

"I'm not worried about the hall of fame," I said, "but I do want to see some of the old prejudices which have bound women fall like the leaves in autumn when a wind shakes them down and blows them into fence corners. And I want to do more than that, too! I want to see our people get something to take the place of the old prejudices, because they did give people something to talk about and be proud of.

"There's a woman living near Alexander who has not spoken to her son and his wife for twenty years and she's proud of it. It is the high spot in her drab life, and has brought her through several attacks of gallstones. She just wouldn't die for fear her son's wife would get her fur coat, but you can't say that that's a healthy frame of mind. All that determination could be put to a better use."

"What burns me up," Will said after a pause, "is that women are harder on you than men. How do you account for that?"

"Oh, that's easy," I said, "and it is exactly in keeping with what I've been saying. Women have but few interests and live on a narrow canvas. I do not resent their criticism. It's just talk and not so malicious as it sounds. I do not mind."

"Well I do," Will said, "and I wish you'd get out of the uplifting business."

"I'm sorry to cause you embarrassment, Will," I said, "but don't forget that I have some good friends, even among the women."

Then I told him what happened one night in a little town on the Goose Lake line, when I drove in, during a bad winter storm and went into the one hotel. I was expecting to leave on a train which went through early in the morning but was anxious to get a few hours sleep and asked for a room.