the suffrage act, I had a letter from a friend telling me of their first election. According to the law of Arizona, there was to be just as many women as men appointed to hold the election, and count the polls. This friend of mine, who is more expert in clerical work than nine-tenths of the men, was one of the women appointed to this office. The vote was cast in the school house where she taught school every day. Notwithstanding there were thirty open saloons in the little mining town where she lived, and prohibition was the burning question, they had to decide that day, yet the day was so quiet it passed off like Sunday. Now, why was it so quiet like Sunday? Was it because these men were weak and spineless men intimidated by women? No, indeed. It was because they were American men, and they had the instincts of gentlemen, and a love for fair play, and a conscious respect for human rights. American men are the grandest, the noblest, the most chivalrous on the face of the earth. Had anyone been so low as to have said one disrespectful word to any woman who came to the polls that day his life would have paid the penalty. That is the reason why it passed off like Sunday. Now, I don't pretend to say that woman's suffrage will cure all the ills of government. I know that it will not, and universal suffrage might not be good for the country. Perhaps it should be more limited than it is, but I do not think that it should be a sex limitation. That nation that disfranchises half its adult population is not a republic, and when it comes to battling for the right and maintaining the purity and integrity of the home, and the protection of our children, "the female of the species is more deadly than the male."

About ten years ago Edward Bok, the editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, made the prediction that in ten years from that time we wouldn't

hear anything said about woman's suffrage; women would be ashamed to advocate it. That Wyoming and Colorado had passed some freakish laws, and some freakish women in the East had taken it up, but it would soon go out like any other fad, and sensible women would not be influenced by it. Wyoming has had suffrage since 1869, forty-seven years. Colorado has had suffrage twenty-three years, and within the past ten years ten other states and one territory have fallen into line and it looks now like Mr. Bok will have to set another pace for the ladies to go. Suffrage is not a fad, but it is the result of education that has been going on for more than fifty years. Let me give you an illustration. About fifty-six or fifty-eight years ago there was a little college whose faculty was just men, and they conceived the idea of doing justice to women by opening the doors of their college to woman on the same equality as to men. They became the laughing stock of this country. The clown, the wit, the fool and the funny man all made their jibes and jests at their expense. And the wise men, the preacher, the politician—and the otherwise men—sat up and took notice, and they straightway began to analyze the female mind and discuss pro and con whether she was capable of taking the higher education or not, or if, perchance, if they should open the college to her, it would not destroy all those natural inclinations to wifehood and motherhood. If we educate our women as we educate men it will unsex them. That was a powerful word with them. (I expect some of you have heard it.) We will never be able to control them; we will ruin our own homes. Others said, if we educate women as we educate men, we make them better wives and mothers, and we strengthen our homes.

But the wise men could not agree. But after a while another college opened its doors to women, and another and another, and behold the result—every state in this Union has its great universities, where women and men are admitted on the same equality. But those same men who opened the first college to women have long since been gathered to their fathers. But they never dreamed that they had put a weapon in the hands of women that would one day overthrow the very foundations of our political structure, and with their cry of liberty and equality they would batter down the walls of the bastille that had so long held them in the bondage of medieval ignorance.

Woman's suffrage has been an intellectual movement from the very beginning. It never was conceived in an ignorant mind. You send your sons and daughters to Columbia, to Chicago, to Leland Stanford, to Rice, to our great University of Texas. There they study the same text books; they study sociology, civil service, political economy, and, and—I don't know what else they study, for I never was there, but I know that these young women and these young men become the leaders of our social, our moral, our political, and our religious thought. They place the mark of their training, the stamp of their genius, their culture, upon the minds and characters of their generation. These young men have become our leading politicians, and it does not seem so preposterous to them that a woman should have some voice in a government under which she lives, and they are doing everything they can to help suffrage along.

