

The Business Woman



It's a Kodak and, of course, taken with a Kodak.

Vol. 5

MARCH, 1930

No. 3

Toronto



Sundstrand is an adding-machine of unusual simplicity in construction and in operation.

¶ It adds, subtracts, and multiplies so easily that the most inexperienced can operate it after a few minutes practice.

¶ It subtracts (directly) at the touch of a key. Another key provides for automatic shift multiplication. ¶ Note the small, compact 10-key keyboard. Writing by touch is quickly acquired.

¶ Sundstrand occupies little space. It is light—you can take it to the job, use it right on your desk.



One hand controls all operations.

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Business women . . . important buyers of merchandise with a feminine appeal . . . and buyers of office equipment and supplies . . . are to-day accessible as a group through the pages of "**The Business Woman.**"

The April issue . . . the Easter number . . . carrying a widely interesting editorial appeal, as well as a varied representation of advertisers . . . gives a direct contact with a profitable market.

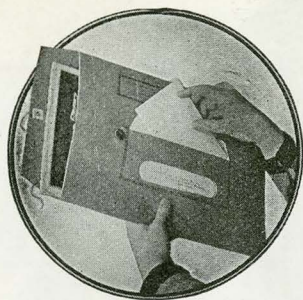
As alert, progressive business men and women who want to do business with feminine business Toronto, cultivate this market via The Business Woman.

April issue last forms close April 3.

*A phone call to Elgin 7405-6
will bring a representative.*

THE BUSINESS WOMAN

Published once each month by The Business Woman Publishing Co.,
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IMPRESSION

is created when your letter and mailing piece arrive together.

Direct reaction is bound to follow. Why not suggest to your boss that he investigate the

Dualmail Envelopes

Prices and particulars gladly sent on request.

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Toronto 2

The Editor Talks

FOR the courteous interest of a reader of *The Business Woman* the editor extends sincere thanks for so kindly drawing attention to a foolish and inexcusable misuse of a word. This was in connection with a reference in the "Downtowner" of last issue to curling apropos of the recent Bonspiel. Curling, according to the item, was described as an enervating sport, which it is anything but. What the writer of the item really meant to convey the editor does not know, but meekly accepts the implied reprimand for having missed the glaring error.

* * * *

Favorable comment upon Miss Margaret Brown's letter in the "No Grouch" department of last issue of *The Business Woman* suggests an oversight of the editor in not stating that Miss Brown is Secretary-Treasurer of Marketing Publishers Ltd., which enterprising corporation twice every month publishes "Marketing," Canada's advertising journal, a most worthily edited periodical for those interested in buying, selling or writing advertising. Miss Brown, one of the youngest members in years, if not actually the youngest member, of the Canadian Business and Professional Women's Club in Toronto, is well known to readers of this publication, in the progress of which she is sufficiently interested to now and again contribute something very interesting and decidedly to the point. The letter referred to in last issue was just that.

* * * *

Apropos of Miss Brown's letter above referred to, it is pleasing to receive similar sentiments from the Dominion Capital. A letter from Miss Winefride M. P. Raye appears elsewhere in this issue, and the editor confesses that the first paragraph in Miss Raye's letter was not the least interesting. Thank you, Miss Raye, and it is also nice to hear now and again from those whose "Chief Has No Grouch."

* * * *

Two contests announced in this issue are for bona fide business women, and please observe that contestants are not asked to buy anything, subscribe to anything, or become a member of anything. You can take pictures. Take a "shot" or two and enter them in the "Amateur Photography Contest." No limit to the number you may send in.

* * * *

Then there's the Summer Holiday Story Contest—and professional writ-

(Turn to page 7)

Do Business Women Appreciate GOOD FOOD?

If you take a look in Martin's any day at noon hour, you'll see the reason why we think the answer is "Yes". Every day scores of fastidious and discriminating business women who appreciate dainty, appetizing food dine at Martin's.

And so—if you are a 'downtown lunching' business woman who appreciates good food—may we serve you too?

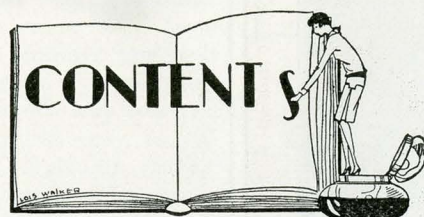
Martin's Cafeterias Ltd.

99 Yonge Street - - 20 Adelaide St. West
55 King St. East, Hamilton

VOLUME 5

TORONTO

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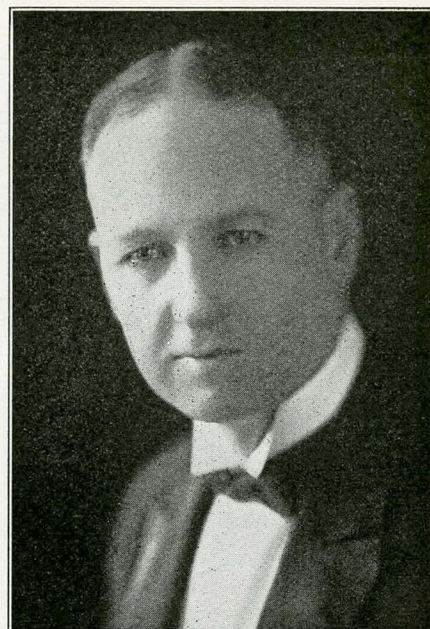
A magazine devoted to the various interests of
the woman in business and the professions

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accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes. All contributions should be addressed
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Footwear that is smart and at
the same time the acme of com-
fort.

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opportunities in the business
world.

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shoe problems over CFRB each Tues-
day evening at 7.15.

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



*Senator The Honourable
Cairine McKay Wilson*

A CHARMING personality and a rare equipment of good common sense have endeared Canada's first woman Senator not only to those who have heard and seen her but to millions who have read about her appointment and her achievements. Senator Wilson's maiden address in the Red Chamber was delivered both in French and English.

The Editor Talks

(Continued from page 4)

ers are barred. That makes the prize money more within the amateur's reach. When you came back from your vacation last summer you just made your girl friends' eyes pop out with the zippy, vivacious way you told them about it. Just as easy to put your own natural style on paper. There's a Last Season Holiday Story in this issue. It may have a clue or two for contestants. The main thing is tell just what your best friend would want to know about where, how and why and the cost of it.

* * * *

From a subscriber in a New Brunswick town came a letter that was very pleasing to the editor. A part of that letter is here reproduced—not because of its compliment to "The Business Woman," though that is appreciated, but because of the suggestion to other readers that they make practical use of their magazine. "Since my subscription started some fifteen or sixteen months ago, I have read each magazine carefully, and I have read the most of them more than once or twice. I have saved each number, and the issues that I have received are in my files at the office, as they contain important information along the lines of my work. That alone tells you how I appreciate The Business Woman, but I would like to tell you further that when I took out my subscription to the magazine I had just been advanced to a position to which I was quite new. It was my first job, and I had been in the office some six months or so and was just getting into the office routine. I knew nothing whatever about filing, and very little about the line which we manufacture: Your "Office Hints" and discussions regarding offices, stenographers, employers, etc., helped me more than I can ever tell you; the ideas they presented assisted me to my present position as private secretary to the sales manager and senior stenographer in the sales department with five girls under me. But I will admit that I did not feel it was necessary to tell my boss that a lot of my "original" ideas came from The Business Woman!"

* * * *

It is so refreshing to have this kind of a letter from a Toronto business girl who accepted the editor's invitation to "also tell if your Chief isn't a Grouch," and then the second paragraph of the same letter was also pleasant as well as encouraging:

(Turn to page 30)

Short Cuts in the Office

A Ready Pencil Sharpener

A piece of emery or sandpaper stuck at the right-hand corner of one's desk proves a ready pencil sharpener for a pencil, the lead of which is not yet worn to the wood.

A. B. R., Toronto.

* * * *

Using Rubber Stamps

For anyone that uses a large number of rubber stamps for terming orders, it is much quicker to sort the orders first, placing each kind in a separate pile. In this way you can go through each pile with one stamp, instead of hunting through the stamps each time.

M. W. Peterborough.

* * * *

Clean Notebooks

There is nothing so disgusting as a grubby-looking notebook, yet it is difficult to keep clean, being so constantly in use. Two pieces of stiff cardboard cut the size of your notebook, and bound together at the ends with a linen strip two inches wide, by the width of the cardboard, makes a suitable cover that can be attached with an elastic to the cover of your notebook, and detached when the book is filled. I suggest a grey cardboard.

M. J. R., Ottawa.

* * * *

Writing Signed Letters

When it is necessary for the manager to leave the office immediately after dictating a letter which must go out promptly and which he wishes to bear his signature, I gauge from my notes the space the letter will occupy and the correct location of the signature. He signs a blank sheet of letterhead in the place indicated, or possibly two sheets if there is doubt as to how much room the letter will take up.

M. C. H., Toronto.

* * * *

Using the Notebook

The average dictator gives his stenographer the file, letter, or papers to which he is referring. In such event it has been found that much convenience is experienced if the shorthand notes appertaining to the matter in question are torn from the notebook and placed with the affected papers. This, because frequently the order of dictation is not the order of

typewriting, certain parts taking precedence on account of urgency, which results in the breaking of the continuity of the notes, with a danger of oversight here and there.

To counter any possible charge of extravagance, it should be noted that such detached sheets (always containing, of course, dictation pertaining to the one matter in hand) need not be wasted. Rather, the notes having been transcribed, the clear spaces may be used for future dictation. The half used pages may be laid within the back cover across which has been placed, say, a piece of sticky tape, the ends (only) of which are fastened to the outer side of the said cover, beneath which the loose sheets are inserted.

A. B. R., Toronto.

More Pointers on Indexing

THE pointers on indexing, correspondence, orders and bills published in the January issue of "The Business Woman" met with so favorable a reception that this further instalment is offered from the same source.

15. Mc and M' are abbreviations of Mac. Theoretically names beginning with Mc and Mac should be indexed as if beginning with Mac, but this fact is not generally known. There are so many names beginning with Mc that it is expedient to arrange them as spelled—Mc—instead of indexing under Mac. (See example below).

In the same way, names spelled M' are indexed by M and the letter following. Example:

M'Donald as Mdonald.

Mac is indexed as written. Example:

Mac Donald.
Mack.
Mac Leod.
Matthews.
Mc Cabe.
Mc Murray.
M'Donald.
Meade.
M'Fadden.
Morton.
M'Sweeney.

16. Names of towns as New Hamburg, New Liskeard, New Lowell,

etc., are considered as one word.
Example:

Newhamburg.
Newliskeard.
Newlowell.

17. Proper names such as Inter-Provincial or Pan-American are considered as one word. Example:
Interprovincial.
Panamerican.

18. Titles or names beginning with numerals such as 4th Regiment Cavalry should be written as though the numerals were spelled out, as

Fourth Regiment Cavalry.

19. Apostrophe S ('s) indicating singular possessive is not considered in indexing. Example:

Martin's—considered as Martin.

20. S Apostrophe (s') indicating plural possessive, is indexed as written. Example:

Boys' Camp.

21. Abbreviations are considered as though spelled in full, with the exception of Mc. (See Rule No. 15.) Example:

Geo. indexed George.

Jno. indexed John.

B.C. indexed British Columbia.

St. indexed Saint.

22. Organizations, schools, etc., the names of which begin with the names of individuals, are filed under the surnames and cross reference is made by given names. Example:

John Brown High School, indexed Brown, John, High School.

23. When there is a repetition of names, such as

Canadian Pacific Railway, London,
Canadian Pacific Railway, Montreal,
Canadian Pacific Railway, Toronto,
Canadian Pacific Railway, Vancouver,

they are alphabetically arranged back of the surname guides by the name of the town, disregarding the province or country.

24. Federal, provincial, county, and city records are considered as follows:

(a) Federal: Federal government records, covering all departments, are first filed under Dominion of Canada, followed by department and then bureau of the department, all arranged alphabetically as to title, the bureaus alphabetically after the departments they belong under.

(b) Provincial: All provincial government indexing should be under the name of the province.

(c) County: All county government indexing should be under the name of the city or town which is the county seat, not under the name of the county.

The reason for this rule is that stationery used by most county clerks

is printed without the name of the county, usually reading: "County Clerk's Office," followed by the city or town in which it is located.

(d) City: All city indexing should be under the name of the city. Example:

City of Toronto is indexed Toronto (City of).

The departments of Provinces, Counties, and Cities, should be alphabetically arranged, and under the departments the bureaus are filed alphabetically.

25. Names of magazines, papers and stores, operating under names such as The Saturday Evening Post, The Herald and The Star, should be indexed under the name of the publication or the title of the store and cross-indexed under the name of the firm responsible for them, such as:

The Herald—John D. Power & Co.
The Saturday Evening Post—Curtis Publishing Co.

When an individual's or firm's correspondence is voluminous enough it may be divided into:

Monthly Folders, one for each month.

Bi-Monthly Folders, one for each two months.

Quarterly Folders, one for each three months.

Semi-annual Folders, one for each six months.

Where frequent reference is made, YawmanotE folders (made of YawmanotE, a tough rope stock) are used, and where an individual's correspondence has voluminous expansion, YawmanotE folders are used. These are also arranged, if desired, to hold monthly, bi-monthly, quarterly, or semi-annual correspondence.

Use typewriting, all Capitals, not handwriting in making up folders.

Put papers into the folders in the order of dates, always the latest to the front of the folder.

File folders back of guides, never in front of them.

Use a Cross Reference Sheet in folders where correspondence refers to more than one subject or person.

Writing Labels

Use "Office Specialty" Form 99 Labels. They can easily be put into the typewriter and written up. When pasted on the tabs of folders, they reinforce the tabs and give a uniform and neat appearance. Different colored labels may be used if desired.

In alphabetical filing always write the surname first, with given name and initials following. Example:

Yawman, Francis J.

Write on the label the number of

(Turn to page 30)

For—From—Of Women in Business and Professional Life

The Kumtuks Club of Victoria, B.C., at a recent business meeting decided to be represented at the First Convention of Canadian Business and Professional Women's Clubs, to be held in Winnipeg July 2 to 5, 1930. Tentative plans were also made for a joint meeting of the Kumtuks and Vancouver Business and Professional Women's Club at Nanaimo, May 23 and 24.

