

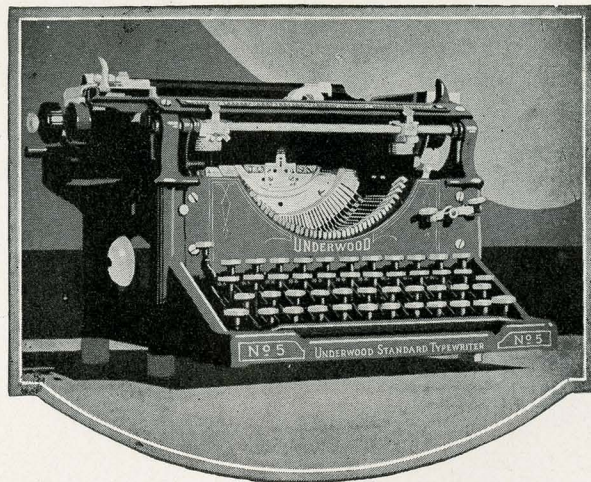
The
**BUSINESS
WOMAN**



Vol. 4 No. 5

MAY, 1929
Toronto

Price 20 cents



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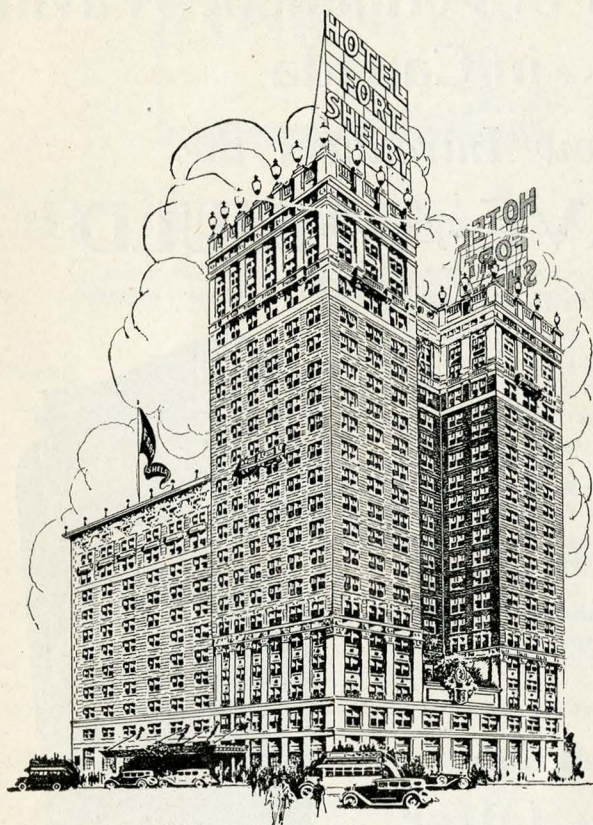
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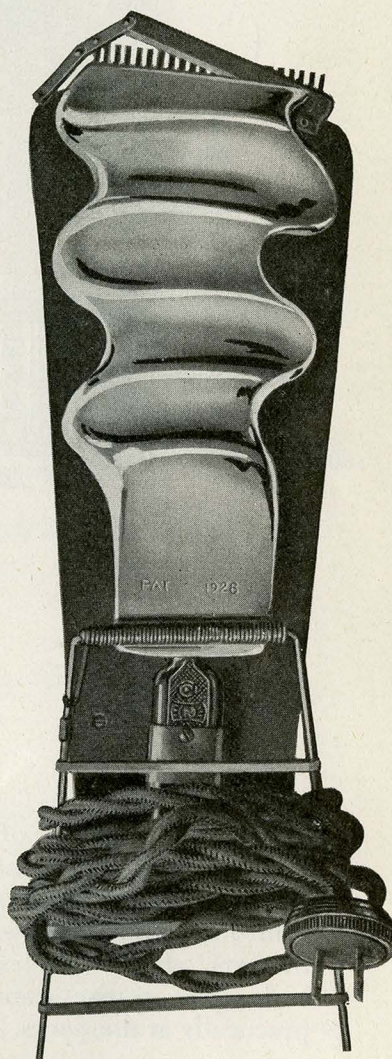
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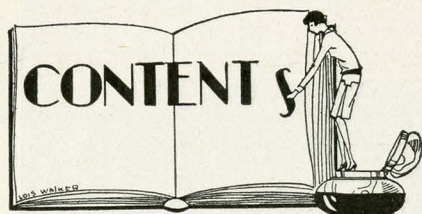


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THE BUSINESS WOMAN

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

VOLUME 4

NUMBER 5

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Published once each month by The Westman Publications, Limited, 366 Adelaide Street West, Toronto 2. Adelaide 3208.

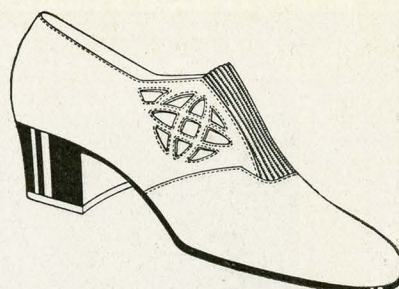
Montreal Office: H. P. Wheatley, 1010 Keefer Bldg.
 New York Office: C. J. Nuttall, 299 Madison Avenue.
 Chicago Office: Macintyre & Simpson, 75 East Wacker Drive.
 London Office: Canadian Newspapers Ltd., Cunard House, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1.

EDITOR:

BYRNE HOPE SANDERS

Subscription price in Canada, \$2.00

Articles, stories, pictures, submitted for publication, will be returned only when accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes. All contributions should be addressed to the Editor, The Business Woman, 366 Adelaide Street West, Toronto 2.

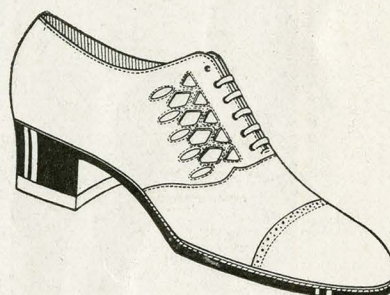


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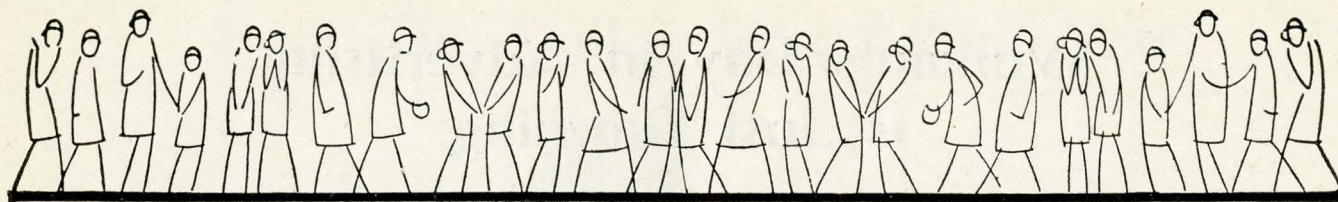


—Portrait by Ashley and Crippen.

Miss Anna Davis

MISS DAVIS joined F. G. Oke and Company, Toronto, when the firm was in its infancy about six years ago. At that time she was recommended by her friends as possessing unique business and executive ability, a promise which she has demonstrated one hundred per cent.

For the past two years, Miss Davis has been in complete charge of the handling of the millions upon millions of dollars worth of security handled by the firm. Her responsibilities are particularly heavy, but as she has exceptional ability, and is naturally an accurate, fast worker, as well as being a good director in having the work of her department properly handled, she is able to make her responsibilities seem comparatively easy.



"FANCY THAT!"

ONCE in my very young days, on the staff of a sporting magazine, I allowed a large photograph of some very obvious black bass to be captioned as a "pretty catch of lake trout", or some such absurdity. Ever since that fateful discovery, and the Editor-in-chief's forceful viewpoint on the situation, I have stood in panic



as the huge presses grind out the forms on any magazine with which I am connected. What monstrosity of spelling or expression is being perpetuated by those great machines? What blunder have I read over three times and passed by? For even after years of hopefully writing out a word to see how it looks, when in doubt as to its spelling, I would still be the first to take my seat at any Spelling Bee.

On one memorable morning, as I stood, trembling with the joy and thrill of holding my very first issue of a magazine I had worked on exclusively, with the feeling that all the reeling centuries of the past had reeled by just for this moment of triumph;—as I stood thus, a solemn young man marched into my office



and offered to do the supervising of the magazine for me. He told me,

icily that he had counted one hundred and forty-nine errors of type punctuation and spelling in that beautiful first issue!

Naturally one is never the same after a jolt like that.

Recently, following my "Fancy That" of last month, I received a gentle tap from the Department of Mines, Ottawa, for which I have tried in vain to find a fittingly witty answer. It is addressed to "The Queen of Editors", and remarks, with appalling truth;—

*"An editor encased in glass,
Who fancies she's all-knowing,
Should always be prepared to pass,
The pastime of stone throwing.*

*And even though she be a queen,
The loveliest of her gender,
Should know the difference between
Addendum and addenda!"*

* * * *

IT IS astonishing sometimes to realize the tenacity of certain superstitions about women, among men. The same spirit that makes them believe sincerely that a woman will always hammer in a screw, and bash her thumb in so doing, is apparent in a thousand other contacts, even down-town, where a general camaraderie and impersonal relationship has made for a deeper understanding between the sexes.

A friend of mine who is learning salesmanship told me indignantly of one interview, which she says reflects a deep-rooted belief. She was interviewing an executive across a shining desk about an advertising account, and made some remark about women solicitors, when she was startled to hear a sudden "Miss B——, there's just one thing we don't want in this office,—and that's a woman advertising solicitor!" "But why not?" asked Miss B—— pleasantly. "You

can't have very many of them." "Oh, yes we do," reiterated the man, "and we don't want them because they are either too aggressive, or else they try to vamp one!"

Did he not feel that way because the moment an attractive woman walked into his office he, in company with thousands of other men, instantly expected her to use her wiles, and try to "vamp" business? Or if she could not vamp him, is not the only alternative to the male mind the one that she will instantly become aggressive and have to be mentally thrown out? Was not this ingrained belief too strong to admit of the average possibility that the woman could briefly and authoritatively discuss the proposition? No; the biggest thing that woman had to fight was her listener's expectancy that she would



follow any course, rather than the rational one.

Some of the most difficult battles to fight for the women of to-day are the preconceived myths of a woman's attitude, actions, and reactions—have you not found it so?

* * * *

THERE seems to be room enough to comment on the widespread interest in Homer L. Secord's article on the evils of badly-fitting shoes. This is a situation which must be faced by younger women, and we intend to keep on the war-path. Anne Merrill adds some ideas to the subject in her page this month which are very much to the point.

Byrne H. Sanders

Woman's Day in Advertising is Just Dawning

Advertising Agencies, Department Stores, Furniture Stores and Banks Offer Interesting Fields for the Woman Advertiser

By ESTELLA M. PLACE.

FIVE years from now there will be dozens of opportunities for women in the advertising profession where there is one to-day. Woman's day in advertising is just dawning. Statistics show that the woman consumer buys 90 per cent. or more of all goods sold that are in general use, hence advertising to be effective must have the woman viewpoint or woman appeal.

As most of the food consumed is brought by women, food manufacturers are realizing the value of trained women in putting over their food advertising. Women dieticians trained in Home Economics are in demand for this work. They concoct new dishes which furnish the receipts for the booklets which are issued to introduce their products.

As the appeal of the food to the appetite depends in a measure on the art work of the advertising, women are especially useful in the art of giving the product a tempting look, creating an appetite for it. When it comes to illustrations of the serving of the food product, a woman will observe little inconsistencies or mistakes that a man would not be likely to notice. Mistakes of this kind are fatal to advertising.

Advertising agencies are numerous, and those specializing in the advertising of food products employ women dieticians both as copy writers and as experimenters with the food products. Many agencies have finely equipped kitchen-laboratories where many interesting copy angles are discovered because of the new uses found for the product. It goes without saying that a trained woman is better suited to such work than any man is likely to be.

* * * *

IN THE near future there is going to be an increasing demand for trained women in the advertising departments of the department stores and the drygoods stores. This in itself is a big field. Women buy 96 per cent. of the drygoods sold, therefore advertising must take into account woman psychology if it is to bring favorable results.

We find many women in subordinate positions in the advertising departments, but only here and there do we, as yet, find a department store with a woman advertising manager. Said a woman advertising manager recently, "A woman has to work twice as hard and show twice the results in order to pull down the salary a man would get in the same position."

Since 90 per cent. of all goods that are in general use are bought by women, it is becoming more and more evident that advertising copy must have the woman viewpoint on the woman appeal.

Such seems to be the case at present.

