

Lillian Wood

The **BUSINESS WOMAN**



Vol. 4 No. 6

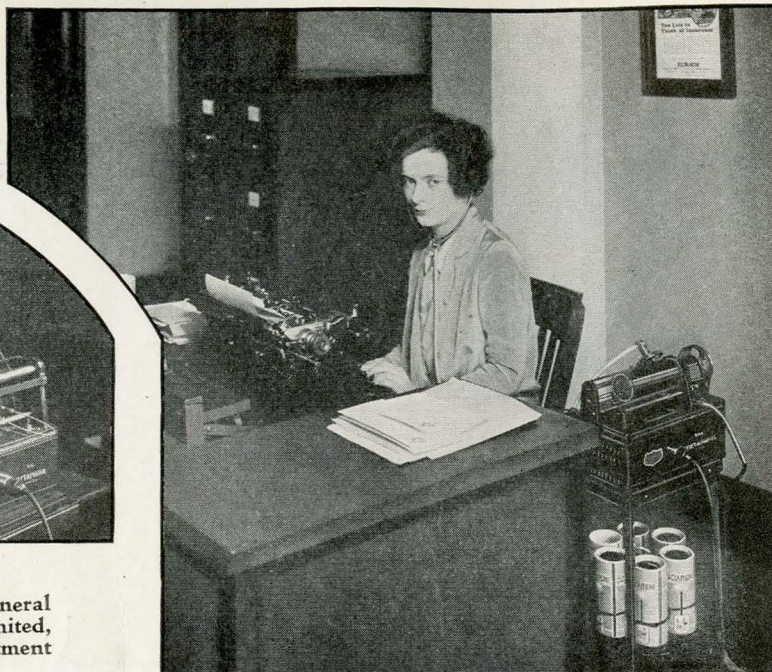
JUNE, 1929
Toronto

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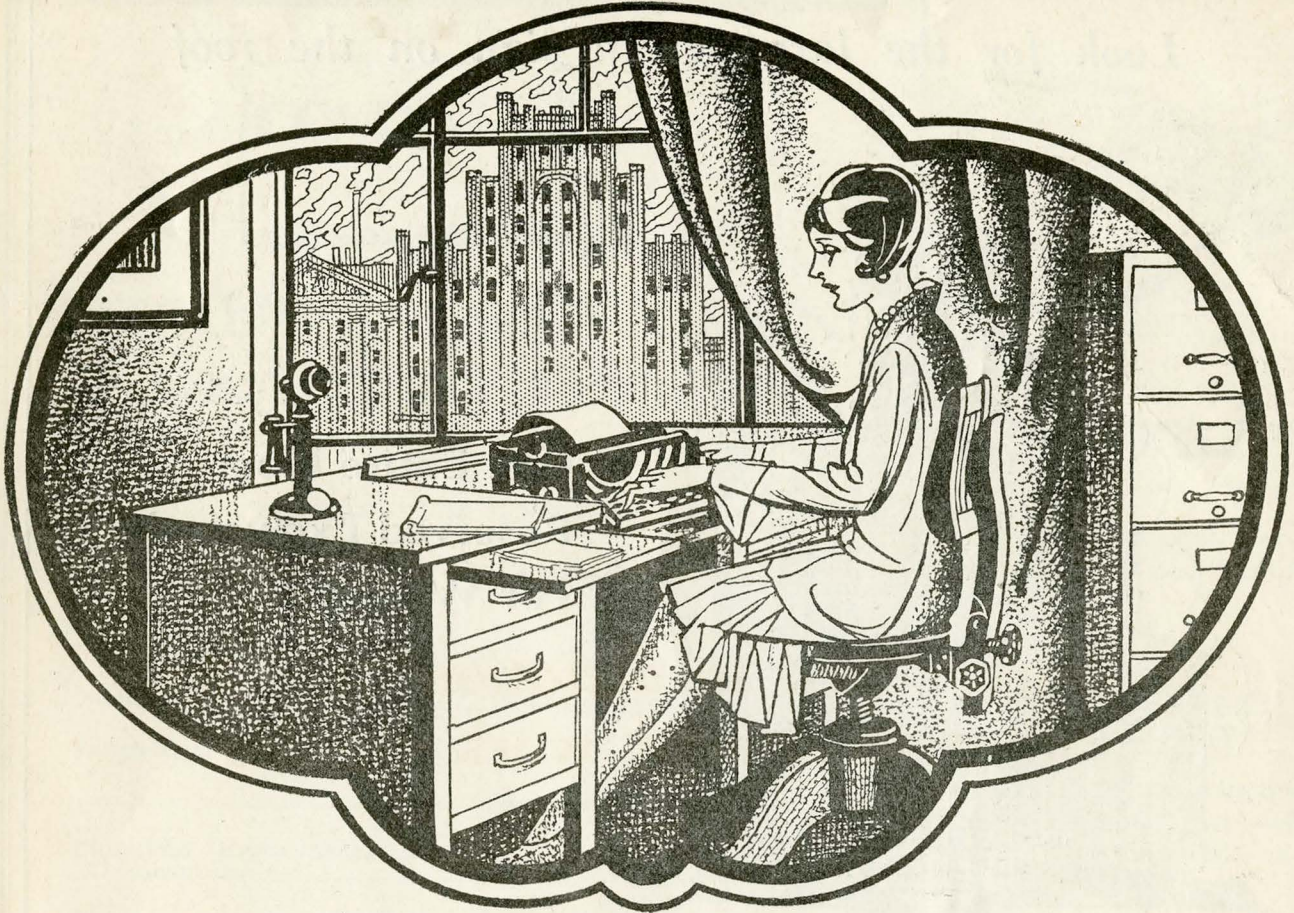
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WE are pleased to announce the winners in the Name Contest held during the period of March 1st to April 15th in connection with the Naming of the new "Office Specialty" Typists' Business Chair. In excess of 5,000 names were submitted by entrants in the Contest in all parts of Canada. After careful consideration of the many befitting names suggested, the one we have chosen is—

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This name was submitted by two contestants, so that it was considered that the only fair and just award of the Cash Prize Money of \$250.00 offered was to divide it equally between the two winners.

Many names of merit were submitted which we would like to have considered, but for the fact they were already applied to similar or kindred products.

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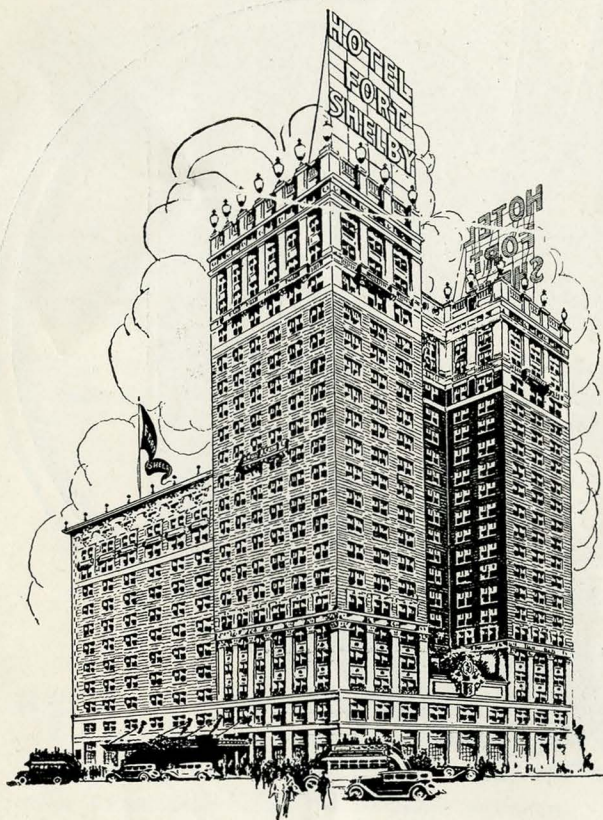
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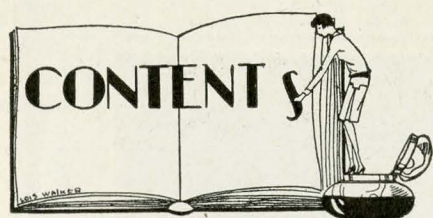
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THE BUSINESS WOMAN

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

VOLUME 4

NUMBER 6

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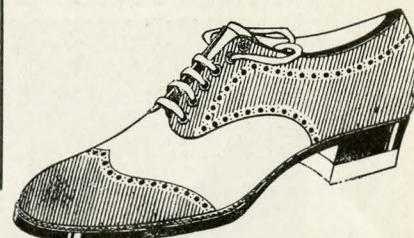
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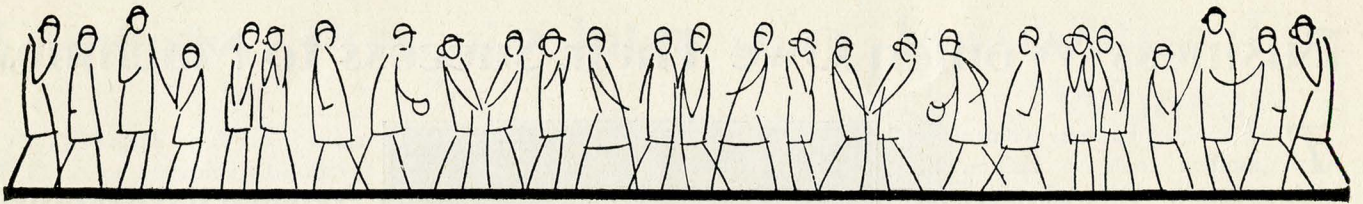


Miss Dorothy Henderson

TO TAKE a wilderness of bare earth and stones, with, perhaps, an unprepossessing view, and transform them into a garden of delight, is the pleasant mission of Miss Dorothy Henderson, who for the past year and a half, has been practising the ancient art of Landscape Architecture in Toronto and Montreal.

Miss Henderson, who has five generations of Canadian forbears behind her, was born in Montreal, later spending some years in Hamilton. She studied her chosen craft in North Carolina, and at the School of Landscape Architecture, near Boston.

Although there is not, at present, a universally wide field for this work, Miss Henderson, by her charm, ability and genuine love for her profession, is finding a remarkable success.



"FANCY THAT!"

*I*N THIS fleeting spring of flaming tulip beds, just passed, I witnessed a startling spectacle; — two young women, joyously picking armfuls of tulips in one of the most magnificent displays in a big city park. They were gathering them with little cries of joy, in blissful unconsciousness of the horrified, numbed spectators.



None of us had the courage to yell, or shout, or even murmur a protest. Were they foreigners? From the backwoods? Mentally deficient? Had the long-suppressed desires, dormant in every one of us, to run amok and carry home armfuls of the tulips, suddenly exploded into action?

A score of question marks seethed in my mind as I passed on. But the greatest of these was,—what would the caretaker of the park do, when he saw them? Picture him rounding a corner, placidly, pleasantly, in the twilight glow of a day's work well done, and coming out full on the girls, as they picked, and picked and picked . . .

* * * *

*H*OLIDAYS and brides—what well-trained editorial pen does not feel the urge to dilate upon these topics in early June? And how can we, in particular, miss them? Who could take business seriously when apple trees are a froth of bloom on sea-green hillsides? Who could discuss the potentialities of women in this thrilling new business world of

ours, when the potentialities of a sun-warmed beach and the lilt of lake waters seems so far more important?

But in all this beauty of holiday hopes, let us not forget the importance of picking the right holiday companion. I have seen so many budding friendships broken by a joint trip to Europe; I have noticed so many chilly encounters between friends who spent two weeks in the isolation of a crowded hotel, that I have often planned a world-shattering treatise on "How to Choose a Holiday Companion".

* * * *

*F*IRST in importance, for instance, should surely be the ability to leave one alone. When neither is always dependent upon the other, what jollity is to be found; when one is always burdened with the responsibility of the other's amusement,—what strained relations follow!

Next, if you please, the gift of sitting, walking, canoeing, or lazing for hours on stretch without uttering a word. An occasional grunt of satisfaction perhaps: a few fervent ejaculations on the pleasantness of life in the present; an arm pointing to a particularly lovely bit; a lazy "pass me the chocolates, old thing",—is that not enough for many hours? For there is nothing more delightful surely, than an understanding friend,—one who is just *there*, without having to be talked to, or listened to.