* * * *

More than 60 members attended a theatre party arranged by the program committee of the Edmonton Catholic Business Girls' Club. After seeing "Pointed Heels" at the Empress Theatre, supper was enjoyed at the Rose Room.

* * * *

According to a report from London, women of the British Civil Service are of the opinion that women should resign on marriage.

Nearly 7,000 members of the Civil Service Clerical Association have been balloted on the question whether women should retain their position in the service after marriage, and by a big majority have answered "No." The questions submitted by the association were:

1. Are you in favor of the retention of women in the service after marriage, if the marriage gratuity is thereby forfeited by all?

2. Are you in favor of the retention of women in the service after marriage, in the event of the gratuity being retained for those who retire on marriage?

To the first question 4,795 women answered in the negative, and only 138 in the affirmative. To question number two, 3,537 women voted against the retention, and 1,396 in favor of it.

"The ballot has shown us that when the question is clearly put to them, we find women taking much the same view as men," said W. J. Brown, M.P., secretary of the association, to a reporter recently. "There is a general feeling, I think, among these young women with unemployment at its present figure it is better to have

(Turn to Page 22)

The Romance of Typewriter Invention

Early Promoters Did Not Visualize Subsequent Market

"Printed" Letters of First Typewriter Reflection on Ability to Read "Written"

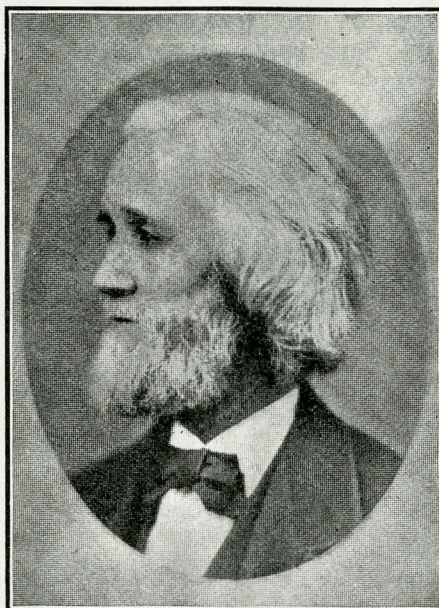
By KATHERINE O'NEILL

STENOGRAPHERS and Typewriters! Imagine the business world of to-day endeavoring to get along without them! Why the idea is absurdly inconceivable! And yet, fifty-seven years ago there wasn't a commercial stenographer in the world, and the inventor of the first commercial typewriter—Christopher Latham Sholes—was seeking to induce E. Remington & Sons, famous gunmakers of Ilion, N.Y., to take up the manufacture of a "type-writer," on the invention of which he had worked hard and patiently for six long years, building some twenty-five or thirty models in all before he finally evolved the model which he submitted to them.

Sholes, of course, wasn't the first and only man who attempted to invent a mechanical writing machine. As early as 1714 a British patent was granted by Her Majesty Queen Anne to one of her subjects, and from that time on French and American inventors seem to have vied with one another for the honor of perfected invention, which finally fell to the American, Sholes.

His historic contract with E. Remington & Sons, dated March 1, 1873, was for the manufacture of his invention, but later the Remington firm acquired complete ownership, and Sholes is said to have sold his royalty rights for \$12,000—a huge sum in his day, but how paltry an amount for his priceless invention!

During the American Civil War E. Remington & Sons had manufactured the arms used by the Northern forces, and the fame of their guns reached the four corners of the globe. When their war contracts were completed they supplemented their curtailed output by the manufacture of sewing machines, and the fact that the mechanical expert in charge of the sewing machine department was entrusted with the manufacture of their new product perhaps explains why their first typewriter model so closely resembled the family sewing machine, with its foot treadle for operating the carriage return, and its



CHRISTOPHER LATHAM SHOLES,
Typewriter Inventor.

ornamental ironwork stand. Nevertheless many fundamental features of to-day's product were embodied in that first model, chief among them being the universal keyboard arrangement in practically its present standard form, the escapement which causes the letter spacing, the mechanisms for the return of the carriage and line spacing, and the arrangement of the type-bars so that they all struck the paper at a common printing point. In one important respect it differed from to-day's model, though—it wrote capital letters only—and this limitation no doubt largely affected its claims to commercial popularity, for it was not until 1878, when E. Remington & Sons, with all the mechanical and inventive genius at their command, were able to produce a shift-key machine that would print both capitals and small letters, that the typewriter began to win wide and favorable notice.

In the meantime the Remington people spent much time, effort and money endeavoring to sell "the idea" of a typewriter to the public. It really resolved itself into the task of selling a \$125 machine to perform the

work of a penny pen—for the promoters didn't realize—and therefore couldn't use it as a selling point—that the greatest value of the machine was not its legibility, but its tremendous labor-saving—therefore money-saving—possibilities. Indeed, some of the selling arguments embodied in the first typewriter catalogue were more ludicrous than convincing, as for instance the claim that "Persons traveling by sea can write with it when pen writing is impossible!" Even with our present day proficiency in the use of the typewriter we have our doubts as to the force or truth of this argument!

The promoters, moreover, seemed vague as to whom they should try to interest as prospective users of the typewriter, and we find them in their catalogue appealing first to court reporters, next to lawyers, editors, authors and clergymen, but to the great army of subsequent users—the business man—nothing more forceful is directed than the timid argument, "The merchant, the banker, all men of business can perform the labor of letter writing with much saving of valuable time."

The few who had purchased the invention, moreover, did not accord the promoters unqualified encouragement. There seems to have been strong prejudice against the typewritten letter, and the story goes that a Kentucky mountaineer returned his to the man who sent it, with the indignant words scribbled on the margin:

"You don't need to print no letters for me. I kin read writin'," while a Texas insurance man and banker in the seventies received a reply from one of his agents to a typewritten letter he had sent him, which read in part:

" 'I realize, Mr. Johns, that I do not possess the education which you have. However, until your last letter I have always been able to read the writing. I do not think it was necessary then, nor will be in the future, to have your letters to me taken to the printers, and set up like a hand bill. I will be able to read your writ-

ing, and am deeply chagrined to think you thought such a course necessary. . . ."

Even mark Twain, who was one of the very first to purchase a typewriter (as early as 1874), was reluctant to give a testimonial for the first catalogue. However, the compilers of the catalogue incorporated his reply to their request in the catalogue—a rather intriguing bit of daredevilry considering the text of the letter:

"Hartford, Mar. 19, 1875.

"Gentlemen: Please do not use my name in any way. Please do not even divulge the fact that I own a machine. I have entirely stopped using the type-writer, for the reason that I never could write a letter with it to anybody without receiving a request by return mail that I would not only describe the machine, but state what progress I had made in the use of it, etc., etc. I don't like to write letters, and so I don't want people to know that I own this curiosity breeding little joker. Yours truly, Saml. L. Clemens."

However, Mark Twain in an earlier letter to his brother is more complimentary with regard to his typewriter:

" . . . The machine costs \$125. It has several virtues. I believe it will print faster than I can write. One may lean back in his chair and work it. It piles an awful stack of words on one page. It don't muss things or scatter ink blots around. Of course it saves paper. . . ."

To Mark Twain, moreover, belongs the distinction of being the first author to submit a typewritten manuscript to a publisher. In his "Autobiography" he refers to this book as "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," but his memory must have been at fault in this, for a letter of his written many years earlier proves the book to have been "Life on the Mississippi." The identity of the book is not as important, however, as the fact that he was the first to adopt the practice, now universal among authors, of submitting typewritten manuscripts.

However, in spite of the discouraging results of their efforts, the promoters continued to work hard to interest the public in their invention. When the great Centennial Exhibition opened in Philadelphia in 1876, a specially built model was found on display, but although it was finished in mother-of-pearl, and lavishly decorated in the taste of fifty years ago, the public was neither dazzled nor convinced. Very few machines were sold, and about the only revenue de-

rived by the exhibitors was from samples of typewriting sold as curios for a quarter a piece.

It is interesting to note that this Centennial Exhibition has since become memorable as the occasion of the first public appearance of two of the greatest inventions of modern times—the telephone and the typewriter. But how different their receptions of it! The news of Alexander Graham Bell's achievement was



No, it is not a sewing machine. It is a Model 1 Remington Typewriter.

heralded around the world in cable dispatches and newspaper headlines, while the typewriter, which was destined to rival even the telephone in the magnitude of its service to the world, apart from arousing a curiosity that contained a note of ridicule, was given little serious notice.

Another outstanding obstacle to the early progress of the typewriter was the task of furnishing an operator—for in those days there were none to be had—and it was this necessity of supplying an operator that led to the growth of another distinctive feature of the typewriter business—the free employment department for stenographers and typists maintained for the service of typewriter users. Today these employment departments in the various cities throughout the country, place thousands of stenographers and typists each year.

Before the employment departments could function, however, people had to be taught to use the typewriters, and this brought about the estab-

lishment of the modern system of commercial education. Up to this time the "business colleges" that existed taught only bookkeeping and very fancy penmanship. Now they began to teach typewriting and shorthand.

Then another extraordinary thing happened! Shorthand up to this time had had a restricted field of usefulness, just as the typewriter had had a very limited sale. Now the two joined forces. Their partnership was the most remarkable in all business history, and although it was not realized just at the moment, it assured the tremendous future demand for the typewriter.

It seemed unkind that now, after E. Remington & Sons had incurred a despairing load of debt in the early manufacture and sales promotion of the typewriter—after they had perfected the shift key model (in 1878) that was winning wide popularity for the machine—and after they had secured an outstandingly aggressive sales agency to handle their output—it seemed unkind that the typewriter was to pass forever out of their control. But the old firm was burdened with debts incurred through wasteful factory methods, and in an endeavor to satisfy their creditors they decided to part with their interest in the typewriter. Their sales agents—Messrs. Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict—realizing that they were on the verge of tremendous financial returns from the invention they had so long nurtured, strongly urged the Remingtons not to sell, but finally when all persuasion failed, they themselves offered to buy the plant. Thus in 1886 the entire plant used in the manufacture of the machine, together with all patent rights, franchises, etc., necessary to a complete control of the business, were purchased by Messrs. Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict, and in 1903 the corporate name was changed to "Remington Typewriter Company."

Once a real start had been made, the progress of the typewriter continued without interruption. Moreover the new control followed up in determined fashion the invasion that had been timidly begun by E. Remington & Sons on the European market, and although in addition to the early obstacles that had been encountered in America, were added the rooted conservatism of an older civilization, and the more deliberate and leisurely habits of its people, the typewriter began to win friends and favor, many of the crowned heads of Europe, Count Tolstoi, Lloyd George,

(Turn to page 29, please)

Club Life

TORONTO

March 1st and 8th will long stand out in the memory of all who were closely connected with "The Bridges," and it is doubted whether anything recently attempted did as much toward bringing us into enviable prominence as did these occasions, when four hundred tables of players gathered to fill The Arcadian Court at Simpson's to capacity, and necessitate the overflow—itsself a great crowd—of two hundred tables the following Saturday.

The assiduous efforts of Dorothy Persis Child and her hard-working committee were royally crowned. Nothing could have been more enjoyable or more calculated to satisfy than the lavish entertainment supplied. The frequenter of afternoon bridge parties looks forward to dainty refreshments and a small table prize in addition to the period of play amidst pleasant surroundings and gaily dressed companions, but add to this the gift of a favor—the dearest quaint individual salt and peppers—candies, and a valuable prize for every twenty tables, and you have created a precedent worthy of comment. Then, of course, the Fashion Show was itself enough to warm the feminine heart, and tea served in record time left us deeply impressed with the service rendered Arcadian Court patrons.

The club as a whole is to be congratulated for the whole-hearted manner in which it adopted Miss Child's cause, and the hard work of many who toiled day and night to ensure its success. And to Miss Child herself, and her equally efficient committee, we can only express our deepest feelings of appreciation for giving so freely of their time and energies.

Elizabeth Dixon, M. E. Toyne, Ann Smith, and Therese Spoor form the bridge committee, while the eighteen captains were Alice Aylesworth, Marjorie Bastedo, Eva Dillon, Adelaide Child, Vera Dore, Zetta Harper, E. M. Everall, Ruth M. Gray, Eleanor A. Hiley, Ida Lynn, Marjorie Johnson, M. Magee, Anne O'Connell, "Billie" Ross, M. Pennington, Ann Smith, Lillian Yenny, Mrs. Hurd and Mrs. R. U. Stone.

* * * *

A pleasant aftermath for the "busy bees" was the meeting to dine on

Thursday, March 20th, after which an evening of bridge, free from all responsibility, was indulged in, and experiences conned.

* * * *

The bowlers are entering the final stages of their play, with the Kroflites still leading and favored to win. Erie Miller's chances of high single are excellent, leaving little room for doubt. The usual Sports Dinner can be expected early in April. Keep it in mind.

* * * *

On March 19th we were fortunate in having a club dinner, with a speaker, who entertained delightfully, prior to the formalities of a special business meeting.

* * * *

The club has been asked to lend its patronage in support of a week of English Opera—week of March 23rd—and has chosen Wednesday night, and "Hugh the Drover," Vaughan Williams' colorful opera. Tickets are being taken up at the moment of writing, and it is hoped a representative crowd will attend en bloc.

* * * *

Saturday, March 29th, will be the occasion of the last afternoon tea of the season. The Membership Committee is in charge, and extends a cordial invitation to all members, with special stress on "prospective member" of your acquaintance. The new year will soon be dawning for us, and a heavy slate of new members should greet the incoming executive. Nothing would be more appreciated.

* * * *

Those of us who were able to lunch at the club when we were acting as hosts to Martha Norelius immediately after her successful Wrigley swim at the Exhibition last fall, will feel a keen personal interest in the news that she has been married to Joe Wright, Jr., the winner of the Diamond Sculls. Such an alliance of athletes will, we sincerely hope, prove an acquisition for our city.