Many women have demonstrated unusual ability as department store advertising managers. A woman on the Pacific Coast has charge of the advertising of a chain of four large stores and she draws a salary up in the five figures with a percentage of the

increase in the business. When asked as to how she fitted herself for the work she replied:

"I had a good background for the work in my education and in my social contacts. My particular talent lay in art. My art led me into writing, which later was a great help in my advertising work.

"My first position was in the Art Section of a large Chicago store. Here I did much designing. Then for a time I did comparison shopping for the store, buying merchandise in other stores and studying the service the other stores gave. In this work I acquired a very good knowledge of values and of trade requirements. I soon became very much interested in advertising and as a preparation for this new field I studied printing in a print shop for several months. Because of my experience in these different lines I was offered the position of advertising manager in a large department store, which I gladly accepted.

"My experience in comparison shopping was of special value to me in my advertising work. It gave me a good knowledge of the goods in every department of the store, how to display them to advantage, and in my chats with the salespeople I heard many interesting stories of their experiences with customers, showing what women in particular look for. We study to give our advertising the feminine appeal and all our direct mail advertising is sent to women. The wife buys for the family, usually buying a good part of her husband's wardrobe.

"As to salaries in advertising, salaries for advertising managers range all the way from \$1,200 to \$20,000 a year and more, the 'more' being a drawing account of \$20,000 with a percentage of the increased business, which will often times be more than the drawing account itself."

Furniture stores are coming to know the value of employing women in their advertising departments, and the number of opportunities for women in this line will multiply many times in the next few years. Many women from well-to-do homes and with valuable social contacts that admits them to the best homes are studying

(Continued on page 19.)

Does The Dollar Sign Allure You?

"I F WOMEN would just exercise common sense," lamented my attractive dinner companion as he gazed over the smartly-dressed women in the restaurant, most of them enroute to the symphony concert, too, "the world would be a better place in which to live".

"That's Wisdom speaking," I answered and had great difficulty in maintaining a calm expression, but I did add: "It is well the men always exercise their common sense, wise judgment, and so keep the balance between the two governing bodies on this earth!"

His significant look answered me eloquently.

* * *

ELUCIDATING his statement he discussed women in business. His ideals were not new but they were interesting and came from the lips of a man who only speaks after a good dinner and when he has a listening companion. By no manner of means was it an interview, it was a delightfully frank expression of why more women do not make "Who's Who" and why.

During dinner we had discussed a very brilliant friend who had resigned her position where she had been an important executive because the increasing salary clause in her contract had not been fulfilled . . . on the minute. She had attended the meeting of the board of directors when the financial report was made and it showed that while profits had been made they must all go back into the business and there would be no



Are We Allowing It To Arrest Our Creative Work and Opportunity?

By

JEAN MOWAT.

increases for any of the executives for another year. The chairman of the board had implored her to reconsider her resignation and remain. But she just walked out and into another job.

Our friend had told my dinner companion she was through, and why . . . "Think of all the years she had worked for the firm . . ." All of which was true, but as she was drawing well over \$5,000 and only keeping herself she was not exactly in dire circumstances! The firm had weathered severe and hard competition but had made good, and the returns were going right back to make more and maintain this new

"If one can be the best private secretary, the best saleswoman, the best dietitian, editor or professor, and find that it gives them the same thrill that falling in love does—then that's the job to stand by. —In the end it will prove its worth to you."

hold and development—not into salaries.

"Women," stated my friend, in most august tones, "don't use their common sense. Eleanor could easily have made \$10,000 there inside of five years, if she 'had kept her shirt on', but do you think we could make her see that? There she had virtually no supervision, in her department her word was law. She came and went as she pleased, and yet produced more work than one person was ever expected to do. She earned her money, all right, but thoroughly enjoyed it.

"But, not satisfied, and feeling that she has been treated unfairly, threw up the job and all the years of confidence she had built with the firm and takes on a job that offers her a mere \$500 a year more . . . and now she cannot go to Europe as was necessary with the old firm, and she must record her coming and going, and make definite reports to three men who give her orders as one might expect them to be given to track builders! She certainly did follow the lure of the dollar sign to lose all her freedom and independence of both thought and action! My word, that was a high price.

"What did she say? Simply that
(Continued on page 31.)

Pioneers For Women In The West

"It would fill a book, the work that women are doing right now in Manitoba and throughout Canada, lending their Courage, their Service of Mind and Heart to the Country" says Mr. Healy, Manitoba Provincial Librarian.

An Interview by C. B. ROBERTSON.

DO YOU ever picture to yourself the author of a book which has interested you? As I sat in the street car on the way to the Parliament Buildings I drew a mental picture of the man whom I was about to meet. (Mr. W. J. Healy, the Manitoba Provincial Librarian, author of "Woman of Red River", a story of the pioneer women of Manitoba from the first days of the Province's settlement up to 1879). I visioned the author as a tall, slender man, of middling middle-age. He had a twinkle in his eye, indicating a whimsical sense of humor. He was a sensitive person, with no wish to advertise himself or his work in the world; a man who would make one feel how human is humanity, because he (as I had seen from the spirit of his printed words) was so human himself.

Perhaps you think that I was horribly disillusioned; that I probably found a rotund and pompous little "feller" with a red nose? If so, you are vastly mistaken. The improbable—the well-nigh impossible—happened! Mr. Healy was just what my fancy had painted him!

* * * *

IFOUND it a bit difficult to get Mr. Healy to talk about himself, but when I spoke of various old ladies who had told him the stories which largely made up his book, he beamed upon me, gratefully taking the opportunity to turn the subject from himself.

He told of a huge luncheon party given by the Women's Canadian Club of Winnipeg, primarily responsible for the writing of the book, to celebrate its publication. The guests of honor were those old ladies who

still "lived to tell the tale" of the first pioneering in Western Canada. Save one, they were all just on the sunny side of ninety, yet no lover ever spoke of his lass with greater tenderness than Mr. Healy spoke, as he told of the "dear, dear old ladies", and what a lovely time they had at the party, where was celebrated the record of the long-gone day of their heroic young womanhood.

"If it had not been for the sustaining courage of those women," said Mr. Healy earnestly, "I'm convinced that the men couldn't have stuck it out at all!" Then he added thoughtfully: "But that is true of to-day, too, isn't it? The courage of the women is the driving force which carries civilization forward, generation after generation!"

Now, we women know that this remark was a bit of an exaggeration, for just as there are "men—and men", so are there "women—and women", and a shocking number of females haven't enough courage to be the "driving force" to propel a roller skate across the nursery. However, it is gratifying, and positively inspiring, to meet a man who idealizes our sex as a whole, in this way—yes?

* * * *

MR HEALY went on to say: "Women have always been, and always will be, pioneers of one sort or another. They are possessed of an intrepid courage—the courage of their convictions. Nothing can hold 'em, once they are convinced that their cause is a just one—whether it be the building of a home on virgin prairie, or votes for women!"

"Have you ever heard of Mrs. Scott, and the Margaret Scott Nursing Mission? There, in that lady's

heart and work, were expressed courage and faith as beautiful and as enduring as that of any pioneer-woman who gazed across the bare prairie from the covered wagon, and saw a vision of home.

"Mrs. Scott is an old lady now, and the work of her mission is chiefly carried on by younger women, including a dozen trained nurses, who go into the homes of the poor, care for them in time of sickness and distress, and play an important part in welcoming new Canadian citizens into the world. Mrs. Scott, many years ago, saw the need of such service, and, with small means, set about filling the need. Her work has, through many years, grown to mighty proportions in Winnipeg, for the business men of the city have seen to it that she had the means at hand to carry on and enlarge her work.

"Mrs. Scott has never asked for a dollar! She just held fast to the faith that 'there is no rainy day in God's weather above the clouds'; used what she had on hand for what she needed each day in her deeds of mercy. Money was always freely given, unasked, by hundreds of men who, seeing her work, concluded that it must not be hampered for lack of funds. Perhaps each man felt in his heart that it was, in part, his job to see that the beautiful faith of that pioneer woman should be rewarded; that he should be the channel through which her prayer of service should be answered.

* * * *

"YES, younger women are doing the labor of love now, but their inspiration is the dear old lady who saw a vision and dreamed a dream of

pioneer service so very many years ago.

"Ever hear of Cora Hind?" asked Mr. Healy with a smile. "Talk about your pioneers! She was the first girl-stenographer in Winnipeg, and one of the first in Canada. Later, she was the first newspaper woman in Manitoba. She also became the first woman-journalistic-agricultural-expert in Canada. There are, to my knowledge, only two of them to-day—she and Miriam Green Ellis, another Westerner and a most-knowledgable soul!"

"Every farmer in the West knows that the reports of Cora Hind upon the grain crops have, for many years back, had a whole lot to do with 'the price of wheat' in the markets for Canada, of the U.S.A., and so, of the world.

"Miriam Green Ellis, who came West with a degree in music to teach Western youngsters to play the piano, has become a most remarkable grain and cattle expert in the journalistic field. Her reports are broadcasted all over the world. Anent her pioneering spirit, I may say that this lady took a holiday a few years ago, and travelled to the Arctic by a trail never followed before or since by a woman—up from Edmonton through the Peace and MacKenzie Rivers and Great Slave Lake. You see, possessed of a pionering soul, she just *had* to break a new trail, even when upon an alleged vacation from her labors!"

* * * *

AS MR. HEALY talked, there was a knock at the office door, and there appeared upon the scene a lady bent upon gathering some information from the Provincial Librarian.

Mr. Healy exclaimed: "Now this is delightful! Lillian Beynon Thomas is another pioneer in Western achievement. She is an educationalist on two counts; firstly because she puts on record, for all Canadians to read, the courageous and hard-working lives of the pioneer homesteaders of to-day, who are breaking the land farther and farther North, setting the house of Canada in order for the coming of Canadians yet unborn. They call her stories fiction, but, by George, they express *Truth*!"

"Secondly, Mrs. Thomas is doing pioneer work in education in Manitoba, in that she teaches classes in the

technique of short story writing, and is developing what Western Canada sorely needs, young writers destined to chronicle for future generations, the Canada of to-day. Her pupils are doing it—they are already, as the saying is, 'selling their stuff'!"

"How did it come about?" I asked Mrs. Thomas. "Are you a Westerner? Born here?"

"I was born in the East," Mrs. Thomas admitted, rather regretfully, to my ears, "but I was a tiny youngster when we came to Winnipeg, and I went to school and college here. I am a graduate of Manitoba University."

"Have you stayed here all your life?" I asked her.

"No, I studied short story writing at Columbia University in New York,



Lillian Beynon Thomas

of having to go far afield as I did. So few have the means to do so, that I feel that I am really achieving something in helping to create young writers, who, were I not here, might go into other professions or into business, perhaps, and be square pegs in round holes all their lives!"

* * * *

WHEN Mrs. Wright had gone, Mr. Healy added, "Now don't forget this point; that the women of to-day are showing the same pioneering spirit of the old days, although, with changing times, that spirit is expressing itself in different ways.

"It would fill a book, the work that women are doing right now in Manitoba, and throughout Canada, lending their courage, their faith, and their service of mind and heart, to the country. Not so long ago, organization work for women was a pioneering job. Executive ability wasn't expected of them, yet consider what they did in war time, not only with the work of their hands, but with the activity of their fine minds.

"Nowadays they are making possible the growth and development of endless charitable activities, and are doing such highly-educational and constructive work as such organizations as the Women's Canadian Club is achieving. Great pioneering leaders are being developed—women in the
(Continued on page 21.)



Miriam Green Ellis

and edited a magazine while there for the Seaman's Church Institute. I returned to Winnipeg four years ago, where I opened my classes with a view to making it possible for talented youngsters to study at home instead

The Way of a Maïd With Her Clothes

The Writer Questioned a Number of Prominent Executives as to Their Ideas on the Correct Costume for Business, with Some Interesting Results

By MARGARET BROWN.

Illustrated by Gordon Wallace.

SINCE Eve started the fashion (did she, by the way?), woman's problem of "what to wear" has been an engrossing one. Sometimes present day standards require more thought as regards what *not* to wear—however . . .

When it comes to dressing for business, one can nearly always group business girls into three classes:—

Those who wear in their clothes.

Those who wear out their clothes.

Those who display their clothes.

Admitting that this is rather deep—when one makes a statement that doesn't sound very clear and can't think of a better way to say a thing, it helps a lot to use that word "deep"—let me explain:

Those who "wear in their clothes" are as careful in their selection of their business dresses as in their evening gowns. And since one spends half one's waking hours at the office, it is nice to always look one's best, isn't it. I thought it was more than that, but I've figured it all out with a pencil.

Those who "wear out their clothes" do just that. They use the office as a convenient place to finish up their evening dresses, fussy afternoon frocks and so forth. Business is presented with their left-over clothes as with their left-over energies.

