

commenting on the deplorable outbreak, says: "Since American women have thus demonstrated what they can do \* \* \* who shall say that women have not the right to vote?"

Why on earth women should cherish such bitter feelings generally toward the saloon keeper, I can not understand. I hold that the men who patronize saloons are no better than the men who sell liquors. That is putting it strongly, I know; but the fact is if men of prominence and influence and respectability did not countenance saloons, saloons would not live.

The law allows men to sell liquor and to keep saloons; then, your husband, or father, or brother, is a drunkard, why rage at the saloonkeeper?

I am not upholding saloons or drunkenness, but the idea seems so small and mean to me that women will not place the blame where it belongs—with the men who drink to excess and not with the men who have a lawful right to sell the liquor.

If a woman, knowingly, marries a drunkard, she should take the consequences and live her life out with him as best she may; but if he has led her to believe otherwise, or if, after marriage he becomes a drunkard, while she has been a true and faithful wife to him, she should refuse to live with him and the law should uphold her. No woman can remain the wife of a man who drinks until he becomes intoxicated—whether it is once a week, once a month, or once a year—and retain her self-respect and dignity. If this be his only fault, and if the offense is committed rarely, I would advise her to bear with him; to be patient and long-suffering; to use all her tender love and influence to save him, if possible. Nay, more! If he is invariably kind and affectionate to her, and makes a good husband in other ways, and if her love for him does not eat itself up in sorrow, let her stay with him until the end; for I believe there are men who would give their last cent to be able to control their craving for drink. But for the man who holds the heart and the happiness of a pure woman in his keeping, and who, while not caring for liquor in itself, yet has not the no I-won't-do-it quality that will enable him to gracefully refuse to drink with the friend who simply wishes to be "Hail! fellow, well met!" with him, I have no patience. While on the other hand, the woman who has good, sound sense and a husband who does not get drunk, will not object to his drinking with moderation at home, any more than she will object to his putting his feet upon the fender and filling the parlor with cigar smoke. Let your house belong to your husband, from the cellar to the drawing-room, and make his friends at home, and he will not care for saloons. If your callers don't fancy the scent of cigar smoke, let them stay away. I don't mean that you should make yourself a slave to his whims, if he should chance to be tyrannical; but that you should not scold because you find his gloves upon the center-table, his hat upon the piano, and his overcoat upon your favorite chair.

Of course if your husband is one of those moral cowards who cannot take one drink without desiring another, it would be as well for you not to have a side-board—indeed, I may say, it would be as well for you not to be on the earth at all. Far better a little nook down in a quiet church yard, with sunshine and violets above you, than marriage with such a man!

But—to go back to the women in old Missouri—don't imagine that there is any happiness in forcing a man to do anything, especially by violence. It is wrong for the press of America to uphold those women; even to be lenient in their comments on that action. It is setting a bad example to young girls who are longing to become famous in some way, and who do not know the difference between notoriety and fame. To do something startling; something that the newspapers will take up and commend—that is their idea. Those Missouri women

will probably have all the notoriety they desire before the law is through with them. Violence, rage, and passion are disgusting in men; but in women they are abominable. Originality is all very well and refreshing in its way; but do not sacrifice sense, decency—and, above all, sweet womanliness—for the sake of being original.

The March number of *Drake's Magazine* contains a beautiful frontispiece. It was evidently suggested by the tender sonnet of which the last line is, "But God—He giveth his beloved sleep." It represents a young and sad-looking man, sitting under a tree by the grave of his wife; on one arm he holds a little, sleeping child; from his hand an open book is half falling away; forgetful of the child, the book, everything—with only a keen, suffering remembrance of the past in his eyes—he is looking at the grave. It is a beautiful grave, simply marked, as a grave should be, but there are shrubs and vines about it, and a potted geranium at the head. There are no ostentations shown about it—only sunshine and birds and the undying affection for the dead which God gives to some men. Looking at it, you feel that it is the Sabbath day, and that he has come here to be away from the noisy world—to be alone once more with her. You can see the sunlight flickering through the leaves; hear the soft chiming of the river near by, the drowsy humming of the bees, the sweet choir of the birds—yes, you can smell the violets that he has planted at her grave because she loved them. I don't know whether the drawing is well executed or not; and I don't care. I only know that one turns away from it with a better, truer feeling and with wet eyes, as one somehow feels purer after the touch of a little child's lips. It is drawn by F. C. Drake, and—to us, at least—it is worth more than the "Angelus."

It is right that Chicago should have the World's Fair. The great west deserves more recognition than she receives. When people come to Oregon and Washington, even in these days, bringing silver forks and napkin rings in their "pockets," because they think such things can not be bought here, it is time that they found out the truth. If visitors from abroad come as far as Chicago, they will travel all through the west, and have a better idea of us—yes, and a better opinion, too—than they ever before had. Chicago may not be so refined, or so cultured, as New York; but she has a mighty heart throbbing within her, and I believe it is in the right place. Talk about broadening women's minds, though! Why not form societies for the broadening and enlarging of men's minds? They certainly need it when a question of such vital importance to America as the World's Fair cannot be settled without all the little petty jealousies, bickerings and spites which are usually attributed to women only.

The other day a roughly dressed man was coiling some ropes on the pavement in front of a hardware store. A lady was passing, and, as the man drew his arm backward with a strong, swift movement, his brawny elbow struck her so violently that she barely saved herself from falling. It was really enough to provoke the indignation of a saint; not only was the situation extremely embarrassing for the lady, but she was, also, dressed for calling, and her card case was flung from her hand and her bonnet was disarranged. Nevertheless, the instant she had recovered her equilibrium and her breath, she turned to the bewildered and shame-faced man with the sweetest smile I have ever seen on woman's lips.

"It doesn't matter," she said kindly. "Don't feel badly about it. It doesn't matter—it is of no consequence at all."

When one's courtesy will stand a test like that, you may know it is genuine gold—not brass touched up with gilt.