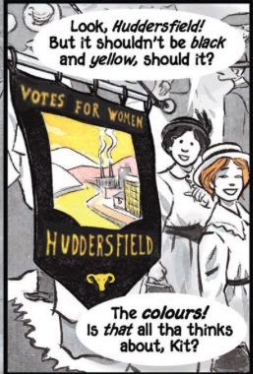


July 26th, 1908. Woodhouse Moor, Leeds.

We thought we were *brave* going to a big local suffrage rally that summer. It was a right *throng* that day. A hundred thousand strong, it was, and, thankfully, *peaceful* too.



I like *their* colours better. Red, white and green. That's lovely, that is.



The colours! Is that all tha thinks about, Kit?

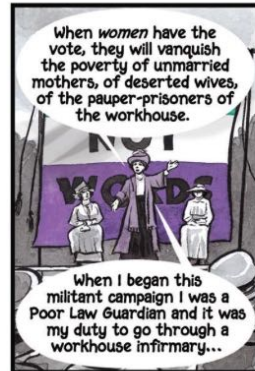


Aye, they are that.

Let's go and listen, shall we?



Oh-





Come on, we'd best be making tracks.



Sing a song of Christabel's clever little plan, Four and twenty suffragettes packed in a van.

When the van was opened they to the Commons ran, wasn't that a dainty dish for Campbell-Bannerman?



Who is 'Campbell-Bannerman'?

He was Prime Minister.

That's the point. And 'the Commons' is Parliament.



Oh.

I knew that.

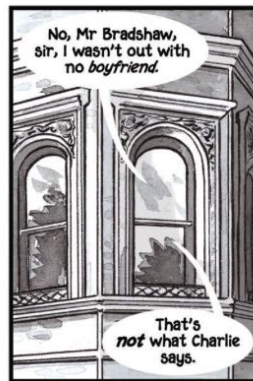
Oh no!



That's our train!



We're in for it now!







That Charlie, he never lets up. When he's around, I never have a moment's peace. And I'll swear he's pinching stuff off me.

And that's not all. Mr Bradshaw, he's always after me when we pass on the stairs.



All men are like that, Sally. Well, all *Masters*, anyroad.

But, he's started putting his hand, tha knows. Down there.

He's never! He has.

Cheeky bugger!



Yesterday I'd had enough. I turned round and I told him as I'm a *good girl*. He's not done owt since, like. But the way he *watches* me, I'm worried sick.

Oh, *Kitty*, what am I going to do?



What's this?



Who lit this fire?



Charlie! It were *thee*, wan't it? My paper - tha's used it to light the fire!

Now what tha skriking about?



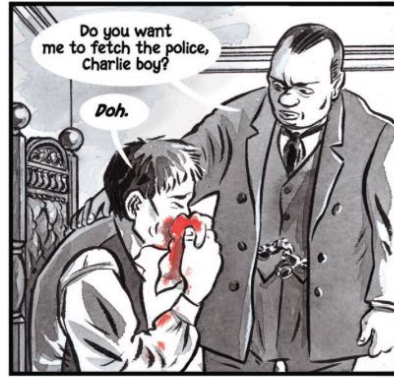
Just leave my stuff alone!

Oh, shut your gob, will you? Stop maithering!

I'm not-









October 1908. Huddersfield.



PART TWO

THE MARCH OF THE WOMEN

7 OCTOBER 1911

THE SPHERE

99



THE SUFFRAGETTE BADGE

"WE WANT THE VOTE"

The Strange "Suffragette" Outbreak in London. Leaders in the Movement for Women's Suffrage.



THE SUFFRAGETTE BADGE



MRS. PANKHURST
FOUNDER OF THE W.A.P.T.C.



WOMEN SUFFRAGETTES AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, OCTOBER 23
REFUSING TO HURRY FROM THE WALL.



MRS. PETHICK LAWRENCE
TREASURER OF THE W.A.P.T.C.



MISS CHRISTABEL
PANKHURST



MRS. FAWCETT,
PRESIDENT OF THE N.E.W.S.S.



MRS. WOLSTENHOLME ELMY
THE OLDEST "SUFFRAGETTE"



MRS. DESPARD
WOMEN'S FREEDOM LEAGUE



MISS SYLVIA PANKHURST



MISS TERESA BILLINGTON
A W.A.P.T.C. ORGANIZER



A SUFFRAGETTE DISCUSSING THE SITUATION WITH A CONSTABLE,
BETWEEN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AND HOLBY VICE-CRAVE.



MISS ANNIE KENNEY
THE "SUFFRAGETTE MILL-GIRL"

October 1908. Stafford Terrace, London W8.





Well!

I don't know what you're expecting, coming here.

I'm sorry for imposing, Mrs Braithwaite...

