

The Woman's City

MRS. PANKHURST ought to live in Umatilla, Oregon. She would enjoy it. All her militancy would dissolve into a smile as vast and substantial as Mrs. Fezziwig's.

Umatilla is a thriving community, with a population of several hundred, which recently held an election characterized by the keenest partisanship—an election in which there was a complete woman's ticket and a complete man's ticket.

When the election returns were tacked on the outer door-casing of the city hall, it was found that the women had taken every office in the city of Umatilla. APRIL 1918

Seven women had been swept in and not a single, solitary man. The mayor had beaten her own husband, who, at the first announcement of her candidacy, had laughed, and clapped his thighs and laughed again.

The early, somewhat facetious attitude toward this feminine administration soon changed to serious attention and pride when vigorous improvements began to take place in the community. Then, too, the women met regularly and in full force, differing radically in this respect from former councils that were as hard to get together as Humpty-Dumpty after his great fall.