* * * *

The morning papers of March 14th carried the quiet announcement of the marriage of Marianne Adele, daughter of Mrs. W. H. Lash, of Galt, and Howard Cunningham Charlton of Toronto, which took place the previous evening at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. R. B. Johnston,

72 Heath St. West. After the ceremony the bridal couple left for Saint John, N.B., where they sailed by the S.S. Melita for England. Congratulations Miss Lash—or perhaps we should already say—Mrs. Charlton.

* * * *

Following close on the example of Miss Lash comes Miss Olive B. Cale, who became Mrs. Hamilton des Barres Sims on Saturday, March 15th. Mr. Sims is engaged in scientific research at the Connaught Laboratories. Mrs. Sims intends to continue her business, insofar as is compatible with her changed estate. Congratulations and increased success!

* * * *

With March the first the occasion of 1,600 bridge players meeting at the Arcadian Court, one almost wonders that any were left, yet Mrs. Dennell entertained a party of forty at the club that same afternoon; a group of twelve and another of six teachers dined and entertained the same day; Olive Heughan brought a party of twenty to dinner and bridge on the 20th—always keeping an eye on "prospects"; Mrs. McGregor, president of the Women Teachers' Club, was hostess at dinner to some fifteen friends, and Camilla Casserly held an intimate party in St. Patrick's honor on Saturday, March 15th, presenting each of her guests with a pot of shamrock.

* * * *

During the month we were favored with a luncheon call from Miss Kilbourne, president of the Owen Sound Business Women's Club. Spring millinery had called Miss Kilbourne to Toronto and she dropped in informally. News of our successful "Bridges" had travelled north and been received with due impressiveness. Our Owen Sound sisters had recently been "At Home" at their headquarters in the Y.W.C.A. to afternoon tea, the proceeds of which—some thirty-five dollars—had been donated to the work of the association. We gleaned that the question of Federation was still exercising the minds of Owen Sound business women, and felt somewhat comforted thereby. Lacking the responsibilities of permanent quarters, and corresponding fees, as they do, our own attitude towards Federation appeared not quite so remiss.

* * * *

Largely to two of our members, Miss Marion Mitchell and Miss Dodge, are we indebted for the representation our club received in the Robert Simpson Company's "Budget

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Assembling An Ensemble

Highlights for the Easter Parade

By GRACE ELSTON



WITH Easter just around the corner, the business woman considers her clothes.

How often have we stopped to look in a store window at some particularly enticing display of frocks or coats or suits, marked at a price that seems very low for such attractive looking costumes! And how often have we purchased these same frocks or coats or suits only to find that we have absolutely nothing to wear with them! Therein lies the necessity for considering the ensemble.

Ensemble—a little word, but it covers such a vast deal nowadays in comparison with its former limited meaning of a rather formal suit. It means the co-operation of frocks and coats, the choice of hat and gloves and purse, the matching up of hosiery tones. And the wide dissemination of fashion information of the present era has done much to make the wo-

man of to-day style, or ensemble, conscious. It is a rare sight to see glaring errors in the way of color harmony. But all this requires time and thought.

It is a disputed point as to whether the coat or the frock is the keynote of the wardrobe. Just to take a stand, let us say it is the coat. For the business woman will undoubtedly buy and wear four or five frocks with every coat. This year, coats are so interesting, with the little shoulder capes—and it's a rather practical fashion—for next year if capes are out they can very easily be removed and the resulting coat making a complete change.

For the coat that must go every day to business simplicity is the best.

Is there anything that looks quite so bedraggled as a "fussy" coat, perhaps a little the worse for wear, on a rainy morning in the wee sma' hours of eight o'clock or so on its way to the office? A coat can be simple and yet

(Turn to page 16)

It Was A Draw

By ROBERT A. ANDERSON, Jr.

PARTIALLY owing to the large financial reimbursements attained in sport, and to a lesser extent for their fondness of fisticuffs, Messrs. Laminovitch and Lapidowski were prizefighters, or in the less polite language of some sports-writers, maulers. Neither Mr. Laminovitch or Lapidowski, however, engaged in battle under those names. Such tactics, they believed, would have been fatal, and accordingly, for the benefit of the Irish, when they entered a ring they immediately became Pat O'Halloran and "Mauling Michael" Flanagan.

Mr. Laminovitch, alias O'Halloran, had but one desire in life. To marry, settle down, and start a small pawn shop with his winnings. Mr. Lapidowski, alias Flanagan, had somewhat the same ideals for a peaceful old age—far removed from the realms of cauliflower ears and broken noses. He wished to marry, settle down, and start a second hand clothing store. These ambitions on the part of the fisticuffs were indeed most laudable, but there was one slight hitch in both plans. In fact it was a most serious hitch.

They both wanted to marry and settle down with the same lady. She was Sadie Rosenbloom, who was a widow with three children, and twenty-five thousand dollars, collected by a somewhat pecunious husband over a period of years in the moving picture business. He was not a producer or anything like that. He had a nickelodeon, and Sadie at one time took in the tickets. Later she had taken in Mr. Rosenbloom, and after five years he had passed peacefully away leaving her his money and three little darlings to help her pass the fleeting hours.

Both the mitt artists believed that Mrs. Rosenbloom was ideal for them.

They did not like the idea of the three darling kiddies, but they believed the twenty-five thousand dollars did much to obviate any inconvenience they might cause.

There is one more point that must be explained before the real tragedy is unfolded. Neither Mr. Laminovitch nor Mr. Lapidowski had the faintest idea that either was fond of the good widow.

It was about the end of Septem-

soft and inspected the horizon, which seemed to be dotted with twenty-five thousand one dollar green backs. It was indeed a pleasant vista, and then and there he resolved that one punch on the button would place Mr. Flanagan on the canvas for a sufficient period to win him the lady fair and the twenty-ve thousand.

"It's a wonderful life," sighed Mr. O'Halloran through his slightly puffed lips, "a wonderful life. What

I don't do to that guy won't be worth speaking about."

"Beat him plenty" said the mother of three.

"I sure will, all over," replied the doughty Semitic Irish. Then he went home.

It was perhaps fortunate that Mr. O'Halloran had rounded the corner before Mr. Flanagan arrived at the widow's portal. Else there would have been no grand fisticuffs on the following evening, for the fight would probably have been staged on the good lady's front stoop. However, Mr. O'Halloran was out of sight when Flanagan arrived, and everything was as

tranquil as a pastoral by Whistler.

Mr. Flanagan sank contentedly into the soft which his rival had so lately vacated. He sighed with the protracted and painful elegance known only to prize fighters. He patted the widow's hands with his massive paws. Then he spoke.

"If I licks this guy to-morrow, honey," he whispered in a voice which could be heard for at least two blocks, and which resembled in tonal effect the fog horn of the Mauretania, "will you marry me?"

The widow gazed into his loving eyes. They were both blackened from wallops received in practice.

"I will," she whispered.

"I have six thousand, nine hundred

(Turn to page 30, please)



"... Together they went up the steps."

ber that Messrs. O'Halloran and Flanagan were matched to meet each other. It was to be their last fight. Mainly because Mr. O'Halloran was no longer young, having achieved the age of forty, while Mr. Flanagan's years totalled thirty-five. Both ripe old ages for ring warriors.

On the night before the fight Mr. O'Halloran, who owing to the imminence of battle had adopted his Celtic cognomen, visited the widow Rosenbloom.

"If I win the fight Sadie," said he romantically, "will you marry me? I will have seven thousand dollars and ninety cents then, which is enough to start a nice little pawn shop."

"Sure, if you wins," replied the somewhat material Sadie.

Mr. O'Halloran leaned back in the

Speaking of Summer Holidays

"IT PAYS TO PLAY"

Can You Write An Interesting Story About Your
Last Year's Vacation?

CASH PRIZE CONTEST

FOR AMATEUR WRITERS

The Subject Is: "My Last Summer's Vacation"

You may tell how and where you spent it, the
cost of it, etc.

"The Business Woman" offers Cash Prizes
as follows:

First Prize, \$15.00; Second Prize, \$10.00; Third Prize, \$5.00

CONDITIONS

1. The writer must not be a professional writer employed wholly or in part in literary work.
2. The writer must be in a business or profession as an employee or on her own account.
3. Name of firm or employer to be given (not for publication).
4. Story must not be more than 1,000 words. Credit will be given for accompanying pictures, the latter to be returned to sender.
5. Publishers of "The Business Woman" to have the right to publish any story submitted, with name of writer, or non de plume if preferred.
6. The decision of the judges to be final.
7. Contest closes April 30, 1930; stories received after that will be deemed too late for the contest.

Judges will be in no way connected with The Business Woman. Their names to be announced in the April issue.

Send your story to Contest Editor
The Business Woman, 177 Jarvis Street, Toronto

That Young Brother

needs a month—or two months—at a good summer camp, where his play, his sleep and his food will be properly supervised and directed, where companionship is clean, wholesome and healthy. Such a camp is



Camp Wanapitei

on Lake Wanapitei

under the personal direction of E. B. Archibald, who during his athletic career was associated with the Y.M.C.A. and took an active part in all its religious, social and physical activities.

Ask for particulars
and references.

E. B. ARCHIBALD, 24 Adelaide St. W., Toronto
After July 1st, Camp Wanapitei, Skead, Ont.

Summer Holidays

By K. ST. LAWRENCE

TRAMPING the highways of Northern Ontario—there's no more delightful holiday offered in this world. The three of us—all business girls—set off for our open roads in a new Ford car. There wasn't any trouble on the whole trip that was crammed with adventure, with laughter, and life—and not a single mishap, except the occasional tipping of a coffee pot and tearing of stocking knee.

We didn't actually "rough it" as people say when they sleep in cold tents in wet weather, and live on bacon and bread. We took our car, travelled where we liked, followed the open road, stopped on the impulse, talked with whom we wished, ate when the pangs of hunger demanded, and always had before us the wild ruggedness of the North, and the romance of its people, from the Indians on Manitoulin to the Germans of the Ontario settlements.

You'll be surprised at this. For our ten-day vagabonding we wore skirts. Absolutely the feminine garb of a country woman who is used to "skirting" the woods. Our suits were wool jersey, our stockings lisle, and our shoes would have marked us forever as sensible ladies.

We carried our provisions with us, but packed light. In the back of the Ford was a tin box with bacon, crackers, cheese, marmalade, a little tin kettle and frying pan. That's the way we took the open road, and I would not change that trip for all the aperitifs, petites maisons, and boulevards of Paris.

Our hearts full of courage, our Ford full of gas, we left Toronto one day and passed beyond the city limits, headed in the general direction of the Arctic Ocean.

Gravenhurst was our first port of call, our first picnic lunch. In the afternoon we pushed on to Huntsville, and there spent the night, deserting the car the next day for a sail through the Lake of Bays.

From Huntsville our way wound on through Burks Falls, to Sundridge, and a visit to the Glen Bernard Camp for girls. Then to North Bay, and from there, over the much-talked of highway that was opened two years ago, towards Temagami.

About six miles north of North Bay there is a stone archway which marks the entrance to the Temagami Forest Reserve. Here a forest ranger takes

the names of the cars passengers, gives the driver a permit, and warns all and sundry that for the next sixty-five miles no oil or gasoline can be purchased.

This highway has been built through virgin forest, but at every three miles or so, there is a clearing, and a camp. A sign indicates where pure water can be found. No one could resist the invitation of a large stone grate, and plentiful supply of wood. Benches and tables stand about, and there is a register, nailed to a tree, perhaps to keep tourists from carving the trees.

Ninety per cent. of the names registered were of American tourists, and all those we encountered were high in their praises of Canada's wonderful Northland.

One gets many thrills going up the short hills and down again with almost the sensation of the Sunnyside flyer. There are many sharp turns and dozens of small lakes, nestling in the forest, which one glimpses unexpectedly at the turns of the road. In some spots the trees nearly met overhead, and as we passed through at the going down of the sun the shadows made it seem like fairyland.

We came into Temagami as late dusk was settling on the Northland and the air had the tingle of the cold summer nights. We took our Ford—Robert Louis Stevenson's donkey was never such a fine travelling companion as our pretty car—to a garage and put it to bed for the week-end. Then we sailed the broad seas for Bear Island.

We're not the only people in the world who see romance on Bear Island. Motion picture people had penetrated that part of Canada for the location on a story. Few Indians in the history of Canada ever came forth in the native garb which the motion picture people left those natives. We saw them decked out in their scenic glory at a dance we attended at the Island. Then, of course, there is a Hudson Bay post there, and that adds a touch of romance—you expect to see Royal Mounted Police and men in white and red woollen costumes like the stage setting in Rose Marie. Well, it was better than that.

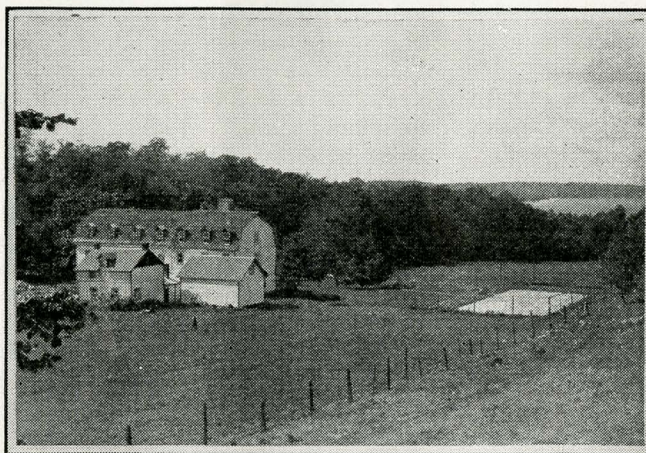
Saturday night the pavilion was to be opened for a dance. Pavilion and dance sound like taxis, tulle and gold slippers. We got to the pavilion with the aid of flashlights to guide us over the rough trail. Then we came to the big barn like place, lighted with smoky lanterns, and filled with the pe-

Speaking of Summer Holidays "IT PAYS TO PLAY"

Pinelands House

A Summer Home for the Business Woman
"In Beautiful Muskoka"

Tennis — Bowling — Bathing — Hiking



Pinelands House is on the south shore of Lake Joseph and commands a splendid view of the water.

