



"New York!" said Miss Carroll. "Isn't the station beautiful! Why, it's almost like a church!"

gation." Maxwell said, as the porter returned with the checks. "Come on, girls! Hurry!"

The other two followed her striding progress down Madison Avenue and into Forty-first Street. Ahead, where the street intersected the Avenue, was a mass of women. In suits of uniform cut made of white duck, and hats of uniform shape trimmed with purple and green and yellow, they stood in the midst of a jungle of gay-colored banners and pennants.

Beyond them and above their heads a stream of banners and pennants, equally gay-colored, was flowing up the Avenue.

"They'll fall in presently," Maxwell explained, "and we'll go with them. This is bully, because we can see some of the parade before we get into it ourselves. May we stand in your wagon?" she asked an expressman.

"Sure!" he answered.

PRESENTLY there was a stir in the white-duck ranks ahead.

"They're falling in, girls," Maxwell exclaimed. "Come on!"

She jumped to the sidewalk, and the other two jumped after her. A ripple ran through the white-duck mass. Suddenly it was a symmetrical phalanx.

The last line in the phalanx, and only three in number, the girls approached the corner.

"Can I march with you ladies?" came a voice in Maxwell's ear. "I'm all alone."

It was a girl who spoke.

"Of course!" Maxwell answered. "We're glad to have you."

Still the last line, but now four, they swung into the Avenue.

For a few moments, busy getting into step, alighting themselves, stealing surreptitious glances at their surroundings, the girls took no notice of one another. In truth, they looked a little dazed; for the scene was an extraordinary one.

Above was a sky so blue and close that it might have been a painted canvas. Below was a street so smooth and silky that it might have been a plane of polished agate set between the sidewalks. And falling sheer from painted blue sky to polished gray street were what might have been side-drops. These drops were painted too—each with a line of buildings that stretched into the very infinity of

distance: low dwelling-houses, old, of red brick or brownstone, or red brick trimmed with brownstone; high store-buildings, new, of plain gray stone or white marble; hotels whose roofs threatened to scrape that canvas sky, and churches whose steeples threatened to pierce it.

Against this painted background—everywhere—stood people. Curbs and sidewalks; above them doorways and door-steps; above them windows and balconies; and above all roofs, were crowded so thick that it was as if the side-drops had been cushioned in black and white. Watching the procession attentively, they stood in a massed quiet. Indeed, the only thing that seemed to move actively in all that still, boxed-in scene was the parade itself. And that—a narrow, many-colored human ribbon—surged steadily up the incline of the Avenue as if it were being unwound from a monster reel stationed in Washington Square. Banners of all sizes, shapes, and

colors topped it. Everywhere glared the slogan: "VOTES FOR WOMEN."

Here and there uniformity in costume had been obtained. More often only an approximate uniformity had been produced. Often of all uniformity had not even been attempted. Picturesque and even beautiful features sometimes evoked a brief, faint applause. Occasionally hands clapped; cheers, jeers, hisses resounded. But for the most part the effect was of a growing silence and stillness, and this: growing silence and stillness of the spectators was the accumulative effect, not of beauty, but of numbers. On they came, and on—thousands of women—thrown together as with an indiscriminating hand, short with tall, fat with thin, weak with strong, old with young, shabby with smart, alien with native, black with white. On they came, and on and on, as if they would never cease.

Miss Carroll spoke first.

"As long as I live, I'm going to remember this," she said. "Just women."

"I watched you three ladies quite a while," the stranger murmured in Maxwell's ear. "I made up my mind I'd come here this afternoon because I wanted to find some lady I could talk to. I'd been standing on the corner nearly two hours when you came along. I hadn't seen anybody that I felt like opening up to. There's something—" She stopped. "I thought I'd like to talk it over with somebody."

"All right," Maxwell said. "We'll help you if we can. Keep your shoulders back! Look straight ahead. Talk as low as you can without seeming to talk. I'll listen carefully. Stop when the marshal comes by. My name is Maxwell Lee. I'll introduce you to my friends when I get a chance."

"My name is Pauline Le Favor," the stranger said simply.

