

declared they "didn't know anything about the case." It was a typical confession of unpreparedness. In Kansas a defeated attorney has attacked a verdict rendered by women, on the ground that their names were not on the jury lists. And the fact that they ought to have been there seems never to have occurred to the lawyer who long ago read that no one should be permitted to take advantage of his own wrong.

But the most encouraging note is that from Oregon. A woman accused of following what has been called "the oldest profession," was arrested and arraigned in court. Her lawyer demanded a jury. He said he wanted a full jury of six men.

"What's the matter with six women?" demanded a brother attorney who stood at hand. The question was proposed more in banter than earnest, for Oregon had just declared by affirmative vote in favor of woman suffrage in Oregon. And the defendant's lawyer promptly accepted the challenge.

Then the officers went scurrying through the blue book and the city directory and the lists of names remembered, hunting for eligible women. The Oregonian prints the replies of the women to the inquiries of the officer summoning them. He did not make it obligatory on them to accept jury service; but he did make it clear that the privilege was theirs if they cared to accept it.

In every case but one the invitation was received with a conscious acceptance of the obligation involved in citizenship. One woman hung up the phone with the exclamation that she "didn't care to have anything to do with anything of that kind." Either she shirked that much of her duties as a citizen of the state, or she was simply one of the thoughtless and shallow souls who avoid all unpleasantness by the simple device of doing nothing worth while.

In every case excepting that women met the invitation in all seriousness, when they were assured that the proposition was serious. Even the woman who had for years opposed woman suffrage accepted the result of the election, and the obligations the result of that election imposed. She willingly gave her assent. In some cases the women so informally summoned asked about the nature of the case, and when they found that a sister woman, however erring, was the defendant, they seemed additionally intent on the work their new relation had provided them.

Not one was flippant—with the exception noted. Not one was unready. They didn't invite the ordeal any more than do men. Some of them pleaded the stronger obligation of duty to their children, and some expressed a desire to talk with their husbands about the matter before making their promises sure. But the point is: They were ready for citizenship when citizenship was ready for them.

It is a credit to women everywhere—that illustrative incident in Portland.

THE WILLOW-WREN.

By J. S. PHILLIMORE.

'Twas in the well-beloved shire, beneath an oak,
Beside a brown-eyed, shyly-glancing brook, I lay
One afternoon, a-dreaming, when methought a fay
(Dryad or Naiad—who can tell these fairy folk?)
Stole forth and dipt an urn and poured.
A long slant stroke
Of light on her and on her lucent toy did play.
Nine times she stooped and dipt, and lifting, loosed away
The little cascatelle of crystal, ere I woke—

And saw no nymph nor urn; only amongst the boughs
That little grey-brown bird they call the willow-wren.
Emptying his whole heart's peace in one quintessenced phrase,
Which, oft ingeminating, he as oft allows
The expectant ear to gather appetite again:
So pure and fine he forms each lyric flower of praise.

IRRIGATION BY ELECTRICITY.

MAYBE the promoter of the consolidation of the mountain companies providing electric power, was talking in hyperbole; and may be he was a prophet too wise to demand an instant consideration of the revolution he suggested. But when he said that a result of the consolidation would be to provide power so cheap that land owners could pump water for irrigation purposes, he put into words one of the biggest things that have been uttered in a thousand years.

And if that seem an unduly strong statement, please to consider the case.

Whether in words or in works the Lord did say: "Multiply and replenish the earth." The earth cannot be replenished by humanity alone. People demand food. The earth was so made as to provide food. The fertile valleys and the grassy plains bring forth material for the sustenance of life, and do it readily. The processes of securing it seem instinctive in the human mind.

But these arid plains have been regarded as difficult. And yet there is water enough in the rivers and the lakes even of Utah for the irrigation

of all the lands of Utah. The only problem is to bring the water to the desert.

Yet there is the Colorado, flinging a billion gallons a day down a mighty canyon, foaming and splashing and tumbling a mile below rim-rock, and there are millions of acres of arid land to the left and to the right of its course. With cheap enough power the water of the Colorado river could be lifted to the level of the land, and distributed over the acres that have been idle all these centuries, and the region now inhospitable can be made rich as Holland.

The Lord didn't make a square mile of desert in Utah that cannot have enough of the blessed baptism of water to guarantee fertility. That union of the moisture with the latent elements in the waiting soil is the one miracle ready for working by the hand of man. And when that miracle is wrought, the desert will have vanished.

The lakes and the streams, we have been believing, are too far from the land. Yet this man who has assembled the units of potency all through the mountains declares the new agency will make power so cheap that the pumping can be done.

And it is by no means from the lakes and the rivers of the state that the water may be pumped. If anything has been made clear by the state's investigations in these recent years it is that water in abundant quantities may be found below the surface of the desert, and that without exception as to location. There probably is, within reach of driven wells, subterranean streams that are capable of producing sufficient moisture to fertilize the surrounding areas.

The sources of power are everywhere. Each mountain stream offers itself for harnessing, and proffers help. There is water on the land, and under the land, in quantities ample for the redemption of the now idle acres—every one of them. And the possibility of securing power for the bringing of water and land together is one of the most hopeful facts that the century has recorded.

"PROUD OF OUR TRADE."

ONE of the street car signs tells of the men who are "German Shoemakers, and Proud of their Trade."

There is significance and inspiration in the cold business invitation. For the men who work at a trade, who have mastered that trade, and who are proud of it, no matter what may be their mother land, need have no fear of fate. They are safe. They can and they will win.

The man who is proud of his work is worth more to his employer and to himself and to humanity than the man who hates his work. He does it better, and the man who does the best work gets the best pay, and the best chance at promotion, and is the one who is not laid off in a time of slack business. Employers cannot get along without the help of the men who are proud of their work.

Furthermore, men who are proud of their work, when they decide to go into business for themselves, have a vastly better chance for success than do those who regard their work as drudgery, and follow it with one eye on the clock and the other on payday.

Big or little, do your work so well that you will be proud of it.

"BE NOT DECEIVED"

SOMEWHERE in the Bible you are warned not to be deceived. So that if you run across the poem that some silly person wrote, lauding the glories of the fast life he pretends to have lived, you may clip out the verses and burn them. That is all they are good for.

And along that same line is the following paragraph from one of people who are paid to make the newspaper columns scintillate:

There are a lot of Prosperous Fortly Old Boys lolling about in clubs Today who wouldn't in the Least Mind being Broke down to the last Button if they could live it All Over Again!

Not much. The people who drink cold carbonic acid are the people who lolled about in clubs till they are "broke" down to the last button, and who wouldn't live it all over again under any possible consideration.