

**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 Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

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

By HIM

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
MAY WILSON PRESTON

NEW YORK
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See 5047.02



Fine money

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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.