The Blue Butterfly

[Continued from page 40]

Mary Lowe promised Ladd's mother that she was going to be a very different person when she got up.

Mrs. Hardwick had just looked in to tell Mary Lowe that she had packed in the linen-room everything that would in the least remind her of what was past and done with, and that she hoped Mary Lowe was going to be a sensible girl and remember not to be blue and sad. She reminded the rather wan girl there upon her pillows that she was really very young still.

Mary Lowe closed her eyes at that statement, and it seemed to her on the contrary that she was very old. It was as if she had attained the shores of age after having been buffeted by seas of pain.

"Yes, mother," said Mary Lowe.

And then Mrs. Hardwick came closer to the bed and said it was as good a time as any for Mary Lowe to know what wonderful things Ladd's father wanted to do for him. As soon as Mary Lowe was a little stronger, and took more of an interest in affairs, Mrs. Hardwick expected her to exert a remarkable sort of influence upon Ladd. A wife has a great responsibility in molding a man's career.

Mary Lowe, with eyes still closed, wondered whether Ladd's mother had so shaped her husband's fortunes up to their present eminence of wealth and pleasant solidity.

"Yes, Mother," said Mary Lowe again, "I think I shall be much more sensible after this, I seem to have grown up."

When Mrs. Hardwick particularized to the extent of mentioning the size of the salary Ladd's father was about to offer Ladd and then, by startling contrast, touched upon that folly which might lure Ladd to seek success in the depths of poisonous jungles, it seemed as if being sensible was the simplest and easiest thing a person could do.

Mary Lowe recalled with perfect consecutiveness the monolog of Mr. Hardwick on the night before she became ill. She remembered every detail concerning the mad stranger bent upon his own destruction, and Ladd's too, it now appeared. For all she had heard with only her outer ear, she now pictured very vividly the succession of failures buried in the jungle. She further recalled that the most terrible vision of fever-haunted hours just passed had had to do with Ladd upon the deck of a vessel.

Later, when she was well and able to walk about the flower-garden, where the roses had succeeded the azaleas this long while, she found to her surprise that she was very much in harmony with the mother and father of Ladd.

Jean, too, was a dearer friend than Mary Lowe had ever realized. She came and told her all about why she had been so cruel that afternoon long ago and had rushed away from Mary Lowe so bitterly. She had then just realized what was coming to her, and Mary Lowe's childish joy had simply been more than she could bear.

"Of course," said Mary Lowe, "I know just how you felt. You craved sympathy for your new trouble, and I—Oh, Jean, wasn't I an ignorant child not to realize what could happen?"

But she wasn't ignorant any more, that was certain. And she now gave Jean all the sympathy Jean wished, both for that nameless thing ahead and for her loss of Victor, a loss which Mary Lowe now readily admitted was doubly hard by reason of its having been totally useless.

And Ladd, too, was comfortably sensible about everything. He drew his increased salary with increased content apparently and opened no questions requiring immediate settlement except the matter of the bungalow. And the manner in which he brought that up was as sensible as could be.

"Materials are awfully high, now, Mary Lowe, and the servant problem is some problem. What do you say to holding up another year on building?"

And Mary Lowe made answer: "It isn't necessary to go to housekeeping now. Besides, that plan was all wrong. The bathroom really should open out of the bedroom."

She said just that. Much water had flowed under the bridge since an evening back in March, and Mary Lowe had undeniably grown up.

As further evidence of how perfectly sensible had she now become, there was the affair of the little clothes.

Jean loathed sewing. She wasn't patient, poor child, about anything. She burst into tears over a grimy little dress upon which she had labored for days.

"Oh," said Mary Lowe with ready sympathy, "what is it, Jean?"

Then Jean told how the needle wearied her, and instantly Mary Lowe thought of freeing her of that worry at least.

"Why don't you use my little things?" she offered.

She persuaded Jean it wasn't any heroic sacrifice at all. It was just the sensible thing to do. Why should Jean enslave herself when Mary Lowe could give her everything she needed? That was how it came about that Mary Lowe unpacked the cedar chest in the linen-room on a May afternoon and, near the bottom, came upon a nebulous mass of bobbinet upon which, in appliqué, was a butterfly of amazing cerulean blue, still framed in embroidery hoops.

Now that she knew that there would never exist the wonderful being for whose smile alone that blue butterfly had materialized, it seemed a sad thing to her, and its position on the underneath side of the bar pathetically fantastic. By a little stretch of memory she could visualize the rest of the varicolored squadron that was to have trailed its happy way in the wake of those splendid spreading wings, but by no conceivable effort of memory could she conjure up the wild state of mind that had made her sew the pretty thing on the wrong side.

Oh, she remembered well enough that she had done it, and that Jean and Mother Hardwick very naturally had tried to make her feel foolish about it; and she even remembered feeling sorry for Mother Hardwick, and Ladd, too—what was it she had felt sorry for him about—?

She sat back on her heels there on the floor of the linen-room with the sound of the lawn-mower going outside and the smell of cut grass mounting in air, and tried to recall that evening in the library.

So pregnant of meaning and emotion was her usually cool voice that Mary Lowe looked up, startled.

"That man has been hanging about the shipyards all this week," Ladd's mother went on.

The color dropped out of Mary Lowe's cheeks. "The—the fool who is trying to get Ladd to go to South America?"

Mrs. Hardwick nodded. "He has no manner of authority himself, you know. He is just a rash young idiot eager for a companion on his wild-goose chase. He keeps telling Ladd stories about that new construction company."

"But all the companies who have tried to build that railroad have failed. Father said so. Surely Ladd is too sensible to listen to that wild talk," Mary Lowe urged, regaining her confidence in Ladd's sanity even as she voiced it. "Ladd is no mere boy to toss up a sure thing and go rushing off into the jungles after a will-o'-the-wisp. Anyway," she reminded, her eyes twinkling, "unless father gives him the money he can't go, because we have put our last cent in Liberty Bonds."

Sensibly they laughed together at their fears, and Mrs. Hardwick turned away to let Mary Lowe finish her interrupted task.

Suddenly, still looking at the blue butterfly, she did remember, and, without in the least knowing that she was doing it, for the second time in her life she became introspective. And for the second time she professed herself content. She said to herself, now, that it was an enviable thing to be sensible, just as she had said to herself then that it was wonderful not to be. She looked back with chagrin at the foolish girl who had felt herself superior to ordinary mortals because of that silly butterfly. What a fool she had been, a child steeped in romance and illusion! And to think she had always been like that, always until now, that is—

Upon her revery broke Mrs. Hardwick, counseling haste. "Jean has just telephoned that she is coming by in the car to get the things," she said, "and, besides, it is almost time for Ladd to come home. You were going to see about the salad for me."

"I will hurry," said Mary Lowe smiling up at her. "I was just thinking about how romantic I used to be. Seeing this curious net started me off, and I forgot how late it was. Mother, wasn't I a child?"

Then Mrs. Hardwick, to whom affection and its demonstration were alike rare, crossed the threshold and laid her hand on Mary Lowe's head. "My dear daughter," she murmured, "suffering is a wonderful teacher. I doubt if you realize quite how much the happiness of all of us is due to the way you have steadied Ladd."

She got up, stamped the tingling out of her feet and shook out the mosquito-bar. There fluttered from its folds a crumpled sheet of paper. She stooped to pick it up. On one side was the rough plan of a small house with erasures and smudges about the sleeping-porch and bathroom. Mary Lowe turned it over. In the tangle of lines she could make out a flowing pair of wings. Somehow she thought of sails.

She remembered now that she had been sorry for Ladd because he had had to grow up because of her. That was it. Poor Ladd! He had had to exchange for the plan of a plain little house glamorous visions of his own, something that had to do with white sails fluttering above seas of cobalt blue.

And Mary Lowe had gone to sleep that night in March meaning to enchant the plain little house for Ladd—but that was when she thought there would be the wonderful being to help, and afterward there was the promise to his mother. Besides, when one is very tired, it's much easier to be sensible.

But do people's souls just die when they shut up their hearts?

MARY LOWE," said Ladd from the threshold of the linen-room, "what are you crying about?" And then he saw the little garments in piles upon the spread-out sheet, and he thought he knew.

"There," he said, "Mother shouldn't have let you go through those things alone."

"It isn't that," said Mary Lowe, swallowing hard.

"Then what in the world—"

"I am just getting these clothes out to give Jean." Then to her utter amazement she heard herself saying in the tone of long ago: "Ladd, maybe these little things will make her see how blessed she is."

"Oh," said Ladd very softly. "But I hate to see you make yourself unhappy even for Jean."

"I want her to have the little clothes," said Mary Lowe. "It isn't that I'm crying about—or about my being ill—or—"

Ladd was inspired. "Me, then?"

She nodded. He took the crumpled sheet of paper from her hand and drew her down beside him on the cedar chest.

"Tell me," he said.

The smell of grass was sweet through the one high window, and the wheels of the lawn-mower were stilled. Mary Lowe tried to tell him, but it was beyond her. How could she ask Ladd if she had let his soul die?

After all, it was Ladd who did the talking: "Listen, honey, you've seemed so changed since you were sick that I have been worrying about you. I felt as if you had something on your mind—"

She found her voice: "I was just trying to be sensible."

"I have been afraid," went on Ladd, "that, added to your other disappointment, you were disappointed in me," Mary Lowe would have denied this, but Ladd was intent on his theme. "Don't try to interrupt me. I know what is in your mind. Don't I know what a weaver of romance you are? I can never forget how it used to puff me up to think that I was a hero to *you*, at least."

Then he had known all along about his aura. Poor dear, did he also know when he lost it and became endowed with the sober virtues instead? Mary Lowe consented to smile.

"Well," he proceeded, "it's given me something to live up to all these years, your idea of me. I have been afraid you couldn't forget about my being turned down for the army and having to stick in an office while everybody else was doing real things—"

She shook her head and tried to speak, but Ladd went on.

"I didn't want you to think I was going to settle down and get fat on father's money; still I dared not tell you about South America for fear you'd prod me into leaving you before you were quite well. You see it would be several months at least before I could send back for you."

Mary Lowe was astonished to hear her lips assuring him that that didn't matter, and saying this was why she had resigned the bungalow.

"This fellow," explained Ladd, "can get himself and me in, as axmen. There's no limit ahead of us. We have only to make good. The chief engineer himself used to carry a chain. Opening a road through that jungle where so many have failed is going to be the engineering feat of the decade—"

"But suppose you fail, too," Mary Lowe's lips asked, even while her eyes flaunted their perfect faith in Ladd and in all projects blessed with his assistance.

"We can't. There's nitrate in the mines beyond that jungle. The railroad *has* to go through this time."

Then, as though they wished further proof of Ladd's valiant spirit, her lips went on: "You can send back for me, but how can you go yourself? Father is sure to refuse you the money."

Ladd pushed obstacles aside. "There's a freighter clearing Saturday, a four-master. We've a chance to work our passage."

"Ah, a sailing-vessel," breathed Mary Lowe, yielding to the rush of feeling that rose to engulf the cherished barriers of common sense.

She stole a swift glance at Ladd sitting so close beside her now and thought of Saturday when he would be so far away. But there was no room for grief in her heart, crowded as it was with pride in him. But a moment since she had named him "sensible"—Ladd, who had ever been anything but commonplace! Always had his eyes seen beyond the dingy environs of the old town. Witness that day when Mary Lowe had beheld him high up on the hull of the half-finished ship looking out to sea. Always had white sails gleamed upon his horizon.

Ladd was resuming his swift epic of the great railroad, but voices broke in upon him. It was Jean talking with Mrs. Hardwick at the foot of the stairs. Soon she would be at the door of the linen-room.

Ladd took fast hold of Mary Lowe's hand that still clutched the blue butterfly, framed in the embroidery hoops, and whispered "Don't give her this."

Mary Lowe flushed—and yet, why not that hope, too?

Wonderful things always had happened to her, or nearly always; and nothing was too wonderful to happen at that rainbow's end ahead of them.

Men—As Women See Them

HIS favorite amusement is playing pool; he is a poor loser. His wife is quiet and seems timid, but he is afraid of her."

This is the description of a big man, a United States Senator. He is a force in politics and business; many men fear him, many respect him. Two women know him. One is his wife; the other is that smiling, persistent, determined woman who wanted his vote for suffrage.

For fifty years the women of America have fought for political equality with men. Today they have won. For three years every influential man in Washington has been followed by a quite, relentless, feminine shadow. She knew him. She knew him with that clear-eyed, whimsical, forgiving wisdom of women. To men he might be an imposing figure, grave and powerful, but to her he was only a man who was cross when his breakfast went wrong, who liked a certain cigar, and could be cajoled by a certain method of argument, like all men, bless them!

She was that new thing in politics, the woman lobbyist. Her opinion of the men who make our laws was kept buried deep in her own small head under her own smart hat. It was revealed only in the counsels she held behind closed doors with other suffragists. Certainly no senator or congressman suspected it.

Now the day is won, and the woman lobbyist can take us all into her confidence. Now that the women of America will soon be helping to make the laws under which we live, she can tell us the devious methods by which laws are passed, and the strange motives and emotions that sway the men who pass them. At last we shall see through feminine eyes that intricate and amazing world of Washington.

