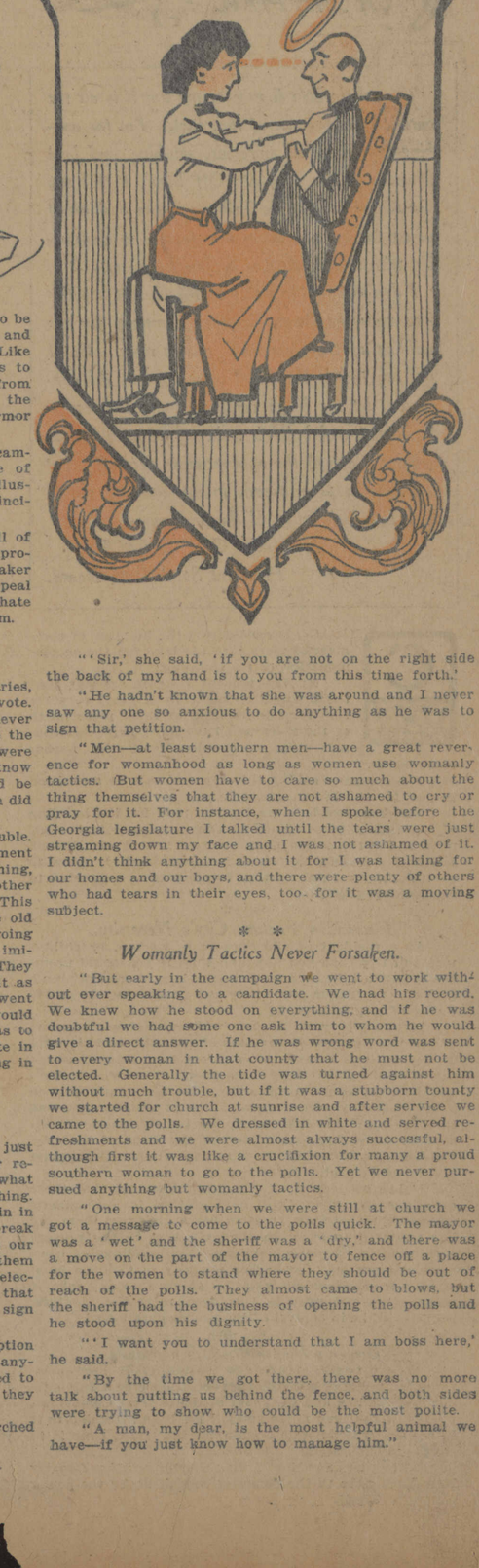
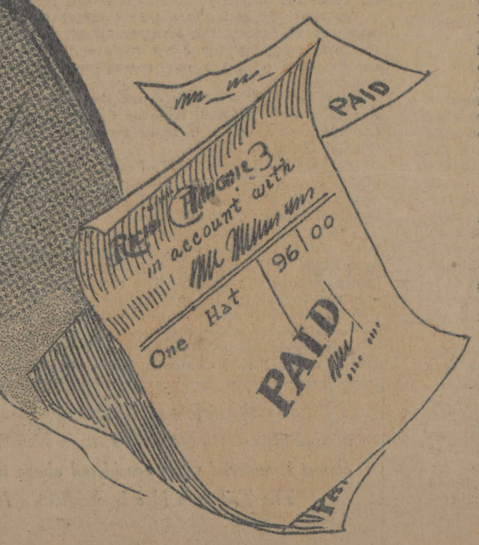
HOW TO MANAGE A HUSBAND

NEW PHASE of an OLD ART discovered by TEMPERANCE WORKERS of the South.

MRS. MARY HARRIS ARMOR. WHO HAS A THEORY OF HER OWN RESPECTING THE MANAGEMENT OF MEN





NO gentleman can say 'no' to a lady.

"A man can't refuse to change his vote for his wife if she sits on the arm of his chair and says: 'Now, honey, don't you think this way?'

"A man loves to protect a woman and nothing pleases him more than to have her ask him for anything she wants.

"To be sure of success a woman must want a thing so badly that she is ready to cry for it and pray for it if necessary.

"Southern women know that you mustn't go at a man hammer and tongs—he will never do anything that way.