Again: she will not interfere. If one is enjoying a summer flirtation, she will not remark that the young man in question is not up to much. She will not always demand one's presence, yet she will always exude a pleasant interest in having it. She will not remark that one's weight is increasing daily with the holiday appetites; nor that one's nose is skinning with unbecoming heartiness.

Personally, I have a special weakness for a friend, who, while devoted to brisk, invigorating walks over hill and dale, likes to start out determinedly in the morning for a ten mile tramp,—and settle just three minutes away from the hotel, in a leafy, pine-needled corner, and stay there for the rest of the morning in glorious laziness and abandoned inertia.



Once I holidayed with a friend who talked about going for ten mile tramps,—and insisted upon completing them. Once I holidayed with her!

* * * *

*A*LL budding newspaper women are drilled with the adage "There's nothing new under the sun,—only a new way of saying it". If this is correct, then there should be a particular interest in our article this month, written by a young woman who debated for many months as to whether she should continue her profession, for which she had trained and worked for so many years, after marriage; for the writer has managed to discover a new treatment of a very old subject. This month we publish her experiences before marriage; next month we shall hear how her ideas actually worked out.

Byrne H. Sanders

Business Women Owe Their Success to Machines

THE modern business woman uses modern tools to fashion her business future. Keen, ambitious, forward-looking, she surrounds herself with up-to-date equipment in the office which is her business home, and uses that equipment to the best possible advantage in the saving of time and effort.

We live in a swift moving age in which getting things done determines our "I.Q. score" in the business world. And the modern business woman has a pretty good score. Mechanical forces to the rescue, she does get things done.

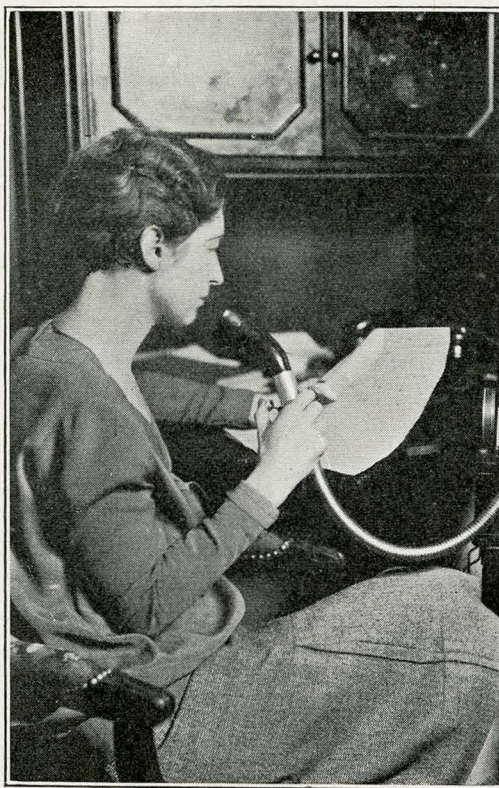
She has learned to discriminate between what is unimportant and what is all important in the day's work. She has learned to make way for major problems by dispatching minor matters quickly and accurately. Not, generally speaking, mechanical minded, she has learned that it pays not to do by hand what machine can do better and quicker. And in the climb to fame one of the really important stepping stones have been the dictating machines.

Women have come to look upon them as something more than merely a mechanical substitute for their master's voice. They have come to realize their worth as time savers and as a convenience along with telephones, typewriters, adding machines, rotaprints, and other first aids to "faster-please!"

* * * *

STENOGRAPHY is a fine entering wedge into business. But the ambitious stenographer looks forward to more creative, more interesting work than typing letters, telegrams and reports, making and breaking appointments, ticket buying and Christmas shopping. The long waits at the executive desk while telephone calls, visits, more telephone calls and "in conference", interrupt the business in hand, leave little time or energy for secretarial planning of how to be of greater worth to one's employer. But when that employer does his dictating to his congenial dictating machine—!

The natural caution which prompts women to hold to methods and equipment long after the period of their greatest usefulness, in the beginning



Miss Lockhart dictating this article.

made for feminine resistance to these machines. They were innovations, women were skeptical. But developing the executive side of their jobs proved interesting and profitable. And dictating machines provided excellent opportunity for trying executive wings. So the wide-awake young woman opened the door to opportunity and let them in. And shortly they stepped up progress all along the line.

* * * *

THE press of modern affairs has forced the modern business woman to lay out a definite program for work and to pursue a broad general line of action, irrespective of the daily outcropping of inconsequentialities. Faced constantly with a succession of duties and demands, many of them unexpected, she must think fast and straight. Her dictating machine has been a sturdy shield against mental confusion, a capable assistant in getting things done, a ways and means of coming through the day with poise. It has reduced pressure and so has paved the way for feminine business achievement.

Women have profited by the contribution the machine has made to the business world, and have demonstrated that in achieving success they can work equally well with men and machines.

By

GRACE LOCKHART.

More and more, women are proving themselves able executives. And more and more, opportunities for women in executive offices—often more, important than exceptional talent—is paving the way to business careers. The opportunities for women in business, in Canada especially, are increasing both in number and diversity. Apprenticed in business offices from one end of the Dominion to the other, women have rapidly learned the ABC's of secretarial work and as "right hand men" to executives in leading industrial and commercial houses, represent extremely important gears in Canadian business machinery.

* * * *

FOR the modern woman striving for business recognition in the modern world, is in the race to achieve success. She has set her heart on it. And earning a living while necessarily an important consideration in the day's work, is not the important consideration.

Eager and energetic, she looks neither to the right nor the left. While men for the most part use their busi-

(Continued on page 28.)

Chemistry Presents Interesting Possibilities For Women

DOCTORS to-day are more and more grouping themselves together, either in neighboring offices, in "Physician and Surgeon" buildings; or in definite clinics. The old family physician who treated all illnesses, and knew us as individuals, has been superseded by the era of specialization.

In this modern trend, the question which many girls possessed of a mathematical type of mind—fond of such exacting sciences as physics and chemistry—are making is: "In this intricate world of medicine, is there any place for me, outside of an M.D. degree, or nursing?"

Yes, there is; but as yet only a small one.

* * * *

WE ALL like to hear about people who are doing interesting things. Thus it is appropriate in speaking of hospital chemistry, to mention Mary Wilson, assistant chemist at the Western Hospital, Toronto.

Miss Wilson is not an acquired scientist, but a born one. Of course, all real scientists are born. But that fact alone would not obtain for them salaried positions in hospitals and elsewhere. Especially is it true of women that they must first produce university, and often post graduate, degrees. That, as every "degreed" individual knows, means more than rah-rahing at the football matches as a co-ed, with a bunch of violets or a large red rose pinned on to one's fall coat!

It was natural that at Collegiate Miss Wilson's favorite study was chemistry. Quite natural again, that at 'Varsity she should take a special interest in that line of science; and again, that the next step, after graduation, should be to seek a position as a chemist.

Each succeeding phase was a step in a ladder, which process, as every professional person knows, is the only way ladders can be mounted. Those who endeavor to take an Olympic high jump to the top—unless outstanding in their rank—usually parachute to the bottom. They haven't their ground work. They merely *think* they know, when it is essential to *really* and ab-



Miss Wilson, Assistant Chemist at Western Hospital, Toronto.

olutely know those facts, which must be at their finger tips.

* * * *

THIS love of chemistry seems, at first, a bit unusual in a girl of Miss Wilson's type, who so enjoys things domestic. Yet not so much so when one considers Henry Van Dyke's phrase that every life has a ruling passion. The big thing is to find it. And apparently Mary Wilson just woke up on this planet wanting to be a chemist—and she is one.

Between the waking and the "is," lies a field of proven achievement. We say achievement, for most hospitals have men as chemists. Such hospitals, or private chemical laboratories as have women chemists, are decidedly in the minority, and even in such, the doctors usually give the metabolism tests. But Miss Wilson very capably does it at the Western.

* * * *

OUTSIDE, the rain was drizzling. Inside, the fireplace glowed cheerfully, and tea and cakes made conversation more easy than if perhaps we had sedately interviewed this feminine chemist

The Second of a Series
Inquiring Into New
Vocational Fields For
Women.

By

MADELINE
MORRIS.

in more routine fashion. We knew Miss Wilson's business or profession to be chemistry.

"But tell us," we said, "what is your hobby?"

"Chemistry."

Which was a most typical answer from a mind which does not distractingly flutter from one thing to another, but takes a mathematically direct process along a chosen course. The result is an inner satisfaction in being happily engaged in work which is both work and hobby.

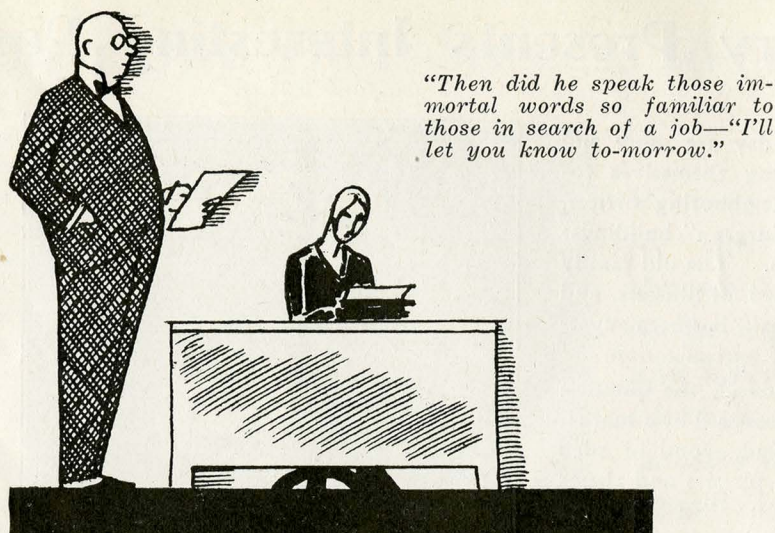
Dr. Barker, of Johns Hopkins, and a Canadian, puts it, in regard to himself, "Medicine is my hobby as well as my profession. That is the secret of my success."

You see very definitely in Miss Wilson the type of mind that knows what it wants—goes after it—and gets it.

* * * *

THIS leads us to our second section, which is a consideration of the type of feminine mind best suited to take up the work of laboratory chemistry, in view of securing a position in a doctor's office or private clinic.

(Continued on page 28)



Breaking Into the Business World

By A. V. O'HEARE.

"I HOPE no one begs me to accept a position for a week or so," I remarked wearily, on leaving school. "I want a holiday before entering the world of commerce."

I need not have worried—two months later I was still "holidaying", much against my will.

* * * *

IT WAS about eight-fifteen on a wet, rainy Monday that I was summoned to the telephone. The earliness of the call was unusual enough to make me think that there was something in the wind, something more than the odd rain drop, I mean.

"Are you, Miss Wouldbesten?" a meek, French-English voice wanted to know.

After guiltily admitting that I was, I was informed that I had filed an application for a position with them. I was glad to hear it. However, the information was not astounding. I had answered so many "anonymous"—advertisements that if the Governor-General himself had told me that he had received an application from me, I should have shrugged my shoulders nonchalantly, and remarked: "Oh, did you? I hope you liked it."

Surely, every man who had been in need of a stenographer for months past is in possession of a specimen of my beautiful chirography, and a complete outline of my superior intellectual qualifications.

"Will you please come down for an interview at nine-thirty this morning," continued the voice, which I had great difficulty in hearing. "This is - - -" (dashes indicate millions of raindrops dancing on the telephone wire, or howling wind playing havoc with the dynamos, or something) "and son George - - -" (more prancing or havoc) "the market - - - Contractors - - - -."

In the general din which followed my assent was evidently taken for granted, for, when peace reigned again, to my dismay I discovered that he had rung off!

You must admit that I did not have many clues to the unravelling of the mystery. "- - - and son George" was rather a queer way of stating it. Just now I considered papa's surname of far greater importance than sonny's Christian name.

* * * *

THE second inkling I had as to the people who craved an interview with me was "the market". That would be the stock market, of course. On further reflection, however, it occurred to me that the stock market was certainly a vague location for "son George". Besides, my experienced superiors had always warned me to steer clear of the stock market, so I crossed it off the scanty list of possibilities.

