

XXVIII.

SUFFRAGE.

MARY laid a bundle of papers and magazines on the table before seating herself.

"I am on a debate," announced she, importantly, evidently too filled with her own affairs to give time to the usual greetings.

"Oh, are you?" said I, in some surprise—not in my mind readily associating her with such doings.

"Yes. Our Young People's Association is having a debate at its meeting next week and Mrs. Gresham, who is getting up the programme, insists on my taking part. They say I never do anything. It's on Woman's Suffrage, and I think perhaps it will be rather fun—if I can think of anything to say. I'd sooner listen."

"And what do you know on the subject of Woman's Suffrage?" inquired I.

"Nothing whatever," said she, comfortably, "and so I have come to you to tell me all about it."

I recognized the implied compliment, yet felt that Mary was just a bit too casual.

"Now, who's getting up this subject, may I ask? You or I?"

"I am," returned she, unabashed. "But you