

"NAY," SAYS MAYOR

TO ASQUITH'S NEIGH

That's Tough, Says "Suff" at
Gruff Rebuff—They Leave
in Huff.

SOLACE IN LLOYD GEORGE

Only a Hurdy Gurdy Is He, but
Mayhap He Can Turn the
Marchers' Woe to
Glee.

Asquith called on Mayor Gaynor at the City Hall yesterday and the Mayor wouldn't see him. Other members of the visiting delegation declared it was because Asquith had joined the suffragettes.

If his honor had cared to inform himself, one glance would have shown him that Asquith was no willing convert. The suffragettes had him bitted and bridled. Miss Elizabeth Freeman, militant, held the reins, and Miss Elsie MacKensie, militant, poked Asquith with the sharp staff of a votes-for-women flag to make him go, so there was nothing for him to do but to go. But he went like molasses in January, and the eye he occasionally turned upon the yellow wagon he was forced to draw, with Miss Freeman and Miss MacKensie in it, was a sad and gloomy one.

When they reached City Hall and Miss MacKensie dismounted and offered him sugar, Asquith clenched his teeth and, turning his head toward City Hall, gave vent to a series of neighs. Asquith's motto is, "Fear the militants, even when bearing sugar."

A message was sent in to Mr. Gaynor telling him that Asquith was there, and asking him if he wouldn't write a few kind words for the suffragettes to take with them when they start for Chicago by way of Boston at 10 o'clock this morning and present to the Mayor of the first big town they strike. The plan is to have a continuous chain of messages, from Mayor to Mayor, to cheer them on their way.

Mayor Gaynor did not seem eager to forge the first link in the chain. Word came out that he was engaged in a conference.

"That's tough treatment," said the "suffs."

In the meantime, Asquith and the yellow wagon were attracting considerable attention out at the edge of City Hall Park, and the policeman on the beat objected.

"Can't youse drive around slow while youse is waitin'?" he inquired.

Miss Freeman gathered up the reins. Miss MacKensie poked Asquith with the flagstaff. Slowly and sadly he padded down Park Row, around the Postoffice and back around City Hall.

"Oh, dear," sighed Miss MacKensie, "it'll be a long time before we reach Chicago at this rate, and we must reach it before cold weather comes."

At the end of the third lap around the municipal buildings it was ascertained from a blue-coated person outside the Mayor's door that his Honor couldn't be seen for some time.

"Tell you what, call up his secretary 'bout 5 o'clock," said the good natured blue-coated person. The suffragettes said they would and urged Asquith up the Bowery. The afternoon was waning and they had yet to engage Lloyd George.

It was 5 o'clock when they finally got Lloyd George—Lloyd George being the hurdy-gurdy with which they intend to earn their living on the way to Chicago—and they hastened to telephone the Mayor's secretary.

A weak voice answered that he hadn't been able to see the Mayor yet. Would they 'phone again in half an hour?

They 'phoned again in half an hour. The weak voice answered that the Mayor's secretary had gone home, and nobody knew where he lived. But, maybe, it was added, they would find the message waiting for them at the Mayor's office when they came down in the morning to start.