

all our peaceful years until we come out into the full blaze and glory of woman's rights and privileges, then will man—

Mrs. Kelly, Mrs. Hicks and Mrs. Meek quite overcome (mop their eyes.)

then will man, I say, take his proper place at women's feet, then shall he be a footstool indeed, then will the glorious inheritance of freedom and woman's rights be ours to enjoy indefinite, then will we hold sway over the hull earth until men shall be even as the Indian who, recognizing his infer—infer— (Mrs. De Vere, Inferiority) has slunk back farther and father into retreat, giving way to his superiors. Let this be our watchword, this our battle-cry, "A right to live, to walk the earth and to rule our fellow man." No woman with this high goal in view can live in vain. Wake up (some who have been dozing sit up) to your high privileges; keep your eyes on the goal; let no petty domestic cares divert you, and these rights will be ours fully to enjoy, and the glory of women shall shine through the earth, and all that makes for darkness, such as men, shall disappear from the face of the earth and shall be buried underneath a mountain of shame and ob— obli— (stumbles over it)—

Mrs. De Vere—Obloquy you mean, censoriousness.

Mrs. Vernon—of shame and obloquy of their own up-building (some sobbing audibly.)

Mrs. Good—A magnificent peroration.

Mrs. Barton—Much a do about nothing, I say.

Mrs. Kelly—I declare I am overcome (wipes her eyes.)