

THE LADIES OF A JAPANESE SUFFERGETTE

BY HASHIMURA TOGO (WALLACE IRWIN)

THE SOLID LADY VOTE

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TO EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN, who often treat Great Problems in a very unladylake manner.

DEAR MR. SIR:—
Ladies was discovered in Year Zero by Hon. Adam, famous landscape gardener. When he first seen her he thought she was a plain Vegetable; but when she gave him a bite smile he thought she must be a very delicious species of rare Plant. She have been doing so, thank you, ever since. From the Year of Adam to the Year of Taft female Ladies has not amounted to such awful much. They have been principally useful for perpetuating the Human Race, turning Man into a decent animal and making Life worth living after office hours.

Should we feel amazed, then, because Ladies is beginning to appreciate the depths of their downtroddery? Ladykind are at last awaking-up from beauty sleep of 100,000 years. A horrible War between them two sexes is getting ready to approach. The sweet screech of Freedom is heard in every corner of the Globe. Already there has been several arrests. Boldened by their success, Ladies is beginning to say unchivalrous things about Gentlemen. Busting from her perfumed cage of centuries, Ladyhood, like a angry tiger, is spreading her beautiful wings towards Albany, where Gov. Hughes sets calm but nervus, attempting to think of something else.

Mr. Editor, all-comical papers of England & America is poking considerable humor at Lady Suffergetters. I ask to know: Why should they make such laugh at a Lady attempting to get some rights? The Answer is: Because that Lady are usually quite comical when she are attempting to do so.

And yet, are it a reproach to Suffergetters because they are funny? Answer is—No! (Multiply this by 1000!) Marters is often very queer & quaint when they are working for Humanity. It are mirthful to see them. When Christian Marters was being nipped by Hons, perhaps Roman Senators buy tickets & have pleasant afternoon of laughter. Occasions like these are enjoyed by all. Roman Senators admired it because it was a circus; Hons relished it because it was a lunch; Marters enjoyed it because they was Marters.

This is equally true about Suffergetters. Yesterday I read a news-editorial from paper which say, "If Women vote America must go to the pups." I enjoy great sadness to think of this. I was sure something would happen to America as soon as Hon. Roosevelt got away—and here is!

With outstretched eyes I read this scared print. He says: "Day-by-hour Women of America are clamoring for the ballot. 'Votes for us!' they say with screeches. In huf droves they are abandoning home-life, stenography, sweat-shops, comic-opera & other sweet, domestic influences. In nearly every neighborhood some lunch lies cold upon a neglected hearth. Female Crime are growing at a palling rate. Last week more Ladies was arrested for Suffergetting than for horse-stealing. The Nation has fallen into a deep crisis. If Women vote, America must go to the pups!"

I was so fascinated by this horrible news that I make hop-step to telephone & jingle up Hon. Editor who wrote it.

"How-do, Central!" I say to Hon. Telephone, "are Hon. Editor there where you are?"

"He are less here," report youth-voice from beyond.

"Could you answer intelligent questions as well?" I ask it.

"Better," say-out Voice. "I am the Office Boy."

"Hon. Sir," I corrode, "your Printer made some news recently which say, 'America will soon go to the pups.' Could you tell me, please, at what date this event will arrive?"

"The Pups?" require Hon. Office Ladd. "I am not aware of any such baseball team by that name."

So he hang-off telephone.

Nextly I go to saloon of Hon. Strunsky with Suffergette feeling of brain.

"Thank you to please tell me," I announce to him, "How much of a curse will it be to America when Ladies votes?"

"It will be a very bad blessing," say Strunsky with earnest expression peculiar to the Irish. "How would this town act under a Lady Mayor?"

"It have sometime acted very sinful under a Gentleman Mayor," I toss back nervusly.

"Ladies is Idealists," consume Strunsky scornfully.

"Would Idealists be injurious to American laws?" I require.

"There is too much Idealism in politics already," corrupt that Strunsky.

I make note of this phenomenal.

"What would occur to Manhood if Womanhood got boss over it?" yell Strunsky, madly pounding beer on bar-counter. "What would happen to my saloon if Mrs. Strunsky was running it & Mrs. McCann, wife of Hon. C. W. McCann, prominent drunk, got job of Police Lady at lamp-post?"

