

The Business Woman

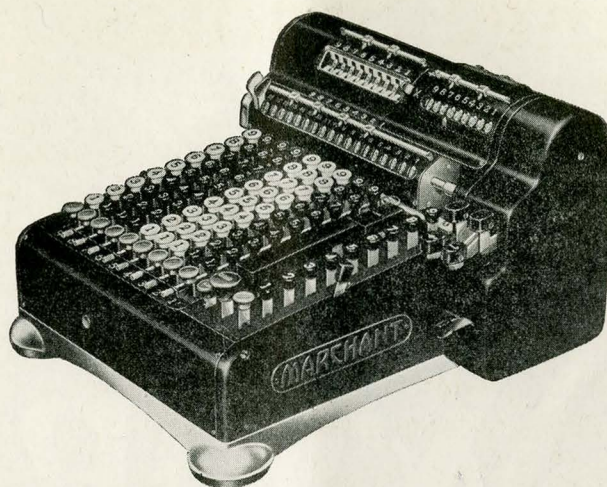


Waterfall at Waterdown, Ontario

Vol. 5

MAY, 1930
Toronto

No. 5



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TORONTO

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The Grange Studios

(Incorporated with the Art Students' League)

Extend a cordial invitation to the business women of Toronto to patronize The Enjoyable Eating-place that has been opened under the direction of a competent dietitian.

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Accommodation available for parties, either indoor or lawn parties. Phone for our rates.

Also special supper parties may be arranged.

Come and have special Sunday afternoon tea after visiting the Art Gallery of Toronto.

An Explanation

The Grange Studios, 15 Grange Road, is a centre that has evolved for the purpose of stimulating the development of Canadian Art of all schools.

Our object is to enable art students to finance their studies through the sale of their work, and at the same time to encourage them to help themselves toward their ultimate goal.

The organization is a co-operative project, and all revenues are devoted to the purpose outlined above.

By patronizing the Studios, you help Canadian Art and at the same time you secure value for your money that cannot be duplicated.

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—there may be Canadian paintings that are just what you are seeking, at the price you can afford.

The exhibits include collections of such eminent artists as Mr. Arthur Lismer, Mr. A. Y. Jackson, Dr. Banting, and others.

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M. EDNA BREITHAUP,
Executive Director

Open to the Public Daily,
10 a.m. to 9 p.m.

The Grange Studios

(Incorporated with the Art Students' League)

15 Grange Road, Toronto

Phone Elgin 5704

Immediately South of the
Art Gallery

The Editor Talks

ABOUT this married woman question. We have a bookkeeper friend who through serious illness was compelled to give up her position, more than a year ago. She took a temporary job on her recovery, and during the next few months had a very real run of bad luck. She secured two month's work in a firm, working from eight-thirty in the morning until seven and eight o'clock at night.

After several reverses she took another job as bookkeeper with a firm whose previous "staff" got married. This married woman suddenly decided that there was more thrill to working than to tending house, so she came back for her old job—and got it!

Another office had a visit from an efficiency expert who decreed that one of the staff must be eliminated. The manager of that department chose a married woman, whose husband is working. The lady had always made a point of impressing her fellow workers with her opulence, showing the girls in the office her extravagant purchases. Now that she is required to give up her position so that someone who is dependent upon her job may keep it, she is raising very much of a wail against such cruelty.

It does not seem to concern some of these very greedy women that there are girls who are actually in need of food and lodging, who have no money and no prospect of any-

thing. So long as these women get the new car or the extra luxuries they crave, the other girl may starve.

* * * *

Apart from grouching, we have some news that will interest the sports-loving girl. A series of lessons and talks upon golf will be given by a very well-known professional golfer, in *The Business Woman*.

* * * *

Have you sent in your snapshot for the contest? Or has your account of last year's vacation been written? The cash prizes would go towards this year's trip.

* * * *

Next month we are going to run an article on Women Drivers. We are collecting opinions—and advice—from some prominent people that should help clear up this question of whether women can drive motor cars or not. Will any woman driver among *Business Woman* readers send in little hints that may help other girls, or incidents that she has encountered during her driving days? Something has to be done about the wisecracking that goes on, even in court, about the woman driver. Personally, we think a woman is just as capable of navigating an automobile through either city streets or country roads as a man; we hope our women drivers will help us to substantiate

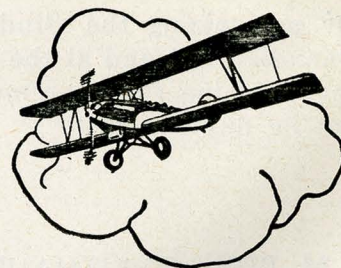
that statement. We will also welcome any comments (other than profane) by any male who chances to read this paragraph, but please make your remarks instructive as well as fiery.

* * * *

On Wednesday, April 23rd, we had the great pleasure of "going on the air" for the first time ("going on the air" does not mean "getting the air"). We spoke on our pet subject of hiking, and we told of the joys of the open road as they appeal to a wandering spirit. Also, we mentioned a kind of light-weight kit for cooking a meal along the way, and a map that is absolutely fool-proof, since it shows every creek and culvert, every grove of trees and every house on the road, and, combined with a compass, is a perfect guide. We have had quite a number of nice letters from people who listened and who are interested in those maps and the kit. Next month we propose writing a short description of the maps and instructions as to their use, for the benefit of the hiking business woman.

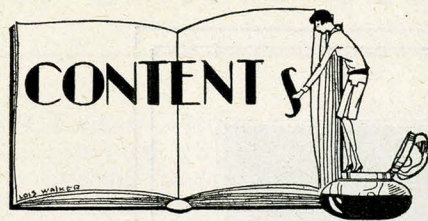
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VOLUME 5

NUMBER 5



THE BUSINESS WOMAN

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

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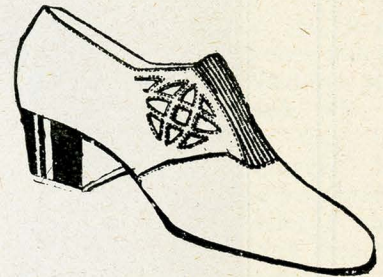
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Our front cover shows the waterfall at Waterdown, 37 miles from Toronto. The picture is kindly loaned to us by the Ontario Motor League.

Published once each month by The Business Woman Publishing Co.,
177 Jarvis St., Toronto 2.

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, 177 Jarvis Street, Toronto 2.

Step Out With Spring!



Spring is in the air, and should be in your feet, these fine May days. If it is not, then there is something wrong with your Shoes. Let

TAPLIN NATURAL TREADS

show you what real Foot Comfort is, and you will be surprised to find that you have no back-ache or tired spring feeling after a strenuous day.

Oxfords — Straps — Elastic Gore — and Sports shoes. For your convenience the store is open Wednesday and Saturday evenings.



Natural Tread Shoes Distributing Co., Ltd.

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Kingsdale 1910

Mr. Taplin speaks on various phases of shoe problems over CFRB each Tuesday evening at 7.15.

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

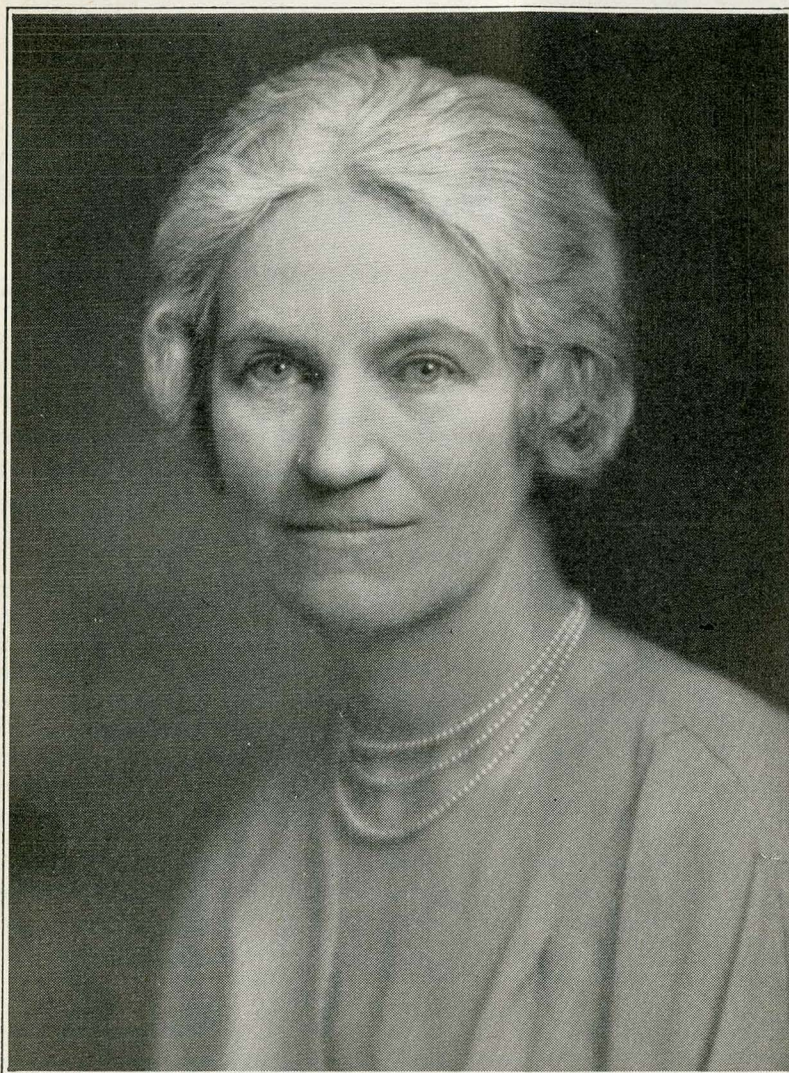


Photo by Milne Studios

Miss Blair Acton Burrows

*Who has adopted profession of
Lighting Consultant.*

Women Here and There

IN London, England, Margaret Mercer, a twenty-three-year-old girl, has taken up the building trade. She has just passed her examinations at the L.C.C. School of Building, where she was one of two women students among 1,300 men.

Her father and grandfather had been builders, so the blonde Margaret does not agree with other people that her ambition is a peculiar one. Women have adopted practically every other profession, so why not the most logical one, the building of the home, which, the old-fashioned man contends, is woman's proper place. Brick-laying, painting and plumbing proved obstacles, so she will remain at the directive and executive end of the work.

* * * *

Way up in the cold lands, as far-flung as Hudson's Bay, two women, Sarah Slade and Cassie Wilken, are running a restaurant, serving meals to hungry railroad men, trappers and traders, dock laborers and section hands, who come down from Churchill, three hundred and seventy miles away.

The two women dress in riding breeches and woollen camp shirts. Every one is friendly up at "Pat's Palace," even a local teacher dropping in to dry dishes and neighbors running in to help whenever there is a "rush."

* * * *

With a spotlight being thrown on Toronto's civic administration, it is interesting to know that a woman candidate somewhere in the world is realizing that elections cost altogether too much money. Ruth Hanna McCormick is publisher of the Rockford (Ill.) Republic; she is also Representative McCormick. She says that the big cost in primaries and elections is getting people to the polls. The women of the Republican clubs in Illinois solved the problem of paying ten dollars a day to the men who go out to get the voters in, by so organizing that each woman takes a share on election day.

* * * *

Another American woman whose job is interesting is Judith Bookman, who recently opened offices in New York as a "Personal Counsel." The



personal counsel is, in plain language, a professional listener. She just lets people tell her their troubles.

Her clientele is interesting, too. There are girls who think they can sing and want advice, men who have an idea of revolutionizing something or other, women whose husbands don't understand them, and who wonder whether a divorce wouldn't be a good thing. The discouraged, the unpopular, the sad and the lonely find their way to her for advice.

* * * *

And as for sports. There's Irene Pirie, who has reduced the Canadian 440-yard record by 11 seconds, the Canadian 300-yard record by 9 seconds, and the 220-yards by 14. This Toronto mermaid plans to represent Canada in the British Empire Games to be held in Hamilton in August. She is fifteen years of age and is attending the East York School of Commerce, a business woman-to-be.

* * * *

For two decades Mrs. Alison Fenton Walker officiated as British Representative of the Canadian Railway and Marine World. She recently sailed from New York on her eighty-eighth crossing.

* * * *

Miss Joan Iris Howard is Nova Scotia's Agent-General in London, England.

* * * *

Can you imagine a bobbed-haired judge? A human judge who manages



to put herself mentally into the offender's place. Judge Ethel McLachlin is the cadi at the Regina Juvenile Court. She blames much of the theft among poor children upon the offspring of people who are wealthy enough to give their children much spending money. Less fortunate kiddies see the purchases of candy, cigarettes, jewellery, movie tickets and ice cream, and they take to pilfering to keep up with the Joneses. In case of theft, the Judge makes the offender make full restitution. She holds a travelling court and covers from fifteen hundred to two thousand miles per month.

* * * *

The sportswomen are becoming business women. With Betty Nuttall, the tennis star, reported to be opening a restaurant, with Suzanne Lenglen and her Paris shop, Helen Wills and her sale of the sketches she has made of other tennis players, and our own Ada MacKenzie with her Toronto sports togs shop, the women who played earnestly will now have to work with the same enthusiasm.

* * * *

A pastor who addressed a shanty-men's convention says that Heaven will have no baldheaded men. Please, Mr. Ballantyne, would you kindly find out if there will be shiny noses?

* * * *

At the annual elections of the Zonta Club of Toronto, held this month, the following officers were elected:

President, Miss Mabel Stoakley; 1st Vice-President, Miss Marion Wood; 2nd Vice-President, Miss Marion G. Ferguson; Treasurer, Miss Augusta Fleming; Secretaries, Miss Dorothy Thompson, Dr. Elizabeth Stewart.

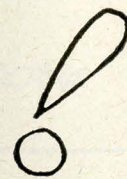
The club will be represented at the annual Zonta Convention, to be held in Seattle in June, by:

Miss Helen Cleveland, International Vice-President; Miss Mabel Stoakley, President of Toronto Club; Miss Martha Carson, and Miss Isabella Strong.

Members are going, too, from Hamilton, Ottawa, Montreal and St. Catharines Clubs.



Confessions and Reminiscences



By The Secretary

AS it is solely upon the editor's invitation, dear fellow-business women, that I pen these observations and reminiscences, in the hope of being helpful to some of those junior to myself in age and experience, do not blame me if I sort of bring to the surface some of those little shortcomings that you are so loth to admit, even to yourself.

As my memory slips back over the years to my first experience in a business office, I marvel that any employer could be so patient and forbearing. True, the weekly pay envelope contained something less than half the amount now paid the average office boy or messenger, but to-day such imperfect service as I rendered would cause a "situation vacant" in the average office in less than a fortnight. It would for a certainty if my job included the hiring and firing.

My first great blunder, and for which I have been paying the price ever since, is that I went direct from public school to a business college. The latter was a reliable school, but I still feel was so anxious for enrolments that the management was not quite honest to me. Even though employment standards were not so exacting as they are to-day, the said business college should have refused me admittance until I had gone to a high school or collegiate for at least three years, or until I matriculated, if my parents could afford that strain, which they could.

However in my anxiety to earn my own living, I refused to be persuaded, spent a year taking a combined course of stenography and bookkeeping, secured a "diploma," and was out on the world at \$3.50 per week.

Here is where I urge that it amounts almost to a crime, not so much to the business world, because it can take care of itself, but to those immature, poorly educated girls who think because in a commercial test they can write so many words per minute in shorthand, or so many words per minute on a typewriter they are properly equipped.

To-day advanced education is more necessary than ever it was. The girl who has pursued her studies through

collegiate or high school is infinitely better equipped, and still better if she has graduated from a university or has had at least two years in the latter.

