

WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP HEAP

Women Jurors.

SOMETIMES the most anti inclined are brought to a rude standstill and obliged to wonder if, after all, the women who are struggling for the vote have not a great world of justice on their side. A play recently produced in this country, written by two Englishmen, shows the brutality of the English courts in conducting a divorce suit. The husband's counsel uses the most insulting insinuations against the fragile little wife. The court jeer and laugh, there is not one iota of a chance for the woman, who, all the while, is innocent. The jury are easily swayed, and bring in a verdict of guilty.

The conditions existing in England to-day were studied carefully by the playwrights. They knew whereof they spoke. Does it not seem that Justice is perverted somewhere, that there is one cog in the great wheel which refuses to work harmoniously? If mere suspicions along with plenty of money, can influence a jury to convict an innocent girl, surely it is time for some change in the state of affairs. The women who are struggling for the vote, realize the situation of affairs, and that is why so many of the best of England's daughters are striving to better the public administration of justice. As long as men remain in the courts of justice, it can readily be seen that a woman will be the weaker vessel. One man naturally sympathizes with another. They understand each other's shortcomings, you know. They are all good fellows, and smoke good cigars, and are ready to help each other with plenty of bank notes, if necessary to forwarding their own ends.

Let the women keep up the fight, militant or non, so long as they thrust their cause to the fore, and forget petty personal prejudices, and good luck to them!

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On Agreeableness.

ONE wondering young girl wrote to a magazine recently, asking how she could be agreeable. It showed weakness of mind, perhaps, to agree with everything others said, and yet, if one did not agree, one was branded immediately as a monument of contradiction, altogether undesirable.

Poor, dear child! She has not learned the art of being tactful. But how learn it unless one is thrown with all classes and kinds of people? Tactfulness is always to be commended, but sometimes, it strays beyond its own limits and becomes mere gush and flattery, and of all things, the Fates shield us from that! To be agreeable, one must not necessarily agree stupidly with what another says, neither must one disagree so stoutly as to be considered crude and boorish. There is a happy intermingling of the two, which, when attained, makes the converser the most desirable of companions. Repartee is a very helpful adjunct to conversation, and it is never crude when rightly understood. Learn to sit apart from a group, little girl, and listen to those around you. And listening, learn. Surely there cannot be a more beneficial teacher than observation. Those whose company is most desired, are the ones who can listen to others, rather than exploiting their own views. Then, when asked for their opinions, they can express them mildly, whether agreeable with the other person's or not, and ten to one, the other one will turn right around and agree with the newly expressed one.

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Women's Wages.

NOT long ago I had occasion to visit the employment office of one of the largest establishments in Canada. There were lined up there, girls of all ages, of all classes, women old and tottering, who should have been in a comfortable home. All were applying for a position in the great employment shop. I chanced

to see some of the wage cards, too, and some of the increase slips. One nice-looking girl triumphantly carried off an increase card, the figures on which were \$4.50 per week. Several others had cards bearing figures like \$4, \$5, and some as high as \$6 or \$7. The case of one old woman was particularly pitiful. She was seeking employment in the kitchen. There was a restaurant in connection with the place. "Everything filled up," was the mechanical reply of the girl at the desk. The poor old woman walked tearfully down the stairs. Another one wanted employment in the same place, this time a pretty young girl. She received the same answer, but did not leave the office. Instead, she called the manager, and reported to him. He reached for the telephone, and spoke to the manager of the kitchen, thus—oh, no, I wasn't supposed to hear, but I did. "I say, old fellow, haven't you any vacancy there? Well, make one for this little girl, here, and I'll make it all right with you." The little girl found a position.

'Tis of international discussion, this question of women's wages. No wonder the relief societies are hard at work, no wonder Mrs. Pankhurst is conducting another campaign in the States, for the good of girls. There is something back of all the great establishments to-day which makes it impossible for a girl to live comfortably and at the same time decently. And Canada is no exception to this state of affairs.

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Observations.

THERE is a great Optimism at work in the world, who allows his enemy Pessimism to creep in, only often enough to make his own power the stronger.

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On the gloomiest of autumn days, one can see the tiny tints of blue away beyond the gray of the clouds.

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Every road on the map of Life leads eventually to the goal of Things Worth While.

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When your house of Thought becomes gloomy, open up the windows and let in the music of a thousand fairies of Happiness.

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The word impossible has been blotted out of the vocabulary of Faith.

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Even the little sparrows can find enough brightness on a rainy horizon to bring forth a song and chirp of joy in living.

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A bit of pleasure always seems more enjoyable after an afternoon of Disappointment.

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The greatest minds are those which are never seared by the ravages of bitterness and despair.

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While the crow sits cawing loudly from the treetop, the little humming bird flits from flower to flower, sipping honey.

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Amidst the brazen blast of Speech, one can often hear the golden tinkle of Silence.

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Those who consider Life nothing but a great mechanism should remember that the smoothest running machine must be altogether without friction in its parts.

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All roads are royal which lead to Honesty of Purpose.

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There is often a great depth to the current which carries a film of froth on its surface.

M. B.



Each year finds Canadian Women taking more interest in outdoor exercise. Miss Davies, Toronto, on her favourite Mount.