And lastly, those who "display their clothes" simply using the office as a kind of a show room.

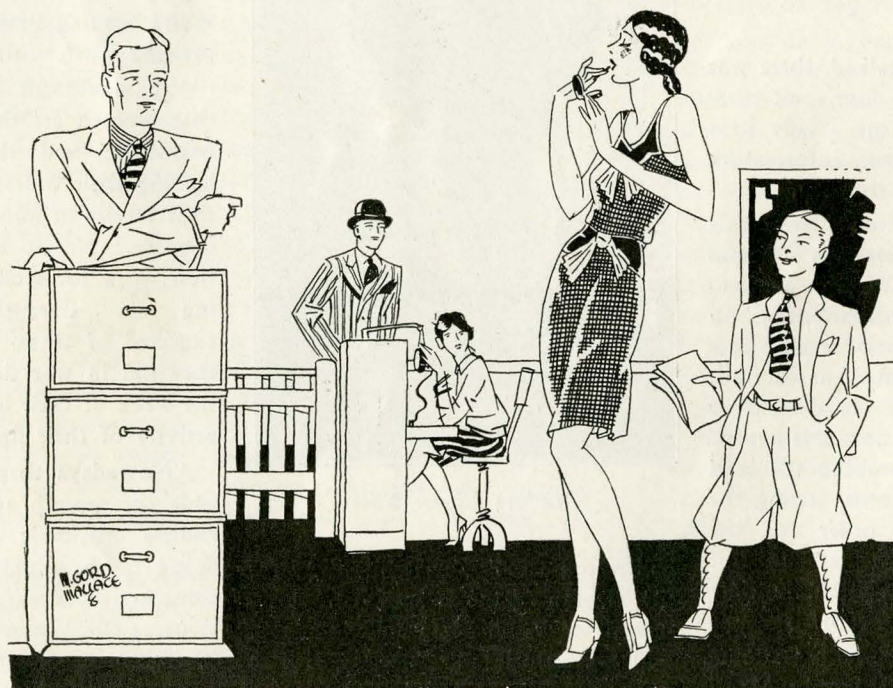
But since, dear reader, you also belong to the first group (you see I'm sold on the "class" circulation of *The Business Woman*), let us concentrate on that.

WHEN women first entered the sacred precincts of business life, it was noticeable that they followed the lead of the trail blazers, men, and were inclined to rather a severe type of dress, tweed suits, navy blue dresses with starched collars. Indeed, it was almost a uniform, just as to-day we see regular armies of modern men with blue chincilla coats, white mufflers and black christies. (Ah, to be able to write with utter abandon and no fear of insulting a reader who wears just that. Horrible thought—are you a man? If so, it serves you right for displaying unseemly curiosity as to what women should wear). But we were discussing the severe type of business dress almost invariably worn when women were first introduced in business.

Through the years, as business in general has opened its arms to women, dress has shown a decided change. We now have a place for ourselves and in consequence can "be ourselves." So, in dressing for business, as for every other phase of life—just be yourself. As one's position becomes more important—need for better clothes may present itself. Where one is constantly meeting the public, frequent changes may be desirable. But it always pays to look smartly dressed, and to take every care in being well groomed.

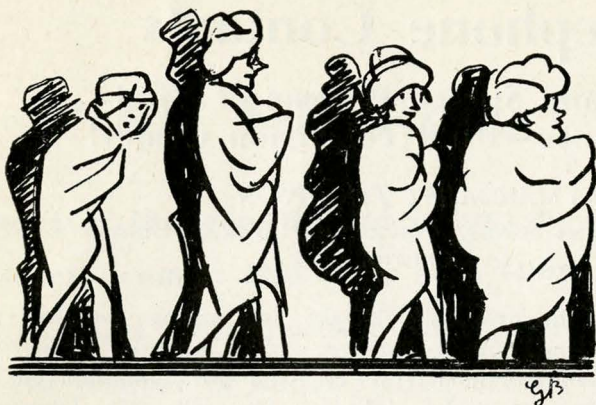
THE head of an advertising agency, in giving his opinion of the correct dress for business, says: "I like the girls in the office to look well dressed. Clients are constantly coming in and out and it creates an air of prosperity. I haven't any objection to a little jewellery if it fits into their outfits, if you know what I mean. Of course I don't like too fussy clothes, but it seems to me it's more the way things are made than the material they are made of, which determines whether or not they are suited to business wear."

A publisher employer writes: "I don't know that I've ever given much thought to it. As long as the girls look neat, they can wear pretty well what they like. A lot of our girls wear smocks and it's a good idea because printers' ink cer-



Those who "display their clothes" simply use the office as a kind of showroom.

(Turn to p. 29.)



The Exploration of a Turkish Bath

Being the Discoveries of an Adventurous Business Woman,
an Amiable Soul Who Would Try
Anything Once

By JESSIE MACPHERSON.

Sketches by Georgette Berckmans.

I INSIST on claiming a certain amount of originality for the idea of taking a "Bath". It wasn't so much that I needed one, you understand, but once to every woman comes the moment to decide and I finally yielded to impulse, largely, I admit, out of curiosity. Just what was a Bath like and what did it do to one? I meant to find out.

Turkish Baths were so invigorating, declared certain of my business friends. A virtual tonic and a guaranteed reducer without any unpleasant consequences.

Well, I didn't exactly require to reduce. I weigh 114 dressed and I've always been more afraid of fatty degeneration of the brain than of the body, but being one of those amiable souls who are willing to try anything once, I decided I might as well have a shot at it.

* * * * *

THERE are Baths and Baths I suppose, but the establishment I patronized surely must be hard to excel. For one thing, it was so very thorough. Like the T.T.C., you pay as you enter—probably a precautionary measure on the part of the management for so much is bound to happen after you pass in, that nobody, and least of all yourself, can be at all certain of the outcome. The client, or customer (or patient, or victim, or what you will), may emerge with all the physical features of a stewed prune, and threaten to sue the company for damages, or, on the

other hand, she may pass into a prolonged lotus-sleep, from which it would be difficult to arouse her long enough to extract payment. For there is a siesta room in connection with the Baths where they *shoo* you after you have been through most of the more strenuous processes, and you may take it from me that there are no cases of insomnia there. So, money first, please.

You purchase a Bath ticket, then, at the entrance. But this is only a starter as you presently find out. One really can't expect very much for such a trifling sum as a dollar nowadays, and I reflected that after having paid out fabulous amounts all fall and winter to see a lot of poor shows at the theatres I'd have been willing to sacrifice a good deal more than a dollar to see a genuine drama, of the sort with human interest trimmings and perhaps a little comedy thrown in.

However, I needn't have worried—they collected largesse all along the line. The Baths were on the upper floor of a tall office building and I couldn't refrain from wondering what it would be like if the pipes were to burst, and all the water started to flood the floors below—not to mention the pandemonium that would ensue when all the lean and fat ladies were washed down. Which is the worst of having a too-active imagination.

* * * * *

I FORGOT to say that I left the office A.W.O.L. one afternoon, or

rather that I neglected to return to it after lunch. I have the nicest and most accommodating old grouch of a boss and I hated to do this—I'm no Tillie—but you must realize that I just *couldn't* say to that blessed man that I wanted the afternoon off to take a Bath. He'd have misunderstood.

Being requested to deposit my valuables at the office of the establishment I accordingly parked one emerald ring and my wrist-watch there, retaining my money on my person (some of my ancestors were Scottish), and thereupon I was hustled along a

(Continued on page 21.)





IT IS a platitude to say that the telephone is nowadays a vital part of our daily life. All day and all night messages are speeding across the continent, even across the wide spaces of the Atlantic to London or Paris, with as little ceremony as previously attended the calling of a local number.

A great part of our contacts with other people is confined to the medium of the telephone, and, therefore, to that of voice and speech. Lost is the influence of the radiant smile, the compelling eye, the masterful jaw—at least until television comes into its own.

Two things are perhaps of outstanding importance in telephone conversations—courtesy and economy of words. Both seem often to fly to the winds. People who are normally gracious and lucid are apt on the telephone to become surly and confused. Quite a number of people on the telephone are exasperating to a degree. Here is the black list of some of our own pet aversions.

* * * *

THE switchboard girl who answers almost inaudibly. "Smith Brothers" she growls—a sound which fails lamentably to pierce the din of your office. Finding no immediate response, she splinters your ear-drum with a furious "SMITH BROTHERS! WHO IS IT YOU WANT?"

The girl who, on being asked to put you through to a certain person, does not answer, leaving you for several agonizing moments in a dilemma as to whether you should hang on or hang up.

Telephone Contacts

Voice and Speech Become of Vital Importance—Until Television Comes!

Says MARGARET THOMPSON

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

The girl who snaps the necessary question: "Who's speaking?" immediately giving you a feeling of inferiority and guilt, and then repeats the question three times without waiting for you to get a complete answer out.

The girl who says: "Mr. Blank is engaged. Will you leave your number, please?" and does no more about it.

The girl who resents your very existence.

The girl who hangs up so sharply, having answered your initial enquiry, that you have no time to get the full information you were seeking.

The girl who cannot give a clear message.

* * * *

THESE complaints are all directed at the intermediary who answers the telephone. As a matter of fact, the majority of people are infinitely better at making a call than at answering one. But there are many faults encountered in all telephone conversations, of some of which almost everyone is guilty.

We should make up our minds about what we are going to say before we telephone. So many people are incoherent. They never successfully reach the end of any sentence, and they find it equally difficult to break off the conversation. How many times do we hear, or indulge in, a conversation concluding like this:

"Very well, Miss Blank. I'll call you as soon as I can find out myself."

"That's fine. You call me."

"Yes, I'll call you. Splendid."

"Well, you'll let me know soon then."

"Yes, I certainly will."

At last one of them gets desperate and hangs up, leaving the other feeling that the conversation has been terminated rather abruptly. This is a form of nervousness which wastes everyone's time.

* * * *

MORE valuable minutes are often frittered away, too, by lack of fore-

thought in making sufficient enquiries. Mr. Chief asks his secretary to get him Mr. Johnston on the 'phone. She calls Mr. Johnston's office. He is out. She turns to her Chief and tells him so. He asks her to find out if he is expected back this morning. More conversation on her part, to which the answer reported is: "No. He is not." "What time do they expect him, then?" asks the Chief. "Some time this afternoon," his secretary discovers. "When?" asks the Chief. "About three. He is certain to be in by four o'clock because he has a committee meeting then."

All the futile waste of time taken up by this three-cornered—possibly four-cornered—conversation could have been avoided if the secretary before reporting to her Chief in the first instance, had found out when Mr. Johnston could be found at his office for certain, and, in an urgent case, if it were possible to get him anywhere else in the meantime.

* * * *

TIME can also be saved by making a very careful record of telephone calls during the Chief's absence. No secretary should ever be guilty of the blunder which causes her to say suddenly: "Oh, I forgot! Mr. Jones" (Continued on page 17.)



ANNE MERRILL

Discusses the adoption of babies by business women and their care from 9 to 5; and adds another indictment on the danger of badly fitting shoes.



FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN, a lovable old priest of the Roman Catholic faith in England who, like the gloomy Dean of the Anglican Church, just couldn't help saying quotable and controversial things, scolded the spinsters of his flock one day in a published article which included the suggestion that every unmarried woman who owned a toy dog of any description, should forthwith get rid of same and adopt a child.

One bright business woman came back in print with the retort that she would willingly, even gladly, undertake the care and consequent joy of a little boy or girl, if the reverend father would tell her just where she could buy a baby cheap and show her how she could rear it as reasonably as the pet animal—namely, on four pounds a year.

The priest's reply, if he continued the argument, was not recorded.

* * * *

MORE than one Toronto business woman has said—and I have heard her—that she would like to adopt a child or two but could not afford the luxury. One of these women, in a confidential moment, said she often, in the evenings, resolved the pleasant hope fancifully and went over in her mind plan after plan—for the future—if the time should ever come when she could "see her way clear" to try out some of the schemes, with their accompanying dreams.

She wanted one about two years old, but where to keep it, and have it taken proper care of while she was at work from 9 to 5, was always the point she found herself returning to in the vicious circle.



I HAVE been thinking about it, too, and wondering if we older ones couldn't get together and agree to do some adopting on a benevolent scale providing we could get civic assistance in the matter, not merely financial, but a sympathetic hearing to help us work out some scheme of part care to be undertaken by responsible parties while we foster-mothers were busy in our office, shop, or factory, earning bread and butter for the rising, adopted generation.

Why shouldn't we secure parking places for infants somewhere downtown at conveniently-located corners, and set apart by the city for this purpose, where women could take their adoptees in the morning on their way to work and pick them up again after five o'clock.

They could be kept in separate cubicles and fastened by little harness arrangements with pretty leather leashes. These could vary in color. A foster-mother could have several of them, one to match whatever costume she was choosing that day to wear to business.