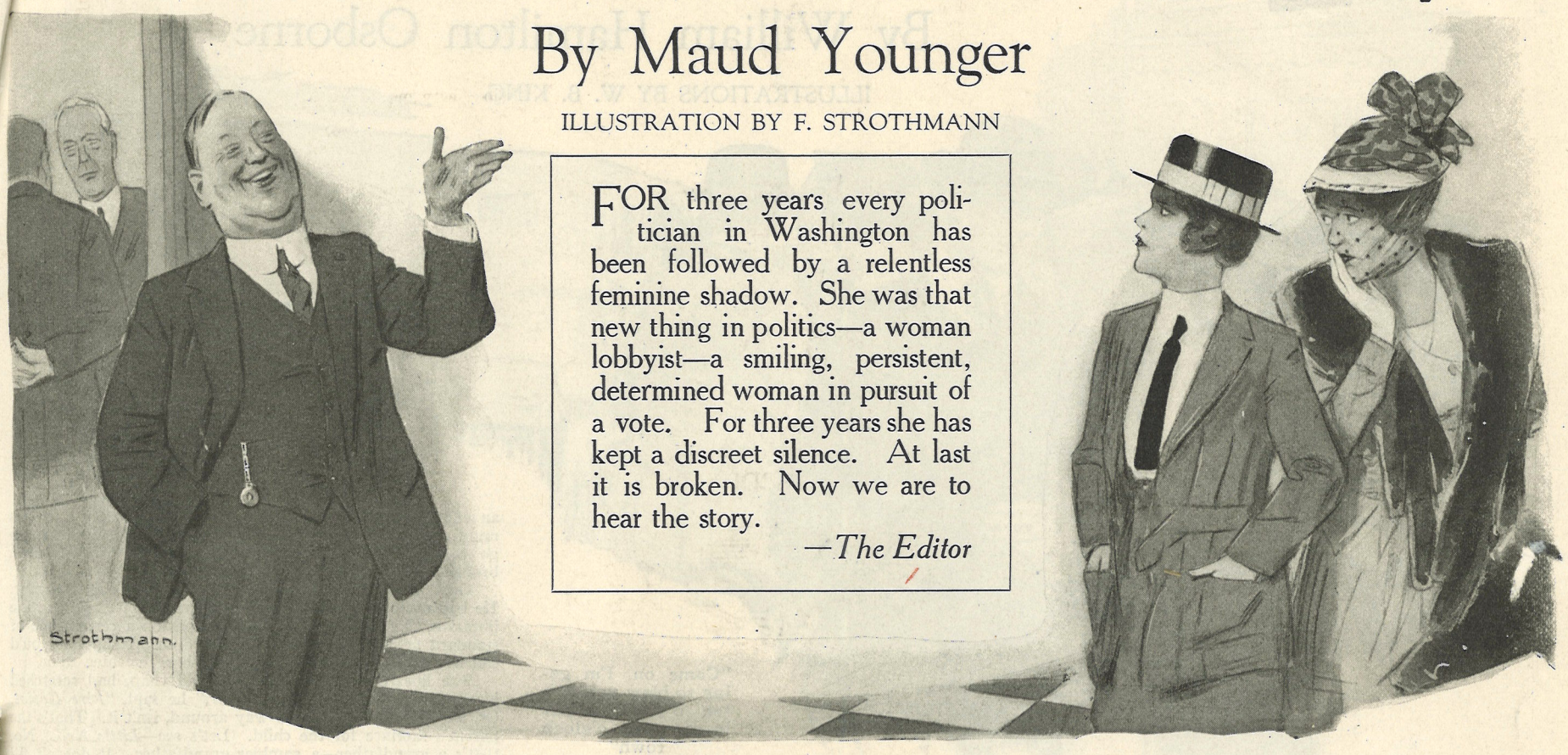
Maud Younger has written the story for McCall's. Maud Younger is known to all the women of America through her work for women in industry and equal suffrage. Her story is as new as tomorrow and as old as womankind. Every woman who reads it will smile, and sigh, and open her eyes wide with amazement. We cannot say what the effect will be upon those senators and congressmen who for the first time will see themselves as women see them.

"As Women See Them," will begin in the September number.

Revelations of a Woman Lobbyist

By Maud Younger

ILLUSTRATION BY F. STROTHMANN



FOR three years every politician in Washington has been followed by a relentless feminine shadow. She was that new thing in politics—a woman lobbyist—a smiling, persistent, determined woman in pursuit of a vote. For three years she has kept a discreet silence. At last it is broken. Now we are to hear the story.

—*The Editor*

"Well, we've killed Cock Robin"

HALF a century has passed since the struggle for woman's right to a voice in her government began in this country. Fifty years of effort that seemed powerless, of hope that seemed hopeless, of courage that could not be broken, lie between that time when a few women set out to conquer a vast, cynical indifference and this moment when a great army of women has won the fight they began.

In those fifty years women have learned much. No one who fights injustice can avoid receiving an extensive education. There was a time when many women felt that equal suffrage would end most of the great wrongs in American life. Now we see the suffrage fight as only a preliminary skirmish in the great battle that must still be fought to make our country the land of justice and equal opportunity that we want it to be.

Because my own experience shows, as in a small mirror, this change in woman's attitude, and because I was brought into contact with many things outside the usual woman's life, I have been asked to tell about it.

When I had passed through a happy childhood in California and come out into a life of dinners and tennis and dances, I had not the slightest idea that I would ever be a lobbyist. Politics and business were something sordid that I should never meet. They were supposed to have no connection with the leisure, the lovely clothes, and books, and pictures, and travel that were woman's existence.

I was so happy and so rich in joys that I longed to share them. Every girl feels that longing, I think. Knowing no one else upon whom to spend it, my yearning went out to the benighted Africans. I secretly yearned to carry to the poor black races the blessings of our civilization, but the hedges of conventional life were impassable for me. So the missionary desire spent itself in teaching a Sunday-school class, decorating the altar and praying ardently for the heathen.

One day I chanced to hear of missionary work in the slums of New York. I persuaded a friend to take me down to see the slums. The sight filled me with horror. The crowded, dirty buildings; the long lines of push-carts filled with cheap goods, with food exposed to street dust; the haggling crowds arguing over pennies, the men in rags, the women with burning eyes and lined faces; the swarms of pale children in the gutters, among garbage cans and starving cats, sickened me and lighted a flaming desire to do something.

I said that I would stay a week at the college settlement. The week became a month, then a year, then five years, of life in settlement and tenement. Gradually I saw the absurdity of trying to order the lives of others, and learned that all they needed was an opportunity to develop their own lives—an opportunity denied these people of the tenements.

ONE hot summer evening we had a party at the settlement. There was music, cakes, ice-cream, and we thought, of course, that there would be games, dancing and laughter. But our guests, young girls in their teens, came in languidly and dropped into chairs, completely exhausted. They had had no dinner, but they were too tired to eat. They explained that they were working eleven hours a day, seventy-two hours a week, including Sundays. They were too tired to play. They were so tired that they could keep working only because the employer put brandy in their drinking-water. The brandy helped them to work more quickly.

"But it's not possible!" I said. "It's against the law. The law says no woman shall work more than ten hours a day in a factory."

"The bosses don't care about the law," the girls said.

"But putting brandy in the water to get the last ounce of work out of you—and working you seven days a week! It will kill you. It must stop at once. The bosses *must* obey the law;" we declared.

We went to the factory department and found that the ten-hour law, which had cost so much effort to get six years earlier, was a dead letter. The employers had no intention of obeying it. The factory department did not attempt to enforce it. We went to the prosecuting attorney, who objected to taking it up. When at last we got over every obstacle in the intricate maze of business-politics and brought the case into court, the prosecuting attorney did not appear. On the girls' evidence, the judge was forced to convict, and inflicted a mild fine of twenty dollars. The employer smiled, paid it, and made no change in the girls' hours. When the law came before the higher courts, the clause which made enforcement possible was declared unconstitutional. We were left helpless. The lives of young girls were being ground out in the factories and we could do nothing.

I went to Washington and enlisted under the banner of the National Woman's Party. Our sole object was to get suffrage by means of a federal amendment to the Constitution. With a strong lobby in Washington and a force of organizers building back-fires in the congressmen's home districts, we expected to force the passage of the Susan B. Anthony amendment.

IMMEDIATELY we encountered a curious thing. What happens first to a bill when it is introduced in the House of Representatives is to send it to a committee; and the first thing to do after a bill is sent to a committee is to try to get it out again. Now our bill had been introduced in the House and sent to the Judiciary Committee. One would suppose that the Judiciary Committee would proceed to consider the bill in a judicial manner. But not at all!

All over the United States judiciary committees are known as "the morgue," or "the chloroform committee." Instead of *considering* our bill, the committee fell upon it and tried to smother it to death. They put it out of sight in a sub-committee. It was our task to dig it out again, to get it from sub-committee back into full committee and thence out of committee back into daylight once more.

Anne Martin took upon herself the sub-committee. If Alice Paul, with her Quaker blood, her burning intensity of purpose, her masterful and quick mind is commander-in-chief of the Woman's Party forces, Anne is a general. She persuaded the sub-committee to vote out our bill, though she gave to me the task of preparing the entire committee to receive the bill and send it with favorable recommendation on to the House. As the committee was to meet on Tuesday, I set out quite early Monday morning, beginning with Mr. Taggart of Kansas.

Mr. Taggart's door was open and he was sitting at his desk. Stiff gray hair, parted in the middle, sallow cheeks, lined, but not with age, eyes defiant and searching—that was the Representative of the State of Kansas.

"Sit down," he commanded. I obeyed and began to speak of the Susan B. Anthony amendment.

"Susan B. Anthony nothing!" he snapped. "She's not a member of Congress, never was! She's been dead twenty years. But of course you women had to go and get some highfalutin' name!"

I began to explain that Miss Anthony had drawn up the amendment, and had it first introduced by Senator Sargent in 1878, but suddenly, looking at me piercingly, he broke in. "Do you know Miss Anne Martin?"

"Of course. She's our legislative chairman."

"I thought so! Miss Anne Martin!" he repeated. "Here she's been coming to my office, coming here morning, noon and night—No, no, not night!" he interrupted hastily, waving away the thought with both hands. "But she's simply been making my office her headquarters, and now she's gone and telegraphed to Kansas that I voted the amendment out of the sub-committee without recommendation! What does she mean? What did she do that for? Here's her telegram right here in this newspaper!"

He handed it to me that I might see for myself Miss Martin's perfidy. The article added that Mr. Taggart's vote against us in sub-committee would probably defeat him for re-election in the fall. His venomous gaze turned from the paper to me. "And Miss Alice Paul says—do you know her?"

"Of course, she's our national president."

"Well, Miss Alice Paul says the party in power is responsible if suffrage is defeated. 'Party in power'—humph! There's no such thing as 'party in power' in America. That's an idea she got over in England. And you women think you know something about politics!" He continued to express his opinion of women in politics, so I rose to go.

"Sit down!"

"But you're only scolding."

"And I haven't finished yet. Sit down!"

It seemed as easy to sit down for a cause as to walk around for it, so I sat down. By the time Mr. Taggart had finished scolding, his anger seemed to have reached an end also and he smiled as he allowed me to go.

The day ended as discouragingly as it had begun and I reported the situation to Mr. John Nelson, of Wisconsin, the only man on the committee who showed genuine enthusiasm.

"Your amendment can't come up tomorrow," he assured me. "There's a gentleman's agreement that no action shall be taken on a bill for a week after the sub-committee reports it out. The matter lies over so that members may be notified to be present. Your amendment will come up next week."

Relying on this reprieve, I felt no apprehension when Anne and I went to the Capitol next morning. Standing in the anteroom of the Judiciary Committee's chamber, we watched the members passing through. The committee went into executive session and the door closed.

"There's the gentleman's agreement," I said to Anne. "Nothing can happen."

"No," she answered meditatively.

We waited. An hour passed and Mr. Carlin came out. He walked close to Anne and said with a laugh as he passed her, "Well, we've killed Cock Robin."

"Cock Robin?" said Anne, puzzled, looking after him.

Mr. Nelson came out, much perturbed, and explained. Upon motion of Mr. Carlin the Judiciary Committee had voted to send the amendment back to sub-committee to remain until the following December.

This was in direct violation of the gentleman's agreement but our opponents had the votes, nine to seven, and they used them. Our amendment was killed. Everyone on the committee said so. Everyone in Congress with whom we talked said so. The newspaper men said so. Soon everyone believed it but Alice Paul, and she never believed it at all.

"That's absurd!" she said, impatiently. "We only have to make them reconsider."

AT once she went over the list of our opponents to decide who should make the move. "Why, William Elza Williams, of Illinois, of course. He will do it." She sent me to see him.

Mr. Williams was necessary not only for purposes of reconsideration, but because, when he changed his vote, we would have a majority in committee. But he did not see the matter at all in the same light in which Miss Paul saw it. He had not the least intention of changing his vote. I pointed out that the women of Illinois, being half voters, had some claims to representation, but he remained obdurate.

"No," he said, "I'm for it next session, but not now. It would be most embarrassing for some congressman to go on record on that question before the fall elections. Wait till next session. Wait till next December and you'll get your amendment out of committee."

When this was reported to Miss Paul she merely said, "Mr. Williams will have to change his vote. Elsie Hill can attend to it."

