

SUFFRAGETTES STORMPARLIAMENT

Probably 100,000 Participated in a Mob Scene in London.

ONE WOMAN A HEROINE.

BY STRATEGY SHE RUSHES PAST GUARDS, APPEARS BEFORE HOUSE AND ASKS MEMBERS TO CONSIDER THE WOMEN.

London, Oct. 14.—The climax of the suffragette campaign was reached last night when an enormous mob hemmed in Parliament and stopped traffic in all streets leading to Westminster. For more than three hours the crowds scuffled good naturedly with the police, interfered with theater goers, broke windows and disorganized things generally in the central part of London.

The heroine of the day was Mrs. Travers Symons, formerly secretary to James Kier-Hardie, the socialist and independent member of Parliament, who reached the door of the house of commons by strategy. The house was debating a bill to prevent children from cigarette smoking when the woman dashed past the doorkeeper to a position in front of the speaker's chair and shouted:

"Leave off discussing children and talk about women!"

Three officials seized Mrs. Symons and carried her out. She was led to the outer door and dismissed. As a result of the coup an order was issued that hereafter women shall not be permitted to the building on any pretext whatever, and in the future the historic grille will not screen feminine spectators.

The appeal issued by the suffragettes a few days ago for 50,000 persons to help them "rush" Parliament at 7:30 o'clock last evening was the most successful stroke yet. Not less than twice that number responded to the call, and nine-tenths of these were young persons who came to see the fun. There was also a few hundred of the unemployed and their sympathizers.

Parliament in State of Siege.

Parliament was in a state of siege. A close triple line of police was drawn around the three sides of the square in front of the building. The yard within the gates swarmed with police and 200 guarded the terrace in the rear against assault by water, while the women twice attempted. A small fleet of police boats also patrolled the Thames approaches.

Football Rush Attempted.

A delegation of thirteen suffragettes, which approached the police cordon and was formally refused admission to Parliament, attempted a football rush, but the police chivalrously repulsed the women with the least possible roughness. Two bodies of the unemployed, however, which approached the line were driven off with little saving grace, one across Westminster Bridge and the other to St. James Park.

The police were pelted with vegetables and some stones in a few minor skirmishes, but nobody was seriously hurt. Twenty-four suffragettes and twelve of the unemployed were arrested. Many persons fainted. A few were trampled upon and taken to the hospitals.

"INDIVIDUAL" GETS BUT ONE DOLLAR

Woman Wills Man Who Wed Her a Small Sum.

Chicago, Oct. 14.—Andrew Heckler, by the terms of his wife's will, died in the probate court is bequeathed \$1, payable in four monthly installments of 25 cents. In the document the woman, Mrs. Catherine E. Heckler, of Portland, Ore., referred to Heckler as: "The individual who married me in 1905 in San Diego, Cal., and who got from me thousands of dollars, and when he could get no more deserted me."

SUSANNE: Good housewives prefer Gold Medal Flour.



WE COULDN'T AFFORD

to send you a poor grade of coal the first time or subsequently, if we wanted to remain in business for the first bad lot would mean our last order. We have the coal to make your fire for heating or cooking, burn the way you want it, most of heat, least of ash, nothing of slate or dirt.

Only reason for asking your order.

H. C. BULLERDICK & SON

Phone 1235

The KING of DIAMONDS.

By Louis Tracy,
Author of "Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light," Etc.

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"Yes. It was no good trying to bluff him. Only on the guarantee that I would never meet Miss Atherley again would he consent not to expose me. I'm done. My last chance is gone. I have wasted my money on Grenier's mad notions and was fool enough to think you meant what you said when you swore to have Anson's life."

Grenier, who had heard every word, disappeared.

"Does Philip Anson know that Mr. James Crichton Langdon is Sir Philip Morland's stepson?" he asked.

"I can't tell. What does it matter, anyhow?"

"Think, man, think! Does he even know your name?"

"He can easily find it out."

