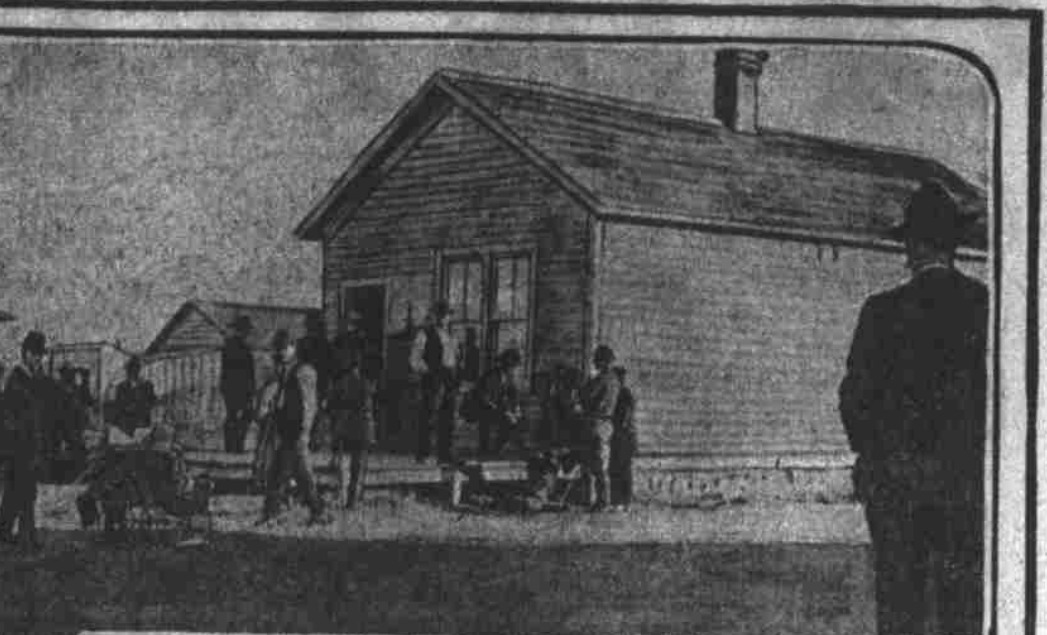


WOMEN VOTE, ELECTION DAY IN WYOMING



A Polling Place on the Plains

A Little Wirepulling outside the Polls



'Bad Land Dave' McFall (1) and 'Dough' Dibble (2) Rivals for Justice of the Peace

The Picture Drawn by One Who Cast a Ballot

MOST persons know that woman suffrage exists in several western states, but comparatively few know how that suffrage is exercised.

Do women, in places where they exercise the privilege of helping fill all offices, just as men do, from President down to the local justice of the peace, congregate about the polls on election day? Is there wire-pulling and electioneering among them, as among men? Do they become as much excited over their electoral prerogative and over the outcome?

Well, in answer, here's a story written for this paper by a woman who took part in last fall's election in Wyoming. She's a careful observer, and a woman whose writings in the past have won many thousands of admirers. She writes of the election in her own district of Wyoming, just as she saw it—and she saw it at Cody, in that state.

By Suzette

NO DOUBT it was exciting in other states of the Union and in the big cities when the returns came rolling in and Taft's plurality began piling up and Bryan's estimated majorities began shimmering down, but I'll bet—I mean I'll wager that it wasn't anything like the excitement in Cody, Wyo., when it looked as though "Bad Land Dave" McFall was going to beat "Dough" Dibble, the baker, for Justice of the Peace. And "Formaldehyde" Humphreys, the undertaker, never got a look-in.

No, indeed, I should say not. "Bad Land Dave" has his good qualities, and he is a lady from the lower Sage creek precinct who is to be considered when one is voting; but on the other hand, "Sandy" Dibble, or "Dough," as one prefers, certainly has a judicious mind and an independent spirit, and, admittedly, his wife is a pleasing person.

