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sacred-a day when responsible duties devolve upon the voters of a country-it is election day; but, by the permission of men, it seems to be a special occasion for drinking, swearing, fighting, etc. Despite the law that saloons shall be closed on election day, whisky, the destroyer of happy homes, is imbibed with impunity. The man that drinks when saloon doors stand open drinks when they are closed. Consequently the "polls" are considered too rough for women, which assertion naturally suggests the oft-repeated question, "Which is rough, the 'polls' or the voters ?" Of course those "rowdies" are not our fathers, husbands and brothers. Oh, no! certainly not! But are they not dear to some other women? Did they not come from the immediate presence of women? Do they not associate with them at other public places? It is rather odd that men

effectual cure for rowdyism at the polls. There is scarcely a sober man that will not be respectful in the presence of a lady. There is not a gentleman that will permit a drunken man to disgrace his sex in the presence of a lady. But some will exclaim, "Women are not all ladies?" I have heard men boastfully say : "I have seen women drink ! I have seen them drunk, too. I tell you, it was the worst looking sight I ever see." People are at a loss for language to describe the depravity of an intoxicated woman, which is itself proof of the rarity of such sights. The truth is, a woman is no worse than a man when she commits a man's crime. Custom only has decreed that she our cemeteries are not occupied by women. They are filled with the remains of law-makers, voters -the same that will entrust the ballot in the hands of an habitual drunkard (provided he "wears pants," the only thing that denotes his manhood), in preference to a sober, intelligent woman. "Con"