So Elsie, buoyant with good spirits, good health and tireless enthusiasm pinned her smart hat on her reddish-brown hair and set out through Illinois for Mr. Williams' vote.

Presently the ripples of Elsie's passing across the Illinois prairies began to break upon the peaceful desk of Mr. Williams in Washington. I found him running a worried hand through his hair, gazing at newspaper clippings about Mr. Williams and his vote on the Judiciary Committee. Resolutions arrived from labor unions asking him to reconsider; letters from constituents, telegrams, reports of meetings, editorials. We had only to wait, to smile, and soon, like a ripe apple loosened from the bough, Mr. Williams fell into our hands. He promised to change his vote, he promised to make the move to reconsider our amendment.

We now had a majority of one on the committee. We had only to get the majority together. It seemed a simple thing to do, but it wasn't.

The number of things that could take a congressman out of town on Tuesday and Thursday mornings, the number of minor ailments that could develop on those days was appalling. It seemed that every time a congressman faced

[*Continued on page 32*]

"A Pillow for the Body"

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Nature has supplied the needs of the human body and given each its rightful place. She has given us cotton. This material, perhaps more than any other, is identified with sanitary usage. Inherently it is clean, light, fluffy, soft to the touch, caressing in contact. By reason of these attributes it is specifically the material for a body rest.

The Sanitary Tuftless Sealy is made exclusively of long fibre, prize cotton, inseparably interwoven into a single batt, five feet high, then pressed down, inserted into the ticking and released to the prescribed generous depth and buoyant softness of the mattress. This construction insures permanent comfort—life time service. The Sealy never needs remaking.

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'Tis the Way of Women

[*Continued from page 31*]

Clem. God help me, I love you yet. But I can't go back to you. Don't ask me!"

"But you ask me to save Tom's soul when you won't jeopardize your own."

"It's not fair to put it that way."

"Then you won't come back?"

"No."

"All right."

I could hear him moving. Suddenly Tom caught his breath. I had forgotten him but I looked at him now to see him tense with some emotion I did not understand. Then he flung past me and in the door. I heard Margaret's gasp, and Clement Jaffrey's groan as Tom spoke. "I won't let her go away," he cried. "I won't have Rena for a stepmother. I'll kill her! I won't have any woman but my mother over me, and I won't have her going back to that fearful room, and starving, and crying. Why, she'll die if I don't go to see her. You mustn't let her go!"

"I don't seem able to keep her," his father said.

"Why do you have to stay away?" he pleaded to Margaret. "Why can't things be the way they used to be? Why can't we all be together? We had a good time then. Please, mother, come back to us. I —I'll never be happy unless you do."

She was silent for so long that I arose and looked in at the window. Margaret Jaffrey was standing as if she were in a trance, gazing forward into a space that she did not see. Jaffrey, his hands in his pockets, watched her. Tom, breathless, tearful stood between them. "For his sake," I kept saying to myself as if to force the message upon her brain; but it was not at Tom but at his father she looked.

Once, a long time afterward, I saw the look on the face of a woman who had climbed to a bridge rail to fling herself into the river. It was the same look of utter despair, of resignation to the inevitability of self-destruction that Margaret Jaffrey's face held then. I believe that she felt the waters rising above her head when she faced the man she loved, the man she had left, the man who was pulling her back from her climb to that Calvary that waits for all of us who would win redemption. She was renouncing not life, but eternity, pawning her soul for her boy's, as she spoke to her boy's father. "I'll come back," she said.

"I'll—I'll try to do better," Clement Jaffrey told her.

"And we'll all be happy," said Tom.

But there were tears in Margaret Jaffrey's eyes when she called my mother and kissed her good-by. "There's no use in a woman burning her bridges when she crosses the Rubicon," she said. "She only has to swim back, after all."

"What is a Rubicon?" I asked my mother after they had gone and I had slipped back into the living-room.

"A river of life," she said.

She came across our shabby room in the lamplight and seated herself on the arm of the old winged chair. Always, when I think of her now, I seem to see her as she looked with the aureole of light shining around her hair, her eyes luminous with tenderness and love. She bent down and took me in her arms. "Thank God," she said, "I don't have to make Margaret Jaffrey's choice. But if I did, I'd do it and more, for you, my dear. 'Tis the way of women, I fancy." The cheek that she set against mine was wet.

IT is long since the night when Margaret Jaffrey came back. Down the street where we used to dwell, trolley-cars clang tocsins of a new day. Washington Park and its races and their followers are but memories. Horses and high carts are not even remembered on the avenue whose name is all the tradition it holds of men who made it famous in the city's history. Our old home is a tenement for Jews and Syrians, a crowded hive of swarthy men and women, of mystic-eyed children. The place that Courtney Fennell cursed is a Salvation Army House. War has swept the world. The old way of life is gone, not alone in outer aspect, but in heart. My mother is dead, and Margaret, and old Joanna, and with them the day before our own. Times have changed, and customs.

And yet I wonder how much they have changed, after all. I have been thinking of those times, I fancy, and of my mother and the others, because I stand today in the place where Margaret stood on that night when she first came to my mother. For I am married to Tom Jaffrey. I have a child of his and mine—and Tom Jaffrey is his father's son.

Revelations of a Woman Lobbyist

[*Continued from page 7*]

something he did not want to do, he had a headache.

Monday after Monday, Wednesday after Wednesday, we went from office to office, inquiring solicitously about each man's health. Was he quite well? Did he have a headache or any symptoms of internal disorders? Was his wife in good health? His children? Could any business affairs arise to take him out of town next day?

The attitude of congressmen toward the amendment was really very strange. They did not seem at all interested in the justice of our measure, in its effect on social problems. They talked mostly about the tender femininity of women. "Will suffrage break up the home?" they asked. "Will it make a woman have her own opinions instead of her husband's?" "Isn't it going to make her masculine?" They urged the charm of woman's weakness, her dependence on man, her entire preoccupation with cooking and children. And I thought of the factory girls.

But when they asked scornfully, "What would you do if you *had* a vote?" and I replied with dignity, "I *am* a voter," the bantering tone vanished instantly. Their voices became respectful. They *said* they respected femininity, but it was plain that they *did* respect a voter.

The weeks went by, and we were not able to get our majority together.

"You think you're going to bring that question up again," said Mr. Webb, the chairman. "No power on earth will do it. It's locked up in sub-committee till next December, and it's going to stay there."

This was repeated to Miss Paul. "Nonsense!" she said. "Of course it will be brought up."

But why should all this petty bickering, this endless struggling with absurdities be necessary in order to get before Congress a measure dealing with a question of public good? No man would run his private business in that way. Yet that is the way public business is done.

Finally after weeks of working and watchful waiting I reported to Anne on Wednesday evening that a majority of our members were in town and well. We were jubilant. Early next morning we were before the doors of the Judiciary Committee to see them file in. They arrived one by one, solemn, nervously hurrying by, or smiling in an amused or friendly way. Mr. Hunter Moss, our stanch friend, appeared. Mr. Moss was dying of cancer. Though often too ill to leave his bed, he asked his secretary to notify him whenever suffrage was to come up so that he might fight for it. Mr. Moss was our tenth man. We recounted them anxiously. Ten supporters, ten opponents—where was Mr. Dale, of New York? I flew downstairs to his office —I don't know who went with me but I have a faint memory of red hair—and there he was in his shirt-sleeves calmly looking over his mail.

"Hurry!" we cried. "The committee is ready to meet. Everyone's there except you!"

He reached for his coat, but we exclaimed, "Put it on in the hall!" and hurrying him out between us we raced down the corridor, helping him with the coat as we ran, then into the elevator and up to the third floor and into the committee room. We deposited him in the one vacant seat. Our majority was complete!

As we stood off and looked at our eleven men sitting there together, gathered with so much effort and trial, no artist was ever prouder of a masterpiece than we. We stood entranced, surveying them until Mr. Webb sternly announced that the committee would go into executive session, which meant that we must go out.

In the anteroom other suffragists gathered, also the newspaper men. Everyone said that in a few moments the amendment

[*Continued on page 33*]

Revelations of a Woman Lobbyist

[Continued from page 32]

would be reported out. But the minutes ran into hours. Our suspense grew. Each time those closed doors opened and a member came out we asked for news. There was none. "Carlin's got the floor."

The morning dragged past. Twelve o'clock came. Twelve-thirty. One o'clock. The doors opened. We clustered around our supporters and eagerly asked the news.

"Well, Carlin got the floor and kept it. He took up the time. It got late and the members were hungry and wanted to go to luncheon, and there would have been a lot of wrangling over the amendment. So they adopted Carlin's motion to make suffrage the special order of business two weeks from today."

"It's all right," our friends consoled us. "Only two weeks' delay."

But why two weeks? And why had Mr. Carlin, our avowed and bitter enemy, himself made the motion to reconsider, tacking to it the two weeks' delay, unless something disastrous was planned?

Now began a care and watchfulness over our eleven, in comparison to which all our previous watchfulness and care was as nothing. Not only did we know each man's mind minutely from day to day, but we had their constituents on guard at home.

Washington's mail increased. One man said, "I wish you'd ask those Pennsylvania ladies to stop writing me!" Mr. Morgan said, "My secretary has been busy all day long answering letters from suffragists. Why do you do it? You know I'm for it." Mr. Neely, at a desk covered with mail, broke forth in wrath, eyes blazing, "Why do you have all those letters written to me as though you doubted my stand? I'm as unchanged as the Medes and Persians!"

On the 27th of March, the day before the vote, telegrams poured in. We stumbled over messenger boys at every turn in the House office building. Late that afternoon as Anne and I went into Mr. Taggart's office we passed a postman with a great bundle of special-delivery letters.

Mr. Taggart was last on the list. Everyone else was pledged to be at the meeting next day.

"Yes, I'll be there," said Mr. Taggart slowly and ominously. "But I'll be a little late."

"Late!" We jumped from our seats. "Why, it's the special order for ten-thirty!"

"Well, I may not be very late. I've got an appointment with the Persian Ambassador—Haroun al Raschid," said he, and looked at each of us defiantly.

We pleaded, but in vain. Without Mr. Taggart we had not a majority. What could we do? We discussed it while we walked home in the crisp afternoon air. There was no Persian ambassador in America, but *chargé d'affaires*, and his name was not Haroun al Raschid, but Ali Kuli Kahn. We smiled at Mr. Taggart's transparency, but we were alarmed. Our amendment hung on Mr. Taggart's presence.

Suppose after all he did intend to consult Persia on some matter of moment to Kansas? To leave no loop-hole unguarded, Mary Gertrude Fendall next morning at nine o'clock took a taxi to the Persian legation and left it on the corner. At ten o'clock she was to ring the bell, ask for Mr. Taggart, drive him in haste to the Capitol and deposit him in the midst of our majority. As she walked up and down, however, the problem became acute, for how could she get him out of the legation when he did not go in? At last, ringing the bell, seeing one attaché and then another, she became convinced that nothing was known of the Kansas Congressman in the Persian legation, so she telephoned us at the Capitol.

This confirmed our fears. Everyone else was present; Mr. Taggart was not in his office; no one knew where he was. Ten-thirty came; ten-forty-five. There was nothing of the vanquished in the faces of our opponents. Mr. Carlin grinned affably at all of us, and the grin chilled us. We looked anxiously from one to another as the meeting began. Ten supporters—ten opponents. Mr. Taggart, wherever he was, had our majority. The minutes dragged. Our friends prolonged the preliminaries. A stranger near me pulled out his watch. I leaned over and asked the time. "Five minutes to eleven." And just at that moment, looking up, I saw Mr. Taggart in the doorway—Mr. Taggart, very much of a self-satisfied naughty little boy, smiling triumphantly. That did not matter. Our majority was complete.

The committee went into executive session, and we moved to the anteroom. "A few minutes and you'll have your amendment reported out," said the newspaper men. "It's all over but the shouting." The situation was ours. Suffrage was the special order; nothing could be considered before it, and we had a majority. As the moments passed we repeated this, trying to keep up our courage. For time lengthened out. We eyed the door anxiously, starting up when it opened. We caught glimpses of the room. The members were not sitting at their places, they were on their feet, shaking their fists.

"They're like wild animals," said one member who came out.

"But what's happening?" There was no answer. The door closed again.

Slowly we learned the incredible fact. When the door had shut upon us, Mr. Carlin immediately moved that *all constitutional amendments be indefinitely postponed.*

Now there were many constitutional amendments before that committee, covering many subjects; marriage, divorce, election of judges, a national anthem, prohibition. Mr. Carlin, to defeat us, had thrown them all into one heap. A man could not vote to postpone one without voting to postpone them all. He could not vote against one without voting against all. Were these men actually adult human beings, legislating for a great nation, for the welfare of a hundred million people?

The motion threw the committee into an uproar. Our friends protested that it could not be considered; suffrage was the special order of the day. Mr. Moss moved that the suffrage amendment be reported out. The chairman ruled this out of order. Now there was a majority in that committee for suffrage and a majority for prohibition, but they were not the same majority. One of the strong suffragists represented St. Louis with its large breweries. If he voted against postponing the prohibition amendment he could never again be re-elected from St. Louis. Yet he could not vote to postpone it without postponing suffrage also.