I try to assimilate this picture he said.

"Please not to be frightened for it," I smooth off. "Why should not that be a pretty nice change? Mrs. Strunsky are a brite, nervus woman. Maybe she would bring some intelligence into the saloon business. Mrs. McCann, also, are much more of a gentleman than Hon. C. W. McCann, prominent drunk. With such changes this saloon might become tame & domesticated. Sweet feminine touches here & there. Mrs. Strunsky could give motherly advice & conversation to habitual drunkards who come here to buy alcohol. Here customers could get drunk midst of refined home influences, and when paralysis arrives, customers could be led to jail-wagon by gentle hand of Policeman Ethel McCann, who have become quite soothing & experienced from years of nursing Hon. C. W. McCann, who are often too tired to go home alone."

For clever reply to this argument Hon. Strunsky knock me to head with glassware. Furniture, telephone-book, cigar-lighter, etc., follow this until I arrive outside to sidewalk enjoying con-

siderable bleeds & bumps. Mr. Editor, after this argument I begin to feel like a Suffergette without no equal franchise. I would join a parade if I could find one. "Japanese boys," I say, "also can not vote in America. Therefore they will enjoy slavery among other ladies."

I get so sympathetick with Solid Female Vote that I go to look for one. So I elope to residence of Mrs. Lusy Macdonald, 286-lbs. complete beauty. I find her in backyard punishing Turkish rugs with broom-handle.

"Hon. Mrs. Madam," I say so to this gentle sex, "why should you be a slave? Please make high-jump to freedom before it is too late! Uplift yourself!"

She cease that dusty labor & look to me with glass eye.

"Togo," she explain, "you are talking garbage again. How could a lady of my average weight do such an uplift?"

"But are you not walked down by the bootware of the Gentleman Tyrant?" I ask it.

"Search me for any manly footprints," she say invitingly.

I neglect to do so.

"Mrs. Lusy Macdonald," I offer, "should you not extend some pull to your female sisters?"

"Perhaps so," she growl & struck Hon. Carpet extra shock with broom-handle. I am disgusted by her weak attitude.

"Must you stand there?" I require, "must you stand there idly beating carpets while some Male Tyrant boss over you with mean sneer like Mr. Nero—?"

"Mr. Nero was just as good a Tyrant as Mrs. Cleopatra & twice as respectable," she fire off. "I never could bear that Woman."

"Who was this Mrs. Cleopatra you say off?" I request.

So Mrs. Lusy Macdonald tell me this scandalous gossip what happen to Egypt:

Mrs. Cleopatra (she say) were a Lady Suffergette who got elected to President of Egypt. At first she were above approach—a very Tafty kind of politician who receive delegates from Memphis, Tenn., with gently smiling. But soon she become less-so. She appoint very cross postmistress at Cairo, Ill., learn to smoke Pittsburg cigarettes, make sweetheart eye-wink to Aunt Josie Cannon, lady-speaker of the House, & chop entire Socialist party off at neck. Finally the Good Govt League got so scandalized about this Lady that Hon. C. J. Caesar, Mayor of Rome, sail for Egypt with a Peace Fleet intending for to give Mrs. Cleopatra a war scare.

But soon she return home with bald-headed expression of one who has been Rude to a Lady. "What was your impression of Cleopatra?" ask a Roman reporter for interview. "Sic terror alibi!" say Mr. Caesar, when were a pretty mean curse to throw at a Lady, even in those early dates.

Mrs. Cleopatra were Political Boss of Egypt for 103 years, and she looked even younger. But one day she found she could

not do no more harm to Egypt, so she got mad & killed herself by being stung by a wasp which was concealed in a basket of lemons.

When Mrs. Macdonald stop-off telling me this sad news I ask, "What do this prove about Suffergettes?"

"When Ladies is too uplifted they are apt to get too top-lofty," report Hon. Lusy.

"Then you refuse to be strong & vote?" I ask earnestly.

"I prefers to be a poor, weak woman of gentle & retiring habits," says Mrs. Macdonald. So she hit Hon. Carpet another punish with broom-handle.

