

Votes (Whang!) for (Biff!!) Women (Smash!!!)

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

Go chase yourself, you lobster, I'm a loi-oidy!
—BROWNING—OR WAS IT KEATS?

SOME cynic has defined a historian as a man who lies about what other people saw. In that light, this is not history. It is a humble but veracious record, by an eyewitness, of the Great Historic Window Smash conducted on a recent occasion by a body of determined and self-sacrificing London ladies armed with hammers and acting in support of a widely held political theory. The theory, as nearly as I am able to determine it, seems to be this: that the woman who breaks laws thereby proves her fitness to make laws.

The current of the Strand was flowing peacefully homeward at five o'clock in the afternoon, and I was watching it flow from a side street. On my right a jewellery (no duty charged on the extra letters) store window was offering solitaire diamond engagement rings at prices that made celibacy seem a crime. On my left a hectic cabman was using every persuasion short of physical violence to kidnap me for the price of one shilling. From the rear there approached—but I didn't realize it until afterward, otherwise the hectic cabman would have got me at once—Bellona, the war goddess. Far from warlike was the voice in which her first remark was uttered. In fact, it was so low-toned that I missed the purport of it entirely. Hence (conventionally) I begged her pardon for what was wholly her own fault—that I didn't understand her. At the same time I took a survey of her.

She was of medium height, of less than voting age, I judged, trimly dressed, decidedly pretty, with large brown eyes and the warm color which is the English girl's chief asset; and she was tremulous with some suppressed excitement.

AT A GLANCE my original suspicion died a shame-faced death. This was not at all the type of woman who professionally addresses herself to strangers in public places. (Afterward I surmised that I had been mistaken for an auxiliary or perhaps a sentry, posted there by order.) Now she was speaking again.

"Didn't you expect me here?" she asked.

"Not particularly," I replied, which was strictly true, if not the whole truth.

"Oh!" said she. Then, after the briefest of pauses:

"Is that your cab?"

"Right-o!" and "Not at all," said the hectic cabman and I in accurate unison.

"Because you can't go away yet, you know," she said hurriedly. "I'm going to begin here."

"Begin what?"

It seemed to me a natural query, but it roused Bellona to her first warlike manifestation. A brighter iris burned upon her polished cheek, as the late Lord Tennyson might have remarked, and she stamped her foot.

"Are you a man?" she demanded.

Only that morning I had purchased a silk hat, which in London establishes the wearer as a higher middle man if not actually a superman, entitling him to subservience from policemen, bus drivers, and the like, and respect from the general public. Consequently my feelings were injured. I took off my hat, looked at its burnished surface, and put it on again. The answer seemed to convince rather than satisfy Bellona.

"Are you a coward?" she amended.

THIS was quite another matter. At twenty, one responds to this romantic query by throwing a chest, à la d'Artagnan, and replying in impassioned tones:

"Test me!" At thirty, one affects a cynical smile, saying: "That depends." But at—well, later on in life—one knows better.

"Certainly," I assured her with fervor.

"And you want to run away?"

"Tyke two of yer, same praise as one," offered the hectic cabman engagingly.

"No!" said Bellona quite angrily. Then something seemed to strike through her nervous agitation to her intelligence.

"You're an American," she declared.

"That also," I admitted. "And now that you know the worst, perhaps you'll tell me how I can be of service to you."

"Ah, then you will!" she cried, her face brightening amazingly. Immediately she became businesslike. "Go into that jewellery store (she left out the extra syllable

in pronouncing it, though) and draw the clerk away from the door. Ask him to show you something. Anything." Her glance fell upon the sparkling window. "An engagement ring," she suggested briefly.

"Is this a proposal of marriage?" I asked, "this being leap year?" She measured me from head—that is to say, hat—to foot with the hauteur of an American ambassadress crushing a Cook's tourist. "What am I to price engagement rings for?" I hastily amended.

"To divert the man's attention, of course," she retorted. "I want to do at least ten."

"Ten what?"

"Windows."

"Blimy! She's a-going to do a prig," said the hectic cabman. "Thet's 'er little gyme."

