SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1914.

HOMES.

Mr. Creel Wishes to Know Which Ones Suffrage Enthusiasts.

To the Editor of The New York Times:

At Wednesday’s meeting of the New York State Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage, when a campaign fund of $60,000 was solicited, practically every speaker declared that “to give the ballot to woman will mean the disintegration of the home.”

Whose home? What home? Surely they cannot mean the dark, smoky homes in the 13,000 licensed tenements in New York City alone, where white families and adult boarders sleep, eat, and work in a single room, telling incredible hours for incredible pittances.

Nor is it reasonable to assume that the “homes” to which reference is made by those who oppose woman suffrage are the deep-forgotten homes of the Gulf Coast States, Delaware and Maryland, and the cranberry pickers of New Jersey? Or to the “homes” of the 125 girls who were recently locked in the Triangle Shirtwaist Factory as dead workers had been locked in, the owner paying a fine of $25, which works out at a license fee of 13 cents for the privilege of endangering each girl’s life?

Or the tattered tents of striking miners in the mountain sides of Colorado and West Virginia? Or the设施 worked by the women in the Pennsylvania coal region? Or the paper-covered shacks of the coal-mining towns where children of 12 and under work ten and eleven hours a day?

Possessing the “best banking law of any State,” but it is nothing for women to be a model of the best properties should have failed, it is insane! “That of any” isn’t as bad as “all.” To say it involves an analysis, the logical absurdity of these absurdities being that a thing can and cannot be better than itself. But what about it? Logic and language never were the best of terms, and, over a goose and a grunt turned into a shouting match, twice it has taken them to arrive at the expression of a thought. It wouldn’t do to go on so far as to be understood, as it is understood in itself, but incomprehensible is never “absolutely incomprehensible” more than being put in the “absolutely incomprehensible” in front of any conceivable thing.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

Work for the Blind Compared with Two Lights of Eden-yen.

To the Editor of The New York Times:

May I correct the error made in W. Chase’s letter in this morning’s Tribune? The sums paid to the Lighthouse Fund for the blind has now reached $100,000.

I would especially commend to your readers a consideration of the “Log of the Light House,” to which I refer淑子 to a recent report, and thoroughly review its economy labor and labor and workers have been well rewarded. A copy may be obtained from the Lighthouse Home.

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