

developed the spectacular side of the propaganda, advertising the cause by kites, boats, poster, umbrella and horseback parades.

Speakers and organizers were engaged. The heckling of Cabinet Ministers increased, great meetings held in all the principal towns. Campbell-Bannerman was asked to receive a deputation. On his refusal, Suffragettes called at his official residence, 10 Downing Street. Denied admittance, they seated themselves on his doorstep, and were removed to Canon Row Police Station. He sent to their cells a promise to receive a deputation shortly, and directed their release. Though the militants were accused of ruining the cause, it was leaping forward throughout the country as never before. Even in Parliament two hundred Members formed themselves into a Women's Suffrage Committee and petitioned the Prime Minister to hear them. He consented to receive them with a joint deputation of all women's societies on May 19th.

Keir Hardie had won a place for a Parliamentary Resolution for Votes for Women, which assumed importance as a means of revealing the opinion of the new Parliament to Campbell-Bannerman, before his reply to the deputation. Mrs. Pankhurst anticipated the Resolution would be talked out like last year's Bill. She came up to London resolved that the insult should not pass without a resounding protest. Behind the heavy brass grille which screened its opponents from the House, the "Ladies' Gallery" of the Commons was filled with her militants. She awaited impatiently an official statement. It was given by Herbert Gladstone; the Cabinet, being divided on the

question, would leave the House free to vote as it chose. This failure to give hope of Government action, and hilarious sallies on the subject of woman and her disabilities, evoked angry retorts from the gallery. The Speaker gave orders for the police to clear it if anything more were heard. Samuel Evans, who had talked out Bamford Slack's Bill, rose to do the same again, turning occasionally to scan the clock with a sardonic smile. Keir Hardie, watch in hand, waited the moment to move the closure. The women in the gallery craned forward, waiting the signal of Mrs. Pankhurst. Suddenly Irene Miller, daughter of a pioneer Suffragist, saw the police entering the gallery; fearing our demonstration would be prevented, she shouted, as they do in Parliament: "Divide! divide!" We all joined in, flags were thrust through the grille. The police jumped over the benches to throw us out. The House was in a turmoil. Blown and dishevelled, we descended to the Lobby. A few women, Members' wives and a Suffragist or two, avoided us scornfully. Members crowded round to scold us, declaring we had destroyed all chance of a favourable reply from the Prime Minister. If Mrs. Pankhurst, facing her opponents disdainfully, felt any qualms, she did not show them. Keir Hardie came forward to defend us, declaring the long ill-treatment of our cause, and the presence of the police in the gallery, sufficient explanation of our action, and overruling the intention of the non-militant Suffragists and their Parliamentary friends to exclude the W.S.P.U. from the deputation to Campbell-Bannerman.

When the representatives of 260,000 organized