There remained another market, to wit, the produce one, and I decided to give it a trial. Thence I betook myself, and in the midst of the pouring rain I traversed the streets which are the boundaries of the market, in search of the intangible "son George". No. I did not want apples, or cabbage, or onions, I merely wanted "son George".

It was getting later and later (naturally), and I began to fear that I was completely out of luck. Pausing at last to reconnoitre, a great light suddenly dawned. Behold, I was standing on *George Street*, and staring me in the face was a huge sign which read: "Robert Blackwell and Son, General Contractors"!

To the usual trepidation with which a very "green" stenographer approaches a prospective employer, was added the fear that I was in the wrong shop, so to speak. Probably that accounts for the extreme difficulty I had in keeping my teeth from chattering, and my knees from knocking together. Don't worry, though, I was in the right place. I was reassured on this point when one of the bustling employees detached herself from the swarm which confronted me when I entered, and, calling me by name (no doubt I had "new stenographer" written all over me), informed me that the Secretary would see me immediately.

When I had been left inside the door of the slaughter-house, or
(Continued on page 19.)

Treading The Road To Health

Still on the Warpath for Correct Shoes
in Office Hours, We Reproduce a Dinner
Conversation on this Subject Between a
Vehement Business Man and a Scoffing
Business Woman

By ELIZABETH HOPE.

OUR conversation had passed the usual Spring gamut of Niagara in Blossom-time; the last play of the season; new books and holidays, when my dinner companion spoke with unexpected vehemence:

"Mighty good thing that *The Business Woman* is seriously discussing the question of women's shoes," he said. "Saw a copy in the office the other day, and read an article about it. Hope they keep at it."

"Rather a difficult proposition," I suggested. "The shoes a woman wears, is so much her own business." But my friend shook his head.

"It was in the old days, when she could totter about from sofa to croquet lawn, and swoon at any given moment; but to-day when she is in business life, her efficiency becomes of great importance to employers. They won't have machines in their office which are giving only 65% of the possible 100% service; then why should they have girls who are actually destroying their present and future value by the very high-heeled, narrow-vamped shoes?"

"Do you know," he continued, "that I sat with a group of executives the other morning, who seriously discussed insisting on the right kind of shoes in their office? They had proven that it made a big difference in efficiency. What is the use of modern offices designed to give the best possible service,—of buying special chairs that will save fatigue, of insisting upon light and air so that their employees may keep in the best possible health if the girls insist on crippling themselves?"

"Oh — hold on!" I cried. "'Crippling' themselves. That's rather ridiculous;—all the girls are doing is to wear silly high-heels and click about the office floor."

"No. Crippling. That's the word," insisted my partner. "To make you realize this, you ought to go to the hospitals and find out how many operations on women about thirty are necessary because of the stupid shoes they will wear. Go to any foot specialist, and see how many break-downs, illnesses, weaknesses and unhappinesses are caused by shoes. That will enlighten you."

"It's not a question of a man criticising what a woman wears," he con-

tinued. "Medical men will all tell you the same thing."

"Woman has become a very much finer specimen of health and vigor since she threw away the old whale-boned corsets, since she shortened her skirts and hair, and walks about free and naturally. But she still jams her feet into shoes that are several sizes too small and suffers actual pain, let alone future ill-health, just because of the fear of not being smart."

"But sensible shoes are so stupid," I said.

"They used to be—but not to-day. Why you'll find the best designers in the country planning proper shoes that are beautiful and form-fitting as well. In the days of the old 'hour-glass' figures, women would insist that they laced themselves into a tortuous state because it was beautiful—the natural figure was ugly and not to be seen! Yet look at the conditions to-day! It's all the point of view. Some day women will be looking in horror at the shoes their great-grandmothers wore."

"Yes, I know," I admitted, "I remember reading that Socrates said 'Beauty consists in the fitting of an object to the place it occupies!'".

* * * *

"WHY of course." He seemed startled for a moment at my learning (I was startled myself) but grew more emphatic on the rebound. "Of course, all natural, graceful lines are beautiful, if we but train our minds to think so. Deformity in any part of the body is never interesting or desirable. But at present the crowd is wearing the spike-heeled, narrow-toed, short vamped shoe,—and you need leaders to stand out and insist that they will wear shoes designed to fit their feet naturally."

(Continued on page 22.)



The Canadian Typewriting Champion.

Miss Louise Marchese, of Vancouver, was acclaimed amateur typewriting champion of Canada, from a field of fourteen expert typists, at the annual contest staged by the United Typewriter Company in Toronto, last April. Miss Marchese, for the space of one half-hour, made the net rate of 104 words a minute. She will probably enter the world contest, to be held in Toronto in the autumn of this year.

New Light On An Old Problem

These Are the Actual Experiences of a Woman Who Decided to See For Herself if She Could Continue Her Profession After Marriage.

By MARJI. H. WILKES.

WHENEVER we decide to take an important step in life like getting married, for instance, what a world of advice we get whether we ask it or not! Everyone is interested, it seems. Everyone wants to help and guide us around the mistakes they have made—but what a diversity of opinions they hand down!

It was so, at least, when I was planning to be married and making arrangements at the same time to keep on with my work in the business world.

Should a married woman try to follow an outside career? That was the much-debated question. I was surprised. With so many married women taking active parts in business every-

where, it was difficult for me to understand why there should still be objection to it.

"Bill makes enough to support you both, why should you want to keep on working?" people would ask, and my reasons why I should were soon lost in their own arguments why I should not.

But the fact remained that my heart had been set for years upon a certain career in life.

I had not planned to fall in love, at least not yet. I had not anticipated just when I might be married, and I had not trained myself for the job of housewife. Instead, I had consistently worked toward a certain goal in a different direction. I had spent

several years in hard study and several more in gaining valuable experience. I liked my work, and to discard completely everything I had gained that I might begin an entirely new life was an impossible thought. So impossible, in fact, that I am one of the great army of "working" married women to-day.

So like all the friends, relatives and acquaintances who were so anxious to tell me their experiences and opinions. I find myself just as eager to broadcast my own advice.

* * * *

IT was a very dear friend of mine who came to me first in the early days of our engagement.

"Please change your plans. Give up your work as soon as you are married," she said, and then told me of what her life had been while she was "working".

"All I did was slave from early morning until long after I should have gone to bed at night," she sighed. "It takes a lot of strength and energy to handle two jobs at once. And what did I get for trying? Look at my health now. It has been three years since I broke down under the strain, and since then we have done nothing but move from one climate to another; yet it seems that I never will be well again, and what money I saved while I worked was spent long ago. It doesn't pay."

"But I plan to have a housekeeper or perhaps we will eat our meals 'downtown'. I'll manage some way so that I won't have to work too hard," I interrupted.

"You just think you will," she insisted. "You might for a while, but you won't keep it up. You'll get tired of restaurants, Bill will begin to talk about home-cooked meals and you will change your plans. Or your housekeeper will leave just as she is



"She hoped she would not be meddling if she told me what she thought about it."

broken in and you'll think it would be less trouble to do things yourself than to bother with someone else. The married woman who works has so many problems."

* * * *

THEN there was another friend.

"Mark my words," she said, "You'll work yourself to death and it is little thanks you will get for it. Once you spoil a husband and let him count on you in a financial way, he will always expect it. You just can't imagine how a man comes to depend on you.

"Jim didn't want me to work at first, but I was foolish and insisted. Now I want to quit and just stay at home more than anything else in the world, but with payments coming due on the house, the car, the radio and goodness knows what else, I simply can't. And don't think Jim doesn't remind me of it too."

She volunteered a lot of other information about her "Jim" that was anything but pleasant for a prospective bride to hear.

"All I do is pick up after him," she said. "Here I've been working for seven years, paying half the household expenses, buying my own clothes and doing my part in every way, but do you think he will as much as call the cleaner when his clothes need pressing? Men are the laziest, most selfish beings on earth and the more you do for them the worse they get. Take my advice and let Bill at least support you."

"But Bill often comes by even now and helps me with the dishes," I defended him. "I'm sure he would—."

"That's all right now," she affirmed knowingly, "but just wait until after you are married."

Just wait until after you are married.

How many times a girl hears this between the time her engagement is announced and her wedding day.

* * * *

BUT overwork and the financial end of the question were not all I was warned against.

One day as I walked along on my way home from work, I heard someone call my name and looking up saw one of our neighbors, a very old woman, beckon to me from her front porch. I turned in the walk and settled myself down on one of the

steps while she rocked back and forth in her chair. She had just heard I was going to be married and all about my plans and she hoped she would not be meddling if she told me what she thought about it.

A man could not have the proper respect for his wife if he allowed her to help with the living, she explained. There was something in a man that made him want to feel that his wife was his and that he had to look after her. "And don't forget," she said, "if a man can't spend his money on his wife there are plenty others he can spend it on and he'll be for a huntin' 'em too. Some doll baby will be gettin' fur coats while you pay your own bills. You have to watch these men," and the twinkle in her eyes said volumes.

So it went day after day. Even women I knew but slightly put themselves out of their way to point out the many obstacles I was sure to meet if I continued in the path I had chosen.

But I was not the only one who was getting advice. Bill received his share of it too. He was foolish, older men told him, to think of letting his wife work. Women were inclined to be too independent already without giving them financial independence too, and, anyway, a wife just shouldn't work—work, of course, not meaning in this case cooking, sweeping, dusting, washing and the like. When the wife works she must necessarily neglect her husband and his wants because she has too much else to do, his home ceases to be a home and children are practically an impossibility, he was told.

Others said he would not want people to think he could not support his wife—that she had to help with the living. "Anyway, you'll want a cozy home and a good home-cooked meal to go to at the end of the day," they would say.

And Bill, good sport that he was and still is, would answer, "Well, I've been eating at restaurants for several years now, I guess getting married won't make much difference."

To me he would say, "Don't bother about what people tell you. They mean all right, but our problems are our own. It looks to me as if the reason some married couples do not get along together when the wife works is the same reason why others don't get along when the wife stays



Bill received his share of advice too.

at home. They just aren't in sympathy with each other, that is all. They don't hit it off right."

Bill was loyal at least. If he had taken a different attitude, my plans at the start would probably have been different, so much depends upon mutual agreement in such matters.

* * * *

IT was the "Boss" who almost decided things, however.

He called me into his private office one day and immediately plunged into the subject.

"I have just heard you are planning to be married," he said by way of introduction. "I am sorry because you have done so well with us. You have a bright future ahead and I dislike very much to see you give up your position."

"Oh, but you see, I am not planning to. I am going to go right on with my work here," I hastened to assure him. But I did not anticipate some of his opinions and principles.

"No, no, it can't be done," he said after a thoughtful moment. "I never could get along with married women and I decided to quit trying long ago. They're too independent. They don't care if they do lose their jobs and they will do their work any way to get by."

I tried to argue with him. I would be different. But it was of no use.

"Besides a married woman's place is in the home," he said. "When a woman gets married she should make that her job and give the single girls a chance. They have to work."

(Continued on page 23)

JACK
TRAFFORD

"Recreation After a Heavy Day at the Office"



By MARGARET THOMPSON.

SPRING cleaning, we suppose, being liberal and fair minded, has its points. The spring in the first place, and the cleaning in the second. But cleaning with the motive of moving house, has, in our opinion, simply no points at all.

We have recently assisted at one of these rending upheavals, and with all the goodwill in the world, we cannot regard the proceeding with anything but bitterness. Leaving out of the question a shooting pain in the shin induced by a cruel blow from a candelabra and a severe pain in the head caused by a falling picture frame, the whole business leaves us cold.

* * * *

OUR friends and neighbours were contemplating a move; in our youth and innocence we gaily offered to help with the packing. Recreation, you know, after a heavy day at the office. The house, with the minor exceptions of some saucepans nestling on the chesterfield and the rear end of a bed peering into the living room, presented its familiar aspect. They were moving the next day, they explained, but they had not seen the point of making things uncomfortable by starting to dismantle the house before.

"Method," they said, raising the old cry, "Method is all you need. Now we'll tackle things in order. Pictures, perhaps, first? Or would you advocate the crockery, or possibly the bedding? And then there are the ornaments, of course, and the lamps . . ."

