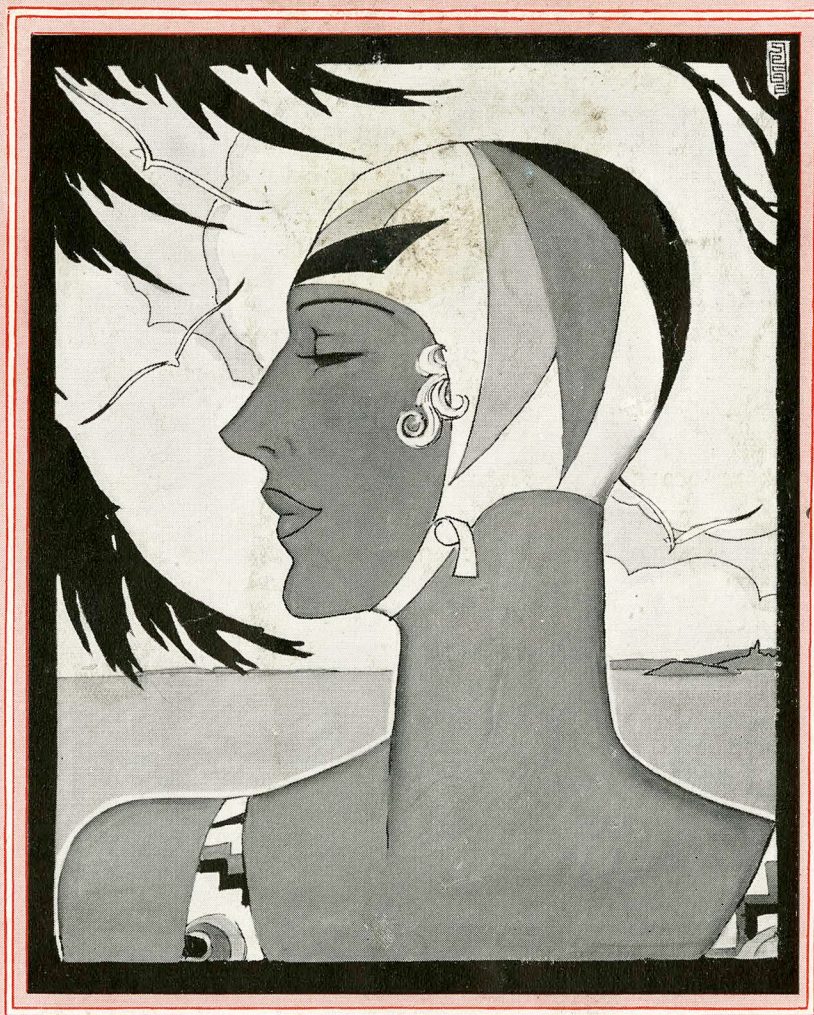


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BUSINESS WOMAN



Vol. 4 No. 8

AUGUST, 1929
Toronto

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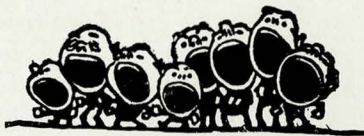
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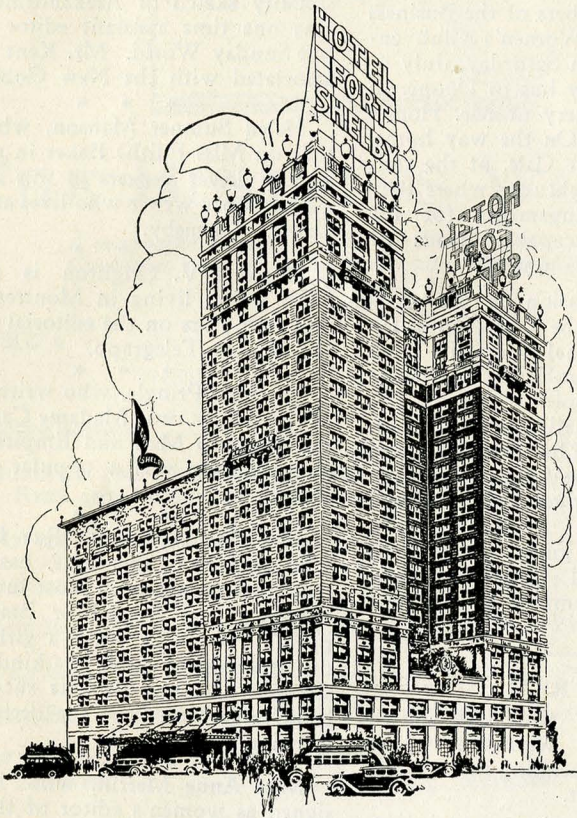
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BUSINESS and PROFESSIONAL WOMEN HERE and THERE.

HAMILTON.

Thirty-six members of the Business and Professional Women's Club enjoyed an outing on Saturday, July 6, when they went by bus to Doone, to view the art gallery of Mr. Homer Watson, R.C.A. On the way home, they stopped off at Galt, at the residence of Mrs. Rosebrugh, where they had lunch. Arrangements for the trip were in the capable hands of Misses Urry and Hammond.

A pleasant occasion in the summer activities of the Canadian Business and Professional Women's Club was the friendly golf match held at Chedoke Civic Golf Course. The gallery, though small, was a very enthusiastic one. The winners were Misses Whittaker and Harrison, while the consolation prizes fell to Misses Blake and Phelan. At the tea hour, the golfers were joined at the Club House by several other members. About twenty members in all were present.

MONTREAL.

Miss Heneker, the well-known authority on old Montreal and its history, has been spending some weeks on the Maine coast.

Dr. M. E. S. Abbott, of Montreal, was elected a vice-president of the Federation of Medical Women of Canada at the annual meeting of that body held recently in Montreal.

Dr. Helen R. Y. Reid, President of the Child Welfare Association; Miss Marjorie Bradford, Secretary of the Montreal Council of Social Agencies; Miss Jane Wisdom, Executive Secretary of the Women's Directory; Mrs. Mildred Kensit, of the Children's Bureau; Miss Dorothy King, of the Family Welfare, and Miss May Reid, of the McGill School for Social Service Workers, were among Montrealers who attended a recent three-day conference on social service held in Ottawa. They report an interesting and instructive conference with people in the various phases of social work from all over the Dominion.

Miss Margaret Hinchliffe, formerly on the editorial staff of the Montreal Star, is now with the T. Eaton Company of Montreal, in charge of their Book of the Month club, and also doing general publicity work in connection with the book department.

Mrs. H. A. Somerville, of the staff of the Consulate General for Poland, was among the members of the Montreal branch of the Women's Press Club who went down to the Maritime Provinces for the triennial meeting of that organization.

INSIDE INFORMATION.

Arthur Kent, who writes the personality sketch of Alexandrine Gibb, was one time assistant editor of the old Sunday World. Mr. Kent is now associated with the New Goblin.

* * *

Helen Sumner Manson, whose article on Miss Edith Baker in the role of taxi-driver appears in this issue, is a short-story writer who lives at "Lake Lawn," Grimsby.

* * *

Dorothy V. Crighton is a freelance writer living in Montreal. She was two years on the editorial staff of the Quebec Telegraph.

* * *

Gertrude Pringle, who writes about Mildred Low, was Madame Canada of the Toronto Mail and Empire. Her question box was a popular department.

* * *

Mrs. Joshua Smith (Ray Lewis), who appears in this issue, has an article next month on a most intriguing subject: "Sex Appeal or Brain Appeal?" She says when a girl strikes out looking for a job, the kind of job she gets and her ultimate success depend largely on how she decides this question.

* * *

Miss Anne Merrill, who has resigned as women's editor of the Mail and Empire in order to devote more time to the Business Woman, has written about the possibility of femininity in a new field—that of plumbing. She asks "How Would You Like to Be a Plumberette?" and has interviewed the secretary of the Labor Temple and the secretary of the Plumbers' Union on the outlook. Of course, there would be great opposition from men if a woman were to attempt to "plumb," Miss Merrill has been told. But the article should be interesting.

* * *

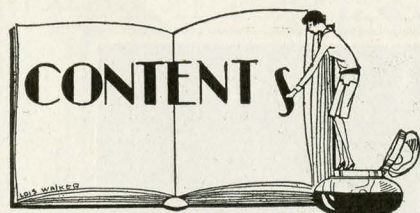
The usual departments will not be usual. They promise to be brighter than ever. W. A. McKague, the financial advisor, is prophesying and giving excellent hints for autumn adoption, when it looks as though things were going to hum in the world of stocks. Watch for important pronouncements in his Chats.

* * *

Jessie Reid is a calorie and appetizing expert, and you will like her better than ever as the months go on. The same may be said of the Priestess of the Beauty Parlor, who has a regular Eve's column.

* * *

And now we invite suggestions and criticism. What departments would readers like to see added to this magazine and what further subjects dealt with? We want this to be the readers'—not the editor's—magazine.



THE BUSINESS WOMAN

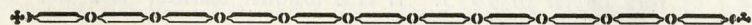
A magazine devoted to the various interests of the Canadian woman in business and the professions

VOLUME 4

NUMBER 8

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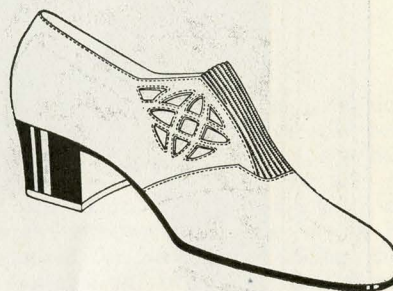
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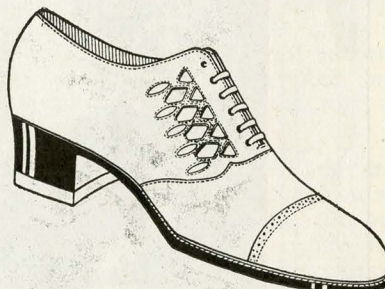
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Mrs. Joshua Smith

MRS. JOSHUA SMITH, of Toronto, well known in art circles as Ray Lewis, founded the *Canadian Moving Picture Digest* in 1915. It is a unique weekly, and she is both editor and proprietor.

Her Confederation number was notable, being the motion picture's tribute to the occasion and in which twenty-two American producers combined in congratulatory and goodwill messages to Canada.

Ray Lewis was born in Toronto, educated at Harbord Collegiate and the University of Toronto, spending six years at the Conservatory of Music studying vocal. She is interested in dramatic art and has put on several plays for charity. But her passion is poetry, more about which will be found in the Hobby Hall page. She is the wife of Joshua Smith, the portrait painter, who painted the accompanying picture.

She Has a Passion for Politics

Miss Mildred Low began her varied career in a rectory,
has gone through the various stages of teacher,
civil employee and writer, and now
turns to politics

By GERTRUDE PRINGLE.

AT an annual meeting of the Canadian Authors' Association, held in Toronto about six years ago, there was an Ottawa member whom I thought one of the most interesting persons present. She was little, slight of figure, with earnest blue eyes, round face, quick movements, mobile mouth suggesting the fluent speaker, and the air of one taking huge enjoyment in all the proceedings. Her costume of navy blue had an attractive note of individuality.

We were introduced, and I learned that this engaging little figure was Miss Mildred Low. Her voice I noted had a good carrying quality, with many inflexions.

Our meeting was held in the reference library, College Street, and when the session was over, Miss Low suggested we should go and have a chat and a cup of tea. We went, and enjoyed ourselves so much that we kept together during the remainder of the meetings, and our friendly relations have continued ever since.

In Miss Low's vivacious manner there is a hint of Gallic ancestry, and I was not surprised later to learn she had had a French grandmother. She had been intensely interested in finding in the attic of her Ottawa home a number of letters written by this maternal grandmother, which gave a vivid picture of the life of that day. Evidently the Frenchwoman's talent for word-pictures has come down the line.

Poetry is the chief medium through which Mildred Low expresses herself. During the war she wrote a number of patriotic poems, but the times being most unfavorable for the publication of a volume of poetry, with great enterprise she had her book printed in Edinburgh and undertook its distribution herself. About a couple of years ago she composed two long, stirring poems, one entitled Sir John A. Macdonald, and the other, Sir Wilfred Laurier. These appeared in Willison's Magazine.

Her career from a business standpoint has been varied, but has had its value doubtless in giving her contacts with many types and classes. Perhaps it is her versatility that makes her so prone to seek changes, or it may be due to a lively imagination that is ever luring her on to new ventures.

I believe she first started out as a teacher. Then she held a government post in the civil service. Later when so many soldiers were returning, in a nervous condition, from the war, and young women were being trained to teach them soothing handicrafts, Miss Low felt called upon to take up this work. So she enrolled as a student of Occupational Therapy and put her whole heart into the task of helping to bring shell-shocked veterans back to normal. That occupation ended when many hospitals emptied and the men were able to return to civilian life.

The period that followed saw Miss Low doing newspaper work on the Ottawa Free Press, now extinct. Later her services were requisitioned by one of the railways to do publicity articles. Her duties included traveling about and writing descriptions of the various places she visited. These articles afterwards appeared in a booklet or the railway's magazine.

It was at this time I first met Miss Low. Later I spent a week-end with her in Montreal. She then lived with a delightful old lady and her brother, a notable French scholar, and was like a daughter in the house. After dinner there was always their game of bridge, with a friend dropping in to make the fourth. I recall the pleasant atmosphere of that home with its rare old furniture and air of leisurely quiet.

Miss Low had always had the ambition to write a novel, for her head is brimming over with ideas and plots. So, deciding that the time had come, she retired to Chambly to spend a quiet winter with her dreams, her typewriter and wads of paper. Her

eye was on a competition which offered a small fortune for the best novel submitted. But alas, she had not allowed herself sufficient time in which to attack such a big piece of work, although none the less to be admired for her effort. Being disappointed in the award, she refused to be discouraged. Indeed she is one of the most dauntless individuals imaginable. When the reader of a publishing house pointed out to her some minor defects in her manuscript, which if remedied would make it suitable for publication, she admitted the soundness of the criticism and cheerfully set to work to improve her story.

But as all writers know, bread and butter must be had, and if the money stops coming in, the bread and butter stops too. At this juncture Miss Low was offered an interesting post, the editorship of a forthcoming publication, so the revision of her novel has been left to a time of greater leisure. And this brings the hasty sketch of Mildred Low up to date.

From her father, a clergyman of the Church of England—the late Canon W. H. Low of Almonte—she must have inherited her great flow of language. Her complete poise and self-possession, so unshakable that I believe she could address the League of Nations without a tremor, were gained in the rectory. From the time she was a tiny child she was always on the program of Sunday School entertainments, and in her rising years undertook a good share of the parish work. A couple of winters ago she gave a lecture in Ottawa on Pauline Johnson, a congenial subject.

She has also addressed audiences on political subjects. Indeed she has a passion for politics, and Parliament has been her goal for several years. She is openly announcing herself as a candidate for the next general election and considers her chances good in the battle. If successful she will sit on the opposite side to Miss Agnes Macphail, in the House of Commons.

The Girl Who Drove A Taxi

An Interview with Miss Edith Baker
of Grimsby, a Canadian Girl who
Drove a Taxi in a Large City

By HELEN SUMNER MANSON.

MANAGER of a comfortable and attractive Guest House at an interesting old Manor on the Queenston Highway and a taxi driver in a large city seem far removed. Miss Edith Baker of Grimsby can lay claim to both occupations successfully done.

We found Miss Baker one morning, not long ago, ready to bid us welcome to the old stone house, or, when we stated our errand, equally obliging about telling us some of her experiences when she drove a taxicab.

Sitting in the large, cool reception room, sweet with cut roses from the garden and lovely with larkspur, we asked the obvious question:

"What made you take up work that always seemed reserved for men?"

"I love driving and I wanted to get experience in city driving." With a smile Miss Baker added: "I certainly got it."

"You have to be an experienced driver before you are accepted?" we supposed, thinking of future rides in taxicabs.