She has a much larger vocabulary, a wider understanding of words, their meanings, where and how to use them, and how not to use them. Her mind has been developed and gives her a greater scope. She can reach out in her thinking, in her ideas and in her analytical capacity to distances that the uneducated girl cannot attain. Her mind is larger, quickly grasps ideas that the lesser educated sister cannot even approach. And yet there are girls who think they can get along without effort to increase their general knowledge.

Well, assuming you did as I did, please avoid blunder number two as I didn't. That is, having landed your job, do not let down on an unremitting, purposeful effort to improve your mentality. Take advantage of night school classes or private tuition, if you can afford the latter. Read good literature, and that will not prevent you enjoying the occasional light novel for recreation. If you do not know what books to read, ask the librarian, the Y.W.C.A., or some sensible friend.

Make a practice of using your dictionary for the meaning of words, and even more for their derivation. You will be pleasantly surprised following a few months of this little method of study at the growth of your vocabulary. If you are a stenographer you will be a better one with this increased knowledge of words.

Avoid the intimate companionship

of those girls who boast that they never read books nor the newspapers. They have small mentalities.

To me it is pathetic that so many young girls in business so entirely ignore the daily newspaper or, when they do read, it is only the costumes worn at a ball that interest them. I would be interested in knowing how many readers of *The Business Woman* know the name of the Premier of Canada, or what party is in power, the name of the Governor-General or why the present wheat situation is so serious for Canada, what the two great railway systems mean to commerce and the effect upon them of bus and motor traffic, and the hundred and one topics in which the business girl should be sufficiently interested to know something about.

Why do not young girls in business try to visualize themselves running the firm if they had to? Why assume by a sort of negative attitude, "oh, well, I'm only the stenographer or assistant ledger-keeper, and I'm not responsible for the business?" If business is not so good there must be a reason. Perhaps you can think up the reason and the remedy. It will do no harm to try. Sometimes your chief has his attention divided among so many features of the business that he could reasonably overlook something that is obvious to you.

It may be that you are in the office of a coal merchant. If properly interested in the business you will be on the lookout to report newcomers in your vicinity, or you may be able to give your chief a memo telling of a new factory being erected, and which will need fuel.

Again, you may be in the plumbing supply business, and through being observant suggest some places where more business is probable, as well as possible.

You may be in the wholesale jewelry business, and from reading some publication come across an idea used in some other line that could be adapted to the advantage of your own firm's business.

I have often over the telephone been met with the information that "that is not my department" as a rea-

(Continued on page 34)





Showers

*A Picnic Shower of Gifts to the June Bride
a novel way of entertaining*

By I. M.



IN the leafy month of June—not a few “bosses” will be tearing their hair at the thought of the world’s best stenographer leaving them for the stormy sea of matrimony. The boss wonders why on earth, when a girl has a good job, she has to throw it away and go and get married—and how the heck is he going to train a new girl into all the little niceties of his temperament?

The other girls in the office and in her club, and among her friends, are thinking of the bride-to-be and just how they are going to give her a shower—something that will be unusual.

There are all the old standby stunts—the large washing basket packed with useful things for the kitchen; the huge paper pie with cooking utensils; the upturned umbrellas with this, that and the other, for the future use of the June bride.

Most of the regular showers couldn’t be improved upon. What girl isn’t very grateful for the contribution to her future kitchen? In a kitchen shower you can include anything from potato parers to bars of soap. The laundry shower would include soap of all kinds, pegs, clothes-line, starch, blueing, all the things that go to make up wash day.

A friend for whom we gave several showers is moving into a small seven-roomed house and, since funds are fairly low, everything that could help in the furnishing of that new little home would be very welcome. She has the bathroom painted in a pretty combination of ivory and apple green. We selected all manner of nice things to match. There were face cloths for the happy pair and their guests, introducing the color scheme. Towels, gadgets for the walls to hold glasses, toothbrushes, paste, little jars in color that hold cream and bath powder and shaving soap. And then there was soap! About every make of toilet soap was represented, and quite a few bottles and jars of cleansers for the porcelaine and walls.

Both the bride and groom are ardent bridge players, and they belong to bridge clubs. They will entertain, and for these bridge parties they will need prizes and cards and tallies and score pads. One of our bright members thought of a bridge shower. Little ash trays, decorated with the four suits, decks of cards, sets of scores and tallies, match holders, cigarette holders, pencils, bridge table covers, well, in short, a whole long list of things that could be used in a bridge party. And, knowing that prizes are necessary, the bride has full permission to use any of the articles for that purpose.

The crystal shower is an interesting one, since it includes all those pretty glass pieces in tints that many girls are collecting. A grocery shower gave a new idea to the girls, who bought packages of sugar and cans of vegetables and soups, enough to feed the pair for the duration of a famine. In the cookery collection, a small office filing cabinet, of the type that is furnished with four by three-and-a-half inch cards, was used as a cookery file, for the recipes that had been tried by experienced cooks. Back issues of *The Business Woman’s* cookery pages furnished quite a number of very good items. Each was cut out and pasted on to a card and listed with as much precision as would be used in the office.

A cup-and-saucer party reaped a harvest of a dozen and a half cups-and-saucers of adorable wares. It is quite the thing to serve cups that don’t match, and our newly wedded entertainers won’t have to complain of monotony at their parties, as far as the china is concerned.

Hankies that will provide the present members of the family and all the subsequent ones were collected at a hankie tea. Even the husband was not forgotten, since there were some nice large linen handkerchiefs for him.

The next entertainment of the kind is to be given by the bridge club of which she is a member, and it will feature cushions as the contribution. The members consist of a fairly well-to-do crowd, and each table is pre-

sented one cushion from the four people.

Later in May we are planning an outdoor shower picnic for miscellaneous presents. We are repeating this from the four-year-ago event given to another member of our club, when we chose a secluded spot in the woods and decorated a small grove of trees with pink and white streamers of paper, using a small cedar bush in the centre as a Christmas tree, upon which the parcels were tried. Needless to say, an automobile was used to take the stuff down an hour before someone else brought the guest of honor.



The following gentlemen have been asked to act as judges in the “My Last Year’s Vacation” competition in *The Business Woman*. Each has literary work to his credit and is an authority on the matter.

MR. F. W. HUNT,
F. W. Hunt Advertising Service,
33 Richmond St. West.

MR. A. E. UREN,
Uren Publishing Co.,
549 King St. W.

MR. E. L. WEAVER,
Bowman-Hoge Co. (Canada)
Limited
210 Dundas St. West.

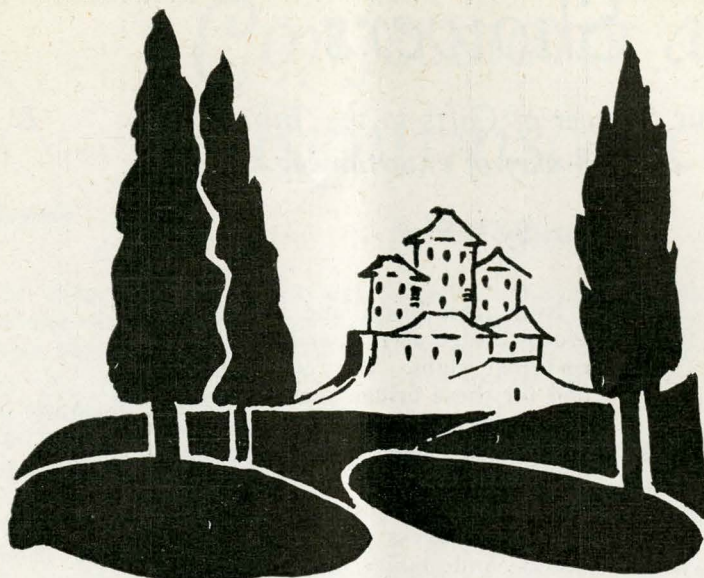
Judges in Photographic Contest:

MR. D. A. LAMDELL,
Eastman Kodak Stores Ltd.,
King St. W.

MR. E. HOCK,
Toronto Camera Club.

MR. NELSON HITCHINSON,
45 Richmond East.

The House



o' Dreams

The House

IN a fairy tale your dream castle comes at the end of the story, when the prince and princess live happily ever after—in this story the dream castle comes first. It's like a gate that opens to let you out into the land of Heart's Desire.

Tucked away in a part of old Toronto that few people see, in these days of downtown hustle, is a remnant of the section where once lived the "best people" of a century ago. Great houses stood back in their surrounding grounds, safely aloof from the outside world. To-day, some of those first houses that were born when Toronto was Little York, still stand, like old aristocrats whom the world has passed by, leaving them to mull over past glory. Some of the old houses are shorn of all their ancient glamour—some retain it. Some, like the House o' Dreams, regain it with a new youth.

The Dream

Here's the second part of the story. Art schools, at least some of them, are peculiar places. They, all unconsciously, tend to mould and train thought along an accepted line. There's an adage to the effect that as a twig is bent so will the tree grow. Once, in an ancient cemetery, I saw one of those old flat monuments split by a seedling, whose slender twig had grown to a strong, living tree, forcing its way up through the solid stone—but its way was broken and distorted, not beautiful with the clean-cut lines of untrammelled growth.

Young art is like that—if you take the thing that is stretching forth young, pliant fingers towards an expression of its own desire and tie it

down to a one-patterned mould, you have lost beauty and made something banal and uninspired. If the art that is in a soul has its own star ahead, you don't help it by putting a leash upon it to drag it to the nearest electric light.

Four or five years ago, a little group of art students felt that something that no words of a layman like myself could ever hope to describe. They banded together and formed a league, they who could not be bound to an established order of things—and their faith in themselves led them forward. They did not stand alone, they needed each other and they needed a place where they could meet and exchange thoughts and where the nebulae at the back of each mind could be brought out and aired and made into a real thing in the sunlight of reality. An art school wasn't just the place for this to happen, when environment means so much. It is the new shoot on the plant that is all too easily frostbitten.

Now for the house. As in all the wonder tales, there is a good fairy who comes along and ties up the loose ends of all the difficulties. This time the godmother is Miss Edna Breithaupt. It is really she of whom the story should be told—her efforts and interest and untiring work lauded—her life in strange parts of the world, in Asia, China, Europe and Canada—but she wouldn't want that—that's the fine thing about fairy godmothers.

Anyway, what we are driving at is this: In the dear old house that was built by the same D'Arcy Boulton, who built the Grange somewhere in the early days of the 1800's, and which he gave to his younger son, Miss Breithaupt and her little colony of

artists, the logical outgrowth of that League, have taken root.

Your real artist isn't of the art arty, so that he dispises a purchaser of his statue, his canvas or his book. He made the beautiful thing to express his thought, in order that the next man's life might be made that much brighter, but, naturally he is willing to sell.

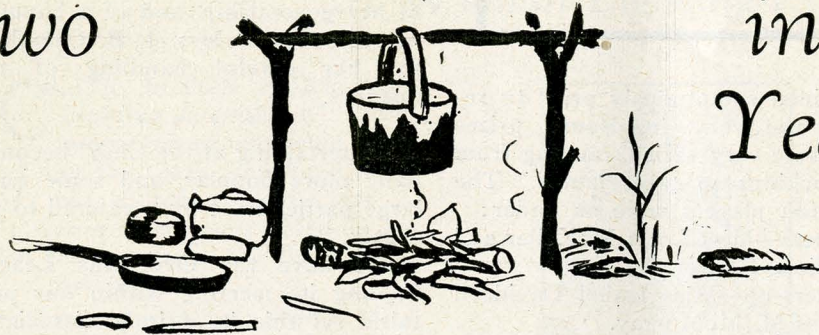
And so comes Miss Breithaupt and the ancient house. She has organized this group, some of them with plenty of this world's goods, some with none, but all wealthy with the power of creation. They paint pictures, they decorate match boxes—they mould silver or common clay—beat brass or dye silk, carve wood or weave willow withes—and for a mere pittance you can buy.

Business woman, when you shop for your shower or bridge prizes, a birthday gift or something for your home, look first into the gay brilliance of 15 Grange Road, that dear, deep, dark old building that should house ghosts of the earliest settlers in Toronto. It lies exactly behind the Art Gallery of Toronto, south of the grounds. You will be made very welcome and you will find, as I do, that your feet will lead you on that same path many, many times—not always to buy, but just to wander in to meet people you can't help liking—to sit at a table in the tea room, where real meals are served, and where the coffee is coffee indeed, cooked by a Hungarian woman who is part of the local color.

You don't have to know a chiaroscuro from a palette knife to enjoy yourself. You don't even have to know how to squint one eye at a picture on the wall. If you never

(Continued on page 13)

Fifty- two Vacations in a Year



DURING the month of May comes that most beautiful holiday of the whole year. I wouldn't miss getting out to the woods on that 24th day of May, if I could possibly help it. The wild flowers are just at their best; trilliums, adder's-tongue lilies, violets, goldie-locks, foam-flower, cress root, Solomon's seal—and all those lovely things of woodland that are just a little more wonderful than the flowers of any other season.

You can make most gorgeous "wedding bouquet" from the white foam-flower and cress root, false mitre-wort and any other white blossom you can find. Put the solid ones in the centre and border them with the feathery sprays of the mitre-wort.

If you are fortunate enough to own a car, spend the holiday in the loveliest place in Ontario—that sounds rather a rash statement, but this little village of Rockwood, fifty miles from Toronto, would certainly take some beating from a scenic standpoint. Ages ago, there must have been a great and riotous river that cut itself a deep gorge for a bed from the limestone rock. Whirlpools have left potholes that are as perfectly circular as though drawn by a compass. Great rocks rise from reflective waters and provide you with caves to explore and ravines to climb. Over everything there is a heavy coniferous growth and the dear scent of cedar trees and the soft sound of breezes through the branches, is likely to lull you into a peaceful sleep, an enchantment that will be hard to break. You couldn't visit Rockwood once and forget it. It acts as a lure to you and back you go, time after time. To reach it from Toronto, take the Dundas-Bloor-Cooksville-Brampton-Georgetown route—you cannot possibly miss it, since the Motor League signs guide you all the way. There is an ice cream parlor in the village

where delicious meals are served on a cool verandah. When you arrive in the village, it is advisable to park your car and walk through the scenic section, turning left over the river, and following the stream all the way. The C.N.R. and motor busses serve this village, if you haven't a car.

For the Saturday afternoon and Sunday outings you need an objective nearer home, preferably in a district where there are lots of wild flowers. Pack up the billy-can and a reasonable supply of eatables and start out on a joyful hike. When you build a fire, make it a small one and put it beside some running stream, or at the edge of the road where there is no dried grass or wooden fence to take fire.

At the end of the Yonge St. car line there is a beautiful ravine that runs from Yonge to Bathurst. Take the road opposite the Radial Station and walk west and north until you are about half way to Bathurst, and near the edge of the ravine. Descend the slopes, which are usually gay with hepaticas. You can wander around the ravines for hours, finding good picnic spots and pretty scenes for snapshots. Make your way gradually west until you reach Bathurst St., then walk north to the next

cross road. On the south-west corner you will notice a queer old building that appears to have been built of mud. It was built over a hundred years ago, when a man named Shepherd brought from England a method of making mud bricks as they are made in some of the cottages in rural England. He built a "castle" that lasted for a hundred and sixteen years. Turn west (right) at the cross road and walk a mile and a quarter to Yonge St.

Below the Bloor Street Viaduct, you will see a road which crosses the tracks and ends at the ravine, at the west side. Instead of taking this road through the ravine, follow the last set of tracks to the west, which will bring you into the Old Belt Line, a not very long walk, but an exceptionally pretty one, ending at Mount Pleasant Road, with the St. Clair car right on the spot.

A delightful motor trip for the 24th of May is a pilgrimage to Waterdown, where you have scenery and legend galore. Take the Dundas Highway (No. 5) and drive out through Summerville (Etobicoke Creek), Erindale (Credit River), following the road until you reach the village of Waterdown, thirty-five miles from Toronto.

To the north of the village there lies Lake Medad, surrounded by dense woods. Redolent of the Indian is this quiet little sheet of water, with a legend that the Red Man lived and buried his dead on its shores. It is said that this is still a treasure trove for relics of the vanishing Canadian.