What were you thinking of?

Bringing a friend, indeed!

...only I've no family or nowt back in Manchester.

If I could just share with Kitty, I'd be no trouble.

Just until I find me own work and lodgings.

Well, there's plenty of work out there for willing hands.

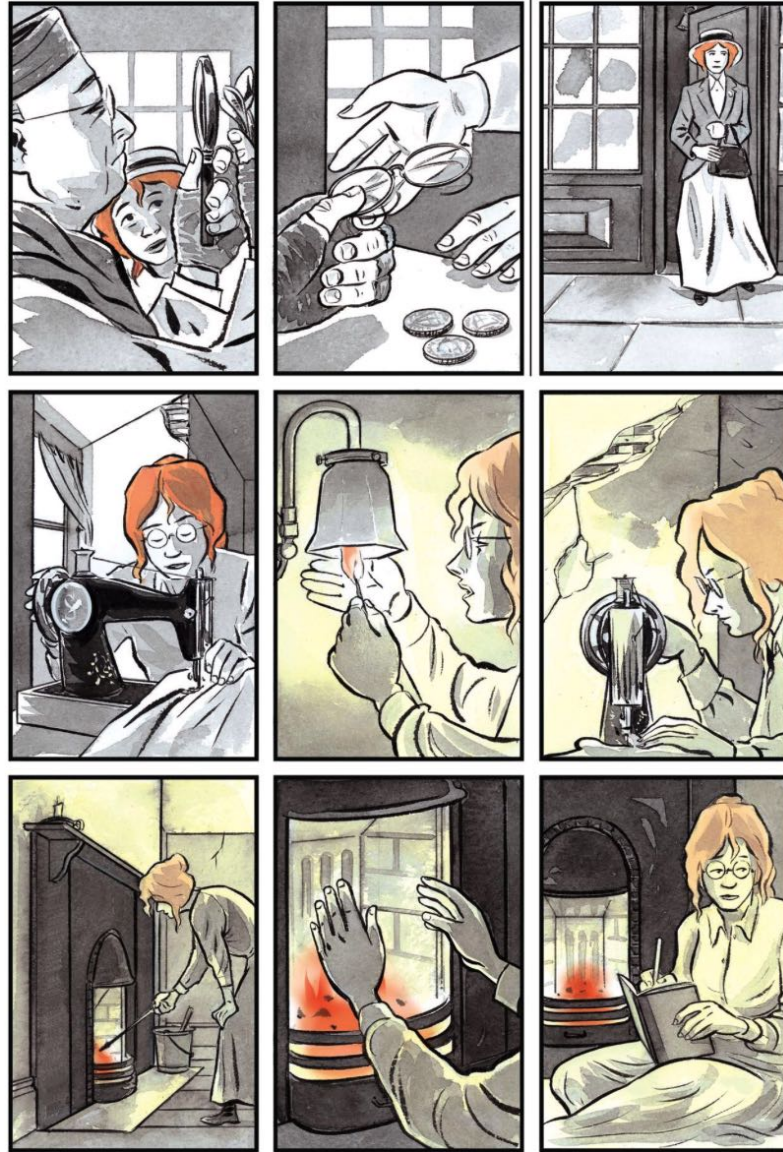
And you, Kitty Green, don't make a habit of bringing in strays.

No, Auntie Betty.

Just keep *backstairs*, you hear? And mind you don't outstay your welcome.







Expenses	Earnings
<u>Mon 19th Oct</u>	
Hire of sewing machine (1 wk) 2/6 ^d	1 doz shirts @ 7 ^d per doz
Thread & machine oil 1/-	
rent 7/2 ^d	
gas meter 1 ^d	
Wood 1 ^d	
coal 8 ^d	
<u>Total 11/6¹/₂</u>	7 ^d
<u>Tue 20th Oct</u>	
2oz tea 2 ^d	2 doz shirts @ 7 ^d per doz
buttons 1 ^d	
gas meter 2 ^d	
2oz butter 1 ³ / ₄ ^d	
bread 3 ^d	





Later that month. Stafford Terrace, W8.



Oh, hello, Sally. New lodgings all right, then?

They'll do.



'Eight hour working day.'

Remember that, Kitty?



Oh, what was that now?

Maison Thingummy.



Aye. A tailoring place, it was.

Maison Espérance? The lady went there last season. She had some day dresses made up lovely.



You know it?

It's just across Hyde Park from here.



Ooh, now, was it Grosvenor Square it was near?











So there it was. They took me in and they helped me with work. I overheard 'Godfather' once saying to his darling Em, 'That Esther expects us to find employment for the whole of London, if not the entire country!' But they never once complained. I never knew a couple with such deep pockets.











It was non-stop then. If we weren't parading, we were heckling at meetings or holding meetings of our own.