"A woman may dress up in white and go near the polls and lobby all day if she pleases, so long as she asks the man to do the voting and confines herself to telling him how she wants him to do it.

"If the thing that she is out after really is vital and she sees danger of defeat, she may pray and sing at the psychological moment.

"But if she wants to vote she would better not say anything about it—in the south at least—but begin by getting some other things out of the way that stand between her and the ballot.

"That is the way a man must always be managed—without his knowing it. Georgia went dry before the men discovered it, though the women knew it all the time."

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Rules for Universal Application.

Thus spoke Mrs. Mary Harris Armor, state president of the W. C. T. U. of Georgia. And these are rules which she has outlined for the management of men. Are they new or are they as old as the world? They sounded strange and unheard of as the leader of the "dry" movement in the state of Georgia sat and told of them the other day in her soft southern words which end in "ah's" instead of "r's."

They are rules which Mrs. Armor gives for managing men municipally and collectively. They are rules which have been particularly tried out on southern ground, the home of chivalry. That they "will work anywhere in getting woman anything she really wants, allowing for a slight difference in temperament," Mrs. Armor is firmly convinced.

"It is just the same in public questions as in private ones," she declares. "A man mustn't know that he is managed, he must be led to act subconsciously. One of the first rules is to have a big cause so that you will want it awfully bad. Then you will pray about it and right here is one of the greatest feminine weapons—one which the ordinary man does not pay any attention to because he does not believe in it.

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Men Not Necessary Confidants.

"In Georgia for instance we never said a word to a man about what we were going to do, but we sent a little notice to all the papers setting a day and hour apart to pray for our cause. At the same hour that morning all the church bells rang and everybody went to the churches to pray. Now do you think all that prayer and thought at the same time did not create a psychic force that had an effect outside of the prayer itself? I tell you it all gets on a man's nerves and makes him do things he didn't think he would do.

"I am positive it had this effect on the men who were opposed to us and they did not know it. They did not pay any attention to what we were doing. They did not even report us in the newspapers of their side. But the last thing I would have you think is that I advocated prayer without works. All the time we watched the men and kept informed on everything they did. Here was one of the little instances of the man not knowing that he was being managed, and an instance of the strength that lay in the supposed weakness of our purely feminine tactics."

After thus declaring a policy in some ways akin if more religious than that which was brought to bear on the jury in Augustus Thomas' play "The Witching Hour," Mrs. Armor suddenly reverted to another phase of her subject.

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Campaign Suits Any Clime.

She outlined a little prologue suitable for any and all campaigns which are to be made on the sterner sex, and the curtain which she lifted for a minute on this subject was a home window curtain.

"I have been quoted as saying that a woman should sit on her husband's lap to get what she wants. What I do say is this: Before starting out to do anything it follows that you must control your vote at home. Now if you put on your prettiest dress and sit down on the arm of your husband's chair or on his knee and say, 'Now you think I would know how to vote, don't you, honey?' or 'You don't think we should have saloons in this neighborhood, do you, dear?' he is going to think that way, isn't he? If he doesn't think it the first time, he will the second, and anyway you won't have to say it more than three times.

"Now I don't want to say anything that seems the least bit unfair to my northern sisters, but I think they are a little bit too independent in the way they go after things. The northern women often say to me, 'O, your men are so chivalrous.' But I don't think they are any more chivalrous than your men would be if you would ask them for things as we do.

"You know a man likes to feel that he is protecting a woman, and that he is doing something for her. Nothing pleases him more than to have her ask him for anything that she wants. Take the suffrage question for instance. Of course I think that when the northern women really want suffrage so badly that they will weep for it and pray for it they will get it. But in the south if we would even say suffrage to the men they would never let us come to the polls again. They are horrified at the idea of suffrage.

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Can't Refuse Appeal for Homes.

"But when we went to ask them to do something for us to benefit our homes and boys and we told them that we had suffered enough through having these ruined by liquor, why then you see what happened—the whole state of Georgia went dry, without any of the wets or even our own party for that matter believing that it could be done."