Steamers land at Pinelands' own wharf, connecting daily with C.N.R. and C.P.R.

On good motor road — a delightful 135 mile trip from Toronto via Gravenhurst.

Every room an outside room and electric lighted.

Good food, well cooked, and lots of it. Clean, safe, sandy bathing beach. Long distance telephone, telegraphic connection and post office right in the hotel.

Write for prospectus and rates.

Pinelands House, Pinelands P.O., Muskoka, Ont.

Manitoulin Island Invites the Business Woman and Her Car

Fishing — Swimming — Motoring

If you would have a summer holiday away from the crowds, the hustle, bustle, noise and dust—where you can enjoy one grand, refreshing, invigorating outing—come up to

EAGLE'S NEST, on Lake Manitou

Rent one of our furnished bungalows for a week or a month and enjoy camping de luxe. Do your own cooking, or for a small sum have an Indian woman do the little housekeeping, laundering, etc., necessary.

Our three-roomed bungalows have everything needed. Bring no dishes, cutlery or bedding—nothing but your own soap, towels and bathing suit. The publishers of "The Business Woman"

can tell you what luxurious beds and bedding there are at Eagle's Nest.

But don't come without your motor car and fishing tackle—such wonderful trout and bass—such splendid roads and sunshine—no snakes, no mosquitoes, no hay-fever.

Write us for rates and dates and we'll tell you how to bring your car to Manitoulin and enjoy the most delightful scenery imaginable on the way.

H. C. GORDON, 1040 Murdoch Ave., Parkersburg, W. Va.

June 15th to December 1st, Manitowaning, Ont., Canada

Come and Discover Manitoulin Island—
Wonderful Motor Roads, Scenery and Fishing

culiar odor of coal oil and unpainted wood.

The pavilion was packed with campers and Indians. Every squaw and brave on the Island had come—and in full motion picture regalia. A crackled old player piano and an Indian scraping away at a violin provided music for the square dances. It wasn't music as we hear it at Massey Hall—it wasn't even good music, but it was filled with life and laughter and the people flung themselves into the dance with the abandon of healthy, happy men and women. We stood at the sides and watched the be-feathered braves and beaded squaws go through the squares, and when someone honored us with the friendly invitation to dance, we simply stood and laughed harder than ever.

When we left the life and laughter of Bear Island behind, we took the road to North Bay, where gorgeous scenery tumbles before the eyes as we sweep up one hill and down the other, and far off on the horizon see a jack snipe silhouetted against the sky or rugged hills send their rocky crests against the northern blue.

Off this highway we slipped around to Lake Nipissing. Then we had a swim. The water of the lake is a deep amber and almost lukewarm. When we came out from the swim, we built a fire, cooked a fish and ate a meal in the open while our skin was still tingling from the dip in the golden lake.

We went on to Sudbury for the night, and the next day travelled to Spragge—the deserted village of the North—and shipped the car there on a small steamer for Manitoulin Island, and put in at Gore Bay.

We Canadians don't know what we have in Manitoulin Island. We didn't know where we were going when we got there, but we took the car off the boat and started. Then after driving for several hours we decided that we might find out where we should stay for the night, so we asked a farmer to direct us to the hotel.

"Well," he said, "nobody ain't never had to sleep outside on the Island yet. I'll show you where you can get rooms for the night." Then we had a very long trip, three concessions back, around two fences, and several other peculiar directions, until we found a great farm house where the doors opened wide to make us comfortable.

Exploring Manitoulin is a big job. The Island looks long and narrow on the map, and it is rugged and beautiful, and perhaps the Great Spirit the Indians say dwells there, does.

The Cree Indians have a settlement on the Island. And they are a lively, intelligent type of Indian, different from the lazy, laughing folk at Temagami. The Crees liked the golden coins too, and their little stores are filled with brightly colored baskets and novelties made by the squaws.

To get to South Bay, where we were taking the boat from the Island, we had to drive over a road that in spots was little better than two wagon tracks which twisted and turned over a high wooded hill, skirted the bay and finally to the dock. After waiting for the motorboat "Hibou," which was five hours late—nothing unusual—we parked our trusty Ford on the main deck and were off for the mainland again. While the boat called at Fitz William Island for a cargo of fish, we landed and did the usual tourist tour. If we have primitive Indians in Canada, they must be those at Fitz William. They fish by drag nets behind their sailboats and catch vast quantities of fish, which they sell to the companies which smoke them for winter use. Many of the Indians sleep in their boats, anchored just off shore.

It was sundown when we stopped there and groups of these queer folk were preparing their supper in pots hung on tripods over the fire. For a long time after we had steamed away, we could see the smoke of their fires through the trees against a gorgeous sunset sky.

Late that evening we put in at Tobermory, the extreme point of Bruce Peninsula. What a wild, rugged spot it is! The little village clings like an eagle's nest to its cliff tree above the water, and yet its wild ruggedness is like a poem—Tobermory by the sea.

From the rugged little village we took the highway to Wiarton—the picturesque Blue Water road, and visited all the prosperous little towns and villages which nestle along the highway to the Queen City.

Such a holiday. We found our province outside the text books, and the great beauty of the lakes is something to recall these dark days when the fog and grime begin to settle down on the city.

And the cost? We were gone ten days, covered nine hundred and fifty miles by motor, besides our boat trips. We did not economize in any way. Including oil and gasoline, the latter dearer the further north we went, until at Temagami it was forty-five cents a gallon, our vacation cost not more than fifty dollars each.

Assembling An Ensemble

(Continued from page 12)

smart enough to be absolutely correct for after business hours. There are the new tweeds in monotone effect, the basket weave and crepey fabrics that tailor so well. And the coats of this season show such intricacies of cut, such moulded lines with their waist-defining belts, new sleeve treatments and becoming collars, that there is nothing of severity about the business coat. Camel hair and Llama tweeds have done away with the bugabear of masculine stiffness.

If your last year's coat will be worn to business at least at the first and dubious part of the season, you have such a wide scope of choice for a dressy coat. Capes, as mentioned before, are so charming. They can be worn as epaulets, in double or triple tiers, capes to the elbow and capes to the waist. Princess lines, flares, scarf collar and cravat collars of the flat fur are wearable features of the new coat mode.

As to color, the choice is almost unlimited. Black, of course, is always practical, and this year even more fashionable than ever. Navy and lighter than navy blue is the business woman's best friend, and all the beige tones remain high in favor. For the more formal occasions there are the lighter shades, the brighter blues, crane grey, the paler greens. They are lovely, but rather impractical and conducive to constant cleaning bills. Those delicate tones must always be immaculate to be at all smart, don't you think?

While we are speaking of coats, we must tell you about the little evening wraps that are going to be a necessity for spring and summer. For the fluttering, feminine frocks of the present day styles are impossible under a coat. Ankle length dresses were never made for the stern lines of a cloth coat. But the evening wraps of summer are quite different from any preconceived notion of a heavy, formal—and expensive—coat. They're just little informal affairs of velvet, or taffeta that wrap about one in a gracious fashion, often without sleeves, often with capes or big obi bows and fluttering ends. And their prices are very moderate. Black will do duty with many frocks, or the pastel tones blend and harmonize beautifully in either the velvet or taffeta.

And now just a word about dresses. A printed silk frock is an asset in the wardrobe of the business woman. The small patterns are so

cheerful and the dark background make them eminently useful. With a montone tweed coat of harmonizing tone they make a very good looking outfit for any daytime occasion. The same thing is true of frocks for business as for coats. They can be simple and yet retain a great deal of interest. The lingerie touch is capable of such ramifications. The choice of the third part for the jacket frock can accomplish marvels in transforming a most appropriate business costume into quite a frivolous outfit for tea or dinner.

And that third part is the blouse. It may be tailored and businesslike. Or it may be sleeveless or very short of sleeve, in some frivolous material. And do you know, it has been hinted in fashion circles that women are once more going to take off their coats, bravely, and venture forth, at least within doors, in "shirtwaists and skirts." Shades of the Gibson girl era! And eyelet voile and batiste have returned for the newest of blouses.

For our hats Paris once more says straw instead of the ubiquitous felt. Rather a welcome change, especially when we consider the soft and supple and light weight straws that have been evolved—panamalac, sisole, picot luciole, baku and balibuntl.

For our shoes, pumps, one straps and low tied exford in shoe calf or kid, and hosiery of a slightly darker tone.

These are the high lights we shall see in the Easter Parade.

A New York actress was giving a benefit performance at Sing Sing.

"Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage," she trilled.

From the back of the room a deep voice ejected: "But, lady, how they do help!"

The Magic Key to London

Canadian? Come Right In

**By a Canadian Business Woman*

*In the transition from one publishing house to another many manuscripts and much correspondence were temporarily lost, including original manuscript of this story and name of author who, we trust, will see this and send her name and address.

The Editor.

LONDON seems very formidable, indeed, to the "Colonial" who gazes across the ocean in speculation. The tower of London has very thick walls. The spires of Westminster rise in majestic, but very select, splendor. The population of nine million odd leaves little chance for the lone outsider, unarmed, to storm the citadel.

But the struggle is not against all odds. For those who know, there is a magic key that unlocks the doors of opportunity, that opens hearts and homes, and calls forth a hospitality peculiar to the shores of England.

That key is "Canada."

As a reporter on a Fleet Street daily, I entered many homes, but I was welcomed there in the name of my country.

"Canadian?" folks would say, "come right in."

One day I interviewed the oldest living "Peeler"—a grand old man who drove the police wagon in the days of Queen Victoria. In his arm-chair,

by the fire, he sat and quietly reminisced.

Suddenly the word "Canada" was mentioned, and the household rose up on its toes.

"My son lives in Montreal," the old man explained.

Out came the family album, snapshots, the last batch of letters. And then I must describe everything "over there" just as I had known it.

They wanted me to stay to tea, to supper—all night. They would, I think, have taken me on for life, but at least, "You must come again soon."

And so it was most everywhere. Sir Burton Chadwick invited me to breakfast to meet one of the sons he sent out from Eton, to work as a farm hand in Quebec.

Ramsay McDonald invited "the young Canadian" to tea in the House.

Even George Bernard Shaw's refusal to be interviewed seemed to be voiced in softer tones.

Most everyone in England has a personal friend or relative in Canada. Yet those who have not were most keenly interested, intending to pay us a visit, "some day."

Of course, in casual contacts, and with the more ignorant, Canadians smart under the appellation "American." I went to get a story from an old flower-seller who had been crying her wares before the Royal Exchange for forty years.

I bought a rose from her; I flattered her; and then began to draw out the stories that I knew must be there.

"You are an American," she said.

"Oh no, I'm not," I replied, "I'm a Canadian."

She fixed upon me an accusing stare.

"If you are not an American, why do you talk like an American?" And, as far as she was concerned, the incident was ended.

On the other hand, Londoners have confessed to cultivating a Canadian accent to "get anywhere."

A young journalist on Fleet Street clutched me in ecstasy.

"I say, are you a Canadian? How ripping! So am I. Do let's have tea."

I wondered at the expressions and mannerisms, but over crumpets and the English five-times-a-day tea she

(Turn to page 31)

So This is
London

Courtesy The Colling
Tours.



The New Bramble Suits

New versions of these famous suits from Scotland have just arrived. They are really the smartest and prettiest knitted costumes you can see anywhere. They adapt themselves so perfectly to the new silhouette—their colors and designs are “different” and attractive—then of course you know that they can be washed with perfect results.



Two piece and three piece suits come in many different styles. The one illustrated has separate sleeveless pull-over and smart cardigan jacket. It is charming for street, golf, or any club activities.

\$25 to \$35

**The
Evangeline Shop**

Yonge at Bloor Yonge at Castlefield
Yonge at St. Clair Danforth at Pape

Windsor, London, St. Catharines,
Ottawa, Kitchener, Guelph,
Montreal

Store Hours: 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.



“When the annual picnic is suggested, everybody is all for it. ‘A picnic is a fine thing.’ ‘It’s good for our organization.’ ‘We should have more picnics,’ and so on, say the enthusiasts. When the enthusiasts have had their say and have hurried out to other engagements, the same ‘old guard’ is left to do the work of organizing and planning and supervising.”

So remarks the picnic booklet of Gray Coach Lines, which offer the services of its Commercial Department to the “old guard” of any group interested. The visit of the Gray Coach Lines “picnic representative” to the office of The Business Woman really makes the editor long to go with a coach load out to say Forks of the Credit, Lake Simcoe, or even only to Bond Lake.

* * * *

What Downtowner hasn’t “for ever so long” wanted to join a personally conducted party on an overseas tour? And what Downtowner, who has once indulged, can get over the fever of wanting to go again. Well, why not? A trip to Europe isn’t so formidable. Certainly costs less than a lot of “bucket shop” experiences. And another great thing about a trip abroad is the enjoyment of it for years afterwards. Just drop a note to The Collings Overseas Tours, 268 Wright Ave., Toronto, on which Mrs. H. W. Price will be social hostess. They’ll send you the most enticing folder about personally conducted tours and please, don’t forget to mention The Business Woman.

* * * *

Somewhere “Downtowner” noticed that objection to our Toronto telephone directory having been printed in Montreal was registered. We wondered why ours commenced falling apart before it was a month old.

* * * *

And now watch the scramble for lady Senatorships. Won’t the Premier have a busy time with the Red Chamber doors unlocked to femininity? Anyway, why shouldn’t women be in the Senate?

* * * *

With women so active in all that pertains to the welfare of humanity, Downtowner thinks it only just and proper that they have a very active part in making the laws under which they live. The paragraphs in The Business Woman from exchanges show the ever growing variation of activities of women in the professional, commercial and industrial world.

* * * *

“Come along, Marge, we’re going to save twenty-five per cent., you and me.” “What do you mean, save twenty-five per cent.?” demanded peaches-and-cream. “We’re on our way to Pember’s, you and me,” calmly explained the first one, “seeing that we’re business women, you and me, there’s a special discount of 25% on permanent waving for the balance of March at Pember’s. So come along and don’t argue.” Which she did.