Through the closed door came the sound of loud, furious voices. We caught glimpses of wildly gesticulating arms, fists in air, contorted faces. One o'clock approached. Mr. Moss came out and crossed quickly to the elevator. We hurried after him.

"Indefinitely postponed," he said indignantly, not wanting to talk about it.

"But our majority?"

"We lost one."

"Who?"

"I cannot tell." He stepped into the elevator. The other men came trooping out. Our defeat was irrevocable, they all said. Nothing could be done until the following December.

"You see," said Mr. Taggart, looking very jubilant for a just-defeated suffragist. "You women can all go home now. You needn't have come at all this session. But of course you women don't know anything about politics. We told you not to bring up suffrage before election. Next December, after election, we may do something for you."

Our opponents, secure in victory, grew more friendly; but as they warmed, our supporters became colder. Mr. Chandler flatly refused to stay with us.

"I've voted for your amendment twice," he said, "and I won't vote for it again this session. That's final."

I also heard rumors of Mr. Neely's refusing to vote for it, so I caught him in a corridor and hurried beside him, talking as I walked.

"That's true," he said. "I won't vote for it again this session. It's no use talking. I am as unchanging as the Medes and Persians."

"But that's just what you said when you were receiving so many letters that you thought we doubted you! You said nothing could—"

"I've got some bills of my own to get out of this committee," said he, waving aside the Medes and Persians. "I won't get them out if we keep bringing up this suffrage. Good day."

The following Tuesday found me as usual in the Judiciary committee room. When I appeared in the doorway there was a surprised but smiling greeting.

"You haven't given up yet?"

"Not until you report out our amendment." For the first time Mr. Webb smiled. There was surprise in his voice. "You women *are* in earnest about this."

[Continued in the October McCall's]

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Revelations of a Woman Lobbyist

By Maud Younger

ILLUSTRATION BY F. STROTHMANN

PART TWO

THE path of the lobbyist is a path of white marble. And white marble, though beautiful, is hard. The House office building runs around four sides of a block, so that when you have walked around one floor, you have walked four blocks on white marble. When you have walked around each of the five floors you have walked a mile on white marble. When you have done this morning and afternoon through several sessions of Congress you have walked more weary miles on white marble than a lobbyist has time to count.

Women had trudged that white marble way, past closed doors, through doors opened on sneers or indifference, for thirty-nine years. But suddenly, in January, 1917, the long, hard path before us telescoped as though by magic, and, hardly daring to believe our glorious good fortune, we saw ourselves standing at the end of it.

There were two hundred of us in the East Room of the White House that day. Clear afternoon light poured through the tall windows, and long mirrors reflected our expectant faces and the watchful glances of secret service men, eyeing every bag and muff. We stood in a semi-circle before the folding-doors through which, in a moment or two, the President of the United States would appear. He was coming, we hoped, not only to receive the Inez Milholland memorial resolutions, but to pledge his support of the suffrage amendment.

When our long struggle with the Judiciary Committee had ended in defeat, Alice Paul had said, "We will take the fight out to the states and tell the women voters about it." We had campaigned against Mr. Wilson, but it had been the campaign of a daughter who wants a college education against a father who does not believe in education for girls. We had made suffrage a national issue. Now, far-sighted Democratic leaders were anxious to dispose of the question before another election. It needed only the President's word to win the long struggle at last.

We lacked one hundred votes in the House. The only power that could get us those votes, quickly, was the President. And we had been assured, indirectly, that today, with one word, he would wipe out uncounted miles of white marble. Our feet were on the very threshold of victory.

A smiling young secretary announced the President's arrival. A hush fell over us all. In that moment each of us, I am sure, thought of beautiful Inez Milholland whose life had gone out in the struggle for woman's freedom. "How long must women wait for liberty?" had been her last words before she fell. In our hands were the memorial resolutions passed for her.

The doors opened, and, surrounded by secret service men. President Wilson entered. He came quickly forward, smiling as he shook my hand. Contrary to the general impression, President Wilson has a very human, sympathetic personality. He is not the aloof academic type one expects of a man who, avoiding people, gets much of his knowledge from books and reports. Though he appears to the general public as in a mist on a mountain top, like the gods of old, he is really a man of decided emotional reactions.

I answered his greeting briefly, giving him the resolutions I held, and presented Mrs. John Winters Brannan, who handed him the New York memorial without speaking at all. We were saving time for his declaration. Then came Sara—small, delicate Sara Bard Field, a woman of rare spirituality and humor—whom we had chosen to speak for us.

She began to talk very nobly and beautifully, while the President listened cordially. But suddenly a cold wave passed over him. Sara had quoted Mr. Hughes. At that name the President's manner chilled. The look in his eye became so cold that, as Sara says, words almost froze on her lips. She finished in an icy stillness, and after a moment the President spoke.

Instead of the assurances we had expected, we heard words to the effect that he could not dictate to his party. We must first concert public opinion. He would help concert public opinion. Enjoyment of a happy phrase, Sara says, lit a gleam of appreciation in his eyes at those words, "concert public opinion." It was his last gleam, for, looking about him and seeing amazement, disappointment, indignation, he grew still colder. With a last defiant glance at us all he abruptly left the room. Secret service men, newspaper men and secretaries followed him. Where the President of the United States had been was now a closed door.

Stunned, talking in low, indignant tones, we moved slowly out of the East Room and returned to our headquarters. There we discussed the situation. We saw that the President would do nothing for some time, perhaps not until the eve of the Presidential election in 1920. He said we must concert public opinion. But how? For half a century women had been walking the hard way of the lobbyist. We had had speeches, meetings, parades, campaigns, organization. What new method could we devise?

OUT of our conference that day the idea of silent sentinels was born. Next morning the first of them started out with the words of Inez Milholland, "How long must women wait for liberty?" flanked by banners of purple, white and gold—our colors. As they left, Alice Paul said to them:

"Stand against the White House fence. Don't obstruct traffic. Don't get arrested. If the police tell you to move, go to the edge of the sidewalk. If they won't let you stand there, stand in the street. If they say you can't do that, walk up and down. Walk around the block. Keep on walking. Don't come home until your time is up."

From that time, in all weathers, our sentinels stood before the White House, visualizing to the world the long waiting of women for justice. While they stood before the President's door, the lobbyists descended again upon his Congress.

Finding the door of Mr. Dewalt's square and orderly office open one day, I walked in. Before a mirror in the corner a heavily brown-mustached man stood combing his hair. He acknowledged that he was the Pennsylvania congressman and intimated that I proceed with the conversation while he proceeded with the combing. I had not thought of a congressman as combing his hair, but someone must do it and he was plainly the proper person, so I proceeded.

"Well," said he, looking in the glass and carefully parting, "just tell them you saw Dewalt and he knows nothing about woman suffrage."

"Nothing!" I exclaimed.

"Nothing," said he unconcernedly, reaching for hat and coat.

"But you will want to know?"

"Oh no," said he, casually disclaiming any such ambition. Putting on his hat he left me staring at his retreating back.

Mr. Huddleston, the thin, blond type of congressman, sat at his desk in his low-ceilinged, well-lighted office.

"What is it?" he greeted me when I entered. His manner was very brusk, but I refused to be repelled by it. I began to speak.

"There's always someone hippodroming around here with some kind of propaganda!" he snapped, interrupting. "We're very busy, we've got important things to do, we can't be bothered with woman suffrage." He made a jerky motion, rattling the papers on his desk and turning his head to look through the window. I thought of several things to say to Mr. Huddleston, but this was obviously the time to say none of them. So I murmured "Thank you," and withdrew.

Outside his door the marble pathway, stretching past door after door, seemed to me to reach through unnumbered years of the future. But it was the way that led to woman's political freedom, through which I hoped to better things for the factory girls. So, as brightly as possible, I approached the congressman from South Carolina.

Mr. Whaley's face is red; his head is prematurely gray outside and his thoughts prematurely gray inside. "We don't need women voting in South Carolina," he said with a large masculine manner. "We know how to take care of our women in our state. We don't allow divorce for any reason whatsoever."

He was continuing, with expressed contempt for suffrage and implied contempt for suffragists, when the door opened and a negro, evidently a clergyman, entered.

"Get out of here!" said Mr. Whaley. "You stand in the hall till you're called." As the negro hastily retreated, Mr. Whaley turned to me and said with pride, "That's the way to treat 'em!"

One minute later I was walking rapidly toward the door of Mr. Sisson of Mississippi. On the threshold I encountered his colleague, Mr. Stephens. Large, easy, good-natured, Mr. Stephens steers through life avoiding trouble and wanting others to do so. He said kindly, "It's just a waste of time to see Sisson. He won't listen to you. Take my advice and leave him alone."

The career of a lobbyist, however, is not one of avoiding trouble. I thanked Mr. Stephens, but a few minutes later I opened Mr. Sisson's door and saw him, very large and rugged, standing with some letters in his hand and dictating to a stenographer.

"I can't discuss that subject," he interrupted at my first words, and then he discussed it at length. He had meant that I was not to discuss it. He spoke of woman in the kitchen, in the nursery, in the parlor. He spoke of her tenderness, her charm, her need for shelter and kindness. Wearily shifting from one foot to the other, I listened. At last I opened my mouth to speak, but he silenced me with a brusk gesture.

"The reason I'm so lenient with you," he explained—for he had allowed me to stand and listen to him—"is because you're a woman. If you were a man—" He left the end of the sentence in dark doubt. What would he have done to a man, standing dumbly in my place, holding tight to a muff? I shall never know. Discretion did not allow me to ask him.

WHILE I stood wondering about it, as by a miracle a dimple appeared in Mr. Sisson's cheek. It was such a funny place for a dimple that I stood wide-eyed looking at it, until suddenly I heard again what he was saying. He had become the gallant gentleman, and was offering me gallant compliments. This was more than I could bear. With all the dignity of five-feet-three, in the presence of about eight-feet-ten, I thanked him and walked out of the room. Sadly I jotted down in my note-book what I thought of Mr. Sisson.

Then I saw Mr. Taggart of Kansas, he who had been so whimsical about Haroun-al-Raschid and the Judiciary Committee, and I learned that we were threatened with a new danger.

"Yes," said Mr. Taggart, triumphantly slapping down a pamphlet, "you're going to get a vote this time. You've been saying in the campaign that we wouldn't give you a vote. Well, you're going to get it now. This session."

"But we—!" I bit my lip, and stopped. It would never do to say that we did not want a vote. But we didn't.

It was the short session. Our bill had been reported out of committee to an irresponsible dying Congress that would expire on March fourth. One-fifth of the men had been defeated. The others would have two years in which to redeem themselves should they vote wrong. It seems an unwritten law among congressmen that the time to vote on a stormy question, such as suffrage or prohibition, is in such an irresponsible, dying Congress.

"We wanted the vote last year, before election," I said.

"We told you, you couldn't have it last session. You had it the year before. You can't have a vote every year. You can have it once in two years, and the short session is the time for it." He made a gesture of despair. "You women don't know anything about politics!"

[Continued on page 38]

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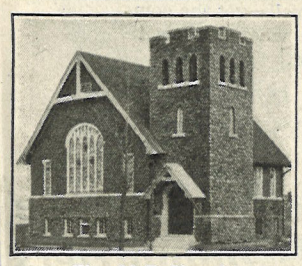

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Revelations of a Woman Lobbyist

[*Continued from page 12*]

I went at once to Mr. Mondell of Wyoming. Mr. Mondell has clear blue eyes that look straight at you, and his manner is one of business-like Western geniality. He likes to do things in his own way. Sometimes it was our way, and sometimes it wasn't. However, he was chief Father of our amendment, and most lasting Father. Sometimes he had been its only one, but in this Congress, he was competing with four other Fathers.

He confirmed our worst fears. There was a secret move planned to bring our amendment to defeat at once.

"They don't think it will pass, do they?"

"Oh no, no one thinks that."

"If it's brought up now won't that hurt our chances of bringing it up in the special session?"

"Yes."

"Who's engineering this?" I asked suddenly.

"Raker called the meeting." He smiled. I gathered up my muff and bag and took the shortest way to Mr. Raker. That cheery-looking congressman sat in his cheery office, a large sword-fern on his desk and on the walls high-school pennants waving over photographs of Western scenery.

"But," he said, "you've been clamoring for a vote. You've been out campaigning in my district, saying we wouldn't give you a vote. Now we're going to give it to you. We'll get more votes than last time. Two years from now we'll get more votes. And we'll go on, getting a few more votes each time, until some day we'll win." Patience on a monument was not more complacent than Mr. Raker looking down the uncounted years toward our victory.

"Come, what's the matter?" he continued. "Don't you want a record vote?"

"It isn't a record vote we want, Mr. Raker," I explained patiently. "We want the passage of the amendment."

He looked enlightened.

"And," I continued, "if you bring the amendment to vote now we will hold the party in power responsible for its passage." But Mr. Raker had returned to his first idea. "Come, come," he said. "We'll get a record vote. That's what we'll do."

Now began a battle by wire and post over the whole country and back, to the Pacific coast, to east, west, north and south. The threatened disaster was averted. But when, at noon, on the fourth of March, the sixty-fourth Congress came to an end, we still lacked a hundred votes in the House.