WHILE I was advising him to move on lest a worse thing befall him, and he was advising me (in the process of withdrawing, however) that the street was a public thoroughfare, the fair Bellona proceeded upon her mission. Already, as I turned back to her, she was some paces nearer the plate-glass window. Mysteriously a geologist's hammer had materialized; probably from her muff. She brandished it, advancing in battle formation. May it be set down to my transatlantic ignorance that for the moment I shared the cabby's unworthy suspicion as to "'er little gyme"; that she was about to break into the window and "prig" the diamond

And she went about it with businesslike decision. Authorities state that it is surprisingly easy to stab a man; that the knife sinks in, as it were, by its own momentum. Putting a geologist's hammer through a plate-glass window belongs, I judge, to a like category of the effortless arts.

TWO and three store fronts I saw my little lady perforate, while a gathering crowd stood back and observed. Whether they approved the principle of woman suffrage is doubtful, but they obviously enjoyed the process of destruction. Then, being professionally interested in the sources and depths of our English tongue, I lingered to hear what the proprietor of the jewellery shop, who had emerged, might say. Never have I been more richly repaid for a little trouble. Out of two minutes of impassioned rhetoric, delivered without perceptible pause for breath (that shopman must have been a cornet player in his leisure hours), only one observation is quotable in its entirety, and that one the final clincher.

"An' me that gev arf a crown an' my name to a sufferge petition only last week!"

Meantime the hectic cabman, ever in the offing, was still employing his blandishments.

"'Op in an' see the show, sir! Stand yer only a shillin'. Orl up an' down the Strand you can see 'em, a-smashin' away like good uns!"

So, indeed, it was. Across the street a little fawn-eyed woman in brown—the very incarnation of plump motherliness—was wielding a sort of baby sledge with the free swing of a woodsman. None of the scientific snicking of Miss Bellona in her method. Wherever her strong right arm swung—no, it was her left, for I recall noting that she was left-handed—there followed one loud, tumultuous crash of uttermost ruin. Upon the shopkeeping folk her Viking attack seemed to have a strange and shocking effect.

THEY would dart out of their entrances like so many trapdoor spiders at the alarm; but once face to face with the catastrophe, they merely ran around in henlike circles while the authoress of destruction pattered daintily on to the next assault.

The adjoining block was being "worked" by a slim spinster whose exact replica I have repeatedly seen in steel engravings of about 1850, sitting very erect in a chair and always on the extreme edge.

Her lips were thin and very tightly drawn with determination. She moved mincingly, but with determination. Apparently she has evolved a specific theory of impact, for she tapped rather than pounded, and each stroke of the long-handled

tack hammer left a hole as clean as that of a bullet.

The last I saw of her a police officer was leading her away, and she was warmly commending to his notice a pamphlet which she had exhumed from her shopping bag for that purpose.

Then there was the fine, clean-built, athletic-looking girl who had in charge the block where many of the steamship offices are. The steamship-office fronts present tempting opportunities for an artistic window smash. For one thing, they are very large and imposing, and are decorated with lettering which cracks up under treatment into queer, enticing legends. And, I fancy, the female athlete secured this "beat" through social preference.



"An' me that gev arf a crown an' my name to a sufferge petition only last week!"

rings. Involuntarily I jumped for her, but time lacked. With a never-to-be-forgotten noise, the little hammer met the big window. It made a sound at once precise and convincing: something between "snick" and "swish," but embodying the phonetics of both. Within, the shopman looked up, stretching his neck like a startled chicken. Again the hammer fell. Long, flowing lines crinkled and spread across the glass. From his high seat the cabman crowed aloud in the joy of a flashing discovery.

"Blimy!" he proclaimed. "She eyent no prig. She's a suffergette—loidy smasher. Thet's 'er little gyme!" Swiftly she whipped around the corner into the Strand. "I want to do at least ten," she had said.



"Sorry," she said, "but I don't like to be handled, you know"

She went about her assignment with a lofty and aristocratic air of superior detachment, as one assured of consideration and respect.

"Does 'er little bit like a bloomin' duchess," commented an approving integer of vox populi.

NONE so rash as to stay her triumphal progress until she came to the portals of a German steamship line. No sooner had she struck for her altars and her fires (with perhaps just an extra effect of energy for her native land) than a corpulent Teuton emerged and rushed at her with a roar, seizing her by the shoulder. With perfect composure and a precision of movement evidently derived from the tennis courts, she landed a neat backhander with her implement among the abundant whiskers which fringed his jaw.

"Sorry," she said, with the crisp intonation which the higher-class English give to this form of apology when they don't mean it, "but I don't like to be handled, you know."