There are mounds that contain the kitchen middens of the tribes who settled there centuries ago. The lake has a reputation for being "bottomless," but the bottom has been struck at eighty feet. To the lover of marsh life, there is plenty to interest her in the land around the lake. We were, unfortunately, too late in our visit to find wild lady's slipper orchids last year, but it is quite possible that they would grow there.

At the Waterdown end of the Aldershot Road there is a beautiful waterfall, in the grounds of Mr. A. W. Palmer.



BUY A TRIP TO EUROPE

—on the Instalment Plan

The "budget system" of planning such a trip is described in the pamphlet "Trips to Places Across the Seas."

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Club Life

TORONTO

The decision of "The Business Woman" to arrive earlier in the month was no doubt received with acclaim by everyone—with the single exception of the scribe who found herself too pressed with other weighty matters to respond to the appeal for copy pronto. Being by way of confessing that the lack of Toronto club news last month occurred that way!

Since last we blossomed into print, a number of things have happened, including the tea on March 20th, when the Membership Committee were hostesses and presented a delightful programme of song and anecdote, scandal and tea—that is if business women ever indulge in small talk. Helen Hines, whom some of us will remember for her original interpretation of "Way Down East," very kindly contributed a group of songs. We should hear more from her!

During the week of Canadian Opera—23rd to 29th—a number of our members took seats en bloc, in more than one part of the house, and were generously compensated for their support. From every side glowing accounts of the finish and quality of both music and acting were heard. The coming of the "Royal York" and consequent development of home talent is something of which Toronto may justly be proud.

* * * *

Miss Florence McConnell, recently returned from a three months' holiday in St. Petersburg, Florida. The trip was made by motor, but long journeys by road do not find an enthusiastic supporter in this young lady. The majority of visitors being, naturally, of United States origin, some interesting arguments and discussions ensued, but the prime morsel concerned the identity of a town somewhere near Toronto that had a broadcasting station. Wildly searching memory's crevices, Miss McConnell brought forth all possibilities, but without success. Days later, Montreal was mentioned, and the geographer promptly recognized the name of his missing Toronto suburb.

* * * *

One of the most looked-forward-to events of our winter season is always the Sports Dinner. This year it was held on April 8th, when some 75 members of the various sports sec-

tions dined sumptuously prior to receiving the very handsome prizes which were very varied, ranging from silk stockings to table lamps. The badminton players were as under:

Winners—Miss Lotta McKellar and Miss Viola Hunter.

Runners-up—Miss Isabel Davidson and Miss M. McMurray.

Players eliminated from the Tournament (except the runners-up) then played in the Consolation.

Winners—Miss Crawford and Miss Pirie.

Runners-up—Miss Verity and Miss Walter.

The winning bowlers were as under:

Winners of First Series

Cuckoos—Miss Yenny, captain; Miss Miller, Miss Magie, Miss Dixon, Miss Foster, Miss Halter.

Winners of Second Series

Kroflites—Miss Alison Pollock, captain; Miss Sanderson, Miss Bristow, Miss Forman, Miss McDonald, Miss E. Pollock.

Winners Special Prizes

High Average—Adelaide Child (176).
High Single—Miss Erie Miller (303)
Prize presented by Miss Elizabeth Pollock.

High Double—Miss E. Lord (436).
Prize presented by Miss Mary McIntyre.

Low Single—Miss Leon (36).
Prize presented by Miss Alison Pollock.

Miss Leon spoke briefly on "Bowling."

The Bridge Tournament ended with a tie for first place, in which Miss Leone Mathers, Miss A. Bullock, Mrs. D. McGregor and Miss Galbraith figured. They were awarded prizes of equal value. Miss E. Heron and Miss Alice Aylesworth were but five points behind, while Miss Camilla Casserly and Miss Anne O'Connell came fourth. Consolation prizes of a pack of cards were awarded to the lowest score owners each evening of the season.

Presentations were made to Miss Jane McDowall, as sports convener; Miss Mary McGregor, as badminton convener, and Miss Sherman, as making the wittiest speech on her particular line of sport—badminton.

It was regretted that Miss Dorothy Child was not present to supervise the distribution of bridge prizes, and Miss

Jane McDowall substituted, Mrs. Mood making all presentations.

* * * *

A presentation was made of a wrist watch, to Miss Child, in appreciation of her generalship, and of a bouquet of red roses to Mrs. J. B. Campbell, for her careful handling of the finances.

* * * *

"Entertaining at the Club" becomes daily more popular, and some quite large parties have been catered to recently.

We have the Over-Seas League holding its meeting within our portals. As this is entirely dissociated from our organization, we are doubly pleased. Our rooms are too attractive to be allowed to remain idle, and so many of our own members find little use for them after eight o'clock, unless something special is scheduled.

* * * *

At the recent quarterly meeting, the motion introduced by Miss Stoakley to the effect that we admit junior members to our club, met with approval, and details will be worked out immediately the incoming executive finds leisure for the matter. "Junior" members refers neither to age nor salary, but is interpreted as meaning the first two years of a girl—or woman's—business life.

* * * *

New Officers of the Business and Professional Women's Club of Toronto

On Tuesday, March 6th, the election of officers for the year took place, Miss Mabel Stoakley as honorary president, presenting the retiring president, Mrs. J. Mood, with a very beautiful basket of roses.

The new officers elected are as follows:

President, Miss Kathleen Powell; vice-president, Miss Elizabeth Dixon; recording secretary, Miss Nora McCort; corresponding secretary, Miss Elizabeth Pollock; treasurer, Mrs. H. T. Burpee; directors, Miss True Davidson, Miss Mary Dale Muir, Mrs. L. A. Gurnett, Miss Dorothy Child.

* * * *

HAMILTON

About 300 members and friends of the Hamilton Canadian Business and Professional Women's Club attended the annual dinner held on Thursday, April 24th, at the Royal Connaught Hotel. The guests were received at the entrance hall by the president, Miss Mary Mount, and the vice-president, Miss Winnifred Drummond. The dinner was followed by a delightful programme by Miss Laura Miller, A.C.A.M., and Mrs. Corbett Whitton, contralto.

Lighting the Darkness

A Woman Lighting Consultant

"CLAIR ACTON BURROWS, Lighting Consultant." Nine people out of ten would write "Mr." and the tenth would put "Esquire," but all ten would be wrong. Blair Acton Burrows is "Miss." To match her rare name, she chose, for a girl, a rare profession.

It all started with lamp shades. Miss Burrows always loved doing things, and a year or so ago decided that instead of dividing her time on so many activities she would concentrate on shades—which had long been a hobby of hers. No matter how original or charming the shade, though, she soon found there was often something that was lacking, and finally it dawned upon this color-loving, light-adoring lady that it was lighting itself that was fundamentally wrong.

The energy that had made her take up V.A.D. work during the war, and had interested her in those many things that she had loved doing, concentrated itself into a research into lighting—from the standpoint of art, health and psychology. Behind the shade, she went into the matter of the bulb and the fixture and the location of the light. Still further, into the very matter of wiring. Down to New York, to study the work, just as any electrical expert would do. After finding out that even the loveliest lampshade needs co-operation, she got down to basic principles—what's the use of knowing what effect to strive for, unless one knows just how to achieve it?

We found one job at which Miss Burrows is positively no good. She simply cannot talk about Blair Acton Burrows. We had to gouge the information from her that she was born in Winnipeg and came to Toronto as a little girl of ten. She cannot see that people would be interested in her, personally. "No one would care about that part of it," was the answer to an attempt to gouge a biography from her. We had an awful time persuading her that other girls would like to know what she looks like. How we cajoled a photograph would surprise you.

This electric lighting expert with the job that sounds manly and substantial, is tall, slim, graceful and charming. Oh, yes, bobbed. She likes walking and all outdoors. Color



and light to her are life—and she does marvellous things with them.

While arranging lighting for clubs and large buildings is a proud work, the home and its problem of personality really has the greatest appeal. Miss Burrows likes to start with the architect and arrange the wiring and all the details, collaborating with the man who designs the building. She likes, too, to study the people who are to live in the light she makes.

Lighting is so important. The whole atmosphere of a room depends upon it. Glaring, careless light breeds a harshness of feeling; softly diffused, glowing illumination gives rest and relaxation, and when the modern person's life is spent out of doors where everything is restless and moving, cars dodging, people hustling, machinery screeching, home is the place that should supply complete harmony and peace to the harassed nerves.

Miss Burrows thinks that men are particularly sensitive to light. It is often they who appreciate the subtlety of correct light control. Sometimes women love beauty so much that they sacrifice utility to it. A beautiful lamp is often considered more important than its mission.

The latest scheme upon which this light artist is working is synthetic sunshine. To be able to turn on a glow of summer sunshine on a winter's day in a dark room is the result



of her study of reflectors, and lighting brought in from the window gives the effect desired. This was successfully done by Miss Burrows in a New York apartment house, where a blank wall was the outlook from a bedroom window, consequently darkening the room.

Even the girl in a back room, who is boarding, and whose furniture is not her own, can help to make her "home" more homelike by shading her lights, with perhaps a duplex connection to give more outlets, and using a touch of paint, a growing plant or little bits of color.

You see, it isn't difficult to get Miss Burrows to talk about this work of hers that amounts to a religion. She gives you the impression that her job is something to which she aspires, not a matter which she has condescended to honor. Oh, that some of us in less important jobs could adopt that same selfless attitude.

There are surely no heights to which a girl cannot climb when she is willing to start manufacturing sunshine. Even the moon isn't safe from her rivalry, since she is going to try this idea in conservatories.

The Business Woman extends its good wishes and congratulations to a woman who has started something different.

The House o' Dreams

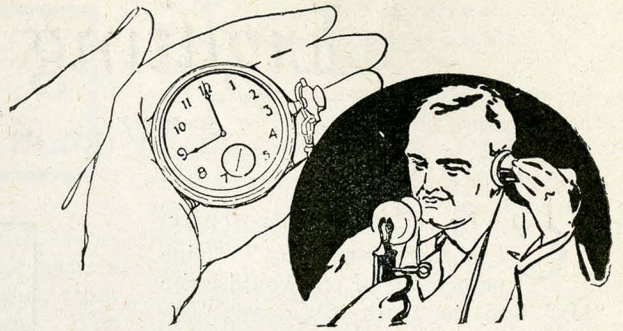
(Continued from page 10)

thought of anything outside of your filing cabinet and your neat apartment you could still love this place—but if you have ever felt one of those little inside urges to write a play, paint a sunset, dance on wet sands, sing a song or draw how across strings, hunt out Miss Breithaupt and tell her about it, and next thing you know you will be doing the things you wanted to do. There was a Russian girl who had passed through the horrors that have beset that land—she had a dream of a children's theatre. Miss Breithaupt's Pandora fingers got at the lock that held the misty idea and—the Russian girl has made a great name for herself creating scenic effects.

Do call, won't you, business woman?

Hold the Line Please

By MARGARET PENNELL



I WONDER how many readers of "The Business Woman" say this, or hear it, over the phone? If you are a "busy" business woman, then you know the nuisance it can become, and inwardly fume at the impertinence of firm or individual who will keep you waiting, while they unhurriedly come to the phone, after they have given your name to the switchboard operator to call. It is just as rude to do this, as it would be to ask someone to meet you for lunch and then leave them at the table while you did some shopping. And the sad part of it is, that the people who do this, do not realize the enormity of their offence; they are not really rude people, but they just do not realize that the "minute" their friend, or business associate is asked to wait say, for some unforeseen reason, stretch out to 5 minutes. And perhaps the person called has left an important piece of work, and has to sit with the receiver at her ear while precious time slips by that is needed for something else.

If you put in a call, then be sure that the person called is not kept waiting once they are on the phone. Better still, once their firm has been placed on the line, ask for the individual yourself—remember, if anyone should do the waiting, you should, not the party you call.

All this is just part of the thoughtlessness and lack of courtesy which is fast becoming, with many, the by-product of business, just the same as is the quite common lack of courtesy displayed by many men and women who allow a door to close after them, knowing that someone is likely right behind and ready to enter, or who will deliberately cut across you on the street. These people may be models

of courtesy when they meet you socially, but they drop it like an old garment once they get caught in the vortex of "business." And the pity of it is that it's so unnecessary. Perhaps you save 15 minutes a day by having someone wait for you on the phone, instead of waiting for them, or dashing ahead of someone on the street or through a door, but what of it!

Some of us know the time that can be wasted by being switched from one department to another of a big store or corporation, while clerks take no interest to find out what you really need or try to save your time by placing you on the right line at once, and many of us trying to save time have tried to leave our name and phone number, to be called when certain information has been obtained, only to be told that the information is there if you will wait. And that's just what you do, while someone goes through a file and finally comes back and says, "I cannot find it, but will phone"—but why didn't they do so before?

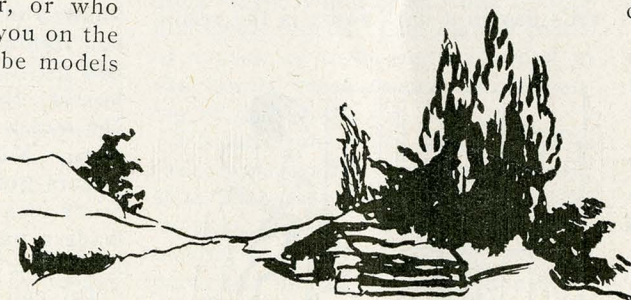
A little thought of the party at the other end of the line would do a lot to eliminate the "Wait a minute, please" nuisance.

It's not just the business woman who becomes a pest in this regard, but the business man does too. We often think that the switchboard girl of any company should be one of the most highly trained individuals in the establishment, but how often we find that merely a preliminary training of how to work the necessary equipment is all that is given? One firm we call

we simply love to do business with because the girl is so courteous and efficient—she tries, really tries, to give you service, and if you are kept waiting will tell you she is sorry—somehow a wait of 2 minutes on the phone doesn't seem nearly so long if you know some interest is being taken in your existence by the firm you may be anxious to place an order with—whereas it can stretch out to apparently hours of a nerve racking experience, that makes you out of sorts for an hour after.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath" is mighty true of the phone, and many an irate customer who wants to know why the heck his order hasn't been filled, and how long do you think he can wait, has been pacified by a "It's too bad, but we have been exceptionally busy. I will inquire at once and phone you back," instead of the icy "I beg your pardon!" of the aristocrat whom you know must preside at the other end.

It does seem about time we all took stock of our "telephone manners." If you are "the boss" of your business or department give a few minutes to a heart to heart talk with your assistant who answers the phone for you. If you are "the operator" remember the people who phone in have the "right of way." And if you are just someone who wants to speak to a man or woman on business, or a friend who wishes to speak to another friend—then, make the time as short as possible that they have to leave their work at the other end and sit waiting on your pleasure to tell them either of some important business plan, or merely that you find you can go to the show to-night after all.



Adventures in Housekeeping

By ANN SHERBURNE

DORIS BEST and I had just finished dinner. I shared the apartment with Jane Doane, but she was dining out, so it seemed a good opportunity to invite poor discouraged Doris to talk things over.

"It's no use," wailed Doris, "our food always costs us at least fifty dollars a month, and I'm sure that we don't have such good meals as you manage to get for thirty-two! Our place isn't so big either, so we have less housework and should have more time."

"Well," I grinned, "you couldn't exactly call this a palace!" and I waved my arm to include the living-room, bed-room, bath and kitchen, which comprised our apartment. "Do you mind taking the end of this table? We always set it and remove the dishes at the kitchen doorway."

