

SUFFRAGETTES' RAID ON ABERDEEN.

STATION BLUNDER SEQUEL.

HUNGER STRIKE IN THE CELLS.

The episode at Aberdeen Joint Station on Saturday forenoon, when the Rev. Forbes Jackson, minister of the Crown Terrace Baptist Church, was mistaken for the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and was attacked with a dog whip by a militant suffragist, accounted for the interest that was taken in yesterday's Police Court. There was a large crowd of the general public waiting in the street, and the great majority were unable to secure admission. Mr Jackson arrived in the court-room a



["Journal" Photo.
EMILY WINLING DAVIDSON, THE ACCUSED.

minute or two after 10 o'clock, and was accommodated with a seat in the well of the court. The reverend gentleman bears a distinct if not altogether a striking facial resemblance to Mr Lloyd George. What the spectators wanted to see, however, was the lady in the case. She had been liberated on bail on Saturday night, and there was no appearance of her while the ordinary roll—the customary sequel to Saturday night—was being gone through. Bailie Robertson was the presiding magistrate.

It was fully half-past 10 o'clock when the bar officer cried—"Mary Browne, alias Emily Winling Davidson."

The door swung open, and the Suffragette entered. She was clad in a heavy grey overcoat, with green hat, and sported a big, coloured party badge. A small armful of newspapers showed how she had been engaged.

She walked jauntily into the dock, did not deign to look towards the bench, but turned her attention to the "gallery." She smiled to someone, and lifted her left hand in a gay salute. Then, and only then, did she face the bailie.

The Clerk of Court (Mr R. Paton) commenced to read the charge, and had got no further than accused's name when she brought him to a halt with the peremptory demand—"What is that you are saying?"

THE CHARGE.

The clerk in a loud voice then read the charge—to the effect that, on 30th November, within the Joint Station, in a compartment of a railway carriage forming part of a Caledonian train, accused assaulted the Rev. Forbes Jackson, M.A., minister of Crown Terrace Baptist Church, residing in Great Western Road, by striking him on the head and shoulders with a whip and seizing him by the collar of the coat and shaking and jostling him about, and conducted herself in a lawless and disorderly manner, and committed a breach of the peace.

The Bailie—Are you guilty or not guilty?

Accused—Not guilty.

The Fiscal—Do you wish your case to be proceeded with?

Accused—I tell you, sir, that I deny entirely the jurisdiction of this court. I entirely deny that a court composed of men only has any right to deal with the case of a woman, because by Magna Charta we have the right to be tried by our peers, and peers mean women as well as men. I deny the jurisdiction of this court.

A HUNGER STRIKE.

The Fiscal—When would you like to be tried—to-day or any other day?

Accused—Well, I should prefer not to-day, because I should prefer to have my witnesses together. I have had no chance to get that because I was kept in the police cells all Saturday and refused bail, at which I hunger struck, and then I was allowed bail—

The Fiscal (interposing)—We are asking you simply the one question. When do you want to be tried?

Accused—I wish to explain to you, sir, that as it was Sunday, I was unable to do anything with this case.

The Bailie—When do you want the case adjourned to? Do you want it adjourned until to-morrow or when, in order to get witnesses?

Accused—I think I should prefer Wednesday.

The Bailie—Wednesday is Children's Court day. Will Thursday suit you?

Accused—Thursday will suit me.

The Bailie—Then the case is adjourned till Thursday. Bail continued—£5.

Accused—Thank you.

Accused then smartly walked from the dock, and left the court along with two other ladies.

ACCUSED INTERVIEWED.

Interviewed by a "Journal" reporter on being liberated, prisoner said that when removed to the police cells on Saturday forenoon, she demanded bail, but her request, without reason, was refused. Immediately after she was placed in a cheerless, ramshackle cell, beside ordinary "drunks," and some time later she was asked if she desired food. She replied that she did not require food or water, and continued her hunger strike until the evening. As the day went on the sounds within the cells became terrific. There were continuous fresh arrivals of "drunks," who participated in an unearthly uproar. Warders frequently came along and offered her food, but when a refusal was given she believed they became scared, and gave her the option of bail. About 9 o'clock in the evening she wished to call the attention of the authorities but finding no bell in her cell she almost smashed through the door with her shoe. "The police officials," concluded Miss Brown, "became so terrified that they were compelled to let me out, and fixed bail at £5. You people in Aberdeen may think you are up against a soft thing in dealing with the Suffragists, but you will find the wall harder to get over than you believe."