Why do you persist with these *unrealistic* demands, dear lady?

Most women know that their blessed lot in life is in the *home*.



A woman is the *heart* of the family.

See, my friends, the *hypocrisy* of this gentleman's ideal of womanhood that ignores the *reality* of the daily toil of your working sisters.



The *amplitude* of women's work is in her life as *child-bearer*!

Oh, *really*?



Who made your *shirt*, then? *Women's work*, I expect.

Ha ha!

Nice and *clean* too, I see.

That was woman's work too.



Unless you laundered it *yourself*! Did you, *eh*?

Ha ha ha!



Why, woman, there's *brass* enough in your face to make a *Kettle*!



And *sauce* enough in *yours* to fill it!



Ha ha!

You tell him, *girl!*





July 1909. Westminster.





That group over there, are they picketing?



Looks like it. But who are they?

They must be Women's Freedom League.



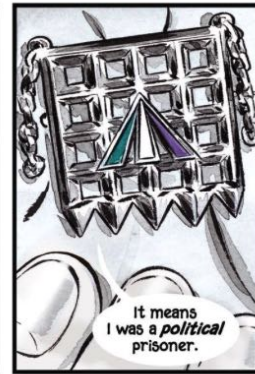
That banner. I can't make it out.

Oh, it's like that badge we give to Holloway prisoners when they come out.

Elsie's got one, ain't you, Elsie?



Yes, look. Know what it means?



It means I was a *political* prisoner.



The insult of it, treating you as a *common criminal*!



Have you heard about what's happening in Holloway now? They're refusing to eat until they're treated as political and put in the *First Division*!

What?



You mean *hunger strike*?

Late September 1909. Clement's Inn.

Those first hunger strikers were released in a matter of days and it looked as though they'd hit on a good strategy. Then the *forcible feeding* started. Winson Green Prison in Birmingham was the first.

Our friend in the House-

Mr Hardie.

Keir Hardie, yes, he says they all *laughed* and *applauded* when the forcible feeding was announced.

That's *barbaric!*

Miss Christabel's starting proceedings against it in Birmingham, calling it *assault*.

I should say it is!

They weren't allowed into the meeting where the PM was speaking, were they?

No, since we're *banned* from Liberal meetings now.

But Elsie, what were they doing on the roof?

They were *demonstrating*.

On the roof?

Demonstrating on the roof, yes. With *slates*. Chucking 'em. Well, *what* else could they do?

The police wouldn't even allow them in the *street*, Arthur.

But the test case was lost. The court ruled that forcible feeding of hunger strikers was *acceptable*. Then the tube feeding spread further: Manchester, Preston, Liverpool, throughout the country.

Well, we've got press sympathy now.

A national outcry!

THE ENGLISH INQUISITORS HAVE REVIVED TORTURE IN OUR PRISONS

NO! WE HAVE FORGOTTEN OUR DUTY

SKEGNESS IS SO B...

LY...

THURS - FRI - SAT - SUNDAY 2 3 4

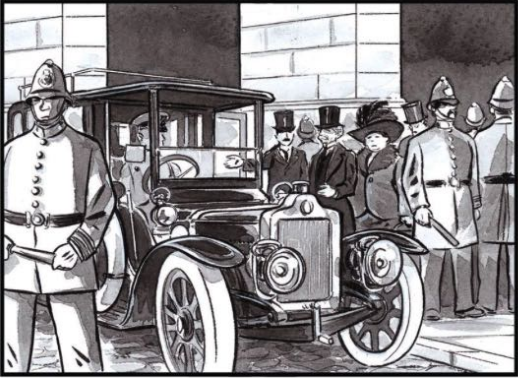
October 8th, 1909.

Lloyd George was due to speak in Newcastle. We were banned from attending meetings, but *that* didn't stop us causing bother *outside*. Arthur and me, we travelled up as helpers with a party of demonstrators. We felt *grand* alongside them, we did!



Who's *that* with Miss Christabel?

That's **Lady Constance Lytton**, that is. One of Em's converts.





October 9th, 1909. Newcastle.

Oh, that *mob* last night!

Your speech gets good coverage in the *Chronicle*.



There's a photograph of you here, see.

Right beneath *Lloyd George*! How nice! That must have been taken just before we went into St George's Hall.



And then the rowdies arrived.

Yes.



I'd better head for my train, if I'm to join Em and Mother in the march up in Edinburgh.

Are they travelling together?

No. Mother's touring Scotland in the motor. Causing a stir, no doubt, with Vera Holme as her chauffeur.



I suppose that should be *chauffeuse*, shouldn't it?

It should indeed!

I do hope all goes well, Christabel.



It's Edinburgh. We're not expecting trouble. Not like *last night*!

Goodbye, then.