

SUFFRAGE VICTORY IN THE HOUSE PLEASES ALL BUT ANTIS



Women's Party Factions, Democrats and Republicans, Too, Claim Credit for It After Seventy Years of Agitation

By ELEANOR BOOTH SIMMONS.

WASHINGTON, for forty years the great objective of the suffragists; Washington, which through all the widespread struggles of the State campaigns remained the central point of attack for the thousands who believed that this country owed its women the justice of Federal enfranchisement—Washington is about to be deserted by the votes for women hosts. When, probably within a few days, the Senate shall confirm the action of the lower house on January 10 the guns which Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton first trained upon the Capitol and the White House will be trundled away by the army which has so ably upheld the flag of the pioneers, trundled away to open fire upon the thirty-six State Legislatures "whose ratification is needed before the woman suffrage amendment can become a part of the Constitution."

I say "when" and not "if" about the Senate, because though some political wheabouts are croaking that the suffrage lack four of the necessary sixty votes in that body, the leaders of the cause are sure of victory. And they don't get those leaders; their estimates are based on the most careful polls. "We shall go through with votes to spare," Big Boss Mary Garrett Hay of the New York City Woman Suffrage party told me two days after the House vote, two days which she had spent in taking stock.

"We shall watch for the favorable moment—it may be in ten days, it may be three weeks—and when the amendment comes up it will pass the Senate. The women of the United States will vote for President in 1920," Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, head of the National Woman Suffrage Association, declared on the eve of the victory in the House.

Anyway, all polls aside, is it conceivable that the Senate would put itself in the position of a small body of men killing a measure which has been carried so far by such heroic labors, which has won the approval of the House of Representatives, and back of which are the voting women of more than a dozen States sharpening their spears for the coming Senatorial elections? No, the Susan B. Anthony amendment will win and the suffragists will depart from Washington.

Suffrage Work That Won.

Nevermore will the purple, white and gold of the picket banners stand at the gate of his home. Nevermore will Washington's decorous streets behold the sight of Mrs. John Winters Brannan and other highly respected ladies of the land riding intrepidly side by side with ribald negro women in patrol wagons, their suffrage banners waving behind, to the nearest police station.

Personally I believe Washington will miss the show. To be sure here and there a Congressman may have found the suffragists a little too pressing. Like the one Senator Calder quoted the day he received the New York delegation in the Senate Office Building, during the N. A. W. S. A. convention in December.

"The suffragists," said this weary Representative, "come to my house before I am out of my bath in the morning. They escort me to breakfast and see me safe to the Capitol. They wait outside the hall to buttonhole me in the lobby, and they haunt my office. They take me to dinner, they accompany me to my home, and they leave me no bedtime remarking that they will be on hand again in the morning. And if the husband of the nation's capital could be chosen in a series of dramatic episodes I do believe that the Great

Days of suffrage would bulk fairly large, even against our part in the making of the present world conflict. They came trooping into my mind, those Great Days, as I sat in the gallery of the House of Representatives waiting for Speaker Clark to open the proceedings on January 10. Again I marched, my boots red with the clay of the Maryland roads, into Washington with Gen. Roselle Jones's suffrage Pilgrims the next day but one before President Wilson's first inauguration, and saw the curious crowds regard the little band which did so much to break the bonds of conservatism that had retarded the votes for women movement.

Again I walked in that momentous parade on March 3, 1913, was hustled by the rioters, saw white haired women like Mrs. Henry Villard spat upon and insulted, heard the hoof beats of the cavalry from Fort Myer galloping in to quell a disorder which had injured, not the suffragists against whom it was directed but the police who had failed to stop it. Again I stood outside the Capitol the Christ-mas after Inez Milholland Boissevain's death, and saw little Alice Paul marching at the head of that beautiful demonstration in her memory planned by the National Woman's party in whose ranks she died.

Again I tramped in the rain four times around the White House the Sunday Woodrow Wilson assumed for the second time the office of President, tramped in the rain, my banner dripping blue all over my new suit, along with 500 pickets.

Those early days, less dramatic but very pregnant, when Miss Anthony and Mrs. Stanton and Lucy Stone and the other pioneers came and came again to the capital with outwardly so little progress, I was not privileged to see, but I had heard the first debate on the amendment in the House January 12, 1915, and it was very interesting to compare the attitude of the members that time with the attitude of the members this time.