"Yes, indeed. The tests were rigid. I passed mine and one day started out full of hope. I knew I had to get fares and not pile up mileage. We were guaranteed only a small daily wage. If we earned over a certain amount we got a percentage. We had to sell rides, solicit trade. Go after it and get it.

"At first it was hard, calling 'Taxi, Sir? Taxi! Take a Taxi!' but it soon became part of our work, and we learned it. Indeed it was the only thing that saved us from starvation! That and tips.

"We were supposed to take time off for meals, but they were a minor consideration. When we did eat it was often one slim sandwich."

"Will you tell us about your very first day, and your first fare?" we asked.

Miss Baker was looking through the window, over the green lawn, shaded by great locust trees, to the

highway some distance away, but she was remembering a very different scene.

"I was initiated just at Christmas time," she said. "Streets filled with eager, hurrying crowds. Such crowds, but not a fare for me. I cruised around for about two hours, not knowing one street from another, watching for the signal, a finger beckoning. It was discouraging, the speedometer kept going up as the gas went down.

"At last I saw a finger. Nothing would have stopped me from getting the owner. When I had him, my troubles began. He was in a hurry. Gave me an address and said: 'Make it snappy'. I had no idea where the street was, and the number meant nothing at all. It was a tense moment, but he never knew. My Street Guide saved the day—the little book, new then, but how worn later.

"That changed my luck. I remember an old lady. The streets were

slippery. We bumped into another car, or it bumped us. She was very agitated. Got out of the car. She was sure it never would have happened if a man had been driving. Well, it seemed to me we were surrounded by taxicabs driven by men. I wasn't going to let them get my old lady. Christmas Eve! A long run too. I won, and finally left her at her destination safe and sound. She gave me a nice tip, thankful not to be killed maybe.

"A taxicab driver has to answer the queerest questions. We were supposed to know about everything."

"Did you ever feel nervous going to some addresses for instance, or driving along some lonely road?" We were thinking of all sorts of possibilities.

"Nerve is something you must have, but not nerves. No, I was never afraid, but I often had to help my passengers out of the car and go through their pockets to get my fare!" We looked at Miss Baker sitting easily in a big chair, and decided she could do that nicely when the occasion arose.

"As for tips," she continued, "some people forget all about them. If we said, 'Sixty cents flat,' all the girls knew we had not got a cent. Sometimes the tips were disappointing—anything from a button to a street car ticket. Imagine! A car ticket when you were driving a taxicab. A fifty cent tip was a generous one.

"We liked the regular 'fares'. They knew our numbers and watched for their favorite driver. We kept our eyes open for them.

"The meanest sort of a passenger is the one who leaves the taxi at a shop or some other place with the request that it wait. After a long one, the driver—a novice usually—knows precious time has been lost, also the fare, which she has to make up. The passenger never returns. The way we overcame that was to ask for a deposit. It was never refused, or the full fare was paid and the taxi dismissed. I am sorry to say women
(Continued on page 16.)



MISS EDITH BAKER

—Portrait by Cunningham, Hamilton.

This article will tell you about the interesting experiences of Miss Alexandrine Gibb, Women's Sport Editor of the Toronto Star.



She Has Travelled 200,000 Miles in the Interest of Girls' Sports

By ARTHUR KENT.

ALEXANDRINE GIBB is the most vigorous woman I know.

Some people may not consider that a compliment, for until recently vigor wasn't deemed a womanly quality. Although Alex. is one of the most womanly women I know, it is the quality by which, more than any other, she has climbed to the top of a profession that didn't exist a decade ago. To-day she is admittedly Canada's leading writer in the field of women's athletics, a first-rate critic of men's sports, and an all-round "newspaperman", surpassing the average veteran male, both in ability and earning power.

She has travelled 200,000 miles in the interest of girls' sports, which owe their present sound status in Canada more to Miss Gibb's efforts than to those of any other individual. At present she is the Toronto Star's "No Man's Land of Sport" columnist and women's sport expert.

Miss Gibb is president of the Women's Amateur Athletic Federation of Canada—the national governing body—and at last year's Olympic

delegates to the world-wide *Federation Sportive Feminine Internationale* elected her to that international governing body. She is honorary president, or president, or past president of innumerable women's sport organizations—in fact she holds or has held virtually every Canadian athletic post open to a woman.

This extraordinary young lady was the first feminine delegate with voting power to the Amateur Athletic Union of Canada—the men's governing body—and in that capacity attended the famous Port Arthur meeting last year, at which the Olympic post-mortem was held.

In 1925, greatly to the surprise and disgust of several gentlemen who had asked for the trip, Miss Gibb was asked to manage Canada's first girls' team abroad. Her efficiency in taking them to Stamford Bridge, London, and back, was acknowledged in her appointment, last year, as manager of Canada's first women's Olympic team, which won the world's championship. Perhaps there is a certain whimsical quality in the fact

that this sport-feminist completely won the male sporting public a year and a half ago by writing about boxing bouts from a woman's point of view, analyzing the human values of this most manly of sports with terse iconoclastic yet friendly feminine phrases. It was a journalistic innovation that attracted the attention of newspapermen all over the continent.

Miss Gibb has made a habit of succeeding. All of these things she has accomplished within the past six years, and is still little more than thirty. After leaving Havergal she quickly became one of the best all-round stenographers in Toronto.

In 1923 when I, green and cubbish, had been put in charge of the old Sunday World girls' sporting section, I found Miss Gibb in one of the most important real estate offices in Toronto, where she was secretary to the president. I offered her part-time work supplying the girls' sporting section with material. It didn't matter whether she could write or not, but, of course, I didn't tell her

(Continued on page 16.)

What is Your Attitude Towards Business?



WHEN, as a child you turned up your nose at "lovely rice pudding for dinner again," you were told in no uncertain terms that there were dozens of hungry little boys and girls who would be honored and delighted to eat your portion. The idea left you cold.

Now, many years later, you are similarly unmoved when you are told that there are many people in your own country, and many more in European countries, who would jump at the job you consider dull and underpaid.

Canada is a country bristling with opportunities for the young woman starting in business. This very abundance carries with it dangers which are becoming more and more noticeable. No well-trained woman is actually fearful of not obtaining work. She tends, as a consequence, to flounder among the many openings and to arrive nowhere. At the present time, the business training schools and the universities are turning out good material in large quantities; the employers of Canada are looking for just such material. Here are the workers; there are the jobs. So far, so good. But the most difficult part of the whole business is to find the right people for the right jobs at the right price.

Every employer knows that selecting the personnel is one of the hardest tasks he has to face. That is his problem, and we will leave it to him. Every girl starting in business knows that choosing the right line is a puzzle which, owing to her lack of experience and specialized trade knowledge, it is almost impossible to solve for a time. But the girl of today very often jeopardises her chances of success by her attitude towards business.

These people fall chiefly under two heads: those who are looking for the impossible, and those who refuse to credit the possible. The former are more dangerous to the community than to themselves; the latter are more dangerous to themselves than to the community.

Let us examine the first class. They waste precious time and opportunity looking for a job which will measure

up to their impossible standards of good pay and interesting work. They may very likely make good business women in the end, but before that they will receive a good many hard knocks and exasperate their teachers and their employers. It is, of course, almost impossible for anyone to estimate accurately her own monetary worth and to say definitely that she is worth \$18 or \$20 or \$25 a week. That is too largely a question of economics. It is also difficult for a girl to know how much she can contribute to the productivity of an organization until she has had a year or two of experience; her only reliable gauge, therefore, is what is being paid to other people, and these particular women under discussion do not use it wisely. Too often they hear of the lucky or well-deserved advancement of another beginner, and without any logical process of reasoning, mount the high horse and refuse to consider any less remunerative work; or their parents foolishly lead them to believe that any offer of less than \$25 a week is little short of an insult. So they go blindly on, not making any special effort to qualify themselves by study for any particular work or to find the line for which they are best fitted, but believing that in time employers will realise the folly of their ways, and "come across".

The ambition to be paid well for good work is of course a very sensible one, but this end cannot be achieved by raising one's eyebrows and casting vaguely around for the work of one's dreams. It can be achieved in Canada to-day by choosing a line, sticking to it and qualifying for productive work. One must have something very definite to offer an employer before holding out for a high salary, and the number of women in Canada to-day earning more than \$2,500 a year is still comparatively small. The tragedy of it is that the

Are You Looking for the Impossible or do You Refuse to Credit the Possible?

By MARGARET THOMPSON.

Department of Secretarial Science, Western University,
London, Ontario.

opportunities to learn and the jobs are there—if only women would seize them.

Then there is the second class of disgruntled workers—the more unfortunate people who complain quietly and ineffectually that women with half their education and training are earning twice the money that they are, but what are they to do about it? How can they rise above routine? It is not possible in the organization in which they have been condemned to earn a living. Unappreciated, they sigh and resign themselves to their fate. Their effect on the community is not perhaps so noticeable as that of those who are more noisily dissatisfied, but any kind of discontent is bound to react upon the general efficiency of a concern.

Let these people analyze their position. Candidly, are they capable of doing more responsible work? How many mistakes do they make in the course of a day? Can they speed up their work? Could they learn more about it? Do they understand the job of the person above them? Can they improve their personal appearance?

Unhappily, many of the individuals of this type are most severely handicapped by their own natures, and their troubles from a personal point of view are not easy to cure. However, in the favourable conditions now prevailing in Canada, one inclines to the view that really good work is bound to come to the front, and anyone who can honestly say that she is worthy of a better position than that which she is holding should talk reasonably about it to the persons responsible. If they cannot give her any satisfaction, probably other employers will—provided that she knows what she is talking about.

Even those who will never be capable of taking the lead may still

(Continued on page 16)

Dora Lerchbaum, Translator and Author

By DOROTHY CRIGHTON.

After only eight years in Canada from Poland, this ambitious and adaptable young woman, who has shown the gift of appreciation of an opportunity, is translator and interpreter on the staff of the Consulate General for her native country, interpreting several languages. What is more important, Miss Lerchbaum is being a sympathetic interpreter of Canada to her people.

AS an inspiration, both to the native-born Canadian and the newcomer to Canada, it would be hard to equal the story of Miss Dora Lerchbaum, of Montreal, who eight years ago landed in this country from war-torn Poland, and is to-day not only a valued member of the staff of the Consulate General for Poland, where she acts as translator and interpreter in several languages, but is the author of over thirty short stories which have been published in the United States and in Canada.

Flaxen-haired, blue-eyed, filled with enthusiasm for Canada and things Canadian, Miss Lerchbaum tells of her efforts to adjust herself to life in the new country, and of her struggles to master the language in the shortest possible time.

She laughs about her mistakes, and the amusement they caused, yet it is easy to read between the lines and picture the eager young girl going gaily on, learning from these same mistakes and by sheer determination and will power, making steady progress toward her goal. She joined a class at the Young Women's Christian Association, whose other members, all of them foreign, spoke a little English, and later by means of night schools, and so on, she was able to take more advanced courses and attend McGill University, where she specialized in French and other languages.

It was due to the hearty encouragement and help of one of her professors at McGill that Miss Lerchbaum first decided to try her hand at short-story writing, and her success has more than justified his faith in her ability. So far, all her tales have dealt with true incidents in the lives of her fellow countryfolk, lately arrived in this country, and with whom she has so much sympathy.

Her interests are varied, ranging from a keen delight in such sports as swimming, dancing and skiing to an equally keen appreciation and love of music and good books.

Asked if she was contemplating returning to Poland eventually, her reply was:

"Not now. When I first came to Montreal I did intend going home

within the next few years, but Canada is home now, and if ever I do return to Poland, it will be only for a visit."

"Canada has been very good to me, and I love it. You who have always lived in this country cannot appreciate, as keenly as someone like myself, just how wonderful its freedom and privileges are. It takes someone who has lived during the war years in central Europe to really realize just what a land of opportunity Canada is for those who are willing to work."

Born at Lemberg, in that section of Poland which formerly belonged to Austria, most of Miss Lerchbaum's education was obtained in that city and in Vienna, and it was in these cities that she learned a number of the languages and dialects she is familiar with, and finds of such inestimable

value in her work at the Polish Consulate.

Very early after the outbreak of war, she tried to do war work with the Polish Legion of the Red Cross, but as she was several years under age she was not accepted at this time. She did, however, do considerable work then and later both in Lemberg and elsewhere, but of her experiences during these long and bitter years she will say very little. Judging from the expression in her eyes when the subject is mentioned, the memory of sights seen then is still too vivid to permit of their being discussed.

She would much rather talk about the successes of other people than of her own achievements, and waxes warm when the conversation turns to anything connected with the easing of the pathway of those newcomers who are finding the problems of life in a strange country difficult and dreary. She knows from experience just where many of their difficulties lie, and she delights in making the rough places smooth and enabling others to find in Canada the land of hope and promise it has proved to be for her.

Her ultimate ambition, she tells you with big eyes ashen with the vision of it, is to have a little home in the country, with leisure and quiet for her writing. It is not at all difficult to picture Miss Lerchbaum thoroughly enjoying such a life, but however far from the noisy crowds of the city she may build her little "house of dreams" there is sure to be room both in her heart and life for those who are in need of help and cheer.

In the meantime, she leads a very busy and full life in Montreal, managing to accomplish all sorts of interesting things in addition to her work at the Consulate. To whatever she undertakes she brings the same high courage and tenacity of purpose which have enabled her to travel so far along the road to success in such a comparatively short time.

Those in a position to judge claim that great things may be expected in the future from the pen of this talented young woman who gives to her adopted country so unselfish and whole-hearted a love and devotion.



Miss Dora Lerchbaum.

—Photo by Alexander Boris, Montreal



Thelma S. Craig, the author of this article, is a graduate of Queen's University and has been principal of two different schools in Ontario. She is now trying her hand at newspaper work as a reporter.

What Is Wrong With The Teaching Profession?

ASK any teacher who has had a few years' experience in a town or country high school. It is neither Premier Ferguson's curriculum nor the vagaries of the pupils. It is the persecution of the parents.

I'm mighty sure all school teachers were meant to be saints, with the patience of Job, and the strength—mental and physical—of Hercules. Perhaps someone may concoct a recipe for a human individual—void of righteous indignation, as sweet-tempered as a sugar-plum and with as little feeling as an ice-cream cone.

At the last meeting of the Ontario Educational Association in Toronto, one speaker said: "The teachers of our country hold the future of the nation in their hands." Books, periodicals and men of influence all say the same. And yet the members who constitute that profession are subject to the blows, the kicks, the knocks of a misunderstanding general public that tear the warp and woof of the individual teacher.

The teacher enters her chosen profession with the fixed idea that education and citizenship go hand-in-hand. But she soon realizes there are opposing forces and her purpose is blinded by multitudinous clouds of dust. May I illustrate?

Not long ago a new teacher entered a certain school. Her former position had covered a duration of fifteen years. When her name was mentioned, one woman piped: "She might be all right if she weren't so lazy. In her last school she sat all the time." It turned out that the teacher had told a friend that she sat in the classroom whenever possible so as to be more on a level with her pupils. Incidentally, she was over six feet tall. Such was the stigma placed on a conscientious teacher on her entrance into

Here You Will Find This Question Answered by One Who Knows From Experience

a new position, for naturally the statement was passed on.

John was a somewhat awkward, over-grown boy,—one of those adolescent types whose legs are too long and must continually be in action; whose arms hang out of his coat sleeves; whose head is set on a pivot, and whose tongue is under no better control. His homework was never done. He was never absent from the detention-room unless by playing truant. Whenever the teacher's back was turned, his arms flaunted gaily in the air, and his face was a contortion of grimaces. He was a persistent detriment to the other 39 pupils in his class. To reason with him was of no avail. At the first opportunity she sent him home.

This was the provocation for lamentations and weepings of despair. "Our boy! What a disgrace! The whole town will look down on us!"

The mother raced to the teacher and the principal. "You ought to have been more considerate of his parents. Think what a blow it is to us," she sobbed bitterly. And for the first time, apparently the doting mother was made aware that John "disgraced" them on many other occasions. Instead of realizing that the punishment was in the interests of the boy's and her own welfare, the mother came forth with a wholesale condemnation of the teachers concerned, and vinegar sentences poured into the ears of the passers-by.