Pictures won the day. Dust them, pad them, wrap them, pack them—

system! Down they came. (That is also where the blow on the head came in, but we are trying to forget that.)

The rooms had hitherto seemed to present almost bare walls. But now the floor was covered with pictures—large pictures, small pictures, beautiful pictures, atrocious pictures, out they tumbled from living rooms and dining room, hall and bedrooms, and various dark corners where the lesser lights had been concealed.

"There are some pictures here," announced the man of the house sternly, "that I should be glad," he paused and straightened himself, the better to throw his voice into the tangle of curtain in which his wife was enfolded, "GLAD to see broken on the way. In fact, I'd leave them behind."

"I think you're right," agreed his wife in a muffled voice. "That dismal old etching, for instance . . ."

"What?" he roared. "That's right, pick the only decent picture in the house. It's nothing to you, I suppose, that your husband, at the risk of his admittedly valuable life, picked that etching up in an old English shop in the War. No. What I was thinking of was this vile painting of Niagara Falls."

"That?" screamed his wife, emerging from the voluminous velvet, and standing fair and square in the litter. "Why, Aunt Lottie painted that on her honeymoon—simply centuries ago. I wouldn't lose that for worlds."

They wrangled. Both pictures were wrapped and with difficulty placed in the groaning crate.

THEN there were the lampshades. No one who has not attempted to pack a lampshade has yet tasted the real dregs of life. When it comes to enclosure in boxes, hats cannot begin to compete with them.

Then followed the awful moment when it was discovered that no one had yet given a thought to the thousand or so books which the house contained. The onslaught was not inconsiderably hindered by the fact that those engaged in the task were frequently to be found hanging head downward in a crate or dangling aimlessly from a shelf, gravely reading one, for it spread to the newspapers intended for wrapping. An unnatural silence from the quarters where the china was housed would inevitably result in the discovery of one of the women of the party engrossed in the advertisements of the new spring hats displayed on the newspaper in which she was supposed to be enclosing cups.

The struggle continued. Every available chair, table, couch, divan, bed was covered with the property of the household. Every few minutes the different articles would change their position, but disappear they would not. Yet the crates were filled to the brim.

* * * *

"IT really doesn't take long when once you get started," remarked the mistress of the house four hours later, as she endeavoured to wrap a silver candelabra in tissue paper. As soon as she succeeded in enclosing one

(Continued on page 21.)

No Job Is Worth It!

Don't Sit at Your Desk, Stubbornly Oblivious of the Outdoor
Call to Play, in Rabid Conscientiousness, or, Maybe
Fear, and Claim that You Cannot Afford
to Take Holidays

By
ANNE MERRILL.

WHEN you hear the woods calling—when you hear the birds calling—when you can by a magical leap of the imagination hear the roses of June calling—are you going to remain at your desk in any stuffy, noisy office in a town full of turmoil, and allow some shrewd, money-making manager to persuade you that you cannot afford to take a holiday?

It is high time to break discipline and talk back to him. Tell him that a bigger man than he has said that no man—and certainly no woman—can afford *not* to take holidays.

At this time of the year, when all the outdoor happy voices are urging us to come out and play, the business woman who puts her hands over her ears, who sits stubbornly at her desk in a state of rabid conscientiousness—or maybe fear—is a pitiable crea-

ture. She clutches her job nervously lest it be snatched from her. Should she relax her hold, the worst might happen. The manager might discover, during her two-weeks' absence, that the office could carry on indefinitely without her. That would be a terrible disaster—that discovery.

And so she listens to the flattering suggestion that her presence is needed. She hangs on to her job. That is, some women do.

But NO job is worth it, worth losing one's health and one's sanity by hanging on too long.

Dr. Luther H. Gulick, once director of physical training in the New York city schools, said the successful individual was that person who had sufficient strength of will to stop working. To do this, he declared, took a degree of conscientiousness that

was pretty rare. The easy thing, the obvious thing (he pointed out), for the faithful person, was to keep right on working. The hard thing was to stop, to have the intelligence to know when the breaking point was reached.

He said if business concerns only realized it—and he thought the better ones were doing so—they would insist that their staff take longer holidays and work fewer hours. He mentioned the system in force in the Bank of England where there was tremendous responsibility, and where it was long ago discovered to be really cheaper to employ the clerks only three or four hours per day. It was found to be better to employ more men than it was to have fewer men working longer hours and "making costly mistakes".

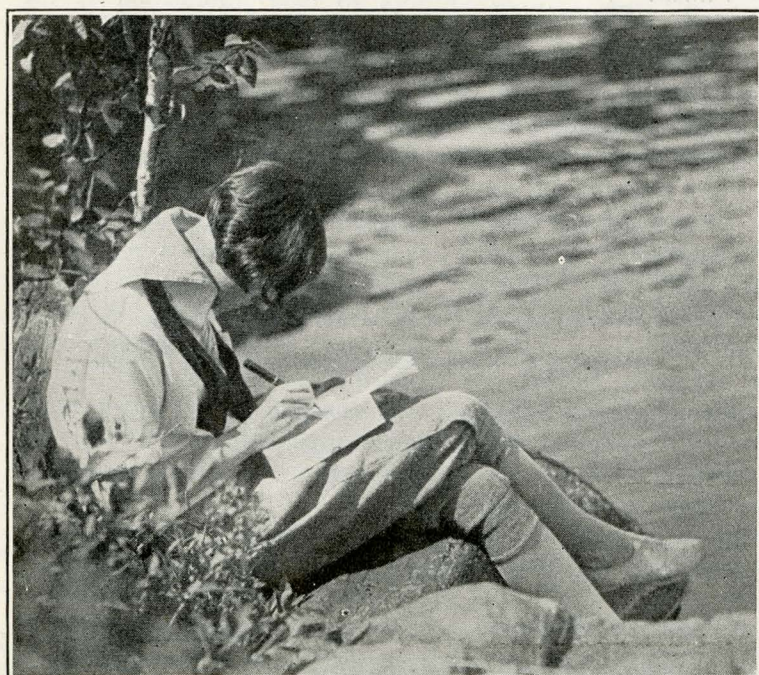
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GULICK, in his book "Mind and Work," has a chapter on fatigue. "No fatigued person can see things straight," in his opinion. And again, "Fatigue promptly attacks and destroys our sense of proportion." With regard to work, he advises that "big things should be done first", when the mind is fresh, and that "nothing uses up nervous energy faster than a long series of fussy responsibilities."

When one works, on top of fatigue, one is only "carrying through on sheer nerve," says this doctor, and which is "about as costly an undertaking as a man can venture on". He might well have added—or a woman.

* * * *

FATIGUE lowers our power of control and when irritability overtakes us, it is then time, suggests



"Having a wonderful time—wish you were here!"

—Photo courtesy C.N.R.

Gulick, to hoist the white flag of relaxation. He mentions a symptom or two, and they will find an echo in every Tired Business Woman's soul: How a noise that you will hear when you are rested will be "perfectly distracting when you are tired". How you will go over and shut a window, or pick up a piece of paper from the floor—aimlessly—and how the "faint cackle of a distant gramophone" (or now he would have said, the regular beating of the jazzy radio), "would make you furious."

Instead of making the nervous system a less responsive instrument, Gulick finds fatigue "makes it more responsive—but less serviceable."

"Irritability, weakness—these two words belong together. One who is constantly fatigued can neither work well nor live well, and he is certainly very hard to live *with*."

* * * *

OBSERVERS have found that women do not relax as readily as men. They keep a nervous hold on whatever they are doing. I perhaps did not exaggerate when I called it a clutch. An English writer refers to this habit as "constancy" and speaks of it as a doubtful virtue.

Constancy to a trade or handicraft, he says, when it ceases to be interesting and is merely monotonous, "can be carried to a point at which it becomes merely stick-in-the-mud."

* * * *

SOME women do not seem to relax even on a holiday—poor things!

Fred Jacob, in his book "Pee Vee," remarked this. Thus:

"Suddenly Pee Vee found himself noticing that Bess, on a holiday, did not relax the severity of her clothes. He wished she were not so excessively tailor-made."

Have you not seen many a Bess at the fashionable summer resort—the severely and most correctly dressed woman who made you tired just to look at her.

Would she ever unbend sufficiently to get into a hammock or lie in the sun on the sand? Perish the thought and perish the immaculate dress.

How Norman Douglas would have laughed at her type had he run across her on his amazing island of Nepenthe in the "South Wind". He did not

say of a similar type: "Only invertebrate folks do not unbend. They dare not because they have no backbone. They know that if they once unbent they could not straighten themselves out again. They make a virtue of their own organic defect."

* * * *

NORMAN DOUGLAS speaks of a great man's "unconquerable playfulness in grave concerns". He had the holiday spirit. He could relax.



Learn to swim first—then try this thrill!

—Courtesy C.N.R.

But how few women have that "unconquerable playfulness". Most of us are too terribly in earnest. We think we have a Cause—not only with a capital "C", but with all the other letters in an upper case. As a Member of Parliament in England said the other day, the "deadly seriousness of women had taken all the joy out of politics."

We go to extremes, finding it difficult to be decently good without becoming anchorites, like another type described by Norman Douglas—the character who "flitted about like a draught of cold air refusing all refreshment and not even daring to smell the flowers lest he derive a pleasurable sensation." His harsh and abstemious habits gave every

social gathering that he frequented a chill.

A person should extract as much happiness as possible out of his spare time, his holiday time. Douglas believes, adding that the secret of happiness is curiosity—curiosity satisfied, I suppose he means.

* * * *

THE subject of dress beckons me again, through a fascinating article on the Psychology of Clothes by Helen Sumner Manson. She queries intriguingly: "Does a new dress that is becoming give us a feeling of elation, while a shabby one we never liked makes us have a dull, morbid outlook?"

Of course it does. Miss Manson proves both beyond question. And so for our holiday let us pack not only our comfy things, for all weathers,—but our prettiest things as well. Let us get clothes as far removed from the business uniform as we can. Let us be a bit dashing—dislocating, in fact.

Instead of filling our suit-cases with all the old, half-worn things, thinking holidays will be just the time to "wear them out", let us be extravagant. Let us get the gayest, and some of even the maddest things, so that our stale old selves will be unrecognizable.

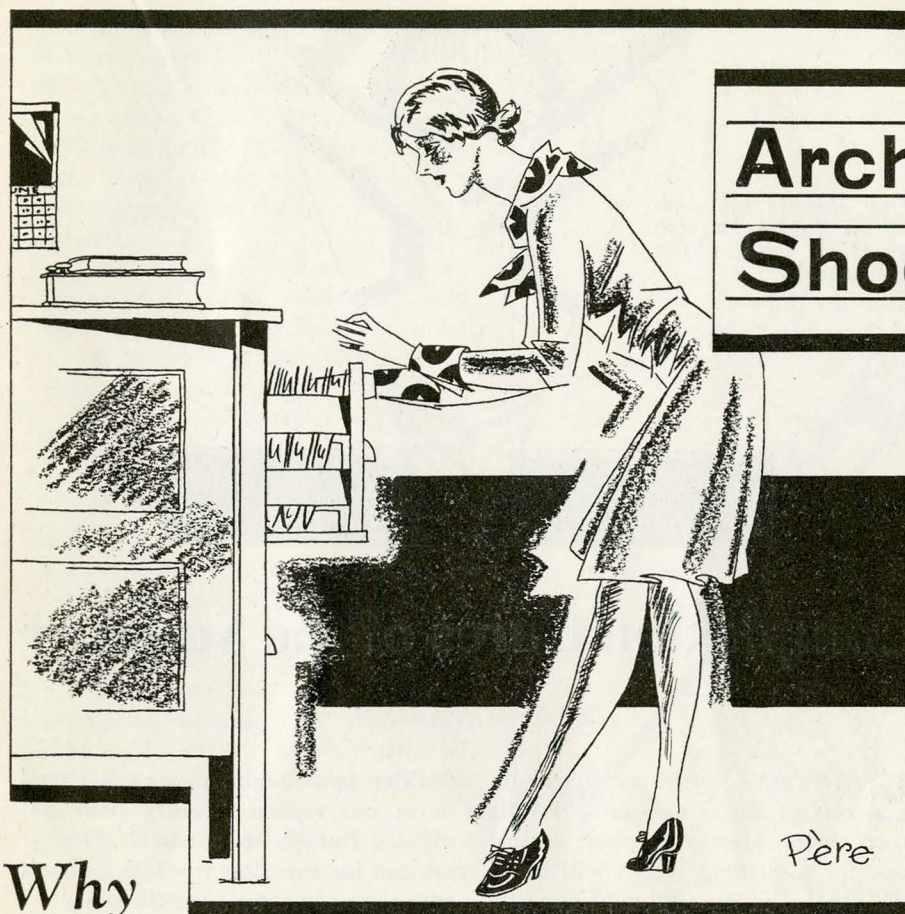
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MISS MANSON is a good propagandist for travel, and if I did not happen to have information to the contrary, I might be ready to believe she owned a few steamship or railway lines. For she says:

"Romance, tragedy, comedy, how far-reaching in a busy, throbbing world, full of workers, full of spenders. By steamship, by railway, motor car and aeroplane these magic things are brought to us, weaving dreams and fancies, luring us away from the daily round which is not always merry as an excursion into the unknown where imagination will link with reality and carry us on a long, long journey——"

What a happy holiday theme! And are we going to resist the pull of every natural inclination to adventure, or shall we take courage in both hands

(Continued on page 34.)