Women from New York and California, from Utah and Illinois, from Maine and Texas, from every State in the Union—the voters no less eager and anxious than the unfranchised—were in that throng.

Long before 11 o'clock, when proceedings began, the galleries were crammed, and from each floor a wide range of faces. Alice Paul was there, the wheel horses of the cause were there, the subterfuges some of the women tried to induce the doorkeepers to let them squeeze in—the innocent eyes with which they gazed that they were the favorite first cousin of Congress—So-and-So, who would be extremely indignant when he came to hear of it that they weren't admitted! Well, well, it was a great occasion. From my seat in the press gallery above the Speaker's desk I didn't wonder at any woman telling almost any whopper in the hope of getting in.

The wheel horses of the cause were there, the earliest of all, Mary Garrett Hay, who has a soft spot for reporters, was right in the front row, next the press gallery. Mrs. Norman deL Whitehouse, head of the New York State Woman Suffrage Party, was tied in New York by the fact that the ship on which she is to go to Europe as George Creel's representative might sail at any minute, but Mrs. James Leas Laidlaw, acting chairman of the party and Congressional expert, sat beside Miss Hay.

Mrs. Ogden Mills Reid, petite, hiding her tremulousness under a truly won-derful composure, sat in the back, behind, scarcely stirring through the long day. Back of her was a lady from Texas, Elizabeth Herndon Potter, and never did I see anything to equal that lady's repressed wrath when a Gentleman from Texas—no, not Blanton, because he won the love of the suffs by saying that he carried the biggest Congressional district in the United States on a woman suffrage platform, but Slayden—Slayden's the one I mean, and when he announced that the success of the Susan B. Anthony amendment would usher in an era of irresponsible emotional government, that Texas lady's face was a study.

"The Mexicans who elected him aren't emotional, I suppose. Oh, no, they aren't irresponsible or emotional!" she hissed.

Florida Anger Menaced.

Her fury, however, was almost matched by a lady from Florida, who sat two sections away, when Representative Clark of Florida (who felt so bad because he couldn't follow the President's campaign at length that she was "some lightning change artist" himself, he couldn't stop over to the Federal amendment) got off his grand oratory about how suffrage would disrupt the home and have children without the guiding hand of their mother, who would be attending political rallies instead of to her domestic duties.



MRS. CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT
HEAD OF THE NATIONAL WOMAN
SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION

"Just wait till we get the vote in Florida and Clark comes up for reelection!" she muttered.

The Speaker's gallery, to the right of the rostrum, was reserved for the Speaker's guests. Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, Mrs. Maud Wood Park and Mrs. Clark, who with Billy Sunday and Ma Sunday lunched with the Hon. Champ. Billy was in plenty of time to say the prayer of the day, which did not wholly please the suffs because he asked God to bless nearly everything in creation except the cause that was up for a vote that day, mentioning women only in the final supplication, "Bless our wives and children and the fruitful fields!"

A Red Letter Day Indeed.

Well, Billy was on time, and at an early hour Mrs. Park was in her seat, but where on earth, we asked one another, were Dr. Shaw and Mrs. Catt? The speeches went on and on, and still the leaders didn't come. The middle of the afternoon a woman reporter who had gone out for a drink of water dashed back breathlessly.

"Dr. Shaw and Mrs. Catt are out there, on the wrong side, and the doorkeeper won't let them in," she told Miss Hay in a tense whisper.

But Miss Hay lives with Mrs. Catt and is a strict disciplinarian. "I told them to be on time," she observed sternly. "And they stay till the middle of the afternoon and then get lost trying to get in! I've done my job. I can't help them."

Many pickets from Occoquan Work-house were to be seen when your eyes got accustomed to the close packed range of faces. Alice Paul was there, only part of the time and then went out, her little white face calm and controlled as ever as she declined to voice a single hope for the amendment for which she had worked so hard. Not until it was too late to believe that so much of the fight was over.