That day, which saw the death of the old Congress, saw the dawn of President Wilson's second term. In a pouring rain a picket-line of a thousand women marched around the White House, cheered by the presence of thousands of sympathetic spectators. Less than a month later the President asked the emergency session of Congress for a declaration of a state of war against Germany, and our amendment became a bit of driftwood on a stormy sea.

"Everything else must give way," said men. "Suffrage must be put aside. This is war." It was man's day; men were at the helm and not to be disputed.

But we had heard the President say to Congress, "We shall fight for the things we have always carried nearest our hearts, for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own government."

"The quickest way to put suffrage aside is to pass the amendment," we said. "Give us democracy at home while we fight for it abroad."

"I can't fool with suffrage," said Mr. Quin of Mississippi. "I'm on the Military Affairs Committee. I've got my hands full."

"But will you vote for it?"

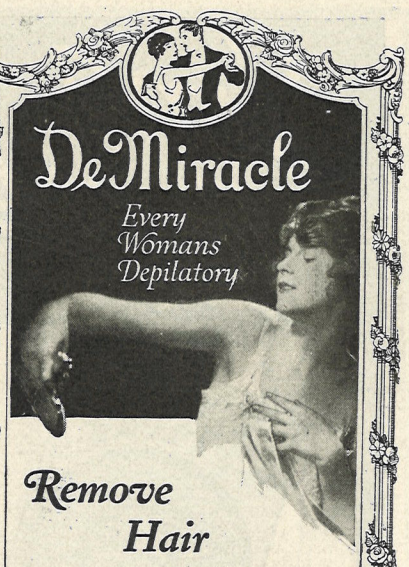
"I've got my hands full," he repeated, turning a savage look on the papers at his elbow. I thought I would try a new man whose responsibilities on committees would be less exacting, so I went to Mr. Bland of Indiana. His office was the bare-looking one of a new man, and he had the pleasant, unsuspecting manners of one. He came forward to meet me, calm, polite and smiling. When I mentioned suffrage his smiles, politeness and calm swiftly vanished.

"I cannot talk of such things in this serious time when men are fighting and dying!" he exclaimed with a quick impatient gesture.

"But I only want to know whether you will vote for it."

"I cannot talk of such things, woman!" Then, having no committee papers into which to retreat, he strode to the window and gazed into the court as though he saw

[*Continued on page 39*]



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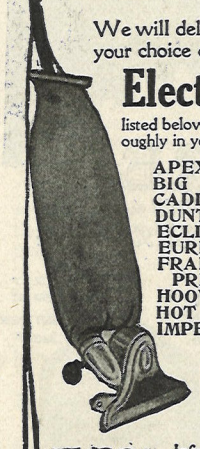

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Revelations of a Woman Lobbyist

[Continued from page 38]

a battlefield. I spoke again, but he did not reply nor turn from the window, so I quietly retired.

It was evident that no bill not labeled "war measure" could gain attention in that Congress. Abstract issues of democracy at home were forgotten in the fight for it overseas. So, instead of talking of the share of the world's burdens that women always carry, we talked now of their war-sacrifices, of the army of women in shops and factories that must keep the army of men at the front, and of America's sincerity before other nations in urging "the right of those who submit to authority to a voice in their own government." We increased our force of lobbyists.

"The halls of Congress are like a millinery shop," said Mr. Byrnes of South Carolina, very crossly indeed for Mr. Byrnes.

With the opening of the new Congress our bill was again in the Judiciary Committee. The whole fight had to be waged over again. Everywhere we heard the same tone: "If the President wants us to report out the bill this session we will do so," said Mr. Webb. "If the President wants it to pass at this session I'll vote for it," said congressmen. All our lobbying led us in the direction of the White House. And outside the White House stood our silent sentinels with their banners, concerting public opinion as the President had told us to do.

Then, one day, the chief of police called on Miss Paul and said that picketing must stop.

"We have been picketing for six months without trouble," she said. "Has there been any change in the law?"

"No," he admitted. "But you must stop it."

Our attorneys said that we were within our legal rights, and picketing continued. A few days later, Lucy Burns and Katherine Morey stood before the White House with a banner reading: "We shall fight for the things we have always carried nearest our hearts; for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own government." They were arrested. "On what charge?" they asked at police headquarters.

"Charge!" repeated the officer, surprised. Then he said he would let them know later. He would telephone them. They could go home. In the next few days twenty women were arrested, and at last six were brought to trial on a charge of obstructing traffic. The policeman who had arrested them testified that they had stood where there was no traffic to obstruct.

"Now if you had only kept moving you would have been all right," said the judge, and sentenced them to three days in jail.

Thereupon another group set out, determined to keep on moving. It was the Fourth of July, and Helena Weed carried a banner bearing the words, "Governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed." Hardly had they stepped on the White House sidewalk when they were arrested. Before the same judge, they reminded him that he had told them to keep moving. He replied that he was sorry to sentence them, as they were following his instructions, but to show how fair and impartial he was, he would treat them exactly as he had the others. Three days in jail.

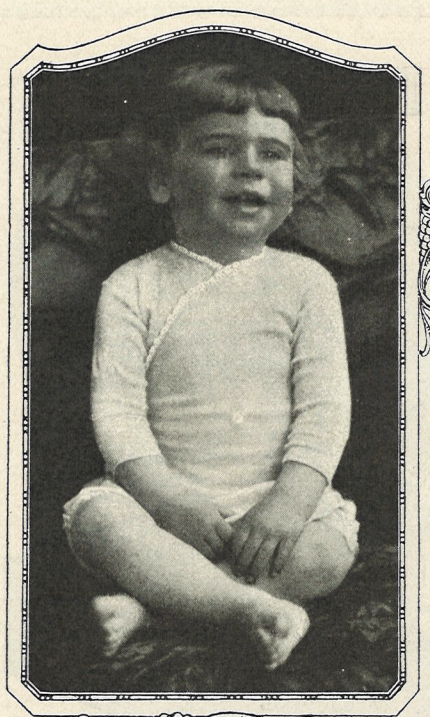
Monstrous as this was, it reacted to our benefit, as the newspapers for the first time since the war carried suffrage on the front page. No plea for abstract rights of thousands of women could have brought our cause to public attention as did the Government authorities by arresting us.

"We will go on picketing," said Miss Paul. Women from all over the country came to Washington to carry our banners, and as fast as they were taken away by the police others took their places. As women from state after state were arrested the entire country became aroused. Also, the congressmen and the senators, for as each woman was arrested we sped to the man from her state with the news that one of his constituents was in jail. Would he see the President about it, and issue a statement for the press?

"What for?" he would exclaim unhappily. But as the women were often prominent citizens of his state he frequently did do something about it. And always we impressed upon him that the only way to end this harassing situation was to pass our amendment.

So Congress drew to an end—feeling that something should be done. In response to the growing agitation, the House created a special Suffrage Committee. But

[Continued on page 40]



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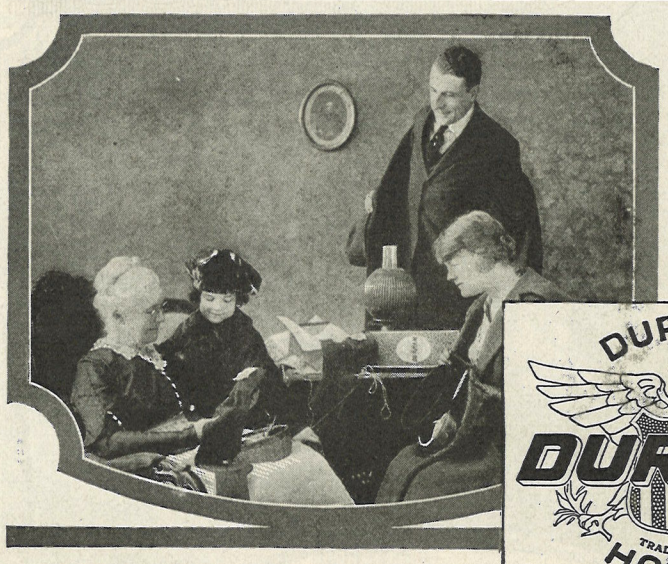

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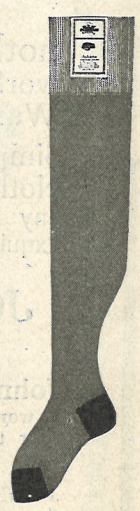

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Revelations of a Woman Lobbyist

[*Continued from page 39*]

there was no intention of bringing our amendment to a vote until 1920. So long we had struggled, and so little we had accomplished.

In the late afternoon, as the session of Congress was adjourning without passing our amendment, Alice Paul walked slowly out to the White House gates carrying a banner on which were inscribed the words of the President, "The time has come when we must conquer or submit. For us there is but one choice. We have made it." She was immediately arrested and sentenced to seven months in jail.

I was campaigning in the South when the news reached me. Weeks earlier she had planned the campaign, dividing the United States into four districts, giving me twelve Southern states. We were holding two and three meetings a day, calling for volunteers to picket, asking the people to write the President and to pass resolutions demanding action on our amendment.

When telegrams about the women in jail began to reach us, our audiences saw woman's fight for freedom as they had never seen it before. Men who were not troubled by factories where women worked eleven and twelve hours a day, rose and shouted, "You can get fifty men in this crowd who'll go to Washington and tear down that jail!"

Always we pointed out that only the passage of the amendment would end the fight. Letters, protests, resolutions, petitions, began to pour into the White House and to Democratic leaders from all over the country.

Suddenly, the week before Congress reconvened, all the imprisoned women were released unexpectedly and without explanation. Although, two months earlier, Mr. Pou as "custodian of the policies of the Administration" had announced, in effect, that the House would not pass the amendment before 1920, a week after Congress reassembled a day was set for the vote.

The atmosphere had changed when I returned to Washington. Republican congressmen had suddenly realized what an asset to the Republican party would be their support of suffrage. Democrats, seeing the blame that would attach to them for its defeat were becoming alarmed.

"The country is fixing to blame the Democrats," said Mr. Hull, of Tennessee, very thoughtfully, but not quite thoughtfully enough. As a member of the National Executive Committee of the Democratic party he was thoughtful. As a congressman with a vote in the House he was not quite thoughtful enough.

We lacked sixty votes in the House, and had only three weeks to get them. We worked day and night. Our friends in Congress, brightly hopeful, told us we had votes to spare, but we knew the truth. We lacked forty votes, then twenty, then ten, but we kept this to ourselves. Unless something happened we could not win.

Then, on January 9th, the day before the vote, it happened. Late on that afternoon the President invited a deputation of Democratic congressmen to wait on him. Knowing of the appointment, we went through the halls of Congress, on wings, all day. When the congressmen went into the White House, a small group stood outside in the snow waiting for the first word of that interview. After what seemed an interminable time, the doors opened. Out came cheery Mr. Raker with the news: "The President has declared for the Susan B. Anthony amendment, and will stay home from his game of golf tomorrow morning to see any congressmen who wish to consult him about it." Thus, just a year from the day he had told us we must concert public opinion, President Wilson declared for federal suffrage.

There was a feeling of victory in the air as we went through the corridors that night. Yet our secret poll showed that we still lacked votes. We could do nothing more. We could only wait and see how much force the President would put behind his declaration.

Scrub-women were still at work with brushes and buckets of soap-suds when I reached the Capitol that fateful morning. From the front row of the gallery we looked down on the floor of the House, with its seven rows of empty seats rising in semi-circular rows like an amphitheater. A few people scurried here and there, the galleries were rapidly filling. We watched the congressmen come in, sit down, walk about or stand in groups talking and looking up at the galleries.

At the stroke of eleven all eyes turned toward the door of the Speaker's lobby.

[*Continued on page 41*]

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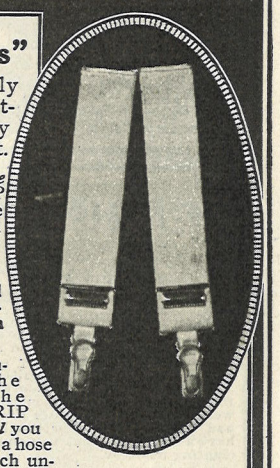

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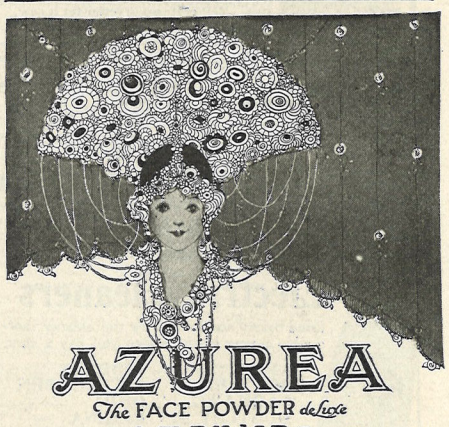

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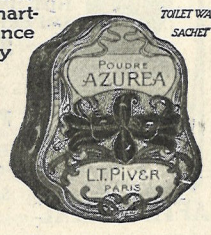

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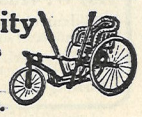

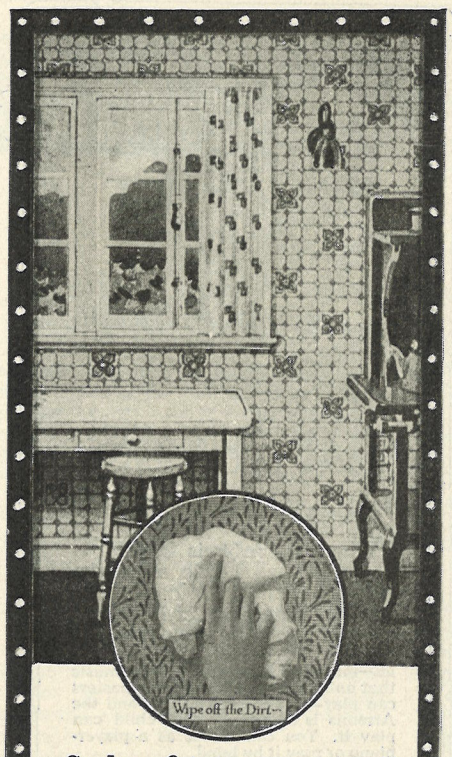

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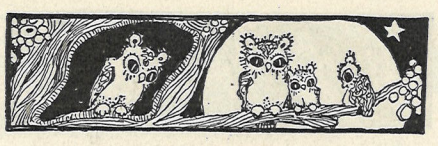

Revelations of a Woman Lobbyist

[*Continued from page 40*]

Chattering ceased. The door opened, and a Roman mace appeared and advanced, supported by the Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms, who held it in his two hands before him. Very solemn, very mindful of his step, he ascended the three steps to the Speaker's stand, followed by the Speaker, Champ Clark, dignified and magnificent in a tan frock coat, with a white flower in the buttonhole. Having ascended, the Sergeant-at-Arms laid the mace against the wall where all the congressmen could look at it, and came down again with a little skip on the last step, while the Speaker impressively faced the House.

