

Health Hints :-: Fashions :-: Woman's Work :-: Household Topics

Equal Suffrage Would Bring Women Jurors

By DOROTHY DIX.

In an address which he made a few nights ago to the Grand Jurors' association, Judge Mulqueen said that his reason for voting for woman suffrage was that the women might relieve the men on grand jury cases. This, Judge Mulqueen declared, would correct many evils.

A Daniel! A second Daniel, come to judgment!

Judge Mulqueen is right. One of the blessings that woman suffrage would bestow on the country would be to render a large body of citizens eligible for jury service who would not only have the ability but the leisure in which to properly perform that civic duty.

When the average man is drawn for the jury, it calls for such a sacrifice that he is serving if he can possibly do so. If he is a clerk, his employer lets him off with mutterings and grumblings and he has always the fear of someone supplanting him in his situation while he is gone.

If he is a business or professional man, his absence from the store or office for a week or more may cost him thousands of dollars, and no matter how he tries to follow the intricacies of a case, in the back of his mind is always an anxious worry over the probable mistakes that his employer are making while he is gone.

It is not because men are lacking in civic conscience that they are loath to serve on juries, but simply because in the fierce competition of the struggle for existence they can't afford it. The average woman is not so hard pressed. She has plenty of the time that is not money, and she would be glad to do her bit for her country by relieving men from having to serve on juries.

In every community there are numbers of well off, middle-aged women, locally renowned for their hard horse sense and their kind hearts; women who are wise in the knowledge of the human heart and ripe in experience, women to whom everyone who knows them goes for counsel and advice.

These women have raised their own families and their hands are idle. They would make ideal jurors who would bring an unhurried, unworried attention to the consideration of a case submitted to them that is impossible to men worried and troubled about their own affairs.

It has always been a cynical little jest that the right of trial by jury, which guarantees to the offender against the law "the right to be tried by a jury of his peers," did not permit women on juries.

Men universally assert that they have never been able to learn even the a, b, c of feminine psychology, and that woman-kind is a riddle beyond their guessing. Realizing this, men juries generally just throw up their hands and give the problem up when they are called upon to deal with a woman criminal, and let her go scot free. This gives us those travesties of justice that disgrace our courts, where, after the prosecutor has spent weeks of time and thousands of dollars in proving a woman guilty of some crime, the jury brings in a verdict of "not guilty" in the face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary.

A woman jury would correct this evil. A woman jury would have no traditions of gallantry to uphold nor would it be affected by the beauty of the defendant or consider that the possession of blue eyes and golden hair and a willowy figure gave a lady a right to put poison in her husband's coffee because she had fallen in love with another man.

And a woman jury would possess the infallible recipe for testing a woman's tears and telling when they were genuine tears of grief or repentance and when crocodile tears.

Nor would women juries be unduly harsh to their sex. They would simply understand just what motives lay behind every act that a woman committed. They would simply judge her intelligently, as men judge another man.

That women should be on the juries that try cases involving little children and erring girls is self-evident. Motherhood gives an intuition that is a sort of second sight in those matters, and that would enable a jury of women to dispense justice with the wisdom of a Solomon.

Of course the woman jury is coming. It will be one of the modern improvements of the near future, and then we shall wonder, as they do out west, where women vote and where they have the woman jury, why we were silly enough to do without it so long.

An Individual Bedroom

A most unusual note in a bedroom described in The Craftsman was a day-bed used instead of the ordinary bed. This took up less space and fitted in better with the dainty plan of the room. The walls, rug and body of the linen cupboards were a warm French gray, and with the furniture of gunwood, made along simple, delicate and graceful lines, gave the room an atmosphere of rare refinement. The color introduced was an intense Killarney pink which appeared in the flowers on the hand-stocked linen curtains, bedspread and pillows and in the practical sunproof lining that showed in a three-inch edge along the side and bottom of the curtains.

