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How it Feels to be the Husband of a Suffragette by Anonymous

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HOW IT FEELS TO BE THE HUSBAND OF A SUFFRAGETTE



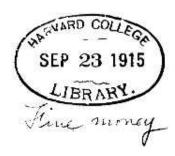
How it Feels to be the Husband of a Suffragette

By HIM

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oU 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 an-

swered you then. To be frank, you didn't say much that sounded worth

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.