"We're very proud of those gadgets, since we invented them ourselves," said I, pointing to the holder for the silver, which was made of a strip of strong linen towelling folded lengthwise leaving a space of two inches at the top. The pockets were stitched to suit the size of the flat silver, and the whole was tacked on the wall over a little grocery cabinet made from a box. This box had a curtain of the towelling attached by rings to a rod. Another fairly large wall pocket of the linen stiffened with cardboard, held the napkins and luncheon set in daily use. A gay oilcloth envelope on the wall held our two precious notebooks. Doris was very curious about them, so when the dishes were finished, we settled ourselves comfortably in the living-room while I explained.

"The red one holds the menus. They're a pest to make out each week-end, but a boon to refer to each day. We don't bother with writing breakfast menus—there is always a variety of fruit and cereal on hand. Lunch and dinner we do plan, as you see, and a glance each morning tells us the necessary shopping for the day's meals. Here is a sample page:

Lunch

Cream of tomato soup

Vegetable salad

Jam

Tea

Dinner

Sausages

Mashed potatoes Spinach

Fruit Jelly

Probably the sausage would be the only necessary purchase for that day, as we shop once a week for fruit and vegetables. It is necessary, too, to renew the staples and tinned goods once a week, and to add to the luxury shelf."

"Luxury shelf—that sounds well!" Doris murmured.

"Well, it's jolly useful to have canned chicken and grapefruit, and olives 'and sich' for emergencies. We can give some grand parties on very short notice! . . . Our milk and bread and butter are delivered each day, and that is a comfort."

"I am beginning to see where we have been wrong," smiled Doris, "we don't plan, so are forever dashing out for things we need, or phoning the corner grocery where the bills simply pile up. Then if there's nothing ready in the apartment, it seems so much simpler to dine at the nearest restaurant! But when do you do the cooking?"

"We find it easiest to do most of it after dinner. For instance, before putting away the food, the left-over vegetables can easily be diced for salads, or combined with lemon jelly, or creamed for a scallop. Fruit jelly takes but a moment to make, and there are many quick gelatine desserts and salads. Milk puddings can cook in the double-boiler while the dishes are being washed, and most drop cakes take a very short time to mix and bake.

"With good planning, lunch ought never to take more than ten or fifteen minutes to put on the table. With a dessert already prepared, dinner will take only slightly longer. We usually cook more vegetables than we need for one meal, as there are so many ways of warming them up, or of using them in salads.

"Here are some suggestions for lunch dishes that can be quickly prepared. We are fond of cheese, so quite often have Welsh Rarebit. We vary it by sometimes serving it with strips of crisp bacon placed on top. Almost any creamed vegetable can be made a substantial and appetizing dish by the addition of grated cheese. Poached eggs and omelet can be varied with cheese, and of course, there are always the old favorites: macaroni and cheese, and cheese fondue. Stewed tomato is good and

easily prepared. It is very good served on toast with bacon or sardines on top, the whole quickly browned in the oven. Some of the tomato juice can be saved for soup or sauce for next day's meat or fish cakes, or, well seasoned and some gelatine added, it makes a delicious jelly for salad. The humble egg is a great friend to the business-housewife. When we tire of it boiled, poached, scrambled, or 'omeletted,' we hard-boil some for creamed eggs or for mixing in various ways for salad. Of course there are endless salads—meat, fish, vegetable, egg and fruit. They should never be dull, or look dull, if the cook has an eye for good color combinations, as well as original ideas of combining usual foods. A corner of the pantry should be stocked with olives, a small tin of pimento, paprika, red and green cherries, white and yellow cream cheese. We keep a pot of parsley on the kitchen window-sill. It's ornamental as well as useful. When serving a salad meal, especially in the winter, it is well to begin with soup. Water from vegetables makes a good foundation for creamed soups. The tinned varieties can often be improved by adding left overs of meat and vegetables. Left over tomato or vegetable soup can be made into jelly for salad by adding gelatine.

"Meat for two, is the greatest problem in planning a dinner. If possible, always buy from the same butcher. He will learn your needs and often give valuable advice. Vary the usual small cuts, by sometimes purchasing a chicken. By serving it hot, then cold, or a la King, it is not an extravagance. The bones make excellent soup, or base for a kidney stew. A small picnic ham is also a good 'buy'. It can be served hot, then cold, or sliced and reheated with pineapple, Southern style.

"We are not very fond of puddings and indeed have very little time to prepare them. We usually manage to make a fussy dessert for Sunday, and sometimes we have quick milk puddings. Caramel junket is very good and it is quick to prepare. Caramelize the sugar and add it and the junket tablet to the milk.

"Fortunately we can always get good fruit and we watch the market

(Continued on page 23)

How I Got a Salary Increase or Converting the Boss to Greater Efficiency

By the SECRETARY

LETTERS to the right of us. Letters to the left of us. Letters in front of us. Letters all about us unanswered. Letters cajoling, coaxing us. Letters criticising and cursing us.

And this is no exaggerated picture. To be sure it was during that period of the war when business just came in of its own accord.

At that time I was the chief stenographer and acting-secretary to the senior partner of our firm, which came into existence suddenly and expanded so rapidly during those busy years that literally, we could not keep up.

We had the exclusive selling rights in Canada of a product that had become well known through the activity, over a period of years, of the parent company in the United States.

The senior partner was my immediate boss and in his frequent absences, necessitated by the demands of business, I looked after the correspondence as far as I could without him.

On his return to the office one morning direct from the railway station, as was his custom when out of the city for a few days, we seemed to be farther behind than ever, and the clamoring of customers and our travellers more insistent, if that were possible.

"Miss B——— advertise right away for a stenographer," he ordered one morning in June, "and insist that she start work immediately."

"Yes, sir," I acquiesced and went ahead typing an advertisement. As I submitted this I suggested, "Mr. C———, why not let us try out the dictating machine, and perhaps we can get over the next few months, by which time we will be into a less busy season, and save the cost of another girl for a while?"

The local dictating machine firm's representative had tried to canvass my chief, but with little encouragement.

The fact that he was rather a nice boy, with a pleasing personality and good clothes, may have influenced me to speak in his behalf. I am afraid I cannot altogether deny that it did.

But my primary interest was in

getting the work out and keeping down the office costs. At that time I had no thought of a fatter pay envelope for myself. This was to come later and as a most pleasing surprise.

"Allright," barked my chief, "call up that dude and have an outfit sent in on trial—on trial remember," and he emphasized this for, profitable as the business was, he was taking no chances on committing himself to the purchase of anything.

Even yet I grow angry with myself for flushing up as I did when he called my dictating machine friend a "dude," for he was nothing to me, and yet was he? If he was not, why did I cease enjoying a perfectly good play just because I happened to glance up and he came within range of my vision? Again, why did I feel a bit pleased when I learned, quite accidentally, oh of course yes, very accidentally, that the lady I saw him with was his sister? Strange, as his sister she seemed pretty—almost—and her hat wasn't so very bad.

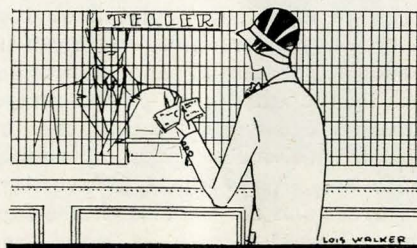
But that's another story.

At eleven o'clock I phoned the office of the dictating machine company, and at 2 p.m., when the chief returned from lunch, a dictator was installed at his desk. There were two transcribers and a shaver. I afterwards realized that the salesman had plenty of confidence in himself and his line in sending two transcribers.

Then we started to work. Will I ever forget that afternoon?

My boss, too impatient to pay attention to the demonstration given us by the salesman, hurried him out before the elemental instruction in getting the best out of the dictating machine could be properly assimilated.

The unanswered correspondence was the primary reason for the try-



out of the dictating machine, hence it was on correspondence the first afternoon was spent and most of it on one letter, a lengthy one.

My chief commenced to dictate, but couldn't get past the salutation—stage-fright—the words simply wouldn't come, so to relieve his embarrassment I went to the outer office, ostensibly to attend to some duty there. I had no sooner closed the door behind when his words began to come thick and fast—not the kind intended for a customer or anyone else to hear, but horrors! they were on the cylinder—and how he could swear on those rare occasions when he became profane, and mostly without reason.

The first letter was a dismal failure. I had difficulty in distinguishing certain words—particularly words ending in s and ed. We learned that in the use of the machine one should enunciate more distinctly, and should speak with an even inflection, that proper names should be spelled, and that the dictator shouldn't say, "no, don't say that, change it to etc., etc.," that there was provision made for indicating changes in letters already on the cylinder.

The afternoon was soon gone and our pile of letters had grown no smaller. I suggested we come back that evening and get some of them out of the way, although up to this time my boss scrupulously refrained from asking us to come back after regular hours, unless in the greatest urgency. He simply would not have one girl come alone, so if even only one were needed, the other then had to come also—but it happened so seldom that none of us objected, particularly as we were paid overtime.

I really think the boss was anxious to come back and play with the new acquisition, and also being of a somewhat determined character, he was bound not to let it beat him.

Well, next morning when I came in he was already at his desk.

"Call up that dude and tell him to get these machines out of here quick, and advertise for another stenographer."

This was the peremptory order that greeted me even before I sat down.

"Yes sir," I acquiesced, and presently made my way to the outer office, for nothing in the world but to gain a little time.

When I felt that I had sufficiently nerved myself, I came back and suggested with my most ingratiating smile, "Mr. C———, let's try the thing out for just one more day. You see

(Continued on page 24)

OFFICE

HINTS

Sent by Readers of THE BUSINESS WOMAN

LOIS WALKER.

**Typewriter Ribbons**

The life of the average typewriter ribbon is fairly long. With reasonable care it can be used until it is almost threadbare. A very economical friend of ours religiously winds her ribbon on to one spool each night before she covers her machine, so that the moisture will be retained.

Oiling a ribbon will give a little extra life to it if the oiling be done correctly. Wind the ribbon on to one spool, then having soaked a woolen cloth with any good quality oil, run the ribbon on to a second spool, passing through the folds of the cloth held between the thumb and fingers of the right hand, while the second spool is turned with the left. This can easily be rendered quite a messy job, so if you can educate the office boy into taking on the task, I'd do so.

When the ribbon has been oiled, put it away for a week, using another in the meantime.

A. M., Toronto.

* * * *

Short Cuts in the Office

Occasionally it is necessary for a stenographer to refer in her note book to a letter written on such and such a date. Most stenographers date their letters each day, but as this is not easy to see quickly when glancing through the book, a better idea is to stamp the bottom of the last page of each day's correspondence with a dating stamp. This is very visible to the eye, and a great time-saver.

L. A. R.

* * * *

Typing Financial Statements

Those typists who handle that phase of work known as "typing financial statements" where perhaps seven or eight copies are required, and where difficulty may be encountered in endeavoring to insert the papers without mussing any of the copies with carbon, will find it simplifies matters to take one sheet, the length of the sheets to be inserted, and doubling it, place it over the desired number of copies, just as though it were to be used for a sort of binding, and then insert in the typewriter. In this manner none of

the edges of the sheets are torn, and it is a simple matter to take out the sheet used as a sort of binder before beginning to type the statement.

B. L.

* * * *

As my boss is one who spends most of his time on the road, I find that it helps him considerably when he is away, if I see that he is well equipped with a few paper clips, pins, rubber bands, etc. I also type enough large and small envelopes addressed to the manager at this office, accompanied with enough stamps to take care of these. I govern the number of envelopes with the particular trip he is taking.

This arrangement has certainly met with the approval of my boss and saves him considerable time, even though it takes but a few minutes to do.

Try it on your employer and I know he will be pleased to see that someone in his establishment has a thought or two for his business trips.

D. N.

* * * *

Addressograph Plates

Where, as when looking after plates for shareholders of a corporation paying dividends, two plates are required for a number of the shareholders, one containing address for correspondence purposes, and another for dividend purposes, it will be found convenient to tab the dividend address plates, so that when not required, they can be taken out quickly before running off lists or envelopes. On the other hand, when the correspondence address plates are not required they too can be quickly located and taken out.

B. L.

* * * *

The Stenographer's Notebook

My, how it must exasperate the "boss" if, when calling his stenographer to take a letter, he has to wait until she fumbles through her book to find her place. How much more efficient and easy it is just to keep an elastic band around those sheets used and keeping the place to begin to take the next lot of notes.

More efficient still is the habit of keeping two or three well-sharpened pencils held fast by that elastic, so that one can just take up one's book and be "all set."

B. L.

Getting Together

JUST about this time of year the office thinks of picnics. The boss is approached and his reply is usually rather ambiguous. He isn't quite sure if it is politic for him to mix with the staff, socially. It may undermine his dignity and influence. Then, there are the general manager and the next two or three in command. They, too, have to think of their "power."

It's all in the manner of thinking. When you think of the late War, didn't it usually happen that the men would go to greatest lengths for the commander they admired . . . and was that commander ever one of the high-hatted fraternity? Men would do more for the good scout than they would ever do for the man who tried to impress them with his importance. He really had to do that, though, because it was his only hold upon them.

If the office manager and the boss are of the "upstage" variety they wouldn't like to consider having to hobnob with the hoi polloi.

A company of about fifty people, consisting of six executives, seven office girls and the rest mechanics and craftsmen, started the idea of chartering a motor coach and having a picnic and a dance afterwards.

The chief was considered somewhat of a terror; although no one ever saw him lose his temper, there was the feeling that he was rather a bogey. His wife's portrait is continually in the society pages. On the occasion of this picnic that lady set to work to organize games for the children, and looked after the entertainment of the wives. The chief was starter in the boys' races and assisted in the games.

After that affair there was noticed a subtle difference in the attitude of

(Continued on page 31)



Pember - - - Commands

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Permanent Waving**

What Paul Poiret of Paris is to the world of fashions—so near, so dear to the feminine heart—so also does W. T. Pember hold the same place in the hearts of Canadian women as the leader in every branch of the hairdressing arts.

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OPEN EVENINGS

Listen in to our Radio program broadcast every Tuesday afternoon at 4.30 o'clock over station CFRB. Something of interest to every woman will be given each week.



THERE is a certain type of person that gives us what is commonly called "a pain in the neck." You find this person getting all het up over the most footling things and trying to pass on the infection. The other day we noticed a letter in a daily paper pleading that school kiddies' pennies be collected to give Toronto an everlasting monument to—no, not to a war hero nor to some woman who had done some great and brave deed, nor to any man who helped to bring Toronto up from a wigwam site to a very great city—the monument is to be the purchase of the birthplace of Mary Pickford. In a little house on University Avenue was born a child named Gladys Smith, whose family wiped Toronto dust from its feet as soon as they conveniently could. The said Gladys having a talent for acting, the mother cleverly managed the child until she reached the notice of a great producer. From the stage she graduated into the movies and made a million or so in movie pictures.

It is reported that on one occasion the child, who grew up to be Mary Pickford, announced that the only thing in her life she regretted was that she hadn't been born in the United States. For what has Toronto to thank her?

And here's what hurts us. Down at the Exhibition grounds are old buildings that are part of Toronto's early history. On just how many of these is a tablet placed, so that people may read what part these old buildings played in the city's most interesting story? Why could not school children's pennies be collected for the building of a replica of that first old Fort Rouillé?

We really think that some of our Toronto cadis should take note of this. In Highgate, England, a witness spoke of a woman engaged in the case as "an old lady," and his worship nearly had apoplexy. "What is her age?" he asked. "Fifty-five!" Call a woman of fifty-five an old lady! Disgraceful! What next?" That's chivalry for you! And yet, why

should a man or woman be old at fifty-five. It's all in the way of thinking. When we were ten years old we used to regard a friend of our maternal parent as a dear old soul because she was doddering along at the advanced age of thirty-one.

* * * *

There's one privilege of which women, so far, haven't deprived men, and that is removing a hat in the restaurant to display a bald and shining dome.