Prayer and routine business finished, the speeches began. Most of them were prosy and dull, delivered not for those who heard them, but for constituents hundreds of miles away. In the galleries we listened wearily. We had brought luncheon with us which we ate as unobtrusively as possible. We would lose our seats if we left them, for through the ground-glass doors we dimly saw waiting multitudes trying to come in. All day the largest crowds the doorkeepers had ever known pressed against the doors. Inside the speeches droned on.

"What a dull ending for such a dramatic struggle," said a newspaper man, leaning over from the press gallery. I could have wished it had been duller, for we never for an instant forgot that we still lacked votes. We did not know how far the President's message had carried since our last possible poll.

Suddenly a wave of applause and cheers swept over the floor. Every head turned toward the Speaker's door, and there, on the threshold, we saw Mr. Mann, pale and trembling. For six months he had lain in a hospital—his only visitors, his wife and secretary. It had been said that he would never come back to the House. Yet he had come to vote for our amendment.

Now, through the skylight, we could see that the afternoon had gone and evening had come. At last the time for speech-making ended and the vote was taken. Forty years to a day from the first introduction of the Susan B. Anthony amendment in Congress, one year exactly from the time the first picket-line went to stand before the White House, the Federal Suffrage amendment passed the House of Representatives. It passed with just one vote to spare. Six votes came to us through the President. He had saved the day!

Outside the doors of the gallery a woman began to sing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Others took it up, more and more voices joined, and through the halls of the Capitol there swelled our song of gratitude. Louder and louder it rose and soared to the high arches, and was carried out into the night to die away at last in the far distances. And still in our hearts we sang, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

But our minds were not at rest, nor our thoughts quiet. Our victory was worth nothing unless we could consolidate it quickly. To do this we had to win the Senate. And the Senate is farther from the people than the House, and much, much harder to move.

(*Continued in the November McCall's*)

The Hallowe'en Corpse-Light

YOU will hold a Hallowe'en party, of course—that festival of cats and witches and jack-o'-lanterns and ghost stories and things. Naturally you will do your worst with luminous paint and pieces of chain and sudden cold drafts and all the other mechanical, psychological and physical creepinesses that you can think of.

Lighting effects can be used to great advantage when telling ghost stories. For instance, a pocket flashlight with a green bulb or a piece of green fabric over the white bulb, can be used to throw a green light from below on the narrator's face—all the other lights being out—and will give it a most sinister appearance.

As a grand finale, try the following device: take a quantity of salt and thoroughly damp it down with wood alcohol or denatured alcohol. Place a half-cupful in an old pie-plate and apply a match.

The room will be filled with a weird, ghostly light, which will make the company fairly gasp at one another's appearance. The effect is absolutely safe to produce, but it is well to set the container upon an inverted dishpan, or other non-conductor, to prevent the heat from scorching the table.

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THE MAN, WITH CHATTERING TEETH, IS WONDERING HOW THE WOMAN CAN LOOK SO WARM. ARE WOMEN HARDIER THAN MEN?

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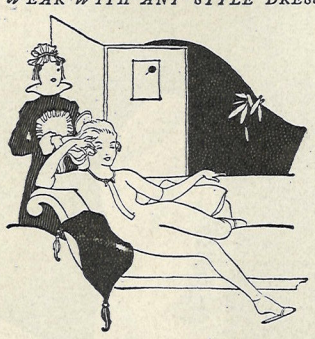

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Revelations of a Woman Lobbyist

By Maud Younger

ILLUSTRATION BY F. STROTHMANN

PART THREE

"ELEVEN to win before we can pass the Senate," said Alice Paul, looking up from her desk as we trooped rejoicing into our headquarters. The suffrage amendment had just passed the House. Miss Paul had not waited for the vote, but had hurried to begin work on the Senate. Handing me a list, she added, "Will you see these men to—" she glanced at the clock, it was nearly eight, "—morrow?" she concluded, regretfully.

The Senate office-building was dazzling white under a blue winter sky, and the air sparkled with a thousand hopes when I walked up the broad terraced steps into the white marble rotunda next morning.

"Convert a United States Senator!" one of them had exclaimed, dropping a handful of papers in amazement. "Why, when a man comes to the United States Senate he never changes his mind again. You can't convert a United States Senator!"

This was indeed appalling. But the Senate was not immune to progress. I remembered twenty Senators who had come to Washington opposed to our amendment, but whom we had seen change under our very eyes. We needed only eleven more. So I took a deep breath and determined to begin with Senator Reed of Missouri.

In the hall I came suddenly upon brown-haired Mathilda Gardner. That expert lobbyist was scared and trembling.

"Oh, did you hear him!" she said, her hand at her throat. "Senator Pomerene of Ohio! He just roared and roared. I—I only mentioned suffrage, and he burst out like that. I thought everyone in the building would come to see what was the matter. He shook the whole room. It was terrible!"

"That's what he always does," I consoled her. "Never mind. Just let him roar."

Mr. Reed sat at his mahogany desk—a large, rather good-looking Senator, with gray hair. His record in our card-index read: "He is most reactionary, not to say antediluvian." So I was not surprised to hear him say, slowly and solemnly:

"Women don't know anything about politics. Did you ever hear them talking together? Well, first they talk about fashions and children and housework; and then, perhaps—about churches; and then, perhaps—about theaters; and then, perhaps—" At each "perhaps" he gazed down at his finger-tips where his ideas appeared to originate, looking up at me at each new point. "And then, perhaps—about literatoor!" he ended triumphantly. "Yes, and that is the way it ought to be," he added, satisfied.

"But don't you believe that voting might make women think?"

At this suggestion he recoiled, then recovered and grew jocose.

"Do you think I want my wife working against my interests? That's just what she'd be doing—voting against me. Women can't understand politics."

I began to tell him about California women voters, but he interrupted. "Women wouldn't change things if they did vote. They'd all vote just like their husbands."

Still, Senator Curtis had told me that Senator Reed had a good mind. So I spoke about democracy. But it was obvious that Senator Reed's belief in democracy stopped, as well as his good mind, when it encountered woman suffrage. "Women can't understand politics," he repeated.

So I went to see Senator Overman of North Carolina, a portly jovial gentleman, white-haired, with a black ribbon on his glasses.

"You need only eleven votes?" he said, surprised, taking the poll I held out to him. Adjusting his glasses he went over it name by name. "What! Ransdell of Louisiana? Sheppard, of course, but—Texas? And Kirby of Arkansas! McKellar of Tennessee! Gore of Oklahoma!" He spoke name after name, Southerner after Southerner, as though each were a separate and sharp stab to him. When he had finished he dropped his head dejectedly on his hand and pondered.

Then he looked up and sadly said, "A few years ago no one would have believed this possible! You women have made one of the most remarkable political fights in history."

"Then you'll vote for us?" I said quickly.

"No—oh, no, I can't do that," he said, smiling. That pleasant smile made lobbyists come away hopefully. But it meant, not that his mind was open, but that his manners were pleasant.

In the marble room I found Miss Paul, and in those hard surroundings we sat and discussed the situation.

Behind every member of Congress there are three powerful influences, aside from his personal convictions. These forces are his constituents, his political party, and the President. Through one or another of these we must reach our eleven votes.

"We should get Senator Phelan now," said Miss Paul. "He opposed federal suffrage because the President did. Now that the President has come out for it, Senator Phelan should do so. Send for him."

I sent in my card and he came at once, very neat in a cutaway coat, his eyes smiling about the trimmed sandy beard. "Of course I'll vote for the amendment," he said, as though he had never thought of anything else. He was plainly glad to have an excuse for changing his position.

"That leaves ten to get," said Miss Paul. "Let's go and see Senator McCumber." The Senator from North Dakota is sandy and Scotch and cautious and, like many other Senators, thinks it would be weak and vacillating to change his opinion.

"I voted against it in 1914. I cannot vote for it in 1918," he said. "I cannot change my principles."

"But you can change your mind?"

"No, I could not do that."

"Then you might change your vote," said I, urging progress. He, too, saw progress, but was wary of it. Looking cautiously around the room and back at us he said slowly, "If the legislature of my state should ask me to vote for it, I would feel obliged to do so."

That same night Beulah Amidon telegraphed to North Dakota—her own state—to the Chairman of the Republican party and the Non-Partisan League that controls the legislature; to her father, Judge Amidon, and to others. The legislature immediately passed a resolution calling on Senator McCumber to vote for our amendment. Miss Amidon went to see him at once, with the news.

"But I haven't seen just how the resolution is worded yet," said Senator McCumber cannily.

When the resolution arrived, someone else went to see him.

"I WANT to look it over carefully," he said. When he had looked it over carefully he admitted, "I will vote for the amendment." But to show loyalty both to constituents and principle, he added hastily, "I will speak against it and vote for it."

"That leaves nine to get," said Miss Paul, counting Senator McCumber off on her little finger and turning to a list of other legislatures in session. The difficulty was that the legislatures in session did not fit the Senators whose votes we must get. There was, however, Rhode Island. Mildred Glines, our Rhode Island chairman, was at our headquarters, and Senator Gerry of Rhode Island was at the Capitol, and not for our amendment. So Mildred Glines set out at once for Rhode Island, where she had a resolution presented and passed, and returned with it to Senator Gerry.

Then I went to see his colleague, Senator Colt. A scholarly-looking man, he sat at his desk deep in some volume of ancient lore. Arguing with himself while I sat listening, he stated the case for suffrage and Senator Gerry. "But on the other hand," he said—and then stated the other side.

"Yes," he concluded, deliberately, but with a twinkle in his eye, "Peter will vote for it."

"That leaves eight to get," said Miss Paul, very thoughtfully. "Have you seen Senator King lately?"

Though Senator King is not unpleasant to talk with, if one does not broach subjects controversial, persons who appealed to his reason had succeeded only in ruffling his manners. He smiled blandly and, leaning back in his chair, began what he believed to be a perfect case: "I've always been opposed to national suffrage. I said so in my campaign, and the people elected me."

We must appeal to his constituents. But how? His legislature was not in session. Alice Henkle went post-haste to Utah, and at once newspapers began to publish editorials; all sorts of organizations, civic, patriotic, religious, educational, social, began to pass resolutions. Letters poured in upon Senator King. But always Miss Henkle wrote us, "They tell me everywhere that it's no use; that Senator King is so 'hard-shelled' that I might as well stop."

"Go to the Capitol and see," said Alice Paul.

I had just entered the revolving door when Senator Sheppard, hurrying past, stopped to say, "Do you know, King is coming around! I think we may get his vote."

SO Miss Paul wired Alice Henkle that night: "Redouble efforts. They are having good effect." Four weeks later, three Senators told me that Senator King had said in the cloak-room, "I'm as much opposed to federal suffrage as ever, but I think I'll vote for it. My constituents want me to."

"That leaves six to get," said Miss Paul, "counting Senator Culberson, too." For while we had been busy in Washington, Doris Stevens and Clara Wolfe had been busy in Texas on the trail of Senator Culberson.

The national committees of both political parties had taken a stand for federal suffrage in February. Also, Colonel Roosevelt and other Republican leaders were writing to Senators whose names we furnished, urging their support.

"Now," said Senator Curtis, smiling, "I think we'll get Harding and Sutherland. They both want to vote for it, but their states are against it. I'll go see them again. Keep the back-fires burning in their states."

Senator Curtis has the dark hair and skin of Indian ancestry, and perhaps his Indian blood has given him his quick sense of a situation and his knowledge of men. Without quite knowing how it happened—it may have been his interest in listening or his wisdom in advising—he had become the guiding friend, the storm-center of our work on the Republican side of the Senate.