There is no reason why the cubicles couldn't be made at least as attractive and comfortable as dog kennels, and a civic supervisor could be paid to look after all the little charges—providing she didn't charge too much!

Where business managers, or factory managers were found to be sym-

pathetic and co-operative, and allowed their staff two hours at noon, the women could call for the babies and take them to some nice place for lunch where there was plenty of music and relaxation and where fashionable people were in the habit of congregating. This would afford the additional benefits of a sort of social training for the children, without further effort on the part of the foster-mothers. The youngsters could absorb nice manners in this way. They could at least learn how to hold their knives and forks, and pick up other little hints on etiquette.

* * * *

IN case the city fathers refused to lend their assistance, business men themselves might be sufficiently modern to see a great future reaction for the benefit of the whole race, in such a project if carried out properly of course. And heads of big business houses might be willing to set apart one floor, preferably the top floor, as a sort of business creche.

They could instal radio instruments in each baby-kennel, and with a corresponding attachment on the foster-mother's adding machine, or typewriter, or knitting-machine, or whatever was suitable to her own work, she could at any desired moment interrupt her work to listen-in and find if her infant was happy or sad, by the prevailing sounds.

I WAS glad to see a man—Homer Secord—taking up seriously in the last issue, the question of women's shoes, glad also that he was supported by the statements of an expert bone-surgeon who said there was no article of her apparel that so affected a woman's business efficiency as her shoes. The picture he drew of the hoofed-lady of three generations hence was only slightly exaggerated perhaps.

Is there a sillier sight anywhere than that of an otherwise well-dressed girl mincing awkwardly around an office in high-heeled shoes? She always suggests stilted soldierettes, and it would hardly surprise the rest of the staff if an invisible band were to strike up the tune famous by Balieff in his *Chauve Souris*, while the spike-heeled office assistant continues her clicking parade, back and forth, back and forth, between her typewriter and filing-cabinet.

The surgeon says these foot atrocities seriously interfere with her work. I quite believe it. They would interfere with mine just to hear them clicking about the place.

* * * *

But it is hardly fair to throw the entire blame on the girls for choosing silly shoes. How many places, in Toronto at any rate, show an inclination to sell sane ones?

There seems to be a combine between manufacturer and shoe-shop buyer to fill the town with painfully uncomfortable shoes, and it is difficult to find a place where the sensible kind mentioned by Mr. Secord can be obtained.

Walk along any business street and what do you find?—the average shop window cluttered with cheap, loud-colored and loud-voiced styles, and if an occasional shoe-hunter happens to be fired with a noble resolve to purchase a pair for comfort rather than show, she meets discouragement on every hand—also on every foot!

Should the shopper be so normal, so very ordinary, as to ask for a decent shoe with medium low and broad heel, the clerk regards her haughtily and pronounces the formula he has been carelessly taught:

"There is no demand for that kind, Madam."

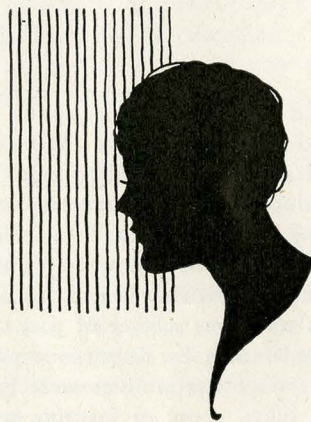
I had this experience in at least ten different shops in Toronto, and by the time I had reached the tenth, was

getting, like Alice, indignant and finally screwed up my courage to the point of talking back to the salesman.

By what right did these martinets fix inviolably such hideous styles for women—fill their shelves and their windows with them, and then dare to say there was no demand for the better kind?

My greatest shock was received this spring in a sporting-goods shop, a place where one had been led to expect sensible shoes for sports wear, but now full of the degenerate kind of article.

I was so surprised at the change there and by what the clerk told me, that I took the trouble to send for the manager. To my amazement, he uttered the same parrot reply heard



in the previous nine places. It was then a "piece of my mind" got the better of my tongue, and I told him what I thought of his taste as a buyer of women's shoes.

* * * *

There may be such a thing as having a heel too low, and perhaps our legs since childhood have been trained out of the natural tendency which should be to follow a path, flat-footed like an Indian, and we should be able to work or run for miles, tirelessly.

There is a happy medium, however, though heels should be broad enough to do away with a tendency to totter.

Again, some may say heels can hardly be too high for dancing. But Evelyn Laye, the beautiful English actress who has such grace, poise and charm that her acquaintances are continually beseeching her to tell them

how she acquires it, "does not advise" the very high heel for any occasion.

A medium, straight heel is the best for ordinary wear, she finds, and "is best, too, for dancing".

"It is ruinous," Miss Laye declares, both to the feet, and to grace, to wear very high heels for dancing. She says "they spoil one's poise and tire one terribly".

"If you have to be on your feet a great deal during the day, whether standing or walking, you should wear shoes with a fairly broad heel. A small Cuban heel of medium height is best, and these are now featured (in England) on very smart shoes, so you needn't look dowdy because you're sensible." And the actress sounds a warning, "to see that you have flexible soles. They make walking much easier and are better for the feet in every way".

Miss Laye touches a point seldom mentioned in connection with foot comfort, but she finds that it has a direct bearing on this—the stocking.

As a matter of fact (she says) stockings can pinch the feet and cause discomfort nearly as much as tight shoes. They can cause joints to swell and become disfigured, if stockings that are too short and too narrow are habitually worn. She adds that one should avoid the other extreme, the too loose stocking that wrinkles and creases on the foot to its great discomfort.

INCOMPETENCE AMONG LONDON STENOGRAPHERS.

What is viewed by a critic as "extraordinary incompetence" among girl typists in London, England, who present themselves for jobs in Whitehall offices, has been disclosed in a recent report of the examiners to the Civil Service commission, which shows that of the 930 girls who sat for the examination, no fewer than 708 failed and only 222 passed successfully.

Some of the results were considered "surprising". For instance:

Shorthand.—Hundreds of the girls could not read their shorthand notes, although the passages were only dictated at the exceptionally slow rate of 60 and 80 words a minute. Over 160 girls obtained no marks at all, out of the 150 possible, and several obtained

only 3, 4, or 5 marks. Only 10 of the 900 odd obtained full marks.

Typewriting.—Although the speed required was only 30 words per minute, nearly 130 girls failed to get a single mark, and many only obtained 2, 3, 4, and 5 marks out of the possibly 200.

Arithmetic.—Five simple sums were set, and the candidates were provided with a paper giving them their

arithmetical and mensuration tables in case they had forgotten these. But out of the possible 100 marks many girls got "Nil," and 82 got less than quarter marks. Only 41 out of the 900 odd got full marks.

French was an optional subject, but some of those who entered failed lamentably. Out of the 150 full marks one girl obtained only 5, and several had only 14, 15, 16, and 18.

TELEPHONE CONTACTS

(Continued from page 14)

wanted you to call him as soon as you came in." We are so much dependent on telephone communication that neglected calls may mean very serious losses and real detriment to the business. A telephone block should always be kept by the instrument, and all calls requiring attention should be noted thereon, giving particulars of the name of the person called, the name and number of the person calling, the hour of the call (this may sometimes be of great importance, and at least may save a call to someone seen personally in the interim), the nature of the message, and the initials of the person taking the call. This should be placed in a noticeable position on the Chief's desk under a paper-weight, and a note made of it on the secretary's desk pad so that she may remind her Chief of it should he overlook it, or deal with it herself in his absence.

Long distance calls should be jotted down with the date and hour, so that the telephone bill may be satisfactorily checked.

The gist of any important telephone conversation should be noted immediately in writing and filed. This often proves to be very valuable evidence or memoranda, and is well worth the trouble involved.

The telephone should be placed in the quietest spot in the office com-

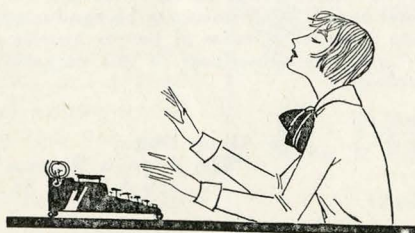
patible with convenience. Apparent rudeness and stupidity on the telephone is often due to the clamour in the vicinity, which prevents the accurate transmission of messages. Intense concentration and a finger in the ear not occupied by the receiver are often the only weapons with which to combat the roaring tumult of one's surroundings.

* * * *

THEN, with regard to courtesy. If there is one instance more than another where a courteous voice is of the first importance, it is on the telephone, where it stands on its own merits. A soft answer does turn away all kinds of wrath. A snapped order to hold the line only creates impatience, whilst a considerate "Do you mind holding the line a moment, Mr. Jones?" takes a fraction of a minute more to say (a second and a half, to be exact), and melts the heart of Mr. Jones completely.

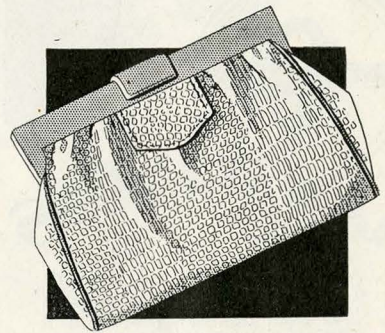
The faculty of remembering voices and the identity of persons over the telephone is a very valuable one, too. In some cases it adds volumes to the good reputation of the organization.

To the average caller, the girl who answers the telephone IS the organization. She should be chosen and trained with care, for she can turn the telephone into a real asset as an instrument of goodwill.

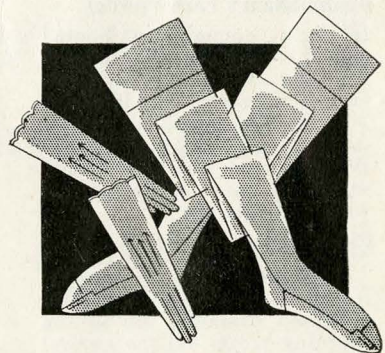


Costume Details

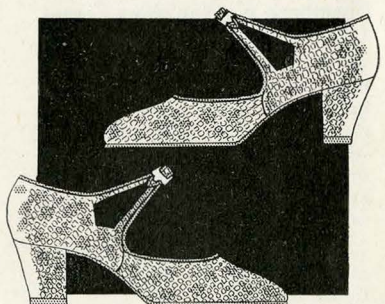
Stockings and gloves—handbag and shoes—little things—making or marring the Springtime ensemble.



Goatskin in reptile finish makes a business-like handbag. Brown with shell frame. \$6.50.



Beige is the fashionable color of medium service-weight, silk-to-hem stockings and chamoesuede gloves. Stockings, \$1.50. Gloves, \$1.00.



Sa'on Six shoes buckle fashionable straps. Imitation reptile in brown shade. \$6.00.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED



So many readers of the Business Woman's Magazine have tried this new powder and expressed their perfect satisfaction, that we are sure you will be more than pleased with it.

Chamberlain's Face Powder

is light enough to spread smoothly and evenly without the least caking, yet with just enough weight so that it clings. Its fragrance, too, is new—a delicate suggestion of Orange Blossoms and Roses—distinctly unusual because it harmonizes with any perfume.

Chamberlain's Cold Cream

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

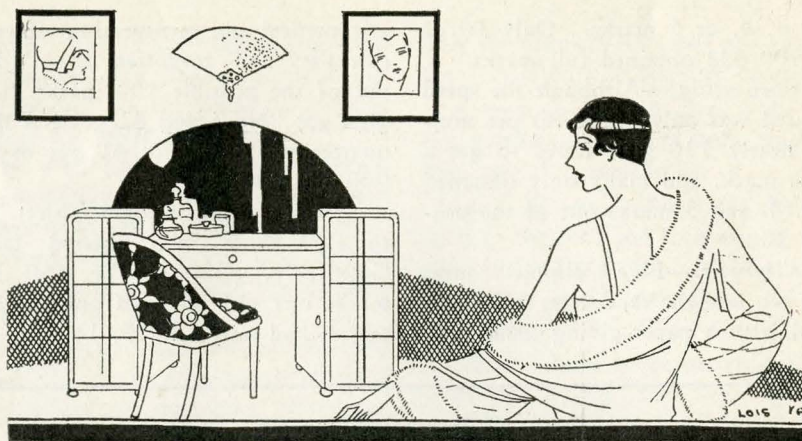
Chamberlain's Vanishing Cream

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

You may try the Face Powder at our expense by sending your name and address to

Chamberlain's
FACE POWDER

COLD CREAM VANISHING CREAM
CHAMBERLAIN LABORATORIES
Dovercourt Road - Toronto



Equipping the Dressing Table

HOW do you do, everybody?