* * * *

Will our readers please help us in a very important matter? We want to make this book a very real help to the business woman—we want it not only to entertain her, but to help her in her work. We know that our seven thousand five hundred readers range from girls who are just starting out in the workaday world at a low salary, to the woman executive whose income tax looks like a good month's salary. And we want to please you all, and to help you. So will you please write to us? Tell us what has helped you in your business, your health, your play. Ask for information on anything you may wish to know, whether it pertain to investing money, making a frock, playing golf or using a dictating machine. If you haven't mastered a good system of filing write and tell us. We will get information you wish by appealing to the best authority on the matter, and the answer to your query will help the next girl along. Only, we cannot hope to meet your desires unless you tell us what they are.

* * * *

A friend of ours who is a radio fiend, says he believes he is getting lumbago. We don't believe he would understand a word they say, if he did.

* * * *

It may be all right, but we wonder! If you read the personal columns in the daily papers, you will often see an advertisement to the effect that "a refined Canadian girl" or "refined English girl" desires to meet another girl with a view to companionship. Of course, some of these advertisements may be quite bona fide, and



there may be Canadian and English girls who are so lonesome that they have to resort to a public appeal to gain friends, but it does seem to us that any girl of Canada or the old land who is refined and who is lonely, should be able to make friends in other ways than by means of a paid advertisement. There are churches and societies and many departments in night schools where such girls could take up some favorite subject for study, whereby they could meet others of similar tastes. The very fact that the nationality of the advertisers is mentioned makes us suspicious, probably without cause. We could understand a girl from a foreign land wishing to meet others of her own countrywomen, but we of Canada and England and Ireland and Wales are one family and, unless the girl from the Old Land has come here with that queer complex that some of us do bring with us, that idea that Canada needs to be put straight and that we are chosen instruments to do it, there isn't any reason in the world why a girl should not find friends. It may sound mean and ungenerous, but we do not advise any girl to answer these appeals for friendship. It gives us the idea that we will publish each month a list of clubs, if the secretaries of such will give us particulars, where girls may meet and have an opportunity for forming friendships.

* * * *

B. E. H. writes to tell us that she is inspired by the article on Sports Week, which appeared in The Business Woman for March, to take up fishing this year. She asks us to advise her on the question of bait. We have never qualified, personally, as an angler, although we have the patience and optimism and imagination and all that. We do possess, however, a mysterious power over fish; we can go out to any river or creek and the fish will come up in bunches (or shoals, or whatever you call a collection of fishes) and they will eat worms right off our hook, full of confidence in our kind face. When they have eaten their fill they send out a broadcast to all their hungry relatives that

there is a hand-out so come to the party.

However, to solve B. E. H.'s problem, we decided that we must have something "teckernical," so we visited a sporting goods shop where they sell all kinds of fishing tackle, including the address of a fish shop, in case you have no luck.

The gentleman who kindly volunteered to help us led us to the costume jewellery department, and left us there while he went to telephone. We thought he had taken us there to get our mind off our troubles, so we wrote a few little fashion notes while we waited. There was one very charming set that consisted of a string of red beads interspersed with gold discs. Another very pretty string had red beads in groups of three, alternating with other smart colorings. One very exclusive little affair has a pendant in a frog design, in green with yellow spots and nice eyes. Evidently intended for hat ornaments were some quaint feather creatures that looked like a cross between a tropical mosquito and a fly with a Persian cat complex. All the season's smartest colors were represented, from lipstick red to eggshell. Another adorable little model in cream enamel has modernistic trimmings.

Presently, our salesman returned and apologized for leaving us so long. We answered that it had been a pleasure, we had been so interested in the new costume jewellery.

"Costume jewellery! Lady, that's bait for catching fish."

Oh! Oh!



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of

Distinctively Smart
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Gowns
Coats
Hats Suits
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"It Pays to Dress Well"

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Hat, dress, gloves, purse, colored shoes and if by any chance a runner appears in those lovely stockings, we mend it too.

A telephone call will bring us to your door.

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TORONTO



Contract Bridge

By Mrs. HAROLD COOPER

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

In our last issue we stressed the importance of soundness in the initial or original bids.

To make a sound bid of one in a suit declaration, the hand must contain a minimum of two and a half quick tricks.

An Ace or King-Queen of a suit are valued as one quick trick. A King guarded or suit headed by Queen Jack are valued at half a quick trick.

Ace King of the same suit are counted as two quick tricks.

In addition to having the minimum of $2\frac{1}{2}$ quick tricks the distribution of the cards must be considered.

For a suit declaration, there must be at least four cards of the suit bid. If not more than four they must contain more than one quick trick, with the exception that a four card suit headed by K Q may be bid.

The foregoing refers to bids made by first, second or third hands. For a fourth in hand, three and a half quick tricks are required, or if the hand is well balanced a bid of one may be made with three quick tricks.

If first, second or third in hand bid one of a suit if holding:—

- | | | | | |
|---------------|-------------|------------|------------|-------------|
| 1. S. A K xx. | H. K xx. | D. xxx. | C. xxx. | Bid 1 Spade |
| 2. S. Q J xx. | H. A. K xx. | D. xxx. | C. xx. | " 1 Heart |
| 3. S. K xxx. | H. A xx. | D. K Q xx. | C. xx. | " 1 Diamond |
| 4. S. xxx. | H. A xx. | D. Q J xx. | C. K Q xx. | " 1 Club |

Where there are more than four cards in the suit bid it is not necessary that it contain more than a quick trick or even a quick trick provided the balance of the $2\frac{1}{2}$ quick tricks are in the other suits. For instance, one can be bid in the following hands.—

- | | | | | |
|---------------|-------------|---------|--------|-------------|
| 5. S. K xxxx. | H. A K x. | D. xxx. | C. xx. | Bid 1 Spade |
| 6. S. A xx. | H. Q J xxx. | D. A x. | C. xx. | " 1 Heart |

Do not bid:—

- | | | | |
|--------------|-----------|----------|--------|
| 7. S. A xxx. | H. A xxx. | D. K xx. | C. xx. |
|--------------|-----------|----------|--------|

While this hand No. 7 has the $2\frac{1}{2}$ quick tricks, the distribution of the cards is such as to make it too weak to bid on.

For a fourth in hand bid an extra quick trick is required such as:—

- | | | | | |
|---------------|------------|-------------|--------|-------------|
| 8. S. A K xx. | H. A xxx. | D. Q J x. | C. xx. | Bid 1 Spade |
| 9. S. Q J x. | H. A K xx. | D. K Q xxx. | C. x. | " 1 Diamond |

When you have two bidable suits of equal length and strength in a hand bid the higher denomination first.

Where there are two bidable suits one of which is longer, bid the longer irrespective of denomination or strength, e.g.:

- | | | | | |
|----------------|---------|------------|--------|-------------------|
| 10. S. A K xx. | H. xxx. | D. A K xx. | C. xx. | Bid a Spade first |
| 11. S. A K xx. | H. xx. | D. A xxxx. | C. xx. | " " Diamond first |

In making a bid of One No Trump first, second or third hand, it is not necessary that the hand hold $2\frac{1}{2}$ quick tricks, but about the equivalent must be there in other card values and distribution.

To determine what is required the following point values for No Trump are put on honor cards:—

- | | |
|------------|------------|
| A 6 points | Q 3 points |
| K 4 " | J 2 " |

10. 1 point

To make a sound bid of One No Trump the hand must contain at least 20 points well distributed, for example, One No Trump should be bid on the following:—

- | | | | |
|----------------|-----------|-----------|-----------|
| 12. S. Q 9 xx. | H. K Q x. | D. A J x. | C. J xx. |
| 13. S. J xxx. | H. A J x. | D. Q J x. | C. K Q x. |

(Turn to page 24, please)

Dancing For Health

By CECIL DA COSTA

IF you are happy you will want to dance. It is logical and true that dancing is a panacea for the mind that is overtaxed with business or personal worries. It is one way to forget. I once told this to a man who relishes his liquid refreshment rather more than I consider wise; he retorted, "Bottle it and I'll believe it."

However, in spite of the sceptics and the journeyman wisecracker who puts a spoke in the wheel of dancing, we find that dancing booms remarkably in times of stress. Every manager of a dance place will tell you that the post-war boom was the most remarkable time of his experience.

I have had many pupils who take lessons only when they are in difficulties and need to be taken out of themselves. An interesting case was that of a lady who came to Toronto from her home in the United States in an effort to clear up a complicated will case in the law courts here. After spending hours each day in these most depressing places, she found herself almost a wreck at the end of a week, so on the advice of a doctor she took a dancing lesson each evening and her condition improved at once. She won her case, but she also won a new energy in her work as well as in her dancing.

Another proof that dancing makes you forget your worries is the fact that during the Stock Exchange crash which hit most of us to some extent, my studio seemed to suddenly become the rendezvous for the very people who would be expected to spend their time bemoaning their losses. Instead of that, they were doing just the opposite thing, forgetting everything else while they learned to dance—the man who was practically the life of the party is credited with having dropped just two million dollars. Isn't that enough to make any fellow dance?

Your biggest danger is letting your worries get the main track. If they must exist, be sure you sidetrack them on every possible occasion. Go in for physical effort as much as you can, instead of mental effort; tire your body physically and your muscles will take care of the sleepless part.

I hope that you have been doing religiously the exercises I gave you in last month's Business Woman. By

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

this time you should have some definite result of that loosening up. Do your fingertips touch your toes yet?

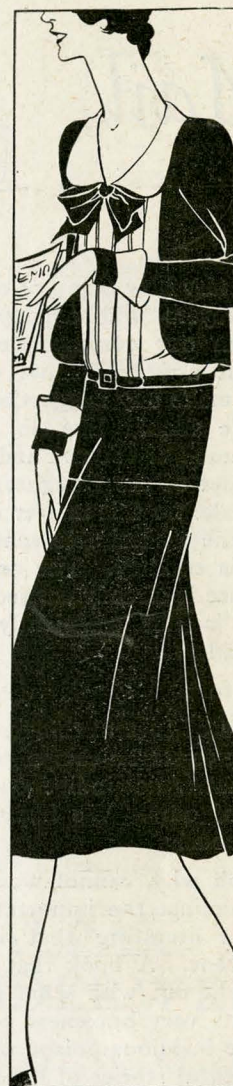
Add these following exercises to the first ones. Keep doing them each day during the month and you will soon have a relaxed body, keeping away that stiff, stodgy, old-age look that comes to any person, regardless of age or sex, who simply sits and vegetates—and remember, "you can't start sooner."

No. 3. This month's exercise is intended to work off fat from around the waist line and to loosen up the back. All through this exercise you are to remember to be as limp as a rag doll. Stand with feet apart and hang the top part of the body forward loosely, letting the fingers drag on the floor; now, keeping the knees straight, revolve the top part of the body in as big a circle as possible from the waist, keeping the arms and neck as limp as possible. Don't try to do this circle with the arms, but with the head. Start from forward, go out to right side, (1st bar of waltz time) around, until your head is hanging over backwards and you see the wall behind you, (2nd bar) farther around till you lean well over to left side, (3rd bar) and balance of way around with head hanging forward as in starting position, (4th bar). Do this exercise only once to either side to prevent dizziness and be sure that you feel the muscles at the waist working hard.

No. 4. This is a synthetic woodchopping contest. We have heard how Bernard Shaw and Kaiser Wilhelm indulge in woodchopping to keep in condition, so you are getting the same recipe, minus the axe and the woodpile.

Stand with feet apart and both knees stiff. Clasp hands over right shoulder and swing body well back

(Continued on page 24)



Smart Business Women

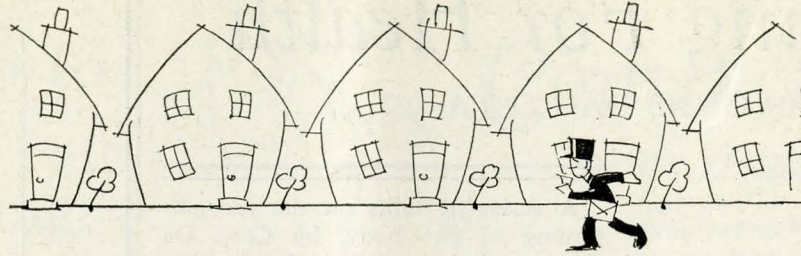
- Dress Trimly

IN fact, the frock sketched is ideal in every way. Pleated eggshell front and bow tie besides being youthful, are Fashion's latest whim. Bolero effect is another smart touch. Sizes 12 to 20. At \$19.50.

Moderately Priced Frock
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THE **SIMPSON** COMPANY
ROBERT LIMITED

Mail



Box

We wonder how many of our readers, employers and employed, will agree with our correspondent, who points out a very definite evil, but does not make any suggestion for its cure. We should like to see the Local Council of Women and the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, take up this matter of weeding out the undesirable matter that enters this country. The censorship of literature is already carried on, but the line is not sufficiently tightly drawn.—Ed.

Dear Editor:

Apropos of several things, I would dearly like to start a campaign against an evil that is not indigenous to this country of ours. We import it, all too generously.

Why, oh why, cannot women take a stand against the importation into Canada of literature that is worse than obscene. A book that is crude comes right out with what it has to say and its very brazenness condemns it, but the insidious poison of the so-called truthful stories of lurid confessions, by highly improbable characters, digs its way into the consciousness of the very person least able to withstand it. It is the neurotic who will purchase the papers and magazines that publish horrors—and it is the neurotic mind that is fertile ground for the propagation of the evil.

Watch young girls and boys on the street car and notice the deeply absorbed air with which they read of things that should not be brought to their attention. The modernist will complain that this is too Early-Victorian, and that perfect frankness is the best thing for young folks.

Agreed—but because there is a slimy pond of stagnant water it is not necessary to insist that a child take a dip therein to realize the existence of the unwholesome thing.

The trouble with most of these articles and stories is that somewhere a moral is pointed out—but that doesn't balance the fact that the person of least desirability of character is the one featured and glorified. And the young girl whose environment and education have not taught her to analyze values, or whose sense of humor isn't quite strong enough to show her what utter trash this stuff is—well, the first coincident happening in her own life puts her in the place of her latest "thriller" heroine.

Why is it that we Canadians, who have plenty of decent, wholesome books and magazines published in our own country, and a choice of many from other parts of the Empire, should have to include in our bookshops, for the promiscuous reading of impressionable minds, the undesirable trash that does come in? We do not include those excellent magazines from the U.S. that are worthy of a place in any home, but a little thought will soon discriminate between the good and the bad.

No, girls, the slogan "Shine up for the Shriners" doesn't mean you are to discard the old compact—and, by the way, neither does it mean "Shine up to the Shriners."

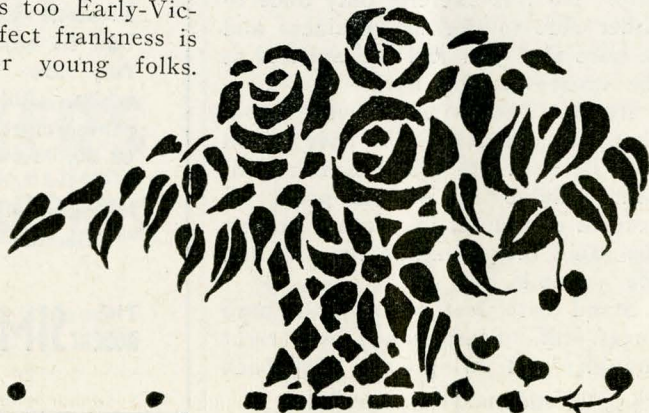
Mary B. N., Toronto, asks for the names of any clubs or societies of nature lovers, who take walks in the country for the study of flowers and birds. We know of one only, and that is the Field Naturalists' Club. We are personally acquainted with the activities of this club and can recommend it to anyone who has a love for the out-of-doors and anything pertaining thereto. During the summer hikes are taken, and accompanying the club are always certain people who are authorities on certain subjects.

There are departments that cover flowers, trees, birds, reptiles, fish, mammals, fungi, insects and stars. While among the members there are many awe-inspiring names of professors, the membership consists mainly of the general public—including a great many business girls.