Arch-Corrective Shoes

Why

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Chamberlain's Cold Cream

Used at night as a massage it imparts to the skin a smoothness and firmness, and in the morning brings out the natural healthy coloring. Soothes chapped skin, relieves sunburn and windburn. Its daily use will ward away approaching wrinkles and assist in erasing those that have already made their appearance.

Chamberlain's Vanishing Cream

Keeps the skin smooth and velvety, without the least greasiness or stickiness—erases tired lines and wrinkles—prevents tan, freckles, sunburn and windburn—prevents nose shine or dryness of the skin—and is an excellent base for face powder.

Chamberlain's
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"Our skin is too delicate a fabric to risk ruination with cheap beauty aids."



Complexion Cares of the Summer

By ALISON DUNN.

EVERYONE writes articles about care of the skin,—and everyone reads them, always hoping against hope for something which will be of real help. For the texture of our skin is something which, to a great extent we can govern. Very lovely skins are of course born, not made, but practically every one of the common faults in a complexion can be eliminated by care and grooming.

Obviously normal, healthy living, with daily, regular exercises, sun, air, and plenty of sleep is absolutely imperative. Too many of us, however, in spite of the clearness of this necessity, try artificial aids to skin beauty, before the natural. You must walk briskly, breathe deeply, eat sensibly, sleep deeply, and relax frequently, if you would make certain of a beautiful skin.

But we have other troubles to face. Our skin is constantly exposed to the dirt, dust, wind, and sun, and very soon becomes roughened. We have to take particular care, especially in the coming Summer months.

I will not go into the details of cleansing the skin. Every advertisement for beauty seems to stress this point. But remember this; use good soap; good creams; good preparations. Our skin is too delicate a fabric to risk ruination with cheap, badly made beauty aids. Be luxurious with your complexion.

The ordinary ills which we face, such as blackheads, oily skin, dry skin,

freckles, tan, roughness, we can attend to in our regular "beauty hour" at night. But go to a reliable Dermatologist for any other troubles. Don't try to remedy them yourself.

* * * *

Wash in tepid water with good soap,—and rinse thoroughly. Often shininess is the cause of imperfect rinsing. We all know the routine with cleansing cream—I have found that every other day is often enough to use it in warm weather. Thorough washing with soap and water is quite as valuable; use the two, together.

Be sure to remove every vestige of the cream before you sleep, as it tends to clog the pores. Wash with warm water and soap after you have left the cream on the face for a few minutes and removed with cleansing tissue. Creams left on the face, entail clogged pores, blackheads, and sallowness.

If there are indications that blackheads are creeping into your skin, you will find a complexion brush good to wash the skin with, rather than the usual cloth. An occasional steaming is good, if it is followed by a solution of alcohol in water, to close the pores. I would not advise too frequent steaming, as it tends to relax the skin and bring on the dreaded wrinkles. Put a tablespoon of alcohol (from any druggist) in a quart of cold water, and wash the face after you have removed the blackheads.

For oily skin and pores that are already enlarged, you will find the fol-

lowing mixture very good. 1 cup oatmeal, (the old fashioned kind) with a pinch of sulphur, pinch of powdered benzoin, and a teaspoon of fine savings of Castile. Put in tiny cheese-cloth bags, (a teaspoon to a bag) and use as a sponge on the face, with warm water.

Another good treatment for enlarged pores, (after thorough cleansing) is, one dram of Boric Acid, and 4 ounces of Distilled Witch Hazel, mixed well and applied at night.

Ten drops of Tincture of Benzoin in cold water, is also a reliable remedy for oily skin and enlarged pores.

Glycerine is an invaluable help in any skin-beauty programme, as it is a solvent for coloring matter, and so very good for freckles, sunburn, or roughened skin. Use a tablespoon in a pint of water, and apply frequently.

I have found that an equal part of glycerine, peroxide and witch-hazel, thoroughly shaken together, and left on the skin at night, is a grateful help in the Summer months.

A scrupulous cleanliness, daily care, an intelligent use of the many preparations and beauty aids that are manufactured to-day, will bring a new beauty to sallow skins. But do remember the all-importance of *healthful*, living.

BREAKING INTO THE BUSINESS WORLD.

(Continued from page 10.)

rather, the inner sanctum, I was accorded a weak "Good-morning" in the meek voice aforesaid, and was invited to sit down. During the thousand-year interval which followed my even weaker "Good-morning", I occupied myself by trying to cool my face (which had grown abnormally hot), trying to warm my hands (which had grown abnormally cold), and trying to dispose of my feet (which had grown abnormally large).

* * * *

AT last, however, the worm turned (figuratively, of course) to me, and bade me bring my chair around to the side of his desk. To my surprise, I managed to "get" all the dictation, despite the near-freezing point condition of my fingers. I also seemed to hit the proper keys on the typewriter, —I suppose my fingers had begun to thaw out a bit. Then did he speak these immortal words, so familiar to stenographers in search of positions, "I'll let you know to-morrow".



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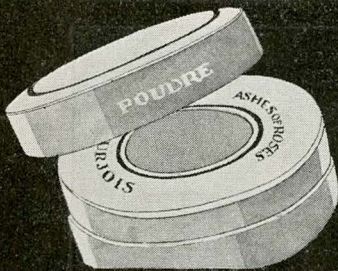
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At twelve o'clock the next day, no one had "let me know" anything. Even with all that preliminary, thought I, this is going to become one of those come-to-nothing prospects whose name is legion! My gloomy forebodings were cut short by the trusty telephone. This time it was to be an afternoon affair; "they" wanted me at one-thirty.

So out into the rain I travelled again, fervently hoping that this prospect would not be so complete a "washout" as was the weather. After waiting for ages a car came along, and, breathing a sigh of relief, I stepped down into the miniature river at the side of the street. I lowered my umbrella, and prepared to board the car, when to my dismay it sailed by without stopping! Despair seized me. Was I to be late the very first day—fired, in fact, before I was hired? No wonder I was nervous, why, I had but thirty-five minutes in which to make a fifteen minute journey!

* * * *

THAT first afternoon of my week's probation passed like a dream, or rather, a hideous nightmare. After going through an eye-straining, back-breaking process known to the initiated as "listing the ledger", I was asked to open a stack of mail. Five minutes after I had deposited the result on the chief's desk, an S.O.S. was sent out to see what had become of the cheque from the Canton Brick Works. The cashier did not have it, and a thorough search of the waste basket failed to bring it to light.

"I suppose they are waiting for me to confess," I thought miserably, when no one accused me of the crime during the week which followed. I should be dismissed, of course. Visions of prisons and 'third degrees' filled my mind. Despite my mental stress, however, I exerted myself to the utmost to do my work well—at least they could not accuse me of being unconscientious about that.

Why, oh *why* had I done such good sleuth work in ferreting out the position? Why had I not realized that it was not intended for me in the first place?

When the cashier approached me on pay day, I was positively quaking.

"Your services have been entirely satisfactory, Miss Wouldbesten, and we have decided to employ you," said he, handing me an envelope.



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Was I dreaming? He repeated the words, evidently supposing from my blank look that I had not heard.

"B-but the cheque," I stammered agitatedly.

"Cheque? Oh no, Robert Blackwell and Son do a strictly cash business,—here is your salary."

When I explained about the particular cheque which was uppermost in my mind, he explained:

"Surely that has not been bothering you! That firm is often absent-minded. They sent the cheque in the next mail."

RECREATION AFTER A HEAVY DAY AT THE OFFICE.

(Continued from page 14.)

of its proud antlers another escaped and shot its gleaming head haughtily into the air, as though protesting at its ignoble removal. At last, in an effort to grasp two branches at once, she lost her grip and it hurtled to the ground, striking one inoffensive helper on the way. That memory we are also striving to efface.

As one a.m. struck we permitted our aching limbs to relax, and regarded the battlefield. Paper covered the floors, forgotten household goods pleaded mutely from ignominious positions under sofas and behind doors to be remembered. But the job was undoubtedly rather a fine one.

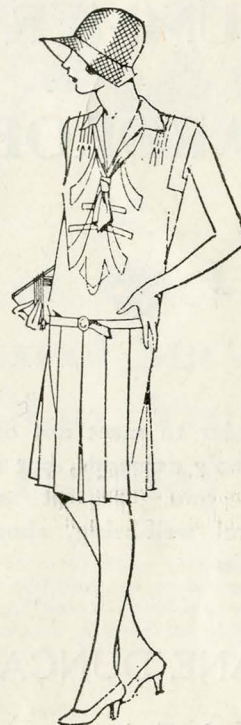
"Well," said the strong man weakly, "it's finished. What is a black eye, a broken arm, and the ruin of an amiable disposition in the face of something attempted, something done? I suppose it is still possible to find a spot to sleep."

* * * *

EARLY next morning the house presented naked windows to the onslaught of mingled rain and snow. The inhabitants could be seen creeping wanly about a house bereft of comfort, as they waited for the vans. The last crumb of food had been disposed of and the final pangs of parting with the canary almost forgotten. No place remained for the human frame to sit or lie, for the beds were taken down, and the furniture shrouded.

The rain cleared and a timid sun appeared as the telephone rang. An unearthly shriek announced baleful news. Illness? Collapse of the new house? Wanted by the police? No—simply that the vans were delayed

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and could not come until nine o'clock next morning. Twenty-four hours of desolation ahead.

Our last glimpse of the unhappy pair showed them mournfully patrolling the garden—presumably looking for a dandelion root to stay the pangs of hunger or a passably soft spot in which to spend the night.

TREADING THE PATH TO HEALTH

(Continued from page 11.)

"But the general attitude is—why worry? Why worry about faulty posture,—displaced organs, sunken chest, puffy ankles, swollen limbs, varicose veins, feet deformities,—lines in the face at 40 and 50, which should not be there till 70 or 80? As long as it's smart, and everyone else is doing it,—thousands of young girls hobble around on the certain path to ill-health and lessened efficiency."

* * * *

"*BUT* just why do all these troubles follow?" I asked with a guilty sense that my own shoes were not obvious above criticism in the matter of height and narrowness.

"The point is this"—my companion leaned his elbows on the table and glared at me. "There wouldn't be so much trouble if Nature had intended the foot only as a passive weight-bearer. But the foot is a beautifully arranged machine which raises the body and aids in its propulsion, like a lever. Like all machines it suffers injury if the normal relationship of its structure is disturbed. The muscles of the feet and leg can only work to complete advantage when the arches of the feet are raised and their inner margins form together an angle opening backwards. Then the weight of the body is not passively borne, but is actively raised and balanced upon the front of the foot. High heels which through narrowness, or their very pointed shape, cramp the toes this way. (he illustrated with his hands), "and make the foot more of a stiff inflexible pedestal."

"I tell you," he added, "the human foot has been called the finest example of specialized architecture known to man. And it is. It has three essential physical functions:—it must be a firm support for the body, it must provide adequate shock-absorption, and it must propel effectively. When you

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upset the balance of the twenty-six separate bones of the foot, you are upsetting all these functions. And only trouble can follow!"