She was a tall girl, full-busted, strong-featured, vigorous-motoned, and handsome. She was blond; that is to say, the bag of hair hanging from under her little cocked, pill-box-shaped hat was gold; but her skin, pink in the sun, had a tinge of brown in the shadow, and her big eyes were brown in any light. She wore a suit of shepherd's plaid which, following the mode of the previous year, made her look like a cross between a French Zouave and a figure in a Japanese

print. Her waist, of cheap lace but clean, her gloves, of cotton but spotless, her spats, of woolen but immaculate, were all white. Little cheap pearl and jet ear-rings tinkled at her ears, a soiled red leather vanity-box dangled from one hand.

"What is that building, Miss Livingstone?" Miss Carroll slipped sideways to Cordelia, out of a mouth that looked closed.

"The Public Library," Cordelia answered with moveless lips.

"Peach!" Miss Carroll commented laconically. "There's the Cathedral," she announced to herself presently.

"Is that Central Park—ahead—where the trees are?" she began again presently.

"Yes; and the gold gentleman whom you will presently see riding a gold horse is General War-Is-Hell Sherman. Who's Miss Lee talking to?"

"I don't know. Some girl that followed us into the parade."

The music stopped abruptly. There came a quick stop in the marching. The red from which the human ribbon was unrolling buckled. The ribbon bunched. Banners and flags dropped to the asphalt. The ranks broke. Small groups formed.

"Girls, let me introduce Miss Le Favor," Maxwell said. "Miss Carroll and Miss Livingstone, Miss Le Favor."

Again the music started. The lines reformed. The four girls fell into line.

"HOW would you like to stay and have dinner with us, Miss Le Favor?" Maxwell asked.

Miss Le Favor stood in the center of the hotel room, swinging her vanity-box. She seemed dazed, almost frightened. It was a big room, spacious enough to hold comfortably, in addition to a desk, a table, and chairs, two single beds and a couch. A big wardrobe trunk stood upright in one corner; a second trunk, smaller but still large, stood open beside it; a hat trunk, open, stood beside the smaller trunk, and a traveling bag of black leather brought up the rear. Maxwell, in a rose-colored negligée, her hair down, was unpacking. At the two windows were boxes of crimson geraniums and white daisies that breathed a delicate mingled perfume. Above them awnings in broad green and white stripes seemed to scoop out of the air great cubes of purple shadow and to throw them back into the room.

Three doors stood open. One led into a big closet where an electric light starred the dusk; another to a big, airy bath-

room, lustrously tiled and vividly tessellated, where a tub of gleaming porcelain decorated with nickel yawned, and where, in wanton abundance, towels of all sizes and thicknesses ranged. The third led into another room. Through that door came the sound of voices as Miss Livingstone and Miss Carroll chattered over their unpacking.

"I don't know," Miss Le Favor answered. "I don't feel dressed right."

"What you are wearing is all right, but I'd like to lend you an evening dress," Maxwell went on pleasantly, "if you'd care to wear it. I have one that I am sure will fit you. It's old, but very simple and very pretty, I think."

Miss Le Favor stood for an irresolute interval, thinking. She bit her upper lip. That exercise protruded her jaw a little.

Maxwell went to the wardrobe trunk, and lifted a gown from the hanger.

"This is the one. Wait; I have stockings and slippers to match."

Miss Le Favor looked at the gown, like fog-colored gossamer; at the stockings, like fog-colored films; at the slippers, fog-colored too, but high-heeled and golden-backed. She was scowling now, and that scowl wiped out suddenly all the feminine values of her face.

"I'd be crazy to wear it," she breathed roughly. "I never had a dress like that on my back."

Maxwell opened the drawers in the big mahogany bureau.

"Help yourself to whatever you need," she offered. "You bathe first. I want to do a little unpacking."

Miss Le Favor examined the contents of the bureau drawers with a hawk-eyed interest. Shyly at first, then with eagerness, she picked out things here and there. With one arm full of clothes, she stopped at the bath-room door. "Say, you got hair just like a lion's mane, haven't you?" she commented.

Maxwell's hair was short; it reached a point half-way between her shoulders and her waist. But it was so thickly crinkled as to be bushy, a dusky bronze-brown frame for the white stiffness of her face.

"You don't ever have to wave it, do you?" Miss Le Favor went on. "What are you girls doing?" she asked suddenly.

"Just traveling round?"

"Yes," Maxwell answered. "That describes it perfectly. Traveling round."

Pauline fingered the lock of the door. "Are you rich?" she asked, "or do you work?"

"I'm not rich. But many people would



"Can I march with you ladies?" came a voice in Maxwell's ear.