I recollect a home to which several members of our staff were invited to

dinner. The host managed to make certain other members who were not present the subject of discussion.

"There must be something radically wrong with Miss A's teaching when the results of the last test in Geometry ranged from zero to thirty-five per cent.," he very emphatically announced, "and Mary (one of his daughters) simply cannot do Algebra. And I don't wonder. Miss B doesn't give enough individual attention." And there sat Mary and her brother Tom, two of our pupils, drinking in the conversation. This was the co-operation our host was giving the teachers by training his children to respect them.

Educated men, who ought to know better, are not the last to criticize adversely. One said: "I can't understand why teachers cram their pupils so toward the end of the term. If the work has been covered in an organized fashion and thoroughly, why should cramming be necessary?"

Purely a matter of psychology. There are few grown-up folk who do not "cram" on certain occasions. What student in University does not? What professor has not? What clergyman does not occasionally "cram" late Saturday night for a Sunday morning sermon? What man is there who, when asked to address a gathering on any particular subject, has carefully and consistently weighed both his time for preparation and his material?

"And it seems to me," the man went on, "that pupils spend an endless amount of time preparing for school entertainments. Why should a month be spent in preparing for a Commencement? (In most town and country high schools the Commencement is a big affair. Choruses, plays, (Continued on page 17.)

Anne Merrill's Holiday Book Contest

WHAT BOOKS WOULD YOU BUY?

Time has been extended in contest for replies to question: If your aunt left you \$10 to spend on holiday books, what would you buy?

The best three answers so far received appear herewith in order of merit and prizes are being sent to winners. Ottawa, Kitchener and Toronto lead the victors.

Each winner may select one book from her own list here given and these will be sent as soon as the editor is informed of title chosen.

Further replies to this question will be received up to September 10, limited to 300 words, and a second list of awards will be announced in the October Business Woman.

Anne Merrill.

Writes To Aunt.

Dear Aunt Margaret:

It was like you to think of such a charming way of adding to the pleasure of my holiday. So with your crisp ten-dollar bill in my purse I paid a visit to my favorite bookstore and had a lovely time choosing my holiday companions.

My first choice was made without hesitation—"The Letters of Katharine Mansfield," in two volumes. I have wanted them for my own ever since they were published, to be able to re-read them and enjoy them at my leisure. I know of no more tenderly human documents.

"Precious Bane," by Mary Webb, came next. It is a slim little volume but it carries proudly the enthusiastic praise of England's former Prime Minister, Mr. Baldwin.

An Anthology of Modern English Verse, in which I glimpsed old favorites, as well as new treasures, just begged to be taken along, and I could not resist.

Then I went to the late fiction table and from the tempting array chose "My Brother Jonathan," by Francis Brett Young. I know he can be depended on for an absorbing tale in irreproachable style, and the reviews claim this to be the best of his always good work.

Last of all, with my one remaining dollar, I bought a small copy of "The Imitation of Christ" for the refreshment of my soul.

I am looking forward to many happy hours with these and for each of them I send my loving thanks.

Yours very sincerely,

HELENA
(Ottawa).

* * * *

The Niece's Dream

Dear Aunt Merrill:

If I had an aunt who was so kindly disposed as to send me ten dollars for books which would add to the delights of my proposed vacation I should, first of all, buy four reprints, two good murder stories and a couple of interesting novels; the former by Caroline Wells, if they could be procured, and the latter by Philip Gibbs or Fannie Hurst. I especially say "reprints," because they can be procured

for about 85c, and, as the pleasure derived is only transitory, and I do not value the volume for anything aside from the actual story—by that I mean I do not value it as a lover of books appreciates a volume—therefore \$2 and \$3 for a "first edition" seems considerable for a book I would probably not read a second time.

I would then purchase two small books of poetry at 75 cents a piece—namely, "The Book of Good Cheer" and "Being Happy"—along with a book of toasts at \$1.50. These are excellent for pick-up reading when one has only five or ten minutes to spare.

I have a very small library of well-loved books, and have often wanted to add Tennyson's poems to it. Now this can be had for \$3.50. The binding is a soft blue leather—probably imitation leather—but, nevertheless, the satisfaction of owning it would add to the joy of my holiday, even though I would not have much time to read it during the short period allotted to me. This would be my next purchase.

And now I am confronted with a real problem—how shall I spend the remaining ten cents? After careful consideration I had decided that I would buy a dream book, in order to interpret the meaning of a dream, "Rich Aunt Sends Niece Ten Dollars for Books."

MARIE L. COLLINS
(Kitchener).

The Lovers' Choice

Dear Aunt Merrill:

In this case it is not what *would* you buy but what *did* you buy, under somewhat similar circumstances?

An aunt did not present the \$10, but a perfectly good fiance won it at Guelph (O. A. C.) as an essay prize, to be spent entirely on books. The two had a very pleasant afternoon in Hamilton choosing them. They decided on the \$1 little leather-bound books—so were able to get ten. Here is their list (she is well under 20 and he not very much over):

1. "Pickwick Papers"—fiance's favorite of Dickens' works.
2. "Tale of Two Cities"—no reason given.
3. "Jane Eyre"—the lady's favorite heroine in the classics.
4. "Old St. Paul's."
5. "Henry Esmond"—because they thought they ought to have one of Thackeray's.
6. "Ivanhoe"—the lady's favorite historical novel.
7. "Shirley"—fiance needed it for supplementary reading.
8. "Talisman"—choice of both.
9. "Westward Ho!"—partly a sense of duty.
10. "Bleak House"—the lady's favorite of Dickens' works.

I think their choice was lovely, don't you?

(MRS.) F. AYLWEN
(Toronto).

* * * *

Last Minute Reply

Just as we were going to press the following letter came in. It surely deserves honorable mention:

Dear Aunt Merrill:

Ten whole dollars to spend on vacation books! What joy beyond compare! How easy it would be to go to a book store and spend ten times that sum in half as many minutes! So small a sum will require careful weeding out of second choices.

1. A Modern Library edition of "The Mikado" and other plays. Surely this choice needs no justification, for everybody knows how perfectly delicious the Gilbert and Sullivan operas are—\$1.
2. A reprint of "The Enchanted April," by Elizabeth, because my dear-

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Every Sort of Talent Can Be Utilized in a Department Store

An Explanation of Some of the Fascinating Jobs in a Department Store and a Discussion of Their Possibilities

PERHAPS you have always thought that a job in a department store meant selling, that there was room in a department store for one kind of talent only. The truth about a department store is that it offers women almost endless opportunities to develop their individual abilities. It would be difficult to think of a talent that could not be utilized in some way in the modern store.

It is particularly a woman's field because women do 90% of the purchasing, and the store authorities therefore must buy goods from a woman's point of view, present and display goods in a manner that will appeal to women, and even in store organization must keep their great army of women customers in mind.

Some of the many fascinating jobs in a department store are explained and their possibilities discussed in the following paragraphs from an article by Gladys Chase Gilmore in "Independent Woman".

When the advertisement in the morning paper lures you into your favorite department store to buy yourself a new hat, or a shirt for little Johnnie, you expect to find attractive merchandise rightly priced and properly styled, and you demand good service.

The successful merchant to-day recognizes that you are, as his customer, the most important person in his store, and he does everything in his power to please you. The service motive has so permeated retail business that customers take it for granted. Some customers are delightful to deal with but, alas, others are a real trial and need educating. The latter seem to forget that employees are human beings. They haven't the least idea of all that goes on behind the scenes to supply them, as customers, with style-right merchandise and pleasing service.

A department store is a little world in itself with an astonishing variety of types of employment. In an average store of 3,000 employees there are approximately 300 different kinds of positions. There are two non-

selling jobs for every selling job in a store of any size. For example, in the store of 3,000 there are only 1,000 salespeople, and all the rest are doing other kinds of work.

When you are shopping you see only a small part of the workers in this busy hive of industry. You buy something for cash and your money is sent to the cashiers in the "tube room" where there are girls to open the carriers, stamp the check and return the change. If you have a charge account the carriers go to another set of girls who are busy all day "authorizing" charges. They turn the sections of huge, visible files to find your address and verify the account. If the account is bad the check is passed on to other girls.

You do not see the rows and rows of girls in the bookkeeping office working on the billing machines, posting items on charge account ledgers. In the auditing office there are comptometer operators adding up the amounts sold by each clerk and each department. In the credit office there are interviewers to meet people who wish to open or adjust charge accounts. All these and many more office jobs require various qualifications.

The merchandise you buy may have been purchased in the far corners of the earth or right in this city, but wherever it comes from clerical workers must keep track of it. Orders must be sent out, follow-up letters written, invoices checked and bills paid. Then when the precious crates of merchandise arrive at the store they go to the receiving room. A corps of girls, called markers and checkers, go over every package to see that it is according to the order, and mark it with the price and stock

number before it is sent to the stock rooms or the selling floor.

Customers who have only a small house to clean, or just an apartment, think it takes a lot of time and care to keep it looking nice, but they never stop to think of the work involved in keeping a great store building clean. All day and all night the cleaners and porters and painters are at it. The job of lighting and heating alone is an enormous one. Down below somewhere are great dynamos in an engine room creating power used to operate the building. Elevators, escalators and other conveniences need electric current.

If your package is to be sent, it goes down a chute and is wrapped behind the scenes by women or girls who are particularly chosen for that job. After that, the package is put on a traveling belt or conveyor to join hundreds of others on their way to the sorting tables and the delivery trucks.

In order to be sure that the store's merchandise is priced right to meet competition, there are shoppers who spent all their time checking up what is selling in other stores. There are also shoppers who are really detectives and are watching out for thieves both in the store family and among the customers. And so on through many variations and types of jobs there are workers behind the scenes, as well as in the public eye, that make the store a fascinating world to work in.

Customers are chiefly women, and so are employees. The department store is a woman's field with endless opportunities for her to develop her individual abilities and special talents. If she is to succeed, however, she must be willing to work hard, because it is not an easy kind of job. No woman should go into it who cannot take a long view of it and realize the cost of achievement is time and patience.

There are many types of women to whom store work appeals. There is, for example, the woman who has the bargaining instinct and likes to turn over a dollar's worth until it

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What Price Smartness?

Jean Reveals the Secret of Being Well-Dressed
at a Minimum Expenditure

By STEPHANIE.

JEAN was considered by her friends to be a real authority on clothes. She always looked so smartly dressed.

"She seems to have an ensemble for every occasion," some of them sighed enviously.

Jean's cousin, Helen, knew that Jean was helping to put a younger brother through college and had often wondered how, on her reduced salary, she managed to be the best dressed girl in their set.

One day, in despair about her own wardrobe, she asked Jean's advice. "You always look so smart—how do you do it?" she implored. "I've read fashion articles till my head swims—line and fabric and accessories to match every costume and keeping pressed and cleaned and —"

"Those are all necessary, of course," interrupted Jean, "but you haven't mentioned the most important thing of all."

Seeing Helen was really in earnest, Jean settled down for a good long talk on her favourite theme.

"Here's the first and most important rule of smartness, if you haven't very much money. If you want to dress well on limited means, work out a color combination of two or three colors—and **STICK TO IT**. Never, never get another color or something will happen. You'll find yourself with a pair of gloves that don't go with your hat (a dead loss of \$1.50), or a dress that hasn't a hat to wear with it, or maybe a purse that ruins the effect of your ensemble—for to look smart nowadays every part of the costume must be related. Of course if you had heaps of money, you could buy hat, shoes, gloves and purse to go with every dress. But you haven't and you can't, so you *must* stick to your own color combination."

Poor Helen looked more at sea than ever.

"But I think that sounds awfully monotonous, Jean. I mean your clothes don't look like that. They're interesting."

"Maybe it sounds dull, but it isn't. It's really fascinating—just like fitting the parts of a picture puzzle together. Let's just work out some color scheme for Fall clothes, to show you what I mean." Warming to her subject, Jean seized pencil and paper.

"Now my own color scheme is this: golden brown-beige-green or

blue. You know my winter coat is that pretty golden brown. My hat and shoes match it and my purse matches my shoes. It's a pretty safe rule to have purse and shoes to match. For 'dress-up' I have a pair of beige shoes with matching purse. Other accessories—by that I mean stockings and gloves—are beige, and my dresses can be golden brown, beige, any shade of green except that very dark one, and almost any blue except navy.



A smart jacket ensemble of blue jersey—endlessly useful for the business woman. With a knitted pullover to match, the printed blouse illustrated and one of plain crepe de chine in beige or gray, it constitutes a whole wardrobe in itself.

"Suppose I wanted to go into other colours next winter. I could easily do that so long as I kept to golden brown as the key note. For instance, my color scheme could be: golden brown, tan, beige, and all the 'tawny' shades. Like this:

"Coat—golden brown.

"Hat—golden brown.

"Shoes—golden brown or tan, with purse to match. Might have a pair of beige for 'dress-up'.

"Stockings and gloves—beige.

"Dresses—golden brown, tan, beige, dull orange and all those wonderful tawny and rust shades.

"Mother has pretty much the same color scheme except that beige is her key color because her coat is beige with a beaver collar."

"But I can't wear either brown or beige," objected Helen.

"Silly! That doesn't matter. What can you wear?"

"Well, navy blue, I guess," Helen reflected. "And rose is really my best color."

"Righto, how's this for your color scheme? Navy-black-rose, red and gray. Have a navy coat trimmed with black fur. Hat and shoes black with purse to match. Stockings and gloves gray and dresses navy, black, gray, red and all the rosy shades you want."

"Sounds pretty good," admitted Helen. "I believe I'll try it. You know it's too bad more girls don't know about this way to make their money go farther."

"Oh, I think they do in a sort of way, but they don't really practise it. I didn't at first myself. One winter I had a brown coat but fell for a navy dress trimmed with red and bought it. They looked awful together. I hated wearing the dress, and finally gave it away. It was an expensive dress and it taught me a lesson I've never forgotten.

"Suppose we figure out some more color schemes?" Jean suggested.

"All right," agreed Helen. "What would you do if your coat were dark green with brown fur?"

"That's easy. I see you have the right idea," observed Jean. "First settle the color of your coat, for it must be worn with everything. Then decide on shoes to go with it. And for your dresses, pick the two or three colors that blend with both coat and shoes.

"If I had a dark green coat with brown fur, my color 'complex' would

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THE GIRL WHO DROVE A TAXI.

(Continued from page 8.)

were usually the ones to try that little trick. It was a strange fact, men trusted the ability of girl drivers more than women did.

"From what you say, Miss Baker, it is evident girl drivers looked out for the signal from a man," we said.

"Oh, we were glad to get any signal from anyone. It was great fun watching for it. Sometimes making people decide. Always on the alert, never missing a chance. That is what makes a taxi driver. You cannot go to sleep on that job. For the most part passengers were considerate and did not cause trouble. If they did, they were always in the right, and had the last word.

"Funny things happen sometimes. One day I was cruising around. I became aware of another car cruising around with me, a man at the wheel I could not lose him. At last I decided some action was necessary. 'Is anything the matter?' I asked. 'No,' he answered. 'I heard about the girl taxi drivers, but had never seen one.' 'Well, now you have seen one, how about it?' A roar of laughter was the only answer I got as he drove away.

"Another day I was standing at my car with my back to the sidewalk. I heard a man's voice behind me say: 'Have you any pennies?' I turned, saying: 'No, only a very few'. The poor fellow was quite bowled over. 'Oh! my——' he stammered, 'I didn't know you were a girl.' He couldn't get away fast enough."

"You found it all interesting?" our last question.

"Hard work, too, and small return from a money standpoint, but I would not give up that experience for anything. I loved the work. There were splendid girls working with me—nurses, college graduates, real estate brokers, art students, actresses, in fact from all callings. Those who stayed loved it. Freedom, independence, relying absolutely on yourself. Adventure? Yes, adventure, we never knew what a day would bring forth.

"This is interesting too. Unexpected things happen right here," Miss Baker said as she was called away to handle one of those unexpected situations in her present vocation. It was evident a hum-drum occupation would never be congenial to her.