But the old politician is disgusted; he is mad. He feels just like Mr. Mantelina, one of Dickens' characters. He was one of the most exquisite French gentlemen. He wore the finest of linen every day. His hair was parted in the middle and curled, his whiskers were waxed and perfumed, his nails were daintily manicured—he was a beautiful gentleman. Madame Mantelina kept a milliner shop, and she paid his barber, his tailor, his haberdasher, and she gave him pin money. But sometimes the madame would come home of an evening tired and exhausted, and she didn't look as pretty, as sweet, and altogether lovely, as he thought a gentleman of his parts deserved, and he would fly into a passion and tell Madame Madelina that she didn't have the proper respect for a husband, that she was neglecting her husband and her home, and everything about the house was going to the demnition bow-wows. That is the way the old politician feels. He thinks women haven't the proper respect for him, and he would like to express himself just like Mr. Matelina, but he dare not. For he knows that those women have already gotten so far out of their sphere that they have the mouths of both old parties locked, and they hold the key. But after a while, the old man will die, thank the Lord! This is one of the inevitable laws of nature that the old anti-suffragette will die, and his race will soon become as extinct as the cliff dwellers.

Last year "The Suffragist," a paper published in Washington city, gave a premium for the best slogan for campaign purposes. A Spanish gentleman, living in Chicago, who had married an American wife, received the premium. The slogan is this: "Give a woman a man's chance." Now, that is what I say. Give a woman a man's chance, and she will vote just as intelligently as he does. She is just as patriotic, has just as much desire for good government, and she is just as well educated, and the younger generation of women is much better educated than the younger generation of men. It is a deplorable fact that the ratio of graduates from our high schools is ten girls to four boys, and the last census, 1900, showed that we had 174,000 more illiterate men in the United States than illiterate women, and if it keeps on this way, we will soon see the amazing spectacle of an illiterate or uneducated class governing the educated. I don't pretend to say that women would always vote wisely if we had the ballot—I know some of us would vote very foolishly. Men do not always vote wisely. They have had control of governments since the beginning of time, but if you look at the condition the world is in today, you cannot be very favorably impressed with their superior wisdom, and their capacity for self-government. In spite of all their history and traditions, and education,

and special privileges, there never was a time when this old world was as badly governed as in this year of our Lord 1916. We have been the silent and helpless witnesses of the most gigantic war in all the annals of time. We have seen war in all its horrors, stripped of its pomp, its pride, its pageantry, its martial music, its military illusions, its bellicose ardor; war in the raw, hideous, repulsive, a stench of blood and wounds, a mad debauch that kills, maims, starves, demolishes, a hell without grandeur. Oh, thou blessed Christ, thou Prince of Peace, whose sad face looks only on this, after the passion of 2,000 years. Why, oh, why, while erring men bathe their hands in each others' blood? Oh, that some beautiful bird of the South, would build its nest in the cannon's mouth, and stop its awful roar. If I were a preacher, instead of preaching so much about that vague and mystic hereafter that none of them know anything about, I would preach "Peace on earth and good will to men, and every foreign mission should be a peace society. But that glad day, that dreamed of millennium will never come until the mothers of men have an equal voice in shaping the policies of nations. I believe in my soul that woman's suffrage is the only hope of democracy for this country, the only hope of preserving our republican institutions. This is the very genius of our constitution—"A government of the people, by the people, for the people"—not a government of all the people by half the people.

Women's clubs have done more to foster woman's suffrage than any organizations in America, not excepting the suffrage party itself. While we have never been a political party, and I hope we never will be, yet we have been an educational force and we have developed a genius for organization that has astonished the world, and we have developed a solidarity and unity of purpose that has astonished ourselves.

Suffrage will not come to us as a great political upheaval, but it will come as the result of education that has been going on for more than fifty years. These forces have been working silently, and like the little leaven that the woman hid in the three measures of meal, it has leavened the whole lump, and the loaf is now ready for baking. You can no more turn back this onward movement than you can turn back the tide of the Mississippi river and make it flow into Lake Winnipeg. You may call it an innovation if you please, but if it is an innovation, it is the greatest since the signing of the Magna Carta at Runnymede—that strong bulwark of civil liberties was once a great innovation. There can be no progress without innovation. Evolution is the law of life. That country which sticks to its old laws and old customs and never changes becomes effete and antiquated, like the Chinese empire. But that country that utilizes all of its natural resources, both human and material, goes on and on to higher planes of civilization. It marches on and on like a mighty army, with banners of victory to arouse and rule the world. Women are a part of the assets of this nation. We are in the drama, and whether we do well or ill, we must act our part.

