

The Business Woman

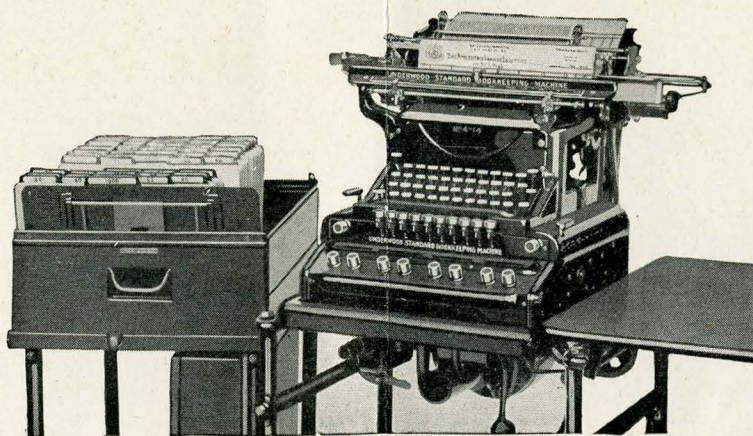


A Scene in Yoho National Park

Vol. 5

JUNE, 1930
Toronto

No. 6



The Underwood Bookkeeping Machine

This is a good time to introduce the Underwood system of mechanical accounting. ¶ Here are excerpts from a letter lately received.

“You will see from our Directors’ Report that we are telling our shareholders of the splendid results attained through the use of the Underwood system of mechanical accounting. It has done all you claimed for it.

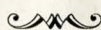
Thanks to the new system, in our busiest season we needed no extra help, and overtime was cut to a few hours.

When our auditor completed the audit for the first three months after installation, he wrote us commending the new system. He was particularly pleased that *it insured a daily balance.*

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The letter says other nice things. A copy is yours for the asking.

¶ We are ready to co-operate with other good firms interested in *better bookkeeping.*



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*Extras on the Printer's Bill And What They Mean

PROBABLY no other point in regard to printing causes more trouble between buyer and printer than "extras." The buyer can not understand, it seems, why he should be billed for \$2,500, say, when he placed an order with a printer to deliver a job at a quoted price of \$2,000.

You give an architect specifications for a building in which you ask for nine rooms, three baths, and a basement. He gives you an estimate of \$40,000.

Work is started. The contract is placed with the builder. Then you decide that you want eleven rooms and an extra bath. Does that contractor give you those two extra rooms and the extra bath for nothing? Does the architect help you to avoid paying additional costs for the extra rooms?

The same thing happens on a printing job, except that the alterations you requested seem so trivial to you that you can not understand why you should have to pay for them.

We'll say that you have gone over all of the preliminary steps with your printer and everything is ready to go. The type has been set. Engravings are made and in the forms. You find suddenly that you must make some changes to meet new specifications in your product.

You can hardly expect the printer to change his forms, take out the type, put in new type, keep the press standing, and so on, without asking you to pay him for doing so. Certainly, no such items were included in his estimate.

**An extract from the book "What About Printing" issued by
The Champion Coated Paper Company.*

Customers have expressed their appreciation of our help in keeping down their original costs as well as the "extras". We do not like to see "extras" on the invoice, for they invariably ruffle the customer. In addition to taking care of the mechanical end of the printing job, our copy preparation department is for the use of customers.

Printing Division

Fullerton Publishing Co., Limited

Elgin 7405-6

177 Jarvis Street, Toronto

The Editor Talks

The other day, outside a large restaurant, we saw one of those Italian organ men, accompanied by da monk. All of a sudden, the music changed from some march tune to the National Anthem—and we wondered—just what happened inside that restaurant to any army man, intent upon his soup, with “God-Save-the-King” ringing in his ears. Just how far does etiquette govern this kind of occasion.

* * * *

Do men like clever women? Rosa Ponselle, the gifted singer, says they don't. In the Smart Set she sets forth her ideas on the subject of men and their preferences for the woman who is not a successful professional or business woman. And yet, look at the well-known women writers who are married. How many brilliant artists of the stage are single?

Miss Ponselle contends that men haven't the courage to propose to successful women unless they are as successful in their own lines. If they are not earning as much as the women, they hesitate to ask her to share a smaller income than her own.

The modern business girl looks prosperous, dresses well and gives the impression of having money; and, the writer says, defeats her own ends, since she has dressed thus well with the idea of attracting the man, who is thereby discouraged into feeling that he “cannot keep her in the luxury to which she has been accustomed.”

We don't agree with Miss Ponselle. It isn't man that most women dress for. One girl comes into the office in a new frock or hat and the other girls see and admire it and adapt the style to themselves—for their own satisfaction and with an idea of impressing other girls rather than a man. We wouldn't mind betting that there are more clothes bought with a thought to what other women will think than are bought to impress man—at least by unmarried women. One's own personal satisfaction has quite a lot to do with the selection of one's clothes, too.

* * * *

Tan or Sunburn?

We are going to be tanned again this year, after all the long disserta-

tions upon peaches-and-cream complexions. You couldn't enjoy the fun of acquiring a nice coat of golden brown one year and then go back to the inanity of pink and white.

The coat of tan is delightful—it's the getting of that coat that is the trouble. A friend of ours is blonde and she thought how marvellous she would look if her skin were dusky, so she went out to the beach one good hot day and she lay for hours in the sun in her bathing suit. There was a breeze blowing at the time and she didn't notice any discomfort from the heat of the sun. Next day, however, she spent in bed, turning from side to side, sitting up, lying down, in an agony of sunburn. And the tragedy of it was that she didn't get her tan pelt at all. She just had angry red patches that took weeks to recover.

If you want the sunshine tint, go out into the air and live on the beach in your bathing suit, but lie in the shade during the hottest hours of the day, only staying in the sun for a few minutes at a time until late afternoon or in the early morning.

Rub your skin with olive oil, freely. Then choose the warm day when the sky is somewhat cloudy and there is a breeze. You will get more color from this type of day, with no discomfort at all, than all the scorching hours of July.

Protect your eyes. Scringing up your eyes from the sunshine will give you an intricate pattern of wrinkles that won't be easy to eradicate.

* * * *

In the New York Legislature a bill

is being introduced by Assemblyman Edward S. Martin. Would that a similar bill could be introduced into Canadian Parliaments.

If this bill be passed it will be a misdemeanor for employers to discriminate against men and women on account of their being forty years old or over.

The older man or woman, no matter what his or her skill, is in a most unlucky condition when out of a job. No matter where they go to apply for a job, the forty-or-mores are turned down with the excuse, “Too old.” The experience that a man or woman has gathered during years at a job, doesn't count with the employer who, for some reason, wishes younger people on his staff.

An older woman is the one with the real experience and the one who is best fitted for responsibility. The employer, himself a man in his fifties or more, would never admit that he was in anything but his prime, but he cannot apply that same reasoning to the applicant for a job.

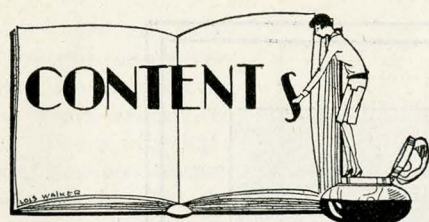
In the May issue we suggested an article on women drivers. We have been promised several contributions and we are holding this story over for another month to include two of them we consider worthwhile. We would like to hear from business women drivers.



A TEMPTING SPOT FOR VACATION.

VOLUME 5

NUMBER 6



THE BUSINESS WOMAN

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

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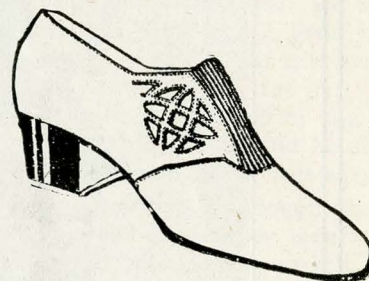
The picture of Yoho Valley on our cover is by courtesy of
the Ontario Motor League.

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to the Editor, The Business Woman, 177 Jarvis Street, Toronto 2.

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Out of town business women may be
fitted by writing for self-measurement
chart and literature.



Mrs. Josephine DeWitt

Founder of the well known artificial flower business, which she has developed into the largest of its kind in Canada.

Mrs. Josephine DeWitt—Pioneer

WHEN two or three are gathered together and the conversation turns to women in business, it always veers around to Josephine de Witt. There may have been other successful business women before or since, but this one did the job so thoroughly and so completely built up an industry that she is the model. We thought we had better ask her about it.

At the office we were asked to step down to the showroom. It's like walking into a story book. Huge baskets of flowers, some of them so real that you involuntarily bend to sniff them, some of them like nothing that is on land or sea, but exist only in the world of Art Modern.

There was one great sunflower as high as ourselves, and that's high. It stood just like a garden sentinel. Mrs. De Witt came down the line of trailing blossoms and we sat down for a chat. You don't interview Josephine De Witt—you drop in for a friendly chat on the price of shoes and conditions in Czecho-Slovakia, or the absorbing question of whether larkspurs should be planted at the east side of the garden or not.

And during the course of conversation you ask her what a girl should keep in mind if she wants to be a successful captain of industry, and how does one do it?

Twenty odd years ago, a young widow was left with two kiddies to support. She hadn't much money, in fact you might call it no money at all. She had an awful lot of ambition, though, and that makes up quite a good asset in lieu of a bank account if there's real determination mixed in with it.

Mrs. De Witt loved flowers, and she could make them so that their originals took them for old friends. Artificial flower makers had started business several times in Toronto before Mrs. De Witt, but none had



been successful. A little thing like discouragement didn't bother her; she started on her foundations by taking a room on Shepherd St., and so very low were funds that the owner of the place did not charge her any rent for the first month. The second month she paid him half rate. Six months later, she was using two floors. At the present time three floors in the Richmond Building are occupied by the company.

The two large department stores were her first customers. In addition to the lack of money, she had ill health to contend with, and the man who gave her her first order shook his head and cheerfully assured her that she wouldn't live to finish it. She naively asserts that she did, though.

She made her flowers for those first orders, buying the sheet fabric, using a heavy twelve-pound mallet to die-cut. Then she employed two men, who are still with her, using machines instead of mallets, now.

To the girl who is starting in business Mrs. De Witt has several suggestions. You can't build half-heartedly. Unless your job is the thing you most love to do, you won't make as great and satisfying a success at it. If your whole mind is centred upon figures, juggling numbers and doing things with columns of statis-

tics, don't let anyone herd you into the dressmaking business. If you think the creation of hats is the one worthwhile job, you won't get to the top of the tree as a stenographer. There shouldn't be such a thing as timidity in your make-up. If you are afraid to do this or that, get rid of the uncertainty.

When you start in business for yourself, know what you are doing. Be familiar with every little detail, from the buying of your raw material to the addressing of the last label. You may be surrounded by the finest executives, but you should be able to run your own show if necessary.

Treat your help as though they are part of your firm, other members of the organization with yourself. The upstage employer does not get the best from her people. Treat every person in your employ with kindness and consideration. The girl or boy who sweeps your floor to-day may be your chief executive to-morrow. Then, too, a disgruntled person can do you a great deal of harm.

You won't make very much headway by knocking your competitors. Your work should be able to stand on its own feet, without having to hit another firm to achieve an end.

We asked Mrs. De Witt what her opinion was of the average woman in business. It is very much the same with women as with the other sex; the more important the individual, the less difficult he or she is to deal with. Temperament and cantankerousness belong to the small fry.

A woman, if she must have a partner, should choose another woman. A man will tend, however, unconsciously, to freeze out a woman. In other words, men make good partners, but not in business.

Another thing Mrs. De Witt believes in is the word of praise. You find so many employers who are always ready to pounce upon the mistakes, but they forget completely the things done well. An appreciative comment acts just like the oil you put in your car—smooths along the rough edges and soothes the machinery.



Beauty Talks

By Marja Griffin

TO every intelligent woman, beauty is a duty. A healthy-looking skin and firm contour are the debt women owe to the world. A close study of yourself in a mirror will help you find the defects. Put your mirror in bright daylight where you can show up the entire face and neck. Take a second mirror and study your profile and contour. What are those little lines under the eyes and at each side of the mouth? You say they are expression lines—that is just what they were, at first, but they must be kept as such and not allowed to develop into deep lines.

I have heard women in their forties say, "I have had these lines since I was fourteen years old." What a pity steps were not taken to correct them when they were just faint expression lines!

And so we study all our defects, not only of the face but of the neck as well—a pretty face can so easily be marred by a lined or corded neck. Therefore, learn the proper thing to do and do it.

We have a course of exercises today for the face muscles as well as for the body. We have merely to use the ones we need to invigorate the sluggish muscles and work up a healthy circulation; the muscles of the face then become firm and hold the flesh in the position it belongs—this will do away with the many worries of deep lines and jowls. It is all so easy to do right in your own home—it only takes a few minutes a day.

I am quite sure that the business woman will realize the necessity of having her skin well groomed. It not only secures confidence in her, but admiration also.

My advice to you is to start caring for your skin to-day, never shirking your daily beauty culture. I am sure that you will be more than pleased with the results, after a few days or weeks. Of course, you cannot expect to remedy in a few days, that which has taken years to develop.

In this my first article, I have not space to give you all the exercises which you will have to use—if you are impatient and care to send me a self-addressed envelope I will gladly send them. Later, I shall have pictures to illustrate each article.

Cleansing, stimulation and invigora-

Miss Griffin will conduct a Business Woman's beauty column each month. If there are any problems you would like specially answered, send in your query. It will be answered in these columns. For a personal reply enclose stamped addressed envelope.



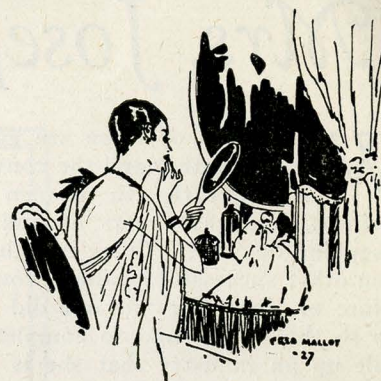
MISS MARJA GRIFFIN,

beauty specialist, who is conducting this series of beauty talks in *The Business Woman*. Miss Griffin has studied Paris and New York methods, with the leading authorities on the continent.

tion of muscles are the essentials for the normal skin and are the natural remedies for enlarged pores, blackheads and sallowness.

To gain and retain a good complexion, it is necessary to make the one thorough toilet of the day in the evening. This done, the morning toilet may be brief and more or less perfunctory. The real cleansing, particularly of the face and neck, should take place at night. The skin has been in contact with the dust and smoke and countless soiling agents out of doors, and is in a clogged and choked condition. At night, immersed in the bedroom and swathed in bedclothes, there is slight danger of vagrant dust settling upon the skin.

If the day's grime be allowed to remain upon the face and neck at night, it becomes embedded in the pores



and a part of it, at least, is taken into the circulation and thus carried through the body.

Wash the face thoroughly at night.

First, with a good cleansing cream, leaving it on your face and neck for three or four minutes to give it a chance to seep well into the pores and bring to the surface all waste matter—then wipe off with soft cleansing tissues. Close the pores with a good tonic astringent, using a brisk patting, upward and outward movement.

Be sure to pat on creams and astringent. Don't rub the face, since rubbing loosens and stretches the skin and causes the muscles to sag. Lastly, give the face its cold cream—but—be sure you use good creams for nourishing the skin with your set of home movements. In case your skin is dry, a good skin food should be used instead of the face cream.

It is highly important to cleanse the inner as well as the outer body. Good health is the foundation of a good complexion. Cleanse the lungs by standing before an open window, and with arms upraised, breathe deeply, filling the lungs with good fresh air for the night. Exhale to the very bottom of the lungs and breathe in as slowly and as deeply as possible.

Many find it necessary to use atomizers for cleansing the throat and nasal passages. For this there is no better time than before retiring. There are many preparations on the market for the purpose, most of them healing and soothing to irritated mucous membrane, but unless the irritation has become chronic, old-fashioned salt and water cannot be excelled.

Draw the salt and water far into the nasal passage by deep inhalations, then gargle the throat.

The stomach should not be neglected in this daily duty. Two or three glasses of cool fresh water, not ice water, should be drunk, preferably sipped, before retiring.