How we wished we could take our car and start on a trip across the continent with Miss Baker at the wheel. We felt sure we would reach our destination safely and on time, and we would not object—far from it—having a picnic meal served in some lovely spot. We know, for we stayed at The Manor for dinner.

SHE HAS TRAVELLED 200,000 MILES.

(Continued from page 9.)

that. What we wanted was the news.

I remember distinctly how Alex. looked on that day as she made the decision that was destined to alter the course of her life. Her hair was not bobbed, but was long and there was a lot of it piled up on her head, over dark, vivid eyes—the eyes of a thoroughbred. Her skirt, like her hair, was long.

On questioning her I found that she played tennis, golf and basketball and taught Sunday school, but that she didn't think she could do newspaper work, although admitting she was flattered at being asked to try.

Like so many clever, competent office women she had not quite learned her own value, and in the business world, that is still a man's world, she overestimated men. I don't think she does to-day. However, quite unimpressed with the sum that the Sunday World was prepared to pay her, she decided to take it on as a hobby. That was the beginning of her troubles. The politics of sport are not Chesterfieldian, and those were the days when girls' sports were timidly beginning. Pro Bono Publico and his ilk were writing to the newspapers about the decay of civilization as manifested by the presence of "little ball-playing, gum-chewing husies on the sandlot"—diamonds that had hitherto been hallowed to boyhood.

Girls' sports were overridden by little strutting, managing men. Non-entities in the world at large who therefore were very jealous of their prestige in the smaller world of sport, ridiculous little men with Napoleonic complexes straining with minute machinations to make themselves "czars" of something, small matter what.

All over the world women were finding themselves; their interest in sport but one phase of that pervading, progressive feminism which to a newspaper reader requires no introduction. Corsets had gone the way of the bustle and the hoop-skirt, and the feminine half of the race was breathing deeper and running faster than ever before. It was becoming permissible to allude to a gentlewoman as "vigorous".

The sleeping Diana was awakening, and into her still-timid ears those little witch-doctors each shouted his own name. Some of their antics were unbelievable. One official tried to burke a provincial championship because a friend of his was manager of the losing team! Shrewd promoters, realizing that girls' amateur sports pulled more money than men's, started out to commercialize this splendid spontaneous expression of feminine energy. Everyone whis-

pered or shouted that girls couldn't manage their own sports because they lacked the brains.

In this circus we see Miss Gibb emerging in 1923. A few weeks later her name is on the top of the girls' sporting section as editor. She changes the name of the department to "Sportswoman's Section". And then she coins a slogan: "Girl's Sport Run By Girls!" Not much of a slogan perhaps, but it became the rallying-call for a feminine revolution that over-turned petty kings in Toronto a few years ago—an interesting revolution that the general public knew nothing about.

And as a result of that slogan, and the girl who wielded it like a bludgeon, women's athletics in Canada to-day are run by women. Not entirely perhaps, for as Miss Gibb said to me some years ago: "It would be a mistake to exclude from the management of girls' sports the really fine men who are helping so much, but you can't go into particulars in a slogan."

She likes to deal with men, and she does it on a quick-fire, shoot-from-the-hip, man-to-man basis. If she gets any favors on account of being a woman, she never lets the man who concedes them realize it. And woe-betide the handsome male who tries to influence her judgment by means of sex-appeal! She likes flattery as well as any other woman, but unlike most, she knows it when she sees it.

What is going to happen to Alex. Gibb? She comes of an intelligent, political family that said a good Presbyterian grace before meat and spent the rest of the meal worshipping Sir Wilfred Laurier. Some of her friends are urging her to go into politics. She is a young woman. Will she go ahead and make something of the same impression upon the public life of Canada that she has made upon the athletic life of Canada, or will she get married?

WHAT IS YOUR ATTITUDE TOWARD BUSINESS?

(Continued from page 10.)

achieve a good position if they will only learn their jobs thoroughly and carry them out energetically. But if they require constant supervision to prevent their making mistakes, backsliding, forgetting, slowing up, or failing in any other way to pull their weight, then indeed they deserve to be just where they are.

There is undoubtedly a discontent which is divine, but it is dangerous to foster a grievance. The women of Canada in business have unprecedented opportunities to make good. It will be a thousand pities if they let them slip through their fingers while they reach for the moon or lurk timidly in the mud.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE TEACHING PROFESSION?

(Continued from page 12.)

pageants, drills and such-like, constitute the program.) Then there's the literary society. That takes so much time from their work. And a whole evening devoted to putting on a play—that is preposterous! Time is wasted, the study routine is interfered with, pupils become excited over the entertainments and their minds are greatly distracted from their work," he continued in a dejected fashion.

Surely, we have long ago left the worm with his nose in a book in a hermit cell. Surely education is not limited to acquiring enough knowledge to pass one's examinations. Such entertainments with their necessary preparation develop self-confidence, co-operation esprit-de-corps, interest in school life, and form a genuine source of recreation. They go far toward developing that adaptability to fill one's niche in the later world of business.

Indulgence in athletics is also something which taxes the minds of the elders sorely. And occasionally perhaps there is over-indulgence, but as the school curriculum stands, athletics is an invariable part.

One does notice that since the four-fold idea of a healthy, normal child has been initiated, the churches are more and more undertaking to develop the physical well-being of the boy and girl. In most cases over-indulgence in physical training is due to the overlapping of duties of the school and the church, or the school and boys' and girls' clubs. It is time that the school, the home, the church and the community co-operated in the matter of training the child toward the best possible type of citizen.

The members of the School Board have no easy task either. They are selected by the ratepayers. And you may be sure, if they invest very noticeable sums in up-to-date school equipment, a portion of those who have donated them that dignified but thankless job, will shriek in their ears: "You're spending too much money, we can't afford that. We didn't require all that when I went to school. What was good enough for me is good enough for my children." And some of the honored members will be ousted and their number replaced by the misers of the town. Thus the teachers suffer.

But if the member of such a Board wishes to be ousted in the most sudden fashion, let him dare suggest that a salary schedule should be adopted for the teachers like that in use in the large cities. It is usually preferred to get rid of a teacher rather than to pay a hundred dollars extra, above what they have been accustomed to paying, in order to retain him. When money looms large, the calibre of the teacher grows small.

Teachers, in the grand finale, are judged by examination results. A teacher may be the subject of censure throughout the year, but if he or she gets little Billy through the crucial test at the end, he or she is the adoration of little Billy's hearthside—for a few days at least. But should little Billy not happen to make the "fifty" mark, alas the day! "I told you so," says the fond papa, "that teacher should have been fired long ago." In all likelihood, said teacher has spent hours and hours of her regular recreation time drilling little Billy in Euclid's hypotheses, or Virgil's intricacies.

The world still acclaim or de-claims according to tangible success or failure, although teachers and child psychologists are now asserting that failure may not be a disgrace, but an inspiration.

But the average destructive parent still maintains that it is the teacher's fault if Johnny doesn't pass his exams, even though the parents have never encouraged his work. It is the teacher's fault if Johnny gets hurt, for teachers must have eyes in the rear and sides of their heads, and be everywhere present. It is the teacher's fault if Johnny is the exasperating kind, even though Johnny has never been disciplined at home. It is the teacher's fault if Johnny has learned to smoke. It is the teacher's fault if Johnny goes fishing for trout. A teacher has control of his pupils from the time they leave home till the time they return. What a gloriously-ridiculous law!

I feel like King Henry when he said:

"Upon the King! Let us our lives,
our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children, and our sins lay on the
King!
We must bear all."

Teachers are largely at the mercy of the people whom they serve. They are hired servants, whom the people wish to maintain at the minimum of expense and the maximum of destructive criticism.

What I wear and how I wear it; what I say and how I say it; what I do and how I do it; where I go and why I go; how I look and at whom I look; sins of omission and sins of commission—every possible phase of the teacher's life is common table talk.

May I suggest the following prescription for the parental mind, to be preceded by a brain laxative:

1 pound of common-sense, 1 pound good judgment, 2 ounces co-operation, 1 ounce toleration, 1 pound "The Golden Rule," 2 ounces "up-to-date," 1 pound home training, 1 pound responsibility. Flavor with a kind heart and administer in large doses before meals, "pink" teas and bridges.

WHAT PRICE SMARTNESS?

(Continued from page 15.)

be: green, brown, beige, and the tawny shades. Hat, shoes and purse brown to match the fur on the coat. Stockings and gloves beige or tan. Dresses, brown, beige, tan and every shade of green from palest to deepest, so long as they were the same tone as the coat."

Here are some more of the color schemes Jean and Helen worked out:

(1) Medium blue (any shade lighter than navy), black, rose, gray.

Coat—blue, trimmed with gray or black fur.

Hat, shoes and purse—black.

Stockings and gloves—gray.

Dresses—blue to match or harmonize with the coat, black, rose, gray.

(2) Navy blue, beige, light blue.

Coat—navy with beige fur.

Hat—beige or navy.

Shoes—beige or navy with purse to match.

Stockings and gloves—beige.

Dresses—navy, beige, and the soft, light and medium blues that blend with navy.

(3) Black, gray, light blue, rose, red, green.

Coat—black with gray or black fur.

Hat—black or gray.

Shoes—black with purse to match.

Stockings and gloves—gray.

Dresses—black, gray, light blue, rose, clear reds, green.

"You might," Helen observed, "have that same combination with the emphasis on the gray, if you had a gray coat instead of a black."

"Bright girl," commended Jean. "You're learning."

"I'm sold on the idea," confessed Helen. "How's this for a beginner?"

(4) Dark brown, light brown, green.

Coat—dark brown.

Hat, shoes and purse—dark brown.

Stockings and gloves—light brown.

Dresses—dark brown, light brown, all shades of green and even beige.

"Pretty good; do another."

After chewing her pencil for a minute, this is what Helen wrote down:

(5) Medium green, black, rose, gray.

Coat—green with gray fur.

Hat—to match coat.

Shoes—black with purse to match.

Stockings and gloves—gray.

Dresses—medium green, black, gray, all the rose shades.

(6) Dark green, black, rose, red, green, gray.

Coat—dark green with black or gray fur.

Hat—to match fur on coat.

Shoes—black with purse to match.

Stockings and gloves—gray.

Dresses—dark green, lighter harmonizing greens, black, rose, red, gray.

(Continued on page 34.)



PEMBER KNOWS

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Here is beauty culture organization which, from its forty years' experience, is peculiarly fitted to speak authoritatively on hair-dressing style.

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What Is Your Type?

Alison Dunn

Says That You Can Make or Mar Your Good Looks
By the Colors You Wear

AFTER scrupulous cleanliness, the most important item in good-looks is color. Think of the beautiful people you know. The first thing you think of is their coloring—dark and vivid, or golden and blue. It is color that makes a sunny day so much more beautiful than a cloudy one. In the sunlight the whole landscape is a riot of glowing, thrilling colors.

Are you making the most of *your* coloring or are you wearing the shades that kill the beauty of your hair and eyes and skin? To play up to your own coloring is very decidedly one way of being yourself, of making your personality stand out from the crowd, isn't it? The way to do this is not to dress in the colors you CAN wear but in those you SHOULD wear.

Perhaps you think, as I once did, that there are three types of girls—only we didn't call them "types" in those days—fair girls, dark girls, and red heads. You think you belong to the first class so you wear blue all the time because "fair girls should".

If these are your beliefs, then I'm going to shatter them. Roughly speaking there are fifteen different shades of hair, about as many colors of eyes, and almost the same number of skin colorings. When these are combined in all the different ways Nature puts them together, the result is an endless variety of types.

This month, in our search for beauty, we are going first to decide what type of coloring yours is, and, second, to determine from that what colors you should wear.

The only way to reach conclusion number one, is for you first of all to free your mind from all prejudices, from all thoughts that you'd like to have golden hair, or gray eyes, or a

dusky skin. Then sit down before your mirror and quite calmly and dispassionately study yourself until you know what color your hair, eyes and skin are—not what colors you'd like to think they are, not what colors you've been fooling yourself into believing they are—but what they really are.

Then for the second decision—the colors you choose should be a frame for you. They should draw people's attention immediately to your face and hair. In order to do this, the colors must either match exactly those that Nature has given you, blend perfectly with them or form a sharp and pleasant contrast. I say "pleasant" because I want you to avoid contrasts such as a gray hat with brown eyes.

Suppose you start the study of yourself with your eyes. A good way to determine the real color of your eyes is to look at them in a magnifying mirror—the kind men use for shaving—or through a magnifying glass, in an ordinary mirror. You may find that there are really two colors in your eyes, instead of one, in which case those two colors head your list.

What Color Are Your Eyes?

If you find that you have very dark brown eyes, almost black, you will write down "Dark brown, to match my eyes." Dark brown eyes, however, usually go with very dark hair and a dusky skin, so that your dark brown costume will have to be relieved near the face by one of the blending or contrasting colors I mentioned, in this case flame, dull orange, or rust color.

Perhaps your eyes are light brown, the shade I like to call amber. Then put it down quickly, "Light brown,

to match eyes, no darker." Such eyes usually accompany a fair or medium skin so that you need not add the lighter color next your face. In this case your other colors will be beige, soft yellow, bright clear greens, red and orchid.

Your eyes may be a brown shade in between these two extremes—"real" brown eyes, warm and glowing. Again, brown the shade of your eyes, never a darker shade, is your best color. If they accompany a dark skin, your list of becoming colors will include tan, gold, orange and the tawny shades. If your skin is rather fair, the list will be longer—gold, orange, yellow, beige and sharp contrasts like jade green, lacquer red, white, peach, and orchid.

It is a bit harder to draw up a list of colors for blue eyes, because there are almost as many shades of blue eyes as there are blue-eyed girls in the world. There's sea blue, and sky blue, and violet blue, and green blue, and china blue, and dark blue, and forget-me-not blue—one could go on forever. The color for blue eyes, whatever shade they may be, is a blue that matches exactly, or—even better—just a wee bit lighter. This will make your eyes seem very blue, not faded as they would look if you wore brighter shades of blue. Greenish-blue eyes are intensified by wearing red, and blue eyes with no hint of green by wearing yellow.

Gray eyes, green eyes, and hazel come next.

Clear gray eyes are very rare. They are usually blue-gray or green-gray. In the former case, wearing blue and yellow will play up to the eyes, in the latter, wearing green and red. If you are so fortunate as to have real gray eyes, light or dark, it is a clever trick to wear a matching gray and, keeping away from shades like blue and green which might change the eyes, to wear sharp contrasts only, such as reds, clear yellow, and orange, all the pink and rose shades, white and black.

Two kinds of green eyes must be considered.

There are first the clear, rather pale, sometimes almost colorless green eyes. With such eyes clear greens with a bluish or grayish cast should be worn, never an intense green like jade or paddy to make the eyes look washed out. The dark greens like bottle green are a stand-by for people with such eyes. I have heard these eyes called "ice-green", and they are certainly very fascinating. Clear scarlet and clear, pale yellows are charming contrasts.

Then there are the warm yellowish green eyes, usually with golden brown flecks, the color the sun makes striking through green leaves and brown water. The yellowish greens are for them, of course, and so are the tans and golden browns.

Hazel eyes are something like these green eyes, but darker and usually with more brown than green in them. Sometimes there are gray flecks in them. If your eyes are hazel, analyze the various colors in them and wear shades to match. Usually, in this case, however, a contrast is really better, such as red, black, white, purple, and rose.

A Match or Contrast For Your Hair.

You have written down on your list two or perhaps more colors that are the proper setting for your eyes. Now how about your hair?

Very dark brown or black hair, if accompanied by fair skin and blue, gray or green eyes, simply cries out for black and navy blue. The contrast here of course is the color of the eyes. American beauty and such glowing reds are a lovely contrast with dark hair. If your hair is that dark brown which goes with brown eyes, dark brown to match it is the wise choice. If the skin is dark, a lighter color should be worn next the face as I said before, flame, dull orange, rust and the tan shades.