It is in the records of the counties of Georgia that the men of that state, true to the traditions of all southerners, awakened one morning, July 30, 1907, to be exact, with their usual predisposition for a drink, and then suddenly decided that they didn't want it. Like a moonlight proposal, the concession of the rights to manufacture or sell liquor had been taken away from them without their full realization—and without the least idea as to how it had come about. But Mrs. Armor can tell that part eloquently.

It is on her own personal leadership of the campaign which prohibited the sale and manufacture of liquor that she bases her knowledge of men, and in illustrating her ideas she is constantly drawing on the incidents of that campaign as an example.

"You see a man wants a woman to think well of him and he is not going to refuse her appeal for protection if she puts it on the grounds that she is weaker than he is. In the south a man who refuses her appeal doesn't stand well with women, and if he doesn't hate that he is such a poor sort that I am sorry for him.

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Primaries Equivalent to Elections.

"Now, let me prove that to you. At the primaries, of course, it was known how every man would vote. Now, it is almost a law in Georgia that an election never repudiates the primaries. So we 'drys' would have the tickets made for the men of our side. We always were secret about it so that the 'wets' would not know what we were doing and that their tickets should be as different as possible. This was enough. The men did not like to come out as refusing what we wanted.

"But one day we found ourselves in great trouble. It was a strong 'wet' county and at the last moment we heard they had imitated our tickets. Another thing, they had ordered a brass band to come from another town to drown us out when we began to sing. This was one way we influenced them—by singing the old familiar songs when we felt that everything was going the wrong way. We heard that morning that the imitation tickets were on the train with the band. They were expected to get there at ten o'clock. We felt as if everything was lost for a minute, and then we went over into a corner and all began to pray. Well, would you believe it, the trestle over which that train was to go broke down and the train didn't get in until late in the afternoon. And by then the votes were so strong in our favor that they couldn't stop them.

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Personal Appeal Begins with Relatives.

"We have proved it often that a gentleman just simply cannot say 'no' to a lady if she puts her request in the right way. In one county they got what they called a dispenser. This sounded like a good thing. The money was collected by the town and used again in paying the taxes. It was iniquitous, but had to break up, except by a personal appeal, which began with our brothers and fathers and husbands. After we got them interested in it, we got up a petition asking for an election on the question. Then we went around with that petition and asked the men if they wouldn't please sign it and they just couldn't say 'no.'

"There was one young man who was the exception and he was particularly stubborn. We couldn't do anything with him. Finally the subject was mentioned to one young lady, accidentally, for nobody knew that they were friends.

"'I'll attend to him,' she said. And she marched straight up to him.

"'Sir,' she said, 'if you are not on the right side the back of my hand is to you from this time forth.'

"He hadn't known that she was around and I never saw any one so anxious to do anything as he was to sign that petition.

"Men—at least southern men—have a great reverence for womanhood as long as women use womanly tactics. But women have to care so much about the thing themselves that they are not ashamed to cry or pray for it. For instance, when I spoke before the Georgia legislature I talked until the tears were just streaming down my face and I was not ashamed of it. I didn't think anything about it for I was talking for our homes and our boys, and there were plenty of others who had tears in their eyes, too, for it was a moving subject.

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Womanly Tactics Never Forsaken.

"But early in the campaign we went to work without ever speaking to a candidate. We had his record. We knew how he stood on everything, and if he was doubtful we had some one ask him to whom he would give a direct answer. If he was wrong word was sent to every woman in that county that he must not be elected. Generally the tide was turned against him without much trouble, but if it was a stubborn county we started for church at sunrise and after service we came to the polls. We dressed in white and served refreshments and we were almost always successful, although first it was like a crucifixion for many a proud southern woman to go to the polls. Yet we never pursued anything but womanly tactics.

"One morning when we were still at church we got a message to come to the polls quick. The mayor was a 'wet' and the sheriff was a 'dry,' and there was a move on the part of the mayor to fence off a place for the women to stand where they should be out of reach of the polls. They almost came to blows, but the sheriff had the business of opening the polls and he stood upon his dignity.

"'I want you to understand that I am boss here,' he said.

"By the time we got there, there was no more talk about putting us behind the fence, and both sides were trying to show who could be the most polite.

"A man, my dear, is the most helpful animal we have—if you just know how to manage him."