their country cost the fair-haired barbarians their lives. The hand-to-hand fight of our own political enthusiasts was less disastrous. In the battle with their assailants, the fight for the possession of the platform, note-books were trampled under foot. The press table was completely overturned, and the brass railings in front of the platform were torn down.

front of the platform were torn down. Mr. Burrows, one of the speakers, who reminded his audience that the cardinal principle women should strive for was equality with men in the matter of franchise, had at a previous meeting been seized by the throat and thrown down.

The meeting terminated with three cheers for the social revolution.

We are getting on. Doubtless the principal Hospitals will soon send their ambulance carriages and surgeons to the doors of these political battlefields, as a matter of course.

Without being monotonous, history, like a careful pedagogue, insists on repetition. Perhaps, we have just now got round again to the time when the Amazon war, on view on the frieze of the mausoleum room of the British Museum, is to be rehearsed.

Women are very eloquent on what is due to them at present. "Rights! Franchise! Equality!" is the burden of a good many speeches. "When I contemplate the vicious brutality of tyrant man," remarked a lady recently to a deeply-interested audience, "I am not only glad to be formed in a different mould; I regret that I do not belong to a different genus of created beings!"

After all, one must have something to talk about, and if "brutal man" is the topic of the day, why not discuss him? Reaction will surely set in. It always does. In twenty or thirty years we shall probably be devoted to worsted work and cooing gently. If we progress as we are doing now, the pinnacle will soon be reached.

"Something to talk about" is a great boon, especially if that "something" is interesting.

Those who have few original ideas often hunt for topics with a disregard of personal fatigue that is almost pathetic. Who has not seen those Continental pilgrims, weary with tramping through miles of picture galleries and acres of ecclesiastical masonry? They are bored; they miss their English beef, but they must see the things other people have seen, because they will be able to join in the conversation about them. Of the many tourists who fatigue themselves, unstring their nerves, and upset their systems touring on the Continent, two-thirds would rather be at home the greater part of the time.





