

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 bath tubs, 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, wily 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 taunt their triumph in the faces of the king's ministers and law-makers—appearing in force, with their defiant banners, at midnight, for re-



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

The Heart of Hermione

By Draycott M. Dell

It was one of those Indian summer nights, hot and sultry, and through the open doors that led into the club the scent of many tobacco plants mingled, to be waited toward the players. There was something weird and unearthly in the way the two played. Throwing the dice silently, eagerly, cautiously, playing a game of luck before a company of men. They were playing for a woman's heart, Hermione Hunstanton's heart. The other members stood anxiously and silently around the table of destiny. These two men, who had been chums in school together, as men were running rival for the hand of a woman they both loved.

One of their maxims at school had been that they would always treat each other

fair and square. Contact with the world had not changed this, and Cathcart, seeing that Cavanagh loved Hermione, had bared his heart to his friend. The suggestion had been Cavanagh's. They would play for the right to tell their love; the winner should have Hermione, the loser should go away and try to forget.

The winner was to be he who made the best three throws out of five. Cavanagh had thrown first—and the dice rolled over the baize and then steadied themselves.

Six, five, three. Cavanagh's eyes glistened. The dice were picked up and thrust back into the box. A rattle and a throw.

Five, five, three. Cathcart had lost the first throw.

Again they threw; and again disastrously as far as Arthur was concerned. Cavanagh now looked excited.

Perhaps the next throw would mean the heart of Hermione. He clasped the box feverishly and threw.

One, two, three. The pieces mocked at him as they lay there in numerical sequence.

Cathcart threw. Two, five, six. And then, placing the dice in the box, handed it to Cavanagh.

Heriot shook it up and down, finally throwing with scarcely better luck than before. Two, three, and five.

Shrugging his shoulders, he rose and waited for Cathcart to cast.

Five, four, three. Two all.

By now practically all the members of the Utopian Club were surrounding the players.

Cavanagh, with an anxious, strained expression hovering round his eyes, took up the dice box and paused before casting. Above and around him the craning heads watched as he raised his arm and then threw. Six, six, five.

"A foregone conclusion," said a member, hastening out to tell the news to a friend. Nothing could beat that throw, he thought; but before he had time for another thought three sizes lay blinking at him upon the baize, and Arthur Cathcart lay across the table in a dead faint.

"My God!" cried Cavanagh. "Beating!" And then seeing Cathcart, lying face down, inert mass over the table, he called for some brandy, and hastily undid his friend's collar.

When the brandy had been brought and administered, gradually the color came back into the winner's face.

He sought to rise, but Cavanagh—his face as white as death, his fingers

nerveless and shaking—held him down.

"Rest a while, Arthur," he said; "you will be better soon."

"One by one the other had melted away from the table; some to carry the story of the great game to the anxious ears of wives and sweethearts, others to discuss it over a final whiskey and soda in the smokeroom.

At last Cathcart staggered to his feet and restituted his collar.

"The excitement was too much, old man; I couldn't stand it," he said, as he looked at his friend.

Heriot turned away. "You're a lucky beggar, Arthur," he replied, brokenly. "You have probably won the best woman on earth, a woman I loved with all the passionate adoration of the first affection, the woman whom I am dreamed of, the woman whom I am never to see again."

Cathcart laid his hand on Cavanagh's shoulder. "Come, come, Heriot, it's not as bad as all that. How could I ever do without my best friend? And, if Hermione accepts me, why, in the after years, should all the chances of a reunion be forgotten?"

There was a tremor in Heriot's voice as he replied—weakness that he sought to conceal, but could not.

"No, no, Arthur; never that. I could never live if I knew I had been false to my truest friend."

"Why false?" exclaimed Cathcart.

Heriot gripped Arthur's wrist. "Why, man," he cried bitterly, "do you think I could ever be near Hermione and not love her, not yearn for her? Oh! it's impossible, what you say."

"What are you going to do, then?" The words came short and incisive from Arthur's lips.

"What am I going to do? Why, go abroad and live a new life in a new land, and with God's help, forget!"

"Good-bye," Heriot caught Cathcart's hand in a vise-like grip.

"Be good to her," was all he said, and then the curtain rustled behind him and he was gone.

Hunstanton House was ablaze with light, and busy admitting fashionably dressed women and men through its large portal, which was an open door as far as hospitality went.

Rose-colored lights glowed in the spacious hall and on the grand staircase, while festooned everywhere were criss-crossed lines of creepers. Never had the famous country residence of Bernard Hunstanton, capitalist, seemed such a fairy palace of dancing lights as it did

on this night in October.

From the ballroom came the soft, seductive strains of a sighing waltz, accompanied by an after murmur of many conversations. For one person this was to be counted amongst the grandest moments she had ever experienced, and that one person was Hermione Hunstanton, and the moment was her twenty-first birthday, which was now being celebrated by a dance in her honor.

And yet, if the mind of this beautiful woman could have been probed, some greater, deeper thought than that of her desire to bare her heart to her, but to dash with all speed across the pavement just as the disappointed stockbroker was going to plunge below.

"Hold hard!" cried a strong voice, and in an iron grip Cathcart was dragged away.

"What the—?" he was going to say, but a look in his rescuer's face froze the words on his lips.

"Good heavens! Heriot!"

"Arthur—you!" The words came out bitter and harsh.

"Yes, me," replied the unfortunate man, "the victim of an international squabble, a ruined stockbroker, a vagrant, turned—no, not to pay his fare, but to dash with all speed across the pavement just as the disappointed stockbroker was going to plunge below."

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Ready Letter Writer

"That intelligent looking boy there," said the pedagogue to the top-hatted parent he was showing over the school premises, "is Brown. I am proud of Brown. I have inculcated in him the love of learning to such an extent that he now prefers study to play. I expect at this moment he is writing Timmins' Latin prose on the sheet of paper there while all the other pupils are at play. I will ascertain."

He called the lad to him.

"Brown," he said, "let us see the result of your industry."

"I—I'd rather not, sir," blushed Brown.

"Note his modesty," whispered the schoolmaster. "Come, Brown, let me see what you have been writing."

Still the boy demurred. But the schoolmaster insisted and forcefully appropriated the paper. And there, in neat imitation of feminine handwriting, he read the following:

"Please excuse my son James from school to-day. He is wanted at home."