Luggage

By I. C. House

ONE of the charter members of the Ancient Order of Antediluvian Jokes is that one referring to women's idea of a minimum amount of luggage. Can't you imagine Ham and Japhet sniggering in the fo'castle while Shem bawled out Mrs. Shem for trying to sink the Ark with her pet belongings?

The joke went down through the ages. When the caveman took his better half back to her tribe for a week-end he raised merry Cain because the lady wanted to take her rattlesnake ensemble as well as her two sets of sabre-tooth-tiger jewelry and the best blue-pebble necklace. Maybe the pioneer threw fits when the covered wagon began to bulge with the effects of Mrs. Pioneer when they went to the next settlement for a few days.

To-day, the husband still cracks the dear old, hoary, moss covered gag when he and his lady drop themselves into the two seater, en route to a week-end trip. "What d'y'er think this is—a round-the-world cruise or something?" That's if she attempts to bring anything more than her handbag.

Smart women really don't take too much luggage on their trips—not the really smart woman. If she has a poor idea of packing and finds that things simply won't fit together and

that hats and frocks and shoes won't hobnob in the same receptacle, she should buy the kind of luggage that solves the packing problem.

Modern luggage is more of a filing system than anything else. Cases are made for trips of any kind. For overnight, week-end, week, two-week vacation and the round-the-world cruise, there are individual pieces of luggage.

Last year we had occasion to travel a great deal by motor bus, a mode of transport that is exceedingly pleasant. It was necessary to carry clothing sometimes for just a one night stay-over, and sometimes for a whole week. On one occasion we took a boat trip up north and that gave a new problem.

Since motor coaches and aeroplanes have offered us new ways of getting to places, we have had to revolutionize our ideas of what to take with us. There is limited accommodation in both machines, and the smaller and more compact your outfit, the more convenient you will find it.

We discovered, after a long search, just the thing for overnight trips. It is a small case, measuring fourteen inches by nine, by five deep, and you have no idea of the amount of stuff that can be packed into that one little box. Night wear, toiletries, thin sum-

mer frock, shoes, hose—even a few pencils, pen and papers. In the lid there is fixed a long mirror, about eight inches long by four wide. On either side of this is a small puff pocket and another pocket lines the side of the case.

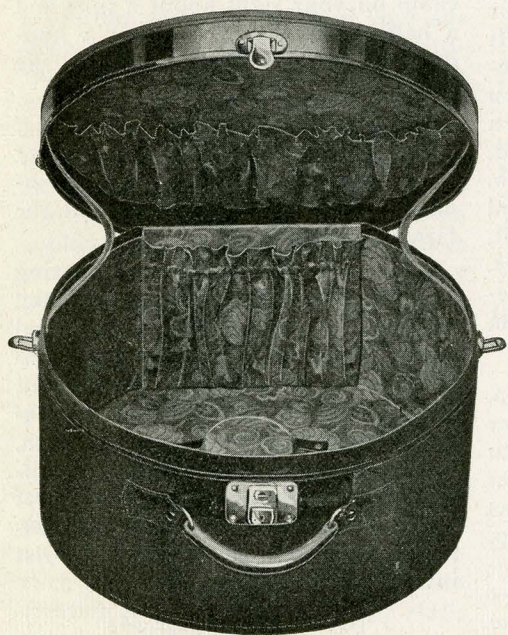
Its big sister case is large enough for a whole week's trip. It measures twenty-two inches. It has no mirror, but plenty of pockets and clear space. Those round hat boxes, too, are the greatest things in which to pack all the hats and more bulky articles. They are light and easy to carry.

Probably, the fitted case is the favorite, and it is of course more expensive. For those of us, however, of slender purses, the less elaborate luggage has to be made to do. The special case that was made for air travel and which is quite inexpensive, has some very convenient little accessories to help packing. There are racks that hold even that bugbear of travel, the pleated skirt, in a firm embrace that keeps it in perfect condition. Garment hangers and retaining bands hold frocks and coats in good order and prevent creasing. A shoe compartment appears in some varieties.

Club bags are too standard to need description, but they are not quite so useful for the woman traveller. The flat case is by far the less cumbersome, fitting so easily into limited space, and is more efficient.

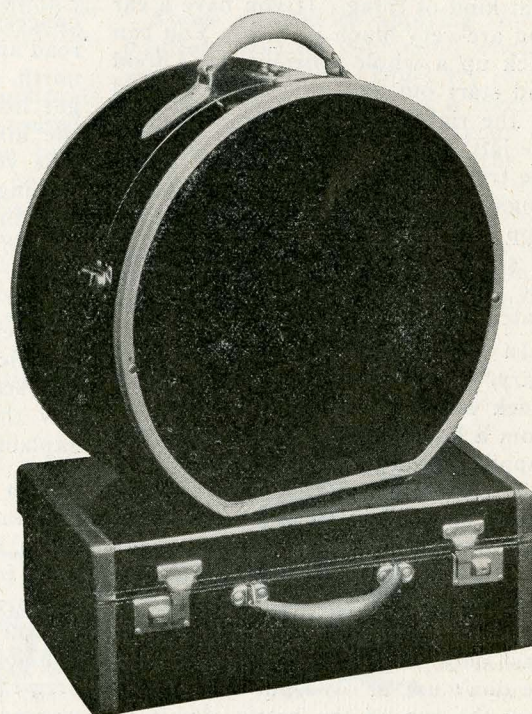
There are any number of little gadgets that have been created to rejoice the heart of the travelling wo-

(Continued on page 34)

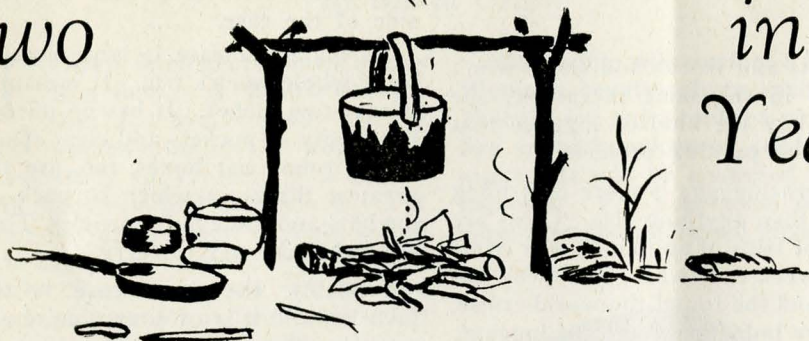


Hat Box
of
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Leather.

Hat Box
Case
Ensemble
by
Samuel Trees.



Fifty- two Vacations in a Year



DID you ever wish you were a gypsy? When Springtime had painted the distant fields with rich green, when through the open patches of woodland you could see pink and white and yellow blossoms nodding, when the road ahead of you wound over a hilltop that was hazy and hidden with a veil of mist, and the road seemed to end at that hill and take a jump off the edge of the world? Did you ever come to the turn in a road and feel positive certain—no, that's not right, you never feel positive certain about anything when you are a gypsy on the open road, that's the heaven of it—did you ever feel that just around the turn in the road adventure awaited you? Don't get sarcastic and say that it happened many a time, and the adventure was a tire blow-out.

There's some very delightful country that can be explored, if you love that kind of thing. If you have a car you are very much in luck. You can pack up a whole glorious day's food and start out and take the first road to the right, and then the second to the left, for no other reason than that the trees hang low or the little brook sings by the side of the way. You stop and make your fire by the side of the road, filling your kettle from the spring or the creek where the water is clear.

In spite of all warnings to the contrary, we have always used spring or creek water, if we could not get any from a house. We are still alive and happily healthy (touch wood) in spite of at least twelve years of eating out of doors every available week-end and some in-between days. We have our own way of taking precautions. We find a creek or spring where the water is clear; if the water has the least odor when we sniff it in a cup, we don't use it. We put cheesecloth over the top of the kettle, dip it in

the creek and let it filter through the cloth. We boil the water on the smallest fire we can make, so that it cannot spread and start an uncontrollable fire, and let the water boil; we give it at least six minutes of hard boiling, sometimes more. If we are having coffee, in goes the coffee at the end of five minutes; if tea, the tea-bag is popped into the boiling water for just as long as is necessary to make a good kettle of golden tea, not too strong.

You needn't lose the joy of exploring lovely places if you don't own a car. There are motor coaches that will take you to within easy reach of wonderful beauty spots, and fares are not prohibitive. From the motor coach you start out along gravel roads that will put new life into your step.

The first thing any self-respecting explorer does is provide herself with a compass. The country is laid out in concessions and once you strike a road and know whether you are going north, south, east or west you cannot get lost. Then, get a map, and for the hiker there is just one map. It tells you just about everything concerning the country you travel. You buy the map in sheets that cover a certain area; every road is marked, every village, mill, bridge, creek, house (brick or wood), church and cemetery, cutting or embankment, electric power line, marsh or quarry. The scale is one inch to the mile. Below the map is a complete diagram explaining the symbols.

You can take a section of the map, and know exactly what the country looks like. We once started out to hike for a day around the district north and west of Aurora. It was our first attempt at using the map. We boarded the late lamented Schomberg radial and told the conductor we wanted to get out at a place where the

radial crossed a road between marshy woods, where there would be a little house on the left side of the road. We showed him the spot on the map. He put us out just at the exact place, a side road near Kettleby. And Kettleby, by the way, is in the centre of a district that will enchant you.

To-day, the radial is extinct and there is no other method of getting there other than by motor or by foot along the Aurora side road for four concessions, each a mile and a quarter long. Then you turn north to the Given Road, coming downhill into pretty Kettleby, a village nestling down in a valley, half hidden and easily missed, if you don't keep to the right road. The millpond makes a pretty picture and the village is best seen from the west hill.

Out through the west of the village to the open road again, passing Fifth and Sixth Lines, crossing the old and defunct radial line. At Eighth Line, you will notice that the road intersects an almost obliterated road running diagonally east. It is not by any means a motor road, but runs through deep marshy woods, where lady's slippers, wild iris and some pitcher plants have been found. There is a house made of tin on the north side of the road near the east end, and many people call the road the Tin-House Road. Tamarack grows fairly profusely around here and in the Springtime its lovely little crimson cones look like tiny rosebuds.

If, instead of crossing Sixth Line you decide to turn south in your car, you will find the road rather poor going for the quarter of a mile down hill and up to the next road, then it improves and takes you down through a sandy trail. There is a dear old log cabin on your right about a mile and a half south, which is about a hundred years old. There is a tiny lake hereabouts, too.

We have hiked around this district on walking tours and have never found any difficulty in getting accommodation for four or five girls at the farms, overnight.

The air is splendid, the spring water good and the cedar scented breeze is a sedative. Try a week-end trip in June. You can take a Schomberg bus up Ninth Line, getting out at the side road to Kettleby and walking three concessions east to Sixth, then south, but don't forget a concession means a mile and a quarter of walking—there are no street cars, although an occasional farmer-motorist invites you to a lift.

(Continued on page 34)

Applying for a Position

By *ETHEL DARKE*

AFTER many years as Employment Manager in England, Canada and the States, it seems to me that many girls do not know which is the most effective way to sell their services when applying for a position. I have interviewed English, Canadian, American, German, French, Swiss, Swedish and Jewish girls. Plain, pretty, clever, stupid, bold and very frightened girls. Out of the hundreds of girls to whom I have talked only a few stand out, either for reasons good or bad.

In this year of grace it should hardly be necessary to say that any girl applying for a position should be fastidious regarding her personal appearance. I have had girls apply for positions of which they were urgently in need with dirty necks, stained collars, gloves with holes in and badly painted faces. All of which faults could have been remedied by devoting a little more time to personal appearance. Carefully applied make-up is usually an improvement, but the wrong shade of rouge and powder, and lips plastered with lip stick do not favorably impress the would-be employer, whether male or female.

It is pretty generally believed by young girls at the beginning of their business career, that women employers of labor prefer plain girls. Occasionally this may be true, but generally speaking women employers, as well as men, prefer attractive girls round them.

First of all, then, when applying for a position make the most of your appearance. We cannot all be beautiful (or even good), we cannot all be well dressed, but we can all be clean and neat and pleasant. Be as attractive as possible, be pleasant and above all make a personal application. It is surprising the number of telephone applications for work an employment manager receives. Just how far any girl expects to get by inquiring for work in a casual way over the telephone, is known to that girl alone. If a position is not worth going after personally it cannot be worth very much. If you have been asked to call for an interview at a stated time—be on time. There will be other applicants to be interviewed and a certain time will have been allocated to each one. If you are late, besides creating a bad impression at the start,

your interview will be hurried and you may not have a fair chance to sell your ability.

It is not advisable on the part of an applicant to endeavor to conduct the interview by asking questions. There are two questions particularly which are apt to irritate a would-be employer and reduce the applicant's stock value. The first is: "What salary will you pay?" Usually a vacancy is worth a certain very definite amount. If it is simply to fill an old position the employer knows what he has paid and what service he has received for that money, and how much money he wants to pay the new girl. If it is a newly created position, he knows the amount appropriated for the work. Therefore it is much better to hear what the employer thinks about money without inquiry. Usually there's a little leeway. Let us suppose a position pays \$20 a week. If an exceptionally good girl comes along with exactly the right kind of experience, and with an appealing personality that \$20 may be sufficiently elastic to stretch to \$23 or even \$25. On the other hand a likely junior, even lacking sufficient experience, may be offered a chance to make good at \$17 or \$18. The employer can gauge pretty accurately an applicant's worth.

The second question which is apt to irritate is "What are the hours?" Hours are fixed, and if the position is offered you you will have to conform to the hours the firm works.

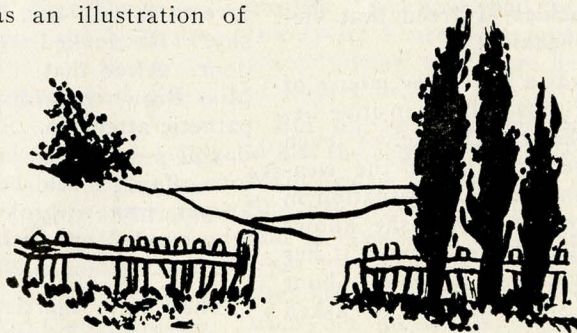
Another great mistake an applicant makes is to boost her past or present salary a dollar or two, in the hope that her new value may be correspondingly higher. It is nearly always possible for an employment manager to judge about what a girl has been getting by her description of the work done and knowledge of general working conditions and salaries. So be truthful. Just as an illustration of

how information of this kind is passed along, here is an incident. A few years ago a girl told me that her sister had applied for a position with Mr. Blank and had just missed it. "It was a pity," she said, "because Mr. Blank pays \$35 a week." I rather opened my eyes, but at the time did not question the statement. A few months later the same Mr. Blank was advised to ask me if I could recommend a girl to him. I had never met him and still have never seen him, but in the course of our telephone conversation I said, "Well, you should have no difficulty in getting help, you are the man who pays \$35 per week, are you not?" The poor man gasped as though suffering from heart failure. When fully recovered from the blow, he asked me the source of my information, and finally said, "Well, I paid the last girl \$20, but if you recommend a real crackerjack, not a flapper, not too old, very capable and good tempered, I might make it \$25!"

And so it goes. It pays in the long run to be honest and above board, if for no better reason than sooner or later your sin will find you out!

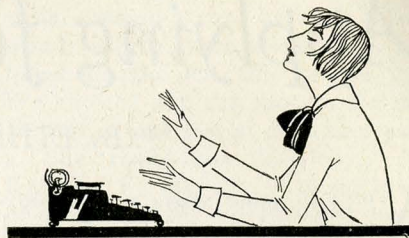
When asked why you left your last position, or want to leave your present position, don't enter into story of office rows or girls with whom you cannot get along. Most intelligent people and employment managers usually have a highly trained insight into human nature, know that there are always two sides to an argument and a fight, so don't retail a story of injustice and trouble. Be truthful, of course, but don't be loquacious—there's a happy medium.

Above all, before applying for a position make up your mind whether you really want it. Don't try to use the offer of a new job as a lever to get an extra dollar out of your old boss. If you are worth it the increase will come, and if you start dickering you may lose both positions. Girls often make a change for a dollar a week, when two or three months in the old position would have meant twice that amount.



Stenographers I Have Known

By A. BOSS



YOUR editress asked me to write an account of my experience with stenographers. Alas, I fear me she had her tongue in her cheek when she said it—no woman editor ever invited a man to bare his soul on her pages unless there was a catch in it, somewhere. Therefore my little list is offered, not in criticism, but merely to show “her infinite variety.” My defence is my anonymity.

