

would be refused. It was a tremendous victory for Mrs. Pankhurst, the heroine of the struggle.

In 1896, she was over in Antwerp with her husband, to protest against the imprisonment of Ben Tillett for Trade Union activities. In 1897, she read a paper at the Northern Poor Law Conference, claiming greater powers for the Guardians to adopt neglected children. The same year the Doctor won a resounding victory over civic incompetence and corruption, by defeating a bad and costly scheme to convey Manchester sewage into the River Mersey, which the City Council had adopted, though it had lately established its own sewage plant at tremendous expense. Certain City Councillors attempted to buy off his opposition by promising to retain him as Counsel for the Corporation in the Private Bill necessary to get the scheme through Parliament, whereby he would have made upwards of £10,000. Such a bait never for an instant attracted him. He compelled a town's meeting of citizens to decide the issue, and won a vote against the scheme. The Council retorted by declaring a poll, but again the scheme was voted down.

When her first-born was seventeen, Mrs. Pankhurst arranged with her old friend, Noémie, now settled with her husband and children in Geneva, to exchange daughters for a year. In June 1898, she was to take Christabel to her friends. As the Doctor set off for his Chambers that morning of their journey, a sudden great grief at leaving him overwhelmed her. She caught him back from the door, throwing her arms about him with caresses and cries of endearment, unwonted in their passion, gripped by a sudden fear.

Yet she brushed it away—all that was but melancholy superstition.

Eagerly she cast off the sad preoccupations and labours of murky Manchester, and rose with zest to the interests of the journey, the magnificence of the mountains, the wonder of the lake. On the jetty at the Quai de Corsier, she was welcomed by the warm embrace of dear Noémie, grown incredibly stout, but amazingly handsome still. How proudly did Emmeline display her grown-up daughter! How joyously she reacted to the homely French *ménage*, where Noémie, in her spotless white wrappers, bustled capably, scolding her husband and children with maternal tyranny; all tender solicitude towards the friend of her youth. What excursions they made; how the years fell away and left her carefree!

She was suddenly summoned by telegram: "Please come home; I am not well." The Doctor himself had sent it. She came, with the clutch of a mother's yearning at her breast, believing that, of his tenderness, he had masked, in that phrase, some harm to her little son! Ah, what a doleful journey, in breathless haste, seeking always to gain another hour.

In the train between London and Manchester, someone entered the compartment with an evening newspaper. It was open before her, black-bordered. She read the news of her husband's death. . . . Her cry of anguish revealed her identity to the passengers, all moved by her great sorrow.

From the morning at ten o'clock when he died till the small hours of the next day, I waited her tragic homecoming; the two younger children, one barely