It's going to be a very great pleasure for me to contact the ten thousand women who subscribe to *The Business Woman*, every month, because I know that the quest for beauty and expert grooming, is one of our greatest interests. So much depends on it. So much power lies in the tips of our own fingers. We are in a position to luxuriate a bit in our beauty preparations; we want to look our best every hour of the seven days a week,—and if anyone can help us to do that,—we'll be in the front row all the time, won't we?

People are always insisting that beauty is only skin deep . . . but if it is, then we can do a great deal to find that beauty. Don't misunderstand me, please. I am not losing sight of the importance of a beautiful spirit, and pleasant thoughts, but between you and me, beautiful creams are as important as beautiful thoughts. and who would deny it?

Dressing-Table Equipment.

Before we start the beauty discussions, a word about our dressing table drawers.

We women who are learning so much about efficiency down-town,

can carry our experience into our dressing-tables,—there's plenty of room for improvement in them.

Time is precious so that everything must be planned for convenience. A top drawer with a sliding shelf, is the ideal which few of us can attain; but we can all have a little nest of boxes, that will fit neatly into the drawer.

* * * *

POWDER is the bane of a tidy drawer, and lotions too have a way of spilling themselves. I have found that the simple plan of lining my top drawer with oilcloth is a splendid one. You can buy it in very delicate pastel shades, and when pasted into the drawer, lining the bottom and sides and completely sealing the corners, it is a simple matter to run a damp cloth over it to keep it spotless.

Beauty Equipment.

What do we need in our beauty drawer? In addition to the usual powder and rouge it should include,

- a foundation cream,
- a cleansing cream,
- cleaning tissues,
- a skin food,
- a toning lotion,—an astringent or refreshing skin tonic.

ANOTHER SERVICE!

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

Address your letters to

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

(Enclose a stamped addressed envelope for personal reply.)

The very complete drawer would include an evening face powder as well as a liquid powder for neck and shoulders, when décolleté is *de rigueur*.

So much for the "skin-deep" beauty; what about paraphernalia for care of the eyes? A well-groomed woman does not use eye make-up for the street, but in the evening, it is important. I would suggest a good eye-wash, eyebrow pencil, eye-brow brush, and eyebrow tweezers,—the latter to be used in extreme cases only and then only over the bridge of the nose.

The nails are taken care of by many preparations that are sold in convenient little boxes, which we all fit into our drawer.

One other necessity,—a magnifying glass to show us the exact condition of our skin; this will mean a great deal in the proper knowledge of our individual needs.

Applying Lotions.

I am indebted to a friend for the idea of applying some of the lotions with an atomiser,—indeed this is a good suggestion too for liquid brillantine, for one can then attain the faintest suggestion of lotion or brillantine through the fine spray.

One moment more, — absorbent cotton of course. A very convenient make comes in a small box and the cotton comes through a slit in the cover. But however you buy it, keep some in readiness to remove the surplus make-up.

If you can possibly manage it, place your dressing table so that you are facing the light. Artificial light should come directly from above.

WOMEN'S DAY IN ADVERTISING

(Continued from page 8)

Interior Decorating in our universities to-day. If this training is supplemented with training in advertising they can find a profitable outlet for their abilities in the advertising departments of the high class furniture stores, those that are alert to sense the trend of the times.

* * * *

OUT on the Pacific Coast is a young woman who has been advertising manager for a high-class furniture store for several years. She had a good education and a good knowledge of art to begin with, but her first position in the furniture store was as a stenographer. After a time she entered the sales work, which gave her a

(Continued on next page)



Let Herman's Huge Storage Vaults Guard Your Furs

OUR Cold Storage Fur Vaults—modern and safe—preserve as well as protect. They are constantly maintained at exactly the temperature best suited for fur preservation. A temperature that keeps the pelts firm and lustrous—that even enhances their present beauty.

Our Cold Storage Vaults, fully insured against loss, give absolute protection from loss or danger of any kind.

**Note Our
Charge
2%
of Your
Fair Valuation**

Telephone
AD. 4243-4
And Our Driver
Will Call.

Let us clean your fur coat with our new Hermanize Process—a special French Cleaning—cleans coat and lining at one time—thus making the coat as good as new.

All repairing and storage charged payable when the coat is delivered in the Fall.

Out-of-town inquiries invited.

E. Herman & Co., Limited

Factory and Showrooms—61 Gerrard St. West—at Bay
Also 403 Ouellette Ave., Windsor

CORSELETTES GIRDLES AND CORSETS CLEANED

Did you know that
Parker's will clean any
of these intimates?

No loss of life — no
stretching — and a per-
fectly clean, fresh gar-
ment again.

Prompt service if you
call

PHONE
RA. 3121

PARKER'S
DYE WORKS LIMITED
CLEANERS & DYERS

791 Yonge Street
TORONTO

knowledge of what women look for when they buy furniture. She became interested in advertising so she took night school courses that taught her layout and detail. She was soon made assistant manager of the advertising department, which position she held for six years, when she was made manager of the department.

Another young woman has been for four years assistant advertising manager in the largest retail furniture store in the world. When asked as to her preparation for this important position she replied:

"When I was in the university I specialized in English and in Journalism. Upon leaving the university I took up newspaper work. For two years I was society editor and feature writer for a daily with a large circulation.

"Learning that department store advertising offered a more promising future than newspaper work, I took a position as copy writer in a department store. At the end of six months I was made advertising manager of the department. From there I came to my present position, where I have been for four years. I have charge of all the periodical advertising, we advertise in a large number of leading magazines, and of all the publicity work. I also work with the advertising manager on the local advertising."

* * * *

BANKS are beginning to employ women in their advertising departments. One large bank in a Western city that has forty branches has a woman advertising manager. But few people are aware of the fact as she uses her initials in her communications. She often gets invitations to attend smokers, go on jaunts around the country with men, and to attend men's clubs.

She writes the advertising for the head bank and for the forty branch banks, adapting each piece of copy to the location of the bank. She also writes all letters soliciting new accounts, all letters to housewives and business women to interest them in a bank account, and all campaign literature. She also has charge of all the bank's publicity.

As to her preparation for her work, she first worked on a newspaper where she was everything from a printer's devil up. It was here that she learned

(Continued on page 29.)



Healthy Hair

Frequent shampooing with Evan Williams "Ordinary" keeps the hair lustrously lovely and healthy.

A special shampoo for every shade of hair . . . at your druggist.

Imported from England
SOLD EVERYWHERE
Sole Canadian Distributors
PALMERS LIMITED
MONTREAL

Evan Williams
HENNA
SHAMPOO

Are You Ever Ashamed of Your English?

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PIONEERS FOR WOMEN IN THE WEST

(Continued from page 11)

professions, upon the bench, and those carrying on the far-reaching work of the Christian churches of our land. We were, in Manitoba, I think, the first province to have mothers' allowances, and the first to send public health nurses to isolated places. These things and many others are the outcome of the dreams, the vision, the hard work, and the everlasting stick-to-it-iveness of public-spirited women.

"You see, no one but a woman can fully know the needs of women, and the prosperity, good health, and happy homes of the West are, undoubtedly, the result of the pioneering spirit of women who have worked and are working for an invigorated and purified civilization within our homeland—Canada. The women

have set a great ideal before them; an ideal—how shall I put it?" And then he expressed the thing by quoting the words of "Janey Canuck"—Judge Emily Murphy—that pioneer of the West whose service has been a guiding star to many another woman with the love of Canada in her heart. Hear it: "May our women be skilled in mother-craft, but with their house-windows open to the intellectual breezes of the world!"

So I wrote it down; this prayer and prophesy of a great Canadian—for there is much magic in the printed word—much magic, and much inspiration, too, when the word expresses a big thought and a pioneering spirit!

THE EXPLORATIONS OF A TURKISH BATH

(Continued from page 13)

Turkish corridor to a dressing-cubicle. This was a kind of cage and the attendant presented me with the key to it and with a sheet. The place was about four feet square and had an iron netting for a roof and for, I suppose, ventilation. There was a mirror and a notice advising me not to steal anything. Well, I couldn't see a thing to take, although I looked round carefully. For one thing I was cautioned not to remove the electric light bulb, but evidently someone had been ahead of me for it was already gone.

"You are a business woman, yes?" insinuated the French attendant. "We have a great many among our patrons. For them there is nothing like the Bath, Mademoiselle. You see, a business woman, she *doesn't perspire enough* . . .".

Oh, she doesn't, doesn't she? I disdained to argue the point but will say right now that whoever imagines that a business girl has no opportunities for breaking out into good honest perspiration should pay a visit to our office some day when something has gone wrong in the accounting department or when the boss has lost a game of golf.

"If Mademoiselle will stand up I will tie her into her sheet," the attendant was saying. (I had shed the

major part of my clothes). "Take off also ze stockings, if you please."

* * * *

SHE arranged a kind of pillow-case about my head and I felt like a candidate for initiation into the K.K.K. as in my ghostly wrappings I was marched along the corridor to a swing-door and into the stew-pot. This isn't the official name for the room but it's suggestive. It was a hot room maintained at 150 degrees, where the customers are taken first for the purpose of getting stewed out. (I hope the printer is very careful not to omit that last word.

It was a long narrow apartment with steamer chairs along both sides, like the lee deck of an ocean liner. I settled down in one of these chairs between a large lady who was pretending to be asleep and a thin and peevish-looking one who wore a querulous expression, and a chunk of ice on her head. The attendant brought me a similar piece of ice and a glass of ice-water. Inadvertently I set both down for a moment on a radiator, which was disguised as a table, and the orderly came running over to scold me. Mumbling an apology I sank back and allowed my gaze to wander around the place.

There was a weighing-scale near

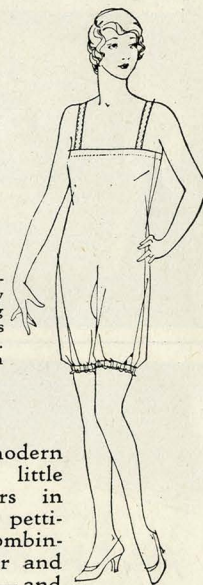
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The story of underwear styles in even the last twenty years is interesting and also amusing and just now modifications are most radical. You simply must renew your underwear ideas this season or be hopelessly behind times!



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Some very smart pyjama suits have just arrived in printed pussy-willow silk combined with crepe-de-chine—most luxurious and modern!



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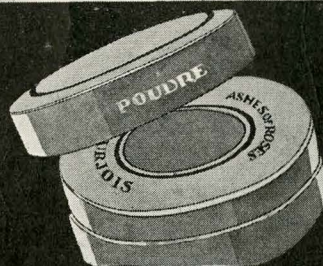
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the door and ladies in sheets were constantly hopping off, some with squeals of alarm and others emitting gusty sighs of satisfaction. There was one perfectly huge dame who must have tipped the beam at 300 pounds. As far as I could learn the patrons came from all walks of life. There were society women, housewives, business girls, and even a few stage people among them.

"Dearie, have you lost anything?" inquired the slumbrous person next to me, opening one eye. She spoke in a muffled voice through which a yawn struggled for expression.

"I-I don't think so," I said, feeling for my purse.

"Oh, I meant *weight*," she returned. "You've got yourself down fine. Haven't I seen you here before?"

Which proves that all ladies look alike—in sheets. I assured her this was my initial visit. The thin woman looked at me sourly and closed her eyes and moaned. She, it transpired, was here for her nerves. Too many parties and late hours, she explained complacently.

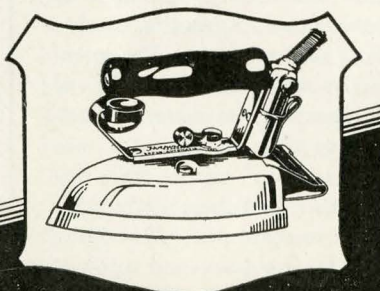
In front of us a woman who reminded me of a clothes-pin (she was exactly that shape, with a head flattened on top) was pending, stretching, whirling, and occasionally thumping herself all over with her knotted fists. "She's getting the poisons out of her body," elucidated the fat lady in a whisper. There was another woman who was skipping a rope. Those not attired in all-enfolding sheets wore gym costumes, but everybody perspired prodigiously. There was a sign on the wall which said that ladies would please not expose themselves in the nude.

The form divine! What variations of the theme were here presented, all the more interesting for not being wholly seen. Some Frenchman—wasn't it Beaudelaire?—remarked that woman is never so lovely as when reclining. Bless his gallant old heart, if only he could have peeped into our stew-pot what surprises would have been his. All of us were a study in the elemental feminine—rows of toes, rows of towel-swathed heads. Ladies with excellent facial features revealed ugly, misshapen feet, and those of too-too-solid flesh frequently exposed consolation prizes in the way of attractive ankles.