To go back to my first stenographer? Twenty years ago. She wore neat shirt waists with high collars, a tie and long skirts, high button boots whose tops you never glimpsed, and hair done in an elaborate spare tire around her head; a meek and docile manner, with plenty of “Yes, sir’s” and “No, sir’s.”

She took her letters at slow motion rate; you said each word carefully and clearly and waited until she was ready for the next sentence. Her spelling was—well, fairly good. Stenographers were none too plentiful and one didn’t embarrass them by hurrying them. She didn’t do the touch system of to-day. She was very aloof, and I generally regarded her as a machine to be treated with dignity and circumspection. Just before the War she left to get married and the new girl who came to take her place was a firm adherent of the Votes for Women Army. She never lost an opportunity of lecturing me on the subject. Once I was guilty of facetiously telling a woman friend over the phone that I thought woman’s place was the home. Miss Beck waited until I had finished my conversation and then! Whew! I was one of those men who tried to keep women down to be serfs and slaves, bound down by shackles—I freed that victim of her shackles!

The next was a little grey mouse of a girl, one of those ultra sensitive beings who take to themselves even derogatory remarks about the weather. Announce that the situation in China is growing grave—she knows perfectly well that you think it is her fault. If I changed my mind about the contents of a letter, and asked her to make a correction, the expres-

sion of one of the early Christian martyrs would cross her face and she would apologize most humbly for the discrepancy. Useless to tell her that her part of it was all right and that merely a change of mind prompted the alteration. That type of person is happy only when being downtrodden—but Heaven help the person who tried to do it!

One morning, not being in a particularly benevolent mood, I must have forgotten the Pollyanna complex I had been compelled to adopt of late. I shut my finger in the drawer of my desk and murmured “Oh H—” Down went the pencil and notebook and down poured the Johnstown flood. Tears! Oh, oh! She just knew that I was cross with her and she d-d-d-did do her b-b-best to please me—all of which opened the door to Stenog. Number Four.

She couldn’t spell, she didn’t know what punctuation was. She would put enclosures intended for Mr. Jones into Mr. Simpson’s letter, and would give the Eastern Ontario salesman the message intended for the Saskatchewan man.

She was pretty and soulful and romantic. She recommended any number of books that she thought I would like to read, most of them poetry. My bookkeeper happened to be a chap who had been overseas with me and was consequently a privileged person. One day he came into my office and stood staring at me. “Would you like to tell me your troubles, dearie?” he sniggered. “You know, Miss Brown is convinced you have a secret sorrow. She thinks your wife doesn’t understand you. She knows, from the expression in your sad, dark eyes that you would love to talk to her, if you weren’t so shy.” He ducked and got out of the door. After that, I used to notice Miss Brown regarding me with sympathetic attention. She asked me one day if I had ever had a really deep love affair. I told her that my bookkeeper was a broken-hearted man, who needed sympathy. He got it—and her.

They were married, and my next stenog. was my “private secretary”—

just like that. She was a society girl—showed me her photograph in a very ultra-ultra magazine to prove it. Came from the Four Hundred, probably to study the conditions under which the lower classes labor. One day I happened to step into my private office when I was supposed to be away. She and another society bud were occupying my chairs, smoking my pet cigarettes. I wouldn’t have minded that so much—I might have sneaked diplomatically away, but I overheard, “My deah! He’s simply too uncouth. Goes right on smoking his beastly cigarettes while he’s dictating his letters. He’s simply a non-entity, my deah. I mean, one wouldn’t meet him anywhere. Lets me stand while he issues orders, and I’m simply not accustomed to such people.” I relieved her of her sufferings, giving her time to finish my beastly cigarette before I did it.

The haute monde did not provide my next stenographer. She was a very shabby looking girl who looked as though she needed a good meal. She had left her previous job because her employer “spent all his money on horses and gambling and liquor—coming to the office intoxicated, swearing at the staff and generally making himself obnoxious.” I knew the man and the description fitted him, so the new girl was installed.

On her second day of service I accidentally breathed a minor cuss word for which I apologized—remembering the previous employer’s failing. She gave a gasp and was so earnest about the danger to my immortal soul that I began to watch my words. She was so much occupied with the sins of the world in general that she “recieved” letters, “axceded” to a request, and “able’d” where she should have “ible’d.” Semicolons were her long suit and she “thanked you for yours; and trusted etc.,” Semicolons were scattered like confetti.

She went to my bookkeeper and told him that she “detected liquor on his breath”—poor chap never tastes it. I, it seems, deliberately ogled her whenever she was alone in the room with me. The climax came one day

(Continued on page 34)

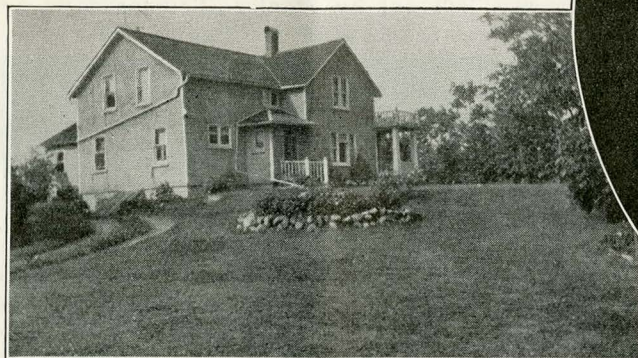
This Farm Business.....

How Jean Beattie Made the Farm Pay Dividends

By Ethel Chapman in the Ontario Farmer

THE story of how Jean Beattie made an income from her farm may interest other farm girls or city girls who long for life in the country. A flair for cooking and an ability to feed people and make them so comfortable that they will return again and again as they do to "Tam O'Shanter Camp," near Blair, Ontario—that's the recipe, with a nice old farm and some lovely country for flavoring.

Miss Beattie is a graduate of Macdonald Institute—well, not quite a graduate, because in the middle of her senior year, sickness in the family made it necessary for her to go home and she never completed the course. But she was "a natural good cook," with the ability acquired of practice in a farm kitchen, to turn out an amazing amount of work in a short time. And in addition to her knowledge of dietetics—she still keeps in touch with the last word of the experts—she seems to have an uncanny native sense of how people should be fed. She has a gift for business management too. When she could



be spared from home again, she and her sister, also a Macdonald Institute girl, opened the "Tam O'Shanter Inns" in Kitchener and Hamilton. Two years ago she brought her business home to the farm.

To a less resourceful person, the home-place might have presented certain disadvantages as a summer camp. It is not situated on the highway. The house is big but not big enough to provide sleeping room for as many guests as would be necessary to bring in an income worth while. But Miss Beattie knew that, once started, she could fill her rooms without attracting the passing tourist. An advertisement in the city papers would bring her as many people as she could take the first year, and a good summer boarding place advertises itself after the first season. As

for sleeping quarters, on the farm just across the road was a vacant old house set in the heart of a pine grove. She rented the land and the house and furnished the centre room as a sitting-room and the other rooms as bedrooms. The next year she built five little one-room sleeping cabins in the grove—and had them filled as fast as the builders could get them ready.

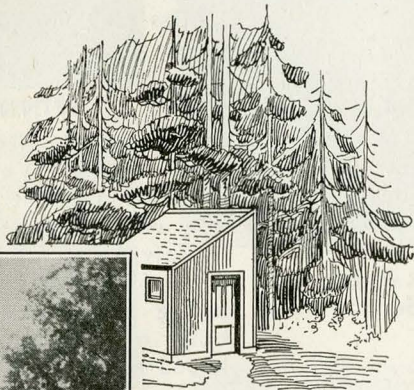
The cabin furnishings are of the simplest—rag rugs on the floor, curtains of gingham or casement cloth—both windows and doors are closely screened, wash stands picked up "second hand" for a few dollars, and cot beds with good mattresses. Most of the money spent on the cabins went into the mattresses, for Miss Beattie knows that a comfortable

bed is essential to a restful holiday. And she "sets great store" on the spicy air of her pine woods as a natural sedative for tired nerves. Perhaps in the years she spent in the city herself, she learned something of the city dweller's hunger for the real things of the country, so she makes the most of them. Back of the grove is a mill-race, with a shaded path running along it for half a mile and near by a hill, the second highest point in Western Ontario, giving a view of the country for fifteen miles around. To the Beattie girls as children, followers of the "Anne" books, the path was "The Blue Ribbon Trail," the mill pond, "The Lake of Shining Waters," and the hill "The Pinnacle." Guests from the city adopt the names readily, climb the hill and walk the trail and bathe in the mill-race and refresh their imaginations as well as their bodies. Too often a country woman catering for city people goes to a lot of trouble to give them a repetition of what they have had in town when they would be better pleased with the things that belong to the country.

"With the living quarters entirely apart from the house," said Miss Beattie, "we have had as many as twenty-six boarders at once, and we scarcely knew they were here, except at meal time."

But oh, at meal-time they knew! While the cabins are simple and plain, Miss Beattie specializes in her meals. She has fresh vegetables and eggs and chickens and Jersey cream right from her own farm, and served in abundance. Even the watercress from her creeks is worth coming

(Continued on page 20)



Club Life

TORONTO

Members of the Canadian Business and Professional Women's Club turned out in full force to the first special meeting of our new club year. This was preceded by a dinner when Miss Mabel Stoakley, past president of the Club gave an interesting address on "The Stuff Success is Made Of." As usual Miss Stoakley passed along many worth while thoughts to the members in this spirited address.

It was decided at the special meeting to appoint a committee to go into all the details regarding the placing of our Club on a shareholding basis. Application has already been made for a new charter which will make the members shareholders in the Club, thus giving them an even greater feeling of personal ownership.

* * * *

The Club also extends congratulations to Miss Stoakley on her election as president of Zonta Club. We cannot help feeling that the Zonta Club is to be heartily congratulated as well.

* * * *

Miss Katherine Powell, the new president of our Club, will be spending some weeks at her summer home on Sharbot Lake.

* * * *

We would like to thank Miss Margaret Pennell for her several bouquets of spring flowers brought in from her summer home at Dunbarton, Ontario. Miss Pennell is now living at Dunbarton and enjoying the country life in the evenings as well as week-ends. We also acknowledge the flowers sent by Miss Powell, which have adorned our Club rooms during the past weeks.

* * * *

Golf

The Club is making arrangements for this season's playing, both for the Mabel Stoakley trophy and short competitions. We hope to play our first game on Saturday afternoon, June 21st. The course will be advised later.

* * * *

Arrangements have been made with the Old Mill Athletic Association for our club to have the privilege of a group membership. There are five tennis courts, seven bowling greens and a miniature 18-hole golf course,

all in perfect condition and in attractive surroundings. The golf course was laid out by Stanley Thompson and is the best of its kind in Toronto. The group membership entitles Club members to use any of these at a reduced fee.

* * * *

The new executive are right on their toes, as evidenced by the recent questionnaire sent to all Club members, asking them to indicate the forms of recreation and sport which would interest them. The hearty response to this questionnaire has resulted in swimming and lawn bowling being added to the sports provided by the Club. Suggestions were also made regarding interesting speakers who would address us during the year. I am sure we all appreciate this invitation for each Club member to take a personal interest in making our Club an even more delightful rendezvous.

* * * *

The following conveners have been appointed to take charge of the various committees during the 1930-31 Club year.

Conveners: Finance, Miss Ethel Bauckham; House, Miss Mary Dale Muir; Junior Club, Miss Mabel Stoakley; Membership, Miss Mary MacGregor; Program, Miss V. Dore; Property, Miss Hazel Palmer; Publicity, Mrs. L. A. Gurnett; Reorganization, Miss Elizabeth Dixon; Sports, Miss Margaret Crawford; Suggestion, Miss Dorothy Child; Service, Mrs. Grace Tracker.

* * * *

The Membership convener will be glad to welcome new Club members and would be glad to show prospective members through our cheerful Club rooms. Special summer menus are offered in our lunch room. Anyone wishing to become acquainted with the Club should telephone the Club rooms, Elgin 6919, and arrange for an introduction to Miss MacGregor or one of the Membership Committee.

* * * *

In order that our page in The Business Woman should be as interesting as possible we would like all members to co-operate in furnishing us with news items. Now that so many of

our members are planning their vacations we should have a lot of lively news. Mrs. Gurnett, the Publicity convener, can be reached in the evenings at Howard 6624. Miss Margaret Brown will be glad to take care of any telephone calls in connection with the Publicity Committee during the daytime. She can be reached at Elgin 9137.

* * * *

GUELPH

The Business and Professional Women's Club held their third annual meeting at the Y.W.C.A. during May.

After the secretary's report was read and adopted, the election of officers for the season 1930-1931 took place, with the following results:

President—Miss E. Stewart.
Vice-President—Miss D. Bruce.
Rec. Secretary—Miss J. McPhail.
Cor. Secretary—Miss I. Carter.
Treasurer—Miss Jean Gilchrist.
Membership—Miss Zella Macdonald.
Program—Miss Jean Carter.
Finance—Miss D. Bruce.
Legislative—Miss K. Gilchrist.
Publicity—Miss J. Thompson.
Public Relations—Miss N. Woolner.
Pianist—Miss G. Hassard.

A vote of thanks to the retiring executive was proposed by Miss Gilchrist, and seconded by Miss Hassard, and Miss Stewart was presented with a beautiful bouquet of roses.

Miss Hay moved the adjournment of the meeting.

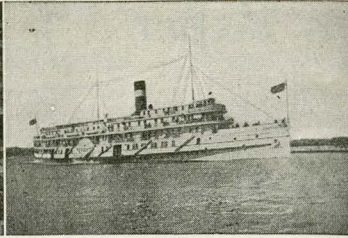
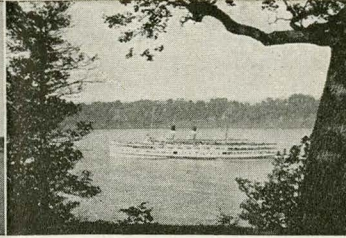
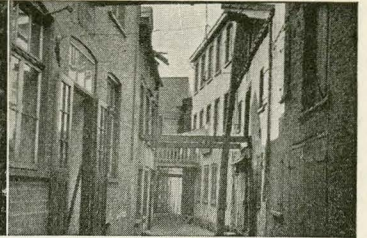
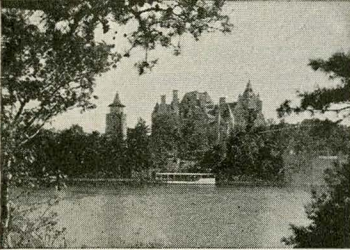
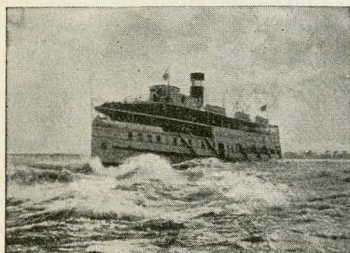
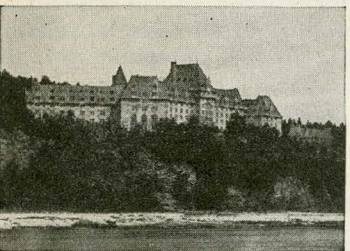
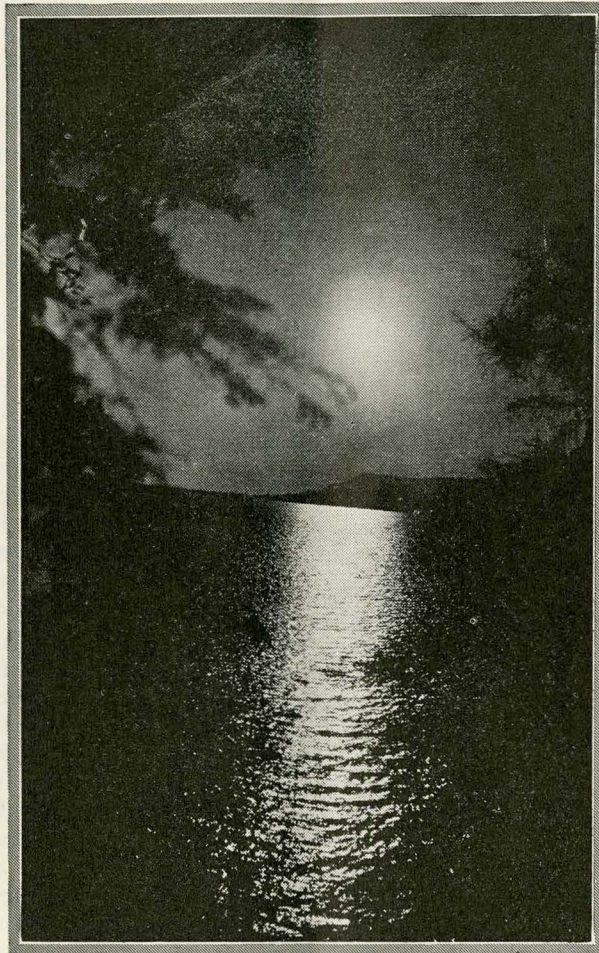
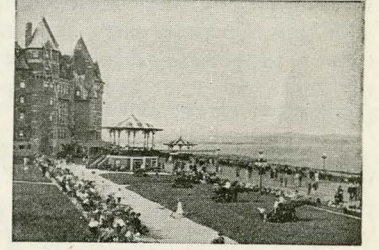
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WINNIPEG

The interest of Canadian Business & Professional Women's Clubs is being centred on the Dominion Federation which is to be held in Winnipeg on July 2nd to 5th inclusive. A great deal of work has been done in preparing a proposed constitution and other organization details, and it is hoped that all clubs will avail themselves of the opportunity to be represented at this, the first Dominion Convention of Canadian Business & Professional Women's Clubs. Many of the clubs have already filed reservations for one or more delegates, and others have signified their intention of being represented.

