

twelve, the other less than eight, had fallen asleep in the stunning bereavement, whose full import they were too young to realize. Her brother Herbert, who for years had been divided from her by family jars, her sister Mary, and the nurse, Susannah, now both married, had come to give such consolation as they might.

A great procession representing the many good causes to which he had given generous and able service followed the Doctor to the grave. "Faithful and true and my loving comrade," Walt Whitman's words, she chose for his headstone.

Bravely she braced herself to meet the loss which meant the tearing away of that great comradeship, lived so high-heartedly for nineteen years. The need for action spurred her; she and her children would have nothing to live on now. She resigned from the Chorlton Guardians, resolved to open another "Emerson's," talked herself into the belief that in Manchester it would surely pay, wearily mourned not having opened it sooner, and thereby reduced the load on the shoulders of him who was no more.

The materials for the hopeful project were no more than a few dozen cushion-covers when the Chorlton Guardians, from their great respect and sympathy, unexpectedly offered her a registrarship of births and deaths, which lay in their disposal. She accepted the office, but decided to persevere with "Emerson's." It would be a business for Christabel, she declared. I had a free studentship to the Manchester Municipal School of Art, and presently a scholarship; but Christabel, said her mother, had revealed no special bent, since she had refused to become a dancer; for several years

her mother's cherished dream. In the meantime, she was still to have her year in Switzerland. The house in Victoria Park was now too costly. Moreover, it was unsuitable for the registration office. We moved to 62 Nelson Street, off the Oxford Road, a humbler residence, yet with an air of distinction nevertheless; Mrs. Pankhurst could not endure a commonplace house in a row. Her brother Herbert came to share the expense of it with her, and so ends would be made to meet.

The registrarship brought new contacts with despairing women; mothers of over-numerous families coming, anxious-hearted, to record yet another mouth to fill, deserted wives; saddest of all, the young unmarried mothers, some of them, poor children, no more than thirteen years of age, relieved to discover they might reveal their pitiful stories to a woman registrar of gentle aspect. Sometimes the child's own father was responsible for her plight. Wrathful pity burned within her at sight of so much wretchedness. Already, as a Poor Law Guardian, whose duty it was to institute proceedings against such fathers when mothers and infants became chargeable to the rates, it had been brought home to her that the maintenance orders imposed by the Courts amounted to the merest pittance, usually five shillings a week or less, and were frequently never paid.¹

¹ No complaint was then legally permissible by the unfortunate mother until the payments were thirteen weeks in arrear. A man desirous of saving himself against such an order had only to get another to state in the witness-box that he also had had sexual relations with the girl for her claim against the child's father to be set aside, despite the strongest possible evidence of his paternity.