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The pack-room next. Here I was wrapped in a rough grey army-blanket and guided to a hard couch and instructed to do some more perspiring. Kind of a continuation-class as it were. I was roused from a doze by hearing a noise like a flock of giant crows fanning the air with their wings and looked up to see a sort of miniature saw-mill with a revolving belt just getting under way. This I was told was the trunk-shaker. A fat flapper had fastened herself into it, chewing gum all the while, and was submitting herself to a very thorough and scientific spanking. This contrivance I later learned was the latest invention for reducing the bodily parts.

* * * *

DRAPED in a fresh sheet I was escorted to the cleaning department, where I was soaped and scrubbed in good old Saturday night style, and after that came a session in the steam-room to open the pores and then the pool to close 'em. At the pool heads were bobbing about like corks and I became but another cork. We were hustled so quickly out of this that one lady was constrained to comment: "They don't give you time to ketch a cold even!"

I stepped drippingly out and trickled my way to the dressing-room and the attendant dried me with the world's roughest towel. Next, in a darkened chamber, adorned with signs proclaiming "SILENCE", I stretched me out on a nice soft cot and for the space of an hour and a half was dead to the world and its cares. I woke gradually, and oh, my sisters, what sights met the eye—and sounds the ear! Quite possibly I had done a little snoring myself, but surely *my* head didn't look quite like any of these others! There were rows and rows of pillows, each adorned with its head—stringy bobs, fluffy bobs, curl-papered polls, Dutch cuts, heads with the inverted-haystack effect, and even one resembling a Jap doll.

Sitting up abruptly I examined myself in a mirror and my self-esteem received a rude jolt. I looked like an impressionist picture of "A Lady Without Her Makeup". I hurried to the beauty-parlor and had six dollars' worth of prettying done to me, comprising a manicure, a facial, a shampoo, a water-wave, a neck-

(Continued on page 28.)



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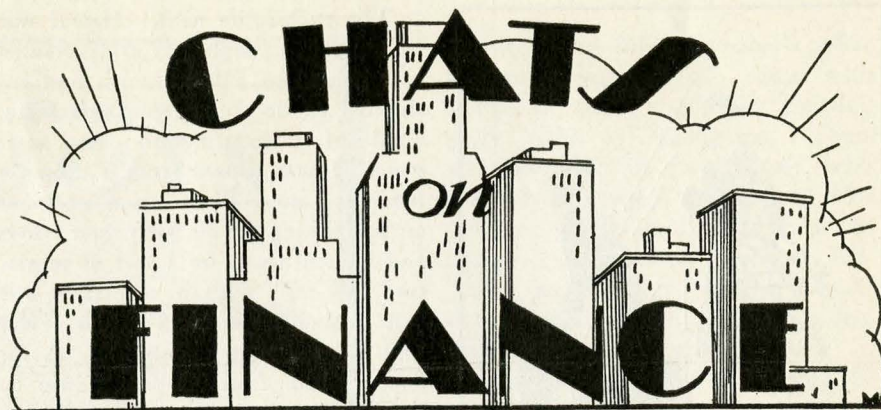
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What Can One Do With Stocks at the Present Time?

By W. A. McKAGUE.

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

IT is all very plain now, that stocks were too high a while ago. What has happened in the past few weeks, is just a repetition of the old story. Nearly everyone was enthusiastic, looking for still higher prices and more profits. Then, almost overnight they all seemed anxious to sell out.

Even after the breaks, there is still a lot of pessimism. "There are a lot of stocks that are still too high", say the brokers and speculators,—but it is a little hard to get them to say just which ones.

Perhaps you read up on bridge. One expert, writing a daily article for the newspapers, shows a hand and the right way to play it. And reading through, it all seems so clear that one wonders how a player with the least skill could handle it otherwise. But this expert knows how people think, and he asks the reader to consider the hand and decide how to play it, before reading the answer. Then the slip becomes so easy!

Yet that is just the way we have to deal with a practical problem, as well as with a hand at bridge. The answer is not there. We must judge, or guess, the future.

Handling money for investment is really not so much different from the cards. The outcome depends somewhat on skill and somewhat on luck. We cannot control the luck, but we may develop a little skill. And if people would just think as hard about their investments as they do about

bridge, or about clothes, or about summer vacations, they would be better off.

Cases come to light, time and again, of large amounts being invested in the most careless way. A business man received a long distance call from a brokerage firm he scarcely knew; it was a "hot tip" of the crudest kind, but he at once mailed them a cheque for several thousand dollars. And he got very little of it back.

Perhaps you as a business woman would not send a cheque for several thousand dollars, for it might be "n.s.f."; but in any case you would probably have better judgment. My impression is that most women with business training and experience, and many others as well, have developed more caution and at least as much judgment in matters of this kind, as is shown by the average man.

In a game of bridge, you can estimate your chances pretty closely. Then you bid the limit, knowing that if luck is against you one time it will be with you another time, and you will average up in the long run. But you don't average up on inexperience. There may be such a thing as beginner's luck, but is generally the wrong kind of luck.

With an investment, you can tell pretty well from the nature of a security, just what the chances are. Whether the ones you choose come out right—that is where the luck comes in.

For instance, Canadian municipal bonds are safe, ninety-nine times out of a hundred. You may possibly pick the hundredth one which is not paid in full, but it is not likely.

Then company bonds are pretty good, let us say eight times out of ten. Here the chances of loss must really be considered. It is made up by the extra interest received on the good ones, and by the advance in market value which they show.

With stocks it is a different story,—perhaps about one out of two. Out of all the stocks that come on the market, probably half drop out ultimately, with partial or total loss to the owners. The ones that are a success have to make up for these losses.

* * * *

The Present Situation.

WHETHER stocks are getting ready to go way up again, as they have done so often in recent years, or we are in for a long and dull period, is a matter for the prophets. The best plan is to play safe, under conditions like this. A stock that is fundamentally good, such as Imperial Oil, Abitibi Power and Paper, Dominion Textile, etc., may go down with the poor ones, in a general decline, but they have the best possible chance of coming back whenever stocks revive again. These are well established concerns, with a position in their lines of business which is pretty well assured. But there have been a great number of new stocks put on the market in the past couple of years, which are not so well founded. Several small oil companies, for instance, are getting along quite nicely in these prosperous times, but I venture to say that they will not all stand depression. A lot of construction concerns have also sold securities to the public, because their business needed the money or perhaps just because it was a good time to sell. Some of these will pull through and others will not.

Perhaps the best opportunities of the present time are in strictly investment bonds and stocks. Canadian government and municipal bonds can now be bought to yield 5 per cent. or higher, and that is good, safe investment, with a satisfactory return. Bonds of well-established corporations

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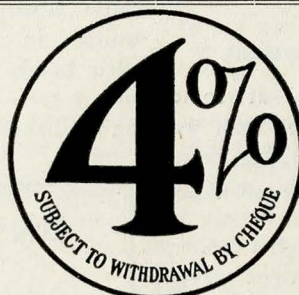
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are also cheap. Though their market value may not go up for some months, ultimately they have every chance of doing so.

It is interesting to note how quickly sentiment turns. For a couple of years nearly every one has been boosting common stocks. But within a very few weeks after the March break in the stock market, several investment and brokerage firms are already getting back to the "senior" securities. One prominent brokerage firm writes a "plea for senior securities", and speaks about "The Deluge of Common Stock Financing".

* * * *

Buying With Part Payment.

WE have all considered, at some time or other, buying more than we can pay for. With securities, there are three ways in which this may be done.

Buying on margin through a broker is the least satisfactory of these ways. You have to pay a rather high rate of interest (7 per cent. or possibly more at the present time), and if the security drops in market value you are liable to be called on for more margin or the security will be sold. A margin of from a quarter to a half is required. That is, you have to put up from one-quarter to one-half the cost of the security, and keep up that margin.

Another way is to get a loan from the bank, either on some security you already own, or on the one you are purchasing. In this case about the same margin will be required on a stock, but on a good bond the bank

will take as low as 20 per cent. The interest rate at the present time is about 7 per cent. If you are a regular customer of the bank, that is if you have a deposit account and do your other business there, you can feel pretty sure that the bank will protect you as well as it can without, of course, taking any chances with its own loan.

The third method is to buy from an investment firm on the instalment plan. That is, you pay so much down and the balance by instalments. This is done with bonds and investment stocks rather than with speculative stocks, which might drop too quickly in value, and come back on their hands, like some of the radios, motor cars, and fur coats come back on the hands of the merchants. Inter-

est is also charged you, of course, just as with the banks or brokers.

On the whole, there does not seem to be any reason for buying securities until you have the money to pay for them. Small amounts can accumulate in the bank at 3 per cent. interest, where it is safe and always ready for use. Isn't it hard enough to wisely invest what you have, rather than take the added responsibility of money that is not your own?

The most borrowed money is used by out-and-out speculators, who hope to make profits in the market. They do at times double or treble their gains in this way, but the same thing happens with losses, and accordingly they can be wiped out all the more quickly.

ANSWERS TO FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES

Send stamped addressed envelope for personal reply.

Rand-Ore.

Question: About a year ago I was advised to buy, and did buy, some Rand-Ore stock. This stock was to have been put on the market at an early date, but has not yet made its appearance, so I still have the stock. Could you tell me if it has any possibilities? It is situated in the Woman Lake section.

I would like to invest about \$200 in some good securities. Could you advise me what would be the best to start in on?—M. V. S.

Answer: Rand-Ore still has possibilities, though that is all that can be said in its favour. Information thus far merely indicates the presence of ore. The men behind it are also in-

terested in Mint-Ore and other properties in the section, so that it depends to some extent on what the prospects for these other properties are. All you can do, therefore, is keep the stock on the odd chance that it may come to something.

For a new investment I would suggest a municipal bond. Nearly every bond firm has some "odd lots" which can be bought to yield about 5 per cent. at the present time. In the list of Wood, Gundy & Co., for instance, I notice \$253 Township of York 5% bond, due 1934, at 98.91, which yields you 5¼ per cent., and that would be suitable. A. E. Ames and Co. have some British Columbia bonds in amounts of \$100 each, due 1939, and (Continued on page 27.)



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A Foot Rest as an Aid to Better Work.

From E. H., Toronto.

It often happens that a girl is not tall enough to place her feet comfortably upon the floor when typing. This can be remedied if a small square box is turned upside down under the desk, or, better still, if a carpenter is connected with the firm, most firms are very willing to have a foot rest—consisting of a flat piece of board with two pieces under to raise to the desired height, made to overcome this difficulty, if the matter is brought to the attention of the person in charge.

Short Cut in Finding Change.

To figure the change required from the bank or cashier to pay several small accounts or pay roll first find out how much you require; put these several items down in a column and add them up, then, starting with the largest denomination you want to pay with (for instance, \$10), add up all the \$10-bills you could have in the items, then after deducting the \$10, figure how many \$5's, \$2's, \$1's, 50c., 25c., 10c., 5c. and 1c. are required.

This will also be a check on your additions.

From Bertha Jackson, Shelburne, Ont.

If a narrow strip of canvas is pasted on the back of your index lettered "slips for your file" the canvas will prevent tearing off of the file. Let the canvas dry before punching the holes for the file wire. You will find this will last for years.

From Jessie L. McPherson.

As stenographer employed in a bank where our correspondence is very heavy, I have found that in order to avoid files becoming crowded in a short time and also to help in referring to correspondence received and replied to at the same time, that carbon

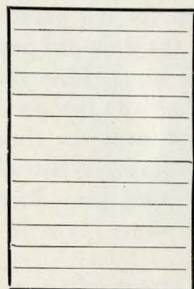
copies of replies to letters received may be made on the back of the incoming letter.

Am passing this suggestion on to you and hope that it may be of some value to your many readers.

Cutting Stencils.

From E. M. Ramsay, Ottawa, Ontario.

I have found it very helpful when cutting stencils to stick a small gummed label on the back of the stencil, just projecting a little at the last line to be used. There is then no worry about going too far.



—sticker. The selvage from sheets of postage stamps is handy for this.

Run Carriage Over When Erasing.

From E. M. Sutherland, Toronto.

When erasing run the carriage as far to the right or left as possible, and erase over the side of the machine. This will delay for months the necessity of having the typewriter cleaned by the typewriter company.

Spare Time Work.

By Jean Egerton.

I am passing on some suggestions which I have found help me in the office.

In my spare time I type a number of envelopes (say twelve or more) to firms to whom we have occasion to write quite frequently, and file them in a drawer in my desk. In this way it saves quite a little time when writing a number of letters by not having to address the envelopes.

I also find it helps to keep a list in some convenient place on my desk of the names and addresses of firms and business men to whom we do not have occasion to write everyday, and consequently cannot remember all the addresses. By referring to this list a firm's name and address can be found much quicker than looking up the file.