Miss M. Ethel Thornton, who last summer attended the American National Convention of the Business & Professional Women's Clubs at Mackinac Island, is convener of the Winnipeg Convention Committee in charge of all arrangements. Her committee consists of Miss Mildred McMurray, Miss Jean Wilson, Mrs. C. P.

(Continued on page 33)

*Aeroplane View Downtown Toronto**A Thousand Islands Steamer**S.S. Cayuga in Lower Niagara River**A Narrow Street, Quebec**Boldt's Castle in Thousand Islands**S.S. Rapids King Shooting the Rapids**Montreal from Mount Royal**New Manoir Richelieu**On the Blue Water Highway.**Dufferin Terrace, Chateau Frontenac**Montmorency Falls**Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beupre**Hotel Tadoussac**Pine Rapids, up in Northern Ontario.*

Moonlight waves, grey rocks rising from sapphire waters, white castles in a nest of green, ancient cities where history was born, quaint old villages that have never left their century-old traditions for modern ways and ideas, long lazy days on the deck of a steamer or thrilling runs over white ribbons of road in your coach or the happy anticipation of wonders to come at the end of the train journey.

For the business woman whose vacation plans must needs take economy into consideration, there are some splendid all-expense tours ar-

ranged by steamship and motor coach companies and railroads, eliminating that horrid thought of what-will-be-the-next-expense on the trip.

The Business Woman will be glad to suggest or advise on vacation problems.

We advertise Canada as the happiest playground on the continent. Why not practice what we preach—the advice to “Spend the Vacation in Canada”?

The pictures on this page are by courtesy of the Canada Steamships Co., Canadian Pacific Railway and the Ontario Motor League.

The Boss Investigates Carbon Paper

MR. JONES, this carbon paper is simply rotten. I can't do anything with it, and it gets all worn out after about two letters.

Alright, I said, better use it up as fast as you can and then we'll get some more in.

When the time came that the old carbon paper was all used up, I asked my secretary what kind of paper she needed.

I don't know, she replied to my query. Doesn't make any difference to me, so long as it's not the stuff we had before.

Not getting any help from that quarter, and not knowing anything about carbon paper myself, I told one of our salesmen, who happens to call on the carbon paper and ribbon companies, to drop around and see them, and ask them why we should buy their carbon paper.

In other words I didn't intend to buy any more until I knew a little more about it—or rather until my secretary did. So the salesman followed instructions, and a day or so later, a representative of a well-known carbon paper house came along to see me.

The first thing I did was to turn him over to my secretary, and have her explain our needs to him. Since I didn't use the paper, and was only interested in getting legible copies, my interest was academic, while her's was decidedly positive.

After they had discussed the situation, they informed me of the selection that had been made, and results obtained. All I had to do was to sign the order, which I did.

Then I asked the salesman a thing or two about carbon paper, and when the Editor of *The Business Woman* happened along, the thing was still fresh in my mind, so I told her of the experiences I had enjoyed in connection with it. The present short article is a result of her suggestion that I try to set my conclusions on paper for the benefit of business women and their employers.

One important point I learned—or rather had confirmed in my mind, since I had always more or less held that particular view—was that carbon paper and ribbon salesmen invariably rely on the business women when it comes to transacting their business. They may approach the boss, but usually they take it for granted that he doesn't know the first thing about

carbon paper or similar items—and usually he doesn't.

The boss is, of course, interested in the prices quoted him by the various concerns, but, as in my own case, most employers have long since discarded the fallacy of buying on a price basis, or "everything for the cheapest."

With carbon paper, this point is especially important, as I have found out from my own experience. In modern business, with records occupying the position of importance that they do, and with more and more duplicating being done for purposes other than recording, it is essential that the carbon paper, the vital element in copy work, be of good quality.

Taking quality for granted, the next essential consideration is that of the kind, or grade of carbon paper to be employed, and here is where most of us need the most education. I am still learning, and intend to keep on doing so, on general principles.

One of the things that I learned was that, due to the kind of paper I use in my office—six copies being necessary—a medium grade was best. That was the kind I ordered, on the advice of the salesman and of my secretary. Second, I learned that if my copy paper were thinner, a heavier carbon could be used, or if it were thicker, the reverse. I know now that standard weight is alright for one to three copies, under ordinary circumstances; that medium is best for more than three up to six copies; and that over six, lightweight is the most effective.

But the principal things that I learned at this lesson were: Never try to order carbon paper over the phone, unless the order taker happens to be familiar with your working requirements; have your secretarial staff instructed in the proper use and selection of carbon paper for the work; and lastly, but by no means least, and taking it for granted that your secretary is loyally devoted to your interests, when you are told that your carbon paper is no good, throw it out—call in the salesman, and let him fix things up with your secretary.

How Shriner's Convention Registration Was Handled

"Have you seen Ellen Smith lately?"

"Why, yes, I saw her just the other day."

"What's she doing now?"

"Oh, she's just a filing clerk at ———'s."

That "just a filing clerk" set me to wondering whether the average business girl fully appreciates the importance of filing, and the fact that it is one of the many vital parts of any business organization.

Somehow it seems to me that there are a number of jobs in an office whose importance is not sufficiently realized, and perhaps it may be due in part to lack of appreciation of the fact that all that is worth doing is worth doing well.

As a matter of fact the task of filing calls for the exercise of plenty of grey matter—much more so than many tasks which perhaps may seem more important. The real mission of filing is to have everything pertaining to the business put away in such a manner that it can be looked up at a moment's notice, and further to have it filed away so that it is in proper relationship to other data.

An interesting object lesson in this respect can be taken from the system that was evolved for the registration of the thousands of Shriners visiting the city this month. Here was a gigantic filing job, involving the actual registration of the individual, the tabulation of all material relating to him, and the compiling of the records in such a manner as to enable one to locate the individual almost at will.

Realizing the magnitude of the work, the Shrine officials called for tenders for the installation and operation of a registration system, which was let in due course to the C. L. Turnbull Company Limited, Toronto, Canadian agents for Kardex filing systems and equipment, Remington-Rand equipment and other well-known lines.

The system followed was simplicity itself. Out at Exhibition Park, in the Dominion Government Building, the north wing was requisitioned for the quarters of the registration staff. Here, three long counters were built, and staffed by girls at convenient intervals. As the Shriners came in to register, they would go to one of these girls, who would hand him a card to fill in. This card provided for tabulation of complete information

"MAPLE DEAN," Fenelon Falls

THE IDEAL SPOT FOR HOLIDAYS

Good motoring roads—gorgeous scenery—
real home cooking. Charming country home.
"FOR REST AND PLAY COME HERE
TO STAY"

Write for particulars and rates to
MISS E. NIE, Fenelon Falls, Ont. Phone 77

concerning the individual registering himself.

As soon as this card was completed, it would be passed by the counter girl to a girl behind her seated at a typewriter desk. She, in turn, would type the card in duplicate, and push the three cards through a hole in the partition behind her, where a collection box was placed. Back of the partition was a passage which served the two main counters. Girls maintained continuous service along this passage, clearing the boxes of the typewritten cards, and taking them to the sorting staff, housed in a private office.

From the sorting office, one card went to an information desk, where cards were filed in alphabetical order for counter information purposes. Another went to the information counter for arrangement by Temples, so that the member of one Temple could locate his friends in other Temples. The third card went to the telephone information bureau, where cards were filed in alphabetical order. Here some 18 telephone operators were on duty day and night, and any Shriner whose lodging was accessible by phone could be reached. Long distance enquiries for Shriners were also handled through this office.

Registration was scheduled to begin June 2nd, and to close on June 12th. Provision was made for the registration of 250,000 to 300,000. (Editor's Note: While the number of Shriners who came to Toronto did not come anywhere near that figure, the provision made was based on the conditions under which the contract was tendered for.)

This programme called for the following: 750,000 to 900,000 library bureau cards, 6 x 4, housed in special trays; 100 Remington Noiseless Typewriters; 100,000 sheets of carbon paper; 25 gallons of ink; 100 special card racks; 100 skilled typists; 100 sorters, filing clerks, etc. Two trucks were required to transport the equipment to the registration headquarters.

Two rotaries, carrying a complete list of Temples with their home location, and other pertinent information, were also installed. Kardex files took care of the filing end, and Kardex safe-cabinets, specially brought from the factory, guarded the essential records from possible danger by fire, theft, etc. The more important records were preserved in such a way that at the close of the convention, the Shrine officials will have a complete record for their archives.

Among other things, the Shrine convention shows clearly the value of adequate filing systems, and what can

be covered by the much-maligned department of business known as filing. The achievement is one of which the C. L. Turnbull organization may well be proud, the more so, from the standpoint of the business woman, as the work was handled almost entirely by women, necessitating the employment of skilled workers in each department.

At the moment, however, the important consideration is that those filing clerks and others employed had

Limited Hours and Minimum Wages

AT a meeting of the Minimum Wage Board some weeks ago it was decided to limit the working hours of female employees in stores. The limits are a maximum of fifty and a minimum of forty-four hours per week. Many employees claim that they have to work from sixty to sixty-six hours.

It is rather a deplorable state of affairs when it is said that the small wage earner will be unable to say anything about her hours. The Board will look after the large concern, but what of the one-horse business where there are possibly one or two girls? If the fact that they have to stay long after the minimum hour should be brought to the notice of the Board, isn't it likely that the girl or girls would lose the job that is so precious, in a city where there are already twenty-five thousand unemployed?

The retail store employee has the good offices of the Board, but just who looks after the office girl who works overtime, with no extra pay? We have in mind a girl bookkeeper, staying night after night on her books, sometimes until seven or eight o'clock, just because the boss is too mean to take another girl into the office, and there is more to do than one can manage.

Think of the bank people. Somehow, one gets the idea of an idyllic state of affairs, of hours from ten until three, forgetting that those are merely the hours for public entry to the bank. Then, what about the end of the month?

The unions have taken up the lot of the carpenter and bricklayer and arranged their salaries and hours—why doesn't some kind fate take the office girl and give her a break?

to be skilled. The filing clerks particularly had to know something of what filing really means in modern business, and the care, combined with speed, plus the use of plenty of grey matter, necessary to the successful execution of such a gigantic undertaking as the registration of the host attending the Shrine convention.

That thoughtless expression, "just a filing clerk," needs a little attention from business women. It will do everyone good.

Developing Employee Initiative

AN excellent article appears in the April issue of "System," by Harold E. Jansen. It should be read by employers and employees alike, since it deals with the honor system among employees, pointing out that the feeling of being on honor to accomplish a certain thing achieves more results than the knowledge that one's every move is watched.

We quote: "Each employee is given a clear understanding of his own duties and responsibilities when hired. After that, he is on his own resources and little attempt is made to direct his activities. Of course, he is allowed to consult with and obtain advice from his superior at any time, but it is up to him to seek out the superior when occasion demands.

"The company (General Foods Corporation, New York City) finds that the development of the spirit, "I am going to get my job done as soon as I can, with accuracy and precision," gives the employee pride in his work and makes him self-reliant.

"Colby M. Chester Jr., president of the firm, says, "Giving the employee a feeling of responsibility gets him out of the habit of clock-watching, which is the bane of some offices. Therefore we have no clocks in our offices and the employees are usually interested enough in their work that they forget about looking at their wrist watches or other time pieces."

Just how that firm's lunch hour arrangements would appeal to most offices is doubtful.

Irregular mealtimes are beneficial to no one, and the person who forgets lunch time to go on working until probably two or two thirty, pays for his excess of enthusiasm of the morning by a tired and weakened feeling in the afternoon. To stop for a little space of time to finish up some important piece of work is a different matter, but it shouldn't mean more than an hour's postponement of the mid-day meal.





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ANOTHER election is coming! Just like that. To some of us it means nothing more than a lot of stuff crowding out of the newspaper the news that is more appealing to us—to some of us its interest lies in the out-of-town list of candidates. "That's Elmer Smith running for the Liberals. I went to school with him." And Elmer's career is watched with a certain amount of interest, but it wouldn't raise one's temperature if he were running Conservative or Communist—it's just the personal interest in Elmer.

Weigh the question as carefully as you would a decision upon a new fur coat. You spend hours upon whether the coat shall be of this fur or the other, how it will be made and, most of all, how much it will cost. You consult other people as to the merits of certain firms, you read all you can about the fur coat in general, with ever an eye to how much it will cost you.

That's it! How much will it cost you? That question applies to this election and its results. How much will it cost your country (which is you on a large scale), when the men get into power. Upon the government depends the prosperity of the people. Upon the decisions of the men at the helm depends the country's having work, good wages and better times. The price of your clothes and board and room are influenced by what happens in Parliament. Don't you think you are entitled to a word or two in the matter?

Do you realize that when an election poster says, "Vote how you please—but vote!" it means something? If someone is asking for office in your club you go into the advantages and disadvantages of having that person in power. Isn't it important that your country be operated as well as your club?

Women are needed in politics. They are needed for their innate decency and intuition. They are needed to adjust the man-made-laws-for-man, if woman is to be given a square deal.

Look at this divorce bill of recent passing—is it fair to women? There

are many business women working because a husband deserted them and left them with little kiddies to support. He may never have struck his wife, but there are far worse injuries than a blow. Yet she is tied to a scoundrel without a chance of being freed from him, or of remarrying a decent man.

We need women's decisions where girls and little children are concerned. But how are we to take an active part in political matters if we know nothing about such things—if we don't even know enough to vote—for whom to vote or how?

I heard of an office, in one election, where there were three girls. The boss asked them if they were going to vote and the three answers were all on the same order—they didn't know anything about it, so they weren't going to bother.

The boss phoned for his car, gave the girls two or three hours' leave and told his man to drive to each girl's polling booth—and gave her fullest instructions on how to vote—AND FOR WHOM! There were three votes—given for heaven knows what reason.

Women!—find out just what each party and each candidate means to do for you. Find out if his policy means that Canadian goods will be crowded out of the market in favor of foreign importations; or, that the foreigner will have to pay Canada if he wants to fill Canadian stores with his sweatshop products to the exclusion of the things you and your family and your friends are working to produce.

Find out if the laws which the parties propose to make will increase the line at the "hand-out" window.

The woman's vote can sway the election—if women will only do their duty, conscientiously, by putting the right men into power.

We complain of a lack of courtesy from men in these days of equality, but we might let the criticism start, like charity, at home. At tearooms and restaurants it is sometimes necessary to take a seat at a table at which other people are already accommo-



TOWN

dated. We may like to smoke, but surely we haven't come to the stage where it is essential to our health and happiness to light up between courses and to puff the smoke well across the table into the faces of the persons opposite. They, too, may enjoy a cigarette, but second hand puffs of smoke don't go so well with soup or fruit salad. If we are going to smoke like men, for goodness sake let's be gentlemen about it.

"The World in 2030" is a book written by the Earl of Birkenhead. In it he pictures things as they will be in a hundred years. Industrial conditions will be entirely changed. Less time spent in working, different outlook upon life in general and—laboratory-manufactured babies.