Now all you Downtowners who have any picture taking enthusiasm, get out the old camera and make a try for one of the prizes offered in the amateur photography contest announced on another page. In fact there are two photography contests, so that the field has almost no restrictions.

* * *

"He-e-l-l-o Ge-e-r-t-i-e" gurgled the blonde, grabbing the lesser blonde by the arm as she overtook her on King Street the other day, "haven't seen you for ages; my, but you look sweet . . ." ad lib, all in one breath, "but why the limp, dancing too much or just fool shoes?" "Fool shoes," admitted blonde number two when the other stopped for breath. "Oh, go ask Mr. Taplin," snapped back the gurgler as she sprinted for her car, "18 Bloor West, Natural Tread," she called back over her shoulder.

* * *

So we can't go to Bond Lake any more by trolley! "Downtown" feels sure that many of our elders who remember "away back when—" will almost regret the passing of the line over which in their happy youth they journeyed to picnics at Bond Lake, when that place was one of the few easily accessible spots for a Saturday afternoon outing.

* * *

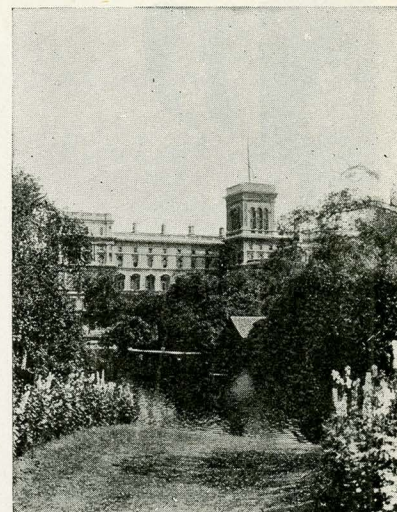
Downtowner hopes that the presenting of the portrait of Canada's only woman Senator will not be erroneously construed as a political gesture, as was the publishing of the portraits of the Mayor and the Mayor's wife in the January issue, by a reader who denounced us quite severely for being such a partisan.

* * *

Romance? Where a more likely place to find it than on an ocean liner? Why do deck chairs, ocean moons, steamer orchestra music have so large a place in some thrilling novels? Well, the only way to learn is go see. But of course it isn't merely for romance that one takes an ocean voyage. Oh, dear no. The nice men one meets, the dances, tramping the deck in the moonlight and all that are mere incidents; and so they are. But what a permanent, perpetual enjoyment one gets from a trip across the ocean—and often there is real romance too. But, oh the thrill of it! Not a dull moment from the minute you walk up the gang plank at Montreal, Quebec or New York, until you arrive back at the Union Station, happy even if broke. Ask Mrs. K. M. Hyde Bennett, 1609 Queen St. West about it. She knows, and can tell all about the cost, down to the last centime. Be sure, though, you tell her you are a business or professional woman.

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This Romance of Modern Business Dates Back to 1877

*A Story in Which a Nursery Rhyme Plays Its Part in the
Development of An Important Item of Office Equipment*

By J. O. HUDDART

General Manager, The Ediphone Company, Toronto

WHEN the history of the world is all written, it will probably be found that no more interesting period existed than that in which we now live. All around us, in every phase of our life, whether at home or at business, changes are taking place, the full significance of which will probably not be realized for years to come. And many of these are connected with our everyday business life so closely that they affect all that we do, and indirectly affect our home life also.

The conception has long been exploded that there is no romance in business. It would probably be nearer the truth to say that there is more romance in business to-day than in any other sphere of life. The only thing is that we see most of our business as such, and fail to sense the romance behind it, recognizing only the commercial side of things.

Which is by way of introduction to a story on something wholly commercial, yet underlain with a wealth of romance which, fully told, would seem wilder than the most improbable of fiction. The subject is that marvel of invention—long since accepted, and now quite ordinary, by this generation, so sated with new discoveries as to be almost incapable of wonder, and ready to take almost anything for granted—the dictating machine.

A Real Help

It may, perhaps, be a little wide of the mark to say that this remarkable invention is taken entirely for granted, for there does exist in the minds of some few business women the fear that the dictating machine will deprive the shorthand writer of her livelihood. As a matter of fact, that conception is entirely wrong, for what it does do is to increase the efficiency and value of the stenographer, by making her time more productive through the elimination of the dictating period, and yet allowing her to use her shorthand on occasions when the use of a dictating machine is impracticable for various reasons. That, however, is worth a story to itself.

Returning from this digression, to get the true picture of the romance behind the dictating machine, it is necessary to go back to the year 1877. In that year, Thomas A. Edison designed the first phonograph. Just fifty-three years ago—and think of all that has happened to the world since!

Edison gave a sketch of it to John Kruesi, a Swiss mechanic, with instructions for making it. Kruesi made it reluctantly, deeming it to be the most ridiculous idea he had ever heard of. When he had finished it, the machine looked a weird contraption. It consisted of a brass cylinder,



Anita Page, one of
the stars of
Hollywood has
taken to tennis —
shown with
her new Spalding
"Top-Flite"

three inches wide, revolving on a cast iron base. The cylinder had a spiral groove cut in it and was turned by a handle. On either side of the cylinder was a disc of sheet-iron, with a needle in the centre. A piece of tinfoil was wrapped around the cylinder. Words were spoken in at one disc and afterwards reproduced by the other disc. These discs were pushed forward into contact by a screw.

An Immortal Rhyme

Under the sceptical eyes of Kruesi, Edison said the first thing he thought of—an immortal nursery rhyme. Then he screwed back the receiving disc, turned back the cylinder, screwed forward the reproducing disc, and turned the handle. Back came the words of the nursery rhyme:

"Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow."

Edison's Talking Machine, as it was called, stirred the whole world. Special trains were run to his workshop. Doubters came and were converted into believers. President and Mrs. Hayes heard it demonstrated. Lecturers exhibited in all parts of Canada and United States. The news spread everywhere that a machine had found its voice.

And to-day there is scarcely a voice raised in wonder at a robot that makes change, talks, and so forth; a machine that adds, multiplies, divides, and does other odd jobs; radio, about which we know so much that even youngsters can build them; aeroplanes, which rarely attract anyone's attention nowadays, except as the subject of idle speculation; and a host of similar wonders.

Twenty-seven Years Later

Twenty-seven years later, Edison quickened the development of the Phonograph into the Ediphone. He made it move at a touch, without any foot pedals. He made the capacity of each cylinder 1,200 words. As a cylinder can be shaved 100 times, the startling fact is revealed that every word in the English language can be dictated to a couple of cylinders. To-day the machine is the perfect realization of Edison's dream. Tone, volume and clarity are as natural as the human voice. Operation is simplicity itself, involving merely the lifting of the tube. Like the telephone, it is always at hand, and six secretaries could give no better service.

Benefits Executives

The dictating machine is one of the greatest boons ever bestowed on the

(Turn to page 25)



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ROBERT SIMPSON LIMITED

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For—From—Of Women in Business and Professional Life

(Continued from page 8)

one wage-earner in each of two houses, than two wage-earners in one house, and none in the other."

Giving evidence before the Royal Commission on the Civil Service, Mr. Brown said the overwhelming majority of women retire sooner or later to marry. The average age of such retirement is 28.

"It shows the high quality of the ladies in the service," remarked Lord Tomlin, president of the commission.

* * * *

It is now reported that Miss Betty Nuthall, British tennis star, will miss several of the important spring tournaments because she is taking lessons in business management and cookery with the object of running a restaurant in London. "She is becoming a capable business woman," says her mother, "and she can cook a steak nicely. She also is taking lessons in typewriting."

Miss Ann McMaster was elected president of the Vancouver Soroptimist Club, succeeding Mrs. M. E. Crehan, and was installed at the annual dinner of the Club, held at the Hotel Vancouver.

Miss Edith Lucas is reported to be the first University of British Columbia student to win the coveted title of "Dotorat de l'Universite" granted by the University of Paris, where Miss Lucas has been studying for the past two and one-half years. On graduating from U. B. C. she won the highest award made by the university, the Governor General's gold medal.

The first number of a new journalistic venture was published in Budapest. This newspaper, which owes its inception to a woman, Mme. Emil Nagy, wife of the former minister of Justice, is intended for circulation in prisons, and its object is to give those undergoing punishment an opportunity of learning what is happening in the world outside, so that when they return to ordinary life they may be able to pick up the threads of things more easily. The paper, which is called "Confidence," is to appear every fortnight, and at present is limited to 1,000 copies. It is printed in the penitentiary of Vacz. Mme. Nagy is vice-president of the committee of patronage of the Budapest prisons.

* * * *

Before many thousands, Stanley

Baldwin, who was responsible for universal suffrage in Great Britain, unveiled in Victoria Gardens, London, a monument to Mrs. Sylvia Pankhurst, famous leader of the militant suffragists. Everywhere the long-familiar colors of the suffragists—purple, white and green—were in evidence. Women from all parts of the world and militants who served jail sentences in the suffrage cause attended.

* * * *

Miss Mary McGeachy, Toronto University graduate, who is the only Canadian on the "Information" section of the League of Nations secretariat at Geneva, is to be in Canada until May, going through to Vancouver on a lecture tour regarding the aid women's organizations at home can give to the work of the league. Miss McGeachy was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by the Council of Women, at the Women's University Club.

* * * *

The deep sense of the loss sustained by the Montreal Women's Club in the death of a former president, Mrs. J. Holmes McIntyre, was expressed at a business meeting of that organization, held in the Mount Royal Hotel. Mrs. McIntyre, who died after a long illness, was president of the club from 1924 to 1926, and had taken a leading part in the feminist, civics and welfare activities sponsored by it. She played a prominent role in the woman suffrage movement, both provincial and municipal, until prevented by illness.

In the early days of the club, Mrs. McIntyre was closely associated with Mrs. Robert Reid, its founder and first president. She was one of the first women students admitted to McGill University. One of the greatest achievements for which Mrs. McIntyre has been remembered since the war years, was the splendid record of work on behalf of the Red Cross at that time by the Women's Association of St. Martin's Church under her presidency.

* * * *

Woman's participation in industrial and political life received one more endorsement when judges awarded their decision to the negative at the Inter-University debate held at Ottawa University Museum Hall. The subject of the debate was: "Resolved that woman's place is in the home."

Ottawa University, represented by Joseph D. McVicker, and J. A. Egan, defended the negative and was given the decision, while the affirmative was

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The Editor's Letter Box

Dear Editor:

I have long been intending to write to tell you how much I look forward each month to receiving my copy of "The Business Woman." It always gives me a feeling of encouragement, not to say inspiration.

But like Miss Margaret Brown and Miss Jean Albertus, both of whom write in your February number, I also did not feel very kindly towards your column, "Has Your Chief a Grouch?" and I am very glad to see that you have dropped it—in the February number at least.

I would not be surprised to find that these disgruntled young ladies (who, by the way, are the ones that have the grouch, and not their chiefs!) are very young ladies, particularly Miss "K. R.," whose letter appeared in the January number. They will soon learn that everybody has some little peculiarity which is

more or less irritating to those about them. Perhaps these young women are themselves guilty of annoying habits.

Like Miss Albertus, I often think how patient and long-suffering were the men for whom I worked in my "beginning" days, and indeed how kind they have been all along the way, and how decent about holidays, sickness, and so forth. So it seems to me that it is hardly worthy of these young business women to put in print their petty criticisms of the men who are probably putting up with a good deal more from them than they are from their "chiefs," and moreover, this sort of thing will not assist in advancing the status of women in the business world.

With all good wishes for the continued success of your magazine.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

Winefride M. P. Raye.

Amateur Photographers' Contest

— WITH CASH PRIZES —

Contest One

Photograph, showing entrance to a public building with a business woman or business women entering or coming out.

An occasional man or men in the picture will not rule it out but may count against it.

Building may be a bank, office building, hotel, theatre, library, hospital, school or what is generally understood as a public building.

Contest Two

Photograph may be an interior exterior view showing a business woman or business women at work or at play.

Golfing, tennis, swimming, riding, hiking, motoring activities suggest themselves as desirable snaps.

Again, a man or men in a group will not rule the picture out, but may count against it.

Conditions

Size of picture must not be less than 2¼ x 4½ inches.

Decision of judges, to be announced later, will be final.

The Business Woman to have privilege of reproducing any or all pictures submitted.

No limit to number of pictures any contestant may send in.

Contestant must be an amateur and not in any way connected with professional photography.

Contest closes April 30.

PRIZES FOR EACH CONTEST

First prize \$10.00, Second Prize \$7.50, Third Prize \$5.00.

CONTEST EDITOR

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For—From—Of Women in Business and Professional Life

(Continued on page 22)

supported by E. Spratt and C. H. Burchill, of Queen's University. Speakers on the negative referred to Hon. Cairine Wilson's recent appointment to the Senate and the audience broke out into warm applause when her name was mentioned. The debate was presided over by Lee A. Kelley, who introduced the speakers. The judges were Dr. C. T. Kink, M. I. McGlade, and Austin O'Donnell. Very Rev. Father U. Robert, O.M.I., was in the attendance, which was very large.

* * * *

Mrs. H. T. Burpee, who has just won her degree as chartered accountant, is the first woman in Ontario to achieve this degree. Mrs. Burpee, who is a Toronto girl, was educated at the Central Technical School and took her accountancy course at Queen's University, spending about seven years in the office of her father, J. I. Sutcliffe, chartered accountant, 28 Wellington Street, of which business she has taken charge for some months past. She will now go into partnership with her father, taking her maiden name, "H. M. Sutcliffe, C.A.," and will specialize in work with women's organizations.

* * * *

According to the officials at the London Airport at Croydon, women are much better air travelers than men. Even when they are over the channel they do not lose their ability for small talk. Many men passengers seem stricken almost speechless by the strange feeling of being borne with such certainty through a medium so impalpable as the air. Women do not permit the sensation to strike them speechless or incoherent. They are not at a loss for words, even high up in the sky. They are more self-possessed air travelers than men, and, quite frequently, step aboard the waiting air liner at Croydon with much greater confidence than do their men escorts.

