

promising Republican (laughter). That was a beautiful difference and variety was the spice of life (laughter). They had always been happy (applause). The women of Colorado were proud of their Utah sisters and were glad to extend to them the right hand of fellowship (applause).

The Rev. Miss Shaw here again took the floor and proceeded to the delivery of an address that won for her round after round of applause. She said that she had heard so much about women getting out of her sphere that she had grown accustomed to it and therefore no longer feared it. Then women had been told in the most rasping and reminding manner for the Lord only knew how long that if she took any part in the affairs of government that she was strong minded. That was awful but it had ceased to frighten (laughter.) Women being strong minded presupposed the fact that there was a class of human beings who were weak minded (laughter) and her sex preferred decidedly to be numbered with the strong minded. She wanted to tell a story on Aunt Susan and did. It was to this effect: Not long ago Aunt Susan, good and pious soul that she was, introduced the speaker to an eastern audience of the most pronounced orthodox views as her right bower and not as her first lieutenant as she had been designated at the beginning of her speech last night. The shock the card playing expression had on that orthodox audience views was something awful (laughter). Aunt Susan was the only one in the audience who didn't know what it meant (laughter).

The speaker didn't know what to say, she said, as she expected to save her hot shot until this evening where she could address a larger audience. Anyway there wasn't much use talking equal rights and justice to women in Utah as Utah was all right. She could do no missionary work for her sex here but would have to turn her attent on again to the cultured and heathen east and would fall in as the tail end and the last of the tail, too, in adopting equal suffrage ideas (laughter). There was nothing dirty in politics but men. The "filthy pool" scare didn't scare women at all. They were obliged to live with men 364 days in the year when there were no elections and she supposed it would not be very difficult to have the three hundred and sixty-fifth day thrown in upon which they do occur. A decent man was as good as a decent woman, providing that he behaved himself. (Laughter.) She was getting tired of this "filthy pool of politics," strong minded "women-out-of-her-sphere" talk on the part of men. It was simply a bagaboo and reminded her of the mother who had more children than sense and who threatened all sorts of diverse punishments upon them if they didn't behave themselves, such as saying that if she were at home she would lock them in the cellar where the dark man would get them, or if traveling by saying that she would have the railway conductor punch holes in their ears. (Laughter.) It was a remarkable thing that woman was always getting out of her sphere while men were sticking strictly to theirs. She never heard tell of a man getting out of his sphere. (Laughter.)

But she would dissect that fallacy as she proceeded and did. A Methodist preacher had told her not very long ago that he was opposed to women's rights for the reason that they were entering the domain that belonged exclusively to men; that, for instance, they were taking to the pulpit and forcing the man preacher to earn his livelihood in other fields. She told him she didn't know but that was a very good thing, as there were too many preachers who she believed would do better in callings that required less ability. (Laughter and applause.) Woman's sphere, what was it? It was every place and position where the wages were a dollar and a half a week. Where the remuneration was many times that amount was man's sphere, irrespective of whether or not he did his work as well as woman. (Applause.) There was a time in the not very distant past that there were but seven occupations and professions open to woman in the country. Now there are more than 700. Notwithstanding this man was, however, continually getting into the sphere of woman. When the speaker was a girl all the cooks of the country, for instance, were women. Today they are men. The reason was found in the fact that today the remuneration is much greater than it was formerly. First-class cooks were being paid all the way from \$1,000 to \$10,000 a year now, the latter as much as President Elliot, of Harvard. Of course these cooks are all men. But they are not cooks at all being men (sarcastically), they were professors of culinary art. (Laughter and applause.) Today the table girls of the country are men six feet high and wearing swallow-tailed coats. (Laughter.) While waiting for her luncheon in an eastern laundry not long ago she saw on the office wall a very large picture. She counted the figures and was astounded to find that there were 205 men and 7 women. It was a group picture of the laundrymen's convention of the state. (Laughter.) They had actually driven woman from her sphere and become the washerwomen of that section. (Laughter.) The men were becoming the fashionable dress-makers of the day. She liked men dressmakers (laughter) because they would put a pocket in one's gown or anything else that was asked for while the woman dressmaker would endeavor to make you believe that pockets were out of date; that there was no place for them at all in a modern gown. But the man dressmaker found room in the ones he wore for three and the next one had him make would have pockets all over. (Laughter.) As to men milliners they were fast taking the places of the pretty flower decorating girls in the East and it was not an uncommon sight in New York to see great big 250 pound fellows making little bits of tiny bonnets for their vain sisters. (Laughter.) And then there were men chambermaids doing the work in that direction that used to be done by girls. "Now, where, O where is our sphere?" exclaimed the speaker. "Why, the men have got it." (Vociferous applause.) She wanted to place boys and girls side by side on the boulevard of life and say to them both, "Follow wherever your soul leads and make for yourselves the name and fame that may be

yours." There should be absolutely no restrictions on either. (Applause.)

She didn't want to take one thing from man that belonged to him. She simply desired to make him give up the rights he had taken from women. (Applause.) The lighting of one torch by another would simply double the light. Mr. Roberts, she was informed, said that giving the franchise to woman would simply double the vote. She presumed that he wouldn't care very much if it would only double the vote of his own party. The vicious elements everywhere vote against woman suffrage while the intelligent classes vote in its favor. In Kansas the class next to the liquor element who cast the heaviest vote against it was the negro population for whose freedom woman, Harriet Beecher Stowe, had done so much in the writing of Uncle Tom's Cabin. (Great applause.) That was the result of slavery for ages past. Woman from her long subjection had transmitted that kind of a spirit to her offspring.

The speaker then related at length the attempts of Massachusetts women to secure the franchise and how one year in response to the orders of the men had gone out among the people and brought in petitions, one year with 10,000 names, the next with 20,000 and the next with 50,000 asking for enfranchisement. And still the men said "as soon as you want it will give it to you." (Laughter. It was like the bad boy making Fido stand up on his hind legs asking at the top of his voice for a piece of meat and then putting it in his pocket and walking away with it for a fishing bait. (Laughter.) It was like Editor Dana of the New York Sun saying to Aunt Susan that just as soon as 100,000 names were secured asking for equal suffrage that the Sun would belong to their cause, but when 700,000 signatures were secured he said the people didn't want it. Mr. Roberts said that the lady managers quarreled. Perhaps they did. So did the men members and they threw one of their own number through the window. (Laughter.) Women were out that had. The other night Denver councilmen had a pitched battle. Was that the fault of women? In the Arkansas legislature a member was unmannerly enough to expectorate in the face of a colleague. Surely he didn't learn that from women. Two congressmen last winter had a most disgraceful encounter—and it was not long since that some such shameful scene occurred in the British House of Parliament. But women had no hand in it. Aunt Susan never had a fight, and the speaker couldn't remember any serious results from fistouffs. When she first attended a session of the legislature of her own state the first word she heard a statesman say, after posting as it he were to deliver himself of something great was "fish." That was a wonderful exhibition of erudition (laughter and applause.) For three days that legislature talked fish incessantly and finally disposed of the question on a strict party vote, the majority Republicans, that fish could be caught by both hook and seine (applause.) Then that same body spent ten days arriving at the conclusion that lobsters must not be caught until ten and a half inches long (laughter.) A delegation