

dance and immodest dress, leading reasons why boys go wrong, must not survive.

But I am charged with unfairness. Have I not ignored many of the strong, direct arguments against woman's suffrage. Thus far I have tried to deal with basic principles. A mass of incidental contentions I have brushed by.

Should the responsibilities of the vote be thrust upon women who do not want it, who are opposed to having it? Yes, if woman's suffrage is right. The only time a male citizen has any right to deliberately remain away from the polls is when the candidates or principles before the people give him no opportunity to express himself, do not in any way represent him. **Even then it is a tragedy!** Any citizen who stays away from the polls for any other reason than conscience or physical disability, should be temporarily disenfranchised. We who enjoy for ourselves and our children the benefits of a free government are required by the moral law, and ought to be so required by the law of the land, to pay the price of our liberties. **Only thus can worthy government survive.**

Men have been woefully slow in discovering that women, to whom by common consent, is delegated the major portion of the moral, religious, educational, and patriotic training of the youth, are actually deprived of the one practical text book by which the vital lessons of citizenship are taught.

Thus far we have demanded of women in the training of our sons for citizenship, that they not only carry the greater portion of our load, but that they give what they themselves do not possess, that they impart what they themselves have not received. That mothers have borne and reared Presidents and other honourable men, in spite of the terrific handicap is a glorious tribute to womanhood, but a mighty mean argument to use against suffrage.

And I would remind you that when a husband and wife grow not together they grow apart. In proportion as husband and wife have mutual interests, do the years bind their hearts and blend their lives. The privileges and responsibilities of citizenship have and should have a large place in the development of the normal man, and men and women will not be as well

mated as the Creator intended they should be, until women are men's co-partners in the State.

Women have led personally some of the mightiest movements in human progress. Joan of Arc, Mary Lyons, and Frances Willard were women. Mrs Stevens and Jane Addams are women, and women have been the **fountain heads** of every great movement, for they have borne the soldiers of every reform, the captains of every emancipation. This last is to my mind greater than the bearing of arms.

But be careful how you apply the blood test, my masculine interrogator. I have come up through the cosmopolitan school of the average American young man. I have seen courage, the courage of the gridiron and hunt, the courage that beards the character assassin in his political lair of graft, the courage that marches in khaki, beneath streaming banners and behind pounding drums, and I have seen the courage of the hum-drum—the rarest of all—but I never saw courage until a brown-eyed bit of feminine pure gold, brave enough to say "yes" when I wooed her in an old Ohio homestead—the mother of my children, God bless her—showed it to me.

Do you insist that I go to the inexorable end with my argument? Do you say equal at the polls, then equal in toil, equal in vices? **When true womanhood carries a hod, she carries it with all the dignity of a queen.** But where true men are she will never again carry a hod. Equal in vices? But no man says that, and anyhow God made true womanhood different.

Last summer I went home—back to the old home. A Fourth of July parade? Yes! And to the question that your eyes flash, I would answer that a few months before, for the first time in history, the women of Portland voted! They went to the polls and elected a reform administration. They swept the city clean. The women did. My mother and my sister helped. Father cast his one vote, and the "females of the species" in our clan cast their two! The great, good men of the city had tried again and again. Standing alone, they had failed. The day that saw women vote for the first time in the metropolis of Oregon was Portland's great emancipation day.

That night I went to bed in the old home, and by my side slept a little fellow, bearing my name and carrying my blood in his veins. Just such a little fellow as I was before I grew up and went away. Midnight came and I had not slept. My heart was stirred by a hundred emotions and my mind was memory's picture gallery. Then across the threshold of the quiet room swept soft as an angel a figure in white. The cold comes down at night in the North-west. No sweltering there through sleepless, humid terrors! Mother feared that I might be uncovered and chilled in my sleep. Often she had found me thus. Close by my bed she came, and in the dim moon that crept under the blinds I sensed her stooping low. I closed my eyes. I felt her fingers touch the coverlet. She tucked it deftly—then a pause—and there as light as a breath from the milky way, her lips brushed my forehead. **Mother, voting citizen of Oregon, had not changed!**

And so, fighting comrades of the W.C.T.U., here is my conclusion for the whole matter. I am profoundly convinced that the ballot will be a weapon of uplift and freedom in the white hands of the **Mothers of Men.**

"The greatest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when,
On the maps of the world you will find it not,
'Twas fought by the mothers of men."

'Twas fought by uncrowned womanhood, who, when the clouds of battle hung heavy o'er the land, drew from bleeding finger tips the food for babes at home; who have stood with Spartan fortitude, unbowing through a thousand gales of compromises; from whose wombs have sprung the empires of freedom, and at whose breasts have nursed the soldiers of liberty and the leaders of every righteous cause, since time began; who have kindled and rekindled in the breasts of men the fires of truth and patriotism; mothers, wives, sisters, sweethearts, who with the mingled light of devotion and sacrifice shining from their eyes, have sent their sons and loved ones, on fields of blood and greater fields of peace, courageous down to all the wars of humanity,