Mr. Editor, I wish to join my penmanship with such distinguished names as Katherine de Medici, Col. George Harvey, Joan of Arc, Mrs. Carrie Nation, Sappho, Mary Queen of Scot & May Irwin. Like them distinguished Suffergettes I know that if the Ladies want anything & don't get it, it is because they don't want it. When the Ladies does get the vote they will show what foolish things they can do with it. But is not that what the Vote is for? If the Sterner Sex have used it that way for so long, why shouldn't the Crosser Sex get a chance?

So please listen at this Imitation Poem I done:

A TOAST TO THE LADIES.
(Written by an Old-Fashioned Country Gentleman at 2 o'clock in the morning when his Wife has got tired of telephoning him to come Home, & he is feeling, naturally, quite Chivalrous.)
The Ladies—God bless 'em!
So long as they're quiet!
Our offspring they dress 'em
And tend to their diet.

They train our young daughters
And tutor our heirs—
So what should they know
About Public Affairs?

The Duck in her puddle,
The Dove in her cote—
Should Birdies like these
Be permitted to vote?

The Ladies—God bless 'em!
Our troubles they share 'em;
So lock 'em away
In the Parlor (or Harem).

We give them ideas,
We pay for their chains—
And what is more sweet
Than a Wife without brains?

So here's to the Angels
We foster with elegance.
Bless their sweet eyebrows—
But damn their intelligence!

Hoping you are the same,
Yours truly,
HASHIMURA TOGO.

THE HOTEL CLERK ON A AQUATIC SPORTS

"LARRY," said the Hotel Clerk to the House Detective of the St. Reckless, "did anybody who owned a sailboat ever invite you out for a sail with him?"

"I dunno," said the House Detective, "why?"

"Well," said the Hotel Clerk, "if anybody ever does, let me tell you how to behave under the circumstances. Wait until your friend has got through extending his kind invitation and then, clapping him firmly to you, you should part the locks that curl upon his lofty young brow, as if you meant to kiss him on the forehead. But don't kiss him. Hug him. He's framing up something on you, and you want to seriously discourage him right from the start. Otherwise you're liable to share my unhappy fate."

"Have you been goin' out sail-boatin' lately?" inquired the House Detective.

"No, only once," said the Hotel Clerk. "Once was enough. I'm not greedy. From now on I'm perfectly willing to stay ashore and let other people have my place. People that I don't like will be preferred. Those that I dislike very deeply can go several times a piece. There may be better ways for a person who owns a sailboat. Or rather, I should say, a sailboat owns him and he's willing to work for her for nothing and find himself. Hell! find himself drowned in a moist and highly unpleasant manner some of these days, but that is neither here nor there. He suffers from a delusion common among sea-boarders, cross-country walkers, put-the-shooters, hundred-yard dashers and others, that it is sport to do a lot of very hard manual labor providing you don't get paid anything for it. If somebody came around and offered them one-eighth-five a day and union hours they'd scorn the offer with an outburst of language that would be little short of inspired, but they'll tackle the job gladly if by doing so there's any chance, however small, of winning a four-dollar loving cup that they can put on the parlor mantel and contemplate with loving pride while

recovering from the aching, the splints, the Charles W. Horse, the Mollie K. Grubbs, the glass arm, the glass eye, the floating kidney, the semi-detached liver, or whatever the complaint is that has brought on by their almost super-human exertions in behalf of the advancement of sport. It's one of the main differences between sullenly creeping to your appointed task in a suit of blue overalls, with the ostensible but not full dinner pail clasped in your brassy mitt, and getting two and a quarter for eight hours time and a half over time, and faring forth gaily to even more arduous employment in a set of running pants, with the design of a winged wheel rarebit embroidered on your chest, and incidentally paying the nomination stakes out of your own pocket.

"That's the way with this friend of mine that owned the sailboat on board of which I learned enough to know better next time, he'd feel above taking a job on any oyster boat or a dump scow, but he works twice as hard and pays all the expenses himself, doing practically the same thing, because of a deluded creature that he is, he thinks he's enjoying himself. I'll admit that he does have his brighter hours. He has one every time he can turn some trusting but weak-minded acquaintance aboard his floating annex of the burlap bag, and sail round and round with him on the raw and fretted edge of a damp eternity. That's where the pleasure for him really comes in—glorifying over the misery of some unfortunate person who's never done him harm before in his life and is powerless from fright and other causes to do him any harm now. The victim of the occasion can confer an added pleasure by becoming seasick and turning the color of a student lampshade in the face."

