
OPINIONS OF MARY

against it, wouldn't you? There are *no* good reasons for women wanting to vote."

I saw she had made up her mind and really did not ask advice.

"By the way," inquired I, as she reached the door, "are you thinking of wearing that hat?"

"I don't know," turning in surprise. "What has that to do with it? It's a trifle elaborate for the morning, isn't it? But I wore it to-day just to let you see it. Do you think it pretty?"

"Mary," said I, impressively, as I critically regarded the feathers curling about her dainty ear, "take my advice. You wear that hat and your new directoire gown, and you'll be on the winning side—whichever side you take."

She deigned only a toss of her pretty head and a supercilious glance over her shoulder as she left me.

It was the next day before I saw her.

"Well, 'Anti,'" was my greeting. "I suppose you have gathered a crushing array of facts and deductions that will utterly annihilate the arguments of those who espouse the cause of the mistaken, unwomanly, clamoring suffragette."

"Do you know," confessed my friend, slowly and rather uncertainly, "the fact is that I am not so sure that I want to be on that side after all. I have been looking into the question—I never did so before—and between ourselves"—here she suddenly took a firm stand—"I think it is preposterous that women have not had votes