Now, I had never before seen a lady hit a gentleman on the jaw with a hammer and still maintain an air of well-bred composure; and I pause merely to express my conviction that it is an inspiring sight and calculated to impress one anew with the transcendent complexities of civilized standards. The German paused for nothing, however. He weaved backward and was straightway engulfed in the crowd; not wholly upon his own initiative, for one could discern hustling hands on his shoulders and a voice stridently inquiring: "Wot the sausage-eatin' blighter means by puttin' 'is bleedin' 'ands on a lydy."

Later I beheld my Amazon being respectfully escorted away by an officer. The officer was carrying a large placard inscribed "Votes for Women," not so much because he wanted to, presumably, as because she had handed it to him to carry, and he didn't see any way out of it.

FURTHER up the Strand a true type of the sex patriot was holding forth. She was little and elderly and vehement; and the pathways of her forcible argumentation were marked, not by neat bulletlike holes but by shattered expanses of desolation. For her inspiration took on the aspects of berserker rage: she flew upon a window as she might at a prime minister, and flailed at it until it dissipated before her. Because of this thoroughness of workmanship, she had demolished not more than half a dozen lights when she was surrounded and fended off from further violence by a cordon of property owners. Then she addressed in impassioned though controlled oratory.

"It is the only way we have," was the burden of her argument. "It is not a pleasant task. No lady wishes to do such things."

"No lady would," interrupted somebody.

"Any lady would," she contradicted, "who believed

in the wrongs of her sex. Your own wives and daughters, you men, will be joining the movement. Nothing can stop us."

And so on. To my surprise I heard general expressions of acquiescence, if not of sympathy, from the crowd.

"Bound to win in the end," said a military-looking man at my shoulder. "Don't approve it. Lock my daughter up if she tried it on. Beastly bad form. But if they make enough of a nahsty row and keep it up long enough, they will gain their point."

TO ME it seemed illogical, this indiscriminate laying waste of private property. So it did to the owner of a little fancy-goods shop, who now addressed himself reproachfully to the oratress.

"Wot's the use, I s'y! Look at the 'orrid 'ole you've 'ammered in my front. Wot 'ave I ever done to you?"

"What have you ever done for us, my good man?" retorted the representative of the Sisterhood of Vulcan condescendingly.

"W'y d'yer play it on private prop'ty?" demanded another. "W'y doncher bash in Winston Churchill's eyeglass or some other Gov'ment prop'ty? There's the Post Office just up a bit—"

"Ah! but you should see the Post Office," she broke in with a tone of confidential pride. (Later I saw it, and it fully justified her manner of speaking.) And she launched into another argument, which was interrupted by the arrival of a policeman, at whom she promptly aimed a blow.

He interrupted it and took away her hammer.

"Don't you be nahsty now, ma'am," he advised with composed politeness.

"Quite right, officer," she responded with equal good feeling. "My blow was not inspired by any ill feeling against yourself. It was purely a protest. Now you, as a voter, should understand—" and away they marched amiably. She expounded her argument to the last.

THIS was the phase of cheerful, intelligent, and devoted martyrdom. Next I was to see the fleeting tragedy of the movement; a young, plump, fledgling of a girl, with a face of frozen terror, sagging along between two commiserating "bobbies."

"They didn't ought to send out young 'uns like 'er," observed one of them. "It's fair crool, it is."

From the crowd I gathered that this was one of the mercenaries of the sex warfare: a feeble Hessian who, for a sovereign, had hired herself out for the (to her) desperate work.

Some man had brought her in a cab and launched her at her first window, and she had struck, sobbing, right and left until she was captured.

The man had escaped. Incidentally the hectic cabman who had failed of my custom gratuitously pointed me out to a "bobby" as having been an accomplice of one of the window smashers. "I see 'im a-talkin' to 'er 'an a-givin' of 'er the tip to do a bash," and it was only my hotel address and my proud American accent (I had the presence of mind to talk through my nose quite violently), and perhaps my silk hat that saved me.

POLICE reserves were now arriving and spreading in front of the stores, and the window smash was over. Subsequently I found that I

had witnessed but a small part of the carnage. Piccadilly, Bond Street, Regent Street, Oxford Street, Cockspur Street, and other thoroughfares had been invaded by the daughters of Thor.

SHOP windows of every kind had been smashed up, and it was rumored that one plate-glass insurance man had gone mad on the scene of battle and tried to commit suicide by eating the remnants of a 10 by 15 pane upon which a 5 by 2 maiden had just operated with a tamping iron.