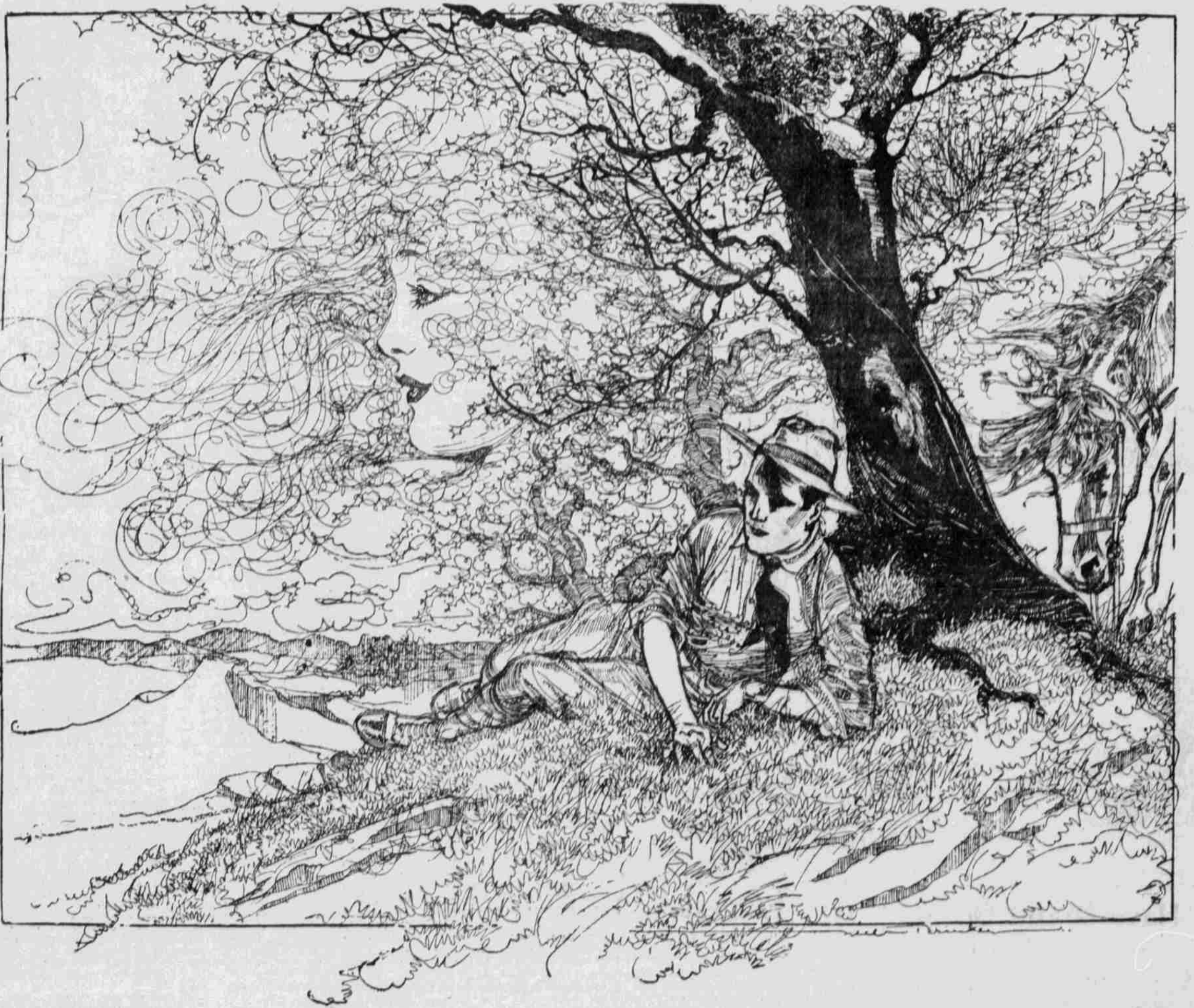
The cover of the bed was of this same rose-sandwich bordered with a stripe of black latine and came out from the room. The design of this striking linen in alternating stripes of black latine with pink roses climbing through rose baskets of Killarney roses. The stripes lent themselves in good effect to the chair covering as well as in the roll and square pillows, trim little plants around the edge and arms of the chairs added to their quality charm.

Before the gunwood dressing table a low bench instead of the conventional chair was placed. A toilet set of doll size to carry out the color scheme, Killarney pink roses, cushions, dressed with dark set, candles and neutral color tie light shades, and in pots of blossoming flowers gave a refined and unobtrusive French aspect to the room. The gunwood furniture, being of a faint rose-gray, made a fine contrast to the French gray of the walls. The new green shaded lampshades, one complementing the other in novel charming fashion. The furniture, being a few inches deeper in tone and slightly weathered, was most appropriate to the simplicity of the room.

"Insight---With the Eyes of Love!"

By Nell Brinkley

Copyright, 1916, International News Service.



THE man in the valley, walking down the dusty road of everyday affairs, sees the cloud above the blue, faint hills. Just a cloud—blue-gray—rain perhaps! The blue hills—to him they lie, a great wall, far away, with gold at their hearts—"if he only had a bit of it!" The desert trees—twisted creatures, hardy and low, not wasting the precious life-sap that is so scant on a great body of branches, dark witches of the waste—to him they stand a bit of shade to climb to when the heat grows white!