Lucy Burns sat not far away from Dr. Shaw and near her, Mrs. John Winters Brannan and Mrs. John Rogers, Jr. Mrs. Brannan, who was one of the famous forty-one sentenced for sixty days to Occoquan, said her maids were dreadfully worried when they saw her starting off again for Washington. They don't trust her now—never know what is going to happen.

The Lady From Montana.

Conspicuously among the soberly dressed suffs was the red head of James W. Wadsworth, Jr., wife of a Senator from New York and head of the National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage. Fair and plump, she sat under her vivid hat the whole day and when the favorable result was announced she rose and made her way out silent.

Near her through the day sat Mrs. Ford of Boston, one of the anti-suff debaters and lobbyists, and Minnie Bronson, editor of the *Women's Protest*, leaned her heavy elbow on the rail and looked frowningly down on the Congressmen who spoke for suffrage and smiled approval when Meeker of Missouri, the bald headed, spectacled, fat leader of time for the anti, declared that if we "had depended on the suffrage States Germany would be over here right now."

In one most important respect did this day differ from that other day, when the amendment first took the attention of the House for one whole



ALICE PAUL
LEADER OF THE NATIONAL WOMAN'S PARTY

sitting—our only Congresswoman, the Lady from Montana, the Hon. Jeannette Rankin. In she came, her brown hair prettily waved, a bouquet of orchids in her hand, which she placed on her desk.

As ranking Republican member of the Suffrage Committee she took her seat before one of the two tables in the center of the G. O. P. side of the House and immediately every Republican who was on hand that early hour and who wasn't an anti pressed around her ardently asking for what? One flower, just one, from the nosegay she carried?

Alas! no, nothing so romantic. They were asking for time to speak to the amendment! Jeannette had the parceling out of the hour allotted to the Republican suff forces.

Another Woman on the Floor.

The women looked down on the Lady from Montana with a feeling of possession. The frivolous hope that she wouldn't try to resemble the male Congressmen in what is their most striking characteristic—from the gallery anyway—a bald spot on the top of the head. Funny how general it is, from Mr. Meeker and Nicholas Longworth, with their stretching from ear to ear, to Mr. Mondell, the Republican whip, with his cute little round bare spot.

Representative Hefflin of Georgia and Walter Chandler of New York and a few others seem to have escaped thus far, but they are the exceptions. There was one other lovely head of hair on the floor of the House that day, that of Miss Mac Ofterdinger, secretary to Representative Raker of California, sponsor of the bill under consideration.

The hours crept on—11, 12, 1, 2. Congressmen strolled out in pairs and groups for lunch, but not a woman in the galleries stirred. What was food, compared with the importance of keeping one's seat? Some of the



REPRESENTATIVE JEANNETTE RANKIN

who made a strong speech for the amendment when it was introduced in 1915, crept in, having been driven in haste propped up in an automobile from the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, where he has undergone several serious operations.

Another even sicker man was on the floor, Barnhart of Indiana, who was literally carried from his bed in a local hospital to vote "Aye" on the amendment. He, too, didn't appear till 5 o'clock, but Mrs. Horace Stillwell, the Indiana member of the suffrage rotary lobby, didn't lose faith for a minute.

"He'll come," she told the women around her. "He'll come."

Mr. Crocker was another friend of suffrage who came from a sick bed; and then there was Representative Sims of Tennessee, nursing a broken shoulder, who wouldn't go home till he had voted "Aye." And the anti had their wounded hero also. Representative Tinkham of Massachusetts bore his arm in a sling, having been saved from a bad accident in a war motor in the Alps to vote against woman suffrage.

Most dramatic of all, I think, was the arrival of Representative Johnson of the State of Washington, who raced as fast as the mixed up trains would let him across the continent from his home to back his friends. Young Lochinvar, who came out of the West to enslave a lady, was not received more gladly than was this modern day knight who hastened east to rescue a cause.

The Orators.

As the day dragged on one fixed one's eyes on the clock and murmured, "Eighty minutes more of oratory. Can I stand it?" "Sixty minutes more of oratory. Can I stand it?" For, not to gloss the facts, some of it was pretty poor oratory. I've heard lots better at a suffrage convention. Dr. Shaw, Mrs. Catt, yes, and many of the younger women can give those Solons cards and spades in clear, forceful, extemporaneous speaking.

