

Behind a house to which I came I saw a girl chopping wood, hair over her shoulders, skirts well above her ankles. "About seventeen or eighteen," thought I to myself, and went in to the house.

"Well, Mrs M., I've come from the Registrar to see about filling up the roll. Who is there in the house that is twenty-one?"

"I'm twenty-one," cried the girl from the back room.

"Go on."

"Oh, but I am."

"You are making fun of me, Miss M."

With hair tucked up, and skirts let down about her ankles, she came into and passed through the sitting room to the bedroom, and brought out the family Bible to point out to me, in triumph, the date of her birth and to show that she really was of age.

The door was opened by a young girl with her hair over her shoulders and her skirts about half-way between her knees and ankles, a proper dress this time, no tucked up over-skirt for work.

"I have come from the Registrar to see about filling in the roll, Miss P. Who is there in the house that is twenty-one? Your father and mother, I suppose."

"Oh, I'm twenty-one."

That astonished me, and I looked her deliberately over from head to feet, and back again.

"Honour bright?"

"Oh, yes, I'm dressed for hockey."

These two last cases do not look as if the girls were either not anxious to have the vote or unwilling to say if they were old enough to be entitled to it, do they?

It was just about a quarter-past twelve, and I thought to myself that if I reached the big house nearby I would be safe for some dinner. But I fixed up with the good man on the verandah, and he did not mention the matter. So I went further on to some houses along the road and fare'd no better. As I came back I took my courage in my hand, and went and asked the mistress of the house for some.

"To be sure we can give you some. I'm afraid it will be cold, for when the men are working in the field they want their dinner sharp to the minute when they come in. But we will do our best. I had meant to ask you if you would like some lunch, but you

were gone when I got out to the verandah.

And she did, setting me down to a good feed very soon. Presently her husband came in.

"Well, Mr F., I must apologise for not having asked you would you like some dinner. But the fact was that I had had mine, and never thought you might want any. If I had been hungry I might have thought that maybe you would be so too."

But, especially in the early days, most of all in 1893, when the matter was not so well understood, the commonest experience of any was on this wise:

"Well, Mrs So-and-So, I have come to see about putting you on the roll."

"Oh, I don't think I will bother. I don't want to go on."

"Just as you please, Mrs So-and-So; it is your choice. If you are on the roll you can vote or leave it alone, but if you are not on you can't vote, even if you want to."

"No, I don't think I will trouble about it."

"Just as you please, Mrs So-and-So, but you know this is the roll which will give you a vote about the hotels."

"Oh, then, I want to go on."

With experience such as these it is impossible for me to believe that women are merely a duplicating factor, or that they have no interest in getting the vote.

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