The proper setting for "real brown" or nut brown hair is a brown to match, and the same applies to cinnamon or reddish-brown hair. If the eyes are a different color, that's the contrast you should choose. But if eyes and hair are both "real brown", tan, gold, orange, tawny shades, yellow, jade, lacquer red, and white are pretty contrasts. If you have "cinnamon hair and your eyes seem about the same shade, beige, green, peach, mauve and the tawny shades are your colors.

Wood-brown hair sometimes is very unjustly called "mousy" or "neutral", but if you will wear brown to match it exactly you will find that it has a real character of its own. The best contrasting colors will be the shade of your eyes and rose.

With golden brown hair (the lightest shade of brown—after that it becomes blonde) a matching golden brown or tan should be worn, never a darker brown, unless, of course, the eyes are dark brown. Again, your eyes will decide what the proper contrast is. If you have eyes of amber or of the yellowish-green shade, it is very clever not to wear a contrasting shade, but to be "all one color"—hair, eyes and costume a tan or golden brown.

Blondes, like all Gaul, can be divided into three parts—golden blondes, silver blondes and ash blondes. Golden and silver blondes are both very fair, the silver blonde having less yellow in her hair. Ash blondes are those who just escaped being either, their hair being just a bit darker. Usually a contrast is the best frame for a blonde head. The exception is when a golden or ash blond can find a shade of beige which

(Continued on page 31.)



Travel in a Tweed!

The Tweeds for late Summer travels and for Fall wear enjoy a distinction not evident in several seasons. A new rough shagginess and true-to-season colorings account for this. In Golfspun, the weaving in of ostrich feather strikes an unique note.

Lesur's Golfspun—a weave of wool and ostrich feather, in imposing tones of beige and Autumn brown. \$9.50 yard.

Linton, in this shaggy Cumberland Tweed, combines vivid Fall-leaf red with a blue-grey and white. \$7.50 yard.

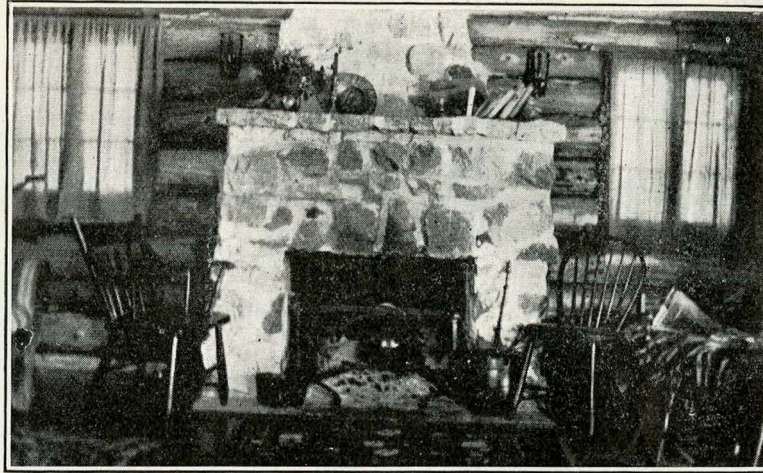
Forstmann and Huffmann, master weavers, introduce the new frosty finish to a cosy greystone Tweed. \$8.50 yard.

Lesur's Golfspun again—this time in a lovely warm beige. \$9.50 yard.

From Meyer comes a mottled Tweed in sporty reddish brown. \$15.00 yard.

Second Floor.

THE SIMPSON COMPANY
ROBERT LIMITED



Who would not have a hearth like this for her hobby? MAB's letter telling about it appears below.

HOBBY HALL

Conducted by LADY FAN.

MRS. JOSHUA SMITH, whose picture appears as frontispiece, was chatting with Lady Fan about all the things she likes, for she is many sided.

"But poetry is my love," she declared, and by this I knew she would be welcome to Hobby Hall. In the back of her mind was the longing, the determination, ultimately to give up everything for poetry. She admitted having written hundreds—yes, hundreds—of poems which she had flung uncorrected into boxes, trunks and various other receptacles, including the waste paper basket, for Ray Lewis is a woman courageous enough to censor her own work. She thinks it not a bad idea to put things away to mature, till experience grows up to the heights of one's ideals and one's dreams.

But she has had some published, including one little book of poems called *Songs of Earth*. Those who like free verse, and there are people who do, will find them intensely interesting. There are thoughts, there is fire, in them.

This woman writes her poems at the most fantastic moments whenever the mood seizes her. In this respect she is the real poet, and she told me an incident of a day in New York when she was thus seized.

Homesick for Canada while pursuing some purchase in the shopping district, she was overtaken by an intense longing for home and felt constrained to capture the feeling ere it vanished. The shops were closing and she happened to be a late shopper issuing with the crowds. She paused in the doorway and leaned her notebook against the window-glass to write, sheltered from the rain.

A man, one of the managers probably, stopped and asked her politely

to move on. "He thought I was copying their window fashions," said Mrs. Smith. So she sought another doorway and finished her poem, which she called "Poet on a City Street".

Here is a fragment from it:

Poet away
With your spark divine,
The light which causes
Your eyes to shine,
Ere your ears grow deaf
To the song of the lark
The poet's song
A spiral flame
Ascending, ascending
Like God's Holy Name.

When Mrs. Smith saw the moving picture, "King of Kings," she was inspired to write a poem on it which she sent to Cecil Demille. He wired her that he thought it "the finest contribution ever made to the literature of the screen".

In June, 1914, perhaps possessed of a psychic vision, Mrs. Smith wrote a poem against war, entitled "The Cup of Civilization". It is interesting to note that this poem is now to be used by the United Church

branch of the League of Nations Society in their peace propaganda.

She is now at work on a book, in poetic form, in two volumes, which she is calling "Althea and the Dragon", the first volume of which is done.

I asked her why in two volumes, and the poet explained that it was religious work and that it might be likened to the Old and the New Testament.

* * * *

Love of the Country and Old Things
Dear Lady Fan:

Some time ago the lure of the country and a love of old things drove me into buying some land an easy walk from town. A gentle slope led down to a pretty trout stream and beyond, a tamarack swamp. Cedar logs of uniform size were hauled in the winter from the old-time terror, Beverly Swamp, and in spring, after a stone foundation deep enough to outwit Johnny Chuck was built, the peeled logs were put in place. A heavy task, but, thanks to a good carpenter, a husky brother and a kind father, the cabin rose triumphant. Gathering the prettiest of granite stones from nearby field for fireplace and chimney was a labour of love.

After painting was done—pumpkin yellow for floor, white for windows, green for frames and guards and brown stain for the heavy doors with their wrought-iron hinges, came the fascinating task of furnishing it. Auction sales were patronized, with the result: one early-Canadian sofa, chairs from barroom type to Windsor, a drop-leaf table, a couch, an old family cupboard and brass candlesticks completed the furnishings.

The limit of the Hobby contest has been extended to September 10, as we feel that otherwise many who are anxious to compete will be barred. Awards will be announced in the October issue. A few of the many replies are published here. If yours does not appear this month, don't give up hope. It will probably be in the September issue.

The yellow of the logs and the glow from the gay floor, with its pretty hooked mats, is delightful. After skiing on a cold winter's day, to sit in front of a roaring tamarack fire waiting for the potatoes to roast, and catch a whiff from the coffee bubbling in the iron pot that swings from the old crane, is real satisfaction. Or, in early spring, to hurry away to see if the marigolds and violets are out; later on, the pretty yellow orchids, and on through the summer a continuous bloom lures one, until in late autumn, when the lovely fringed gentians crown them all with their beauty, one's cup runneth over.

MAB.

* * * *

I Love to Write.

Dear Lady Fan:

Eyes on books all day—and mind concentrating to the limit. That is probably why school teachers prefer to get away from books after school. I do for one. But not from concentration. Examination papers are such a bugbear and they seem to be omnipresent. I have seen myself plod through the Latin or English or History papers of a whole class in one evening and with people on all sides indulging in strenuous argument. And then I would hie to my boudoir and have a perfect recreation.

Give me a *chaise longue* and a black Chinese satin coolie coat with great dragons in red and gold directing their luminous eyes at me, a soft, rosy glow of light, a grate fire and a basket of apples at my side—and a pen and any old scrap of paper. That constitutes my hobby, providing Mistress Muse will enter the sacred portals of my abode.

You'll laugh when I say that I stayed up until four o'clock one morning just to be with my hobby. And then if Dame Reason had not stepped in and given her stern command, perchance I should be still haunting my favorite nook—for I love to write.

Oh, no, I would not make a business out of my hobby—but I might scribble some fantastic tale of the imagination, or some scraggly lines of verse so-called; not with the intention of publication but just to satisfy my mind's curiosity. You'd probably think they sounded like nothing on earth when you read them—but that would not matter to me (providing you snooked in to have a peek)—they would have satisfied my purpose and taken me away from the strain of the day's work and the heat of the argument that had been thrust upon me, and from those people who always feel that life is a bore and that they have not received just a square deal.

My landlady would interrupt me to say: "You can't work all day and all night too." Of course, she could

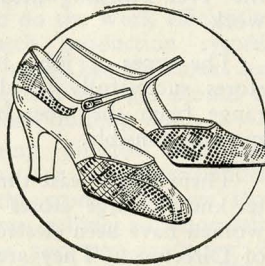
(Continued on page 29.)



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**MENIHAN'S ARCH-AID
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Enjoy hot weather comfort in shoes scientifically designed to meet the requirements of Nature.

Embracing the two outstanding demands in footwear—style plus comfort.

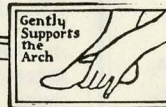


A distinctive dress model. Rajah Lizzard, shown in the new shade gold-beige, also in patent leather combination.

Scientific Shoe Fitters.

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BOOT SHOP**

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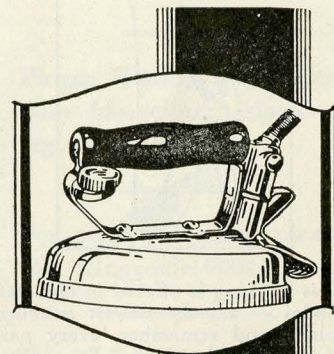
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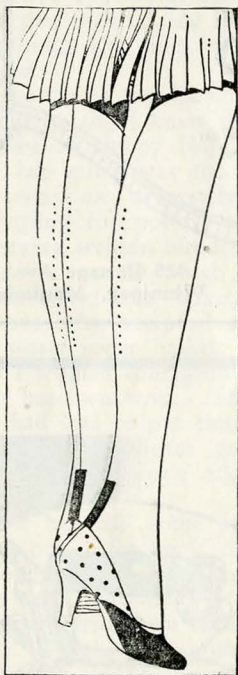
A CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT





A NEW Hosiery Value \$1.50

Here is a new line of Hosiery that is of simply wonderful value. It features the latest French heel, high and narrow—a very smart detail of new Hosiery Fashions. It is a fine, clear and even chiffon, all silk, and its wearing qualities are remarkable.



This stocking is offered in eighteen shades — all the newest sunburn colors, and remember, every pair of hose sold in the Evangeline Shops is of first quality and guaranteed perfect.

These hose are a real find for the Business Girl—or for the woman of leisure.

The Evangeline Shop

Yonge at Bloor
Yonge at St. Clair

Yonge at Castlefield
Danforth at Pape

A DEPARTMENT STORE.

(Continued from page 14)

becomes ten. Perhaps her father or grandfather was a trader and she inherits the commercial viewpoint. She will find a fertile field in department stores. For the woman who likes to write and is a born promoter, there is the publicity and advertising department. Statistics, system and figures appeal to the woman who becomes controller or head of the planning or research department. The interior decorator, the artist, and the girl who loves to handle pretty things all find congenial work in a modern store. For the woman who prefers people to things, who is better at making contacts than handling figures, there is the ever-widening field of personnel work.

The types of jobs in department stores successfully held by women range from the most humble to the most responsible.

There are at least three of our better-known large stores to-day where women have been elected to the Board of Directors. They are women who hold important executive positions and have proven to the store owner that their judgment and influence are invaluable in the successful operation and direction of the business. Two of these women are in personnel work, one in publicity, one in merchandising and one is a fashionist.

The position of merchandise manager and assistant merchandise manager are two of the most important jobs now open to women. Either is a promotion from efficient and successful buying and requires executive ability, a flair for figures and sound judgment about merchandise. The work is that of directing groups of buyers who handle similar or related merchandise, budgeting expenses and profits, planning the movement of merchandise and supervising the selection of merchandise. Training for this position is primarily in the school of practical experience, although there are now several excellent books on the subject and courses in a few of the universities. The salaries range from \$3,000 to \$15,000 and even higher, because there is usually a commission arrangement, or a bonus, for the increased business done by the departments controlled. There are more men than women holding these jobs at present, but they are open to women and they carry higher salaries than other jobs, because production is more direct.

In most stores about sixty per cent. of the buyers are women. Therefore there are more chances for a woman to work up to the top in this kind of job than in any other branch of store work. Here women have a better chance than men because so much of the merchandise is peculiar

to women. A buyer's work includes: selecting and buying the merchandise, sometimes in the sample room in the store, and sometimes in the market; keeping track of its movement; managing the personnel, the display and the advertising for her department; and seeing that the merchandise is sold at a profit. A good buyer keeps her people well informed about the merchandise and is conscious of her responsibility for training and developing them.

As in the case of a merchandise manager—which, after all, is just the next step higher than buyer—the best training is practical experience. Months of selling experience and handling customers are essential. Head of stock, then assistant buyer, then buyer, is the line of promotion. The comparison office, where shoppers constantly study and check up on values in merchandise, is good preparation for buying because it teaches one to recognize quality in merchandise and to learn its selling points. In addition to learning on the job, many of the better stores now have training courses to prepare picked groups of people for promotion. One store reported that only two buyers and no assistant buyers were taken from the outside during one whole year. The resource group was so well prepared that all promotions could be made from within. This is the ideal towards which all stores must work: definite lines of promotion, strong understudies to all executive jobs, and promotion from within.

Buyers' salaries depend largely on the amount of money made by their departments. A ready-to-wear buyer, for example, earns more than a button buyer on a straight salary. The present tendency is away from the commission and bonus plan towards better flat salaries for buyers, leaving the instigation of winning the percentage of increased business to the modern merchandise manager who controls a group of departments. In the past some women buyers have accumulated small fortunes by sharing the profits of their departments with the store owner. To-day buyers' salaries range from \$2,500 to \$12,000 or more a year.

The assistant buyer is an understudy for the buyer and handles the details of the job for a much lower salary than that of the buyer. Almost all buyers have served their term as assistant buyers before becoming buyers. There are books and a few courses on this work which are an interesting study for anyone who wants to get on in the department store world.

The job of fashionist is a fairly new and very fascinating job for women who have style sense. Each merchandise division has its own

stylist, or fashionist, who keeps posted on fashion trends, advises in the selection of merchandise and coordinates the fashions featured in store displays and other publicity. The ensemble has helped to bring this about.

Fashionists are trained in the store, but they are types who already have had more educational and social background than is required for certain other store jobs. There are also a few intensive courses or fashion clinics that are helping to develop people for this kind of work.

All the larger stores have interior decorators, and many of these are women. The preparation for this position is usually in one of the professional schools in this field.

In the publicity and advertising of a department store there are many openings for women, from the chief to the messenger. There are executives who direct and supervise, copywriters, artists, layout specialists, typographers, promotional and feature events to be supervised, direct mail, and all the many ramifications of display, each of which requires the services of an expert. Women hold most of these jobs, and salaries vary with the individual job. Selling is good training for them and so is journalism. Books on advertising will be found helpful to the trainee and various courses can be taken to get the theory of the work, but success comes through showing what you can do on the job.

In the financial division of the store there are women as sub-heads, and a few of the smaller stores employ women as controllers. There are also women as statisticians. Most of these women have a natural ability for figures and they have worked up from clerical and bookkeeping positions.

