

PALLADIUM SHORT STORY PAGE

How We Suffragettes

Dodged the Census Man.



These Suffragettes Crowded Into a Friend's House After It Had Been Visited by the Census Men and Thus Kept Themselves Out of the Census.

THOSE enthusiastic, unquenchable ladies, the Suffragettes of Great Britain, have seized another opportunity to embarrass a government that refuses to let them vote.

"No vote, no census!" they cry—and they are sleeping in bathtubs, on tables and under tables in friends' houses, and in other queer places, and taking their meals wherever they happen to be, to keep King George and his ministers in the dark about the exact state of the population.

Under the English census rules, individuals are enumerated only at their habitual domicile, where the declaration is filled out and signed. Bath tubs, and tables and chairs in the houses of sympathizers certainly are not habitual domiciles; therefore, those lodged in that unique manner escape enumeration.

The fact that the census authorities have no power to catch these ladies in the open and count them, willy-nilly—as the New York enumerators did in the case of tramps in the parks—is shown by the fearless glee with which they advertise their triumph in street parades, carrying "no vote, no census" banners, and being photographed as you see them on this page.

They are even cruel enough to flaunt their triumph in the faces of the king's ministers and law-makers—appearing in force, with their defiant banners, at midnight, for re-



Uncounted Suffragettes Flaunting Their Triumph While Eating Midnight Lunch in Front of the House of Commons.

King George as a Business Man.

ING GEORGE of England is taking the most active personal interest in every detail of the coming coronation, and His Majesty is at present one of the hardest-worked men in his empire.

Indeed, the King's energy is a revelation to those about the court who had not been brought into close touch with him before he ascended the throne. And not less than his energy, his business ability.

The King has introduced the methods of the battleship into Buckingham Palace. No one walks there now; every one moves at the double; they are all on the run.

In the midst of a conversation His Majesty will break off to give an order to some one who has just come in, or to make an inquiry down the speaking-tubes, or on the telephone to some crown department. Then he turns to you again.

Then His Majesty deals with the matter that has brought you there promptly and decisively, and without any waste of word: just a quiet "Very well," "Please do!" or "No, I'm afraid that won't do!"

The last few days the King has been very busy over the lists of foreign and Colonial guests: he sees every name, assigns the actual quar-

ters each person is to occupy, decides who is to be in attendance, and how many servants are to be at the visitor's disposal—every detail is attended to and ticked off on lists and pinned at his works.

The King has had swing balance doors fitted to many of the rooms to expedite matters—no opening or closing of doors.

Buckingham Palace is a hive today, and the King is the busiest bee in it. There is no fussing.

Quietly, very quietly and calmly directing and controlling and keeping every one up to the mark, the King is always cool and quiet, but always decided.

While This Suffragette Had to Camp Out on the Stairs.

these uncounted, uncountable ladies appear, crowds of sympathizers are there also to give them moral support. They are so pleased with the success of their strategem that they arouse the police, and thus are able to heap ridicule on the "bobbies" as well as on the whole Government.

It has long been known that the British Suffragette will stop at no amount of personal inconvenience to maintain the ruling principle of her life—her right to vote. They are eager to suffer martyrdom in prison, and often, as prisoners, they have put their warders to their wits' ends to prevent the further martyrdom of starvation, self-inflicted.

The scene on the floors, and on and under tables in the houses of friends is, by comparison, a joke. They profess to enjoy the experience. And the lady her pictured enjoying sweet slumbers in bath tub, wrapped in a quilt, with a rug for a pillow, rejoices in going down to Suffragette posterity as a genuine Christopher Columbus. Surely she is the first to transform a bare porcelain lined bathtub into a bed.

Of course, to return to their homes for breakfast, or at all, while the enumerators are busy, might be to get counted after all. So the bath-tubs and table sleepers go gaily forth to the nearest restaurant for breakfast, and for other meals.

It seems hardly believable, but it is a fact that hundreds of these determined women walk the streets of London all night to avoid being enumerated, getting what sleep they can during the daytime on friendly floors and in friendly bathtub vacated at breakfast time by their comrades.

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