

woven, designed, cut and fashioned all within a loud hello of the kitchen stoop. To-day, perhaps a haggard-eyed consumptive fighting for bread and breath in a crowded sweat-shop of a distant city hastily stitched together with bleeding fingers, bending close her poor, diseased eyes, the little dress your baby wears.

Yesterday we went to school on the hill where the school house roof was red, the shutters green, and the rule was the rule of three, and where no child was ever spoiled because Solomon's warning was not heeded. To-day our children find car tracks and diphtheria, the whim of an ever changing educational system, and in not a few instances, the procurers of vice districts, on the road that leads to knowledge.

Yesterday mother settled the child's labour problem with her slipper; to-day the solution of it is at the end of a long road that leads by oyster beds, and cotton mills, through factories into deep mines.

The problems of a minimum and living wage for women and the traffic called white slavery are creatures of the human modern environment, and the answers to their questions must be present tense answers.

And the liquor traffic, the home's fiercest, concrete foe, stands in the road that leads to the ultimate solution of every one of the vital social, economic, moral and political problems of this tremendous human crisis. And it goeth out only by the ballot.

And let me remind you to-night that woman's suffrage has no more unrelenting enemy than the liquor traffic; that the enfranchisement of womanhood must become a fact in Government in spite of the liquor traffic. Call John Barleycorn all the hard names in the vocabulary of decency and patriotism save one—never call him a fool. Jack London, in his compelling story, "John Barleycorn," written in the form of an autobiography, relates that he rode down from his California ranch to vote for woman's suffrage, because he knew that it would be another weapon for the smiting of the liquor traffic.

And let no suffragist make the mistake of silence in the hope of placating the "trade." May the day speedily come when every woman's club, every female organisation in the United States, will stand outspokenly

with this incomparable White Ribbon host, for a saloonless nation and a stainless flag.

Yes, the home is woman's sphere. Not the home as it was—the home as it is. Not the simple, shaded path of yesterday, but a toiler's rugged road that leads from the door stoop, into every department of human endeavour, through every phase of society's unrest, and girdles the globe. For to-day the four posts of the home are the four corners of the earth.

Let us face the issue squarely. A great militant question challenges the women of the race. It rises from sweat shops, and factories, and brothels, and mines, and molten furnaces. It is the cry of the city, and it is the cry of the town. This is the question, "What are you going to do about it?"

There are two possible answers to the question. One is the answer of tradition, and the answer of tradition is, that woman's political helplessness is her power, that woman's weakness is her strength. The way that this answer opens is in the last analysis, the way of seduction. Not necessarily not generally gross, immoral seduction, but the seduction of smiles, and tears, the seduction of the wheedler and clinging vine.

The other answer is the answer of woman's strength, and it opens the road of equality by which in all the complexities of modern life, the sexes shall complement each other.

Shall it be a resolution or a vote? Do you remember Frances Willard's resolution? Did you see it under a table, in the tobacco filth of a national political convention's platform committee room? I would rather have my wife and mother and sisters and daughters go into the voting booth with a clean American ballot, than to the political boss, with tearful intercessions—a political boss, who would very likely have eyes for only their physical charms.

Which of the two answers is the fair, clean, honest one? Which is the American answer? Which is the right answer?

What is society? Who are society? Government ought to be society's best expression of itself. It cannot be with society's morally best part not speaking. What is government in the last analysis? Government is an institution of laws, powers, functions and spirit. And how is government

achieved? No man has ever weighed a prayer, or fathomed a tear, or valued a smile, but in the last analysis; government is not by tears, nor prayers, nor smiles, but by votes.

Prayers as numberless as the sands on the sea shore have shaken the Almighty's throne, supplicating the destruction of the liquor traffic! An ocean of tears has flowed, a billion hearts have broken, all the wiles of frantic mothers ready to sell their lives, if not to give their souls, have been employed, that saloon doors might be closed forever, and to-day the rum institution still rests in the protecting shelter of a masculine dollar sign. Only by stainless ballots will we ever achieve a stainless flag. When the women of America are granted the voting privilege of citizenship, we will bury the liquor traffic beneath an avalanche of votes, deeper than the foundation of the earth!

But let no one here think that I grant the contention that woman's suffrage where it is in the process of demonstration is a failure. In Washington at least nine progressive laws must be credited largely to woman's suffrage, in Oregon twelve, in Utah thirteen, in Colorado sixteen, in Idaho nine, in Wyoming nine, and in California nineteen. These laws have to do with the home, the school, reform institutions and asylums, Juvenile Courts, pure food and drugs, working conditions of men, women, and children, public health and morals, the conservation of natural resources and the greatest conservation of all—the conservation of humanity. In nearly all of the suffrage States the age of consent has been raised to eighteen years. It is hard to realise that in some instances it used to be as low as seven years, and that it is still as low as twelve years in a few States.

The blows of suffrage fall naturally for humanity's uplift. It strikes and will strike against child labour and white slavery, for mothers' pensions and vocational training in public schools, for parks and the shortening to a proper length of the hours of toil. And it will speed the day when women will say to men, in the words of Dean Sumner, of Chicago, "No longer shall you exploit my sex in vicious marriage selection. Children of women no longer shall be compelled to suffer with blind eyes, twisted limbs, and idiotic brains, because of the sins of their fathers." The double standard of morality must go, and the immoral