"Colonel Roosevelt has written to Senator Sutherland, too," I thought hopefully, while I sat waiting for him in the marble room. He came out, and said almost at once, "I've just had a letter from Colonel Roosevelt asking me to vote for your amendment."

"Have you?" said I.

"Yes. But I wish he had told me how I can do it, when the overwhelming sentiment of my state is against it." I spoke of something else, but that night I reported this remark to Doris Stevens and Mrs. Robert Baker. Both of them immediately wrote to Colonel Roosevelt. Later, I again saw Senator Sutherland. He had evidently forgotten our former conversation.

"I've had a letter from Colonel Roosevelt about your amendment," he said. "It's the second time he has written to me about it. He wants me to come to Oyster Bay so he can give me reasons for voting for it."

[Continued on page 41]

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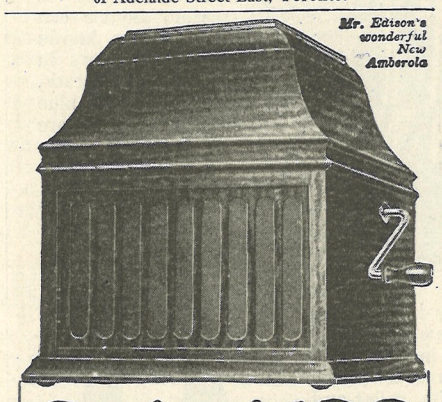

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With a Capital E

[*Continued from page 40*]

A door opened at the head of the flight and Pat's curly head appeared. She was half-dressed, dabbing at her glowing face with a powder-puff.

"Oh—you—Ruthie!" she exclaimed, and to Ruth's ears made keen by weariness, it seemed that there was an edge of disappointment in her voice. "We weren't expecting you. We were going to a show, Dave and I, to celebrate Dad's getting better. Get dressed and go with us."

From the bathroom David thrust out a lathered countenance. "Come along, honey!" he seconded the invitation, "Pat and I are going to dissipate scandalously. We're going to a hectic movie, eat nut sundaes afterward, and come home in a taxi. It will do you good, you've been shut up in that sick-room so long."

Ruth took one slow, dragging step upward. And something cold and mechanical and hindering which had been binding her with steely bands of duty and conscience and a relentless impulse for efficiency, lost its tenacious grip. She stood upon the higher stair feeling strangely free, lighter, less weary.

Were they right, then, these dear, blithe, careless ones of hers who snatched the beauty and the pleasure out of the days and left the ugly husk of commonplace for folk like her to bear—sensible, efficient people, who, to her curiously changed viewpoint, seemed now a trifle stupid?

Were they right, who moved on, singing, and who worried not a whit about windows unwashed or coats that needed pressing, who had no money for the heathen because they wasted it all on roses and bows of red ribbon?

They must be right, for they were happy. And she, who picked up dutifully every fallen thread, was unhappy—oh, how wearily unhappy she was, and how lonely! And people loved them. Even loyal David, who loved her—David hired taxis for Pat!

She mounted another step. There were the dishes, abandoned disgracefully. An hour before she would have labored at their washing until an injured and martyred weariness obsessed her. But now—why was it she did not care? Somehow, she seemed to see farther, as though from groping among weeds she had suddenly lifted her eyes into the sunset and the wheeling wings of swallows.

"I'll go," she said, in a voice that sounded strange in her ears. "I don't know what I'll wear, though. I wish—I wish I had a red dress!"

And David, a towel over his shoulder, his shaving-brush in his hand, took swift steps. "I'll buy you one, tomorrow," he said, and, bending, kissed her suddenly and ardently.

Revelations of a Woman Lobbyist

[*Continued from page 14*]

"I should think it would be awfully interesting to go," I encouraged gently. And soon we checked off Senator Sutherland's name on our lists, and said, "Five more to get."

"Do you think we can get Borah?" I asked Senator Curtis. "He's one of the Fathers of the amendment. He introduced it in 1910."

"He says he did that by request."

"It doesn't say so in the Record. Doesn't a man always say so when it is so?"

"That is usual," said Senator Curtis, stroking his mustache, and not meeting my eye, and I knew he said only half of what he thought.

"I think I'll go and see him at once."

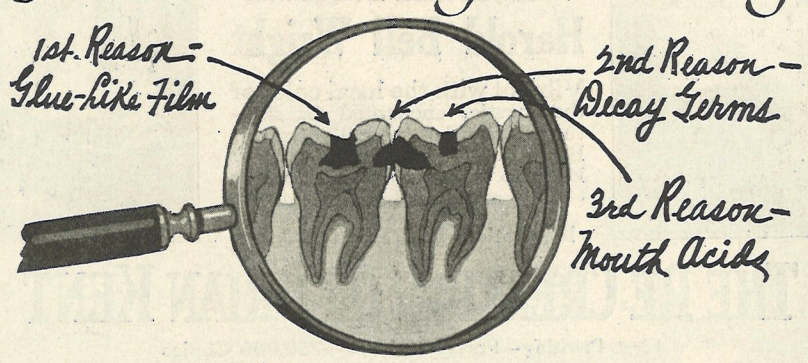
Senator Borah is a most approachable person, but when you have approached you cannot be sure what you have reached. You see him sitting at his desk, a large unferocious bulldog type of man, simple in manner. You talk to him, and you think he is with you, through and through. But you never quite know. . . . Sometimes you wonder whether *he* knows.

In April, Senator Gallinger told Miss Paul that the Republicans counted four more votes for suffrage—Kellogg, Harding, Page and Borah. "We understand Borah will not vote for the amendment if it will not pass. He will not vote for it if it will pass without him. But if his vote will carry it, he will vote for it."

Thus far had we come on our journey toward the eleven, when Senator Andreus Aristides Jones of New Mexico, Chairman of the Woman Suffrage Committee, rose in the Senate and announced that on May

[*Continued on page 46*]

Three reasons why teeth decay.



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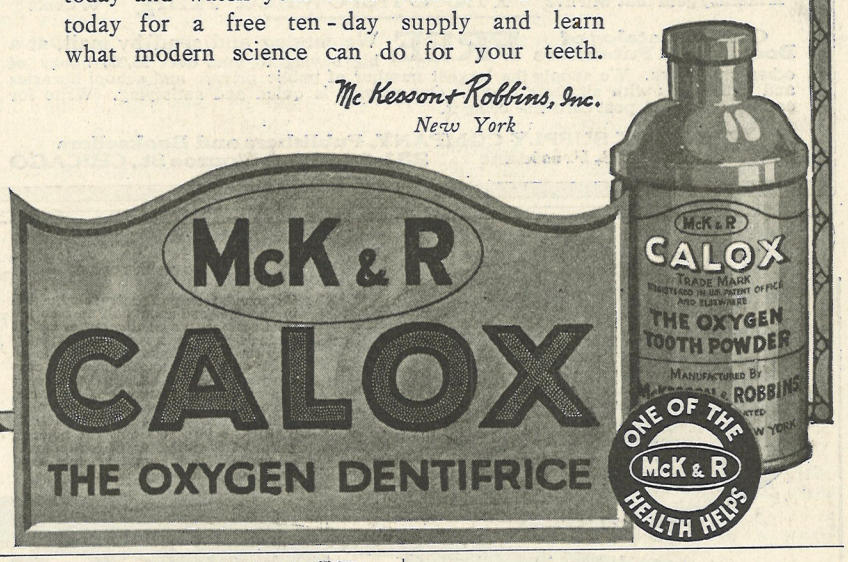

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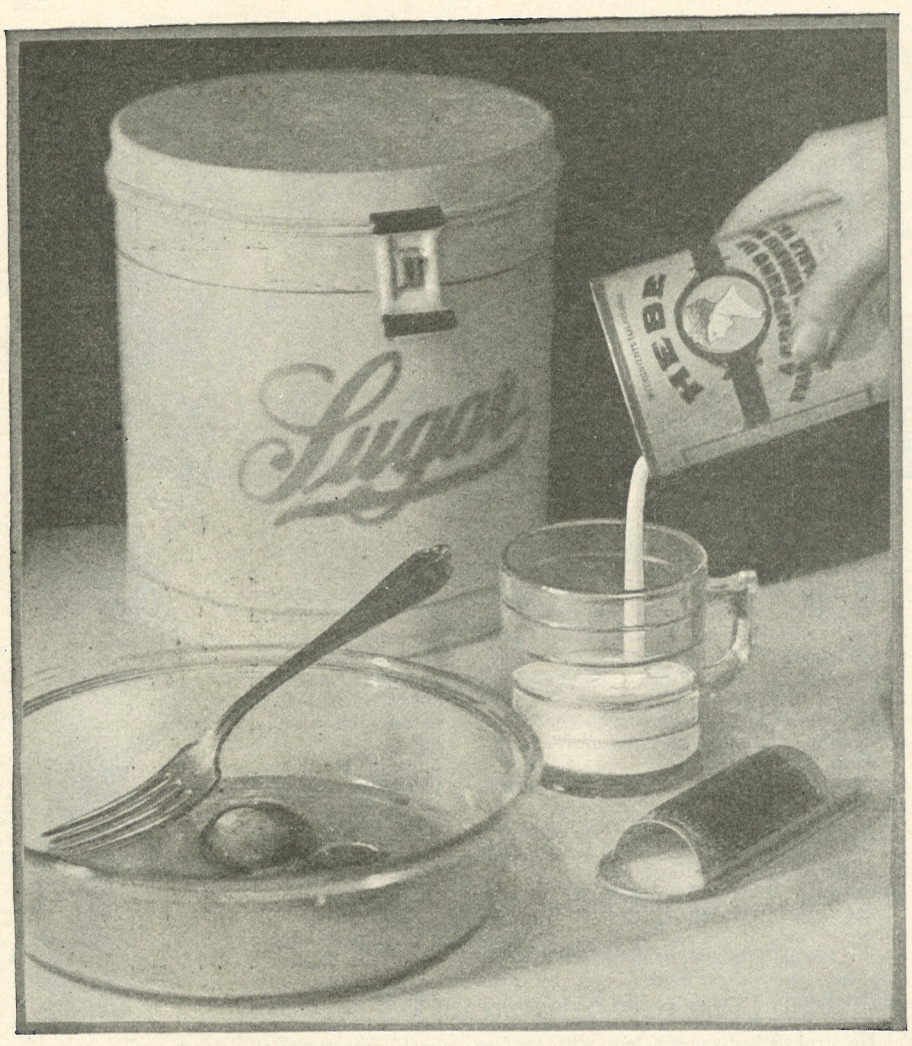

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Revelations of a Woman Lobbyist

[*Continued from page 41*]

tenth he would move to take up the suffrage resolution. There was great rejoicing. We thought that now the Administration would get the needed votes.

The stirring procession of suffragists, antis, Senators, pages and tourists, swarming through the Capitol reached its height on May ninth. There was something almost feverish in the atmosphere. Inez Haynes Irwin and I sat in the marble room sending in for Senators, dispatching messages, talking with numbers of women who had hurried to the Capitol from all parts of the country.

Senator Curtis crossed the room to us. "We are three votes short. Borah is not with us, nor Sutherland whom I had hoped for, and we can't get another Republican, and here I've wired all our men to come back for the vote."

"Could the President get us three votes?"

"He has always been able to get them for anything else he wanted."

"Of course, the President can get them," said Senator Harding who came by just then. "Don't let him string you along and say he can't." Senator Harding is always cryptic in expression and clear in thought.

When the proper time arrived next day, Senator Andreus Aristides Jones arose in his place. The galleries were packed. Our forces were all present except the three missing votes. There was Senator Smith of Michigan, who had come from California; Senator Smith of Arizona, who had left a sick relative to be present for the vote; there were others who had come from far and wide. Senator Jones, in the hush of a great moment, rose and announced that he would not call up the amendment that day.

Our opponents looked at him and, grinning, taunted: "Haven't you got the votes?" "We want to vote today." "We're ready now."

Finally the women filed out of the galleries and went home, and the Senate resumed its usual business.

We sent for Senator Jones to ascertain his plans. He came out to see us, his hand on his watch-pocket, his plans—nowhere in particular. "While there's life there's hope," said he. "Perhaps we can bring it up again this session."

A month later, again showing signs of battle, he rose and announced that, on June twenty-seventh, he would move to take up the suffrage resolution. Senator Jones does not act on mad impulse. No one could imagine that placid, unhurried man buckling on his armor and brandishing his sword to lead his forces a second time up a blind alley only to lead them back again. Senator Jones was a strong Administration man and would not act without approval.

Moreover, he was a sincere suffragist. In fact, he was a Father of the amendment. So we kept at work, aiding and abetting all its Fathers. For the disabilities of fathers are manifest when you compare them with mothers. A father is so casual, especially when his child is an amendment to the constitution.

"Nagging!" said Senator Lenroot viciously, when I asked him to speak to Senator Borah. "If you women would only stop nagging!" And, making a savage face at me, he hurried down the hall.

I stood still. It was but the second time we had spoken to him since he had come to the Senate. I wondered if he thought we liked "nagging;" if we liked going to the Capitol day after day, tramping on marble floors, waiting in ante-rooms—sometimes rebuffed, sometimes snarled at. I wondered if he thought we could do it for anything but a great cause—for the thousands of women toiling in factories, for the thousands struggling under burdens at home. And then I bit my lips to keep back the tears and, putting aside such uncomfortable things as feelings, and putting forward such solacing things as a lace jabot and a smile, I sent for another Senator.