In one large store a very important job is held by a woman who is head of the planning department. Her ability in research, analysis and system as well as her organizing power have made her invaluable to the store. She plans layout, equipment, does job analysis and maps out all forms and systems for the entire store. Another woman who was trained for personnel work discovered an innate architectural ability and she is now consultant to a chain of stores in their construction and building work. She has worked up to this over a period of ten years by recognizing the thing she could do best and sticking to it. *Every sort of talent can be utilized in a department store.*

In the management division there are women as store superintendents, as heads of the housekeeping division, of work rooms, of restaurants, of the receiving and marking section, of the wrapping department, of the adjustment, the mail order, and personal shopping bureau, informa-

tion desks, the travel bureau, etc. For these jobs a period of apprenticeship as an understudy is usually the best training. Salaries are not as high as in the merchandise division, but they range from \$2,200 to \$5,000 a year.

Last but not least are the personnel jobs. More women than men hold these, and the salaries seem to be equal for the same grade of work. Personnel work means anything that has to do with the employees, such as employment, training, and personnel services. In fact, these are the three divisions into which larger stores organize their work.

Employment consists primarily of hiring, placing, adjusting, promoting and firing the employees. The employment manager must see that there are enough people in each department to do the work efficiently. She must watch production records constantly to see if her placement has been correct and if changes should be made or further training done.

The training director and her assistants, one for each merchandise division of the store, must see that every employee, selling and non-selling, executive and non-executive, is trained to do his or her job. This means organized initial training when the employee is new, and continuous individual training to enable each and every one to do an increasingly better job. The director of employee-service supervises the health, recreational and social activities of employees. This includes such varied fields as the hospital, nurse, dentist, etc., the cafeteria, the plan for sick benefit pension or insurance, the house organ, camps, choral societies, bowling clubs, parties, outings and other such things.

The successful personnel worker is usually somewhat of an idealist, but one who has her feet on the ground. She has the knack of handling people and winning their confidence. She gets a satisfaction from helping people for which no money can ever pay. She must have executive ability, leadership and personality so that she becomes a great influence in the store. Salaries range from \$1,600 to \$10,000 a year.

A college education is usually an asset if it has given the personnel director wisdom and resourcefulness. Training for this work may be taken at the Prince School of Store Service Education in Boston, the pioneer in this field, the Research Bureau for Retail Training at the University of Pittsburgh where research is emphasized, and New York University School of Retailing which stresses merchandising. These three courses consume either one or two full academic years. There has never been any short course, or any summer course, until this year, when a very intensive

(Continued on page 29.)



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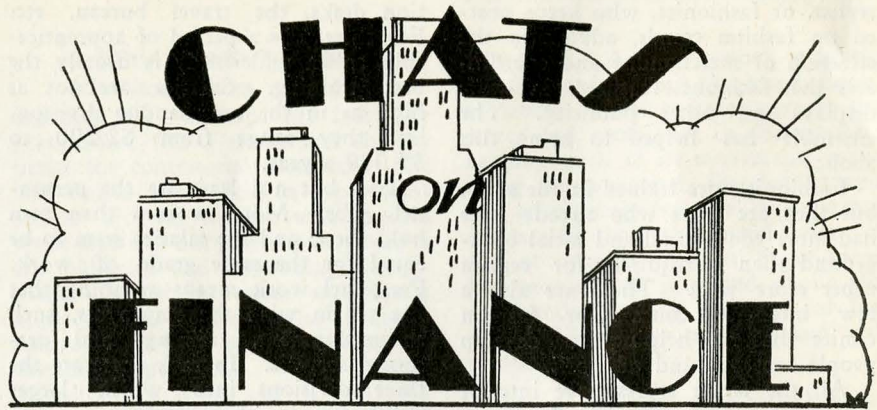
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First Savings Should Go Into Safe Investments—

Summer Months Offer Opportunity
to Buy Better Stocks at
Lower Prices

AT the present time we are thinking more of vacations and outdoor sports than we are about investments, and we are therefore inclined to let things "stay put". This attitude on the part of many people really makes the summer months the best time to buy securities. Of course the investment houses plan to offer most of their big issues at times when investors are in the mood, but the listed issues, and of course all the outstanding ones that are not listed, continue on the market.

It is equally true that there is not so much selling by holders in the summer months. But there are bound to be some people who find that they need money—to buy a house, or a motor car, or for unexpected emergencies of any kind. If they have to sell some security, they must take whatever price is offered, and with the attention of so many buyers diverted, this price may be rather low.

Quite commonly prices pick up in the autumn, and you have to pay a little more. Of course the future at any time cannot be definitely foretold. Bonds have not changed much of late, and can without doubt be bought with advantage now. Stocks have been picking up a little, but speculation has lost at least some of its popularity. It looks as if the best stocks can be safely bought now, but one must be exceedingly careful of the others. It is only once in a long while that speculation becomes so general as to boost the prices of practically all stocks. That happened in 1927 and 1928, and is not apt to be repeated so soon. And even if we are buying for a hold, we at least like to get as much as we can for our money.

First Experiences Count.

One's first experience with investments is likely to affect one's policy through the rest of life. An easy profit may be the very worst thing for us, because it gives us the idea that we are particularly bright or particularly lucky. For a second try, we put in twice as much money, and if we continue successful, we keep on increasing our speculations until we are wiped out,—and then perhaps it is too late to start over. You know the simple gag of "double or quits". If you match quarters with some one, and have a winning streak, sooner or later you will lose just once, and then you are "quits".

A heavy loss at the start may unduly discourage us, but it often proves the best in the long run. For one thing, it sharpens our wits rather than dulls them, and it will probably strengthen our judgment.

Of course if you buy outright, rather than on margin, you will hardly be wiped out. You lose part, but not all.

It is for these reasons that I urge first savings to go into a sound investment. That gives you some backing. Losing a thousand is not so hard if you already have a thousand which is safe and drawing interest.

The difference among people appears in their attitude towards investments. One lady had always bought nothing but government bonds and mortgages, but one day she was persuaded to buy a listed security. A week later she insisted on selling it. "Every night," she said, "I lie awake worrying whether it will be down or up in the morning quotations. I simply must be able to for-

get about it." Others, again, are concerned if their security is not regularly quoted. They do not want to sell, but just to see at what price it is valued. For these people, listing satisfies curiosity, but it does not give assurance against loss.

"Familiar" Securities.

From the number of inquiries received, it appears that the bond and stock issues of Simpson's, Ltd., attracted the interest of many readers of *The Business Woman*. This is what is known as a "holding" company, owning all of the common stock of The Robert Simpson Company, Ltd. There are further divisions of the business under the control of the latter company, one of them, for instance, being the John Murphy Company, Ltd., Montreal. The point for the investor is, that there are total assets, as checked by appraisers and auditors, valued at \$34,318,475. From this should be deducted some current liabilities, first mortgage bonds and preferred shares of the Robert Simpson Company, Ltd., totalling in all \$9,257,161. This leaves approximately \$25,000,000 of assets as security for the new bond issue of \$10,000,000. These are 6 per cent. bonds, offered at par. Then there comes \$10,000,000 of 6½ per cent. preference shares, and after that 120,000 shares of Class A common stock and an equal number of shares of Class B common stock. It should be noted that these figures for the common stock are the number of shares, there being no par value.

The bond issue is well secured and can be considered a good investment. The preferred stock is of course more risky, but there is a small bonus of the Class B common stock with it, which gives the buyer the chance of sharing in further profits if the company continues successful.

Investors who like something they can personally observe, now have the chance of becoming bondholders or shareholders of quite a number of retailing concerns such as this. The biggest in Canada is, of course, The T. Eaton Company, Ltd., which is not a public company, though a bond issue secured by its real estate was sold recently. The Hudson's Bay Company, which is so prominent in the West, has an English charter, and its shares are well-known in England. A. J. Freiman, Ltd., has a department store in Ottawa, and P. T. Legare, Ltd., is in Montreal.

Of equal interest are the chain stores, like Dominion Stores, Loblaws, Arnolds, etc., and the candy concerns—Laura Secord, Hunts', etc. You can see one or more of these in operation in almost any town in Ontario or Quebec. Woolworths, A. & P. Stores, Kresge's and some

(Continued on page 26.)

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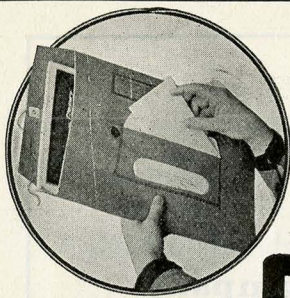
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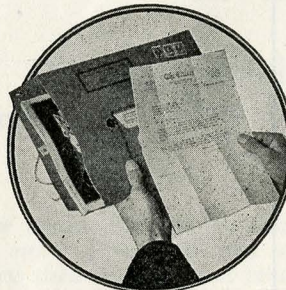
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ANOTHER SERVICE!

We take pleasure in introducing another service for readers of this magazine—a personal beauty department, to be conducted by Alison Dunn. Miss Dunn, who has prepared a series of beauty articles that are distinctly out-of-the-ordinary, will give subscribers to this magazine individual help with their beauty problems.

Address your letters to

Miss Alison Dunn,
"The Business Woman"
366 Adelaide St. W.
Toronto.

(Enclose a stamped addressed envelope for personal reply.)

CHATS ON FINANCE.

(Continued from page 25.)

others are United States concerns which have extended into Canada, and their shares are dealt in chiefly across the line.

The big department stores have properties of high value, which are suitable security for bond issues. Many of the chains, on the other hand, merely rent their shops. Their property investment is small. Their funds are tied up in goods which are being turned over quickly. That is why so few of them have any bonds issued.

With any such businesses, the big thing is good management. We can readily learn, or see for ourselves, that one business succeeds while another with apparently equal chances fails. A company like Dominion Stores, Loblaw's, Simpsons, which can show a record of success, is likely to continue successful, though, of course, there is no entire assurance that it will. A new concern, or one which has gone down hill but has been re-organized, is naturally more speculative.

Business of that kind is different from concerns like the Canadian Pacific Railway, or Shawinigan Water & Power Co. These latter have grown so big that their prosperity is identified with the prosperity of the country as a whole, or at least an important section of the country. For instance, if conditions are good in Quebec Province, there is almost sure to be an increase in demands for power from the Shawinigan Company.

The Use of Annuities.

For anyone with no dependents, and not contemplating having any, the life annuity is a form of protection which is often overlooked. You can get more income for old age, for a fixed sum, in this way than in any other. The reason is, that the principal as well as the interest is paid to you in the annuity. When you die there is nothing left, but I am assuming that there need not be anything left.

Annuities are offered by the life insurance companies and by the Dominion Government (Annuities Branch, Department of Finance, Ottawa). They have tables which show the average life of people, and the amount they offer each year is based on these tables. Anyone aged fifty, for instance, will be told just what annuity he or she can obtain per year, for each hundred dollars placed with them. They also have plans for accumulating this capital during your earning years. They will, if you like, guarantee to pay it for a certain period, such as twenty years, so that it goes to someone else in case you do not live that long. Of

(Continued on page 28.)

OFFICE HINTS

Sent by Readers of THE BUSINESS WOMAN

LOIS WALKER.



If you have an "Office Hint" send it to this department.
One dollar for each one published.

Messages—Re Callers or 'Phone Calls

From E. H., Toronto.

When leaving a memorandum on the desk of the absent manager or any of the staff regarding 'phone calls or callers who wish to be communicated with, it is a good idea to place the time of the call upon the memo, thus preventing the person called from communicating with the person, in case he has already done so before receiving the message.

To Jog Your Memory.

From Miss Lenore Mitchell, Toronto.

A good habit to form is the jotting down on a desk calendar pad of anything which is to take place or which has to be done at some future time, whether it be scheduled for "after lunch" or some more distant date. Memory is often treacherous and not to be depended upon.

When Using a Gold or Silver Pencil.

From J. H. Rodgers, Toronto.

Placing a small piece of rubber tubing over the stock of a gold-filled or silver pen or pencil often adds to the comfort of the writer, as it permits a better grip for the fingers, and relieves the strain, especially when using the pencil for comparatively long periods. In a pinch the rubber tubing may serve as an emergency eraser.

To Mark a Rush Letter or Telegram.

From M. E. M., Ville St. Pierre.

An effective way of marking a rush letter or telegram in your note book is by simply creasing the particular page or pages back in such a way that a portion protrudes from the side of your book. I have found this from actual experience to be a real time saver in that when you merely place a designating mark, such as an "X," against the rush letters, it is necessary to go through all your notes to pick out the letters to be done first, whereas with the method outlined above your attention is immediately attracted to the protruding pages.

New Words.

From E. H., Toronto.

Almost every day new words crop up in correspondence. Some of the girls in our office tried making a list of these words, with their meanings and the correct shorthand outline, and

placing them in the back of their dictionary. These, together with words that have sometimes to be looked up, can be referred to at a glance.

For the Switchboard Operator.

From Miss E. Cooper, Toronto.

Here is a hint that may help the switchboard operator. In offices where there is only one telephone for more than one person, I have a certain number of rings for each person. The same method does in an office where there is more than one phone. I give so many rings for each person with a phone, so that when I ring they know which one to answer.

A Time Saver.

From Well Wisher, Fredericton, N.B.

When transcribing letters address the envelopes as soon as the letter is written and place face downward on your desk. Then place the addressed envelope of the next letter on top of this, and so on, in the meantime piling your letters face upward as they are written; then when the letters are signed, the first one written will be on top; now turn your pile of addressed envelopes over, and the first one addressed will be on top to correspond with the letter. This saves a good many minutes that would otherwise have to be spent in sorting envelopes, as they need not be touched until your letters are signed, ready to be put in the envelopes.

Another Time Saver.

From Well Wisher, Fredericton, N.B.

While the letters are being signed, stamp your envelopes, being careful to keep them in the order they were originally in. This uses up the spare minutes while waiting for your letters, and your work is finished that much sooner.

Turning Pages When Taking Dictation.

From T. Brackelsush, Montreal.

When writing shorthand, to avoid loss of time in turning over the leaves of the notebook, a good plan is to gradually work the page up with the second finger of the left hand underneath the page and the index finger above, so that, when the last line on the top page has been reached, the

leaf has been turned over and the first line on the following page is right at the pencil point of the writer.

Two Hints for Court Reporters.

From Miss Dorothy McIntosh, Goderich.

Re Exhibits: Make out a sheet for each case on the docket, before the opening of court, heading each one with the Style of Cause of each action, and the words, "Ex. No. 1, Ex. No. 2," etc., leaving space between each number. Then, when an exhibit is produced and marked, just make a note on your list, as well as on the notes; this makes a double check and eliminates the possibility of omitting any exhibits. Then, when transcribing the notes, as you record each exhibit on the evidence, mark on the sheet the number of the page on which it is referred to as having been "produced and marked." This facilitates the making of the index of exhibits when the transcription of notes is completed. The information is all there tabulated—the exhibit number, the nature of the exhibit, by whom filed, and the page on which it is referred to as having been marked.

Re Witnesses: I follow the same plan with regard to witnesses; during the transcription of the notes, make a note of full name of witness as each is called, by whom called, and the page on transcribed notes on which witness is first referred to. Note also pages covering Examination-in-Chief, Cross-Examination, and Re-Examination. This also facilitates the listing of the witnesses when making the index, and saves much time that would otherwise be spent in leafing over the sheets of evidence to find where each witness' evidence began and ended.

To Avoid Typing Too Close to the Bottom of the Page of a Long Letter.

From E. H., Toronto.

When typing long letters it is most annoying to find you have reached the bottom of the page when you have only one or two more words to write. This can be avoided if a small "V" is cut in the side of the carbon about 1½ inches from the bottom of the page. The "V" will show white through the letterhead, and you can tell just where you are.

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are finding that

The Business Woman

can build up connections
for them with women
investors.

CHATS ON FINANCE.

(Continued from page 26.)

course the amount in this case will be less.

Besides assured provision for old age, such annuities are completely dependable when bought from the Dominion Government or from any life company which is properly licensed and under the supervision of Canadian laws.