In all, the damage was upward of \$20,000; and, as an advertisement for the suffrage meeting that evening, was regarded as a great success. Subsequently the smashers were sent up for sentences, shading down from two months to a few days, to a retreat where all the windows are adequately protected by iron bars.

Some one has termed London "the city of unexpected encounters." A week after the grand window smash I found myself in a theatre lobby shoulder to shoulder with Bellona of the Brown Eyes and the Geologist Hammer.

"Why aren't you in jail?" I asked.

"No thanks to you that I'm not," she retorted with spirit. Then, in a more explanatory tone: "Bail, you know."

"Will you get a long sentence?"

"Probably not this time; it's my first offense."

"This time? Then there will be a next time?"

"Of course. Many of them."

"Until?"

"Until we get our votes."

It was the more impressive in that it was said in a perfectly matter-of-fact tone by a girl in the conventional garb of evening and with the manner of accustomed and assured position. Multiply it by some thousands and back it with some tens of thousands of less militant supporters, and still back of that some hundreds of thousands of believers in essential justice—well, one can't help but believe that it must win in the end.

FROM the American suffrage movement has sprung a conundrum, not new but illuminating:

"What is the difference between a suffragist and a suffragette?"

And the answer:

"A suffragist is a lady who takes tea with Mrs. Belmont, and a suffragette is a woman who goes out and bites a perfectly good policeman."

Despite Bellona of the Brown Eyes, and the Athlete Goddess with the tennis stroke, and the sex patriot with the gift of impassioned argument, I think I prefer the American suffragist and her methods to the British suffragette. But the latter will win first.



It made a sound at once precise and convincing



Women March

By MARY ALDEN HOPKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN SLOAN



ON SATURDAY afternoon, May 4, in New York City, ten thousand women and men swung up Fifth Avenue from Washington Square toward Carnegie Hall in a springtime of hyacinthine bloom. Have you ever seen a crocus bed five women wide and two hours long? Flags and pennants and banners streamed over their heads like irises, jonquils, tulips, and the green of lily leaves—all in yellow sunshine. The lilaceous color swayed to familiar music. Footsteps fell like the meter of old ballads—"Will ye tell me, Shaun O'Farrell, Where the meeting is to be?"

The procession formed in Washington Square, around the broad, green grass plot, and in the side streets among red brick, respectable-faced old homes, and the churches with dark, squat turrets. It swung up the avenue, between loft buildings, high, narrow, like children's blocks set on end; the fronts many-windowed, sides blank, spattered with black letters. The crowd here was like a log jam in a spring freshet. The buildings could not give an inch to accommodate the people, and overflowed the sidewalks into the roadway. The police flung themselves upon the mass, kneading it like dough. Pressed in at one point, it bulged at another.

Perhaps it was the kneading which made violent antis of the young chaps wearing flat derbies over blank, silly faces. After whetting sharp tongues on "Here come the Loidy Boilermakers' Union," and vituperating some very correct park riding costumes as the mannish result of wanting to vote, they fell in a pack upon the Men's League.

A bulbous man with features lost in a round pincushion of flesh, hat comfortably back, thumbs pompously in waistcoat pockets, inquired jocosely out of the corner of his mouth, not blocked by a rakish cigar, addressing a world-famous scholar:

"Say, Mary, where'd yer leave th' baby?"

A companion, with a die-away chin and a pimple on his nose, selected a Wall Street broker for the scathing query:

"Aw, Susie, be them dishes washed?"

On the other hand, girls, who with tip-tilted noses scorned the trudging women, put their fingers to their dimples and looked thoughtful when six hundred perfectly good men passed them without a sidewise glance.

Above Twenty-third Street in the blocks where shop windows are curio cabinets in color; where rude scaf-



Looked thoughtful when six hundred perfectly good men passed them

foldings crowd cathedral spires; where club windows are crowded with connoisseurs' faces—in this part of the town comment was of a very different sort.

On either side banked faces sloped up steps and terraces. They were crowded as close as the pinhead figures in the bowls which seafarers used to bring home from China, called "thousand wise men" ware. Above, windows were gay with leaning women, waving handkerchiefs and bright scarfs.

Men, cheering boys, dull-toned women and rainbow women were all crowding toward the curb, peering over the shoulders of the police who held them back, craning to see, whispering with faces close together, tense with eagerness at gaze.