The Toronto Field Naturalists' Club is not by any means the only one of its kind, since every city has its club, quite independent of any other, and yet having a certain alliance with the oldest of all these clubs, the Ottawa Field Naturalist.

We advise "Mary B. N." to get in touch with either Professor Diamond, of the Royal Ontario Museum, or Mr. Fred Ide, Biological Dept. Toronto University, for particulars as to next meeting. The fees are nominal, being one dollar a year, which just covers the price of the stationery and postage used in notifying members monthly of activities.

Should any of our out-of-town readers be interested in their own city's club we will gladly send the name and address of secretary, if a stamped addressed envelope accompany the enquiry.



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And look your best for the summer season!

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Marcel Waving
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Hair Tinting

and all other branches of beauty culture.

Let us advise you what cosmetics to use during the hot weather. We recommend the delightful, effective, and moderately priced preparations by

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*Mrs. Pettit,
Member of Toronto Business Women's and Professional Club*

Petite Beauty Parlors

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Adventures in Housekeeping

(Continued from page 15)

to get each variety when it is in season when it is cheapest.

"Jane can make delicious cakes, but seldom finds time. Our favorite drop cakes take less than ten minutes to make and the recipe makes about twenty. Ice-box cookies take a little longer, but are a great boon. Once mixed and rolled in waxed paper in the ice-chest, any number can be sliced off and baked brown and crisp in a very few minutes."

"And the other little book?" Doris questioned.

"That, my dear, is for our accounts. We take turns each fortnight holding the house purse, and doing the shopping. Each night the day's expenses are entered in the blue book. We share equally, of course, and if there is ever anything left over (there almost never is), we treat ourselves to dinner in town, or to flowers, which we both love."

"Have you a plan of work?" Doris asked.

"Not definitely. Jane likes tidying and dusting, and I like cooking, so we usually divide that way, but we both work together and rest at the same time. At bedtime, when one of us is 'picking up,' the other is setting the breakfast table. In the morning we get up in time to do the dishes, set the lunch table, mop the floors and make the beds before starting to town. When there's ironing to do, we take turns at the board while the other reads aloud. It is surprising how reading will speed the dullest chores."

At that moment we heard Jane's latch key grating in the door.

"Hello," I called, "I've been talking about us and our housekeeping for hours, and this poor thing is in the last stages of exhaustion."

"Not at all," protested Doris, "I've learned a lot and am most grateful."

"In any case," laughed Jane, "You're going to have a stimulant!"

The coffee was soon 'perking,' and our tongues going faster than ever in discussing the most pressing problem of the day—that of 'long hair and long skirts for business women!'

Drop Cakes

1 egg white beaten stiff.
¼ lb. dates cut small.
½ cup white sugar.
½ cup shredded coconut.
1 scant cup of cornflakes.
½ teaspoon vanilla.

Mix in order and bake in moderate oven.



SOMETHING NEW!!

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Styled in the Modern Manner

Each garment or set contained in a dust-proof, touch-proof glassine envelope that insures its reaching you as fresh as the day it leaves the factory.

Tailored underwear in dimity, cool cotton mesh, pretty prints, much of it with the coveted masculine comfort and ease of laundry.

Panties, brassieres and panties, combination pantie and brassiere.

Its moderate price recommends it to the business woman who would buy in quantity.

SEALPAX is sold in Toronto exclusively by the

T. EATON CO. LIMITED

Admiration ♦♦

The admiration of one's associates is one of the greatest sources of happiness in the business world to-day.

At least once a week the wise business woman faces her mirror with a critical eye. Her hair (now as every woman's crowning glory) must be bright, lustrous, **alive**—if she is to be most fully admired.

Make sure that your hair is always an asset to your appearance. Visit consistently Barnes Hairdressing Parlors. Skilled, competent, efficient experts are at your service.

The Reginald T. Barnes Hairdressing Parlors

Rooms 202-3 at 169 Yonge St.
(Opposite Simpson's North Door)

Phone for Appointment to Wav. 2228

A Summer Home For Business Women By Business Women

Pinelands House ON LAKE JOSEPH

"In Beautiful Muskoka"

**Tennis, Bowling,
Boating, Hiking**

Sandy, safe beach; electric lighted rooms; food well cooked and lots of it; post office and long distance phone right in the house; boats connect with C.N.R. and C.P.R. and call daily at our own wharf; you can have our car meet you at C.P.R. station at Bala; on good motor road, 135 miles from Toronto; surrounded by hundreds of acres of woods, open fields and hills; a hiker's paradise.

Pinelands House, under the personal management of the proprietresses, Mrs. Jones and Miss Jones, is particularly suited to the summer holiday needs of the business woman.

Make Reservations Now.

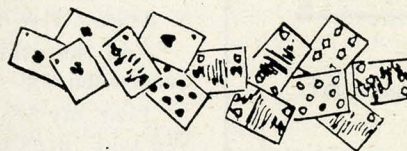
PINELANDS HOUSE
Pinelands P.O., Muskoka, Ont.

Contact Bridge—(Continued from page 20)

No. 12 only has two quick tricks, but with two Jacks and a Queen in separate suits, it is strong enough for a One No Trump bid. No. 13 is a much stronger hand, having $2\frac{1}{2}$ quick tricks, plus two Jacks. Owing to the distribution a suit bid cannot be made as the four card suit is only headed by a Jack.

In No Trumps fourth in hand bidder requires a little more strength, the same as in a suit bid.

Having shown the fundamental principles of sound initial and original bids of one, we shall in the next issue continue with bidding, showing overcalls, responses to partner's bid, etc.



How I Got a Salary Increase

(Continued from page 16)

we learned quite a bit yesterday, and I'm sure we can boss these mere machines."

He did dislike to admit defeat in anything and that, I think, is why he agreed.

Before the forenoon was gone we had made good headway with that appalling stack of letters.

The other girls, perhaps influenced by example, and the determination of the chief not to let any "d—— machine lick him," asked to try out the transcriber. Previously I had overheard them exchanging objections and agreeing to absolutely have nothing to do with it.

Before the day was out we were all quite enthusiastic, and it amused me not a little, during the next few weeks, to hear my boss swanking to his business friends about our "battery of dictating machines," as if they were entirely his idea.

We soon found that we could profitably use the machine for much more than merely dictating letters; there were instructions to the shipping room, to the travellers, purchase orders, requisitions, telegrams, and no end of instructions that formerly went via hand written memos, or that too frequently were not recorded at all.

Perhaps the feature that the boss liked best of all was that he could do his dictating just when it suited him best, viz., late at night or early in the morning—and how he did make that dictating machine his alibi during the golf season.

We were getting through with much more work with the same staff, and towards the end of the year I began to have misgivings as to even

the best of employers being sufficiently appreciative in the pay envelope. But my misgivings were put to shame when on Christmas eve he handed me a nice little lecture of appreciation and a cheque for one hundred dollars, adding to all this, "commencing with the first pay day in the New Year your salary will be increased by ten dollars per week, and," he added with a twinkle in his bright eyes, "give some of the credit to your dude friend."

No, this little story has no romantic ending, for you see it is not fiction. The foregoing was an actual experience, including the hundred dollar cheque and the ten-dollar-per-week increase.

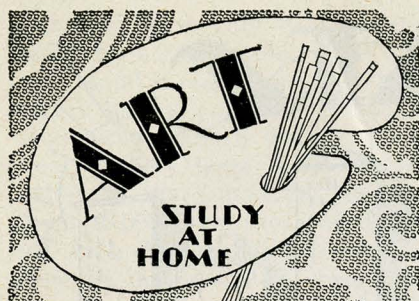
Dancing For Health

(Continued from page 21)

to get a good curve in the back, then chop both hands right down, past the left knee (1st bar waltz time). Return to starting position and repeat as many times as desired, then change to left shoulder and chop past right knee.

Now, still in the same position with feet apart, use right hand to reach up as high as possible; continue reaching in as big a circle as possible, going from right side to left over your head and continue down past left side; scrape the floor in front on way around, finishing in starting position. This exercise takes four bars of music to complete circle, and you should feel all the muscle down the right side of your body if you keep on actually reaching while you do it. Repeat with left hand going over right side and around. Do this exercise only once to prevent dizziness.

Be very sure you feel the muscles I have indicated in each exercise and don't be satisfied until you do.



If you have a natural talent for drawing, you have a priceless gift that is given to but few men or women. By all means take steps to develop it before the years fly by and it is too late.

Write today for the new illustrated catalogue describing the Art Courses of the International School of Art. These courses are complete and practical and they have been the means of helping many men and women to achieve outstanding success as illustrators, cartoonists, commercial artists, and designers.

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Special Offer

In order to introduce our new salon to the business women of Toronto, we are offering for a limited time only one of our \$15 Permanent Waves at 1/2 price

\$7.50

Mr. H. Morgan, late of the Royal York Beauty Salon, who has had 30 years' experience in the profession, is connected with us and is unsurpassed for his skill in Permanent and Finger Waving and Hair Cutting.

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**Regent Hairdressing
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Ki. 0466

Women and the High Salary

INVESTIGATIONS have been made to ascertain the salaries that women command. Men, we may tell you, still have the highest salaries! But just to encourage the ten or twelve-dollar-a-week wage earner, here is what women can do.

It is said that in the United States women often receive as much as \$25,000 a year, but so far as can be ascertained there is no Toronto woman so highly paid. There is, however, a dietician who receives a five-figure salary, and also a style expert in the \$15,000 class and several advertising women who are paid nearly as well.

In three districts between Jarvis-Simcoe-Queen-Front Streets, there is only one woman who commands \$10,000. Thirteen women in this section of the city have regular salaries of between \$3,000 and \$5,000. The large departmental stores are not included in this survey; it is in these companies that the high peak of wages is reached by specialists.

Private secretaries, whose work consists in doing almost everything for the employer but play his golf game, do not come over the five thousand mark as an average.

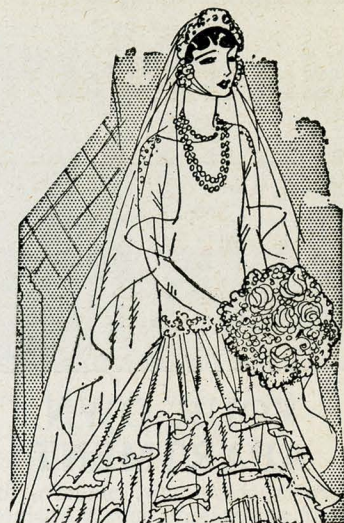
Apart from salaries, the incomes women derive from various sources would show that the feminine portion of Toronto can stand on its own feet as far as money is concerned. In the professions and among the artists, incomes are in the class that give the income tax department a chance to collect. The stock market, too, has raised the respect of several very haughty bank tellers for the feminine client. A woman employee in a brokerage firm made the nice little sum of \$100,000 by speculation.

At the Conservatory of Music \$90.00 per week is quite an ordinary event. Women who have their own businesses also make interesting incomes. Real estate, advertising, dressmaking, beauty parlors, are among a few of the activities that have made women wealthy.

But even this brings the average of feminine earners of over \$5,000 to less than a dozen. Professional women, lawyers, doctors, writers and artists are not the top stratum financially, and from thirty-five to fifty dollars is an average for the well-educated woman employee.

Mrs. M. Warren, vice-president of the Carter Radio Company, is of the

(Continued on page 31)



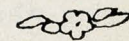
Wedding Bells In June

To the girl who will wed in June, Virginia Dare issues a cordial invitation to visit any of her shops, to inspect bridal sets. All the charm of high-priced French lingerie is presented in these exquisite garments of heavy bridal crepe, lace and ribbons. A special set of four pieces is offered at \$13.98. (Other sets up to \$25.00.)



Gloves, novelty kid skin, \$1.98. Washable kid or suede, excellent quality, in pull-on or button style, \$2.49.

(Other gloves from 98c. to \$4.50.)



Hosiery for all occasions. Number Five Thousand, Virginia Dare's crystal clear, all-silk-top hose, \$1.50.

New low price on Orient Hosiery, \$1.15.

VIRGINIA DARE Limited

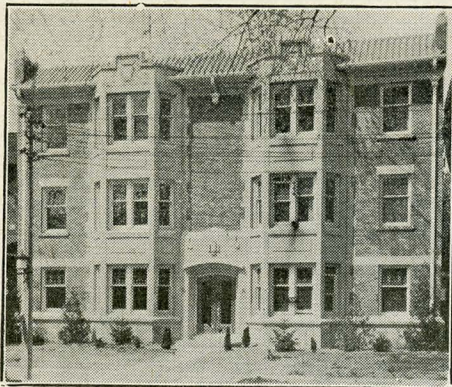
154 Yonge Street
(at Richmond)

768 Yonge Street
(next Uptown Theatre)

2496 Yonge Street
(next Capitol Theatre)

Hamilton

St. Catharines



YOUR OWN APARTMENT

Here in these new, modern, fire proof apartments, smart business women will find just the kind of apartment they can transform into a real home.

One and two room suites, electrically equipped throughout, these apartments by their compact convenience and (at the same time) unusual spaciousness, are sure to be interesting to business women who are desirous of having their own apartment.

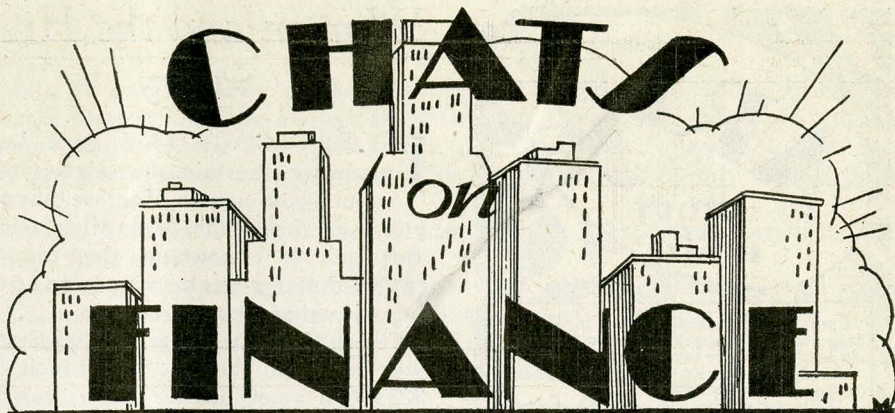
Phone for appointment immediately.

Ki. 8764

**18 WELLESLEY STREET Ltd.
TORONTO, ONT.**

Your Financial Problems

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



By W. A. McKAGUE

FROM the way our favorite stocks are being bowled over these days, we will need plenty of optimism and plenty of persistence if we are ever going to speculate again. And yet human nature is such that experience sooner or later repeats itself. In the words of the economist, there are "cycles" of business, moving gradually, over a period of years, from a peak of prosperity to a pit of depression, and back again to prosperity. Stocks have to pursue a similar course; in fact, they usually move a little ahead of other business, the stock market being extremely sensitive to change.

Of course the crowd that speculates in one period is not exactly the same as the crowd that took part the last time. Some have dropped out, and some new people appear, who have come into a little money. Still many of the individuals are the same. Some of them no doubt had sworn off, but they again are caught in the wave of enthusiasm.

There is no harm in speculation. Neither is there harm, necessarily, in cards, in horse-racing, nor in liquor. The harm is always in the weakness of character which leads to excess, to risks and to indulgence beyond our circumstances. A sad incident occurred in Toronto recently where a business woman, formerly a steady worker and a consistent saver, was driven to despair by her account with a broker and committed suicide.

So long as we can keep a level head we need not be afraid of stocks. If they go up, at some time or other, we can just be thankful for our small share of good luck. If they go down, well, we can reach for a "Lucky," or for the smelling salts, or Jersey Milk, or whatever else the advertisers are recommending at the moment.

Bonds Versus Shares

"How is it," says a reader, "that the ——— trust company is paying 5 per cent. on its certificates, while the

yield on its shares is less than 5 per cent? I understand that the certificates have the best security."

