

REASONS WHY WOMEN SHOULD NOT VOTE

Perhaps some of our illogical sex have heard many reasons why women should not have the vote. First and foremost, "The woman's place is the home." Well, doubtless every woman heartily agrees with that. I have never met one woman who denied the fact. Still, many of the more persistent ones fail to see why this should prevent our having the vote. A doctor's place is by the side of his patient, a parson's place is the pulpit, a scavenger's is on the road, but still all these manage somehow to record their votes without thereby proving that they are unworthy as doctors, parsons, or scavengers. Women would not necessarily take longer to record their vote, or even to discuss political questions, than men. An anti-suffragist once attempted to end my arguments by reiterating that a woman's place was her home (perhaps he imagined that I thought it ought to be a lunatic asylum, I don't know). When I asked what he would advise in the case of three or four grown-up daughters living under a (limited) parental roof who were unable to occupy themselves entirely with housework and the preparation of food, he replied that they should "visit the poor." Really, I do not see why the poor deserve such drastic punishment—surely it is bad enough to be "poor" without having dozens of unemployed women hurling themselves into their homes! The following day I overheard this gentleman's wife confiding to a friend that her husband employed hundreds of girls in his wholesale clothier's business, "and he pays 1s 0½d per dozen for ironing pinafores." So he was to provide the "poor" for his wife and daughters to visit, and he was to keep women from their homes! "Women have not the same physical force as men, and, therefore, they should not vote," is another "reason" propounded. On one occasion an elderly gentleman made use of this reason to me. As I happen to be quite a "muscular wench," and told him that in a fracas I should doubtless succeed

in overcoming him, and therefore I surely would be fitter to vote than himself! He then brought forward a most excellent reason. "Men are seldom seasick, and most women are." Yet surely it can't be that there is a secret test of Channel crossing before men are entitled to vote? Are the ministers chosen on account of their power to resist the call of the deep? Of course, we women know only too well that we have no sense of humour. We have been thoroughly inculcated with this fact from earliest childhood, and what woman worthy of the name would ever imagine that she could see a joke? But many of us seem to have a hazy sort of idea that there must be some joke in the air when the anti-suffragist reasons are brought forward, and at the back of our minds we are convinced that somehow or other the property qualification and sex only entitle the male to vote so well, so wisely and so discreetly.

Then, too, there is the really nice man who would like to let one down gently. He says: "Of course, dear Christophine, if all women were like you . . . but you are one in a million?" "Yes, dear Albert" (or Augustus, or Arthur), I reply (why do we always address each other as "dear" when we differ?) "but I am only one of three million, though you have the misfortune to have only a bowing acquaintance with some of these, and we all want the vote, and we don't want to crush you nice men, and we don't want to blow up Westminster Abbey, and we don't want to hunger-strike, but we do, oh! we do want to help all those thousands of underpaid women workers; we do want to raise the moral tone of our country; we do want the children and mothers to be well housed and well fed, and we do want to show that we, too, can be good citizens and worthy of our great Empire."—Christophine Columba in *Ladies' Review*.

Little Bobbie was pulling the dog's tail when his aunt said: "You mustn't do that, Bobbie; he will bite you."

"Oh, no," said Bobby; "dogs don't bite at this end."—Our Animals.