Now that's rather a good idea. Can't you picture the woman of 2030 calling up the lab. one morning at breakfast and getting the manager on the line. No, not the phone, we suppose, it will have to be getting the manager on the air. "Good morning. Could you possibly send me a nice smart little model of a baby this morning? One of Chinese design, I think, to go with my new Drof plane, with its vermilion and black trimmings. Oh yes, that little colored baby you sent me last week—I keep that for my yellow rocket—there's something wrong with it, so I want a refund. And if you have a couple of spares for my country home on Mars, I might consider them." Easy enough, when the new way of having them is in force.

Miss Margaret Pennell Asks, in Cash's House Organ, "What Do You Want to Be?"

JUST how fine do you draw the line between what your firm owes you and what you owe it? Many an ambitious young man or woman is standing in his own light just by over emphasis in his own mind of what he should get out of the firm he represents. He forgets that it's always the giver who gets. It's the friendly man or woman who has friends. The good Book refers to the man who, on being

asked to go one mile, went twain. And we think, if our memory serves us correctly, it also refers to the Good Samaritan who was not content with a little offer of help but went the whole way. It's doubtful if he ever saw the man whom he helped again, but he received something for himself that was worth more than any reward he could have received.

But somehow it's hard for some of us to understand this truth.

We are ambitious, we want to get along, but we are afraid of going the extra step. We think perhaps people might consider us "easy"—that extra work may be ours—longer hours—but what of it? That way lies opportunity. It's all very well to boast that we never take our work home with us—maybe not our set of books or other office or factory paraphernalia, but we take the same head with us that functioned in office or factory from 9 to 5 or 8 to 6, and surely we do not turn a lock on a little compartment in our brain and make it absolutely impervious to any idea that might have a bearing on the work we did during the day. It is said that a doctor is never off duty—even in hours of relaxation with his family he gives a passing thought to disease and health—that a detective in his hours of relaxation never walks along the street without unconsciously picking up something that may lead to crime detection.

It's the things we do away from our work which often determine our success or lack of it, just the same as the real "us" stands out in time of danger or sudden peril. Then our actions are stripped of all previous design and what we really are steps out.

If you find it hard to draw the line—then by all means err on the side of over-giving of yourself and your time, rather than withholding. Like the talents, your opportunities will multiply with use.



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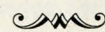
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This Farm Business

(Continued from page 13)

miles for. She has help in the house during the rush season but she does all the cooking herself, and we said before that she does it well. One woman boarder blames the hot breads and honey sandwiched into an already full course menu for the benefit of the undernourished, for adding alarmingly to her own weight. They were there and they couldn't be resisted. In fact it is almost a regular part of the boarders' daily program to take a walk down to the mill to be weighed. One woman recovering from an illness stayed thirteen weeks and gained twenty pounds.

"Tam O'Shanter Camp" is especially popular among people with children. A separate dining room with just the right bill of fare is provided for the children and those who have finicky appetites when they come to the Camp are soon among the first to run to the dining-room when the dinner-bell rings. One little boy who, when he came, cried over his soup and could scarcely be persuaded to eat anything, developed such an enthusiastic appetite that he gained six pounds in four weeks and stayed on for two weeks after his people had to go home. Last year there were ten children at the camp at one time. Already reservations have been made for five children for this coming summer.

And the visitors have made themselves welcome in the neighborhood. On one occasion they went to a tea given by the Freeport Sanitarium and were so enthused over what the hospital was doing that they put on a series of stunts and entertainments to

help raise funds for it. A neighbor girl who is quite a well-known horse-woman, has also had a part in the camp programme in renting her saddle horses and giving riding lessons.

Before and after the rush of the vacation season, Miss Beattie takes week-end guests and convalescents to board. Her food and sun-baths and walks through the country have been so effective that her place is winning a fine reputation as a rest home. During the winter she puts on many a chicken dinner by appointment or a bean supper for a snowshoeing party from town. And she suggests that many a girl on a farm with the right sort of hills could do a thriving business in catering for tobogganing parties.

Is it easy work? Not at all. "If my ghost ever comes back to this house," said Miss Beattie, "it will be carrying a bake-board or a rolling-pin." Through the worst heat of the summer she is cooking most of the time. But she must find a unique satisfaction in seeing people take on health and strength as a result of her work and planning. There's an interest, too, in meeting the strangers who come under her roof—she has them from Vancouver and Pittsburg and Buffalo and Cleveland and Chicago and Arkansas, as well as from the cities nearer home. And when the last family left the camp in September, she ran off to Atlantic City and had a little holiday herself. We feel that she has not yet learned how to charge for the value she gives, but she does manage to make a profit.



LAKE HELEN, FROM THE BUNGALOW CAMP.

—Courtesy C.P.R.

Temporary Work for Experience

By LILIAN GOUGE

SCREEDS have been written, speeches delivered and courses taken on how to become a successful stenographer. By the term "stenographer," of course it is understood we do not merely mean a girl who has mastered the art of spelling, shorthand and typing and now mechanically goes about her every day business being what is known as a "good stenographer." In reality, this type of girl is very much like a wooden, jointed doll which is worked by the pulling of strings—but instead of the strings we have a button!

The boss enters his office in the morning and pushes a button. Our stenographer appears, sits down at the desk and ten chances to one stares blankly ahead; her mind probably on her lunch hour and the shopping she has to accomplish. A gentle clearing of the throat brings her back to this very earthy earth. The boss dictates; she takes it down. Word for word, paragraph by paragraph, stop by stop, yes, and comma by comma, if he goes so far as to put them in. Then back to the machine and our good stenographer repeats the process, to which she is so accustomed that it is the matter of a few minutes to transcribe the letters verbatim.

But you say she is the fastest girl in the office. Why, she can do her letters without thinking! She has been with the firm for years, and knows exactly how things should be done!

That is just the trouble! She can and does do her work without thinking, so used has she become to the routine of the office.

Perhaps the boss, poor man, would like to see a few changes in this routine, but who is he, busy as he is, to suggest them? Perhaps he even goes so far one day as to suggest a change in a letter, but draws timidly back as he meets the cold stare of surprised stenographer, "Why Mr. Brown, I'm positive you said those exact words." He sighs. Well, she is a good stenographer and he really hasn't time to bother about such things.

Now please don't misunderstand me. Do not think I am suggesting that you make numerous and erratic changes in your work. Oh, no!

Probably your "Mr. Brown" would not be quite so timid about stating his views on the subject. But this brings me to the suggestion I would make for those girls who are good in their ground work, but a little discontented at the thought of facing the humdrum existence of a perfectly good mechanical stenographer, yet lacking the experience, or shall we say faith, in their own abilities, to step out of this rut. Here, then, we have it—temporary work. Not as a permanent career, mind you, but as a training school for that efficient, alert girl who is so much in demand.

Many are the funny stories I could tell of my life as a temporary girl, but there is just one thing I want to stress at the moment. Let us take this instance. You are an "A1" temporary girl, and are sent out to the manager of an important business office. His secretary is ill and he wants a girl who will step into the breach, but one who will not waste his time asking needless questions as to how things are to be done. What is to be done? Why, just have faith in your ability to do things—do the work as neatly and efficiently as possible and don't worry. Perhaps he will not like the way in which you do his work, in which case he will probably tell you; but imagine my delight when on a similar mission myself, after signing his letters, the manager brought them to my desk and said, "This is not quite the way we are accustomed to doing our letters, but I am very glad to see it. In fact, I think we will adopt it. You know I have very little time to introduce new methods into routine office work, but I like to think our outgoing correspondence is keeping up with the modernness of our business."

Why not, then, a little more initiative in your own office? And for those who really want more experience and insight in the different businesses of to-day, there's temporary work. Hard sometimes, it's true, but always varying and interesting and every blessed minute you are learning something new, meeting people with fresh ideas, and filing off rough corners so that you may fit into the wonderful position to which you aspire.



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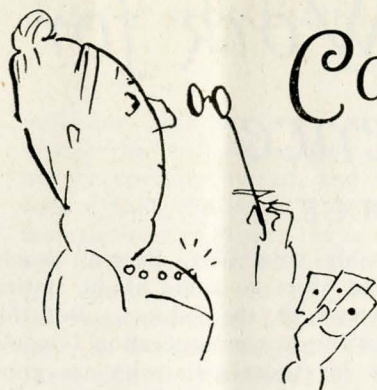
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Contract Bridge

By Mrs. HAROLD COOPER

A series of lessons on Contract Bridge by Mrs. Harold Cooper, holder of International Trophy for Auction Bridge and Whist. Mrs. Cooper is a certified teacher. Any questions on Contract or Auction Bridge will be answered in these columns. If a personal reply is desired, stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed.

TO be successful and win at contract bridge, one of the most essential points is that you or your partner be in a position to make a game going declaration, with a reasonable assurance that you obtain your contract.

To get to this happy position it is necessary that you give to, and receive from your partner, all the information regarding the hands held that is possible.

The real secret of how to obtain and give this knowledge is to keep the bidding open as long as possible. Every bid you make should convey some definite information to your partner, and likewise every bid your partner makes should tell you something.

In our last issue we showed how a sound initial or original bid of one should be made.

The next thing is to know how and when to raise this bid of your partner or, whether to make a bid in another suit or, no trump, as the case may be.

To jump your partner's bid of one in a suit, you must at least have a "normal support" in that suit.

Normal support consists of A xx, K xx, Q xx or xxxx.

This alone is not sufficient to jump the bid, the whole hand including normal support must hold four or more probable tricks.

To take your partner out of the suit bid into another suit, the suit you name must be biddable and the hand must contain one or more high card tricks.

If you hold a very strong hand, skip your partner's bid.

To skip your partner's bid is to bid one more than necessary to jump or raise the bid. For instance if your partner bids one heart and your hand is quite strong with say a biddable spade suit, bid two spades, one more than required to overcall his bid.

Skipping the bid this way practically tells your partner that, unless

his bid of one was an absolute minimum bid, there is a probability of game if he can rebid his hand.

If lacking normal support in the suit your partner has bid, and you have no biddable suit in your hand, but hold one and a half high card tricks, bid one No Trump.

A bid of one No Trump, in response to your partner's bid of one in a suit, is the weakest you can make.

It at once shows your partner you have not normal support in his suit. At the same time it intimates that your hand is not dead or a "bust" having at least one and a half high card tricks.

Not holding normal support in your partner's suit, but having two and a half high card tricks, well distributed, in the other three suits, bid two No Trump.

Holding three and a half high card tricks in the other three suits, and not having normal support in partner's suit, bid three No Trumps.

In response to partner's bid of one No Trump, jump to two No Trump with a count of thirteen.

Jump to three No Trumps with a point value of twenty-two.

Take your partner out of a one No Trump bid with a bid of two, in a biddable five card or longer suit, provided the hand contains one high card trick.

Should your hand consist of a biddable five card or longer suit, and contain at least two high card tricks, bid three of the suit.

This gives the information that, unless the one No Trump was an absolute minimum bid, there is in all probability game in the combined hands. It is asking your partner to jump the bid to a game going contract.

Whether the hand is played in suit or No Trump, will be determined by the constitution of your partner's hand, who should bid whichever is most likely to make the contract.

Dancing For Health

By CECIL DA COSTA

A LETTER from one of my Business Woman readers accused me of laying too much stress upon exercise and not enough upon dancing. I plead guilty, but since I am willing to risk her continued displeasure in giving you a further article on exercise, you may realize the importance I attach to the physical upbuilding of the body, if you intend dancing well. No person who lacks vitality can ever hope to be more than a mediocre dancer. The thing that imparts personality to your work is the same indefinable thing that makes one woman the outstanding light at a party while better looking women seem to fade in her presence. It is keen vitality, possibly of the brain, but just as possibly of the body. After all, it is pretty hard to get a peppy brain to radiate from a body that is low in vitality.

It is this same "pep" that makes your "dance hounds" respond so enthusiastically to music, that makes them originate new steps and swings. These people answer to the call in music because they are not hampered by dumpy, lazy, sluggish bodies and their brains are clear and responsive.

Of course, this does not mean that you cannot dance unless you are bubbling over with pep—it simply means that you will get much less out of your dancing and your partner will have a corresponding lack of enjoyment. Earn your fun fairly by working for that vitality.

I remarked to a lady pupil of mine, recently, that I could tell the physical constitution of my pupils as soon as I danced with them. The lady was frankly incredulous. But this is nothing more than any person can do; there are many signs. In learning dancing the pupil abandons the habit of posing to conceal a lack of knowledge, as we all do in a pinch, and she becomes malleable as she can make herself, with the result that any physical defects show up. I don't mean to infer that I can diagnose heart disease or diabetes, or any specific ailment—I merely mean that I can tell if I am dancing with a normally healthy person, an athlete, an over-active nervous person, or one who is just lazy and out of condition.

Each type has its characteristics in dancing. With one you are called upon to instil all the enthusiasm, to lift her out of the rut. With another

A series of talks on the reconditioning of the body, by Cecil Da Costa, well known Canadian teacher of dancing and health work. Mr. Da Costa will gladly answer any questions our readers may wish to ask on the subject of these talks, or on modern dancing in relation to health. If you wish a personal reply, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

you are constantly impressing calmness, poise and evenness to balance the restless nerves. Even the athletes have their faults; the over-athletic girl is more prone to lead than follow, and the answer to her problem is the relaxation of the hard, unyielding muscles. She often has strength where grace would be desirable.

This time I am going to give you a series of kicks that will be of great value in reducing the hips. These kicks are done to fox trot music instead of waltz time as in preceding exercises. Each exercise should be done as many times as you can, without a feeling of exhaustion.

Remember—you are your own doctor; do not do more than your physical condition will stand—but don't use this as an alibi for shirking your workout.

Exercise 5. Forward Kicks. Hold your balance with one hand on the door frame or windowledge, or the foot of the bed. Take straight kicks. First, hold on with right hand while you use left foot. Stretch the left foot behind you until the toe touches the floor; on count 11 kick straight forward and up. Repeat this touch-and-kick many times, then change to the left hand and right foot. You will gradually develop a good high kick.

Exercise 6. Side Kicks. Holding with left hand, touch right foot across back of left foot and kick straight out to right of body, as high as possible. Reverse and repeat with left foot and hold on with right hand.

Exercise 7. Back Kick. Hold with both hands in front of you this time. Touch right toe in front, then kick back as high as you possibly can, aiming for the back of the head. Be sure that you throw back the head to meet the foot as it kicks up. Again reverse

(Continued on page 32)



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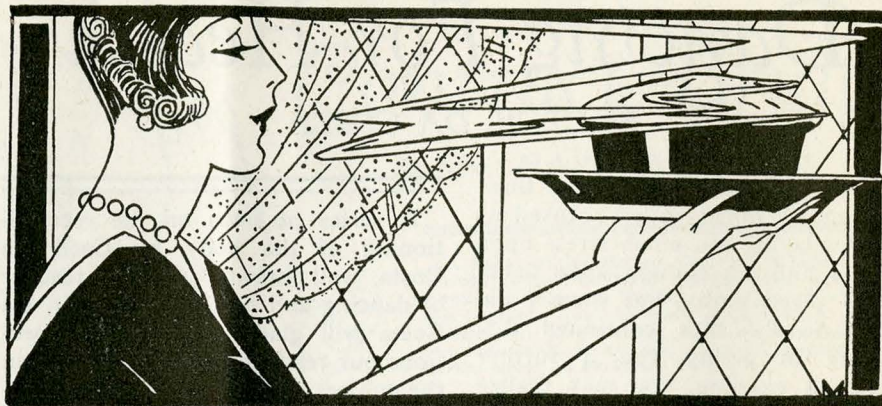
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Diplomas will be awarded at the end of each course.

**The
CONSUMERS'
GAS COMPANY**
55 Adelaide St. East



Catering to the Summer Guest

By JESSIE READ

Director Home Service, Department, Consumers' Gas Company

DURING the summer months there is hardly one of us who, at some time, does not have to prepare a suitable meal to serve to guests who are going to be with us for a short visit or merely for one meal, or maybe your guests have just dropped in, and the good hostess is always prepared for an emergency by having foods on hand which can be served quickly. There are always a few cool days during the summer when you can do some of the preparation, so that on hot days you will not have to spend a great deal of time in the kitchen.