The struggle which went on in our minds as our pencils hovered alternately over the sacred names of Dibble and McFall is something to remember. Of course, you know, we—the women—have full suffrage in Wyoming. We can vote for President or the local dog catcher. We don't have to obtain our names to the calling like London suffragettes or shriek from cabs in order to be heard.

No, indeed, I should say not; every woman is a belle for at least six weeks before election, and the glad hand with that long, lingering election grip is ever out to greet us. We cut ice here in the sage brush during a campaign, I'd have you know. While the presidential contest was not without its interest, we felt none of the breathless suspense which followed the report that "Bear George" McClellan, from the Ten-sleep county, was losing in his own precinct, while his rival for the state senatorship, "Billy" Deegan, from over Kerwin way, was winning hands down. There were sixteen votes cast in Kirwin. My, my, how this country is filling up!

And then when the news came down the North Fork of the Shoshone, that Dwight H. Hittler, of the Bar T ranch, had carried Marquette solid for constant, all except six votes for "Billy" Green—the mean thing! and we know who they were, too—we were wild with excitement. Mr. Hittler is a graduate of the Princeton Law School, and he played on the Princeton football team. That's the kind of men we want to put in office. Imagine being arrested and snaked to the calaboose by an officer who does not know any better than to say: "You needn't tell me! I see you when you done it."

HOW FAIR VOTERS REASON

The sun came up red over the Bad Lands on election morning, the air seemed already charged with the excitement of the day's events, and the Mayor, who lives and moves and has his being according to his lights, which same are two-candlepower, walked downtown to his seat on the iron rail in front of the barber shop, exactly as if he were alive. By half-past 8 the ladies had their housework sufficiently far along to feel free to discuss the political situation and study the sample ballot over the backyard fences.

"As for myself," declared a woman in a gingham housecoat and shawl, "I'm going to scratch Wick-wire for sheriff. Did you hear what he said about burning sheep wagons and killing sheep? He used to be a cowboy, so he hates sheep. I'm going to scratch him until he looks like a raspberry pie."

"Well, I'm not," declared a voter in a blue sweater, fanning the air with a broom. "Telling that on him is just a cheap election trick. My husband says so. Burning it at the last minute so he couldn't answer back. He's as straight as a string, and my husband says—"

"Goodness gracious!" wheezed a lady coming up on a trot. "Did you know that Mrs. Wallie Piffes was going to knife Dibble because she says he gave her a bun on his coat. He's dead square and she can't be bulldozed. When you see a man with hair that stands straight up like that you can know he isn't afraid of anybody."

"Well, I wouldn't vote at all if it wasn't for Taft and Peter McGlashan," asserted the stout person, calm again. "I guess Peter Enders has been a good county clerk, but Peter McGlashan is the most accommodating man! Why, that time we started for the Yellowstone Park, and it rained, and we stayed all night at Peter McGlashan's, he never charged us a cent—fed the horses oats, too. I guess I am going to vote for Peter McGlashan, and you are no friends of mine if you don't vote for him, too. If you'll vote for him I'll vote for somebody you like."

Miss Peckham, in a nubia, was feeding the chickens cornmeal when Mrs. Emerson Hobbs thrust her foot through a hole in the chicken wire fence and, resting her arms on the top rail, inquired coldly:

"Is it true, Miss Peckham, that you are going to vote for that kid, Percy Metz, for county attorney, instead of Judge Walls?"

"It certainly is," replied Miss Peckham with unmistakable acidity. "It is possible that you have a reason for changing your vote?" The rising inflection in Mrs. Emerson Hobbs' voice was ominously polite.

"I believe in giving the younger men a chance," declared Miss Peckham. "That's what I thought when I saw you grab Percy Metz for two ladies' choice waiters at the political dance."

"Don't you ever speak to me again, Mrs. Hobbs!"