The answer is that in buying the certificates you are entitled to get back the face value, with interest, and you will not get a cent more. The stock gives you the right to share in the profits of the company for all the time you hold the shares. There is no guarantee as to what these profits will be, but it is a reasonable expectation that, in the long run, they will increase.

Perhaps it is a little difficult to realize the fundamental difference between two types of security issued by the one company. A company is made up of its shareholders, who are those who have subscribed for its capital stock at the time of issue, or who have taken over such capital stock from others. The shareholders, as a group, are the company. The directors and officers are merely the persons elected or appointed for the purpose of running it.

A company may be financed by shares alone, in which case no one else is concerned. But it may, on the other hand, increase its funds by borrowing. The trust company does this by accepting deposits from the public or by selling "certificates." The loan company may take deposits and sell "debentures." The industrial company may borrow on mortgage, on mortgage bonds, on debentures, or in several other ways. The depositor, or the holder of any of these securities, is a creditor, not a shareholder of the company. He has no say in its affairs so long as it repays what is required, and this requirement is definitely fixed. That is why bonds and other obligations do not rise very high above par in value, nor do they decline very much unless the company gets into such difficulty that it cannot meet its debts. With shares there are no limits. A company may be able to meet its debts, but its earn-

ings may be so poor that the shares have only a slight value, while on the other hand it may do so well that the shares become of great value, this being accompanied, usually, by payment of very large dividends. The shares of the Sun Life are worth about \$3,000 each, those of the Canada Life close to \$1,000 each, and some of the banks run over \$200 a share. A par value, say of \$100 a share, means very little after a concern has been in business for half a century, by which time it may have lost all of its original capital, or may have multiplied it by many times.

With a bond or similar obligation, you get a definite yield on your investment, and no more. But in owning shares, you should consider the earnings are just as important as the actual dividend payment. A well managed company will not pay out the last cent of its profits in dividends. If it is making about \$500,000 a year, it may pay out only \$300,000 to its shareholders. The balance is added to its surplus, or used in extending the business and thereby increasing the value of the shares. The good banks and financial institutions have grown rich and strong by this plan, and many industrial concerns, like City Dairy and Ogilvie Milling, have done the same. Thus your shares may be yielding only three per cent. or four per cent. on their market value, but the earnings may be 7 or 8 per cent., and the difference should sooner or later appear in the market price of the stock.

INQUIRIES

Question: Will you please send me any information available on Peninsular Petroleum?—G. V. H.

Answer: Peninsular Petroleum Ltd. has not yet produced oil, at least up to this time of writing. Though the company started only in 1929, and is still a drilling proposition, it is quite active and alive. Hence it must be classed as a highly speculative stock. The company has considerable acreage in the oil sections of Alberta, with drilling well advanced. It has options on two wells of another company, and it is also proposed to take over Wainwell Oils Ltd., which is another prospect. Please bear in mind that the chances for making profit out of oil drilling are very slim, though a good strike, such as that of Home Oil, brings a big return.



Investing Funds for the Business Woman

We can at all times supply you with the highest grade Government, Municipal and Corporation bonds, at the lowest prevailing prices.

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

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

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EDIPHONE SECRETARIES MORE VALUABLE

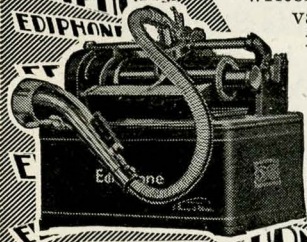
Every year many thousands more business men are adopting the voice writing method of dictating their letters. The EDIPHONE gains an hour a day for executives, and secretaries gain fully 50% of the time formerly spent in writing the correspondence, because they only write it once—direct from the voice to the typewriter. Secretaries become more valuable because they gain time for handling more important duties, and improve their chances for advancement.

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

Write for descriptive booklet to-day.

The Ediphone Company

13 Adelaide Street East, Toronto. EL. 9660



The Office Beautiful

THE advent of woman into business hasn't made as much change in the appearance of things as one might expect.

Certain it is that offices could do with a little improvement from a decorative sense. I have in mind a round half dozen small offices occupied by men. One of them has just one stenographer, three others have two girls in the office, and the others have a staff of four and five.

The offices are by location dark and slightly dingy. One man is an agent and his office is loaded four feet from the floor with old publications, every radiator and table and cabinet has its stack of junk, and there isn't a decent looking bit of furniture. A few cans of varnish would work wonders, but the agent lets it all go, since business is business and appearance don't count, he thinks.

His windows are clean—sometimes. At the top is a shabby old dark green window shade, torn and faded. It wouldn't put him into the bankrupt court to purchase a new shade in a lighter color, to give a touch of brightness to the room.

Used furniture can be bought cheaply and a little harmony in its selection helps considerably. Another of these men has a non-working swivel chair in company with a couple of plain kitchen chairs. His desk is fairly respectable, but the table is an unpainted kitchen affair. He could make a different place of his office if he would get a little stain and paint and take the advice of his stenographer, who isn't any happier in the untidy and poverty-stricken looking room than is the customer who calls and is impressed with the shiftlessness of things. She once suggested a few yards of plain gauze stretched tight to the glass to keep out the view of a restaurant kitchen in the next building, but he inquired if she was thinking of turning the room into a boudoir.

You wouldn't expect the man whose bank balance is low, to set up in the style of a bank president, but there can be a very great improvement made in the average small office.

A fern in the window does not necessarily make the place effeminate, but it does add a look of prosperity.

Good office furniture is not an extravagance. The companies who manufacture and sell it arrange easy terms and it is an investment, not a luxury.

IF YOU HAVE SKIN DEFECTS—Write or Call for FREE Advice



What woman has not some trifling major skin defect? But whatever it is, you can remove the blemish and restore your skin to its former freshness, fairness, and loveliness. A beautiful skin is woman's greatest charm. If you, dear reader, have any skin defect you would like removed, write to us—

THE HISCOTT INSTITUTE—

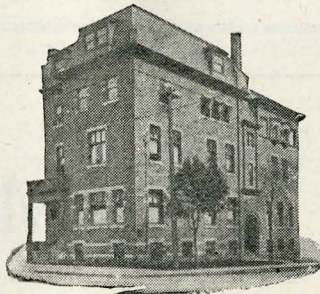
In confidence—and we will tell you what we think you ought to do. We have been treating all manner of non-infectious skin troubles for over thirty-seven years, and we have been successful in giving absolute satisfaction. Our long record of 37 years is proof of our high standing and permanency. Send for our booklet—it tells about the Institute and a lot about our Treatments, explaining their nature and effects.

Superfluous Hair Removed Permanently. Pimples, Blackheads, Rash, Blotches, Eczema, etc.

Whatever trouble you may have, write us; it places you under no obligation. We invite your correspondence or a visit to our Institute, where you will be welcome when you are in Toronto. No charge for consulting us; valuable advice without obligation to you.

Write for Booklet "W"—Free.

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CONVALESCENT AND REST HOME FOR BUSINESS WOMEN

who desire to recuperate before or after operation, or during any illness. Nurse and Masseuse in attendance and expert dietitian.

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WE CARRY IN STOCK: DESKS—Flat Top, Roll Top, Bookkeepers; FILING CABINETS—Wood and Steel; TABLES—All Sizes; CHAIRS—Swivel, Arm, Side; Adding Machines, Typewriters, Calculators, Cheque Writers, Addressograph, etc.

EVERYTHING FOR A COMPLETE OFFICE

What Is This Golf?

(A newspaper clipping sent to us by a correspondent.)

GOLF is a form of work made expensive enough for a man to enjoy it. It is physical and mental exertion made attractive by the fact that you have to dress for it in a \$200,000 clubhouse.

Golf is what letter-carrying, ditch-digging and carpet-beating would be if those three tasks had to be performed on the same hot afternoon in short pants and colored socks by gouty-looking gentlemen who required a different implement for every mood.

Golf is the simplest looking game in the world when you decide to take it up, and the toughest looking after you have been at it ten or twelve years.

It is probably the only known game a man can play as long as a quarter of a century and then discover that it was too deep for him in the first place.

The game is played on carefully selected grass with little white balls and as many clubs as the player can afford. These little balls cost from seventy-five cents to \$25.00, and it is possible to support a family of ten people (all adults) for five months on the money represented by the balls lost by some golfers in a single afternoon.

A golf course has eighteen holes, seventeen of which are unnecessary and put in to make the game harder. A "hole" is a tin cup in the centre of a "green." A "green" is a small parcel of grass costing about \$1.98 a blade, and usually located between a brook and a couple of apple trees, or a lot of "unfinished excavation."

The idea is to get the golf ball from a given point into each of the eighteen cups in the fewest strokes and the greatest number of words.

The ball must not be thrown, pushed or carried. It must be propelled by about \$200 worth of curious-looking implements, especially designed to provoke the owner.

After each hole has been completed the golfer counts his strokes. Then he subtracts six and says, "Made that in five. That's one above par. Shall we play for fifty cents on the next one, too, Ed?"

After the final, or eighteenth hole, the golfer adds up his score and stops when he has reached eighty-seven. He then has a swim, a pint of gin, sings Sweet Adeline with six or eight other liars and calls it the end of a perfect day.

Dealers in
Government, Municipal
and
Corporation Securities

**Wood, Gundy & Company
Limited**



The Day After Tomorrow

Each day brings its own problems—its round of duties. There is so much to be done that sometimes it is hard to visualize the future.

Yet in these days of change and competition "preparedness" is an essential duty one owes to oneself.

The far-seeing woman glimpses the necessity—leaves nothing to chance. Protects herself against the uncertainties of the future—builds up economic security for the years ahead. Does it all easily and inexpensively through the Mutual Life plan of Endowment Saving.

May we show you how? A postcard brings full particulars.

**THE
MUTUAL LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY
OF CANADA
WATERLOO, ONTARIO
Established 1869**

R. O. McCULLOCH, *President*

W. H. SOMERVILLE, *General Manager*

CASH PRIZE CONTEST

For Amateur Writers

Open to any bona fide girl or woman employee, or who may be on her own, except professionals or anyone directly or indirectly connected with publishers of The Business Woman, or any relatives of such.

Have you sent in the story about your last year's vacation, telling how and where you spent it, how you got there, what it cost, etc., etc.?

The subject is

"My Last Summer's Vacation"

Cash Prizes are offered by
"The Business Woman"
as follows:

1st prize \$15.00, 2nd prize \$10.00; 3rd prize \$5.00

Closing date extended to May 30

CONDITIONS

1. The writer must not be a professional writer employed wholly or in part in literary work.
2. The writer must be in a business or profession as an employee or on her own account.
3. Name of firm or employer to be given (not for publication).
4. Story must not be more than 1,000 words. Credit will be given for accompanying pictures, the latter to be returned to sender.
5. Publishers of "The Business Woman" to have the right to publish any story submitted, with name of writer, or nom de plume if preferred.
6. The decision of the judges to be final.
7. Contest closes May 30, 1930; stories received after that will be deemed too late for the contest.
8. Judges will be in no way connected with The Business Woman. Their names to be announced in the May issue.

Send your story to "Contest Editor"

THE BUSINESS WOMAN
177 Jarvis St., Toronto

First of a Series of
Lessons upon

GOLF

The Royal and
Ancient Game

By DAVE A. FERGUSON

Mr. Ferguson is professional golfer at Weston Golf and Country Club, one of the most beautiful courses in the neighborhood of Toronto. Mr. Ferguson has promised to answer questions pertaining to golf or equipment. Address all enquiries to him care of The Business Woman, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope, if you wish a personal reply.

TO golf goes the credit of being quite the most beneficial game played to-day. It knows no age limit, since a youngster can play it, and where is the club without its octogenarian player?

During the last few years golf, once strictly a man's game, has attracted women by the hundred—apart from its healthful effects a woman can look very graceful on the course, and women have found that out, too.

The person who has played golf will know its fascination and is familiar with the general rules of the game. Is there anyone to-day who does not know that the game is played around a certain area, dropping the ball into a series of holes with the smallest number of strokes? It sounds simple, but that is just "sound." Just as every character has its little quirks and niceties so every one's first attempts at the game differ. There are certain fundamental rules that must be learned and practised. A sound swing must be acquired, and that by careful attention to the position of the feet when addressing the ball, correct grip, a straight left arm from beginning to nearly the end of the swing, and a proper pivoting of the hips to keep the body under perfect control.

To become a good player you must give thought to every movement and position. Golf will not merely benefit you physically, but will help you in concentration of eyes and mind.

The business woman who decides to take up golf will have quite a few questions to ask, if she has not already any knowledge of the game. She will want to know how, when, and where to play, and with what outfit.

Consulting friends who play is a good first move, and then getting in touch with any good professional.

The outfit necessary consists of five or six clubs: Driver, Spoon, Mid-Iron, Mashie and Putter of light weight. Six balls of the cheaper varieties with which to start and for practice.

This outfit would cost in the neighborhood of \$32.50, and would of course be of high class quality and hand-made by any professional. A bag will cost anywhere from \$3.00 up. Other prices for clubs and bags will be found in any sport goods catalogue, but in the end the best is most economical and satisfactory. The club made to fit your individual needs is like buying a pen with the right point. It is always better to have the advice of the teacher, or at least an expert golfer, in your purchase.

Clothes are, to a certain extent, a secondary consideration, if women will allow me to say so. Woman usually considers the picture as well as the game, so I leave to her the artistic side of the matter, although I suggest the knitted woollen suit for its health value and its elasticity and good appearance.

Shoes should be of the flat-heeled, crepe sole variety in dry weather, not only to protect the greens, but to give the player a foot grip. In wet weather, spiked soles should be worn.



Women and the High Salaries

(Continued from page 25)

opinion that women do not reach the high figure-mark because, in their short business experience, they have not yet learned from men, the secret of business courage.

The Welfare council of New York fixed the sum of \$25 as the minimum on which a girl can live comfortably and independently in that city. Toronto Welfare councils say that twenty dollars are necessary to the Canadian girl, but all too few are making that amount per week.

Twelve years ago the wage minimum was set at twelve-fifty. That sum was based upon the supposition that a girl would pay seven dollars a week for board and room, two forty-four for clothing and three dollars and six cents for sundries.

And oh! what that word "sundries" includes: recreation, savings, church, charity, medicine, doctor and dentist, laundry and cleaning, vacation expenses, and all those other things that go to make up a girl's life.

The boss who pays his employee less than a decent living wage is the very man who kicks because the girl cannot keep up a smart appearance, or who has to take days off because she cannot afford to buy extras that would safeguard her from illness. When you consider the price of dental and medical attention, to say nothing of medicine, it means that most of the "recreation" and "savings" and "vacation" go into the outgoing stream of cash. Laboring men have their unions—isn't it time the office girl had one?

Getting Together

(Continued from page 17)

the staff. When some little hardship came up, there was less grumbling. Instead of referring to the chief as a darned old crank and feeling that he was an ogre, ever ready to pounce upon them, they consider him a good soul, after all, and they think of him as they saw him at that picnic.

We call ourselves a democratic people, but we aren't really so. We have very distinct class distinctions, or such fears for our social standing would never bother us. The driver of the company's truck won't refuse to obey orders just because his boss talks to him outside the office as though they were two human beings, each with the problems of living life.

It's an inferiority complex that insists upon being superior.

It costs nothing to make a Suggestion

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

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

Toronto Envelope Co., Limited

366 Adelaide St. West,
Toronto 2

Amateur Photographers' Contest

— WITH CASH PRIZES —

Contest One

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

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

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

Contest Two

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

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

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

Conditions

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

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

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

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

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

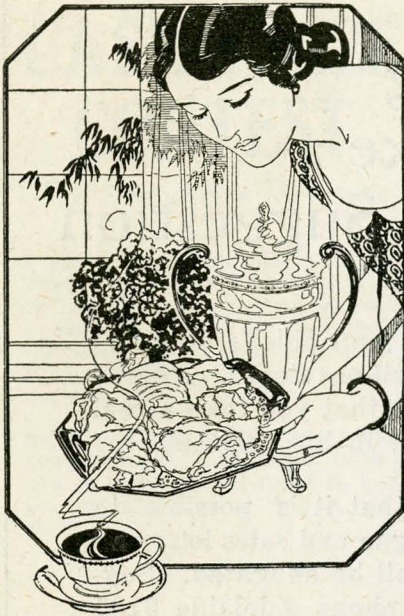
Contest closes June 30.