But let us not rub it in. The poor dears did their best, and some of them did very well. Representative Chandler of New York said some good things in support of suffrage, though I never could understand how it was that the anti failed to hand him a laugh when he solemnly stated that he represented the district of "Columbia University and Grant's Tomb." Representative Cantrill of Kentucky made a spirited defence of President Wilson when the Republicans, naturally irritated to see the President neatly and expeditiously remove them of the glory and political advantage of putting the Susan B. Anthony amendment through, jeered and catcalled through his reading of Mr. Wilson's words.

Campbell of Kansas, looking like a long nose, unfolded his length from beside the Lady from Montana and made a very good speech. Keating of Colorado provided some really constructive argument when he replied effectively to Representative Meeker's assertions that the anti-suffrage women did all the war work and that the suffrage platform was "No votes, no babies."

Representative Rankin was, I think, a disappointment to the hosts of women who heard the first Congresswoman for the first time. Her speech was good enough when you read it, but you couldn't hear it.

"Jeannette's got enough voice—why doesn't she let it out?" murmured Mrs. Laidlaw, who chaperoned Miss Rankin through her first suffrage work as a recruit helping in the New York fight. The National Woman's party women were blunter.

"What we ought to send to Congress," they told each other, "is a regular stump speaker like Rose Winslow, who can swing her arms and talk right off the bat without notes. Miss Rankin is too ladylike, too restrained."

However, the Congressmen seem to like Jeannette, judging from the number who flocked to her defence when a gentleman from Jersey, I think it was Representative Parker, harked back to her peace vote on the war measure and demanded, "How would you like to see more women like Miss Rankin in the House?"

"I'd like many more women like Miss Rankin in the House," retorted a gentleman from Missouri, and the House concurred. Must have been rather embarrassing for the Lady from Montana hearing herself discussed that way right out in public, but she bore up well. Used to it, perhaps.

Five Hours of Anxiety.

Well, the long five hours' wallow in oratory ended; it didn't seem as if it would, but it did. The voting began, and up in the gallery you could almost hear the tense nerves of the women straining, straining. The culmination of a seventy years struggle—would it win? Or would it lose, and the old weary fight have to begin again?

It became evident that some of those Southern Democrats listened to reason from the President's lips no more than from any other source. They simply couldn't take it in when he told them that the foundations of the world were shifting, that new occasions brought new duties, that the United States could no longer stand alone, that they must take our place among the nations as a leader of those nations. What was it to them that the Premier of Canada, lunching with the President the day before, had told him that Canada would soon have all its women enfranchised, and that in the States that that very day the British House of Lords was engaged in putting down opposition to the woman suffrage bill?

They rose on trembling legs and wailed that treachery was disrupting the rockribbed States rights doctrine of the Democratic party.

Their heads were bowed, their hands held their lists of Congressmen in shaking fingers and tried to keep tab. Then came the long strain of the recapitulation and the fight over the foolish amendments offered.

"They're filibustering," muttered Miss Hay. Her usually ruddy face was white as wax. She banged over the figures she was trying to add up and dropped the pencil. "I can't make them come right," she said impatiently.

The Vote Was Close.

Mrs. Laidlaw, sitting next her, tried to death with her eight days steady lobbying, looked as she waited as I have seen women look who sat outside the operating room waiting to hear the fate of some one they loved. Her usually smooth forehead was lined and drawn, her eyes searched the door of the House ceaselessly. Suddenly Senator Wadsworth appeared down there and she turned with a start to Representative Francis of New York, who had come upstairs into the press gallery and was leaning over to comfort the sisters on the anxious seat.

"Why doesn't James Wadsworth stay where he belongs?" she demanded.

"Now, now," said Mr. Francis soothingly, "it's all right. He's doing no harm."

"He's talking to Mr. Platt. He'll win him over," Mrs. Laidlaw whispered.

Mr. Francis sat down and went over the names with her. "Nothing's going to slip," he promised; but the women were on edge.

"I can't find Parker," complained Mrs. Laidlaw.

"Nor Sanford," moaned Rosalie Loew Whitney. "Shall I go down and look for them?"

Representative Francis put her back in her seat. "Parker and Sanford are here all right," he told them. "And the amendment is going to win."