"Not he. This young spark has a fine sense of honor. You promised to keep away from the lady in future. He will never even mention you. And your money is not lost. It has been well spent, every farthing. Take care Miss Evelyn does not see you until she is heartbroken about Philip Anson. She will be, you can be quite sure of it. Then your opportunity will come."

CHAPTER XVII.

PHILLY walked on roses during those glorious days. He had found his mate. His life was complete. How bright the world and how fair the future.

The only disagreeable incident marred the utter joy of existence, and that only for an instant, was his encounter with Langdon at Mrs. Atherley's pretty flat in Mount street.

Grenier, endowed by nature with an occasional retrospective glimpse of a nobler character, read him correctly when he said that Anson would never condescend to name the intruder in the presence of the woman he loved.

But he did ask a servant who it was with whom he had just been conversing in the entrance hall, and the girl said the gentleman was a Mr. Langdon. No; Mrs. Atherley did not know him well. He was brought to her "at home" on a previous Wednesday by a friend.

Obviously Evelyn could not have more than a passing acquaintance with the man or she would have recognized him herself. Her agitation that night in the park, the terror of a difficult situation, was enough to account for her failure in this respect, nor was Philip then aware that at her previous meeting with Lady Morland's son she entertained a curious suspicion, instantly dispelled by his gib manner, that Langdon was the man who sought to thrust his unwelcome attentions by a young lord."

"And I have cherished your face in my waking dreams ever since. You looked like a fairy. And how you stuck up for me against your uncle!"

"Philip, I—I liked you that night I saw you in the square. You were a woe-begone little boy, but you were so brave and gave me your hand to help me from the carriage with the air of a young lord."

"Tell me what did you think of me when you saw me standing disconsolate in the park?"

"Tell, tell, tell—it was nothing but sweet questions and sweet assurances that this pair of turtle doves had been seeking each other through all eternity."

Their wedding was fixed for the middle of July. Sharp work, it may be said, but what need was there to wait? Mr. Abingdon was greatly pleased to settle down at the earliest possible date.

Mrs. Atherley, too, raised no protest.

The sooner her beloved daughter was married the more rapidly would life resume its normal aspect. They would not be long parted from each other.

The young people had no housekeeping cares. Philip's mansions were replete with all that could be desired by the most fastidious taste. His yacht was brought to the Solent so that they could run over to Portsmouth on a motor car to inspect her, and Evelyn instantly determined that their honeymoon in Etretat should be curtailed to permit them to go for a three weeks' cruise around the British coast.

This suggestion of course appealed to Philip. Nothing could be more delightful. He whispered in Evelyn's ear that he would bring her for the idea at the first favorable opportunity.

One morning, a day of June rain, a letter reached Philip. It bore the printed superscription, "The Hall, Beltham, Devon," but this was struck out and another address substituted. It was written in a scrawling, wavering hand, the calligraphy of a man old and very ill. It read:

My Dear Philip—I am lying at the point of death, so I use no labored words to explain why I address you in such manner. I have written you this letter to inform you of the injustice I showed to your dear mother and my sister. If, of your charity, you will come to my bedside and assure me that I can meet the coming ordeal strong and cheerful, then I will not refuse what you have given in her behalf. Your sorrowing uncle.

Anson's valet saluted and left them. Dr. Williams said cheerfully:

"That disposed of a difficulty. Are you ready, Mr. Anson?"

They entered a ramshackle dogcart, for which the doctor apologized.

"These hills knock one's conveyances to pieces. I am having a new cart built, but it will be done for a couple of years. Out in all weathers, you see. To carry you I had to leave my man at home."

The doctor himself seemed to be young and smart looking. Evidently Scarsdale agreed with him if not with his vehicles. The horse, too, was a good one, and they moved through a scattered village at a quick trot.

They met a number of people, but Dr. Williams was talking so eagerly to his companion that he did not nod to any of them.