Down this living lane the other women walked in serried ranks, quick, rhythmic, unceasing as the beating of throbbing hearts. They were in striking contrast to the sidewalk crowds. Most of them wore white suits, the others dark, unobtrusive frocks—all of them were dressed with extreme plainness. They had stripped themselves of frippery; they were bare of gewgaws. They longed to wipe out all distinguishing class marks; to express "the solidarity of women," or, in the old words—sisterhood.

Except in a few instances, the sidewalk crowd watched the procession in an extraordinary silence. So lovely in its color, winding like a flexible rainbow, up and down as far as one could see—and yet, so serious. Like a medieval pageant in some far-away city of the past—and yet, so very new. From the window of a great political club men watched with serious eyes and silent lips.

"Why don't they say something?" cried a resentful flag-waving woman.

"Madam," replied an old gentleman, who leaned shaking hands on his heavy staff, "they do not speak because they are too busy thinking. Your parade is making men think."

A VERY beautiful woman came out of a shop. She was tall, and her gray frock clung round her in knots and folds like a soft rain cloud. From her shoulders drooped a pale, pink-lined scarf. Her black hair was dressed severely close to her head. She was an exquisite creature who had flowered perfectly in happiness and wealth and wisdom. As she stood, caught in the crowd, unable to reach her motor, she watched the parade, a wise, slight smile on her lips. A man beside her was speaking in German. He was a short, thickset man with a light mustache. He spoke dogmatically in the tone of one accustomed to obedience. He said:

"I do not allow my wife to make a fool of herself like this. Cooking and children are women's business. I have been three months in America. The women here care only for clothes. The American women disgust me."

The wise, slight smile faded from the woman's lips. She turned imperiously. For the first time in all her well-ordered life she addressed a strange man. She said, speaking also in German:

"Cooking, yes. And children, yes. But the brain—and the soul? For us, too, exists the ideal. When you have been longer in America, you will understand better the American woman."

While the man still stared at her with open mouth, she swept her draperies off the pavement, and stepped into the roadway to march beside her sister women.

Newspaper photographers stood in a shifting bunch in the open space where the avenue crosses Broadway. From here one could best see the parade in detail. The photographers darted about, putting in plates, cranking films, pulling out shutters, clicking buttons, leaping forward, poising in a position suggesting horrid pain, to grip cameras firmly in the pit of their stomachs, as the cavalcade trotted into view.

First came the line of mounted police, blasé of parades, each face repeating the conscious passivity of the next. They were followed by the "suffrage cavalry," some fifty horsewomen, wearing black hats cockaded in green

and purple—and the parade was on. The women marched by occupation or club or political district; the men marched by sex—except some who preferred to be with their wives. You see, conditions were reversed from the usual. The official program of the first part of the procession read like a business directory—doctors, lawyers, teachers, students, buyers, sellers, traders, agents, players, writers, sculptors, farmers, nurses, tailors, cooks. Learned ladies and drudges and craftswomen—workwomen all.

CLUB groups followed the guilds. A flock of high-school girls in gym skirts, middle blouses, and red ties braced themselves, arms extended, to hold a great flag carried flat. "All This," says a banner, "Is the Natural Consequence of Teaching Girls to Read." Quaker ladies in soft gray gowns and bonnets rustled along. Again there was a band of women carrying yellow Chinese parasols and a banner with the device: "Catching Up with China." College graduates with degrees dripping from their names wore caps and gowns. One foreign gown was brilliant red with blue stripes. Another had an ermine hood. In the Trades-Union League many of the workers were girls in short skirts with hair bobbed up with big ribbon bows; short, stocky children who walk heavily, as if weary, even when they are not weary at all. They carried a black banner on which was printed in white letters: "We Want the Vote for Our Protection." The same girls carried this banner a year ago in a very different procession. That terrible day the marchers linked arms to support the fainting ones as they tramped in pouring rain, through deserted streets, in memory of their comrades dying horribly in the Triangle fire.

One white-froked section chose blue for its banners and scarfs and ribbons. When this group halted for a minute in Madison Square, it seemed suddenly as if blue and white leaped out of the background. Above was a mackerel sky, schools of fleecy white clouds swimming in blue depths. Behind, the great tower was dead white against blue. The scene was an Alma Tadema painting of Italian marble and sky and graceful women.

Here stand a mother and child watching. The child is a dot of a creature, chiefly white legs and a huge hat. The mother is a buxom young matron in white. She has cleverly pushed her plumpness up onto her shoulders and covered it with a lich-gate hat. Says the small white mushroom to the large white puff ball:

"Mommer, I want to see the lantern-jawed sisters popper said we'd see! Mommer, these ain't no lantern-jawed sisters!"