* * * *

From London, Ont., comes this item: Miss M. E. Spencer, member of the London Flying Club, passed her flying tests to-day in examination by Dominion officials. Miss Spencer is one of the few women in Ontario to have passed the tests required for a pilot's license.

* * * *

British United Press, London, England, is credited with this. When he examined a copy of a letter which he

had been told had been typed by a woman, Judge Sir Alfred Tobin, of the Westminster county court, found that the fair typist had left out all the vulgar adjectives which it had contained.

This drew from His Lordship the following remarks: "We cannot have women interfering with papers for courts of law because they don't like to copy accurately. If the documents are to come into courts of law, these women must know—and the sooner the better—that they must not amend or omit any such expressions because they don't like them."

* * * *

Whether Toronto teachers as well as pupils need tuition in the proper pronunciation of the English language was a point raised before the school management committee, when Miss Florence Leslie Jones, L.R.A.M. (Elocution), a London Academy gold medalist with a studio in Toronto, asked for the free use of school rooms in which she could teach teachers how to speak properly. Without debate, the committee asked Chief Inspector D. D. Moshier to report on the request.

* * * *

Miss Gladys Burlton, who launches many girls on business careers, asked what she looks for when engaging girls for posts, gave a startling reply. "I look them in the mouth," she said. "By the mouth you can usually tell whether a girl is generous, contented and good humored. To be successful in business a girl must be sociable, likeable, able to impress and interest. Her looks do not matter, except in so far as they indicate character and intelligence. Conventional prettiness counts for nothing at all, for there is nothing more disappointing than an attractive face which hides an insipid, uninteresting character. Brains, in the purely narrow sense, may count first for a few specialized jobs—there is room for the highbrow in business—but, generally speaking, personality and intelligence are more important."

* * * *

Aristocratic ghosts of former foreign secretaries, including that of the late Marquis Curzon of Kedleston, which may haunt the corridors of the foreign office in London, England, must have received a terrible shock when 15 stenographers attached to the American naval delegation ascended the state staircase to the banqueting hall there and shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Henderson at the reception the British Foreign Secretary gave to the delegations to the five-power naval parley.

This Romance of Modern Business Dates Back to 1877

(Continued from page 21)

tired business man. It is just as easy to use as the telephone. It simplifies the business day and enables the business man to accomplish the day's dictation duties with greater ease and satisfaction.

Dictation time was a serious problem in the past. Many an executive, inwardly seething with impatience, was compelled to dictate to a stenographer for two or three hours, while other pressing tasks demanded his attention. Many an executive has had to halt his flow of thought because his stenographer could not keep up with the speed of his dictation. In a hundred and one ways obsolete dictation methods stole time, and often profit, simply by monopolizing precious hours that could be utilized in other ways.

To-day the machine changes all that. Its user can now dictate at any odd moment of the day. Dictation no longer depends on the presence of the stenographer. She can be doing other tasks while he dictates, and at the ordinary conversational speed of 150 words a minute—and over, if he wishes. The only person who can possibly hold him up is himself. The speed made possible practically cuts dictation time in half. In the case of the average dictator, he gains about 70 extra days a year.

Versatility

The dictating machine is useful in more ways than can be related here. It can be used to dictate memos, instructions to staff, answers to letters, or to record sudden inspirations, to name just a few common uses.

Many letters can be answered at first reading. Often when reading a letter a mental flash of the reply comes to the executive. Formerly the letter was laid aside with the hope that the idea would occur again during the dictation period. Now the reply can be recorded instantly, saving time, and, what is more important, registering the thought as it is freshly minted and stamped with originality.

Solitude is the foster mother of ideas. Men and women think better when they are alone. The presence of a second person hampers thought and makes speech stilted. One of the greatest attributes of the dictating machine is its privacy. It allows the dictator to concentrate. It allows him to talk when the spirit moves him. His letters shed useless verbiage

(Turn to page 31)

Club Life

(Continued from page 11)

Bungalow." With very little notice, and comparatively little time at their disposal, these two ladies undertook to furnish the smaller bedroom with articles from the Simpson stock, and turned out a room that any one of us might envy. A card bearing the legend that "This room was furnished by the Canadian Business and Professional Women's Club" greets the eye of all passers-by, and tends still further to keep our memory green.

* * * *

Our sympathies are extended to two of our members who have been bereaved since our last issue. Mrs. Grace Thacker, our House Committee convener, was called to the States owing to the serious illness of her mother, and returned to Toronto, only to be recalled by news of her death, and Dr. Willard, who, by the way, is a close friend and sharer of Mrs. Thacker's apartment, was unfortunate enough to lose her brother, also in the States.

* * * *

HAMILTON

Over four hundred were present on Thursday evening, February 20th, at the supper meeting of the Canadian Business and Professional Women's Club, held in the Rose and Strathcona rooms of Noble's restaurant.

Miss Chapman, the guest of honor, proved a very charming and entertaining speaker. Her address, a thoughtful and clever one of especial interest to business women, sparkled with a deft and winning wit.

Mrs. Oaten moved a vote of thanks to the speaker. Community singing was enjoyed.

Miss Merle Moore sang delightfully, and was accompanied at the piano by Mrs. Hood.

* * * *

KITCHENER-WATERLOO

Wonderful success has attended the Kitchener-Waterloo Business and Professional Women's Club since it was launched last September. The charter membership numbered 37, but the club now boasts a paid-up membership of 102, and each of the eight meetings held since organization has been characterized by a spirit of enthusiasm.

The members were fortunate in securing Miss B. Mabel Dunham, B.A., the chief librarian of the Kitchener public library and the authoress of two successful historical novels, to be the first president of the organization.

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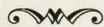
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Foreign travel is the most stimulating holiday a person can have. Join my personally conducted, all expense tour to Europe for next July.

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Toronto, Ontario



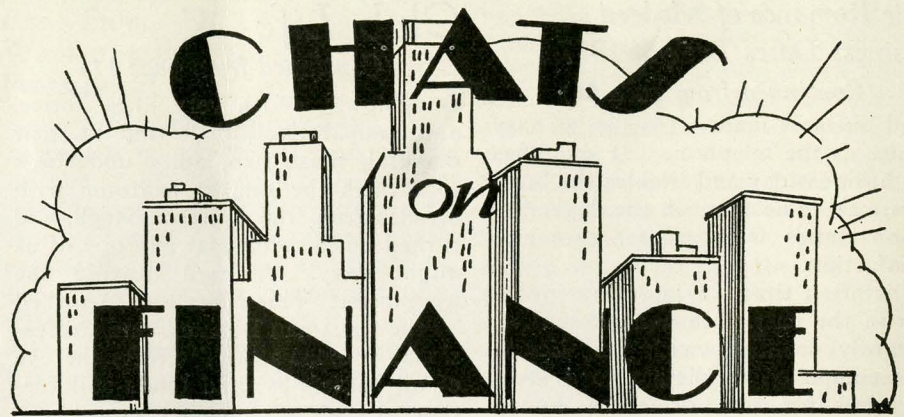
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THE surest way of keeping money that has once been saved, is to invest it safely. And it is equally true that an investment already made is the best possible encouragement to further saving.

A few hundred dollars, or a few thousand, left in the bank, is just that much ready money, which you have not put to work or to play. Of course it is bringing you a little interest, but no one advocates a bank deposit as a permanent investment. In paying interest on money as it is accumulating for investment or for some big expense, the banks, and the other institutions which carry deposits, furnish a valuable convenience. Their hundreds of millions are made up from such small deposits, though there are some big accounts as well.

When you get enough saved, make a permanent investment with it. In this way you remove the temptation to spend it foolishly, or to waste it on a stock market gamble. It is quite legitimate to use the bank to save money for a special outlay, such as the annual vacation or some big purchase, but money not so intended for such a use may disappear by magic and without result, unless you put it to real work for you. In this way you change mere savings into capital, and though you may never become wealthy, you may at least gain a position of comfort and even independence.

The interest or dividends received from your investments then add to your other income, and make it easier to save in the future, to say nothing of the moral encouragement of the "found" money.

Stocks Become More Tempting

Compared to prices of a year ago, a list of stocks just now presents a discouraging picture. That is, it is gloomy reading to those who are already "in," but if you still have some cash, or perhaps have not taken a plunge at all, you will find it of interest, and a possible source of profit.

Stocks should not be bought for

"quick turns." Very few men, and still fewer women, are in a position to make money in that way. You must figure on six months, or possibly two or three years. It is not out of the way for a stock to gain 50 per cent. or 100 per cent. in a year or two. Of course you cannot average that much on a number of stocks, but a careful purchase at the right time at least gives you a fair chance.

I do not wish to imply that stocks are going to go up quickly. The present condition may last for many months, or for more than a year. But when you see such constant hammering of prices, going on over a period of months, you can reason that the bottom may be somewhere near.

Take the gold mines, for instance. They went down almost steadily from the end of 1927 to the end of 1929, and when Wall Street broke up last October the gold mines were pushed down lower. But nearly every one which is a live, producing gold mine has recovered a little since that time. Lake Shore is up from \$17 to \$23, McIntyre from \$12 to \$18, Hollinger from \$4.80 to \$5.70, Teck Hughes from \$4 to \$6, and several others could be cited.

This is written at the beginning of March, and the latter prices are those of the past few days. I do not know what may happen while this is going through the press, but if any breaks occur, and the gold mine shares again drop back a little, I suggest to those of you who are bound to buy mining stocks, some of these better class issues.

The prospects for the "base metal" issues are not quite so good just at the moment. These mines, you probably know, are the ones turning out lead, zinc, copper and nickel. The base metal stocks reached their height of unpopularity when the golds were on the decline, just about a year ago to be exact. I would not care to say that they are at bottom yet. When business slackens, as it has done of late, demand for these

metals falls off and prices go down. That of course means smaller profits for the mines.

For a good many industries the outlook is still uncertain. The drop in the price of wheat, along with the fact that the 1929 crop was so light and very little of it has been sold, has put a severe crimp in Canadian business, for this year. This is not a local condition in the west, because business in the east depends on the west to a large extent.

Transportation companies like Canadian Pacific and Canada Steamships have had so much less business that their earnings are away down, while nearly every manufacturer can point to the decrease in the "purchasing power" of the farmer as a reason for some loss in business. Under these conditions, industrial stocks are not hopeful at the moment. Besides the gold mines, however, there are also the banks, loan companies and other financial institutions, whose shares are not affected in the same way.

The Error of Extremes

Many people who have suffered losses in late months, are jumping to the extreme of over-caution. "I'm through with the stock market—in future I will keep my money safe." This remark of one dented speculator is typical, and yet it is just as much a mistake to be over-cautious as it is to take great chances, though it is not quite so serious a mistake, because at least you will keep your principal and get a small rate of interest.

Bear this in mind: In Canada as in other countries, there are immense sums of money tied up in estates, and in life insurance companies, loan companies, etc. These funds are either strictly limited to trustee investments, which are government and municipal bonds, first mortgages and on real estate, and one or two other classes of less importance. Or else they are restricted by the laws governing insurance and other financial institutions, so that they cannot be invested in other than high grade securities.

All this money is forced into government and municipal bonds, first mortgages, and the higher-grade company issues. Accordingly there is always a demand for such securities which in a sense is artificial, since the investor is not free to choose. On the other hand, the investor who is not restricted, can buy what he or she wishes to buy. It may be that better results can be obtained from

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As our Canadian Cities increase in business and population, these buildings will correspondingly increase in valuation and earnings.

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May we have the pleasure of being of service to you?

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securities which are not trustee issues, but which still may be good.

For instance, life insurance companies can buy stocks only where the company has paid regular dividends over a period of years. A new stock coming on the market may therefore not be permissible for them, but it may be quite good just the same. The insurance companies invest many millions of dollars every year, and if a stock cannot be sold to them it must be made all the more attractive, since it must be sold to individual investors. The preferred stocks of St. Lawrence Paper Mills Co., Ltd., is an example. This carries a 6 per cent. dividend, and there are no bonds of the company, so that the preferred stock has the first claim on the assets and earnings. In the weak markets of the past few weeks it has been selling at about 68, which gives a yield of about 8¾ per cent.

This does not mean that the greater risks work out the best. In the long run the good securities probably show the best return. But those which represent the utmost in safety are not essential to the average investor.

Where Money May Be Deposited

For money being saved for investment or special expense, there are various institutions which take deposits. First of all, of course, come the chartered banks, which have their branches throughout Canada. They pay three per cent. interest on the minimum monthly balance, that is, on the least amount in your account at any time during the month. The banks have every convenience in the way of checking, drafts, etc. They can furnish you with a letter of credit which will meet your expenses on a trip around the world; this letter of credit is not given away, unfortunately you have to pay for it.

The Post Offices, which are a department of the Dominion Government, also accept deposits and pay interest on them. They give you a deposit book like that of a bank. They have not all the bank facilities, but through the Post Office you can of course get postal notes and money orders for sending money.

The Provinces of Ontario and Manitoba also operate a number of "savings offices," paying three per cent. interest on deposits. The Province of Alberta will take a sum on deposit and give a savings certificate for it.

Many of the loan and trust companies also take deposits. They have not all the bank conveniences, but they pay a slightly higher rate of interest, usually 3½ per cent. or 4 per

(Turn to page 34)

Stenographers—Go and Do Likewise!

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

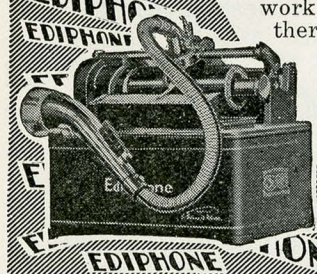
Had this girl's employer dictated to the EDIPHONE, her morning would have been free for productive work.

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

Write for descriptive booklet to-day.

The Dictating Machine Co., Ltd.