Let us deal first with the latter guest, the one who drops in for a short time and you serve a cooling beverage, a few sandwiches, and a piece of good light fruit cake. Sandwiches may be made up quickly with shredded lettuce, and if you are making lettuce sandwiches do use the crisp leaves and not the outside wilted leaves. Shred it finely and fill the sandwich well. Do not serve a sandwich which is one lettuce leaf between two pieces of thinly buttered bread. Butter both slices of bread, spread mayonnaise on one slice and season well. Later on I shall give you sandwich filling which you can keep in a jar in the refrigerator for emergency occasions, and then all you have to do is cut the bread, spread it with butter and filling, trim the crusts and serve it garnished with parsley or watercress, a jar of which every good hostess keeps in her refrigerator.

No doubt you will say that when you take the butter from the refrigerator it is not an easy task to cream it soft enough for spreading. The quickest and most simple way of

softening the butter is to heat over the gas flame a kitchen knife or fork and cream the butter with this.

Later on I shall also give you a recipe for a splendid fruit cake which you can keep wrapped in wax paper in a cake tin ready for the emergency occasion. Do not let the family have it every time they want a piece of cake, or you will never have it for an emergency. At other times I have given you recipes for small cakes which you can make up and keep on hand.

Then there is the other guest who unexpectedly drops in for luncheon. Let us plan a menu which we can serve from the emergency shelf.

Fruit Cocktail
Edwardsburg Salad
Ice Cream with Chocolate Sauce
Small Cakes

This is properly an emergency shelf menu, and since every emergency shelf should contain canned fruits, our first course is a cocktail. Fruits for salad being especially good to have on hand for fruit cocktails. The second recipe calls for tongue, as you will see when you read the recipe, and this you may have in glass containers on your shelf. The small green Lima beans which we use in this recipe are delicious and certainly should form a part of this emergency shelf, and we always have pickles of some kind in the house. The ice cream in most cases may be ordered from the corner drug store, or if you are as fortunate as I am here in my department in having a unit in your refrigerator such as I have in my gas-fired refrigerator, you may have ice cream made all ready for serving. The chocolate sauce may be made up and

kept in a container for use at any time. This completes the menu for the unexpected guest.

For the guest whom you are going to entertain for two or three days, we can give a little more preparation to the planning of the various menus. I am sure there are many hostesses who always have a jar of sugar syrup on hand for making cooling drinks, and who has a supply of cookies made up and put away so that she will not have to do any baking during the time her guest is visiting her. When entertaining the summer guest, we should where possible have the preparation done before the guest comes, so that we may have the greater percentage of our time to spend with our guests.

Sandwich Fillings

- (1) $\frac{1}{2}$ cup minced pork.
2 tablespoons minced pickle or relish.
2 tablespoons chopped nuts.
Season, and moisten with mayonnaise.
- (2) 1 bar yellow cream cheese.
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup drained crushed pineapple.
Moisten with mayonnaise.

Edwardsburg Salad

2 cups diced tongue, ham, or veal.
1 cup chopped celery or string beans.
3 hard cooked eggs, chopped.
1 cup canned green lima beans.
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup gherkins, chopped.
French dressing.
Mayonnaise or cooked salad dressing.
Mix all ingredients. Marinate with French dressing. Moisten well with mayonnaise or cooked salad dressing. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

Chocolate Sauce

2 squares chocolate, or $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cocoa.
1 cup cold water.
2 cups sugar.
Pinch of salt.
2 teaspoons vanilla.
2 tablespoons butter.
Cut chocolate into pieces and stir over direct heat with the water until smooth and thick. Add sugar and salt and stir until dissolved. Boil three minutes (220° F.); add butter and vanilla and serve at once. If cocoa is used and the butter is omitted, this sauce may be put into an air-tight jar and kept until ready to use. Reheat, add butter and serve.

Balmoral Cake

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups butter.
2 cups fruit sugar.
6 eggs.
2 cups Sultana raisins.
2 oz. preserved ginger.

1 cup blanched almonds.
1 teaspoon baking powder.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt.
4 cups flour.

Cream butter well, add sugar gradually, creaming well together. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time. Beat well after adding each egg. Dredge fruit and nuts with part of the flour. Sift together baking powder, salt and remaining flour and fold into creamed mixture. Lastly, add fruit and nuts. Bake in a deep square tin lined with wax paper in an oven at 325° F. for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

Sugar Syrup of "Ades"

1 cup water.
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar.
Dissolve sugar in water and boil for five minutes. Bottle.

Iced Tea

Make a pot of strong tea, allow to steep for three minutes. Strain and cool. Fill tall glasses half full of crushed ice or ice cubes. Pour in tea sufficient to cover ice. Place a section of lemon on side of each glass. Serve with fruit sugar.

Half Minute Sermons

Are you comfortable in your job? Are you at ease in it, free of worry, trotting along in it like a sorrel nag along a pleasant highway lined with flowers and a row of apple trees? If you are, you are in danger.

There is danger in comfort, that feeling of satisfaction with things as they are, that consciousness that all's well with you and your immediate future; for, pleasant as an opiate as it may be, like that same opiate it is apt to cause a sleep from which you'll awaken, if at all, only when it is too late to realize the price you've paid for the pleasure.

All too soon many of us are too comfortable in our jobs, we are set in the tracks of a daily routine and remain there because the tracks are smooth and the riding is easy; and, as for getting out on some rough roads, full of bricks, broken glass, ruts and mud, most of us are ignorant of their very existence. The job fails to demand it and so why worry?

But a job that fails to demand varied and frequent sweats and inconveniences, that presents no ruts and no hills to climb, is one minus stimulation; it is the job for the mediocre, the great mass of humans; pleasant, yes, but leading only into the valley.

If you happen to be in a soft, comfortable job, you might spend five very profitable minutes in looking at it, its future and your own.



Healthy Girls Are Better Workers

Every business woman knows that better health means increased efficiency to do her work and abundant energy to enjoy her leisure. Hundreds of Canadian women and girls who work in factories, offices and stores are depending upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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They will probably tell you that there is no better medicine for women's ailments with their accompanying head ache, backache, weakness, "blue" spells and general run-down condition.

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If you are not as well as you want to be, if you are weak, nervous or run-down, give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial. Take at least three bottles. It will tone up your whole system and help you to eat better, sleep better and feel better. It will keep you fit to do your work under trying conditions.

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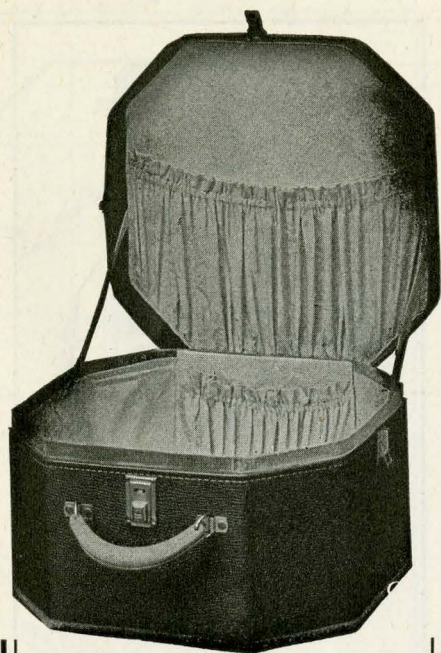
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Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co.
Lynn, Massachusetts, U. S. A.
and Cobourg, Ontario, Canada.

Progress

Must Help Those in Rear as Well as Those Ahead

By MARGARET BROWN



You'd Like These

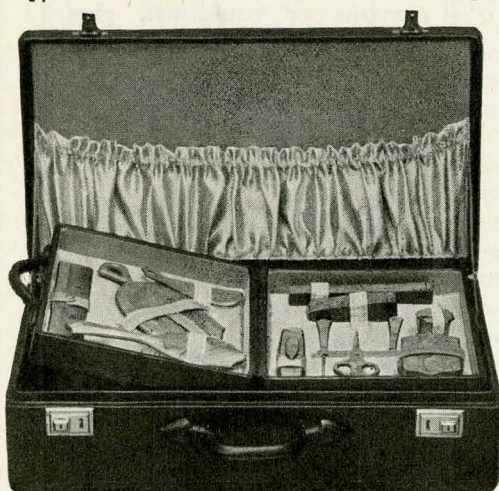
A wardrobe hat box and a fitted suit case that clearly express distinction. Unquestionably—they would add to your ensemble this summer.

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BUSINESS in general—or perhaps one should say the world in general—is facing a big problem when it views the unemployment which is the natural by-product of this machine age.

As pointed out by the Right Hon. Arthur Meighen in a recent address before sales and advertising executives in Toronto, the responsibility rests with every man and every woman to see that those who are less successful than we ourselves should be given every opportunity to find their place in the present scheme of things.

It is estimated that the average machine to-day displaces thirty-eight hand laborers. Some machines displace more than this number—some less—but thirty-eight is the average. In other words, out of every hundred people who were employed, there is now work for only three. Does it not seem almost a miracle, then, that we are even in as good a position with regard to unemployment as we are to-day? If it only takes three now to produce what it took one hundred before—what has become of the other ninety-seven?

Added to this we are now faced with the problem of providing work for a large percentage of feminine workers. A hundred years ago—even fifty years ago—women were not engaged to any extent in the field of labor. Every year adds to the number of women now actively engaged in business.

Here is the crux of the whole matter:

As the machine takes away hand labor on one side—the resourcefulness of the mind of man must find new fields to absorb it. The radio—the automobile—the aeroplane—and numerous other industries have come into being within the last hundred years.

We have been discovering the value of having statistical data, and thousands of people are now engaged in gathering and assembling facts and figures which are now invaluable in the conduct of business.

However, we seem to have reached the point where our production is greater than our demand—particularly in the field of raw material. No one can predict whether or not we are

nearing the end of this period—but we can glean confidence from the fact that the country has faced similar periods of depression and emerged from them to enjoy greater prosperity than ever.

The working man or woman who has simply labor to sell looks into a future that is darker than the past.

The problem of society is to equip every man and woman so that they have something to sell besides common labor. Technical education—training in every line of work—is the big need of to-day, and it will be a greater need to-morrow.

Mr. Meighen said that it was encouraging to notice the increasing degree of interest shown by those who are successful in their less fortunate brothers. There is a decided lessening of the callous indifference on the part of those who have reached the top toward those who are not able to enjoy the good things of life.

I couldn't help wondering if the entry of women into business has had something to do with this changing attitude. The other day I was talking to a very successful business woman who had just had a visit from a younger girl who had ambitions to follow a similar line of business. The novice had asked quite frankly "How did you reach the place where you are?" and the older woman spent an hour of her valuable time in suggesting the best way to go about entering the advertising business—courses of study which would be useful—and other details which would let the younger girl start off on the right foot.

Another indication that business women are realizing their responsibilities with regard to inexperienced workers is the recent decision of the Canadian Business and Professional Women's Club to provide for junior membership in their organization. This recommendation, when brought in, was carried unanimously. Such a step cannot help but prove beneficial to junior business women. It is like holding out a welcoming hand and saying, "We're a little further up the ladder—perhaps we can give you a hand." We cannot begin to estimate the value which junior business girls

(Continued on page 32)

Aren't We All?

By IVAN CASA

SUPERSTITIOUS? Oh no! Well, maybe there are a few little pet beliefs—odd little things that you believe in, but you're not really superstitious. You wouldn't walk under a ladder, or welcome a black cat crossing your path, or a cross-eyed person of your own sex; you do throw spilt salt over your shoulder or ask for a certain number in the raffle, but you don't believe in any of these omens or signs or things. Oh no!

However, for many ages people have believed in luck and good fortune coming through luck pieces—amulets and talismans have existed as long as mankind.

Jewels have attracted to themselves a reputation for influencing one's fortunes. One much-to-be-regretted belief started in connection with the opal. In one of Sir Walter Scott's books there is an opal that brings tragedy to its owner, and, back in the Victorian times, that gained credit. So beautiful a stone to be so maligned! Did you ever look deep into a black Australian opal—see the pictures in it?

According to the ancients, certain jewels are ascribed to certain periods of the year. The sun, during the earth's annual journey, is said to travel through the twelve houses of the Zodiac. In each of these houses the sun lingers for one month, from approximately the twentieth of the one to the twentieth of the next. During that time, certain planets influence the persons born during that time, certain numbers are supposed to be lucky to them and certain jewels to bring them good fortune.

On June 22nd the sun enters the house of Cancer, remaining there until July 23rd. Cancer, meaning a crab, is the fourth sign of the zodiac. The period is supposed to have been that during which the earth was recovering from the devastation of the Flood. Persons born during this period are supposed to be plastic of temperament, very receptive to influences. They are impressionable yet very tenacious.

Their moods are very changeable, they ascend to the most hopeful and optimistic heights, only to drop down to utmost depression. They allow great opportunities to slip, often missing success in this way.

Hermits should be June folk, since solitude does not displease them. The

Cancer person won't appreciate your making her arrangements for her—she has quite definite ideas on what she wishes for herself—but she does not take the trouble to carry them out.

Home life appeals; family affairs are sacred. Cancer folk's impressionable characters make it very harmful for them to live with natures that are not harmonious with their own. With uncongenial surroundings they grow lifeless and morbid of outlook. They have very strong imaginations and allow their feelings and emotions to guide them.

When the June person's character is well developed the erratic tendencies are made firm and consistent and the clear intellect can be trained to great achievements. She excels in brilliant oratory and has a decided liking for things occult and mystical. Collectors of the antique are frequently June folk, their love of old things taking the collecting slant.

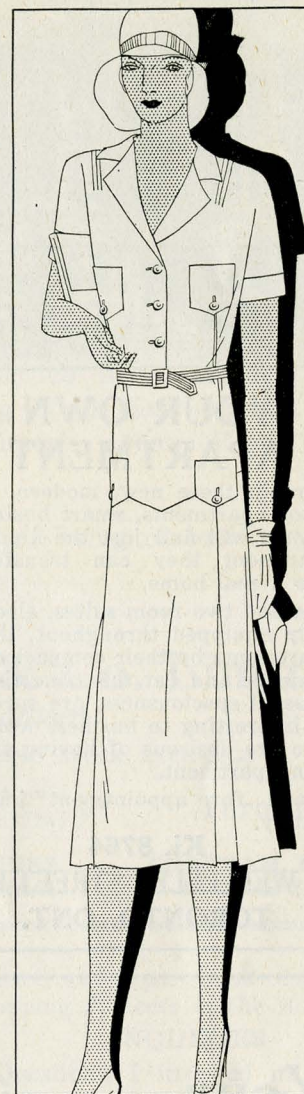
They are poetical and frequently write verse of the outdoor type. Many of the more whimsical poets and writers have been born under the Cancer sign. These people do very well in any profession or trade connected with the sea or water. They make good public servants—politicians, artists, clairvoyants, sailors—June-born. Their best friends will be people born under the signs of Taurus, Virgo, Scorpio and Pisces.

The lucky gem is emerald, with moonstone, pearl, cat's-eye and crystal as secondary choice. The emerald is supposed to bestow the gift of memory, courage, faith and protection from pestilence. It preserves the eyesight, said the ancients. The knowledge of future events came to the possessor of the emerald, said the sages of India. The Romans believed that the stone would turn pale and change color in the presence of treachery and deceit. When its influence could not avert the misfortune the stone would fall from its setting, hence the belief that to drop an emerald was bad luck.

Sailors were advised to wear an emerald, to protect them from the perils of the sea.