PRIZES FOR EACH CONTEST

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

CONTEST EDITOR

THE BUSINESS WOMAN, 177 Jarvis St., Toronto



Cooking Classes for Business Girls

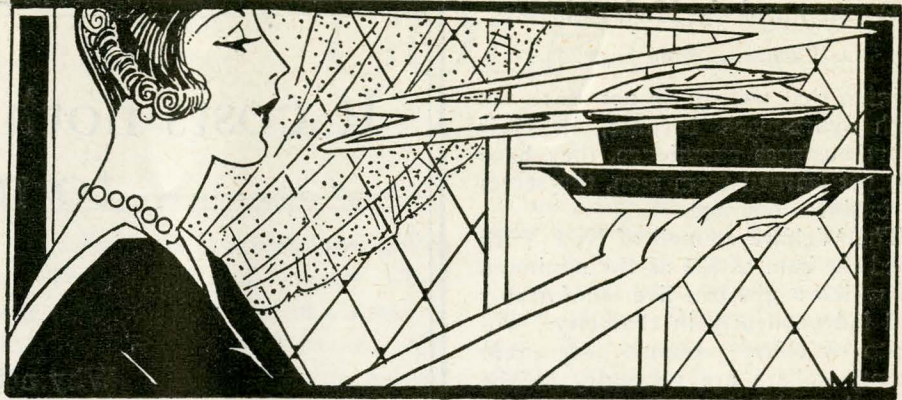
each Monday
at 6 p.m.
and
each Tuesday
at 8 p.m.

In the Home Service
Auditorium
55 Adelaide St. East

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

Diplomas will be awarded at the end of each course.

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



Let's Have A Salad!

By JESSIE READ

Director, Home Service Department, Consumers' Gas Company

Oh, green and glorious! Oh, herbaceous treat!
'Twould tempt a dying anchorite to eat;
Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul,
And plunge his fingers in the salad bowl!
Serenely full, the epicure would say,
Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day.

THE little verse above was written by Sidney Smith away back in the eighteenth century.

Salads are by no means a modern food. There was a famous Roman epicure, Marcus Gabius Apicus, who lived around 1000 B.C., who is said to have written the oldest cook book known. In it he tells how he feasted Roman gourmets on bananas, peaches and pears, covered with a piquant mayonnaise—and we thought our delicious fruit salads were modern.

They may not be modern, but we do believe that we have improved them. I think that the attractive, crisp and dainty salad which we serve now would not be recognized by our Marcus Gabius Apicus. To us—all of us, I hope—a salad has come to mean something quite essential—not a luxury as many believe. The importance of raw leafy vegetables in our diet is becoming more and more emphasized, and should in some form appear on the menu of every family. And what is easier to prepare or easier to take than a salad.

The greens must be crisp and fresh. This is easily done by rinsing in cold water, shaking off as much excess moisture as possible, then placing them in a covered saucepan or other container and place in the refrigerator until ready to use. Limp greens do to a salad what a soiled dress does to a pretty woman!

A "piquant mayonnaise," as Marcus Gabius Apicus describes it, is also most essential to a tasty salad. Haven't you tasted salad dressings and mayonnaise that have ruined an otherwise perfect salad?

There is a trick also in combining salads. Never mix mayonnaise through the salad with a spoon, use two forks, so that you lightly mix the mayonnaise and ingredients without mashing them. Do not use chopped or sliced onion when you require onion flavor. Grate the onion, so as to only acquire the juice. Chopped nuts of any kind add to any salad. Pecans, peanuts and almonds will not discolor as will walnuts.

So often we hear the term "marinate." Marinating is to combine the salad ingredients, such as meat, fish, or vegetables, with a French dressing and allow them to stand for an hour or more before the addition of a mayonnaise or salad dressing. Even if you do not like oil then combine your salad, marinating it and finishing it with a salad dressing instead of a mayonnaise.

Cooked Salad Dressing

- 1 tablespoon cornstarch.
- 2 teaspoons mustard.
- 1 teaspoon salt.
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar.
- Dash of cayenne.
- 2 eggs.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar (dilute).
- $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk.
- 1 tablespoon butter.

Blend dry ingredients with some of the vinegar. Add to beaten eggs. Cook in double boiler, adding slowly vinegar and milk alternately. Stir constantly until mixture thickens. Add butter. Chill.

French Dressing

- 4 tablespoons salad oil.
- 4 tablespoons lemon juice or vinegar.

Dash of salt, pepper and paprika. Put ingredients into a bottle or jar and shake well together.

Enquirer, among other things says:

"In all probability, if it were known that I . . . a Jewess were either receiving or subscribing to your magazine, it would bring down a storm of indignation. . ."

You are all wrong, "Enquirer," if you think The Business Woman does not want Jewish readers as well as Gentile, so long as they are business or professional women, and we can't imagine a business woman, Jewish or Gentile, thinking otherwise.

We draw no distinction between the Jewess and her Gentile sister, as your letter suggests, and has no sentiment in the matter whatever. If the advertisers in The Business Woman want Jewish business women to buy their merchandise, then the more of them who read the publication the better we will all be pleased.

The editor does not understand your inference "that the Jew is barred from your society in the way of becoming a member." The Business Woman has no jurisdiction over and has no affiliation with any society, association or organization, other than it is glad to carry the news of activities in business and professional women's organizations as the latter make that news accessible.

Three Room Cabins
Completely furnished for
camping de luxe at

Eagle's Nest
ON LAKE MANITOU
Manitoulin Island

**Fishing, Hiking,
Motoring, Bathing**

Bright rooms, a verendah and easy chairs; good beds, new mattresses, fresh linen, clean blankets and plenty of them; dishes, cutlery, pots and pans; bread, milk and groceries at your door; pure water, ice, a lake full of fish and "far from the madding crowd." Bring nothing but your personal effects, bathing suit and fishing tackle.

**COME IN YOUR MOTOR
CAR**

Manitoulin roads and scenery are a delight; the people courteous and kind to tourists. Those who wish may secure the services of an Indian woman to cook, etc.

Write for Terms and Dates.

H. C. GORDON

1040 Murdoch Avenue,
Parkersburg, W. Va.

After June 1st to Manitowaning, Ont.

Dressings to serve with head lettuce:

Tomato Mayonnaise

- 1 cup mayonnaise.
- ¼ cup catsup.
- ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Thousand Island Dressing

- 1 cup mayonnaise.
- 2 tablespoons chili sauce.
- 2 tablespoons catsup.
- 2 tablespoons chopped pimento.
- 2 eggs, hard-cooked, cut in small pieces.
- 2 tablespoons chopped gherkins, olives, or green pepper.

Chill dressings thoroughly before serving.

Jellied Beet Mould

- 2 tablespoons gelatine.
- ¼ cup cold water.
- 1½ cups boiling water.
- ¼ cup vinegar.
- 1 teaspoon salt.
- 2 teaspoons sugar.
- Few drops tabasco sauce.
- 1 cup beets, diced.
- ½ cup celery, diced.

Soak gelatine in cold water. Combine boiling water, vinegar, salt, sugar and tabasco sauce. Heat to boiling point. Dissolve gelatine in mixture. Chill. When partially set add beets and celery. Pour into pan moistened with cold water. When set, cut into shapes. Serve on crisp lettuce with mayonnaise.

Fruit Salad

- 1 cup strawberries, halved.
- 4 slices pineapple, cubed.
- 2 oranges, sectioned.
- ½ cup Tokay or Malaga grapes, halved and seeded.
- ½ cup blanched almonds, shredded.
- ½ cup marshmallows, cut in pieces.
- 1 cup whipped cream dressing.
(½ cup salad dressing.)
(½ cup whipped cream.)

Combine fruit, almonds, and marshmallows. Fold in whipped cream dressing. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves. Garnish with watercress or pepper grass.

Potato Salad

- 2 cups cold cooked potatoes, cubed.
- 1 cup chopped celery.
- 2 tablespoons chopped pickle.
- 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper.
- 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.
- Few drops onion juice.
- Salt and pepper.

Mix ingredients together. Combine with mayonnaise or cooked salad dressing. Mound on crisp lettuce leaves.



A Friend to Women

If Lydia E. Pinkham were alive today, she would be 110 years old. Her descendants still continue to manufacture her famous Vegetable Compound, and the integrity of four generations is behind the product.

Ask Your Friends

Every day in the year, 10,000 women buy a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and most of them buy their first bottle because some friend or neighbor recommended it. When they learn by personal experience how good this medicine is, they recommend it to other women, and so it goes—a lengthening chain.

98% Benefited

By accurate record, this medicine benefits 98 out of every 100 women who report after taking it.

Give It a Trial

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

*Get a bottle from your
druggist today*

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

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

Confessions and Reminiscences

(Continued from page 8)

son for being unable to give an intelligent reply to a reasonable query, and I wonder how those dumbbells hold their jobs.

Can't you see that in dozens of ways one interested in her job can be helpful to her firm beyond the immediate demands of her particular work, and in being helpful to her firm she is being helpful to herself, whether with this particular firm or some other house?

I know that someone reading this is just bursting to tell me of offering suggestions to her chief and being ignominiously snubbed. So have I been snubbed, and nobody who hasn't can understand how it hurts. But then there are hurts all through life, and I suppose their purpose is to keep us from growing chesty or "high-hat" as we now say. So in spite of snubs, keep on keeping on.

One's personality is very important. Your chief may never say so, and he may not even realize it, but your pleasant personality helps keep him in good humor. We all like pleasant people about us, so even if your back is aching as if it would break, you must maintain your smile in face and voice.

Cleanliness of person and clothes is so obvious that it should not need mention, and I am so glad to be able to say that in the offices where I have made business calls over a period of years, the girls were usually several laps ahead of their men associates in neatness and cleanliness.

But I cannot refrain from an incident in my own experience that has made me an uncompromising devotee of the morning tub and scrupulously careful regarding my clothes. I didn't know for years afterwards that I was not the party meant, but I just happened in the corridor passing the chief's open door when I heard him say, "She can certainly read her own shorthand, but heavens how I wish she would move into a house with a bathtub." I believe I cried myself to sleep that night, though I subsequently learned to my great delight that I was not the "she" referred to at all. How careful I have been from that time never to spare soap and water on my own person, and to have my clothes, from the intimate attire out, even to my rain coat, regularly aired and cleaned.

Another remark the boss once made, this time intended for me, but not directed at me, "don't go around apologizing for being alive." Deport yourself with all the assurance that

lies behind knowing you have a right to be here, that you are just as good as anyone, being careful, of course, not to everstep the mark and become priggish. I once read that bashfulness or timidity is a kind of conceit.

People, you know, are too busy with their own problems to be giving the rest of us much thought, and when we think they are watching us or criticising us, they are not even thinking of us. Those of us who are afraid to speak to the chief and turn red in the face when he addresses us, must cultivate a right mentality. I know from sorrowful experience the folly of giving in to that "I-don't-like-to" inclination. After all it isn't what you like. It's what you can and should do. The liking of it will follow.

And another thing, as Andy Gump would say, don't belittle yourself. Don't underrate yourself. Assure yourself that what others do you can do. Don't envy the woman in the higher up job. Do your best to the end that your work will be the best that is humanly possible to do, and fit yourself to outclass even the higher up job.

If, as I remarked, you are a stenographer, criticise your own work. Look your letters over to see where they could be improved. If a phrase does not sound sensible ask the dictator. It may be that he made a mistake, or it may be that the wording or phrasing is correct, though new to you. Then you have learned something.

And for goodness sake don't forget the enclosures. If anything irritates your firm's customer it is to receive the letter sans the enclosure referred to. It may be serious to your firm. Don't try to hide behind the "I forgot" excuse. That does not let you out. You mustn't forget. If it's a catalogue that because of its weight does not go first class mail, get your firm to use the duplex envelope; that is a large envelope to which the smaller envelope containing your letter is attached. This gives the customer your letter and your catalogue together. If you don't know anything about this envelope ask the printing house that supplies your firm, or ask *The Business Woman*.

One stenographer in my firm did considerable copying for me, many of these individual jobs covering five or six pages of foolscap, and done in triplicate. I'll confess it did irritate me to have the work put on my desk in a heap, leaving me to set the pages in rotation, and if I spoke a bit sharply it perhaps made this point sink in.



The New Stenographer

(Borrowed from the Brandon Daily Sun.)

I have a new stenographer—she came to work to-day.

She told me that she wrote the latest system;

Two hundred words a minute seemed to her, she said, like play.

And word for word at that—she never missed 'em!

I gave her some dictation—a letter to a man—

And this, as I remember it, was how the letter ran:

"Dear Sir—I have your favor, and in reply would state

That I accept the offer in yours of recent date.

I wish to say, however, that under no condition

Can I afford to think of your free lance proposition.

"I shall begin to-morrow to turn the matter out;

The copy will be ready by August 10th, about,

Material of this nature should not be rushed unduly.

Thanking you for your favor, I am, yours, very truly."

She took it down in shorthand with apparent ease and grace;

She didn't call me back all in a flurry. Thought I: "At last I have a girl

worth keeping 'round the place."

Then said: "Now, write it out—you needn't hurry."

The typewriter she tackled—now and then she struck a key.

And after thirty minutes this is what she handed me:

"Deer Sir, I have the Feever, and in a Pile i Sit

And I except the Offer as you have reasoned it.

I wish to see, however. That under any condition

Can I for to Think of a free lunch Preposishun?

I Shal be in tomorrow To., turn the matter out,

The cap will be red and Will costt, \$10 about.

Mateeriu of this nation should not rust N. Dooley,

Thinking you have the Feever I am Yours very Truely."

Thank You!

My sincere thanks are extended to the many readers of "The Business Woman" who accepted my invitation to come to my salon and receive free instruction in the art of make-up.

It is a genuine pleasure to me to help Toronto's women to learn more about their skin and its needs, and I am looking forward to being able to help more of you during the present season. Come at any time, or if you are not free until the evening, phone and make an appointment.



Superfluous Hair Removal

The A. Laurie Rawlings method of removing superfluous hair, for Face, Arms, or Legs, is the most scientific known. No needle or depilatory used. Let us be of service to you.



**Scientific Skin, Scalp and Hair Treatments;
Marcel and Water Waving; Hair
Cutting; Manicuring; Novelties**



The A. Laurie Rawlings

Lotions, creams, and other beauty preparations (dedicated to Canada's lovely women), help you to retain the freshness of youth.

Don't Neglect Your Skin!

We have everything you need in creams, face powders, lotions, all at prices you can afford.

Special Item!

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For closing up large, unsightly pores and removing blackheads. 75c per jar.

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It is easily seen from a brief examination of this illustration of the "Office Specialty" Typewriter Efficiency Desk why it is the universal favorite of Steno-Secretaries.



Here is the Complete Combination of all that is Desired in a Secretarial Desk

WHEN you are ready to work at the "OFFICE SPECIALTY" Typewriter Efficiency Desk a press of the finger drops the curtain. A gentle pull brings the typewriter outward and up until it is locked and held rigid in the correct working position.

On the right is a card record and a vertical file drawer, which operate on Frictionless Suspension Slides. The centre drawer provides for accessories. Sesame Keyless Lock eliminates the bother of carrying keys.

Exceptionally attractive in appearance. Quietized and Vibrationless, this desk offers the complete combination of all the features desired in comfort and working efficiency.

Seated at this desk in a "Nu-Poise" built for comfort chair you can't help but improve your work — and your health.

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