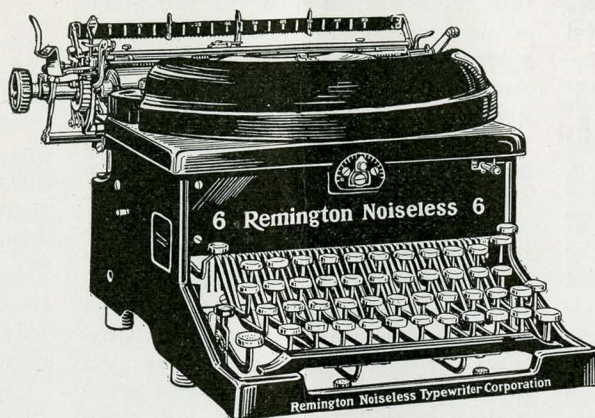
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NO LONGER NECESSARY

That chaos of noise is no longer necessary in the modern business office. Typewriter clatter, no doubt the direct cause, can readily be eliminated with the Remington Noiseless.

Stenographers everywhere are convinced that with this machine their daily work can be accomplished quicker and more easily. It will pay you to investigate.

Remington Noiseless Typewriter

Read page number 9

68 King St. West, Toronto

The Romance of Typewriter Invention

(Continued from page 10)

and other celebrities being among its early personal users.

In business circles, however, the problem of supplying operators again presented itself, and became a more formidable difficulty than it had proved in America, for there were no "business colleges" already established, as there had been there, to form the nucleus of instruction in typewriting and shorthand. To meet the situation the Remington Commercial Schools sprang into existence in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Moscow, Petrograd, and many other European cities. Australia, South America, South Africa and the Asiatic countries presented similar difficulties, and schools were opened in the principal cities in these countries also.

It might be said in passing that the schools of shorthand and typewriting in the Far East are the most interesting in all the world, and they maintain the highest standards of efficiency, notwithstanding the fact that it is necessary for the Orientals to take and transcribe accurately, shorthand notes taken in a foreign language.

The Remington Schools in India which train the Babu, or educated natives, have for years supplied the typists employed in Indian Government service.

The Chinese and Japanese buy typewriters by the thousands—not to write their own language, of course, but other languages, usually English, and the steady growth of English as the commercial language of the Far East is largely traceable to the wide use of the typewriter.

So far our story has had to do with the invention and subsequent developments of the pioneer typewriter—the Remington. It must not be supposed, however, that it enjoyed an unchallenged field all these years. No sooner had it demonstrated the great future possibilities of the typewriter than other models appeared on the market—the Caligraph, a double-keyboard machine, being one of these, noteworthy because it was devised principally by Franz X. Wagner, a skilled German mechanic, who afterwards won prominence as the inventor of the Underwood typewriter. The best known of these double keyboard machines was the Smith Premier, but the popularity of this model was short lived, not only because it was so awkward and cumbersome, but

because it did not lend itself to the touch system of typewriting, which was soon to prove its merits.

Other models recommended themselves because they carried an inking pad on which the face of the type rested, instead of a ribbon, which before the invention of the Automatic Ribbon Reverse in 1896, gave endless trouble to the operator if it was not reversed at the right moment.

But it was the appearance of the Underwood machine in 1897 that gave all models existing at this time their most serious challenge—for besides incorporating all the most approved typewriter features to date, it carried the front stroke principle of construction, which made writing visible to the operator. Up to this time the understroke principle had been in vogue, the type bars, arranged in a circular basket underneath the carriage, printing on the under side of the cylinder.

This machine was the invention of Franz X. Wagner, mentioned above, and was placed on the market by John T. Underwood, who had long been identified with the industry as a pioneer manufacturer of typewriter ribbons and carbon papers.

The front stroke principle, by solving the problem of visible writing,

revolutionized typewriter manufacture. All leading standard machines became the front stroke type, and prominent among these machines today are the Underwood, the Remington, the L. C. Smith, and the Royal.

These machines also gave impetus to the "touch" system of typing, which was now pressing its claim for consideration. In the early days of the typewriter the operators used the first two fingers of each hand, and their eyes were continuously traveling from copy to keyboard. Moreover, each time the work was inspected, the operator had to stop and raise the carriage. This was necessarily a slower process than writing steadily ahead with eyes fixed on the copy, as in the "touch" system, and when, in addition, all writing was made visible, and thus no time was lost in raising the carriage, an incredible increase in speed was made possible. In 1901 about fifty per cent. of the business schools in America were teaching the touch system. Now it is taught exclusively.

Following closely on the invention of the visible writing machine in 1897 was the invention of the Decimal Tabulator in 1898, which greatly extended the usefulness of the typewriter, for now columns of figures could be written anywhere on a page with the same speed as ordinary line by line writing. The idea of "adding" these figures then suggested itself to the inventor, with the result that a combined adding machine and typewriter was invented, and bloomed forth in what we all know as a Bookkeeping Machine.

This bookkeeping machine completed the application of the typewriter to every form of business use, and it was the personal field alone that the typewriter was left to conquer. It rose to the occasion and in 1912 a portable machine, built for personal use, made its appearance. The Corona had the distinction of being the first in the field, but many other models soon invaded it, among them the Underwood, Remington and Royal.

This is the romance of the typewriter—an invention that by revolutionizing intercommunication, has contributed mightily to the expansion of modern business. But greater than even this achievement has been its effect on the destiny of woman-kind, for it opened up a field of employment that helped them to economic independence. Fifty-seven years ago there were practically no careers for women outside the home, except teaching and nursing for a few of the educated, and shop, factory or domestic service for some of the uneducated. With the advent of the

typewriter women were brought out into the world of business and given scope for the abilities they have so splendidly proved they possessed. And it was this thought that was the greatest comfort to its inventor—Christopher Latham Sholes—in his last lingering illness, which ended in February 17th, 1890. He had mastered the printing trade in his youth, had later won recognition as an editor, had represented the State of Wisconsin in the Senate, and at the time of his invention was Collector of Customs for the Port of Milwaukee; yet at the last he found his greatest satisfaction in the fact that he had "done something for women, who had always had to work so hard." And though we may be able to appreciate how greatly our lot as women has been improved through his invention, we can move a vote of thanks to this sturdy New Englander for his chivalry and good will toward us—a chivalry and highmindedness honestly inherited, for he boasted direct lineal descent to that picturesquely romantic couple, John and Priscilla Alden!

More Pointers on Indexing

(Continued from page 8)

the guide back of which the folder belongs. Example:

No. 24, Yawman, Francis J.

Use a Chart in writing up your labels, and in filing your correspondence. This saves going to the file for the numbers and gives you at a glance the number of the proper subdivision back of which the folder belongs; also number your papers, as it speeds up filing and is a check on misfiling.

The Editor Talks

(Continued from page 7)

Dear Editor:

In the January issue of the "Business Woman," under the column, "Has Your Chief a Grouch," you say "Tell it to this column—also tell if you chief isn't a grouch."

Well! My chief isn't a grouch! He is always ready to co-operate with his secretary; willing to listen to suggestions that will help speed up the work of the office; he quite often discusses paper talks on "What a Boss ought to do, and what a Stenographer ought to do." He is not sarcastic, and does not strike his pen through words so that it is necessary to re-write the letter. So you see, I have the right kind of a chief.

This is only the second copy I have received of "The Business Woman," but I can assure you that I am looking forward to reading the coming issues.

It Was A Draw

(Continued from page 13)

and ninety-seven dollars and sixty cents," said the bruiser.

"Wonderful," said the widow. In financial standing there was not much difference between these two men she thought.

Then Mr. Flanagan sighed and surveyed the horizon dotted with the twenty-five thousand one dollar bills. Life was good, he ruminated. Life was good.

On the morning of the fight Mr. Flanagan met Mr. O'Halloran. So sure was he that with the added incentive of fighting for a lady's hand and twenty-five thousand dollars he could whip that gentleman, that he offered to bet him six thousand dollars. Fighting for the same principles, Mr. O'Halloran was equally sure he could knock the other out, so he took the bet.

For the public a fight was assured after that bet. Neither of the principles were in the least anxious to part with the six thousand dollars.

Then came the fight. The widow was in the second front row. She smiled at both fighters.

"I wonder what she is smiling at that big bruiser for," thought Mr. O'Halloran, while Mr. Flanagan debated the same question in his own mind.

Clang went the bell and with the proverbial rush they were at each other. Mr. Flanagan smacked out a neat one with his left which connected with Mr. O'Halloran's chin and sent him back on his heels. He followed the left up with a right which hit Mr. O'Halloran's cauliflower ear and turned it into a red turnip. Mr. O'Halloran quivered as he took still another on his left eye, completely closing it.

The crowd roared their approval of Mr. Flanagan's tactics, particularly the Irish. There are none like the sons of the "Ould Sod" to stand together. Mrs. Rosenbloom seemed strangely disinterested.

"Mauling" Michael continued. He rushed Pat O'Halloran to the ropes and belabored his mid-riff with thirty blows in ten seconds. He chased him round the ring and caught him first with a lightning left and then with a right hook. Mr. O'Halloran was dazed and bleeding when they carried him back to his corner, for that is what they did. Carried him back.

"The twenty-five thousand dollars is gone," he thought, while Mr. Flanagan, fresh as a daisy in the other

corner was wondering how he would spend it.

The second round. Mr. Flanagan adopted the same tactics. He smashed two rights to the O'Halloran jaw, a left to the heart, and as O'Halloran clinched, came across with the Dempsey rabbit punch to the back of the neck. The referee did not see it. Mr. O'Halloran was almost out and he had not laid a glove on the Flanagan body.

It was a desperate situation for O'Halloran. The rabbit punch had dazed him, he did not know what to do. Then he closed both eyes and swung. His whole two hundred and ten pounds were behind that swing. Unfortunately for Mr. Flanagan he was at that moment debating which was the most vulnerable point to hit Mr. O'Halloran and end the fight. He never finished the debate. The two hundred and ten pound blow connected just below the ear. He went exactly two feet in the air, and landed with a sickening thud on the canvas. Mr. O'Halloran did not even know he hit him. He spun around like a top from the momentum of his swing, slipped and joined Mr. Flanagan on the floor. The referee counted them both out at the same time. The fight was a draw.

When Mr. Laminovitch, alias O'Halloran, the fight being over he adopted his name once more, returned to consciousness and the material world, he sighed heavily.

"What a licking I took," he sighed to his manager. He looked where Mrs. Rosenbloom had been seated. She was gone. So was her twenty-five thousand dollars thought the battered battler.

"Licking nothing," retorted the manager. "It was a draw."

"Draw?" cried the surprised Mr. Laminovitch.

"Sure, and if you had kept your head and your feet you would have won, you big ham and egger. You had him out and then you fall down. A fine fighter you are."

Mr. Laminovitch broke into tears.

In the opposite corner Mr. Lapidowski was thinking that both figurative and materially Mrs. Rosenbloom was gone. What a fool he was.

Later that night they both told each other their experience, and both expressed keen surprise. It was the first time they knew they were rivals in love.

"Well, one of us should get her," said Lapidowski.

"We should," replied Laminovitch. Together they went to her house.

(More on page 34)

The Magic Key to London

(Continued from page 17)

explained that she had never actually been in Canada, but father had been born there, coming to England as a small lad.

"And you know," she enthused, "people tell me I look like a Canadian, and talk like one."

When I left she was at the boat train, weeping copiously, and not altogether on account of my departure, I believe, but for the broken connection with her "Fatherland."

Oh, London is a great land for Canadians!

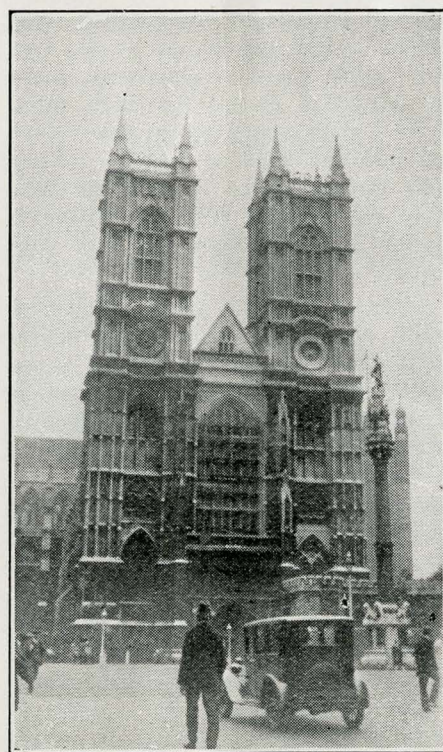
Upon first arrival Canada House welcomes you, guides you, looks after your mail, and is ready with advice about everything from taxicabs to cashing English cheques.

Ontario House, in the Strand, is another national haven, and all Canadian papers are on view in either house.

Canadian banks will wire over your money, and wire it back again—if any be left.

The Canadian is not a stranger within the gates. In many cases he is more like visiting royalty.

The great catch is that the attraction which the English feel, works back on ourselves, and the magic key which unlocks also acts as a magnet, until her sons come flocking home again waving before them the good old maple leaf.



Westminster Abbey

Courtesy The Colling Tours.

The Romance of Modern Business Dates Back to 1877

(Continued from page 25)

and gain in clarity. They become virile and infused with his personality. He grows almost unconscious of the machine and gives his best to the work at hand. Yet every spoken thought is faithfully recorded by this modern miracle.

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The moment a caller leaves an executive's desk, the executive can dictate immediately a memorandum of the talk while it is fresh in his or her mind. The conversation may suggest a letter to be written. There may be confirmation needed of a certain point. The machine stands ready and accessible for this purpose.

During conferences it is again invaluable. When the officers of a company are gathered together, they represent the brains of the business. Their words are worth listening to. Thus the secretary or any one may speak into the machine a memorandum of an important matter, a word of instruction to an absentee, or even a resume of the entire conference. The machine can be one of the most important members of the gathering.