Near the corner of one street, on the curb at the edge of the crowd, stood a white-haired old gentleman holding his hat in his hand with an attitude of the utmost

respect. As the procession paused a moment in front of him, a girl bearing a banner caught his eye and smiled. He raised his hat higher and said: "God bless you, dear ladies. God bless you."

Two carriages, driven by women, carried white-haired, sweet-faced "suffrage veterans." They who fought on foot for weary years are now placed in seats of honor; are now lovingly tended by women not born when the fight began. As the oldest of them all, the Rev. Antoinette Blackwell, bent from her flower-wreathed carriage, benignly smiling into eager, upturned faces, she seemed the gentle grandmother of all suffragists.

A group of women from Norway, Sweden, and Finland were led by a half dozen in peasant costume—red skirts, short, full, swinging; laced bodices; caps as light as large snowflakes.

A white-bearded old gentleman, attracted by the bouquet of color, asked who were these women.

"They are women who could vote in their own



"Aw, Susie, be them dishes washed?"



"They ain't so awful mannish, Pop"



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Women March

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countries—but not here," replied a marshal.

The old gentleman nodded his head understandingly. "Oh, yes," he said, "I understand—those are free women."

Enfranchised citizens from Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Washington, and California were the first in the line to carry the United States flag.

Delegations came from Kansas, Maryland, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Nebraska, New Hampshire, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, District of Columbia, and Virginia. New Jersey women came in squads, under the names of their towns. New York State women were by towns—Mount Vernon, New Rochelle, Yonkers, Rye, and White Plains—and by counties—Dutchess, Erie, Onondaga, Rockland, Steuben, Suffolk, Munroe, Ulster, and Orange.

A sweet little Southern woman, with her golden curls escaping from under her suffrage hat, which she had succeeded in giving a charming air of coquetry, turned to her companion and said with big, serious blue eyes: "You know to me suffrage is almost a religion," and she meant it.

THE city women who had not already passed in their trade groups or their clubs now followed, divided according to their Assembly Districts. A week before the parade a dainty girl in a slimsy glimmering silk dress, a tilted hat, and hair cropped in wavy love locks against soft cheeks, after "signing up," debated aloud—should she walk with the musicians or should she walk with the actresses, or—there were the artists.

The businesslike clerk holding her pen suspended between inky fingers, though impressed by this confusion of talent, was still logical. She inquired with matter-of-fact directness:

"Which are you, actress, musician, or painter?"

"Oh," replied the soft-cheeked one in scarlet distress, "I'm not any of them. I'm just—just— Oh, I'm nothing but a married woman!"

"You are a member of the — Assembly District," replied the businesslike clerk, jabbing pen to list. "You will walk with your district to educate your Senator."

Thousands of "just married women"—women whom the census classes as dependent females because they get no pay envelope of a Saturday night after seven days of broiling steak, nicking dishes, running sewing machines, and nursing mumpy children—thousands of these industrious housekeepers marched in a glory of yellow splendor.

The sun slanting across high roofs flung a golden light on the Metropolitan Tower, a great, pale reflection of the deep chrome massed in the street below.

On the broad stone balustrade of the Public Library terrace is a suffrage family—father and the children; a "hand-tailored" father with broad eyeglass ribbon, a comfortable-looking father with pleasant eyes and pickaback shoulders. Margie and Jack and the baby are perched on the stone coping in front of him; Jack in an Indian play suit, excitedly kicking his clumsy, puppy-dog feet; Margie with hair freshly pony-cut and ribboned, dangling slim brown legs; between the two, baby, an adored mass of gurgling flesh in white lawn.

MOTHER, we learn from the conversation, is marching with her district. If women get the vote before Margie grows up, can she never march in a parade? Mother's got on her new white serge and looks just grand. If Jack threw stones at the grocer's window would it help women get the vote? Oh, baby mustn't poke his flag in the gentleman's eyes! Here comes our Assembly District, and in a minute everyone within earshot has picked out mother, looking just grand in her new white serge, a little heavy on her feet, a little short of breath, but—mother! Mother, marching for the Cause! "See, baby, there's mother! Look, baby, look! Hooray for mother! Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!"

As the Woman Suffrage Party division passed the home of Mrs. Russell Sage, who has paid the rent of the executive offices of that organization for many months, the banner of each Assembly District was dipped in salutation.