The other stones are credited with various virtues: the moonstone with reconciling lovers and being healthful to consumptives at the new moon,

(Concluded on page 34)

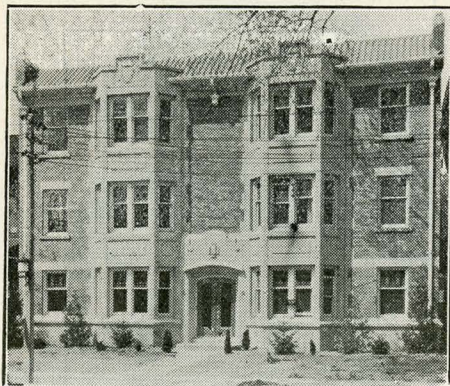


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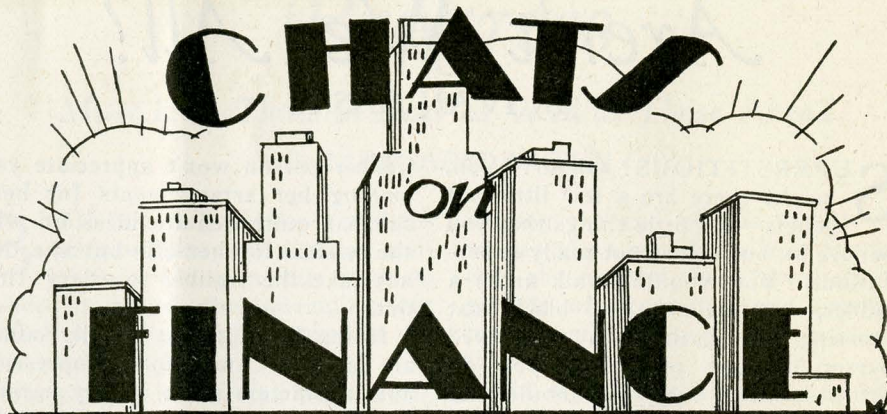
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Your Financial Problems

Wondering what would be the best investment for your savings?—Would you like advice on your present holdings? Mr. W. A. McKague, well-known Canadian Financial Advisor, will answer your financial problems free of charge. Enclose stamped envelope for personal reply.



By W. A. McKAGUE

IN a manufacturing town in Western Ontario there is a firm with an office staff of nine, four men and five girls, and, becoming acquainted with them, I was surprised to find that every one was a real "investor." All but one had money in a bond or debenture of some kind, and that one held a stock which is sound enough to be considered an investment.

This is very unusual, for I venture to say that half the office people in this part of the country have not anything in the way of investment. They have deposit accounts, insurance, etc., and very often a small sum in cheap mining stock, but I am sure that less than half hold shares or bonds.

Searching for the cause, I learned that the salaries paid are just about average for communities of that size, which means less than salaries paid in the large cities. They have all held their present positions for over a year, however, which has given each one a chance to get ahead financially, while every one lives at home. This latter point is quite a saving; though in the great majority of homes every worker must contribute some part of the expenses, they do not have to be run at a profit, while in the well-conducted home savings are possible which cannot be achieved when living out. Also, in the town or small city, there are not the transportation or lunch items that must be met in the large cities. For the office worker, \$15 a week in such a place can certainly go just as far as \$18 a week in a big city.

In recent years the residents of this particular town have been victimized on two occasions by smart stock salesmen. I think this is the reason for the caution now shown. People who take chances and lose, either become discouraged and quit trying, or they turn about and become unusually cautious. The folk in the office to which I refer, had not been mixed up in the losses, but the town as a whole

had been hit so badly that everyone was against speculation.

As one young lady put it: "If I save money I want to keep it, and I want to have it. I work for my money, and I am not going to lose it if I can help it."

Tobacco Companies

Those of our fair readers who have developed the art of smoking, have no doubt noticed the imprint "Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada, Limited" on many different brands. This company is the largest one in the business of making tobacco, cigarettes, cigars, etc., in Canada, and it is associated with large companies in the same business in Great Britain and the United States. Rather than sell everything under that name, however, they prefer to market their products under a great number of brands, with their own company name given in small type. Probably it is because buyers want a variety, and it would not be possible to develop a large business out of one brand.

The company also controls several other companies, so that its business is even greater than might at first appear. One of these, of which control was recently acquired, is Tuckett Tobacco Company, Ltd., which was formerly one of its largest competitors.

Imperial Tobacco's assets, as shown in its last balance sheet, come to over \$65,000,000. This is made up of plants, inventory of goods, investment in shares of subsidiary companies, and a valuation placed on the patents, goodwill, etc.

The shares have a par value of \$5, but sell on the market at about \$10 each. The dividend rate is 7 per cent., or 35 cents per share each year, and is paid in four quarterly payments of 8¾ cents each. Thus the yield is low, being hardly four per cent. on the money invested. In recent years, however, a bonus of one or two per cent. has been paid at the end of the fiscal year, which brings the yield up

to about 5 per cent. The shareholder also has the satisfaction of knowing that the company is in a very strong position, and it is earning more than it pays out in dividends, so that higher dividends should follow in future years.

The stock is mentioned here because it is a convenient one for investment of small amounts, and is a much better venture than most mining stocks. Thus 25 shares of Imperial Tobacco can be bought for \$250, and it brings in \$8.75 a year, with good chances for increases in the dividend or in the value of the investment.

Our Interest in Banking

We all know that banks take money on deposit, and they will take all the money that you or anyone else cares to leave with them. What do they do with it? They lend it out again, to merchants, and manufacturers, and to others who want loans for a short time. Of course they have to keep part in cash, to carry on their business from day to day, and they also keep part in what are called "liquid" securities, that is, government bonds, etc., which can readily be sold at any time to increase their cash on hand if necessary.

Business women who are in business for themselves may have occasion to borrow from the bank, and if so, they will be familiar with the lending method of the banks. Most of our readers, however, work on salary, and are interested in the banks as places of deposit, for checking, sending money, etc.

Practically all women, in fact, have a bank account, either of their own or in joint account with some one else. The time is long past when such matters were considered unsuitable for women.

A few months ago Mr. Jackson Dodds, who has just been promoted to joint general manager of the Bank of Montreal, addressed a women's meeting on banking. He pointed out that a "Woman's Dictionary," which is supposed to supply "everything a woman ought to know," had nothing about money or banking. Yet this is something a woman, whether married or single, has to handle regularly.

"Show me a man or woman who in all relations of life where money is concerned is wise and just, in earning and in spending, in giving and saving, in gaining and losing, in borrowing and lending, and I will show you a pattern of most of the things that a man or woman should be," said Mr.

Dodds. The key to the largest measure of human success might still be taken from Proverbs: "Give me neither poverty nor riches."

Nowadays we are inclined to take the bank as a matter of course. But three hundred years ago people who had money to spare had to keep it in "plate" or some other form of gold or silver, with constant risk of theft, or else they had to entrust it to a goldsmith who actually charged them for keeping it. Our banks are much safer than any goldsmith could be, and they pay us interest. They do not do this out of charity to us. After paying our interest they are still able to make profits, because financial business has progressed so that there is plenty of opportunity for profitable use of money.

The banks are just as live as other business organizations, and they are continually thinking up new ways for increasing their business with the public. They have both savings and current (or business) accounts, while there may be joint accounts, special accounts for children, Christmas or vacation accounts, etc. One bank has made it possible for people to deposit money after banking hours, while another has erected machines in the streets where an account may be

opened, and a pass-book obtained, by dropping 25 cents in the slot.

INQUIRIES

Question: I invested in Noranda at \$45, and could have sold and made a reasonable profit during the summer, but was advised to hold it as it was predicted that it would reach the 100 mark at the beginning of 1930. It is now listed at around \$28. Do you think there is a possibility of its going up during the present year to what I bought it for, namely \$45?

I also hold a couple of hundred shares of Tough Oakes, but it is no longer listed in the market quotations. Do you think there is a chance of its coming back?

Thanking you for your advice in this matter.—H. B.

Answer: It is possible, but not likely, that Noranda will recover to \$45 this year. The price of copper has been reduced, so that the company is not making nearly so much profit as formerly. The present price, which is \$26 at the time this is written, is very low, however, and as the stock pays a dividend, there is no reason why you should not carry it, and you have a good chance of getting your money back at some time, possibly in a year or two.

(Turn to page 33, please)

Investing Funds for the Business Woman

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To those of you who are interested in Stocks we can give you unexcelled service in executing your orders on the leading Stock Exchanges. Securities carried for customer's accounts on conservative margins.

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A bright girl expressed herself with this novel remark: "I just told my boss one day he had to get an EDIPHONE—I sat there at his desk most of the morning writing notes—I hustled all the afternoon to lay his letters on his desk—then, I went back to my desk and threw my morning's work (my notes) in the waste basket; there was no sense to that."

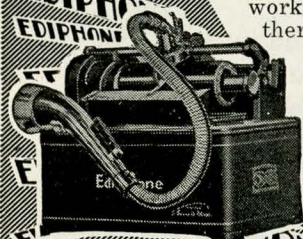
Had this girl's employer dictated to the EDIPHONE, her morning would have been free for productive work.

Learn all about the new Secretarial EDIPHONE with "Typease" Control, which eliminates the bothersome foot operating device.

Write for descriptive booklet to-day.

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Electric Control Ousts the Foot Pedal

STENOGRAPHERS employed by companies using the dictating machine system, were prejudiced, and not unreasonably, against the certain amount of strain occasioned by the foot pedal operation of their transcribing machines.

The pneumatic floor control, as it was called, was almost as old as the phonograph itself. Using it, the stenographer was compelled to turn to the machine to operate the repeat lever. She lost her place and had to memorize the words to be written. She pressed an awkwardly-placed foot pedal a thousand times a day, using a pressure of eight pounds every time. With foot pedals the strain of operation was continuous in both positions of pressing and lifting the foot alternately. This happened after every twenty words while listening, or forty words while repeating.

The result was a sense of fatigue which was emphasized by the uncomfortable position of body and limbs, until the stenographer's efficiency was impaired and her work suffered.

Now with the establishing of electric control, all that is changed. The stenographer enjoys marked mental, physical and visual relief. She controls the voice reproduction by tapping a key to start, stop or repeat. Her eyes remain on the writing and she types without strain and is able to concentrate on the work in hand.

She does not have to twist and turn to operate a lever on the machine; a slight tap starts or stops the voice and she can regulate the speed as it suits her by a conveniently-placed knob.

The stenographer has lost her prejudice against the transcribing machine. She finds the electric control operates with the slightest touch, much less than that required on a typewriter key. Her feet are comfortably placed and free to move; and after touching a control there is complete repose until the key is again touched.

Another advantage is the improvement in work made possible by electric control. Typing is done 25% more easily and efficiently. Operation is positive and accuracy assured. Many times a day the stenographer taps the key with a certainty of controlling the voice impossible by any mechanical means. All that is required is a slight tap. There is no additional effort—no lost motions—no delay in typing speed. The tapping falls naturally into the routine operation of the typewriter keyboard.

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EVERYTHING FOR A COMPLETE OFFICE

Office Hint

Just by way of a little hint to those whose duty it is to represent their firm over the telephone to the public.

It is not only pleasing to hear a smiling voice announce his or her employers' name over the telephone, but, nowadays, when every business house is selling "Courtesy and Service," we secretaries and switchboard operators must give the very best impression of our firm to the public. To the public, we are the firm.

The following are a few suggestions:

When your telephone rings, answer it promptly; don't let it ring several times before answering it. Let the person calling know to whom he is speaking, for instance:

"The Canada Shipping Company, Miss Jones speaking."

"Mr. Smith's office, Miss Jones speaking."

If your chief is out of town, it emphasizes the "personal interest" touch if you express your regret in a manner corresponding to the following:

"I am very sorry Mr. Smith is out of town, but is there anything I can do for you?" What you can do, depends largely upon your position. It gives the person calling, however, the impression that you are taking a personal interest in his call which is, after all, exactly what pleases the public.

Should Mr. Smith be out of his office only for a short time, the following conversation, or something similar, might be used:

Secretary: "The Canada Shipping Company, Miss Jones speaking."

Customer: "Is the manager there?"

Secretary: "I am sorry Mr. Smith is not in his office at present. Is there anything I can do for you?"

Customer: "No."

Secretary: "Would you care to leave your name and telephone number and I will have Mr. Smith speak to you when he comes back?"

When your chief comes back, place the call, and if convenient, put the customer through to him. The very fact that your firm will take the trouble to call him back gives the customer a feeling of satisfaction and stimulates at once an interest on his part in your firm.

Prompt and efficient telephone service is a great advertisement for your firm.



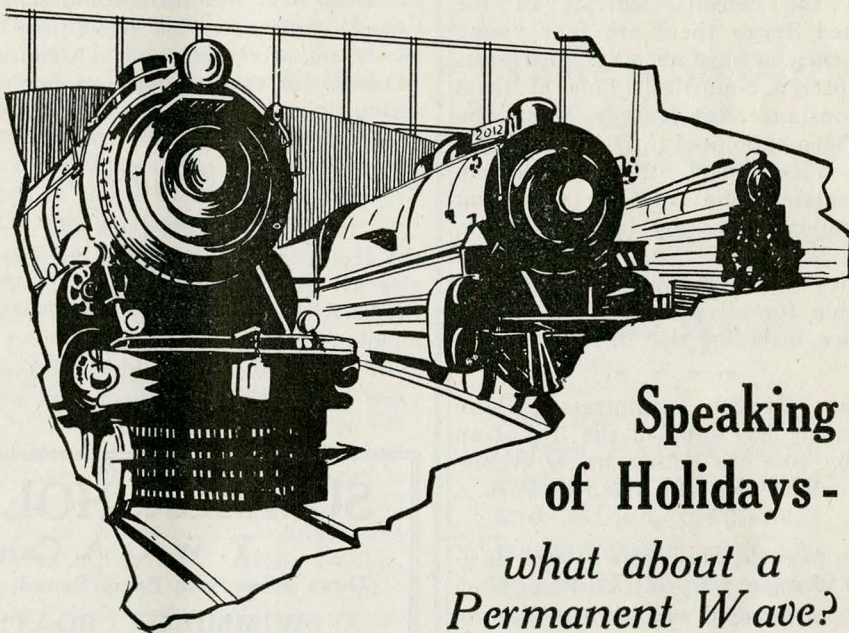
It costs nothing to make a Suggestion

Why not call your chief's attention to the Dualmail envelopes. He will be glad to see that you take a real active interest in his business.

Let him see that it is possible to send a catalogue and sales letter all in one—he will be delighted. Suggest that he phone Adelaide 3135 and ask to have all particulars.

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**Speaking
of Holidays -
what about a
Permanent Wave?**

This summer, when you are on your holidays, don't be bothered with your hair—get a permanent before you go—a Steam-Va-Per-Marcel permanent and give your hair a holiday too.

Phone Ki. 9801 for appointment.

The Beaumont Hairdressers

771 Yonge St.
Toronto

Women Here and There

Mrs. Fanny Yarborough Bickett, aged sixty, recently passed the North Carolina State Bar examination. Mrs. Bickett is president of the North Carolina Railroad and is the widow of former Governor T. M. Bickett.

* * * *

Eleven-year-old Marigold Rollins, of Austin, Texas, is the first girl to be appointed to the Texas Legislature. She will be personal page to Representatives Laura Burleson Negley and Helen Moore.

* * * *

When you take tea in your favorite tea-room or restaurant, did you ever wonder who first invented those immaculate little bags for tea that hang suspended by a slim thread in your tea pot? Gertrude Ford, head of the U. S. tea company that bears her name, invented the tea bag when a steward at a big hotel asked that tea be delivered ready for the pot instead of in bulk. Miss Ford is an Ontario girl.

* * * *

In the consular service of the United States there are four young women who have been assigned posts in foreign countries. One of them is Constance Ray Harvey, M.A., who has been appointed to Ottawa. She is now Vice-Consul at the American Consulate. She won her degree at Columbia University in New York, and later undertook international studies at Geneva. Women are eligible for all posts in the foreign service, including that of Ambassador.

* * * *

The English sculptress, Claire Sheridan, has adopted the life of an Arab. She has built a house at Biskra, where she will live and work.

* * * *

On page 22, May issue of The Business Woman, we printed a letter from a correspondent calling attention to the literature that enters Canada under the mask of extreme righteousness, but which is, in reality, most unwholesome rubbish.

From Mrs. David M. Morrison, secretary of the Municipal Chapter, Imperial Order of Daughters of the Empire, London, Ontario, and Mrs. F. M. Langford, educational secretary Overseas Chapter, come interesting letters on the subject. This matter

of banning undesirable literature has been one of the I.O.D.E.'s problems for some years. The Order has succeeded in getting several publications prohibited from sale in Canada, only to have those same books or papers returning under other names on the next issues. With such trickery to battle, the work of censorship is difficult; but renewed activities will probably result from the June meeting, in Brantford, of the Provincial Chapter, to whose attention our comment is being brought.

We append the resolution endorsed by London Municipal Chapter:

Moved by Mrs. F. M. Langford, seconded by Mrs. Stevenson.