In from the Ranch to cast her Ballot



Instructing Voters in Skirts Behind the Town Hall

KANSAS WOMEN AS OFFICE HOLDERS



Mrs. Frida D. Moiz, school Superintendent Finney County



Gov. E. W. Hoch of Kansas, who believes in Women Office Holders



Miss Jennie Davy, school Superintendent Harper County

KANSAS holds out many inducements to the enthusiastic woman suffragist. While complete suffrage has not yet been accorded the sex in Kansas, as in some of the western states, the state has made rapid strides in the experiment of having women hold public office, and without regret—at least, so states Governor E. W. Hoch. According to a statement made by Governor Hoch for this paper recently, thirty-seven of the 105 county superintendents of public instruction at that time were women, elected by the people;

two counties had women treasurers; one had a woman county clerk; one a woman clerk of a district court; one a woman county attorney, and six women registers of deeds. "THE real greatness of a state," declared Governor Hoch in his statement regarding women office holders in Kansas, "is not to be measured by its territorial extent, but by the density of its population nor by its material resources, but by the wisdom of its laws and the character of its people. Kansas is all right territorially. Lines drawn

across a map of the United States from east to west and from north to south intersect in the very heart of Kansas, so that this state is neither northern nor southern, neither eastern nor western—it is the great central state, the hub of the Union, if you please. "Its per capita wealth in the banks exceeds \$100. I believe no similar number of people anywhere on earth are relatively more prosperous than the people of this state, and I must be pardoned for believing that our state government is the most advanced and the most progressive along same lines of any state in the Union. "Our educational system is fine. Our prohibition

policy, now more than a quarter of a century old, has been of immense benefit to the state educationally, morally and financially. We are pioneers in this movement, and the whole country is just now awakening to the wisdom of this policy.

"But perhaps Kansas excels all other states most in the liberality of its law relating to women. Complete suffrage has not yet been conferred upon them. I am sorry to say, although municipal suffrage has for a number of years been accorded them, and it has done much to purify our cities and add to the dignity and economy of local government. But in the matter of political favors, Kansas has been particularly liberal toward its women.

"I had the honor of appointing to the office of probate judge the only woman who ever held this office in this state, Mrs. Mary H. Cooper, of Mitchell county. Her husband, who held the office, was an old soldier, she was his deputy, and during the months of his last sickness performed all the duties of the office, and performed them so well that the two gentlemen who aspired to succeed her husband by appointment each assured me as an inducement to his appointment that he would retain the services of Mrs. Cooper. I thought if she was worthy of the deputyship she was worthy of the principal position, and so solved the problem by appointing her, much to the delight of the community."

Mrs. Frida D. Moiz, superintendent of instruction of Finney county, furnishes a good example of the western woman who believes in the possibilities before her sex. In a short sketch of herself she states:

"I was born in Baden, Germany, in 1880, and came to the United States with my parents two years later. When I was 5 years old my parents moved to western Kansas. They know how to work and manage, and taught their children the necessity of doing likewise. Schools in the early days were few and far between, with short terms. At 16 I was a schoolma'am, with a small store of learning and a keen sensitiveness of my shortcomings. After teaching one year I went to college a year, working my way through, mostly. "At 21 I married, and expected to lay aside public interest, help manage the farm and keep house. But before six months passed Mr. Moiz died, and I was left a widow before I was 22. Having no children, I went back to the teaching profession till elected to the office of county superintendent, nearly two years ago. Finney county is a large one, but I'm a horse—and I have made the rounds, visiting the schools of the county. Two schools are as many as I can generally make in one day, owing to the distance between them. I nearly always go alone, making from twenty-five to forty miles a day. "I do not know what other women can do, but I know our western women deserve as much credit as the men in building up the country. We have successful women farmers and business women, and I believe I am safe in saying, women politicians. "Miss Jennie Davy, school superintendent of Harper county, was elected to that position two years ago. She says she loves her work and enjoys the long drives over the rural districts.