

on the pavement rang louder than the blare of the bands, and carried a heavier indictment of the liquor traffic.

When it was all over I got her story. It was a common enough one—just the usual story of bright hopes blighted, and ambitions that withered in the blossom, and a love that died, died hard, and very, very slowly.

Don't Forget Your Proxies!

Prohibition has come too late to help the old lady of the crutch. So has the vote—she will not be here to use hers—but I think I know how she would like her ballot marked!

I believe that when the day comes, the women—the women of today, with their votes in their hands, will leave their homes and come forth in their might and power and register their undying enmity to the liquor business.

The Day!

October the twenty-fifth is a day of destiny, for which many have worked and hoped and waited. It is not just an ordinary day, though it will be bounded by a sunrise and a sunset, and split into forenoon and afternoon by whistles and bells, just like any other day. But it isn't the same. It is like the blood-red blossom of a century plant, which, although no handsomer than a poppy, has more of what Eastern people call "back-ground."

October twenty-fifth is a culmination of many efforts, many prayers, many tears. It is the day we settle our account—in part measure at least—with the liquor traffic, and knowing the women as I do, I predict that there will be very few slackers among them. They will remember the evils they have seen with their own eyes, for all who have eyes have seen them—the unhappy homes, the shabby women, the frightened children. They may even recall a lonely grave, a vacant chair . . . and sorer thoughts still that can never be healed . . . and thinking of these, I believe the women will make their crosses very deep, and very black, for deep and black has the liquor traffic, all these years, laid its cross on them!

—NELLIE McCLUNG.