Answers to Financial Enquiries

Question: I have read with interest your articles in The Business Woman. I thought I would take advantage of your offer of advice on investments. I have small holdings in the following stocks: Noranda, International Nickel, Manitoba Basin, Canadian Kirkland, and Windfall Rouyn. You will notice I put the worst at the end of the list. I bought the first two to hold and the last three as a speculation—Manitoba Basin at 40 cents, Canadian Kirkland at 8 cents, and Windfall at 9 cents. These three are lower now, but I have lots of patience when it comes to holding them. I would appreciate your frank opinion as to this list. I dearly love dabbling in them, but much as I like it, my finances do not warrant my throwing away money on them. I noticed some of your replies rather indicated selling even Noranda and Nickel now and taking on bonds as investments. I know, of course, there is much less risk in a first mortgage bond. Please let me know what you think of the new 6 per cent. list mortgage bonds due 1949, of Simpson's, Ltd. I have great confidence in Wood, Gundy & Company. Are they interested in the new company, or just interested insofar as the negotiations went?—M. H.

Answer: Your speculative buys have gone back on you a little, while the stocks you bought to hold are as good as ever, and may even show you a profit if you bought far enough back to get some share of the big advances which took place. Canadian Kirkland and Windfall are both gambles. The most that can be said for them is that, according to the news reports at least, they are both trying to find commercial ore. Frankly, I would rescue what money I could from these stocks. The small investor has very little chance in such issues, and even if you spread many thousands dollars among a whole lot of them, I doubt if the profits would make up for the losses.

Manitoba Basin, on the other hand, seems to have real speculative value. The company is working on claims at Herb Lake, Rottenstone Lake, and tin deposits in Manitoba, and at all of these points some promising values have been unearthed. If you

want to hold a "prospect" this should give you as good a chance as any other.

My suggestion about selling speculative stocks like Noranda and Nickel was based on weakness in stock market conditions as a whole, rather than on weakness in these particular stocks. As a matter of fact they both did come down with the rest of the market. The current news on Noranda is extremely good, however, and I suggest that you hold it. International Nickel may go either up or down in the next few months. As you will realize, no one can prophesy stock movements. I see no reason to sell at the present level.

The Simpson issue is well secured. Wood Gundy & Co., Ltd., have a permanent interest in the company, and in any case this firm can be relied upon to use its influence for the protection of investors.

It is merely because good bonds should have a place on every investment list, and because now is a favorable time to buy them, that I have on occasions urged the transfer of funds from speculative stocks to bonds.

Simpson Bonds

Question: As a reader of The Business Woman I would very much appreciate your valued advice regarding the buying of bonds issued by The Robert Simpson Company on the change of control. Do you think this is a safe investment?—A. W.

Answer: The first mortgage and collateral trust bonds of Simpsons, Ltd., appear to be well secured, and safe for investment. They are offered at par and accrued interest, paying 6 per cent. interest. The company has the privilege of redeeming them at 105 up to July 2, 1934, thereafter at 104 up to July 2, 1939, thereafter at 103 up to July 2, 1944, and thereafter at 102. On maturity, in 1949, of course they will bring only 100. You will bear in mind that this is a holding company. Besides other subsidiaries, it controls The Robert Simpson Co., Ltd., which has outstanding bonds and preferred shares totalling \$5,025,496. However, the total assets are valued at \$34,318,475, so that there should still be an ample margin over the amount of the new bond issue, which is \$10000,000.

T. Eaton Company.

Question: Would you kindly advise me regarding a sound investment? What I had in mind was five to ten-year debentures or bonds, to bear interest at the rate of 6 or 7 per cent. per annum. Also do you recommend the T. Eaton Company five year debentures at 5 per cent. per annum?—L. S.

Answer: If you have been reading this page regularly, you will have noted that I urge the purchase of

good investment bonds at the present time. You had better rule out the 7 per cent. rate, however, as that means a great deal of risk in a bond. You can get government or municipal securities to pay from 5 per cent. to 5½ per cent. Examples are City of Three Rivers, to yield 5.15 per cent, and City of Saskatoon to yield 5.25 per cent. Any dealer can offer you municipals around these rates, or good corporation issues at 5½ per cent. to 6 per cent. If you must have more, I would suggest a foreign government issue, such as Chile, to yield 6½ per cent., or Brazil to yield over 7 per cent. The investment of The T. Eaton Company, Ltd., to which you refer, is no doubt all right, as we can hardly imagine such a concern failing to meet its debts. Still it is a private company, and therefore does not give out information as to its financial affairs, and it seems to me better to invest in concerns which do issue such statements, especially as equal or better rates can be secured from the latter.

Quemont and Newbec

Question: Would you please give me your opinion of Quemont Mining stock and also Newbec, as speculations for a hold of a year or two?—R. B.

Answer: These properties are both still in the prospect stage. Reports from Newbec are very promising, indicating ore foundations somewhat similar to those of Noranda. Speculation in this stock has been very active, as you probably know, and it seems like a fair speculation. As the price has been up and down, between 26 and 94 this year, I suggest that you do not be in a hurry to buy at a high figure, but rather try and get it around 40. Work on Quemont is not quite so far ahead, and as you can make any number of purchases in the dark, I do not know of any special reason for choosing this one.

HOBBY HALL.

(Continued from page 21.)

not realize that I was resting just as much as if I had been sleeping soundly and that I was too happy to go to bed.

Does your hobby give you that feeling? If it does not, methinks it is not just a hobby, it's like a side-show at the circus.

(Signed) LADY DRAGON.

* * * *

Reading, My First and Only Love

Dear Lady Fan:

If a hobby is something you like to do every spare minute you can snatch from your work, then I have one. It's books or reading—I don't know which you'd call it. I never thought of it being a hobby until I read the Hobby Hall page in the July

issue. You say all that is necessary to send a contribution to your page is enthusiasm. Well, where books are concerned Enthusiasm is my middle name.

From the time I was in the primer, reading has been my first and only love. My family used to be disgusted with me. They'd take me on a motor drive for a treat—and what would I do but take a book along and read the whole time!

I'm almost as bad now. In those days it was little Elsie Dinsmore and now it's Barrie or Christopher Morley or Browning. That's the only difference. At the present moment I have three volumes on the go—a collection of Browning's poems reserved exclusively for the street car, Christopher Morley's Essays up at the lake at the family cottage where I spend my week-ends, and Galsworthy's "Caravan" as the main dish.

I've lost my copy of "The Business Woman" but I think you said something about a 200-word limit. May I write again?

Wishing the page every success, I am,

Your enthusiastic
BOOKLOVER.

A DEPARTMENT STORE.

(Continued from page 23.)

course in Personnel Information is being given at the Hotel McAlpin, beginning July 8 and lasting four weeks. The group of women who are giving the lectures and conducting the discussions in this course have all had long and successful experience in personnel work, and, with the New York stores available for laboratory work, the course bids fair to be a most valuable and practical addition to the field of personnel training.

It is interesting to note that successful experience in department stores is preparing women to go out "on their own" to develop their own business. A few courageous department store graduates have become consultants and built up their own group of clients. There are several in the fashion field and one in personnel.

Department store work offers countless opportunities to women. Almost every talent ever attributed to woman can find expression in the field of retail business. Even if one just takes any old job in order to get on the payroll of her favorite store while she learns the language, if she sticks to it and works hard her light will not long be hidden under a bushel.

An Exceptional Opportunity!

We have an opening for woman with sales ability in a highly remunerative profession, where women excel. Good education, tact, perseverance and pleasing personality required. Apply between 12 and 1 o'clock to

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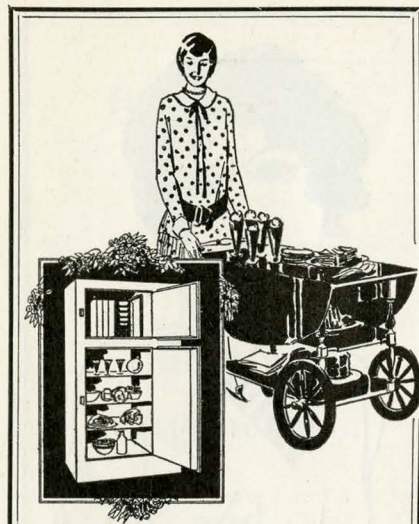
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By accurate record Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound benefits 98 out of 100 women who report after taking it.

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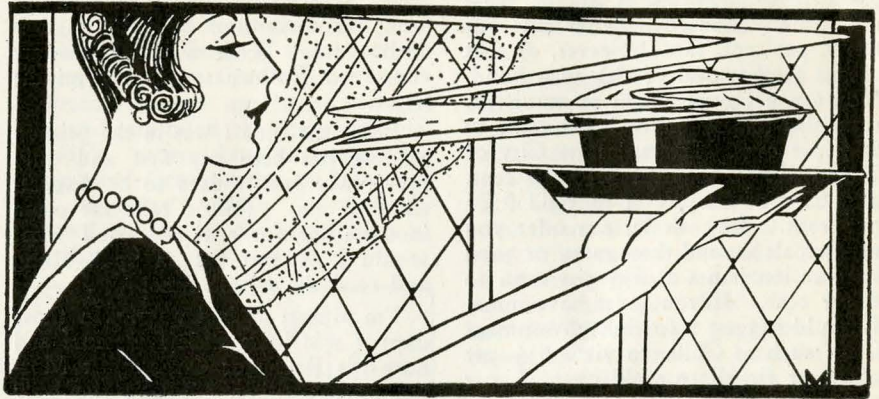
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Early Autumn Jams and Jellies

Adapted to the Business Woman's
Needs

By JESSIE READ.

Director, Home Service Dept., Consumers' Gas Co.

TO the Business Girl this subject may not seem as necessary as some of the lighter ones, but at the same time, the preserving of fruits is something which we should all know about, even though at the present time we are not likely to be called upon to do anything of this kind. Many of you, however, have your bachelor apartment, or like to assist around home and will enjoy making up one of the interesting jam recipes which I am giving you in this article.

Long ago the preserving of fruits was not a pastime, but an all-day job, and in the evening the homemaker was completely worn out. Now to a great extent preserving has been done away with. Do you remember the days when a large pot of preserves were put on and allowed to simmer down slowly until they had reached the consistency of jam or jelly. With this process we cooked away the delicious fresh flavor and also lost through evaporation a great deal of the jelly. On the market now we have commercial pectin put up in bottle form and this saves time in the cooking of the fruits.

In cooking of practically every kind you must be just as accurate in measurements as the druggist who is making up a prescription because, after all, the recipe is just a prescription of the food you are going to prepare. So I emphasize here very decidedly when using commercial pectin to follow the rules exactly as they are in the little book which accompanies each bottle of commercial pectin. Otherwise I cannot guarantee success for you. If you do follow the rules I know you will

have on your shelves rows of jams and jellies which are just asking you to serve them with hot tea and toast sometime during the coming winter.

If there are only one or two of you do not use pint jars for the bottling of the fruit, use small jars, possibly some you have saved which did contain mayonnaise, pickles, etc., and if you have not tops to fit these use wax paper and tie this over the top, trimming it around the edge so that it has an even attractive appearance, tying it down tightly with strong cord.

The fruit should be bottled in hot, sterilized jars, and we usually pour hot, melted paraffin over the top. It is optional whether you pour the melted paraffin on as soon as you have bottled the fruit or whether you allow it to stand until cool.

A suggestion that aids greatly in the removing of the wax is to place a small piece of string across the top of the jar, leaving the ends protruding, and pour the melted wax over this. These ends of string provide a lever when removing the wax.

Wipe jars well before storing them away so that no bacterial growth can accumulate on the outside of the jar. Store them in a cool, dry, dark place.

Just a suggestion that when during the winter some of your friends are ill, many people think of flowers and candy, but maybe that jar of conserve or jam may taste just a little bit different from what she has at home and will tempt the illusive appetite.

If you have any difficulties in making up any of the recipes I shall be glad to give you further assistance.

RHUBARB MARMALADE.

- 4 lbs. rhubarb
- 4 lbs. sugar
- 3 oranges' juice and grated rind
- 2 lemons' juice and grated rind
- 1/4 lb. walnuts

Wash and peel rhubarb; cut into 1-inch pieces. Add fruit juices, rind and sugar, and water to nearly cover. Boil gently thirty minutes. Add walnuts cut in pieces; cook ten minutes longer or until thick.

MATRIMONY JAM.

- 2 lbs. pears
- 2 lbs. apples
- 3 lbs. Damson plums
- 6 lbs. sugar

Peel and core pears, put in preserving kettle with a little water and one pound of sugar. Boil until they look transparent, then put in the apples, peeled and cored, with 2 lbs. of sugar. Cook until soft, then put in the Damson plums from which the pits have been removed, and the remainder of the sugar. Boil until all is cooked.

PEACH CONSERVE.

- 3 qts. peaches
- 4 oranges
- 1/2 lemon
- 1/2 lb. almonds blanch sugar

Blanch, peel and slice peaches. Squeeze juice and pulp of oranges, put rind through the mincer. Weigh; add 1 lb. sugar to 1 lb. fruit. Put peaches into kettle; add orange juice and rind. Cook until clean. Stir often. Add lemon juice and chopped nuts. Cook 5 minutes longer. Put into sterilized jars and seal.

PLUM CONSERVE.

- 3 lbs. pitted plums
- 3 oranges
- 1 lb. raisins
- 3 lbs. sugar
- 1 lb. walnuts

Wash the plums, remove the pits, chop the raisins and oranges. Boil together until they are tender. Add the sugar and cook until thick like marmalade. About 10 minutes before removing from the fire add the chopped walnuts. Pour into sterilized glasses and seal.

PLUM JELLY.

- 4 cups juice from cooked plums
- 7 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup commercial pectin

Stem and crush well about 4 lbs. ripe fruit. Add 1 cup water. Stir until boiling and simmer 10 minutes in closely-covered saucepan. Place cooked fruit in flannel bag and allow juice to drip through. Measure sugar and juice into large saucepan. Stir and bring to a boil. Add commercial pectin at once, stirring constantly, and bring again to the full rolling boil. Boil for half a minute. Remove from fire. Let stand one minute. Skim. Pour quickly into sterilized glasses and seal with hot melted paraffin.

VEGETABLE MARROW JAM

- 2 lbs. brown sugar
- 2 qts. water
- 2 lbs. vegetable marrow cut in one-inch strips (1 large marrow)
- 2 lbs. loaf sugar
- 2 oz. ginger root
- Juice and rind of two lemons
- Pinch of cayenne

Make syrup of brown sugar and water. Weigh marrow and place in bowl with syrup. Let stand two days. Mix loaf sugar, finely-chopped lemons, cayenne, and ginger tied in cheesecloth, and stir over slow fire until sugar is dissolved. Strain marrow from first syrup and put in second syrup. Cook until transparent. Remove ginger. Bottle and seal.

TOMATO MARMALADE.

- 3 lbs. tomatoes
- 3 lemons, juice and rind
- 2 1/4 lbs. sugar
- 1 1/2 cups chopped nuts

Skin the tomatoes, removing all the dark spots. Squeeze the juice from the lemons and put the rinds through the food chopper, or chop finely. Mix the tomatoes, sugar and lemon rinds and put them on the stove. Allow to cook until it is the consistency of jam, stirring it frequently so that the mixture does not burn. Just five minutes before removing from the stove, add the chopped nuts and lemon juice. Pour into sterilized jars or glasses and seal with hot paraffin.

WHAT IS YOUR TYPE?

(Continued from page 19.)

exactly matches her locks. Navy blue and black are delightful contrasts—unless, of course, a golden or ash blonde is lucky enough to have brown eyes, when brown is the only proper one. For a contrast choose a color to match your eyes. Blue is the perfect foil for a fair head—unless it kills your eyes.

And then the red heads! How I envy them their shining top knots—red-gold, auburn, or "just red". It is really surprising how few girls with red hair have learned the secret of wearing the shade that exactly matches their hair. Perhaps it is only because it is rather hard to find those wonderful red-gold and copper shades reproduced exactly. Next to an exact match, brown, black and the color of your eyes head your list. Blue is too harsh a contrast unless you have blue eyes. Green is the perfect complement of red hair, and pale peach, apricot, maize, flesh pink, soft, creamy, yellow and mauve are charming. Have you ever tried them?

