

VOTES FOR (SOME) WOMEN!

And Love for 'em All.

The question of Woman's Suffrage is worthy of deep consideration. May I offer, as a man, a few of my impressions.

The situation is the most extreme the world has ever experienced; not only extreme but peculiar.

As a boy I was taught to give the right of way to woman, I was taught to be specially polite to her, and it wasn't necessary for the woman to be lovely, either. I was taught that she was "the weaker sex" and that it was my privilege to be her protector. I need hardly add that I respected my teachings.



The situation is intense, because the women are not a unit in the matter of suffrage.

The dear sweet old mother of other days would lift her hands in holy horror at the bare idea of occupying a position that would suggest equality with man.

The peculiarity of the situation was that although she appeared to be sub-servant SHE WAS REALLY FIRST, because man was UNCONSCIOUSLY giving her the right of way.

The subject is not intricate, it is plain and clear and requires no definite explanation.

MAN LOVED AND RESPECTED WOMAN, such women as our mothers were.

It is not exhorbitant to say men have died for women, Empires have fallen, fortunes have faded, and souls have been damned for women.

All this time she was ruling by divine privilege, she was ruling as she is to-day.

Granted, she was wearing no crown, granted, some of her was suffering.

Granted, to some extent (and only in the case of debility) she had to bear more responsibility than man in the plan of life.

All these conditions were offset by the fact that man was her Protector, her provider.

As soon as woman aspired to equality she sacrificed her superiority, a superiority which was undenied (ethereal if you will).

The suffragette movement is the outcome of the increase in mankind, increasing endeavor to provide for the wants of mankind. Man has come to the point where he calls aloud to the woman to help him. She has helped him and in doing so has become conscious that she was capable of doing more than merely bearing fruit

When woman demands a position in the world on an equal with man, she is relinquishing a position higher than she can ever gain by any other method contrary to the mandates of NATURE, she is robbing Peter and not paying Paul.

But then, THE PECULIARITY. I believe that women are more brainy than men (I hate to say this), women are more diplomatic, women are more artistic, more sentimental, more effervescent, more true, more good, more beautiful, and more deceitful (bless 'em). Consequently, I feel inclined to give her her own

way—same as I have always done and same as my father did before me.

Could it be possible that some day the girls will go a courting the boys. Why not? Many a peasant girl has won a prince.

How about the per centage of women capable of assuming control? Get this, "How about the percentage?"

The point of my pencil has broken off here and I have decided that I can go no further, but the . . . ? : ! ; — — " ! ? \$: () How— : ! ! — — What the — — ? ? ? There ye go!



The Moose Horns On the Cabin Wall At Ye Anchorage.

Through forest glades when shadows fall,
Where the clear stream swiftly flows,
And the echo sounds in the lonely woods,
Down where the bull moose goes.

Across the hill as the sun goes down,
And makes the silhouettes,
And pine trees bend,
And a beauty lend,
To wild, wild out of doors.

Down in the marsh where the green frog croaks,
And the willows weep and wail,
Proudly he stalks
While the cow moose walks,
O'er the hunter's fresh made trail.

Weird and low cross the dewey fells
He drones his plaintiff call,
And she replies,
Then she calls again,
And he answers soft and low.

Did he but know the cunning call
Was the fake of a store clothes guide,
And not the call of a kin,
His horns to-day would never be
On the walls of the Anchorage Inn.