CHATS ON FINANCE

(Continued from page 26)

yielding 4.95 per cent. A company issue which should be quite satisfactory is T. Eaton Realty Co., Ltd., 5 per cent bonds due in 1949 and yielding about 5.40 per cent.; these are in \$100 amounts, and are handled by Dominion Securities Corporation. It is best to have one or two investments of this kind, which are dependable and which can be sold at any time before speculating.

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THE EXPLORATION OF A TURKISH BATH.

(Continued from page 23)

trim, a singe, and a pack—these not named in the order of occurrence of course. Just as I was all curled, cooled, rouged, powdered, and scented a bell rang and I noticed an acceleration everywhere. I was informed that I had but ten minutes to dress and get out of the building, as it was closing time.

At the desk where we retrieved our jewellery, oh, what a change was there! All the bulbous, or flat-chested, or lumpy, or stringy, or shapeless or otherwise badly proportioned were now niftily garbed in street attire and corseted and tailored into some conception of acceptable form. Even the 300-pounder looked somewhat passable in a long, graceful cloak and drooping hat. And there are those who will tell you that clothes don't make the woman! Clearly here was an emphatic refutation—or a study in illusion. I paid my bill and left a tip for the beautician and another for the desk-girl and found that I had still kept within the ten-dollar limit. After another good look in a mirror I counted the time and the money well-spent. What all that exercise and sweating and sleep had done to me was plenty—yes, indeed.

"So long, dearie," said the fat lady, waving her hand at me in friendly fashion. Then she drew nearer and inquired, as a second thought: "Say, if it's a fair question, what show are you in?"

The flattery so went to my head that I think I wore a happy smirk all the way home. The next day at the office I felt like a two-year-old—indeed I was so excessively crammed with pep I was half afraid of giving off electric sparks, and for once in a way had the wholly blissful feeling of being equal to the day's demands and then some. Not only did I achieve the day's work with ease but I also caught up on the default of the day before, and the girls were all a little puzzled, some even asking why I didn't wear my diamond ring since anybody could see with half an eye I'd just got engaged! I noticed the boss eyeing me from time to time. I fancy he attributed my zeal to a guilty conscience and that he suspected me of having played hookey for the purpose of getting in a good afternoon at the millinery shop, trying on the new hats.



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Your
Mirror
Pay You
Compliments**



There are many skin blemishes that embarrass ladies who are particular about their appearance. Such afflictions as Sallowiness, Sunburn, Tan, Freckles, Moth-patches, Rashes, Blackheads, Red Nose, Eczema, Ivy Poisoning, Scaly Skin, or other eruptions yield to the banishing effects of

PRINCESS COMPLEXION PURIFIER

This magical preparation has been successfully used by ladies from coast to coast for over 30 years, and no other treatment has so well deserved the popularity of Princess Complexion Purifier. You can use it at home with full confidence in results, as full instructions go with every bottle. Sent to any address on receipt of price, \$1.50.

Consultation without charge—
Call or write.

Superfluous Hair Removed

by Electrolysis, the only Permanent Method. Safe. Practically Painless. Approved by Medical Profession. Full particulars on request.

Write for Booklet "W" Free.

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THE WAY OF A MAID WITH HER CLOTHES.

(Continued from page 12.)

tainly plays the deuce with light dresses. There isn't much use wearing expensive dresses. Nobody here to see 'em, and if there were, we'd be too busy to look at 'em."

The manager of a large trust company writes: "I always impress on the girls that it is important to uphold the dignity of the company and contribute to a general atmosphere of efficiency. Dress, to a large extent, determines whether or not a girl looks efficient. One can't look efficient without sleeves and with dangling things hanging to her."

Manager of a large public utility firm writes: "We employ a very large staff of girls and I notice if one starts wearing a fussy dress, it spreads like an epidemic within a week. Personally, I like fairly plain things in the office and I should imagine the public would have more confidence in our efforts to serve them if the staff always look businesslike and above everything—"not extravagant".

These viewpoints indicate that one should study the business they are in and determine first of all the atmosphere which the office presents. And as far as possible, contribute to it by dressing accordingly.

As the beauty advertisement so admirably says: "Dress your type. You, too, can be alluring and get six proposals in the one night if you will only wear . . . ". And one can lure success as well. Clothes undoubtedly are a silent testimonial of the character of the wearer—or at least they *can* be.

WOMEN'S DAY IN ADVERTISING.

(Continued from page 20)

advertising as she worked in that department for some time. She left the newspaper work to take a position as advertising manager for a public utility company. While there she was offered a position as secretary to the vice-president of the bank where she is now advertising manager. She has several assistants working under her.

Many women are establishing advertising agencies and are bidding for the kind of contract for which they are best fitted. The most of their advertising contracts are for the promotion of articles used in the home or used by women almost exclusively.

It may be a new food product, a new kind of mattress, an electrical convenience for the home or a cosmetic. Their sales literature is an intimate chatty talk that makes what they say ring true. It speaks the woman's language and expresses their needs. It has the woman appeal.

Because of this intimate chatty style women are especially effective in writing direct mail literature intended to influence the woman consumer. Here in itself is a big field for women in the advertising business.

* * * *

MANY of the advertising agencies and other business enterprises employ both men and women copy writers to

collaborate in order to get the best results. It is generally conceded by advertising experts that the most effective advertising copy is written when the man mind and the woman mind collaborate on it. The man's copy has the more force, more 'punch,' and the woman's copy furnishes the minute details and the feminine psychology which puts the advertising over. For in this day, when women are the buyers of nearly all the goods in general use, all advertising copy should be written with the feminine point of view in mind. The advertising woman will never displace men in the advertising field, but the advertising woman is going to occupy the field with men, working with them and on equal terms.



Exclusive Styles for Spring

—IN—

MENIHAN'S ARCH-AID SHOES

The Scientific Shoe, that Conveys
Both Style and Comfort.

Fitted Intelligently by Experts

Numerous Styles, Colors, Shown in Kids, and
the Ever-Popular Reptilian Skins.



A charming semi-dress model, two-strap, shown in mauve - sand kid, also beige kid.

ARCH-AID

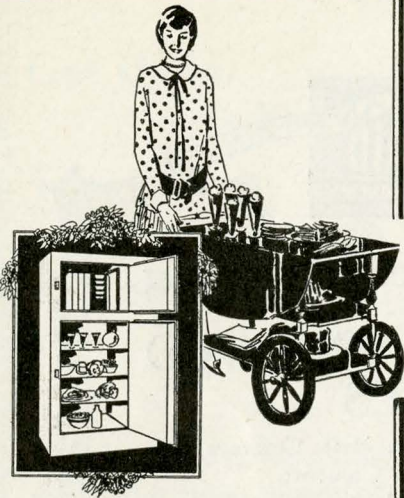
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Cor. Bishop Street, Montreal



24 Bloor St. West,
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Cooking Classes

For
Business Girls

1929 Session

each Tuesday

at 8 p.m.

The class meets in the
Auditorium,
55 Adelaide St. E.

Miss Read and her assistants
will be glad to meet former
students and hope to have
many new members for these
classes.

Diplomas at the end of each
session.

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

732 Danforth Ave.



Make a Note of These Recipes

By JESSIE READ.

Director Home Service Department, Consumers' Gas Company.

EDITOR'S NOTE. Breathes there an editor who does not wish that type could be left hanging out of the bottom of columns? Or who would not give much to possess rubber type that could be squeezed up judiciously on occasion? These recipes come from some of the sad occasions when Miss Read's interesting articles threatened to hang several inches off the bottom of the page and so had to be lopped off. But they are too good to be lost to us, and so, having been cropped ignominiously from the final end of the columns, they have been treasured and are here reproduced,—a group of recipes, all of which are particularly good for the limited time of the business woman.

* * * SPICED CAKES.

- ½ cup butter (melted),
- 1 cup powdered sugar,
- 2 eggs,
- ½ cup milk,
- 1¾ cups flour,
- 2½ teaspoons baking powder,
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon,
- ½ teaspoon nutmeg,
- ¼ teaspoon cloves,
- ¼ teaspoon allspice,
- ¼ teaspoon salt.

Mix and sift together flour, baking powder, salt and spices. Beat the eggs well and add milk to them. Pour into dry ingredients, mix well. Add the melted butter and beat for about five minutes. Turn into well greased tins and bake at 375 deg. F. for 20 minutes. Ice with plain butter icing. Decorated with faces marked with raisins, nuts, or ginger.

FRENCH DRESSING.

- 4 tablespoons salad oil
- 4 tablespoons lemon juice or vinegar
- dash of salt
- dash of pepper.

Put ingredients into some container in which you can shake ingredients well together.

CELERY AND CHEESE CASSEROLE.

- 1 cup grated cheese
- 1 cup cream sauce
- 2 tablespoons grated onion
- 1 cup cooked spaghetti
- 2 cups diced celery
- ½ cup buttered bread crumbs.

Prepare cream sauce. Add the grated cheese to the cream sauce. Mix together the spaghetti, celery and onions and add cheese mixture. Place in buttered casserole and cover with buttered bread crumbs. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F. for 30 minutes. Recipe serves six.

HOT DEVILLED EGGS.

- 6 hard cooked eggs
- ¼ cup chopped ham
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- Seasonings and mayonnaise
- 1½ cups cream sauce
- Buttered crumbs

Cut eggs in halves lengthwise, remove yolks. Mash yolks with fork and mix together with ham. Worcestershire sauce, and seasonings. Pack mixture back into egg whites and place two halves together. Place in buttered casserole, add cream sauce. Cover well with buttered crumbs and brown in a hot oven 450° F.

CORNFLAKE MACAROONS.

- 2 egg whites,
- 1 cup powdered sugar,
- ½ teaspoon vanilla,
- 1 cup cocoanut,
- 2 cups cornflakes,
- ½ cup chopped nuts.

Beat whites until stiff. Add sugar gradually, then vanilla, cocoanut nuts, and cornflakes. Drop by spoonfuls on buttered baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., until delicate brown.

DOES THE DOLLAR SIGN ALLURE YOU?

(Continued from page 9)

the men were always given preference and the women never had an even break, and so she left so the firm would find out how valuable she had been! Women are such restless creatures, always wanting change, and more, *more* and *MORE* money or clothes . . . but always possessions.

"Why can't they use sense? Now take a man, he knows he can go only so far in a concern and there his big earning power stops. There is only one man—at a time—president, one chairman of the board, one general superintendent, and so on down the line. There may be forty-two odd vice-presidents, as in any of the banks, but is a woman content with being one of the forty-two on such a job? She is not. Only a short time ago a woman came to me and poured out her troubles, chief of which were that she was resigning from the bank as she had just realized she would probably never be president! And she was in tears before she finished.

"That woman had created a job not a person in banking circles had ever thought to work out and done it with success. She was personally very popular and yet a keen executive. Her job, as she stood, was good for \$15,000 through seniority, but wouldn't wait her turn, as 'a man will get it'.

"Man—competition—fear and the dollar sign lure ruins too many

darned good business women. They must learn that they reach a peak in their salary earning capacity just as men do, and when they do only the sky will be their limit. When anyone receives more than \$5,000 a year the remainder is a plus income that is paid for ability to do the job better than someone else and for acquaintance. Unfortunately too many women want to make their first million in less than a decade, and its not often been done!

"If one can be the best private secretary, the best saleswoman, the best dietitian, editor or professor and find that it gives them the same thrill that falling in love does, than that's the job to stand by. In the end it will prove its worth to you.

But here, I've been delivering a sermon, and no man who uses his common sense ever does that, unless he's paid for it on the platform! We've time to walk over to the concert, if you're up to it."

And so, after listening to this man thing out loud, I'm wondering if as a class of business and professional women we don't too often have our thrill goal obscured by the dollar sign when in reality it is made up of the sign indicating a new paragraph, and the first letter of the word—SUCCESS.

How about it? Are we allowing the dollar sign to arrest our creative work and opportunity?

"You Are What You Think You Are"

Sent by a Reader of *The Business Woman*.

If you think you are beaten, you are;

If you think that you dare not, you don't,

If you'd like to win, and you think you can't,

It's almost a cinch you won't.

If you think you'll lose, you're lost,

For out in the world you'll find Success begins with a fellow's will;

It's all in the state of mind.

Full many a race is lost

Ere ever the race is run,

And many a coward fails

Ere ever his work's begun.

Think big, and your deeds will grow,

Think small and you'll fall behind; Think that you can and you will;

It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you are outclassed, you are,

You've got to think high to rise; You've got to be sure of yourself before

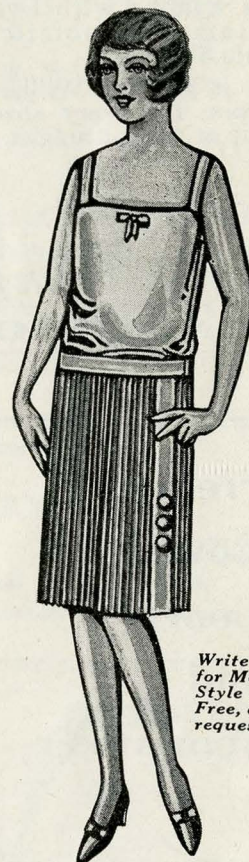
You ever can win a prize.

