

**HOW IT FEELS TO BE
THE HUSBAND OF A
SUFFRAGETTE**

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How it Feels to be the Husband of a Suffragette by George Him

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GEORGE HIM

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SUFFRAGETTE**

*How it Feels
to be the Husband
of a Suffragette*

By HIM

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
MAY WILSON PRESTON

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ILLUSTRATIONS

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YOU are the party aimed at. You who stood on the sidewalk and urged passionately that we who marched go home and wash the dishes or mind the baby.

Nobody answered you then. To be frank, you didn't say much that sounded worth

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considering; besides, it's not good form for a procession to indulge in acrimony. But don't you think for a moment that the forlorn little corporal's guard marching at the tail end of the first suffrage parade down Fifth Avenue didn't feel acutely every hostile taunt. It takes a good deal better man than I've met yet to face the mirth of a mob without some of it getting under his hide.

Out in the middle of Fifth Avenue's width we felt a heap isolated; it even went farther than that—we felt ostracized. Tagging after the girls—that's what we were doing; and nobody would let us forget it.

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If you can go back to your kid days and remember how the gang at some time sat in judgment on you and, for alleged failure on your part to shine in the full glory of a budding male, rounded up on you, called you "cry baby," and callously bade you "go play with the girls," you'll get a little of the sensation we had out there, unchaperoned, entirely surrounded by empty asphalt, with two or three hundred thousand people earnestly cracking their larynxes calling us "sis" or "henpeck."

I don't want to be misunderstood—this is not going to be a defense, an apology, or a confession—merely a

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frank statement. After a man has lived in the same house with a suffragette for a number of years, he is likely to have a severe disesteem for all forms of excuse or apology.

Some one said once: "It's far more important that a man *make* good than *be* good, and this applies with special force to husbands."

You can safely add that to the husbands of suffragettes it applies clear through, and buttons down the back.

For while the suffrage lady has been reading, she has also been observing. She has a fuller and franker knowledge of the motives that move

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the world than her grandmother ever let on to have had.

Grandmother had it pounded into her, from the cradle to the finishing-school, that it would be money out of her pocket if she ever confessed to knowledge of any human mystery deeper than the compounding of custard-pie.

Here, by way of proof, is a quotation from a time-honored volume pertaining to women:

A lady should appear to think well of books, rather than to speak well of them. She may show the engaging light that good taste and sensibility always diffuses over conversation; she may give instances of great and affecting passages because they show the fineness of her imagination or the goodness