SAMANTHA ON THE WOMAN QUESTION

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Samantha on the woman question by Marietta Holley

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MARIETTA HOLLEY

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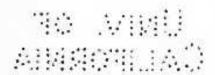


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_" And I wonder if there is a woman in the land that can blame Screpta for wantin' her rights." (See p. 29.)

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"SHE WANTED HER RIGHTS"

I ORINDA CAGWIN invited Josiah and me to a reunion of the Allen family at her home nigh Washington, D. C., the birthplace of the first Allen we knowed anything about, and Josiah said:

"Bein' one of the best lookin' and influential Allens on earth now, it would be expected on him to attend to it."

And I fell in with the idee, partly to be done as I would be done by if it wuz the relation on my side, and partly because by goin' I could hit two birds with one stun, as the poet sez. Indeed, I could hit four on 'em.

My own cousin, Diantha Trimble, lived in a city nigh Lorinda's and I had

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TO MINE

promised to visit her if I wuz ever nigh her, and help bear her burdens for a spell, of which burden more anon and bome-by.

Diantha wuz one bird, the Reunion another, and the third bird I had in my mind's eye wuz the big outdoor meeting of the suffragists that wuz to be held in the city where Diantha lived, only a little ways from Lorinda's.

And the fourth bird and the biggest one I wuz aimin' to hit from this tower of ourn wuz Washington, D. C. I wanted to visit the Capitol of our country, the center of our great civilization that stands like the sun in the solar system, sendin' out beams of power and wisdom and law and order, and justice and injustice, and money and oratory, and talk and talk, and wind and everything, to the uttermost points of our vast possessions, and from them clear to the ends of the earth. I wanted to see it, I