Life's battles don't always go

To the better or stronger man, But sooner or later the man who wins Is the fellow who thinks he can.

—Exchange.

Step Out in a "BETTY ANN" Skirt!



Write
for Monthly
Style Bulletin.
Free, on
request.

This is to be a Summer of Skirts—every girl will want at least one—and we illustrate one of the most pleasing styles to be shown this season.

This chic skirt lends itself most effectively with either sweater or middy for sports wear and combines smartly with a soft blouse for business or afternoon. It has fine machine pleats all around; three self-covered buttons on the side tuck; narrow waist band of self material. In popular shades of sand, poudre, green, rose, navy and red. Waist measures up to 35 inches—lengths to 24 inches.

All "Richardson" garments are Made-to-Measure, and sold Direct-from-Maker-to-Wearer. Mail your order TO-DAY!

No. 902—Is made of fine quality, all-wool flannel; ONLY \$2.75

No. 904—Made of wool crepella; ONLY \$3.95

No. 903—Of beautiful quality flat crepe; ONLY \$4.25

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Fair hair becomes spun gold when washed with Evan Williams "Camomile", the safe Shampoo.

There is an Evan Williams Shampoo for every shade of hair at your druggist.

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When the letter arrives, appraising you of the expiration of your subscription to Canada's smart publication, — "*The Business Woman*,"—mail your renewal cheque at once, so that you will miss none of the good things.

THE BUSINESS WOMAN
366 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Ont.

Club Life

Canadian Business and Professional Women's Club of Toronto

Living up to the reputation for fine speaking which announced his coming, Mr. E. H. Scammell, Secretary of Soldiers' Re-establishment, with which is now amalgamated the Department of Pensions and National Health, presented to luncheon members on Wednesday, April 3rd, a vivid picture of the work of his department.

In the short space of an after-lunch speech, and without entering into heroics or any description, Mr. Scammell left with us an impression of the Department of Re-establishment which doubtless was a surprise to many.

Miss Hartley, Matron of Christie Street Hospital—one of the principal centres for the still suffering soldier—newly appointed Matron-in-charge of all nurses in Military Hospitals in Canada, was congratulated on her appointment and responded briefly but cordially. Mrs. Harvey and Miss Margery Scammell were head table guests, as were also Miss Katherine Powell and Miss Eunice Dyke, the latter proposing the vote of thanks on behalf of the club. Miss Dyke is in charge of nurses in the Civic Department of Health. Miss Stoakley introduced the guests of honour and presented the vote of thanks for the very entertaining and instructive addresses.

* * * *

If ever a round peg fitted a round hole the appointment of our sports convenor, Miss Dore, to a position on the clerical staff of Weston Golf Club should demonstrate that fact. Eight months out of the twelve spent in the "great open spaces" of our neighbouring town should have its effect both on general physique and form. Our only regret lies in the limitations this will necessarily impose on Miss Dore's presence in the club.

* * * *

It was a happy idea of Miss Stoakley and Miss Katherine Powell to entertain past presidents of our club to luncheon on April 13th, when ten guests were present. These included Miss Margaret Davidson, one of the founders of the club.

* * * *

Our Annual Sports Dinner, which was held on April 9th, fully justified the high expectations of the Sport's Committee and more than one hundred guests who enjoyed the excellent

menu, charming decorations and general air of camaraderie which characterised the occasion. Prizes for Badminton, Bowling and Chess were distributed in generous measure, Miss M. Crawford and Miss M. McGregor carrying off the firsts for Badminton, and Miss Peters and Miss Edwards winning the second.

Miss E. Pollock and her Kroflites headed the list for Bowling in the first series and each received a silver bon-bon dish. The Cuckoos, captained by Miss Yenney, took second place and received their individual choice in prizes. Miss A. Pollock was the winner of the high single without handicap; Miss Erie Miller won with handicap. Miss L. Yenney was the lucky winner of the high doubles with handicap, and Miss E. Everall took the high double with handicap. Miss Adelaide Childs carried off a very handsome lamp shade for her achievement of an average score of 162—the high average. Miss Z. Harper and Miss Helen Hynes were the recipients of special prizes. Miss Blanche Dodge was awarded the only prize for chess.

Perhaps the most attractive feature of the evening was the debate which was so skilfully staged by four of our members, Miss Willard and Miss Marion Mitchell taking the affirmative, and Mrs. Thacker and Miss Mary Dale Muir the negative. With such a resolution as "Resolved that Modern Advertising is a Moral Curse" all were prepared for a heated discussion, but even then were pleasantly surprised at the diversity of talent brought out. The calm, scientific statements of Miss Willard, the quiet, charming manner which characterised Mrs. Thacker's remarks, the brisk, witty comments of Miss Marion Mitchell, and the eloquence and poise of Mary Dale Muir all left their impression and gave the judges, headed by Miss McGrigor, difficulty in awarding their decision. They ruled that the affirmative had brought out the greater number of points to support their contention. The presentation of a delightful corsage bouquet of yellow roses and violets, together with a handsome handbag, to Miss Dore by our president, Miss Mabel Stoakley, was the signal for prolonged applause, and demonstrated the appreciation of all present for the efficient service rendered to all departments of sport.

Thursday, April 18th, was the occasion of the much-anticipated dinner visit of John A. Tory, President of the Board of Trade and Supervisor of The Sun Life Assurance Company

of Canada. The Future of the Business Woman in Canada—Mr. Torey's subject—was limned in promising colours, although a slowing up of initiative was evident to the speaker since 1922, when the impetus given by the war began to weaken. Mr. Tory did declare most emphatically, however, that properly-trained women were able to hold great executive positions, and, in some cases, show interest and ability possible to few men. Success is possible only when the business woman has a true vision of the responsibility she owes to the community, and when she is willing to forget that she belongs to the weaker sex (so-called) and take her place as an equal with men. Finally, he urged women to take an active interest in public affairs and realise the enormous part women might play in the future of Canada.

Mr. Tory paid a tribute to the war work of Mrs. L. A. Gurnett, an active member in all club matters.

* * * *

Immediately following the quarterly business meeting held on April 23rd, the Property Committee formally presented to the club the large painting which has adorned our walls for some time, through the generosity of its painter, Mr. Andre Lepine, and now permanently assured of a place among us, owing to the efforts of the committee and generous support accorded them. Describing "The Rendezvous" as purely imaginary, Mr. Lepine told us we might each weave our thoughts round it. Somewhere in the foothills, some horsemen were gathered for some purpose or other. Light was introduced to break the monotony and throw up the central group. The model for one horseman was a well-known sculptor. Very interesting was Mr. Lepin's description of conditions evident on his recent visit to Latvia, and many sketches secured there were exhibited.

CANADIAN BUSINESS WOMEN'S CLUB OF HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

The Twelfth Annual Dinner of the Business Women's Club, held in the Royal Connaught Hotel, April 25th, attended by over 400 members and their friends, proved a very delightful affair.

Miss Beatrice Marsh, the popular President, welcomed the guests, members and their friends, mentioning particularly the representatives of the Business Women's Clubs of Guelph, Galt and St. Catharines, expressing regret that guests from the Toronto and Brantford Clubs were not able to be with us. Miss Marsh then introduced the honor guests seated with her: Mrs. Donald H. MacKenzie of Auburn, N. Y., Mrs. Charles H. Thorburn of Ottawa, Mrs. John G. Galud, Mrs. H. J. Holbrook, Dr. M. F. Bray, Miss Robinson, Miss Jean McBride, Mrs. Percy Ford-Smith, Miss K. Fitzpatrick, Miss M. Fitzpatrick.

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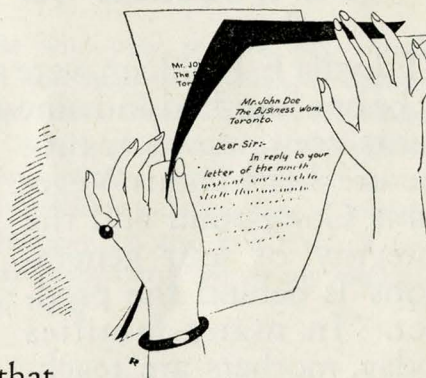
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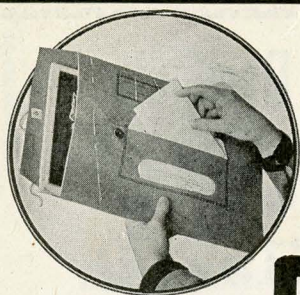
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TORONTO ENVELOPE CO., Limited
366 Adelaide Street West Toronto 2, Ontario



They Arrive
TOGETHER

A Friend to Women

IF Lydia E. Pinkham were alive today she would be one hundred and nine years old. Her descendants continue to manufacture her famous Vegetable Compound and the integrity of four generations is behind the product. In many families today, mothers are teaching their thirteen year old daughters to depend upon the same medicine their grandmothers praised back in 1870.



Get a bottle from your druggist today

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., Lynn, Mass., U. S. A.
and Cobourg, Ontario, Canada

The head table was gay with baskets of spring flowers, candelabra, and a large Birthday Cake, with twelve lighted candles.

Miss Marsh, in calling attention to the Birthday cake, stated that the top layer would be sent to the Club's shut-in member, Miss Ruby Mackenzie, and the other layers to the girls at the Sanatorium.

Miss Agnes Hay of Windsor, formerly of this city and first president of the Club, told how the Club's work for the Sanatorium had begun. The Happiness Fund was started by the Club in 1921, four years after the Club had been formed, as it felt that it should do something for the business women. From the realization arose the determination to assist Dr. Holbrook in an experiment he desired to try out with the patients in the "San" by sending teachers there. So the Business Women's Club raised \$400 in a month, a big thing at that time in the young organization. Mrs. Southam donated a typewriter, and teaching was begun, not only in shorthand and typewriting, but also vocational work. Miss Hay paid high tribute to Miss Bary and Miss Ford, teachers now giving instructions. One thousand dollars was needed to carry on, and the speaker thought that no greater tribute could be paid to the memory of the late Mrs. William Southam than by raising this sum for the work at the Sanatorium. The money was always raised by the members' contributions, and through no other means.

Dr. Mabel Bray, of the Sanatorium Staff, told of the value of the teaching to the patients, declaring that it greatly assisted the patients to evolve for themselves a philosophy of life which helps towards health.

Mrs. Donald MacKenzie, of Auburn, N.Y., who was the guest of honor, gave a very charming recital program.

Miss Kathleen Fitzpatrick, accompanied at the piano by her sister, Miss M. Fitzpatrick, both of Toronto, sang some delightful old-fashioned songs, which were very much enjoyed.

During the dinner, Miss Clara Hewitt, the popular song leader, led in community singing, with Mrs. Hazel Hood at the piano.

Following the very interesting program, dancing and bridge were enjoyed.



THE PROFIT

IS YOURS



THE MARINE BUILDING, which is being erected in Vancouver, will be the largest office building in Western Canada. The structure will stand 20 storeys, with a height of 200 feet. Excavations commenced early in March and preliminary contracts for erection have been let. The building will require about one year to erect. The City of Vancouver is one of the fastest growing cities in the world with a population to-day of 390,000. Its growth is phenomenal in every way, which is illustrated by the fact that to-day, Vancouver is the third largest grain port in the world. Other industrial activities are also correspondingly increasing and the erection of the Marine Building is an imperative need of the city. The first six floors are reserved for the Merchants' Exchange and its Members. Real estate values have already increased since this property was bought and the erection commenced. We consider this to be an investment of the first class.

IN the 7% debentures of Stimson's Canadian Development Co. Limited, the right is offered to debenture holders to purchase 20 no par value shares of the common stock of the Company at \$1.00 per share for each \$100 allotted. As a considerable section of the building is already leased and with the need for office space in Vancouver, the common stock of this company will undoubtedly be of considerable value. Interest is payable January 1st and July 1st. These debentures are redeemable upon the date which is specified in the application. They are First Charge and have a yield of

7%

TO those who may require their funds within the next few years, a Second Charge series of debentures are issued which offer to the investor the privilege of cashing their security upon 30 days' notice to the Head Office of the Company. Interest is payable January 1st and July 1st. These debentures are issued at \$100 or any multiple thereof, and yield

6%

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LIMITED

EST. 1883

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Bond House in Canada

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G. A. STIMSON & CO., LIMITED,
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I am interested in Investments and would
like further information on your offer-
ings. Name _____ Address _____



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