

THE ELECTIONEERING EXPERIENCES OF SISTER PHOEBE

FOUNDED ON FACT.

Sister Phoebe was a District Nurse, the epidemic of influenza had made her unusually busy, and she was unusually tired as she entered her lodging at a late hour one evening. She found a friend awaiting her in her sitting-room. Without the formality of a greeting, she threw herself into a chair. "Oh dear!" she cried, "I'm sick of gruel and the dietetics, I'm sick of pills and sicker of emetics; I'm sick of pulse's tardiness and quickness; I'm sick of blood, its thinness and its thickness; in short, within a word, I'm sick of sickness."

"If you feel like that, you need a holiday." "I do, and I am going to have it; and how do you think I am going to spend it?" she said brightly. "In a reasonable manner, I hope." "In a very reasonable manner." "How?" "Do you realise that I am an enfranchised citizen? I have a service vote." "Show me your birth certificate." "Thank you for the implied compliment. Listen, the General Election will be in a week, and I am in it." "What! Going to stand for Parliament?" "Not this time, but I am taking the thing seriously, I shall record my vote for that candidate only who will answer satisfactorily all the questions I intend to ask him."

"And then?" "Then I shall work to get him in for my country's sake." "A pretty tiring way of taking a rest, is it not?" "A change of work is *re-creating*," retorted Sister Phoebe.

A few days later she received a third and final letter from the Candidate, in which he said:-

"I quite appreciate the sense of responsibility which induces you to ask so many questions; but at the same time, if 250 out of my 27,000 electors were to submit me to such a prolonged cross-examination, you would soon have a bye-election owing to the decease of your unfortunate Member!"

"He has stood the test, I'll vote for him," soliloquised Sister Phoebe.

Sister Phoebe set to work; she attended the electioneering addresses, and at two of them she asked, and obtained leave to speak.

"I am proud to acclaim myself an enfranchised citizen," she said. "I consider the possession of the vote an honour, and the use of it a responsibility, and a duty I owe to my country. I appeal to you, my sisters, to use it now that you have it. Do not let it be said of those who have worked and fought for it that they did not want it. I speak for my country and my King when I say—Vote for —" (Applause.)

She then left, and hurried to the hall, where the opponent was speaking. Falsehoods and slander against the popular Candidate were the methods which Sister Phoebe openly resented. This caused

some little stir, and a heavy blow in the back by an enraged supporter was the answer she received.

The next day Sister Phoebe went round the district in a borrowed carriage and took as many voters as she could collect to the polling station. "Come along, Mrs. G." "I have voted, thank you, but me 'usband, 'e's too old, you see 'e's ninety." "Give him to me, I will take the greatest care of him," said Sister Phoebe, and off she went with him. The nonagenarian duly recorded his vote for the popular candidate. There was no shirking by the women; marketing was even regarded as secondary to the duties of citizenship.

Later in the day Sister Phoebe and two other women stood at the door of the polling station, wearing large sandwich boards, which invited the election of the popular Candidate. Supporters of his opponent stood by uttering protests. "It ought not to be allowed, it is not fair," &c., &c.; "Don't say a word," whispered Sister Phoebe exultantly, "it is going well for us." The clock struck nine, the hour of the Country's destiny, in which the women had taken part for the first time; the doors closed simultaneously, the people disappeared as if by magic and the sandwich-women went home with hope in their hearts.

ENFRANCHISED.

We are glad to note from the election returns that Sister Phoebe's candidate headed the poll in her district with the substantial majority of 2,440. That comes of securing the support of the women!

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

THE ELECTION.

WHAT a débâcle! But the curious thing is that anyone should be surprised at the result of the Election. After what the people of all classes have suffered during the four years of war, and the condition to which Germany, Austria and Russia have been reduced as the result of autocratic militarism the whole country was out for Law and Order, and a Peace to the sound of "Rule Britannia," a glorious tune we are seldom permitted to enjoy. Let there be no doubt about it treachery to the Empire gave the *coup de grace* to high and low, and the men to form the new Parliament, whatever their Party, have won on the sound policy of patriotism—none others need apply. Let Parliament, therefore, set about without delay to consider the betterment of the people who have made the country what it is—and make it worthy of their greatness, for the history of the past four years has proved that the British are a very great people, who deserve immediate consideration of their needs. Health, wealth and happiness must be the lot of the many, not of the few, and the passion of domicile, for which all classes have suffered and died these thousand years, must for ever be taken into consideration when appealing to the suffrages of

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