Well, it did, but two-thirds of a vote is an uncomfortably close majority to win by. And two-thirds of 410, the number voting, is just 273 1-3, and the suffs got 274. The suffs said that the anti "went out into the byways and scraped up unexpected votes." Mrs. Catt called attention to the fact that the number voting, 410, was just the same as the number voting on the prohibition amendment. It was an unusually large turnout. In 1915 only 378 members responded to the roll call on suffrage.

During all the fussing after the debate closed this time—the argument as to whether Representative Dominick voted, whether Representative Russell really answered and should be recorded; the discussion of Gard's

Exciting Scenes When the Final Debate Came—Sponsors Sure Senate Will Favor Measure, So Turn to State Work

amendment to refer the resolution to the people of the States instead of to the Legislatures, and its rejection; during the long recapitulation of the final vote demanded by Representative Saunders, over in the Speaker's gallery Anna Howard Shaw and Carrie Chapman Catt sat motionless side by side. Dr. Shaw, her little figure drooped down in the bench, plucked with her fingers at something in her lap; Mrs. Catt folded her arms and looked straight. That was all that the many women whose eyes turned to them could see of their feelings; but Dr. Shaw confessed afterward that she felt faint.

Victory Celebrated Soberly.

"I felt sick," she said. "It didn't seem as if I could stand it. But it is all right; the House has proved what Representative Gallagher of Massachusetts said to-day, that Democracy can't continue half free and half female. Now I can serve my country with my whole heart." I have been working twenty-four hours a day; now I can work thirty-six hours a day."

And next morning I saw her, more than 70 years old, trudging over the icy streets to her desk in the women's department of the Council of National Defence, which she heads.

When the vote was announced that day by Speaker Clark—and how the women had pinned their hopes on him at the last, knowing that he had promised to vote for the amendment if it was necessary to save the day—but when the vote was announced I fancy the galleries hardly took it in for a minute. It wasn't till the roar of applause from the suffragists on the floor of the House, the men who had voted it in, burst out that the women waked up. Then Mrs. Laidlaw, seizing her handkerchief, waved it at Mrs. Catt and Dr. Shaw, and the rejoicing broke loose.

The victory was too hard won and the count too close for exuberance. Quietly the women went away and quietly the leaders gathered that night at Suffrage House on Rhode Island avenue to make their plans for the Senate fight, for until the political situation, the almost even balance of the parties, to the advantage of the measure in the upper house as they had in the lower.

Yes, on the whole, the emotional sex was less emotional than the men. Those who were awfully proud of themselves. Never shall I forget Al Smith of Tammany coming up to receive Miss Hay's and Mrs. Laidlaw's and Mrs. Whitney's thanks, and feeling so apologetic over Dan Roridan's turning the amendment down. "But as Miss Hay says:

"Roridan will be forgotten. Maybe he will be so far forgotten that he won't even run again next fall."

The New York women were much pleased that Edmund Platt of Poughkeepsie finally voted yes. The National Woman's Party will always put this down to the fact that Miss Elsie Hill, an ardent supporter of the former Congressman from Connecticut, Ebenezer Hill, went up to Poughkeepsie two days before the vote to stir up his constituents to bombard him with letters and telegrams.

But the women are not quarrelling as to which wing of the suffrage movement is to be thanked for this or that victory. As Elsie Hill's sister, Mrs. Helena Hill Weed, remarked on the night of January 10, as throngs of suffs stood waiting for the cars that simply wouldn't come to take them to their well earned dinners:

"There's a glory enough for all." "But there's one highly satisfactory thing about this victory. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt's National American Woman Suffrage Association thinks in its heart that it did it; Alice Paul's National Woman's Party thinks in its heart that it did it; the Democratic think, or do not hesitate to say, that they did it; the Republicans think, or do not hesitate to say, that they did it. So everybody is quite happy and self-satisfied, except, maybe, the National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage."

I didn't hear Mrs. James Wadsworth, the president, say. But an inkling of her feelings and her devotion may be gathered from the fact that at the suffrage hearing before the Rules Committee recently she remarked that she was aware that she was endangering her husband's career in politics by her opposition to woman suffrage.