
SUFFRAGE

long ago. How dare men refuse such a reasonable request?"

I sat back and looked at her. Long as I have known Mary, I am still capable of surprise at her lightning changes of attitude. A half-smile dimpled her face, and she seemed amused at her own change of front, even while pulling me up sharply.

"Stop looking at me as if I had two heads—I suppose I may change my mind if I like!—and give me some good reasons, if you can, why woman *should* be refused the franchise. By the way, 'franchise' just means the privilege of voting. Somehow I always thought it had to do with street-cars or electric light or telephones, or something a company had to get, didn't you? And 'suffrage,' that simply means a voice in deciding things, a vote. I looked it up, and it has nothing to do with 'sufferings' or 'sufferage.' Why, you know," confided she, "I remember not so long ago actually having a hazy notion that it meant something like suffering—suffragist seems as if it might be that, too—when they get arrested and put in prison and all that." And she laughed with delicious ingenuousness.

I laughed, too. It wouldn't hurt Mary to consult the dictionary even oftener than she does. She may have read my thoughts, for she conceded hastily, without admiration:

"Oh, of course *you* knew the exact meaning! You always have your nose buried in the dic-