

**Lord Mayor's Show in London**

NOT for many a long day had London worn such a festive appearance as it assumed on Lord Mayor's day. The sun shone in a sky dappled with clouds, and a fresh breeze set the flags streaming gallantly from the flagmasts, and the pennons fluttered gaily on the cavalrmen's lances. The crowds thronging the route were certainly less dense than in pre-war days, and if there were fewer light-hearted youths to buy the gaily colored paper-ribbons, which still the whips were there, a delight to the heart of London childhood. Paper handkerchiefs, too, with wonderful orders, and still more wonderful portraits of the King and Queen, wreathed in the folds of crossed Union Jacks, and the emblematic paper with gaudy prints of the Lord Mayor's coach were displayed to tempt the more sedate purchasers.

The route followed this year was the usual one, from the city by Fleet street, the Strand, Northumberland Avenue, and the embankment. Punctually at noon the procession left the Guildhall, headed by mounted city police and Canadian mounted troops in the place of honor. Next followed men of the royal naval division, the royal marine artillery, the royal marine light infantry, the navy auxiliary service, and the naval volunteer reserve. As the first strains of the bands sounded down Fleet street office windows flew open and became an animated sea of heads. The wartime office staffs, mostly girls, ran down to the streets, or balanced themselves precariously on window ledges, and scrambled to every available point of vantage.

Following the boys of the War-rite with their guns and crew, and the boys training at the technical school of the royal flying corps, came two motor lorries bearing a captured German aeroplane, the new well-known black crosses showing conspicuously on the wings. Behind the monster marched a sturdy contingent of city volunteers, men for the most part whose volunteering days were long since passed, but who once more had donned a uniform and shouldered a rifle in their country's hour of need. Behind them swung cadets, followed by boy scouts, their gay scarfs adding a brilliant touch of color to the procession.

To most people, however, by far the most significant part of the Lord Mayor's show were the women. For the first time that day they had been included in the procession and had taken their places in the marching ranks with the men. With one voice the crowd cheered, and cheered again as a battalion of women agricultural workers, carrying rakes and miking stools and leading a team of horses attached to a haycart, swung into view, their trim white coats shining in the sun. With an easy stride they marched along and their heads turned instinctively to watch them out of sight. Lories of laughing women munition workers followed, the girls blithely uttering gamboge-colored hands—stained with the powder in the filling factories—and ready for a jest and gay word with the crowd who gave the "canaries" a rousing welcome. Field guns, strange objects in their "camouflage" war

paint, and captured German guns bearing recent dates when they had fallen into the hands of gallant British regiments, were viewed with wonder and interest. Bands blared. Pipers marched with a brave swing of kilts to the shriek of bagpipes, their tartan ribbons streaming in the wind.

Still it was the women in the procession that fired the imagination and held the attention. It was the women that made one think. A contingent of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, in slouch hats and long khaki coats, marched as steadily as any company of "regulars." They lacked wholly the "snap" of the men, but a certain air of quiet and unalterable determination conveyed by that dark line of steadily marching women was prophetic of marching women for the powers that had set their faces against the great democracies of the world. Women of the W. A. A. C. have been in France for the last six months, and have proved their metal and "made good" with that celerity that has been one of the astonishments of the war. If the women provided matter for reflection, two tanks, with guns protruding like the eyes of a crab, provided the excitement of the procession. They rolled along the Strand as unconcerned as if it were their natural sphere of action, and when a halt was called and they came to rest like any ordinary "General" they proved an absorbing attraction to some Chelsea pensioners who fought long before the era of tanks and aeroplanes, and 15-inch shells.

London had looked forward to the prospect of the Lord Mayor's show with supreme indifference. It was war time, and everything was different. Was it worth it this year? Yet London was the better for the show. It had taken on a new and deeper significance. The women and men, from all parts of the United Kingdom and the great dominions, marching together in one vast procession, equipped from end to end for national service, were earnest of the resolute determination of the whole empire to keep the sword drawn until victory crowned their efforts. And when it was all over London went about its business once more with refreshed hope, and a stronger resolve than ever to see things through to a finish.

**Women in War Service.**

The following story presents a new phase of the many-sided war work that English women have been called upon to perform:

"In London, at midnight, scores of well-known women start away from their homes, each driving her own motor car, and from that hour until two or three o'clock in the morning they cruise about the streets of the great city, certain cars allotted to certain districts, looking for soldiers or sailors on leave, stragglers helpless from drink, or suffering from whatever cause. Man after man is picked up, taken into the automobiles, and driven to a haven provided for just such unfortunate.

"How many women are thus engaged at present I do not know, but a few months ago I was told that several hundred were then carrying on this unusual service, night after night, week after week, month after month, in all kinds of weather, at all seasons, and many of these women belong to the highest families in England. There has not been a single report, thus far, of insult or injury being offered these devoted women—for all London knows who they are and what they are doing."—Everbody's Magazine.

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