* * * * *

"**P**EOPLE are certainly beginning to think about it more," I agreed, "And it does seem foolish to run so many risks by wearing cheap, badly made, badly fitting shoes."

"Of course it is! Yet it is a vicious circle. The average shoe manufacturer will say that there is no demand for the properly fitted shoe; that he'd have to go out of business unless he made the thousands upon thousands of varieties in styles, colors and trimmings—unless he concentrated on getting out something new every season."

"The average woman says she can't find these shoes. That the 'sensible' ones are ugly. That only the spike-heeled shoes are shown. The point is that there are manufacturers who realize the importance to health of proper shoes, and who are designing styles

that are natural and beautiful and which will not handicap women. You must go to these firms, and encourage friends to do the same."

"If only young girls could know of the unhappiness and ill-health they are piling up for themselves! They've got to be made to think about it, they've got to be told; I am convinced it will come in time."

* * * * *

IN VIEW of the present discussion in *The Business Woman* on the question of badly made, ill-fitting shoes, I have reproduced this conversation with the hope that it will make others think more carefully about the subject. For although I could not admit before my arrogant and determined dinner companion that his views had affected mine powerfully, they assuredly have. The reading, and investigations I have been making since, have changed my whole attitude.

Doesn't it make *you* want to learn more about the subject?

NEW LIGHT ON AN OLD PROBLEM

(Continued from page 13.)

"You'll enjoy keeping house anyway and I want to congratulate you, —Bill's a fine boy," he concluded, rising from his chair. He extended his hand across the desk and indicated that the interview was over.

Everyone, it seemed—everyone who offered comment or advice—was of one opinion. If I was to be a married woman, I should quit being a business woman. Yet when Bill and I stopped to look around, we had plenty of friends and acquaintances who were managing all right—husband and wife both in the business world, both making good in their work and both interested in each other, yes, in some cases there were

even children. Strange to say, it was not they who came to advise us, thinking, perhaps, it was so easy that anyone could do it.

After my interview with the boss, however, it looked as if I would have to stay at home and be a housekeeper whether I wanted to or not. Then out of a clear sky came the offer of another position from a man with whom my work had brought me in contact, who, strange to say, employed married women whenever possible, believing them to be more stable and more alive to their responsibilities.

So I married shortly afterwards.

(To be concluded next month.)



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Why Do Stocks Fluctuate When The Prospects of Companies Remain the Same?

By W. A. McKAGUE.

(Mr. McKague will help you with advice on your investments. Enclose a stamped envelope.)

THOSE who take an interest in stocks—and from inquiries received I judge that nearly all of the readers of these columns do have such an interest,—have, no doubt, watched the market quotations bobbing up and down without appearing to get anywhere in recent weeks. In March there was a general shake-up on the New York market, and since that is the money centre for the whole of this continent, there was a widespread decline in stocks on other markets, including Canada. A lot of holders became frightened, and sold their stocks for whatever they would bring. Then in April, some confidence was restored, and buyers came in again, and stocks crept up again to about as high as they had ever been before. That situation continues up to the time this is written in May.

To the average person it is often a puzzle why such changes take place, while the condition and the prospects of the companies concerned continue the same as ever. The explanation is that a stock may go up or down because of general financial conditions, just as easily as from the affairs of the company itself. There are periods, sometimes lasting for years, in which public favour seems to be all for bonds and mortgages—securities valued for their safety and for the regular payments of interest. Then stocks will rise to popularity, people growing tired of things that

are secure but limited, and going in for those which show more market "action". Such a change took place, gradually, a couple of years ago, so that 1928, and 1929 to date, have been a period of speculation rather than investment.

What the future holds, no one seems prepared to prophecy. We all have our views, of course, and these views differ. If they did not differ, prices would just keep on going up or down until they reached such levels that large numbers of people would change their views. It is this division of people into buyers and sellers, or "bulls" and "bears", that makes a "market". Take an active stock like City Dairy, for instance, selling \$70 a share. The fact that the price is 70 on the day this is written indicates that that is the value or level at which the number of buyers equals the number of sellers. But there are hundreds of holders who, no doubt, would be glad to sell at 80, while on the other hand if the price dropped to 60 no doubt there would be hundreds of buyers come into the market and buy. That is assuming that the affairs of the company looked the same as they do at present.

What Money Rates Mean.

One thing which well illustrates general conditions, is money rates, and more especially the rate for call money. We do not experience these changes so much at first hand here in Canada,

for the Canadian banks do not vary the rate from day to day. They rather keep it stable, though it has been changed about one half per cent. from time to time, and loans to customers at present are mostly at 7 per cent. In the big New York market, however, this call money rate jumps up and down from day to day and even from hour to hour. It has been down to two or three per cent., but that was quite some time ago. Recently it was as high as 20 per cent., and quite often around ten or twelve per cent. That means that speculators who have bought on margin are paying say ten per cent. on their loan. It will readily be seen that such a rate is a great discouragement to speculation, since you have to make ten per cent. in dividends or profit in order to break even. And though ten per cent. may look small to some people who have been lucky, yet it is a very high return, and more than we are likely to average in the long run.

When demand for loans is so great, in proportion to the credit available, that such high rates have to be charged to strike a balance between the two, it means a rather dangerous condition for the speculator. So much money is already tied up in speculation that no more can be obtained, and new buying is therefore greatly restricted. While, on the other hand, many thousands who are now paying high rates for their speculative loans, may come to the conclusion that they cannot make any more profit, and decide to sell.

These high rates are another reason why investment securities are cheap at the present time. Many financial and industrial concerns, which have millions of dollars for investment, are lending their money at call at these rates, rather than investing it in securities themselves. Bear in mind that in doing so they are not themselves speculating. They only lend up to perhaps half the market value of the stock, and it is the buyer who must put up the other half for margin, who is taking the big risk. If speculators changed their minds and were willing to pay no more than five per cent. for such loans, hundreds of millions of dollars would be diverted into investment securities which pay around five-and-one-half or six per cent. And this change is bound to come, though no one can say just when it will take place. It will mean, how-

And Then What?

YOU are proud of the fact that you are a Business Woman. And rightly so. You are, perhaps, young and active, nimble with your fingers and able to work all day. That is why you are valuable—it is for that you are paid. You are full of confidence. The future holds no terrors for you. The present is glowing, attractive, engrossing.

There comes a time, nevertheless, when what is now the future becomes the present. You may not be so nimble with your fingers or able to work all day. What is going to happen then? An endowment policy with The Mutual Life will answer that question. Let us send you a copy of our informative pamphlet, "And Then What?"

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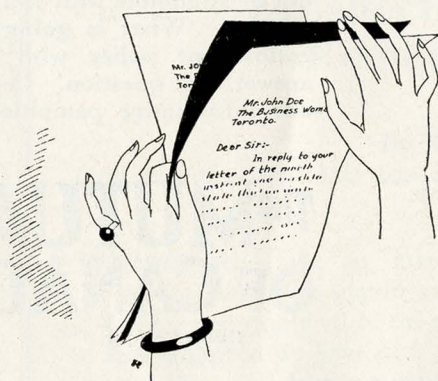
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ever, that the supply of good investments will be rapidly bought up, and it will be no longer possible to get five per cent. on a good Canadian government bond, or six per cent. on some of the good corporation issues that can now be bought to yield that rate.

Answers to Financial Enquiries

Question: From savings covering a number of years, I have invested a little in each of the following companies — Dominion Bridge, International Nickel, Brazilian Traction, Power Corporation, British Columbia "A", Shawinigan Water and Power, Imperial Oil, Imperial Tobacco, and Canada Power and Paper. The latter includes the debentures with like amount of common and was a transfer for shares held in the Laurentide Paper Co.

The largest holdings I have are Brazil, Nickel and Dominion Bridge, due to the fact that I had purchased a small quantity of each before the old shares were split. I would like when opportunity offers and I can double my original investment by selling the same number of shares, to do so and leave the balance to grow—if the prospects for growth are good.

Recently I have bought a few shares of Siscoe, Big Missouri and a little Noranda for a long hold. I would like some Sherritt-Gordon but cannot take on any more at present. What do you think of these?

Will you give me your opinion of my holdings? My idea is to hold these for some years as an investment, and while the dividend yield is not great, still several of the stocks have doubled in value.

What is your opinion of Imperial Tobacco? Several times I've been tempted to sell this, which cost me about \$8.00 a share, but so far have kept it. Would Sherritt-Gordon be better than this for a hold? Also, what do you think of Cockshutt Plow for a hold?

I always read your comments on financial matters in "The Business Woman" and find them very interesting and helpful. I shall certainly appreciate any information or advice you can give me regarding my holdings.—E. R. M.

Answer: From your list you appear to be an able and successful investor. Perhaps I should say speculator, but in any event you have bought good stocks that have gone up in value.

You may make a mistake in holding out to double your money on some of these stocks. It is not always wise to fix an arbitrary figure at which you are willing to sell, and expect the market to come up to it. If a stock gets up to what appear to be a high figure, sell it and take the profit, whatever it may be. Some of your stocks have already gone down a bit.

Imperial Tobacco is, in my opinion, a good stock to hold. It has not had such a speculative rise as many others,

(Continued on page 31.)

OFFICE HINTS

Sent by Readers of THE BUSINESS WOMAN

LOIS WALKER.



Hints For Bookkeepers.

From Miss M. Gordon, Toronto.

In figuring out drafts, I find it saves considerable time to have a memo on my desk of all the Sundays and holidays in the different months, for instance:—

November 4 11 12 18 25

December 2 9 16 23 25 30

This is much handier than turning over the leaves of the calendar so as to make sure that the drafts do not fall due on Sunday or a holiday.

To Eliminate Noise and Keep Ink Wells, Etc., From Sticking.

By E. H., Toronto.

If pieces of felt or discarded flannel are pasted to the bottom of wooden letter trays, ink wells, etc., it will be found that these can be moved about the desk very easily and noiselessly.

Favors Six-Inch Rule.

From Grace Teer, Toronto

I find a six-inch rule one of the handiest things to have around the office. For copy work a six-inch rule can be used to keep your place and it does not get in the way as the twelve-inch rule has a habit of doing. This small rule can be kept in your pocket and will come in handy for numerous things.

When Notes Are For Reference.

From Zelda Northey, Peterboro.

In using the loose-leaf notebook, much confusion is avoided by changing one's note paper every second day. This can be accomplished by writing one day's dictation straight ahead in the book, and the following day turn these notes over so that the last letter of yesterday's work will be on the back of the first page of to-day's work. When this day is ended, remove the two day's work from the notebook and continue in the same manner for two more days, etc.

This, I believe, will prove helpful to those who are required to keep their notes for reference purposes.

Dried-Out Typewriter Ribbons

From W. Switzer, Toronto.

A dried-out typewriter ribbon may be given a new lease of life by placing in the steamer of a double boiler (not perforated). Let steam for half an hour. Dry and wind back on spool.

For Smooth Platens

From W. Switzer, Toronto.

Keep a small piece of sandpaper on

hand, and if the platen of your machine becomes smooth, slewing the paper and writing one line on top of the other, rub roller thoroughly with same and you will have no further trouble. This saves telephoning the typewriter company.

Keep Ruined Letters.

From Verna Dowling, Ottawa.

Should I happen to make an incorrectable error in a letter, I throw away the tissue copies but tear the letter neatly in two, putting these sheets in my upper right hand drawer. These are a great convenience to me and to the others in the office who want a piece of scribbling paper in a hurry. Even a careless mistake may be changed into a convenience.

Read Letters Over in Machine.

From a Subscriber, Peterboro, Ont.

If you are in the habit of reading over your letters before submitting them for signature you will find that you can save considerable time and make much neater corrections by reading over your letter before taking it out of the typewriter. In doing this you are always sure of having your sheet in the right position before making changes. When you take the letter out of the typewriter and then find mistakes you have to insert the sheet again and often do not get it in the same position.

Longer Carbon Paper.

From R. B. Adams, Montreal.

I find that by using a carbon paper an inch longer than my correspondence paper that I can without difficulty reach the very bottom of my paper when in need of more room.