The Socialists were the last group: Socialists scarfed in red—deep, warm red: the red of heart's blood. Men and women marched together as a matter of course. In the Socialist party no one says "man suffrage" and "woman suffrage," but simply "suffrage." This group struck a different note from the earlier ones. For the others votes-for-women was the overwhelming thought; to the Socialist it was but one thought among many. They struck a note of gayety. It was as if they said: "Votes for women is coming fast—why be solemn when it's so near!" When they reached the upper end of the avenue, where large closed mansions with blind eyes are elbowed by upstart apartment houses and stupendous hotels, darkness had fallen suddenly. The women on the ends burned red fire, waving the flaring torches in the measure of the music. The red ranks, lit up by the warm, red glow, marched on buoyantly, joyously, singing the "Marseillaise" in low, familiar voices, as mothers at nightfall sing the well-loved lullabies.

THE impatient automobiles, long penned in the cross streets, came rolling down the avenue, nose to tonneau, wheeling, darting for an opening, heavy, noiseless, swift.

At Altman's corner a suffragist slipped from the curb into the poured-out stream of motion. She was small, alert, light on her feet. Her eyes were fixed on univer-



The photographers darted about




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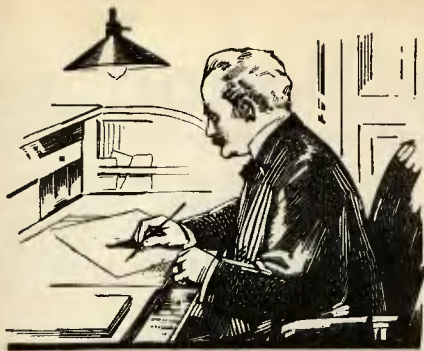
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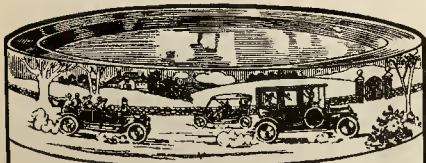
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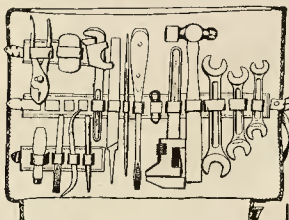
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Women March

(Concluded from page 30)

sal suffrage; she scorned the rushing motors.

The tall, lean policeman, stationed like a semaphore in the center of traffic, signaling with long arms stiffly raised and lowered, caught sight of her as she breasted the main current on the Waldorf side and flung a saving arm about her.

"It's hurry, hurry, hurry, as if you had just five minutes to live," he scolded. "You won't have five minutes yet if you hurry in front of that green bus," he warned her. The suffragette cocked her head from the hollow of his sheltering arm.

"Why don't you stop the bus? That's hurrying, too," she inquired. Her tone was mildly curious. Her mouth was sweetly sober. In her eyes a flickering daredevil mocked the big man's anger.

The policeman, looking down at the birdlike creature, derisive, unafraid, sighed heavily.

"I ain't worrying about the busses, ma'm," he replied gloomily; "I can stop them by raising my hand—but God Almighty Himself couldn't hold back the women!"

OVER all the city that night the air was tense with suffrage thought. All along Broadway crowds gathered about huge, yellow-trimmed automobiles to hear suffrage sentiments. All up and down Broadway, under the flaring, rippling lights, women hawked their suffrage paper—"The Woman Voter." On one corner stood a tall, young woman dressed in black. A yellow news bag was slung at her side; in her extended hand she offered a yellow-covered magazine to each passer-by. Her voice stamped her a Virginian:

"Buy a 'Vot-ah'? 'Woman Vo-tah'? Five cents."

As her eyes touched each vanishing face, she knew a different public from the genial crowds drawn about the automobiles; a different public from the one that stood for hours patiently waiting the parade. Here on Broadway was the public that blocks the way of suffrage: cold, indifferent, insolent, angry. Elaborately coiffured women, theatre-going with their husbands, looked at her as at a creature of a different breed; others turned aside as from something unpleasant to see; a too-perfectly dressed man slanted at her a sirupy glance that dropped off his eyelids and ran down his nose. Two girls strayed from Sixth Avenue and paused to gape vacantly. They wore tight skirts, coarse ruffles, blatant hats; their hair was too yellow, eyebrows too black, skin too white, cheeks too pink; their hollow faces were modeled tight to the skull by disease's sculpturing thumb; rank, poisonous weeds, deadly to touch, dying of their own poison.