But the lover! Scratched with the magic arrow—his eyes grow

faery powers—they see! What is not there for other folks. Faith—"with the eyes of love!"

The cloud that floats—blue and gray—has the face of her molded in it, just as clear and plain, against the blue-hell sky! And the flying shreds of it are her curling hair. Before the eyes of him the face of her changes and smiles! The blue hills—so faint and far and fair—the line of them lying against the horizon, is the little figure of her, slumbering there where the sky meets the hills.

The profile—the falling hair—the throat—the tender curves!

The dwarf tree with the desert and singing thin through the leaves—it rears against the sky—and there! In the heart of it, like a pearl in a roughened hand she blooms—herself its core, bursting the bark; her hair spraying up into the leaves and mingling golden there; her white arms springing up with the spreading boughs!

Wherever he looks "with the eyes of love," the man on the hill-top, who is always the man in love, sees her face in the sky—while the man in the valley, plodding along on the dusty road, sees only a great, gray cloud.

—NELL BRINKLEY.

Past Treasures and Those of Today

By FORTUNE FREE.

I only wish I had lived a hundred years ago, remarked a gloomy friend to me the other day when I asked him how things were going with him. He is one of those persons who are firmly convinced that times were remarkably happy then. Times, he is also convinced, were never worse than they are today. A hundred years hence, perhaps, they will be all right again.

"The present is always the worst time that ever was with most people," remarked Mark Twain. "I once knew a man who had been married five times and never bettered himself. Number four had fewer faults than number five and number three than number four. The wives gradually became more and more angelic the more they retreated into the mists of antiquity. Number one—dead and buried years ago—was a faithful creature. Number five at one time got so worried about her that she set to work to make inquiries about this peerless creature. She found an old lady who had known her well."

The old lady informed her that number one was certainly a "sweet thing," and she really could never understand why her husband, while she was alive, complained that he had been happier as a bachelor. His eyes looked back, however, to that "old time" when he had been free and unburdened by the responsibility matrimony brought upon him.

"But, for bless you, marm," she said to her visitor, "he's just one of those who prize what's gone, and don't count anything of the present. When you're dead and buried he'll think a lot of you and throw you at the head of number six."

Whether that thought brought consolation in number five I don't know. Wonderful how we look at the value of what we once had but did not prize while we had it! George Lewis, the celebrated lawyer, knew a gentleman who developed a perfect mania with regard to a ring he had lost. It was of no particular value and had been given him by a relation for whom he had no particular affection.

"Ugh! Can't imagine how they made such hideous ornaments. Ornamented it so much with about with a ring in my nose."

He found it quite desirable to be happy in his work and writing desk. There is some more later, in turning out the

drawer, he missed the ring. What had become of it? He had, he informed Mr. George, just made up his mind that the stones in it were really beautiful, and that he would wear it in the future. He rummaged furiously in the drawer. Then he went from drawer to drawer, and every rummage increased his wrath with the thief who must have taken the ring and increased his opinion of its value and beauty. It was not to be found. So there must be a thief in the house! He was determined to get to the bottom of the affair, and he spent days and dollars in doing so. Every day he missed having that ring on his finger he felt robbed of delight. Six months later Mr. George met him. He glanced at his finger. The ring was not there. "I'm sorry you never found that ring," he remarked.

"Who said I never found it?" the other snapped testily. "Of course, I found it. The beautiful thing had only fallen into a chink, that's all. Great Scott! What hideous things they did turn out in rings in those days!"

As long as he had got it, it was nothing. When he had lost it, it was everything. I once knew a young man who was one of the most miserable persons in the world for many weary months because he did not appreciate the value of a young woman with whom he was not quite sure whether he was in love or not. But he could propose to her any day, and so he always put it off till the next occasion. When the next occasion came something made him postpone it till tomorrow. He was a pretty constant visitor, and he came to the conclusion that that young woman was something like a ripe cherry—he had only to open his mouth and she would drop into it. She dropped some enough one day, but it was into another mouth. She accepted a hateful rival. It made him quite seriously miserable, and when his friends, to comfort him, assured him that if he had proposed it was most probable she would have rejected him, he took it to his part.

Household Hints

To freshen black kid gloves when the outer surface has rubbed off. Mix a few drops of sweet oil with the same quantity of black ink and apply to the rubbed spots.

If candles are kept for some six weeks or two months before use, they will give a better light and burn more slowly than if used when quite new.

To remove paint, wash the paint with hot water and washing soda, then rub with all-day with a flat piece of bamboo sponges, using plenty of water. After drying a fine finish can be given by means of sandpaper.