The home is the citadel of the nation. It is committed to us to keep it pure and virtuous, and to maintain its moral soundness, and to lift on high the glorious banners of our national ideals. These are the duties that are calling to the women of today.

I have seen Texas grow from a population of 500,000 to a population of 4,000,000. I have seen her outgrow her old laws and her old customs. I have seen her grow in strength like a mighty empire. I have seen the eyes of the world turned in wonder at her progress. I have seen the tenets of men ravished with her beauty and splendor; I have seen her loyal sons die for her honor, for she is the brightest star in all the constellation of states. Her counsel is sought in the halls of congress; her voice decrees the laws of our country. I do not believe, I can not believe, I will not believe, that the wise men of Texas will forever bind her women in the swaddling bands of ignorance.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE RESULT OF EDUCATION

Is Position Taken by Advocate of Votes for Women at Club Meeting.

A few days ago the Mirror published the paper of Mrs. S. L. Robertson in opposition to suffrage read before the recent joint meeting of the Monday Review and the Sesame Clubs. Today we are giving below an able argument for suffrage, prepared by Mrs. N. L. Carmichael for the same meeting:

Sometimes dreams come true. When I was a young woman I had a dream, which was not all a dream. In my mature years, I had the same vision. And now, at the age of more than three score years and ten, my dream has come true; that I should stand before an American audience an advocate of equal rights for women.

The women of the South are very conservative, and slow to adopt any radical innovations. While I am of the South, the most southern, yet all my life I have had a sneaking notion that women and men ought to be equal before the law. But to have avowed such ultra sentiments would have called down on my head ridicule, contumely and ostracism.

When I was a little girl Susan B. Anthony, Julia Ward Howe and Lucretia Motte were advocating this question. They were the laughing stock of the world. They were ridiculed and ostracised by society; good women turned their backs upon them. But in my childish and unsophisticated heart, I asked the reason why, and I have been asking the reason why ever since.

But a change has come over the spirit of the times. Twelve of the great states of the Union, thirteen counting the territory of Alaska, have adopted the sentiments so valiantly fought for by these courageous women, and today Susan B. Anthony's statue stands in the hall of fame in the capital at Albany, while the ignoble names of those who so cruelly harrowed her have gone down in the silent dust of oblivion.

I know there are a great many good men who are honestly opposed to woman's suffrage. They say, "Oh, I don't know what the women want to vote for, anyhow. It will do them no good; nine-tenths of them will vote like their husbands." Well, suppose they do. Nine-tenths of the sons vote like their fathers. But all the reformation and progress the world has ever made has been made because one-tenth of the sons did not vote like their fathers. Reformation always comes from a minority, and never from a majority. These men seem to think that every woman has a good husband who is perfectly capable to do her thinking for her, and every one has a good home in which she reigns as queen. That she is loved and respected and shielded from all the baser elements of life. If she is not satisfied it is because she is disgruntled and rebellious. They make the same argument that Br'er Rastus makes when he argues with Sis Randy. He tells Sis Randy that God Almighty never gave the woman the same rights that He did the man. The woman's sphere is on the inside of the home, not on the outside. Sis Randy retorts, "Rastus, yer old fool nigger, yer. Suppose she ain't got no home?" Rastus replies, "Dat ain't no part er the argument; she oughter be thar ennyhow."

These men ignore the fact that there are millions and millions of women in this land who are toiling for their daily bread, and some are supporting aged parents and helpless children. They are subject to all sorts of unjust labor conditions. They have no power under heaven to better their condition, or to save themselves from the rapacity of greed and mammon. And we women who are in better circumstances often see conditions that are detrimental to the health and well being, and sometimes detrimental to the morals of our family. But we have no power to remove these conditions, but must accept them like dumb animals, that have no discourse of reason. Three years ago I received a notice that all the citizens on North Pleasant street had met and unanimously voted to pave North Pleasant street. At that time one-third of the property owners were women, and not one of us had been consulted. Notwithstanding, I have lived in Hill county for forty-seven years, and have paid taxes in my own name for thirty-six years, I am not yet considered a citizen of Hill county, and I have no

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