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Saving Time in Removing Carbons.

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Finding the Place in the Books.

From Margaret Allan

To attain speed in locating place in bookkeeping.

For instance: Where there is a sales ledger with the record of several months sales, take a paper clip and fasten together all the pages of the past months, leaving only the present month's pages loose. Instead of having to turn over a number of pages, which take time, one can turn over one and begin to post her sales.

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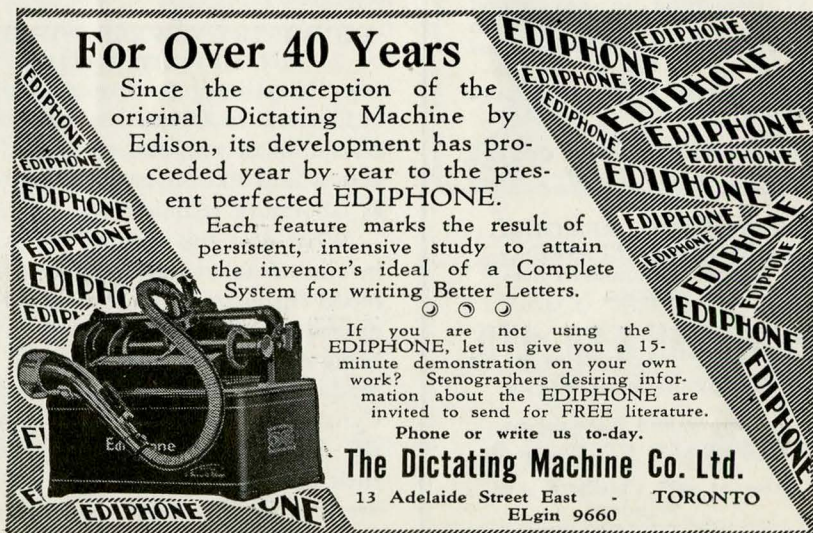
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BUSINESS WOMEN OWE THEIR SUCCESS TO MACHINES.

(Continued from page 8.)

ness ventures as means to certain ends—wealth, power, influence or position—women make of their careers ends in themselves, ends to which they bend every effort.

Early in the game women discovered the importance of being efficient and the value of Time. So that they began to figure time on a profit and loss basis, watching the balance sheet closely to see that they did not come out "in the red". And using the machine to this end.

The dictating machine is to-day a familiar part of the business woman's equipment. In discussing the uphill climb with women who have made good, the writer's attention was called to a factor not usually taken into account in success stories—the absent days, when through circumstances of illness or otherwise, crises are presented which often decide the issue for failure or success. When the house is in order, the desks cleared and a record of things done and things to be done on hand, when memorandums, letters, appointments and manuscripts dictated in this modern way, the night before can be carried forward in the absence of the executive or his secretary, the wheels may slow down, but need not stop. Women have profited by the contribution the machine has made to the business world and have demonstrated that in achieving success they can work equally well with men and machines. They have learned to use the tools men use and in the learning have come to think as men think, to work efficiently with them and to compete successfully against them.

CHEMISTRY OFFERS WONDER- FUL OPPORTUNITIES.

(Continued from page 9.)

Doctors, in Canada, specializing in certain lines, can use in their offices, and would like to have, girls trained as laboratory technicians.

What does this require? A course in clinical microscopy and sufficient blood chemistry to do routine work, is necessary. Part of this work is now being done by nurses with special post-graduate training. But at present in Canada, there is not much opening for the highly trained woman chemist, such as Miss Wilson. The openings are few, for the reason that such training, in fairness to the individual,



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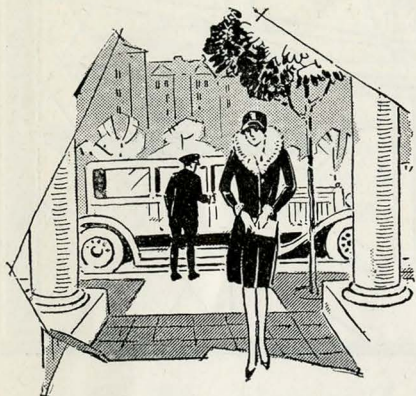
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MCBRINE
AROUND THE WORLD
BAGGAGE

should be compensated by higher salaries than are now obtainable.

But the *trend*, however, is toward openings for girls who are willing to go into doctors' offices, and gain their experience as they go along, taking their salary increases as their worth increases.

Though the doctors did not say so, we jotted it down in our minds, that their attitude seemed to be similar to that of bank officials, who are willing to take in juniors and train them, paying them more as they advance. There is, however, this difference—a bright boy with a few years at high school, but without specialized training, can enter a bank as a junior.

But for a girl to go in for laboratory technician work takes some previous specialized training, and a very definite type of personality.

A girl applying for such a position should have her high school certificate at least—preferably with some science. If she has not had that—but is keen about such subjects, there are the night schools, and other special courses.

If we wish to progress along a certain line, ways can usually be found—is it not so?

We quote one of the doctors in saying that "There should be a place where girls can be trained". Unfortunately though, at present, since there are none, the best method is to go to a reliable physician. Tell him what you want to do, and ask him how to go about getting your training.

* * * *

AS TO the personality question. While in some offices the laboratory worker or workers, never see the public—in others the laboratory technician comes daily into direct contact with patients, through such duties as the giving of blood tests, on hyperdermics. Or she may be a combination of private secretary and practical nurse, as well as helping with the laboratory work.

* * * *

THUS, in one respect, the type of girl who would make an A1 nurse, both capable and exact in her work, and yet pleasant and agreeable with patients, is the type to go in for office and clinical chemistry. And while to start, her salary may not be large, yet

(Continued on page 34)



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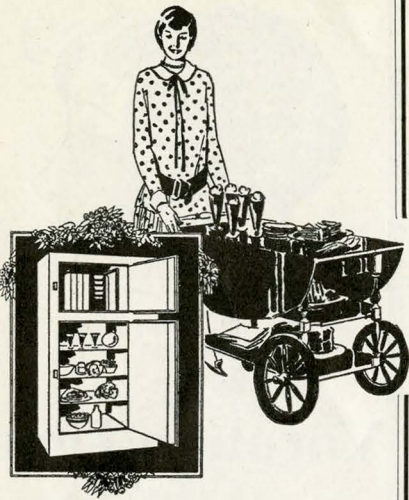
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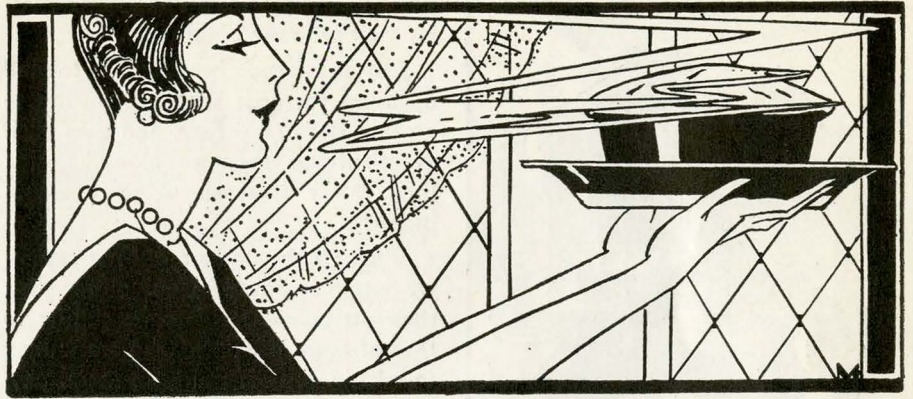
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A Summer Reverie

Wherein Iced Drinks, Salads and Fruit Deserts Play Important Roles.

By JESSIE READ.

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

BRIDES, roses, summer clothes, picnics, and what not seem to all crowd into the glorious month of June. Summer, according to the calendar, should be started at least, so we must begin now to store up in our mind some of those glorious summer parties and our plans for them.

Food and drink we must have. Some of you, sotto voice, may say, "mostly drink." Yea, verily, summer is the time when there is nothing more refreshing than a cool drink. Many of you have no doubt heard the oft used old verse:

As a rule a man's a fool
When it's hot he wants it cool
When it's cool he wants it hot
Always wanting what is not.

To-day it is raining and wretched and my longing is for a warm sunny day with glorious sunshine flowing—can sunshine flow—around me. I should love to be in an easy chair on a wide veranda with a good book for company. On a table nearby, centered with flowers, is a tray with a pitcher filled with a refreshing cool drink. There are some little crisp cookies there too, in case I feel hungry before tea time arrives. To complete my peace of mind there is the restful thought that tucked away in my refrigerator I have a luscious tea ready to serve with such little effort and preparation.

However, now I must drift back to my be-littered and be-papered desk, but I cannot leave you wondering just what that pitcher contained, or even what my refrigerator contained, so here they are.

The pitcher contained

CHERRY PUNCH

- 1 cup cherry juice
- ½ cup pineapple juice
- Juice of 2 oranges
- Juice of 3 lemons
- 1½ cups sugar syrup
- 1 cup tea
- 1 pint gingerale.

Combine all ingredients. Serve with cracked ice. Add cherries and sliced bananas as a garnish.

The crisp little cookies are called

CHOCOLATE SQUARES.

- 1 cup brown sugar
- ½ cup melted butter
- 1 egg well beaten
- 1½ cups flour
- ¼ cup cocoa
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 cup chopped walnuts.

Mix brown sugar and butter, add beaten egg. Mix in sifted dry ingredients and chopped walnuts. Add vanilla. Line a pan with wax paper. Pack in mixture, put in refrigerator for several hours. Slice thin. Bake in a moderate oven 375 deg. F. for 10 minutes.

In my refrigerator I have a salad and a dessert all ready to serve, which were prepared in the cool of the morning.

TOMATO AND VEGETABLE SALAD.

- 6 medium sized tomatoes
- 1 cup diced celery
- 1 cup diced cooked carrots
- 1 cup green peas

- 1 teaspoon grated onion
Mayonnaise.

Peel and core tomatoes. Cut almost through into sections. Press the points apart. Fill cavity with the celery, carrots, peas, and grated onion mixed with mayonnaise. Place on crisp lettuce leaf. Garnish with parsley, watercress or hard cooked egg.

STRAWBERRY SPONGE.

- 2 tablespoons gelatine
4 tablespoons cold water
1 quart box strawberries
1 cup fruit sugar
2 egg whites.

Cut berries in pieces. Cover with $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar and allow to stand until about 1 cup juice is extracted. Soak gelatine in cold water. Heat juice to boiling point and dissolve gelatine in hot liquid. Chill. Beat egg whites until stiff and add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup fruit sugar. When partially set fold egg whites into gelatine mixture, add strawberries. Pile in sherbet glasses. Garnish with strawberries.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRIES.

(Continued from page 26.)

and the company has such a strong position in the tobacco industry in Canada that it looks like a safe hold with excellent possibilities. For about two years ahead, I would prefer it to Sherritt-Gordon.

I suggest that you sell part of your Brazil, Nickel and Dominion Bridge, and invest the proceeds in bonds, which are exceptionally cheap at the present time, and which, according to all previous experience, should show you an excellent return over the next couple of years. It is quite possible, even likely, that you would do better on bonds than on stocks. While stocks have done remarkably well for you, remember that you were fortunate enough to hold these stocks during one of the biggest advances in all history. These movements do not go on forever, and sometimes the reactions are equally great.

I suggest that you put a thousand each, or a few hundred dollars each, into bonds such as Province of Ontario or Province of British Columbia at 5 per cent., Asbestos 6 per cent. due 1941 at about 92, or some other good first mortgage industrial issue, and a foreign bond such as Chile or Buenos Ayres 6 per cent. at about 93. You might also consider a preferred stock such as Abitibi Power and Paper, or Dominion Tar and Chemical Co. If you insist on sticking to common stocks, I suggest a gold mine such as Hollinger or Teck-Hughes, both of which are well-established as producers and dividend payers.

Cockshutt Plow stock has attracted a great deal of speculation, and while its present price may be justified, still it is risky, considering the record of the company in the past.