Two Basic Skin Tones.

It is impossible here to define all the subtle skin shades or to advise the correct shade of rouge and lipstick. They need a special article and shall surely have one, some month.

Briefly, however, there are two

basic skin tones—orchid or orange. Perhaps that sounds funny, but if you had the artist's eyes you'd see the underlying orchid tone in all "fair" skins, the underlying orange in all "dark" ones. Of course they vary in intensity. Medium skins and tawny skins are the result of Nature's subtle mixing of these color elements. Dividing skins very roughly into four classes, there are: fair skins; medium-fair skins; tawny skins; dusky skins.

Here are a few general rules about colors and your complexion:

White is almost universally becoming. Cream is better than dead white for tawny skins.

Black, contrary to fashion experts, is not universally becoming. It makes many a person look either washed out or sallow. It should have no part in the wardrobe of the girl with golden brown hair, tawny skin and amber or yellowish-green eyes.

A person with a tawny skin should wear everything with *yellow* in it except yellow itself—tan, gold, beige, tawny shades, peach, apricot, dull orange, flame, coral, yellowish greens and scarlet. Clear yellow is lovely with very fair or very dark skins.

Clear, light scarlet is lovely with fair and tawny skins, deep, warm reds with fair or very dark skins. Pink should be worn only with a really fair skin. It is especially charming with dark hair.

Purple belongs to the fair skin.

Unless you have blue eyes don't wear *blue* with a dark skin. The exception to this rule is the deep, intense blues which make a tawny skin look rich and golden.

Green is lovely with almost any skin but the very dark one. As your hair and complexion grow darker, increase the clearness and intensity of the green—unless you have green eyes. Then match them.

Your Natural Setting.

Now you will have a list of two or more colors for your eyes and the same for your hair. If your hair and eyes match, the lists are probably the same. Check up the list with the rules about complexions. The list may not be complete, but if you add colors you should know why—because it is the proper contrast to your eyes, or blends especially with your skin, or matches your hair. Wear most of all the colors that play up to your best point, whether it be hair, or eyes, or complexion.

These colors, then, form the natural setting for your loveliness. As I am not a fashion expert I can't tell you whether they are "smart" or not. But I do know that if you wear them people will begin to realize, as they never would otherwise, that you have "the bluest eyes", or "the most beautiful brown hair", or "the whitest skin". They will begin to realize there is a you, and a you who is dangerously near to being "good-looking".

**And
when
you
come
back!**

When your holidays are over, your frocks and coats and sweaters will, no doubt, be a trifle mussed and soiled.

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Club Life

Canadian Business and Professional Women's Club of Toronto

THE MAINE DELEGATION.

T-o-r-o-n-t-o, thrice repeated and then yelled, greeted those members of our club who welcomed the Maine delegation of Business and Professional Women who stopped off for a few hours en route to the Convention at Mackinac. Twenty-two happy and very-much-alive visitors were ready to see our city and quarters, and, with our quota, filled the two capacious T. T. C. buses at about 6.30 on the evening of July 4th. Mrs. Mood and Miss Stoakley were photographed with Mrs. Sara Laffin Hammons, State President of the Maine Clubs, and Miss Corinne Dudley, of Wilton, Maine, State Recording Secretary.

The cavalcade had just reached Hart House when an electrical storm broke, but it in no way interfered with the enjoyment that inspection of the University's Recreation Hall brought. Much admiration of our parks and residential districts was expressed, but chief of all seemed to be the realization that "Canada" was so finished and prosperous, and withal so beautiful. They had travelled from Montreal by day. The distance even between there and Toronto had amazed them! And when we showed them our waterfront, and wonderful new hotel, their cup of happiness was almost too full to permit of further additions. Yet, we repaired to the club rooms, and still further amazed them with our accommodation and entertainment, which included sandwiches, cakes, coffee and ice cream.

Each visitor was provided with a hostess, which ensured her being well taken care of, and when time came to repair to their private coach on the C.N.R. train to Niagara Falls, shortly after midnight—daylight time—it was with a keen appreciation of the benefits of international relations. Toronto is, so far, the only club with U.S. affiliations.

The broadcast of welcome, which Miss Stoakley transmitted over the C.N.R. when the visitors were still "somewhere east of Toronto", provided a thrill that is not likely to be forgotten. To hear oneself directly addressed by name is a thrill still reserved for most of us. To experience it, we should possibly arrange a return visit.

Our guests of honor on Friday, July 19th, were Miss Bella Walker and Miss Moffatt, two Scottish ladies whose home is in Aberdeen, and who have been travelling across Canada with a view to determining what Canada has to offer the Scottish emigrant of the domestic class, or the business class. What they have seen and heard of conditions here has impressed them with the fact that they will carry back a different message from that they started out to find. They will go home carrying with them the word that what they must send out to Canada is the best class they can influence, being convinced of the golden opportunities that await them in our Dominion.

Miss Walker had an especial message for us, devoting her talk to The Club Movement, which has been so much to the fore since the war. A remarkable achievement is the Aberdeen Business Women's Club, which Miss Walker organized. During the three short years of its existence it has brought up its membership to 720; financed a substantial building, with lounge, cafeteria, library, opportunities for meeting and entertaining men friends—a long-needed want in Great Britain—and four bedrooms, each with two beds, so that visiting business women may have temporary accommodation.

One would expect that the membership fee would be heavy for such a state of affairs. Imagine our amazement when Miss Walker told us it was ten shillings—about \$2.50 of our currency. Asked if such a fee could meet expenses, we were told that it did not, but that each individual member used her talents to raise money for her club, and sums ranging from 10s. to £50 were handed over almost casually for the good of the cause. The spirit behind such a movement must be wonderful, especially when one learns that a good typist—which really means stenographer—gets £1 a week. Miss Walker's own typist earns just that sum—but "She's coming out here just as soon as I can get a boat for her to come on," said Miss Walker.

Membership in the Aberdeen Business Women's Club is confined to business women, and does not open its lists to women in industry, no matter if they are executives. It does not include the professional women, but is solely for women in all departments of business, and extends its

welcome alike to the youngest apprentice and errand girl and the clerk in the Civil Service, or any high executive—only providing she be in business. A council of one hundred and thirty women, culled from different branches of business, decided the policy of the club, and from the amount of enthusiasm evident, there seems to be little doubt that it was a popular decision.

Judge Margaret Patterson, Dr. Guest, Dr. N. Ford and Dr. Hamilton formed a guard of honor for our distinguished guests, both of whom are prominent in Social Service Work, and who found a wealth of interest in Dr. Patterson's administration of the law. They were going back convinced that Canada was further advanced in matters of human reclamation work, and that the advent of women into the administrative field of justice was largely responsible for this condition. Across the continent they have been carrying out their intensive research work, and speak from intimate knowledge.

Mrs. Mood, our President, introduced the guests of honor, and included at the guest table were Miss Mabel Stoakley and Miss Eleanor Hiley.

The first Field Day of our golfing enthusiasts might best be described as a "wash-out". Not from anything but a meteorological standpoint, however. In spite of heat and holidays, the card was splendid and play commenced with so little expectation of rain that the "careful" member who carried waterproof and umbrella was scoffed at, but the prayer that so often follows was on every lip when rain descended in torrents when most of the players were in mid-course.

The dash for shelter, where no shelter was, found timorous women under trees, recalling the fatality which so recently befell two golfers and a caddie under similar conditions. Soon, drenched to the skin, dainty summer outfits were transformed into bedraggled, clinging garments that demanded instant removal and consequent foregoing of the pre-arranged tea at the Ladies' Golf Club, Thornhill, where the play was to have been enjoyed. Green waterproof took its toll in the shape of color transmitted to white shoes and hose, and further retribution was meted out to the careful member when a slippery slope proved her downfall and grass added another touch of green.

At this point, nothing could further dampen either spirits or dress, and several members completed the course. Miss MacDowall hopes to arrange for completion of the four holes unplayed by the unfortunates.

Another Field Day is scheduled for Saturday, August 10th. May the gods be kind.

Saturday, July 27th, witnesses an innovation in Quarterly Meetings, when members are invited to attend it at the president's Nursery Camp, Rouge Hills. Doubtless the invitation to visit this rural spot, to partake of tea, enjoy the pleasures of beach or golf course, or otherwise disport oneself, will result in a record attendance. Buses are available to non-driving members at a cost for the return trip of \$1.00.

Miss Stoakley and Miss Brodie, who so kindly and ably represented our club at the Convention of the Federation of U.S. Business and Professional Women's Clubs recently held at Mackinac, are back with us, and full of enthusiasm for the welcome accorded; the business proceeded with, and the general spirit which pervaded the gathering of some fifteen women from the thousand and fifty clubs in the federation. Special courtesies were showered on the six Canadian delegates and Dr. Maria Castalani, of Rome, Italy, who gave to the gathering its International aspect.

Advantage was taken of this gathering to discuss the Federation of Canadian Clubs, which for long has been our hope, and on which several of the other clubs, notably Vancouver and Victoria, are particularly keen. The matter of a constitution was thoroughly entered into, and its result will, in all probability, result in application for a Dominion Charter in the near future. At present we are the only Canadian club federated with the United States Federation, and the Canadian Business and Professional Women's Clubs have not been so united. Italy boasts three clubs, and they have federated.

Lena Madesin Phillips, Attorney of New York City, and three times president of the Federation, presided over the Convention, and spoke of the great progress made during the past year by the federation, against the barriers raised against women in the business and professional world. Another high light was the entertainment of the Canadian delegates by Mrs. Hert, chairman of the National Women's Committee of the Republican Party of the U.S.A., whose summer home is one of the delights of Mackinac Island, the scene of this remarkable gathering.

Mrs. J. Wesley Bundy was a lunch-eon guest of Miss Mary MacMahon early in July. We are interested to know that Mrs. Bundy has been elected National Convenor of Finance and President for Ontario of the National

(Continued on page 34.)

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Council of Women. Mrs. Bundy had just returned from Saskatoon, where, in convention, Miss Mary McMahon was elected National Convenor of Trade and Industries.

Once more our underwriting members distinguish themselves. Miss Rothwell and Miss Geary have won the coveted yearly trip, for outstanding production, this year it takes them to Swampscott, near Boston, where we trust an enjoyable holiday will brace them to further effort. Miss Flora Stewart, a former member, also enjoys the distinction.

Miss Marjorie Johnston and her sister have opened a delightful tea room and garden at Richmond Hill, under the name of The Open Door, where Tea for Two—or Twenty—can be had. Many of our motoring members have already found that a jaunt to Stop 26 Yonge St. is well repaid. You are invited to make use of the gardens for rest during other than meal times.

The policy of issuing guest tickets during the holiday season is already bearing encouraging results. Application for membership, as a direct outcome, has already been made by more than one.

WITH MONTREAL BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL WOMEN.

ALL eyes in the medical and nursing professions were turned in the direction of Montreal during the months of June and July. The latter part of June saw the meeting of the Canadian Medical Association, which lasted several days, and which was attended by physicians and surgeons from all over the Dominion, among whom were several prominent women doctors from Montreal.

Over five hundred nurses from convents and hospitals throughout the world gathered early in July to hold the fifth annual convention of the International Catholic Guild of Nurses, and over seven thousand members of the profession of Florence Nightingale met later in the month to attend the International Nurses' Congress, both of these conferences being held in the Metropolis.

Dr. Helen R. Y. Reid, of the Child Welfare Association, addressed the Catholic Guild of Nurses, giving a brilliant talk on leadership, stressing the need for more of the spirit of service which animated the first nurses in this country, the intrepid Jeanne Mance and her companions. Rev. Mother Allaire, of the Grey Nuns, Montreal, was elected to the board of the Guild, at the business meeting, and Mrs. N. E. Dwyer, also of Montreal, was appointed one of the lay nurse councillors.

The delegates from overseas to the International Congress were met at Quebec by two Montreal nurses, Miss Barrett and Miss Smellie, and Miss Holt, another Montrealer, was in charge of the entertainment of the visitors. Mrs. Stuart Ramsey, President of the Montreal Association of Overseas Nurses, and Miss M. Galbraith, matron of the Military Hospital at Ste. Anne de Bellevue, were in charge of a garden party at Ste. Anne's for all nursing sisters who served in the British Forces overseas.

Miss Mabel F. Hersey, President of the Canadian Nurses' Association and head of the Training School of the Royal Victoria Hospital, was among the speakers at the first public session of the Congress.

Montreal considered itself highly honored in being chosen as the convention city for these two important organizations of women, and did its best to make them welcome during their stay.

Graduates of Royal Victoria College, McGill University, will learn with deep regret of the resignation, owing to illness, of Miss Hurlbatt, who for many years was Dean of Women and head of the College. Many of the professional and business women not only of Montreal, but also those who have made their success elsewhere, owe that same success in large measure to the training and encouragement received from her during their university days. She will be much missed in the professional life of the city.

Miss Postill, General Secretary of the Montreal branch of the Young Women's Christian Association, and Miss Raynor, of the Travellers' Aid, were among the Montrealers who attended the 13th national convention of the Young Women's Association held at Banff early in the summer. They report the convention an outstanding success from every point of view.

Miss Doris Sharples, the efficient and enterprising Secretary of the French Summer School of McGill University, reports another most successful session, with a greatly increased membership. Students from all over the Dominion, and a great number from the United States, spent five weeks in an exclusively French atmosphere, presumably speaking nothing but that language during the whole of the course. The courses for business girls in the city were specially well attended, a number of these students finding the evening lectures and entertainments, all of which are given in French, most helpful in their work.

WHAT PRICE SMARTNESS?

(Continued from page 17.)

"You can go on forever combining colors to suit your own needs," concluded Jean.

And Jean was right. The smart Parisian long ago learned to combine her colors. Many women in Paris wear only black or black and white in the daytime, keeping colors for evening. You Canadian business girls whom I have always found so alert, will surely realize the wisdom and the possibilities of this plan.

Here are some more suggestions for color "complexes". See if you can fit them together as Jean and Helen did.

Medium blue, beige, brown.
Dark red, grey, soft, dull greens.
Dark red, beige, soft, dull greens.
Dark red, black, soft, dull greens.
Navy, gray, rose, red, light blue.
Navy, black, light blue.
Dark green, beige, rose, red, green.
Medium green, brown, tawny shades, beige.

Medium green, light beige, rose, tan.

Golden brown, green, blue.
Dark brown, green, light blue.
Beige, black, red, green, light blue.
Black, gray, navy, rose, red.
Black, light beige, blue, red, rose, green.

As Jean said, "the possibilities are endless."

ANNE MERRILL'S HOLIDAY BOOK CONTEST.

(Continued from page 13.)

est hope is that my vacation may be just like the enchanted April of the story—85c.

3. "Wintersmoon," by Hugh Walpole, because that is the only one of his books I have not read, and I hear it is the best—\$1.

4. "Precious Bane," which I have read and love and long to have for my own. It is by Mary Webb—\$1.50.

5. "All Quiet on the Western Front," because I like to be able to discuss books they are talking about—\$2.

6. "Anthology of Modern Verse," because poetry is my dearest love among book friends—75c.

7. "Abraham Lincoln," by Charnwood—a most readable biography, which I have long wanted to possess—\$1.

8. "Ceremonials of Common Days," by Abbie Graham; delightful for pick-up reading—\$1.50.

9. Keats' poems in the Nelson's Classics edition, because Keats is one of my favorite poets—40c.

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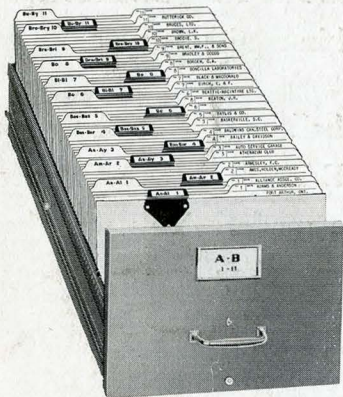
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