As the road began to climb toward a bleak moorland he became less volatile, more desirous to get Anson to speak. Philip thought that the doctor listened to him with a curious eagerness. Probably Sir Philip and Lady Morland impressed him as an odd another:

Dear Mr. Anson—I beg my earnest request to my husband's that you will come to his last hours with a visit. He blames himself for what has happened in the past, yet the fault was more mine than his—far more. For his sake I willingly admit it. And have been punished for my sin. Ruined in fortune with my husband at death's door. I am indeed a sorrowing woman. Yours faithfully,

LOUISA MORLAND.

The angular Italian handwriting of the second letter recalled a faded script in his safe at that moment. The address in each case was a village on the Yorkshire coast, a remote and inaccessible place according to Philip's recollection of the map. "Grange House" might be a farm or a broken down manor, and Lady Morland's admission of reduced circumstances indicated that they had chosen the locality for economy's sake.

These appeals brought a frown of indecision to Anson's brow. His uncle and his uncle's wife had unquestionably been the means of shortening and embittering his mother's life. The man might have acted in ignorance; the woman did not.

Yet what could he do? Refuse a dying relative's last request? They or one of them refused his mother's pitiful demand for a little pecuniary help at a time when they were rich.

And what dire mischance could have sunk them into poverty? Little more than two months had passed since Sir Philip Morland was inquiring for his (Philip's) whereabouts through Messrs. Sharpe & Smith with a view toward making him his heir.

Was the inquiry Lady Morland's last request to save an encumbered estate? Why was all pretense of doubt as to his relationship swept aside so completely?

He glanced again at the address on the letter and asked a servant to bring him a railway guide. Then he ascertained that if he would reach Scarsdale in time for a conversation. He looked forward to an exceedingly unpleasing interview.

"Sir Philip is still living?"

He would be anxious to learn what sort of relative this was who had traveled from London to see them.

Philip was in small humor for conversation. He looked forward to an exceedingly unpleasing interview.

The girl's happy tears bedewed the picture.

"A good man is a good husband."

later than noon. There was a journey of nearly seven hours by rail; no chance of returning the same night.

He went to the library and rang up Sharpe & Smith on the telephone.

A clerk assured him that Mr. Sharpe, who attended to Sir Philip Morland's affairs, had been summoned to Devonshire the previous day.

"To Devonshire," cried Philip. "I have just received letters from Sir Philip and Lady Morland from Yorkshire."

"Mr. Sharpe himself is puzzled about the matter, sir. Lady Morland wrote from Yorkshire, but told him to proceed to Devonshire without delay."

"Has there been some unexpected development affecting the estate?"

"I am sorry, sir, but you will see I can hardly answer any further questions."

Of course the clerk was right. Philip had hardly quitted the telephone when a note reached him by hand from Evelyn: "Please come at once. Must see you."

He was at Mount street in three minutes.

Evelyn looked serious and began by holding out a letter to him. He recognized Lady Morland's writing.

"Philip—those people—who behaved so badly to your mother?"

"Have they dared to trouble you?"

"Oh, it is so sad. Your uncle is dying. They are wretchedly poor; an unforeseen collapse. See." And she read:

"Of your pity, Miss Atherley, ask your afflicated husband to come to us and to help us. We want nothing for myself, but a few slight articles for a few weeks to pay tradespeople, doctors, and so on, and to smooth Sir Philip's last hours. He is a proud man, and I know he is heartbroken to think he is dying a pauper among strangers."

It ended as might be expected. Philip wired to Grange House, Scarsdale, to announce his coming. Accompanied by his valet, he left King's Cross at 12 o'clock, but his parting words to Evelyn were:

"Sometimes I cannot quite credit my good fortune," she said softly. "Tell me, dearest, how did you manage to live until you were twenty-five without falling in love with some other girl?"

"That is ridiculously easy. Tell me how you managed to escape matrimony until you were twenty-two and you are answered."

"Philip, I—I liked you that night I saw you in the square. You were a woe-begone little boy, but you were so brave and gave me your hand to help me from the carriage with the air of a young lord."

"And I have cherished your face in my waking dreams ever since. You looked like a fairy. And how you stuck up for me against your uncle!"

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