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Club Life

Canadian Business and Professional Women's Club of Toronto

Since our last "Club Life" was published, we have welcomed the coming and sped the parting executive, feeling that after the earnest and continued efforts of our former arbiters of destiny, they were justified in their decision to allow others to guide our fortune and take their ease. The Annual Meeting was made the occasion for a presentation to Miss Stoakley, who has been president for the past two years, and who became the possessor of a handsome diamond ring. Miss Katherine Powell, our late vice-president, was the recipient of a beautiful antique mantel clock. A standing vote of thanks was passed to the entire personnel of the retiring executive.

The excellent work of the nominating committee was responsible for a slate that met with unanimous approval, and there was voting only for the six directors. The new personnel now stands as follows: President, Mrs. J. M. Mood; Vice-President, Miss Mary Dale Muir; Treasurer, Miss M. McCall; Recording Secretary, Miss Margaret Brown; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Bastedo; Directors for three years, Miss Clarice Brodie, Mrs. Thacker, Miss Mary McGregor, and Mrs. Campbell for two years; and Marion Mitchell and Jane McDowall for one year.

* * * *

One of the most enjoyable teas of the season was that held on Saturday, April 27th, when about 175 members accepted the invitation of Miss Stoakley and Miss Katherine Powell to their valedictory. A wealth of spring blossoms made the club rooms more attractive than ever, while a string orchestra played delightfully throughout the afternoon. Both Miss Stoakley and Miss Powell welcomed their guests for almost the entire two hours, while a host of willing helpers assisted at the tea tables.

* * * *

Mrs. David Beatty, formerly Elizabeth Stalker, has left on an extended tour abroad.

* * * *

Miss McDowall and Miss McGregor are convening the sports and will be glad of entries for the golfing

tournaments as soon as possible. Please come forward and help make the summer—should it arrive—a success.

* * * *

Miss Mary McMahon, Manager of the Underwood Employment Department, recently addressed the Rotary Club of Brockville. The subject of her talk was "The Canadian Woman in Business". Miss McMahon's very comprehensive experience with young women in the business world enables her to deal with the subject with authority, and her address was thoroughly enjoyed.

* * * *

The presentation to the Club of the beautiful painting "Rendezvous" by Andre Lapine was supplemented by the further gift of an etching, "Maison de Montcalm, Quebec," by W. F. G. Godfrey. These two contributions of art by outstanding artists add substantial value to our assets, as well as adorning the walls of our Club.

This good work was effected through the efforts of the Property Committee—Miss Marie Halter, Miss Marjorie Johnson, Miss Jessie Smith, Miss Katherine Powell, Miss Mabel Stoakley, Miss Elizabeth Pollock and Miss Mary McMahon as Convenor.

* * * *

Among the notable weddings of the season will be that of Miss Anne Elizabeth Wilson, Editor of *The Chatelaine*, and a well-known member of the Club. Miss Wilson, who has been prominent in Canadian literary circles for the past ten years, will be married in Knox College Chapel on July 6th, to Mr. Victor Blochin of Aurora. The best wishes of the Club will go with her.

ONE WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

To The Editor:—

Your note in this month's issue of "The Business Woman," headed, "What is the field for women in business and professional life", caused me to apply the question personally as to what I myself am particularly interested in. Naturally, the personal pronoun, singular, will be frequently used but that, under the circumstances, is inevitable.

It seems easy to imagine what one would like to be interested in, but nature is such a complex affair that most of us are making an effort to

succeed in a direction other than that for which we were by nature intended, for it is natural to desire to excel in the things that bring fame and wealth rather than strive for the advancement of SOME great cause that may mean years of waiting to see results but which work is directly or indirectly benefiting the community at large.

It may seem more or less a contradiction when I have to admit that of all things in which I try to restrain my interest the chief one is religion. The next is politics, because of its direct bearing on religion. If I can find anyone who likes to debate or reason on a subject under either or these heads I am satisfied. And yet, secretly, I would rather be a successful business woman, knowing how to protect my own interests and keep a keep eye for competition etc., but alas, while others are watching their interests and looking for the next chance of advancement, I will dreamily be considering the latest development in the Mexican situation (which I have studied from beginning to end) or how the religious factions in Palestine are settling their differences, etc., etc. I never open a newspaper but that, if there is anything mentioned appertaining to religious strife, it catches my eye and I devour it in the manner of a hungry wolf, chiefly because my heart aches for the suffering parties. And yet, in spite of my interest in religious movements, I am not a member of any particular denomination nor have I been for three years. This is not so terrible as it seems, because I have during this time visited different churches in order to enlarge my heart and mind, and it is only since I ceased to be a member that I have read more and become deeply interested in these matters. I find it interesting, too, to watch political events more closely and notice the diplomatic way in which our statesmen deal with the most delicate problems which turn up from time to time.

With me it seems to be a case of Religion and Politics (religious factions viewed comparatively and with toleration one for the other), and that I should devote more of my time in this direction and in a way which will benefit people generally. I feel that there is in me great energy which, if trained, could be well used, and I live happily chiefly because I am convinced that there will open to me some benefit to mankind because I have such intense longings to work at the back of some great project for the betterment of conditions in this wonderful world of ours.

Yours very sincerely,

Georgina Greaves.

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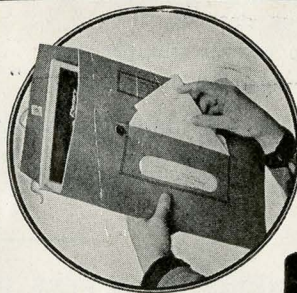
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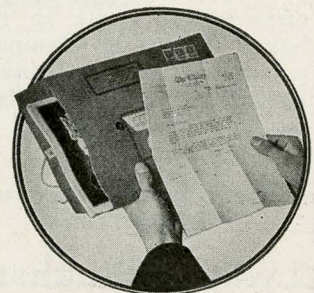
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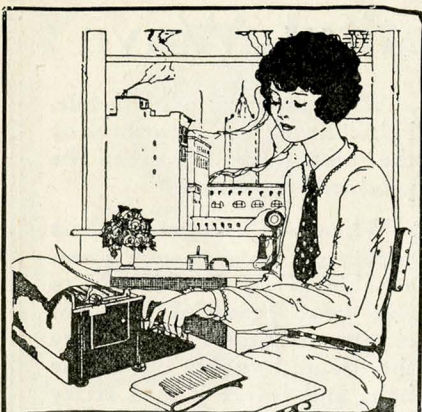
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ANNE MERRILL'S PAGE

(Continued from page 16)

and make the break? If no other way opens, why not get on a broomstick and ride away? If we are incurable hoarders and savers, we could at least dispense with the railway or steamship fare, along the broomstick route!

* * * *

DRIVING oneself and others may be due to pressure of work, but it is quite as likely to be due rather to a state of mind. Over-speeding, it is said, becomes a mania with car-drivers, and something of the same sort happens to a certain class of office manager.

When I read this warning, written by an Englishman, it decided me. I went right out and bought a railway ticket.

No office manager was going to put his foot on my accelerator—not while I knew there wasn't gasoline enough in the tank to carry me to the next gas-station. I wasn't going to be stranded in any ditch.

* * * *

"The East wind bow'd before the blast

In patient, deep disdain;
She let the legions thunder past,
And plunged in thought again."

This verse, by Matthew Arnold, recalls a thought unfolded to me once by a brilliant editor. It was really a

plea for relaxation, though this word was not actually used by him. Neither was it by Matthew Arnold above.

The editor advised that when things looked dark—when there was the downward stroke and you felt a great depression of spirit—that you should not struggle against it, but just let yourself go. That it was a good thing to bump—to touch bottom. Then there would be the sure and gradual rise and a fresh start.

He quoted an Egyptian proverb, the wording of which I have forgotten, but which pictured the field of grain bending before the wind and rising after it had passed, whereas if it had defied the wind and stood upright, it would have snapped under the stress.

Related to this idea was the wise counsel of an old English doctor I once appealed to for a tonic.

He advised against it. "If you are tired, rest," he said. "That is all you need. Rest and good food and some fun. A tonic is just a lash to a tired horse."

So—a rest, and a bit of fun, and a few good friends. These I am having now, many years after that advice was given. And I wish all readers of *The Business Woman* as happy a holiday as I am having.

ANNE MERRILL.

CHEMISTRY OFFERS INTERESTING POSSIBILITIES

(Continued from page 29.)

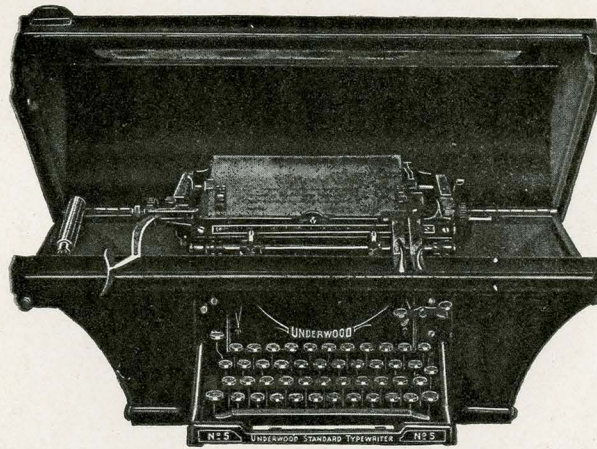
like every other line of work, if she makes herself more or less indispensable to the doctors by whom she is employed, at the same time being well liked by patients, she automatically, as one might say, creates her own niche. In brief, she becomes a decided asset to that particular office or clinic.

Thus, we add to her other qualities—imagination—using the word in its highest sense. To imagine what the doctors would like her to do and be—and doing it and being it. This creating of one's own niche brings, as many will testify, its own reward of inner satisfaction—in which salary, though

important, is nevertheless not paramount.

"Prevention is the keynote of modern medicine"—and in *that*, prevention, chemistry is playing an increasingly large part. We need to note here only two examples; insulin, and the various antitoxins and vaccines, including those given for colds. These vaccines have to be compiled in chemical laboratories, either connected with hospitals, clinics, or owned privately, such as a well-known one in Toronto—after which the vaccines are administered hyperdermically, for a series of treatments.





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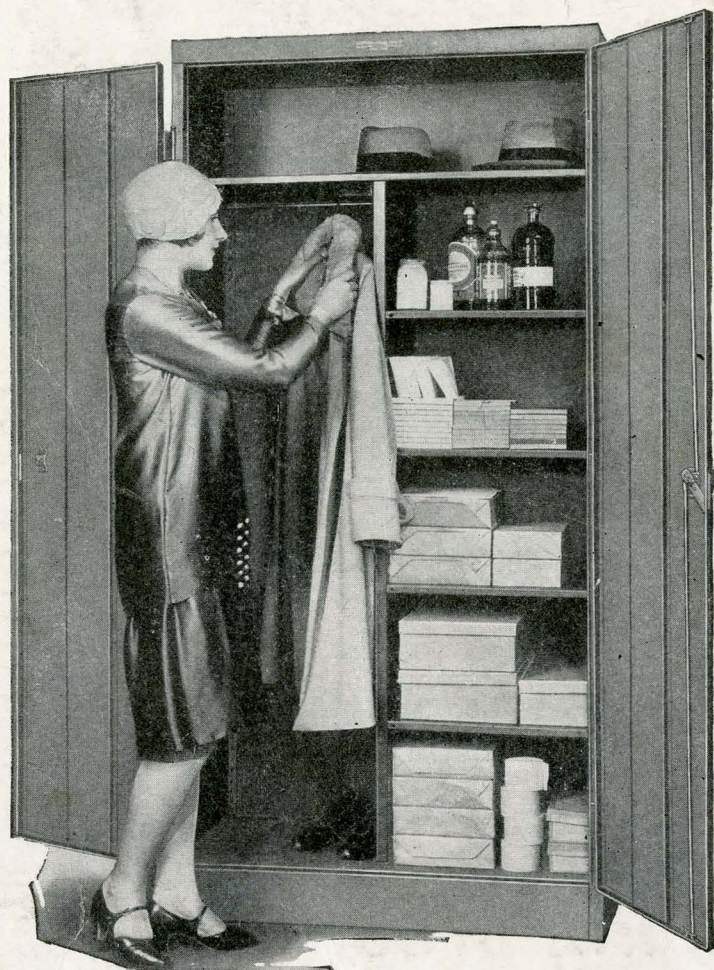
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