

Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Frederick W. Baldwin, April 17, 1913, with transcript

A letter from Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell to Mr. F. W. Baldwin. 1331 Connecticut Avenue. April 17, (1913) Dear Casey:

I really must let you know that I'm sending my motor car in the Woman's Suffrage procession tomorrow which is to carry a petition to Congress! I don't at all believe in this idea, but at least it is doing something spectacular.

I have also been to one of the meetings, and am getting rabid. All this the direct result of your Club meeting! My pride is thoroughly aroused at being denied privileges accorded to persons of inferior position and education simply because they wear trousers and I don't! I don't particularly want to vote about anything myself, but I object to being told I can't. Seems to me I remember some story of two young imps of mischief who objected to being refused the hotel dining room because they were not conventionally clad, so they ought to sympathize.

The women in the audience which filled the theatre to overflowing were not as Mr. Bell remarked the kind that are likely to produce the next generation, therein I fancy lies the fact that the idea has not made greater or more rapid progress, but I think this is natural. Pretty women generally are the satisfied ones, and it isn't from prosperous people, male or female that progress comes as a rule.

I hope you are getting up a great boom for airships. Mr. Bell arrived yesterday in great spirits. Thanks for taking good care of him. My love to Kathleen. I would have written her tonight only I had to tell you about this result of your boy's meeting! Someone said to me today, "I am absolutely opposed to woman's voting". I could have slapped him it made me so angry — much to my own astonishment. I think it was because it was said with a certain

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unconscious note of superiority, and that is what must rile any woman who really thinks of the matter. Why should any woman's son set himself over his mother.

Goodnight. I am not quite rabid, nor crazy, so I want to explain that I didn't propose as Mr. Bell thought, to build a tetrahedral water tower for your bungalow at Beinn Bhreagh, but for Mrs. Fairchild's In The Woods, as she must have a water tower anyhow.

Lovingly, M. G. Bell.