"From all I've been able to gather he must have had a most enjoyable time here the other day when he endeavored to begin with. I didn't want to go. I'm not addicted to any water sports, except bathing and taking it with my meals or for a change. I'm not amphibious—I'm nearly harmless, if left alone. But he overcame my scruples in some way, and before I knew it we were off."

"You'd be astonished, Larry, to see how a sailboat shrinks after you get into her. Observing her from the land, I judged that my friend's boat would be fairly commodious—not as big as the Lusitania, of course, but considerably larger than a china soup dish. But after we'd cast off I was pained to suddenly note that she didn't seem to be much bigger than a pant's button. I noticed this while standing in the cockpit, or basement arway of the boat, with one foot sort of poised in the air. I poised it thus because



there didn't seem to be any other place to put it except in the handi basket or the skipper's stomach. I think it must have been about the same time that I noticed the Western hemisphere was sliding away from us with a haste that gave me a sinking sensation at the pit of my job pocket, and that we were running into the middle of probably the most frightful storm that has ever devastated the coast of North America.

"But I'm getting a bit ahead of my story. The first thing we did was to get under way. You'd be surprised to see what a job that was. It can't be much more of an undertaking to launch a first-class battleship than it is to get an 18-foot catboat into the water. Here's another place where the green hand shines. Oh, I enjoyed it immensely. All you have to do is to jump around briskly and grab up things and turn 'em loose and uncoil ropes and then roll them back again, and step on things and be told to get off of them, and be blamed quick about it. And while this is going on in it customary for the seasoned person with in charge of the expedition to look at you with the cold gray eye of pitying contempt for your ignorance and from time to time address you as 'Here, you,' and give you difficult orders in a loud and raucous tone of voice."

"Springing forward, I'd rather be called anything in the English language than a 'Here you,' but it seems to be a favorite form of expression with people who own or sail boats, when addressing some favored friend and guest, who's doing the best he can and making a gush out of it. But at last we were off and away, with a wet sheet and a flow of soul, as the poet says. It was shortly afterward I noticed that this Indian hurricane, which I spoke of a while, was bearing down upon us with terrible rapidity. I think what particularly directed it to my attention was the action of the ordinary for people to venture upon the vasty deep in a vessel not much larger than a white chip, at a time when sailing cyclones was just starting to rage. But he merely remarked in an off-hand way that it was only blowing half a gale. Maybe he was right. Larry—I didn't care to argue the point with him at the time, for a variety of reasons—but if it was half a gale, I'll take my dying oath it was the last half."

"About this time my genial host gave me a rope to hold onto, only he called it a sheet, and then he suddenly said something that sounded to me like 'Hard Ah Lee.' Supposing that he referred to his laundryman, and having but little personal interest in the Chinese race for the moment, I paid no attention. At this juncture I seemed to be struck in several places at once by the picturesque but rugged and irregular North Atlantic shore-line. For the time I knew no more."

"As I learned subsequently, something which is called a boom had taken desperate aim at me when I wasn't looking and struck me a brutal blow on the head, and as I fell forward, a devilish contrivance known as a centerboard leaped from its scabbard, where it had been lying in wait for such a chance, and hit me in the stomach with sufficient force to have produced serious internal injuries, except for the fortunate circumstance that all my vital organs were up in my throat, where I could taste them."

"When I came to, I was lying in the bottom of the boat with a lump on my brow like a ripe egg-plant and a conviction that I had one of those heads with only survivors left in this latitude. Railing my head, I asked in a wan voice if anybody else had escaped. He gave me a laugh, one of those unpleasant, superior laughs that was especially out of place in the presence of a suffering fellow-creature. I'd rather be an easy death, is an easy death, and if all your past life passes in review before you while you are going down for the third time, and if so, how can possibly be an easy death, and thinking other deep, vital thoughts, like that. And then he said he supposed anybody would know what to do when a boat was about to be blown to bits, and only survivors left in this latitude. Railing my head, I asked in a wan voice if anybody else had escaped. He gave me a laugh, one of those unpleasant, superior laughs that was especially out of place in the presence of a suffering fellow-creature. 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