To these as to all the Virginian offered the yellow-covered magazine, calling in her gentle voice:

"Buy a 'Vot-ah'? 'Woman Vo-tah'? Five cents."

Hundreds of passing men ignored her with conscious unconsciousness. A stout, fatherly tyrant burst out:

"No, I won't buy a 'Voter'! You ought to be ashamed of yourself! You ought to be at home doing—doing—er—er—"

He couldn't think of a pressing duty at eighty-thirty in the evening. His scolding died away in a fat sputter.

A street sweeper, stunted, unshaven, dirtily white, wheeled his dust barrow up to the curb for a friendly word;

"Sure, the missis was there!"

An almost terrifyingly severe woman approached. An indefinable something flashed across her furrowed face. Her eyes leaped to the Virginian's. She passed—and on the lips of each woman a smile twitched—the smile of one who has greeted a loved kinswoman.



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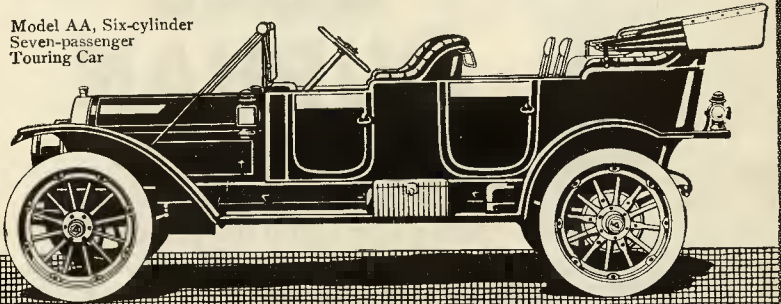
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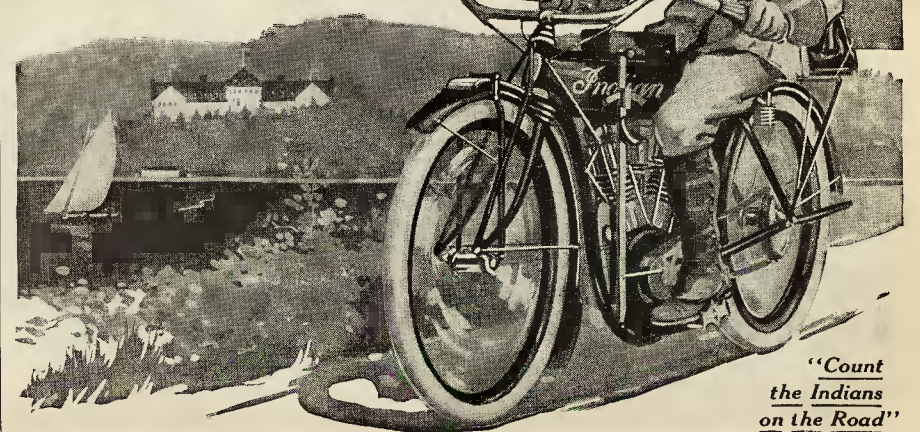
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A Suffragette Outbreak Before English Royalty

While the King and Queen of England were beginning a tour of inspection of the ancient Cathedral of Llandaff, June 25, a suffragette broke through a cordon of police and sprang at Home Secretary McKenna, Minister-in-attendance on the King. The woman was arrested and led away by two constables. The Queen was nearer to the scene than the King and witnessed the whole episode



Red Liberty Caps Worn at Suffrage Meeting

The Women's Social and Political Union, which is the organization of the militant suffragettes of England, held a mass meeting in Hyle Park on July 14. The date chosen was the birthday of the president of the union, Mrs. Pankhurst, and was also the anniversary of the storming of the Bastille. To emphasize this fact and the kinship which the women feel for the revolutionists of history, red liberty caps surmounted each banner pole. The meeting was one of the largest ever held by the advocates of votes for women.



Suffrage Rioting at a Lloyd-George Meeting

David Lloyd-George, the dynamic Chancellor of the Exchequer of Great Britain, is fighting the employers and the doctors over the provisions of the newly enacted Old Age National Insurance Law, but the militant suffragists are causing him more personal trouble than the industrial problems. This photograph was taken just after the Chancellor had been knocked down from behind at the entrance of Kensington Theatre by a man who proclaimed his sympathy for the women's cause. The Chancellor was not hurt badly