How the Homely Girl May Win Out

By GRACE DARLING.

The moving picture star, whose talent and beauty have won her a nationwide following.

I have a letter from a young woman in which she complains that she is an ugly duckling, and says that a girl had better be dead than homely.

Cheer up, little sister. Undoubtedly beauty is a great and most desirable gift for a woman to possess, but it is not everything. There are other charms besides good looks.

In the first place, I would call your desponding attention to the fact that all is not beauty that passes for beauty, and that many women who have the reputation of being good-looking are really very plain when you come to scrutinize them carefully.

When we say of some one, "What a pretty girl she is," we merely mean that she has conveyed to us a pleasing impression, and nine times out of ten it is more a matter of lovely and harmonious clothes and good grooming than anything else.

When we come to analyze the girl's features we perceive that they conform to no classic standard. Neither would her coloring take a prize in a beauty show, but she knows how to do her hair, and select becoming shades, and wear down and hats that emphasize her good points, and so she passes as a beauty.

A Venus can afford to go down and frown if she wants to, but the homely girl must make a full of clothes. She does not take any liberties with her personal appearance, and if she will bear this in mind, and always be well-dressed, she can show her fingers at the same nature made her friends with their good looking backsides but frank in her clothes may not make the mark, but they certainly make the woman.

Then, the homely girl must make a greater effort than the pretty girl to be interesting if she wants to be admired. She must study and read, and be able to talk entertainingly on every subject that comes up, for while men may be willing to endure stupidity in a beautiful girl, and bewilderment in a homely one, they will not endure a homely girl who is not interesting. She must be a good listener, and be able to follow the conversation of others, and be able to contribute to it when the opportunity arises.

We have to pay our way in society, you know, and we can't do it if we don't have something to say. Therefore the homely girl should make it a point to acquire as many accomplishments as possible. She should specialize on dancing

and bridge whist, and golf and tennis, and music.

The girl who can play the latest rag-time or sing the newest songs, or who dances like a fairy, or a desirable partner in any game, never looks for invitations, or for the attention of men.

She can make the merely pretty girl who trumps her partner's ace, and dances all over his feet look like one of those who were merely "like present."

Finally, the homely girl must study the gentle art of making herself agreeable. A beauty is nearly always selfish and vain. She expects to have the best of everything tendered to her on a silver platter, and that everybody will know to her and spend their time flattering her.

This is where the homely girl has her golden opportunity. Not having to think about herself, she has leisure to think about other people. Not expecting to be admired or flattered, she can devote herself to admiring and flattering other people, and those who make a bit with us are not those whom we are called

upon to admire, but the discriminating individuals who admire us.

This holds particularly true of men, and that is why they rave over beauty, but pick out for wives plain-faced women who are willing to burn incense before a husband instead of expecting to be worshipped as goddesses themselves.

And there's this further consolation, little sister—there is no other woman in the world so irascible as the ugly woman who is fascinating. The beauty's charm is bound to fade with the years, but the homely woman's fascination lasts as long as she does.

DIAMONDS WATCHES ON CREDIT

Get a Diamond For Easter Sunday. A small coin, week by week, makes for the owner of a splendid diamond or other article of high grade jewelry.

YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD WITH US. \$40. \$60. \$80. \$100. \$120. \$140. \$160. \$180. \$200. \$220. \$240. \$260. \$280. \$300. \$320. \$340. \$360. \$380. \$400. \$420. \$440. \$460. \$480. \$500. \$520. \$540. \$560. \$580. \$600. \$620. \$640. \$660. \$680. \$700. \$720. \$740. \$760. \$780. \$800. \$820. \$840. \$860. \$880. \$900. \$920. \$940. \$960. \$980. \$1000.

LOFTIS THE NATIONAL CREDIT JEWELLERS. 409 E. 16th St., Omaha (Near Murray Street).

The Right Food

FAUST SPAGHETTI

MAULE BROS. ST. LOUIS

For Everybody

Whether you're being served at a stylish hotel or whether you're serving at home, there can be no more appetizing, no more healthful dish than

FAUST SPAGHETTI

It is the always welcome dish on any table, because it is good and because it is nourishing. Wise housewives serve it in varied forms, all tasty and tempting.

Faust Spaghetti has taken the place of meat in many homes. It is far more nourishing and far cheaper. Everyone everywhere likes it. It is simply a food that is always in place on any table and at any time.

Your grocer sells Faust Spaghetti, 10c the large package

MAULI BROS., St. Louis, U. S. A.