The attention of the Municipal Chapter having been drawn to the Editor's note in the May number of The Business Woman regarding the censorship of magazines coming into Canada, and weeding out the undesirable, the following resolution was passed and endorsed by the Municipal Chapter, that "some steps be taken to have a stricter censorship exercised over literature coming into Canada, and that this resolution be passed on to the Provincial Chapter, I.O.D.E. for endorsement and further action."

Dancing for Health

(Continued from page 23)

the feet and keep on doing the exercise as directed until you are really tired. Kick with stiffened knees when kicking forward and sideways.

Be sure, too, to combine all these exercises that I have given you into

one series. If you have followed instructions and have conscientiously done them daily, you should be feeling definite results by this time. If there is anything you do not quite understand at any time, write in to me in care of The Business Woman, and I will gladly explain. I have heard from two of the readers who have noticed real results. Both girls took careful measurements of their bodies before starting this course and are busily comparing the remodelling of their figures. I shall be interested in knowing the effects of the exercises upon others.

Progress

(Continued from page 26)

may glean from this fraternal gesture on the part of this outstanding group of Toronto business women.

Returning to Mr. Meighen's talk—he closed with the thoughts:

Let everyone of us seek to encourage all those who are coming into the field of labor and do our share in making them realize that the day is gone when unskilled effort finds a ready market.

We cannot turn back the dial or alter the march of time, but there are adjustments. For every branch that is closed another will open. We are living in an age of discovery—new devices—now production—new services to render. On the inventive resources of our race depends our future prosperity.

We must all remember that true progress is only when it helps those in the rear as well as those ahead.

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Open June 16th

Spend two or three weeks here. Just the place for a quiet holiday, or for commuting. For information, phone EL. 1126 or AD. 6380.

Club Life

(Continued from page 14)

Walker, Mrs. Frances Monat, Miss Stella Boyd and Miss A. Berle Smith.

As it is felt that at this, the first gathering of business and professional women, an opportunity must be provided for delegates to become well acquainted, special attention has been given to provision for round table discussions and to the social side of the Convention. Several dinners, luncheons and teas have been arranged, and a visit will be made to many points of historical interest and civic pride in and around the city.

The local club is justly proud of the honor done her by sister clubs in selecting Winnipeg in which to meet, and every effort will be made to uphold Winnipeg's reputation for hospitality.

* * * *

HAMILTON

Mr. H. Napier Moore, Editor of Maclean's Magazine, was the speaker at the May meeting of the Canadian Business & Professional Women's Club, which was held in the board room of the Y.W.C.A. Thursday, May 15th. His instructive address, which he has already given twice before in this city, was entitled "A Journey Across Canada."

Beginning with the Maritime provinces, Mr. Moore sketched briefly the resources of each province, and their particular industrial and financial conditions. He also spoke of the Canadian Pacific Ry. with its 22,000 miles of line. One-tenth of the population of Canada receives its livelihood from the railways.

Our great development is basically power. We have started to harness power that will take care of fifty millions of people, declared the speaker. Canada is the largest user of aerial taxicabs in the world.

It is our duty to teach the immigrants we bring to this country, that Canada is their home, our flag their flag, our language their language, and our heritage their heritage, declared Mr. Moore.

Another problem which must be considered is that of ill-health, which is the base of most of our troubles. Last year thirty million dollars were spent as a nation, because people were incapacitated through ill-health.

Miss Laventure moved a hearty vote of thanks to the speaker. Miss Mary Mount, the president, was in the chair.

Delightful solos were sung by Mr. Norman Dickenson, accompanied by Mr. Jack Lewis.

Chats on Finance

(Continued from page 29)

The Tough Oakes Company ceased operating in 1928, and the shares have no market value at the present time. There is just a remote chance that they may have a value in the future, as efforts have been made to re-organize the company, or sell the property.

* * * *

Question: Will you be good enough to give me your opinion of the following:

Beatty Electric (common and preference); Noranda; Sherritt-Gordon.

Do you think the latter two will ever reach \$50 per share and \$8 per share, as they once did?—L. T. F.

Answer: The first company you mention no doubt is Beatty Bros., Limited, of Fergus, Ont., who are manufacturers of electric washers and other apparatus. Some of these lines, most of them no doubt, are highly competitive, and as the company's plant is not in a place where it is readily marketable, the whole outcome, from the investor's viewpoint, depends on the ability of the management to make the business successful and profitable. The officers have shown this ability in the past and there is a good chance of success being carried into the future. You have to regard any such stock as a venture. There is first preferred, with 6 per cent. dividend, each share of which is convertible into 1½ shares of common; also some second preferred, which is not listed, carrying 7 per cent. dividend, and each share of which is convertible into two shares of common. These dividends are being regularly paid, also 50 cents each quarter on the common. That is, the common stock rate is now \$2 a year. In a concern of this kind the common stock gives you the best chances, and if you wish to go into it you can get the common stock now about \$26 a share. If you bought the first preferred at \$90, and later exchanged it for common, your cost would be \$60 per share of common. While if the business meets with serious trouble, there is liable to be loss on the preferred just as well as on the common.

I cannot prophecy future prices of Noranda and Sherritt-Gordon. The former is assured of success, while Sherritt-Gordon has a fair chance. I think Noranda is an excellent buy at \$30 or under, though it might easily drop to \$25, or even lower, before it gets ahead again. I further think that if they both move up, Noranda will be at \$50 long before Sherritt-Gordon gets to \$8.

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Permanent Wave
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Rooms 202-3 at 169 Yonge St.

(Opposite Simpson's North Door)

Phone for Appointment to Wav. 2228

52 Vacations

(Continued from page 10)

Continue south on Sixth Line to Toronto.

For short hikes during June, take the West Hill bus and get out at the Shoreacres stop, turning south at the first right hand road, until you come to the edge of the cliffs, overlooking the lake. Here is a lovely cool spot for a picnic. The next road turning off the Shoreacres Road will also bring you to the cliffs, and, if you like scrambling and sliding down to the narrow beach you may do so.

Chene Drive, just east of the Halfway House, this side of St. Augustine's Seminary, makes a pretty and delightful walk and brings you down to the edge of the Bluffs, only, you will have the company of plenty of other people who also know this pretty spot.

The Leaside bus, taken to the wire works, brings you to the flying field, and, diagonally across from your bus stop, lies the continuation of Eglinton Ave., another pretty walk.

Be sure to do lots of walking this summer, just to see how pretty this city's outskirts really are. Drive to the little known spots just around Toronto, and you will appreciate this Ontario of ours.

LUGGAGE

(Continued from page 9)

man. Haven't you ever taken out from its case one of those frilly chiffon gowns, that need very little encouragement to become the raggedy-looking mass of ends? It always happens that you have no opportunity of ironing the thing; you hate to run around on board the boat or in the hotel, borrowing an iron, and you can't tote the family electric one with you. Therefore, there is a little electric iron, cased in leather, that doesn't measure any more than six inches complete, but is ever so efficient.

Case, iron, cord and socket are all colored to match—green, red, blue or black.

So that you can wash out hose or gloves and dry them properly, you can buy a tiny case filled with cord and pegs, to be tied from one chair-back to another.

A very handy thing to have is a waterproof cloth holder that has adjustable straps, into which you can fit all those oddments that rattle around in your bag. Toothbrush, paste, comb—all rolled into one neat package. Small cases of bottles to hold medicine, perfume or astringent; manicure sets, sewing kits—all made up to take up the minimum of space.

Before you start on your holidays, consider just exactly what you really must take with you—things that are really essential—then gather the articles that you think are going to add to your happiness and cut the list short. Small quantities of your face creams can be put into little tins or containers, to take up less room. Your powder will go into a vanity case and a tiny box for refilling. Everything you use should be brought down to miniature, if you would lessen your responsibilities.

Aren't We All?

(Continued from page 27)

giving mental inspiration and protection from dropsy or any of the diseases to which the Cancer people are liable. Pearls preserve the purity of the wearer; they are not lucky as engagement nor wedding gifts. Cat's eye averts the terrors of the darkness, relieves asthma and croup, and is a charm for success in speculation, card-playing and games of chance.

The next sign of the Zodiac is Leo, the period from July 23rd to August 23rd. If your birthday comes during that time, watch for the July Business Woman, if you would learn all your good and bad traits, and your lucky stones.

Stenographers I Have Known

(Continued from page 12)

when I completely fell from grace. My wife was away and I had asked the bookkeeper to stay late to get out some delayed work. I also asked my stenographer to stay.

About six o'clock I remembered that I had not told her to go out for supper, so I asked her if I might take her to the restaurant across the street for dinner, omitting to tell her that I had already asked the other man to come, too. She didn't box my ears, but she did the Frigidaire stuff to perfection. But then, what could she expect of a man of my worldly type. I was just the kind of man who would try to compromise a good girl. A girl simply couldn't lead a straight, pure life with the type of employer who would wait until his wife was away to ask a girl out for dinner. She might not have had such experience before, but she read plenty in the papers to know just my methods. I also set her free from all danger. Later I found out that she had been around to anyone who would listen, to explain just why, and how haughtily and righteously, she had quitted my service.

The present incumbent is one of those modern girls who take everyone and everything with modern nonchalance. She can spell, knows what a period and a comma and brackets are intended to signify. She takes a mere hint and turns it into a readable letter. She doesn't mind staying fifteen minutes late to finish her work. She comes in a quarter of an hour earlier if there's something to be done early in the morning. If she wants a day off she tells me that she wants to go for a ride or play golf, or that she stayed too late at a dance the night before—she doesn't phone in and say she is going to the dentist or to a dear friend's funeral, or that the doctor is ordering her to the hospital right away. And she only wants that day once at very long intervals.

My mail is always ready; she sees to it that I keep my appointments. She reminds me when I have forgotten to go out for lunch and sends out for a sandwich for me if I am too busy to go, and gives an understanding little grin when I say that I didn't want it, really. She knows that I wouldn't ask for such little attentions—but oh, how a fellow appreciates them!

Yes, some other fellow has found out about her. She's getting married next month! And I am wondering what number eight will be like.



PINE RAPIDS CAMP—A SUB-HOME FROM HOME.

—Courtesy C.P.R.

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to the city of
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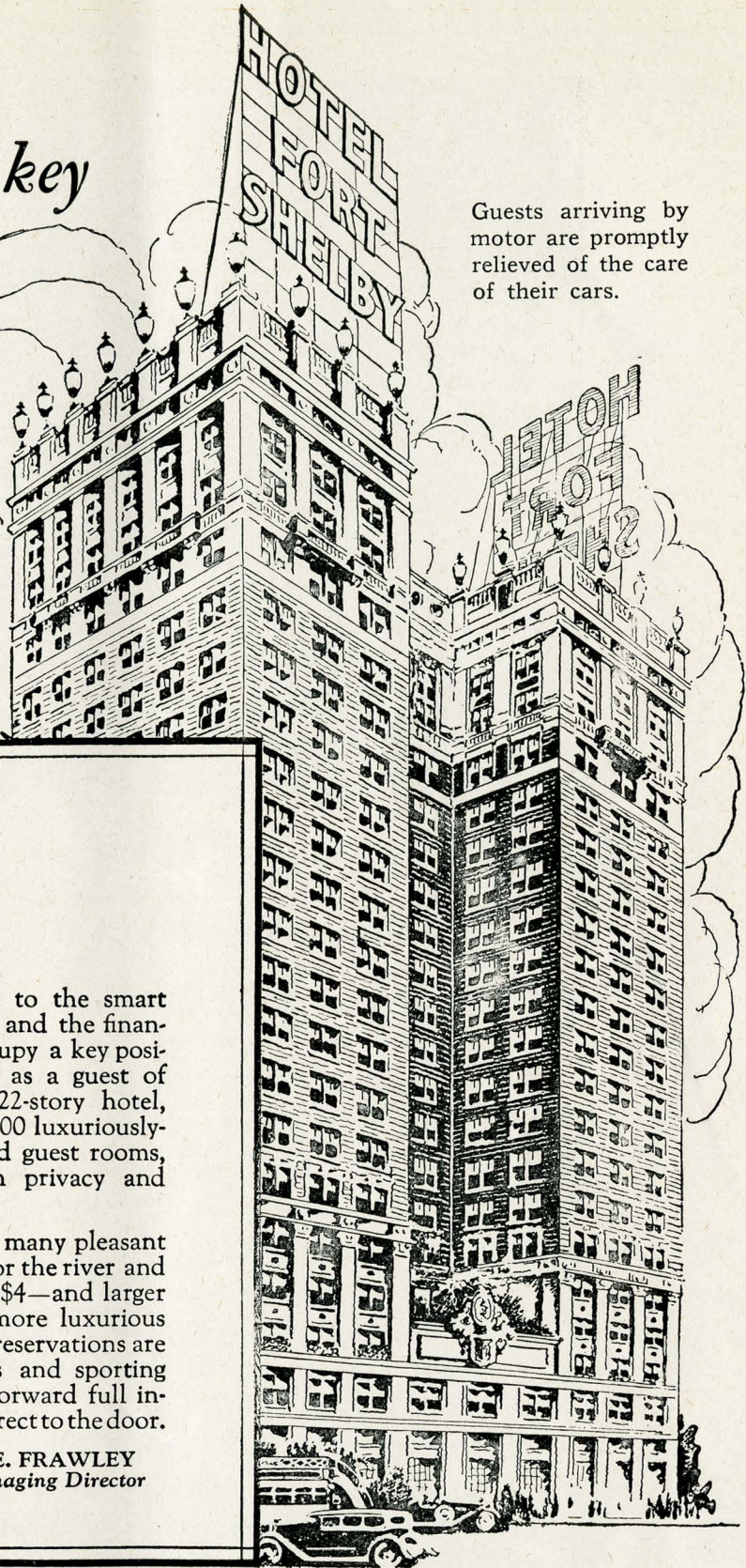
For your selection, there are many pleasant rooms overlooking the city, or the river and Canadian shore, at \$3, \$3.50, \$4—and larger rooms or suites with still more luxurious accommodations. Advance reservations are made for theaters, concerts and sporting events. Write, and we will forward full information and motor route direct to the door.

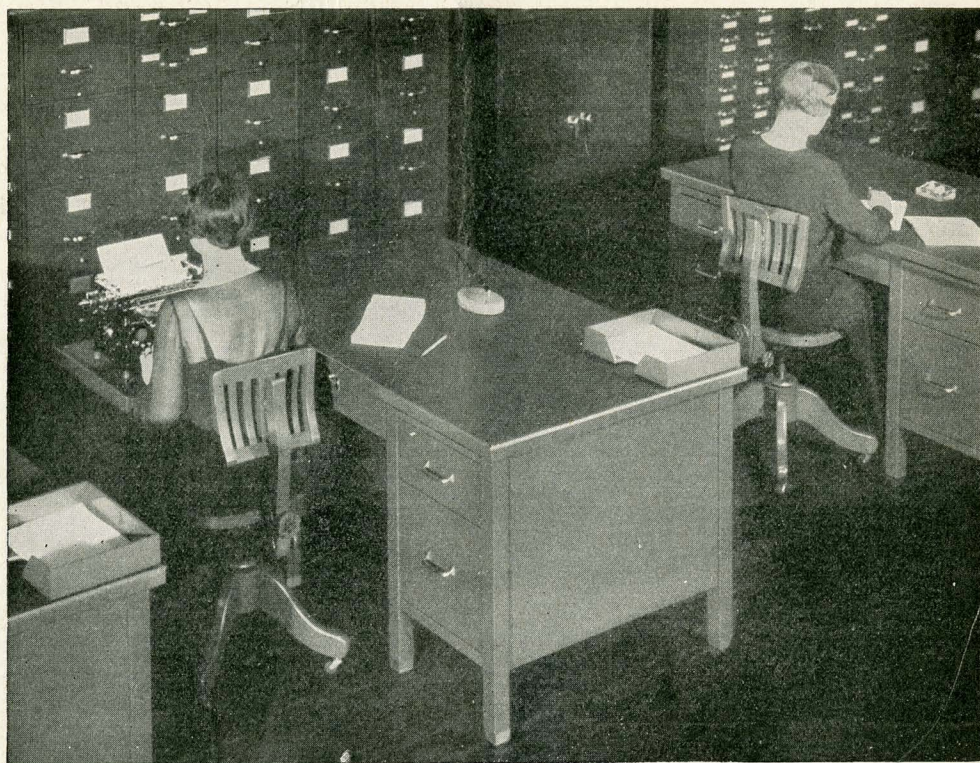
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