Senator Martin, of silvery white hair and determined manner, would not sit down and talk suffrage, nor would he stand up and talk it. The only way to discuss suffrage with Senator Martin was to run beside him down a hall.

"The good women of Virginia do not want suffrage," said he, breaking almost into a trot, with eyes on his goal, which was an elevator.

"But if you were convinced that the good women of Virginia do want it?" you replied, breaking almost into a run, with your eyes on him.

"It's only the professional agitators I hear from," he answered.

It was interesting to talk suffrage with

[*Continued on page 50*]

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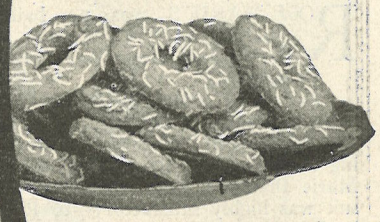

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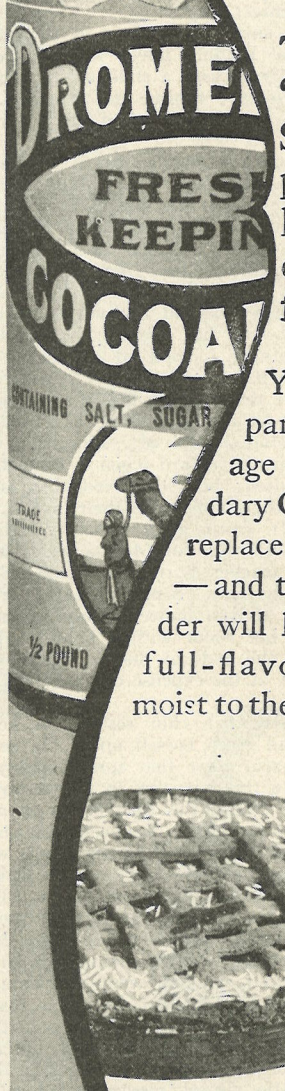

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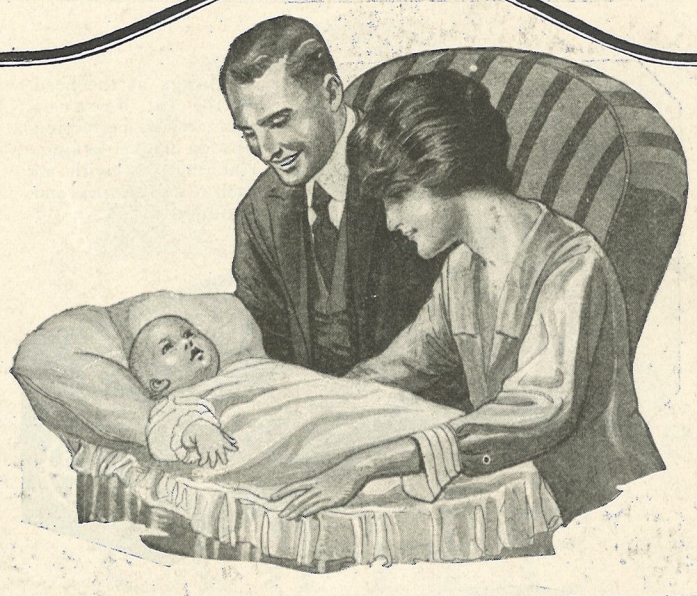

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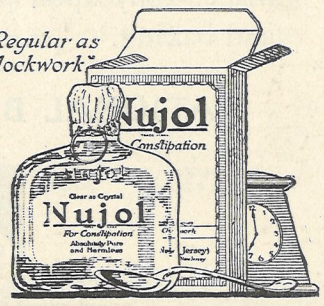

Revelations of a Woman Lobbyist

[*Continued from page 46*]

Senator Martin, and very good exercise. But it was still more interesting to watch a deputation of good Virginia women talking to him.

"Everyone knows where I stand, and yet the ladies waylay me all about the halls," he complained. Yet when we had spoken before the Platform Committee of the Democratic Convention in St. Louis, he told me: "I said to those men, 'There isn't an equal number of you that could make as good speeches as those women made.'" So he was not to be considered as hopeless, though the path to his salvation was a strenuous one.

The twenty-seventh of June approached. Again we were in the marble room talking with Senators. Absentees were on trains hurrying to Washington. The antis were in the reception-room knitting votes into their wool. The Capitol thrilled with excitement. Even the Senators seemed to feel it. This time Sutherland would vote "yea," and several opponents were absent. If none of them paired with a Suffrage Senator we could just manage the necessary majority. And the White House was taking a hand. Senator James of Kentucky, in a Baltimore hospital, had promised Mr. Tumulty that he would not pair—that is, that he would not ask a Suffrage Senator to refrain from voting to counterbalance his own enforced absence. Victory seemed in our hands.

The day arrived. The galleries were filled. The Senators came in all dressed up for the occasion—here a gay waistcoat or a bright tie, there a flower in a buttonhole, yonder an elegant frock coat over gray trousers.

"Isn't it cute of them to dress up for the vote!" said Julia Emory.

"Yes," said Inez, "any one of them might be best man at a wedding, or pallbearer at a funeral."

Senator Jones arose to take up the amendment. At once opposition developed. Our opponents were willing to have a vote, provided all absentees could be paired. Now, if all absentees were counted, we would not have enough votes. Senator James' promise not to vote had given us our majority. But, stunned, we heard Senator Underwood read a telegram from Senator James pleading that some suffragist pair with him. Senator Underwood said he had just confirmed the telegram. It was not until too late that we learned the truth. The telegram had been sent six weeks earlier for another occasion.

And now Senator Reed had the floor. "Oh, who will pair with Ollie James?" he cried. "That n-o-oble Ollie James! You all know that great, fine, noble specimen of manhood, Ollie James! A pair! A pair!" he cried, with tears in his voice and arms outstretched. He went on and on.

We leaned over the balcony and watched Senator Curtis pleading with Borah, urging him to vote for us and save our amendment. We watched breathlessly. We saw Borah listen, smile, and then, without a word, rise and walk slowly out of the room. We flew down to Senator Curtis.

"No, Borah won't do it. They say King is going to. Reed won't give up the floor unless we withdraw or furnish a pair. He and his friends will hold the floor for weeks, if necessary. And the military bill must pass before July first. The army needs the money. You can see for yourself what's happening. It's a filibuster."

Reed was still talking. They say he knows about a great many subjects, and I think he talked about all he knew that day. But nobody will ever know what they were, for no one listened; and he never allowed the speech to be printed in the Record.

Finally Senator Jones arose and withdrew the motion to take up suffrage. Senator Reed, satisfied, sat down. His filibuster had succeeded. He had threatened to hold up the military bill to defeat us, so we had withdrawn. The Senate took up the military bill, and we went home.

"Suffrage is dead for this session," said Senator McKellar. "The Senators don't like being nagged any more. They are all very tired of it."

"We are all very tired of it, too," I said. But I saw no hope of a vacation. All through the summer we worked but, with all our pressure, our amendment was not brought up again until September twenty-sixth. On that day, Senator Jones of New Mexico again brought it up.

Discussion began. Discussion went on. For five whole days it lasted, with waves of hope and waves of dismay, and always an undercurrent of uncertainty. Thursday,

[*Continued on page 51*]

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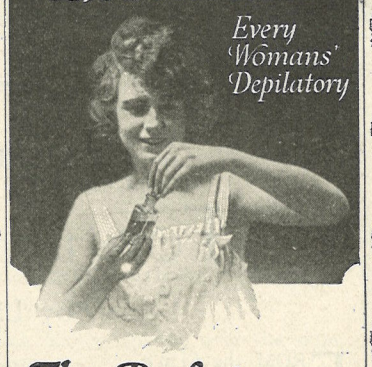

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See Page 67

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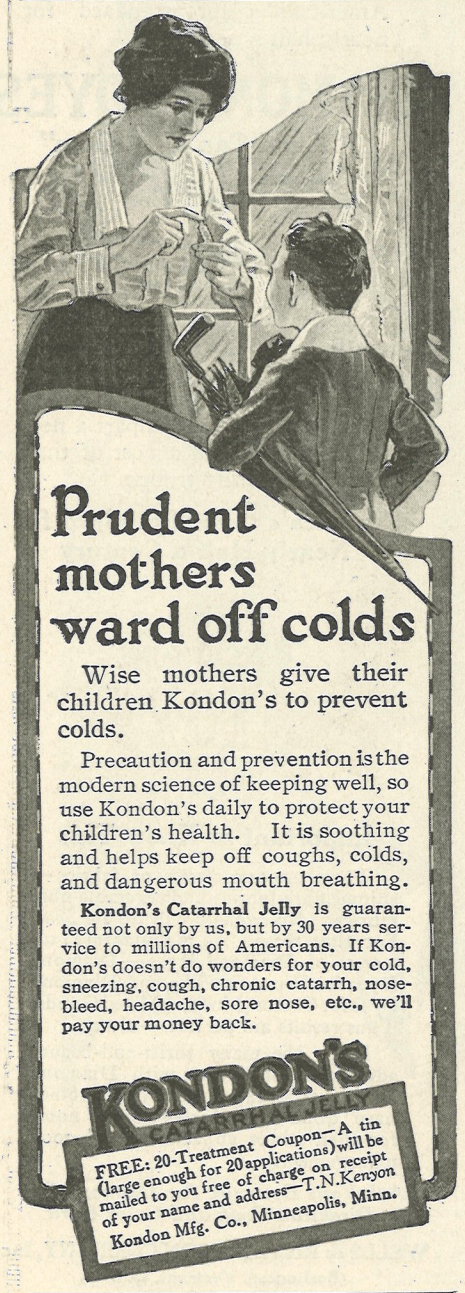

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Revelations of a Woman Lobbyist

[Continued from page 50]

Friday, Saturday, the speeches went on. On Monday word went forth that the President would address the Senate on behalf of our amendment.

I hurried to Senator Curtis, who was in his office signing letters. He said, "The other side claim that they have their men pledged; that the President comes too late. What do you expect?"

"I don't know what I do expect. I hope."

I went over to the Senate. There was very great excitement; a sense of something wonderful impending. On the floor there was the ceremonious atmosphere that attends the President's coming.

"Look," said a newspaper man in the gallery beside me, "he's brought all his heavy artillery with him." There on the floor of the Senate were the members of the Cabinet. Lesser dignitaries were scattered about the room. Congressmen stood, two deep, lining the walls. The Sergeant-at-Arms announced in clear tones: "The President of the United States."

The President came in, shook hands with the presiding officer, turned and read his speech. There is always an evenness about his public appearances, in manner, in voice, in reading; yet I thought he read this message with more feeling than his War Message, or his Fourteen Points.

The next afternoon when the vote was called for, and the last Senator had answered to his name, the presiding officer announced the result:

"The joint resolution does not pass."

We still lacked two votes.

Stunned, as though unable to grasp it, hundreds of women sat there. Then slowly the defeat reached their consciousness, and they began slowly to put on their hats, to gather up their wraps and to file out of the galleries, some with a dull sense of injustice, some with burning resentment. In the corridors they began to form in groups, talking in low voices. Everyone wanted to discuss it. But Alice Paul took my arm.

"Come," she said, "we must find out about the short-term candidates and go into the election campaigns at once."

Two weeks later, with election approaching and Margaret Widdemore going up and down Idaho telling why Borah should vote for suffrage, he came to our headquarters to see Miss Paul. He said he could not make a pledge, as it would look like trying to get votes. But he wrote out this statement for Miss Paul to sign and telegraph to Idaho:

"We have talked over the suffrage situation with Senator Borah, and our understanding from the interview is that he will carry out his platform and vote for the suffrage amendment if reelected."

He was reelected, and now, with Senator Pollock of South Carolina and Senator Borah, we had our majority. But when the amendment came to a vote on February tenth, Senator Borah voted "No."

In the galleries we sat aghast. Margaret Widdemore turned to me: "And with my own eyes I saw his written acceptance of the Republican platform and the Non-Partisan League platform in Idaho! Both of them pledged him to vote for us."

Four months later, on June fourth, for the fifth time in a little more than a year, we sat again in the Senate gallery to hear a vote on the suffrage amendment. The new Congress, coming in on March fourth, had brought us two more votes—we now had our eleven. There was no excitement. The coming of the women, the waiting of the women, the expectancy of the women, was an old story. A whole year had passed in the winning of two votes. Everyone knew what the end would be now. It was all very dull.

We walked slowly homeward, talking a little, silent a great deal. This was the day toward which women had been struggling for more than half a century. We were in the dawn of woman's political power in America.

Power is a sobering thing, for it means responsibility. The American woman now must take her place in our national life, bear her share of the blame for injustice and poverty and suffering, do her part in abolishing them. She has a fresh point of view, a mind not accustomed to accepting whatever is because it always has been. She will see old abuses with new eyes. With her great concern for the human values of life, she now has the power to fight for them, to preserve them from all that threatens them in our complex industrial and political machinery. She need no longer hope and pray for a better world, she will put her shoulder to the wheel and help to make it better.

[THE END]

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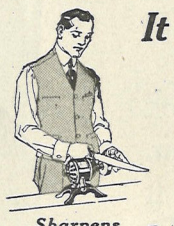
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