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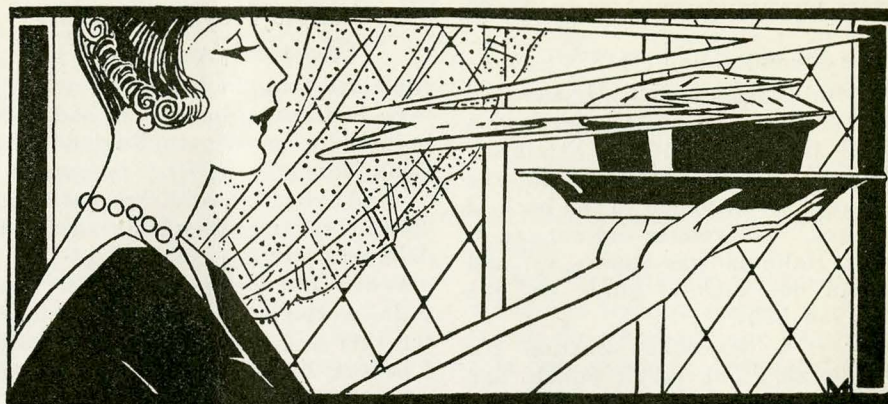
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Diplomas will be awarded at the end of each course.

**The
CONSUMERS'
GAS COMPANY**
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The Bridge Dinner Party

By JESSIE READ

Director, Home Service Department, Consumers' Gas Company

THE idea of the dinner party and bridge is becoming more and more popular. It is such a splendid plan, so easy for the hostess, and guests do enjoy it.

For those of you who are not familiar with the idea, let me tell you about it. Instead of inviting your four tables of bridge for the evening, invite them for dinner at seven—bridge to follow. Place your bridge tables as for playing, then using your linen bridge cloths set each table as individual tables for four. A low bowl of pansies or some other small flower, a low candle, or at St. Patrick's time a pot of shamrock, make an attractive centre for each table. Have a place card at each place which can later be used as a tally. When your guests arrive have them find their places, and when everyone is seated you may begin to serve your dinner.

After dinner the table is cleared, cards, cigarettes, candies and scores are placed on and the bridge game, whether it is auction or contract, is in full swing. The hostess is free to attend to her guests without having to worry about refreshments. The guests, if there are some who are not well acquainted, have had the opportunity of becoming better acquainted during dinner, and the result is we have a much jollier bridge game.

Distances have become so great too, in our large cities, that sometimes although we leave a party at quite a respectable hour, it seems ages until we get home. The result is our guests often have that feeling that they are the "beggar who eats

and runs," since they have to leave almost immediately after lunch. Then too, for a week-end bridge it is so nice to know that you do not have to hurry your guests through their game so as to serve refreshments before the midnight hour. The following menu is an attractive one.

Celery	Olives
Julienne Soup	
Stuffed Pork Tenderloin	
Peas and Carrots Viennese	
Stuffed Baked Potatoes	
Tomato Aspic Salad	
Pineapple Rice Fluff	
Mints	Cigarettes
	Coffee

Much preparation may be done somewhat ahead of time. The soup prepared a day ahead all ready to re-heat with the vegetables. The odors of cooking through the house when entertaining is most unattractive, so we overcome this by having no vegetables boiling on the stove at all. The peas and carrots Viennese are cooked in the oven with the tenderloin. The potatoes have been baked and stuffed in the morning just ready for re-heating and browning in the oven. The day before the party the salad was prepared and early morning saw the making of the dessert, and it was chilling for the rest of the day in the refrigerator. Of course there is individual service from the kitchen, and if properly managed there should be no cold food for anyone.

Julienne Soup

4 cups soup stock.
2 tablespoons cooked carrot cut in strips.

2 tablespoons cooked turnip cut in strips.

1 tablespoon cooked peas.

To make soup stock, use 2 lbs. meat and bone and 6 cups cold water. Cut the meat into small pieces, add bones and cold water. Soak 1 hour. Simmer for 2 hours. Add the following vegetables:

1 small onion.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup turnip.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup carrot.
 4 cloves.
 6 pepper berries.
 1 bay leaf.
 1 spray parsley.
 2 stalks celery.
 1 teaspoon salt.

Cook for 1 hour. Strain. Clarify soup stock.

Stuffed Tenderloin

2 pork tenderloins.
 2 cups apple dressing.

Split the tenderloins lengthwise so they will lie flat. Spread dressing over these to about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thickness. Fold each tenderloin lengthwise, jelly roll fashion, and tie firmly with strings. Place in baking pan, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and pour about $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water into the pan. Sear at 500°F. Cover and bake at 350°F. for about 1½ hours, or until tender.

Apple Dressing

1½ cups bread crumbs.
 1½ teaspoons grated onion.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped sour apples.
 3 tablespoons butter.
 1 teaspoon poultry seasoning.
 Salt and pepper.

Mix all ingredients well.

Peas and Carrots Viennese

6 medium sized carrots, cubed.
 1 can peas.
 2 tablespoons minced parsley.
 3 tablespoons flour.
 4 tablespoons butter.
 Salt and pepper.
 1 cup boiling water.
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar.
 1 teaspoon sugar.

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THE HISCOTT INSTITUTE
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The Reginald T. Barnes Hairdressing Parlors

Rooms 202-3 at 169 Yonge St. (Opposite Simpson's North Door)
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Place carrots and peas in layers in casserole. Dredge with flour, parsley and seasonings. Dot with butter. Add water, vinegar and sugar. Cover and cook for one hour at 400°F.

Stuffed Potatoes

6 potatoes.
 $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt.
 $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper.
 2 tablespoons butter.
 $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{3}$ cup hot milk.
 1 egg.

Scrub and rinse potatoes. Place in hot oven 400°F. and bake 45 to 60 minutes. Cut a slice from the side of a potato, scoop out the inside. Mash, add seasonings, butter and milk. Beat until very light. Add egg well beaten. Refill shells. Brown in a hot oven. Garnish with parsley. Grated cheese may be sprinkled over top before browning.

Tomato Aspic Salad

2½ cups canned tomatoes.
 1 slice onion, cut into bits.
 2 pepper corns.
 2 whole cloves.
 2 teaspoons salt.

1 tablespoon sugar.
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon paprika.
 2 tablespoons gelatine.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water.
 1 cup celery cut in small pieces.

12 stuffed olives cut into slices. Put tomato, onion, spices and seasonings into a saucepan, cover and simmer $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Strain and reheat to boiling. Soak gelatine in cold water and then add to hot mixture. Set aside in a cool place until mixture begins to stiffen. Add diced celery and sliced olives. Pour into moulds previously dipped in cold water. When ready to serve turn out on lettuce leaves and garnish with mayonnaise.

Pineapple Rice Fluff

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup rice (1½ cups cooked).
 1 quart boiling water.
 1 teaspoon salt.
 1 cup diced pineapple.
 4 tablespoons powdered sugar.
 1 cup whipped cream.

Cook rice in boiling water. Drain. Rinse with cold water to separate grains. When cold, add pineapple and sugar. Fold in whipped cream. Pile in sherbet glasses.



You Can Be Attractive!

There are many types of attractive women but no woman can be truly beautiful unless she is healthy. Radiant vitality is always attractive however plain a woman's features may be. Hundreds of women have improved their health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. As their health improved they found to their delight that their complexions were clearer, their color better and their eyes brighter. *Glowing health brings beauty.*

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

Benefits 98 out of 100

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druggist today**

**Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound**

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

Chats on Finance

(Continued from page 28)

cent. There are many such places in Toronto, also in Hamilton and London, and in the smaller cities like Kitchener, Brantford, etc., there is usually at least one, which is either a local institution or else a branch of a larger one.

Those which are run by the government are of course safe, while the banks and loan and trust companies are regularly inspected by government officers, so that the chance of losing money left on deposit is very remote. The last serious case was the Home Bank of Canada.

Some merchandise houses accept deposits. They of course are not under government inspection. They do this rather as an incidental service to their customers, and it is not usually wise to use them except for money to be spent there. The T. Eaton Company, Ltd., pays 5 per cent. on such deposits.

Some firms also have savings forms for their employees. A concern which takes such interest in the welfare of its staff, by providing group insurance and encouraging savings, is usually a safe one, though there have been cases where the business has failed and the employees have been left in the lurch. It is certainly not wise to depend altogether upon any concern which is not protected by government inspection.

It Was A Draw

(Continued from page 31)

Together they went up the steps. Mrs. Rosenbloom seemed slightly embarrassed to see them together. She suggested they might have another fight to settle the question. Mr. Laminovitch and Mr. Lapidowski both expressed themselves as being through with fighting. They further expressed surprise that a lady with twenty-five thousand dollars and three children should be so treacherous, and they left the house together.

"I guess it's a draw, Jake," said Ike.

"I guess it is," said Jake.

"Let's start a pawn shop together," said Ike.

"Let's," said Jake.

"Between us we have \$14,000," said Ike.

"And that's only eleven off twenty-five," said Jake.

"And I likes you better than her," said Ike.

"So do I," said Jake.

"Then we'll start a pawn shop."

"Sure."

And they did. It was a draw.

Wit and Humor

"Why are you putting 'personal' on that letter to Mr. Durand?"

"I want his wife to open it."—Pele Mele, Paris.

* * * *

"You can tell a girl's character by her clothes."

"Nonsense; I'm sure girls have more character than that."—Tit-Bits.

* * * *

Send Mother a gift of hardly ever-blooming rose bushes.—Ad in a local weekly.

* * * *

A girl can always tell when she's in love. And she generally does.—Everybody's Weekly.

* * * *

"The wedding reception beggared description," says a report in a local paper. Not to mention father.—Passing Show.

* * * *

She came into the police station with a picture in her hand.

"My husband has disappeared," she sobbed. "Here is his picture. I want you to find him."

The inspector looked up from the photograph. "Why?" he asked.—Chicago Tribune.

* * * *

"The modern wife doesn't know where her husband goes in the evenings," says a critic. She should try staying at home one evening; she might find him there.—London Opinion.

* * * *

Whiz: "How did you get that black eye?"

Bang: "I reached for a sweetie instead of a Lucky."—Opportunity.

* * * *

Visitor: And do your shorthand pupils do well?

Principal: Wonderfully. Just think, thirty-five of the fifty I sent out last year have already married their employers.—Tit-Bits.

* * * *

Doctor: "Your husband must be absolutely quiet. Here is a sleeping draught."

Wife: "When do I give it to him?"

Doctor: You don't, you take it yourself.—Everybody's Weekly.

* * * *

The railway supervisor of a Western line received the following note from one of his foremen:

"I am sending in the accident report on Casey's foot when he struck it with the spike maul. Now, under 'Remarks,' do you want mine or do you want Casey's?"—Everybody's Weekly.

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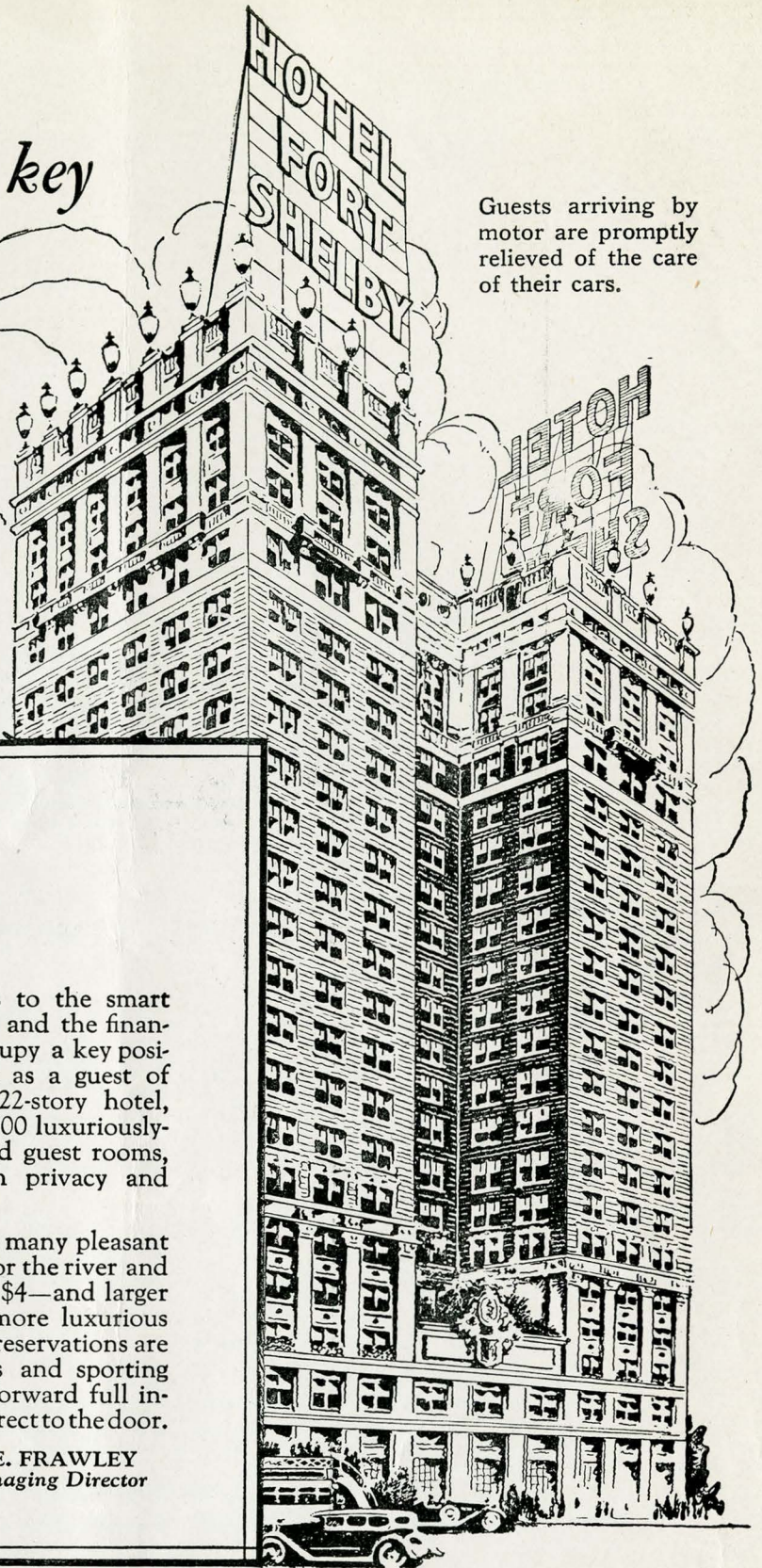
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