

to-night by the world-renowned lecturer, Harriet E. Morton. Subject, 'Shall men have the right to vote.' To-night, come one come all, to F——'s Hall." I decide to attend, and in good time find myself seated in a grand hall comfortably filled. The audience has a peculiar look—the men seem so insignificant, but I conclude that it results from the way in which they are treated. The lecturer, in whom I easily recognize one of '94's girls, is met with subdued applause by the men. The women are undecided in their greeting; their faces wear perplexed and troubled looks. I am oppressed with the feeling that this is a critical time in the history of the human race.

In a few well-chosen words the lecturer treated of politics in the Nineteenth Century, then asserted, "Every reasonable person present must admit that the present state of affairs is unsatisfactory—women shirk voting and have proved incapable of guiding the ship of state." A few hisses greeted this, but the speaker proceeded, "Destruction stares us in the face, the only alternative is obnoxious to many present. It is to restore the franchise to men. Some may say that men are not yet educated up to voting. The speaker then made an appeal, stating the marked ability, the consummate tact shown by men in the Nineteenth Century, and ended by suggesting that a vote be then and there taken upon the question, "Shall we in this Twentieth Century give men the right to vote?" The eloquence of the lecturer had made its impression, and I felt sure what the result would be from the relieved and compassionate looks the women cast upon the men. Later I learned that this was but the beginning of a campaign in which the lecturer by her undying devotion to the cause of oppressed manhood won their lasting gratitude.

The next class-mate to whom my key gave me access is Mr. Daniels. I enter an elegant Southern residence, pass graceful Corinthian columns, thence through a marble-paved hall adorned with statuary, and am ushered into a library. As I await Mr. Daniels, I note with pleasure the well-filled book-cases and the air of refined comfort. Taking up an elegantly bound volume I read, "A Novel, An Earthly Paradise, by Estelle A. Cook." At this instant Mr. Daniels enters and greets me with his old-time geniality. "I see you have one of our class-mate's productions in your hand. Notice the illustrations,—they are her own etching; each one is a poem and faultless as a work of art. It is an exceedingly interesting book, like herself bright and helpful. She has won an enviable position in the world of authors." "Yes, Mr. Daniels, and I think some one else has also. I have been much interested in your late magazine articles, especially in the one entitled, 'The Solution of the Dream Problem.' You bid fair to be as famous as your namesake of old." "Hardly, but you remember when at Acadia the psychological inclinations of my metaphysical cerebral apparatus."

He told me of some recent investigations concerning the hypnotic state. Then we began to chat of old times,—opening an album we look over the tinted pasteboard representatives of '94. "Have you read Mr. Blackadder's eloquent and poetic declamation on 'Canadian Independence?'" "No, I am quite ignorant of many members of '94." "Yes, is that so? Well, Mr. King has made a great success of himself. He is the discoverer of the famous antidote for nicotine poisoning, and in