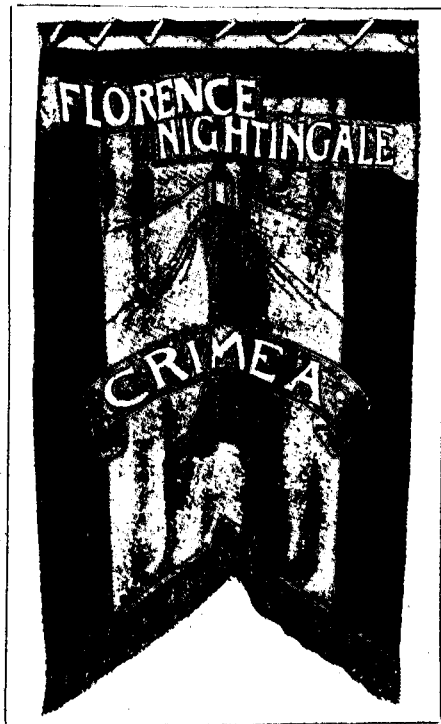


## Outside the Gates.

### SUFFRAGE SATURDAY.

#### A PICTURESQUE PAGEANT.

Kind old King Sol tactfully hid his smiling face on Saturday behind a tender grey veil of cloud—not, we feel sure, because he was out of sympathy with the aspirations of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies and its great Procession of women workers, but just because it was woman's day, and he did not wish to be officious and overpowering in any way. Then off old Father Thames came a gay, cool greeting. "Billy wind" sported around and played pranks with hats and banners just in the boyish way that all women love. Indeed, the weather was superb for our purpose, as,



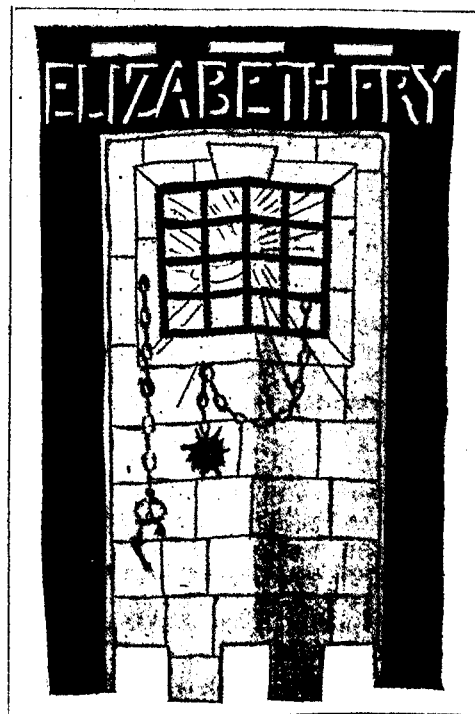
to the sound of march music, we stepped out from the Embankment to show London what sort of women demand the citizenship of the Empire.

Long ere this issue of our journal is in print the description of that memorable march will have been read *in extenso* in the daily press, all papers without exception, having given just praise to its organisation, splendid order, and discipline, and the pluck with which the women, in every section, stepped out, upholding their beautiful banners and waving their gay little bannerettes.

Trained nurses rallied well. Many we were pleased to see in neat outdoor uniform, and they were proud indeed to be ranged behind their glorious ensign. On this shield, emblazoned in gold, was the name of "Florence Nightingale," the Lady of the Lamp—a lighthouse pouring forth its golden

rays, illustrating the far-reaching influence and life-saving grace of her teaching; and "Crimea" in relief on a rose satin ground. By special permission of Queen Victoria the magic word "Crimea" was charged on Miss Nightingale's arms, just as if she had been a regiment. The nurses were supported by midwives and masseuses, Miss Rosalind Paget bringing a stalwart band from the Midwives' Institute and Trained Nurses' Club.

Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, who was in charge of this section, "kept the curb," and many willing hands were offered to uphold the Banner. This honourable privilege was divided between Miss J. A. Smith, Matron of the Kingston Infirmary, and Miss H. L. Pearse, Superintendent of School Nurses



under the London County Council, Miss Barton, of Chelsea Infirmary, and Miss Clara Lee walking on either side to regulate the tassels, thus keeping the banner taut and true, and untiringly they all did their work. Miss Pearse, whose stately physique was admirably adapted to the purpose, marched right royally, holding single-handed our ensign sky-high with her good right arm.

The crowd was stupendous—earnest and sympathetic. Here and there a ribald remark was flung at the procession, to be quickly answered with smiling good humour; as for instance, when one man, pointing to our banner, shouted, "She's a deal too good for yer!" "Just you wait till you are ill," was the prompt reply.

But from start to finish the nurses' contingent aroused an ovation, and they were greeted with

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