

The Ground Floor

Don't Tell Him We Said So!

HAVE you ever watched a man climb the ladder of success rung by rung, until the topmost point is reached, and wondered what gave him the impetus?

Have you marvelled at the achievements of big men whom you meet from day to day in the business and literary world, and hankered for an insight into their private lives—longed to know if they were fed on malted milk and how many times they played "hookey" from school?

If so, you will rejoice with us over the "confession" which we publish herewith, of one Chas. C. Nixon—or "See See" as his old school-mates recall him.

He is, already, a little more than a first cousin to you, so he needs no introduction.

What surprised us most in this "confession" which we got from him as a dentist finally secures a stubborn root, was the perfectly simple reason he gave for founding EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.—Failure to win a debate! Who would have imagined it!

Until recently Mr. Nixon has been identified with the business end of this institution. But let's forget that! At least, let us only remember that his success therein was but the second story of a solid editorial structure. For "See See," from 1908 edited one of Canada's leading journals for nearly five years.

His latest move represents the vital third story—the climax.

We are telling you this here, on "The Ground Floor" because we want to "let you in" on all our secrets, our changes, our successes. And when you see at the top of the editorial page—"Chas. C. Nixon—Superintending Editor"—you will know that he has slipped into his old niche, has become again part of the editorial mechanism that is making EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD the great big factor in Canadian National Life that you and I know it has always deserved to be.

But "nuff said!"

"See See," in his confession speaks for himself.

That Bewitching Brogue!

AS we labor hard, preparing all the good things we put before you each month there is one cheering factor in the sum total of the day's endeavors that lightens our burdens—it is a "bit of brogue" that floats to us—just the airiest, fairest kind of brogue.

And say!—do you know that when we're just down-

right cranky and oppressed, quite unconsciously, when that music is wafted to us, a great broad smile breaks all over our face and we just naturally say to ourselves—"That's Norah Holland—God Bless Her!"

Being naturally inquisitive we got Miss Holland to one side, one day and whispered—"Norah M.—who are your relations?"

"A cousin of W. B. Yeats, the poet, on my mother's side, and on my father's, a grandniece of Chief Justice Hagarty."

Whereat, we became more dignified, realizing we were in the presence of a genius.

In 1902-03, Miss Holland accomplished nothing more wonderful than a walking tour through the South and West of Ireland. It only took her a matter of eight months, in which time she collected folk-lore as she went.

"What," we asked, "were some of the outstanding incidents in the tour?"

"Well," she replied with her irresistible brogue—"I had dinner beside a hedge with a tramp, once, and on another occasion slept on the mountain-side above the famous "bog of Allen" with a grey donkey as a troublesome companion."

Why are we telling you all this? Just so that you will know the treat in store for you in the December issue when we publish one of Miss Holland's charming fairy tales—"The Leprechaun of Slieve Dearg."

And remember! Norah assures us they are all true!

Irresistible Madge Macbeth!

YOU have read "Mam'selle," and the many other stories we have secured for you from the pen of Madge Macbeth. You may even now be reading "Kleath," her latest novel. You have found them irresistible, —haven't you? Well, so also, is this author.

In the December number next month, her Christmas box to you will be another of her truly Canadian tales of love and hope—and mayhap war, and Yule-tide happiness.

When you read anything of Madge Macbeth's, don't you stop and wonder—"What can she, herself, be like?"

Realizing this, we have placed a remarkably striking snapshot of Madge and her two lusty sons right up in this right hand corner.

Isn't it just splendid?

We think so.

Encouragement Helps

AND now, that you have traversed the Ground Floor with us to this point,



Chas. C.—"See See"—Nixon As Confessed by Himself

IF I am to believe my mother, I hankered for the joys of self-expression at a very early age for she relates that I was much given to crying, causing her trial and straining her great and enduring patience almost to the breaking point.

She says also that I was always exceedingly thin—so thin that she was really ashamed of me!

And so I warn you at the beginning: As Caesar put it, "Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look. He thinks too much. Such men are dangerous!"

Three great things I have had to overcome. First, a great inborn, self-consciousness of fear, which would always keep me down. Second, my youth; people have for the past ten years been exclaiming at me,—"My! I am surprised to see you so young a man!" Third, my natural disposition to give the other fellow credit for being able to do things a great deal better than I can do them.

AT school, I was taught to beware of conceit. At church and at Sunday School, and in the family worship at home, it was rammed in upon me that I was only a "worm of the dust." These things, too, I have had to overcome.

In early years I liked work much better than study and had it not been for the stern authority of my father and the loving pleadings of my mother, I should have had less schooling than I got and I would now probably be expressing myself between the handles of the plow from which I would never have turned back.

It was in a Bible class debate that I first saw the light of opportunity beckoning me to throw myself into service for women.

The debate was on Woman Suffrage.

I had the affirmative side. Two hard-shelled old pedagogues, and a preacher were the judges, so of course my side was defeated!

But I had seen a great light and it has been getting a great deal brighter ever since.

IT is the most natural thing in the world for me to want to write. I promise myself that I may be able to do so some day. For I am encouraged by the advice given by a great stylist who said, "the way to learn to write is to write!"

Which reminds me of Emerson: "The Law of Nature is, do the thing and ye shall have the power. But they who do not the thing have not the power."

Verily there is hope ahead. To date I have never experienced any greater joy than the joy of going on.

And so I am encouraged greatly to keep on—going on.

C. C. N.



Mrs. Madge Macbeth and Her Sons

tell us—are you satisfied with what we are doing for you?

You know when you work hard to please people, a little word of encouragement goes a long way.

Do you like the November issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD?

You do! Then for goodness' sake tell us why. Let us know why you enjoyed our new Book Review Department, our Children's Features, our Food Department, our Experiment Kitchen, Jean Blewett's wholesome talks, the political articles for women which we have culled from the richest store of ideas; our—oh everything!

So write us—just a personal "homey" little chat, *entre nous!*

Other Good Things to Come

WHILE we are talking of the good things of the present, let's have a word about other good things to come.

Everyone's enthusiastic about our "Leading Woman" series, so we suppose it is permissible to say so. The Alberta feature in October came as a surprise to you. But that, probably, made it all the more interesting. In this issue we have nominated our Ontario leading woman—Mrs. Thornley.

Next month—December—Nova Scotia's premier feminine spirit will be proclaimed.

A leading woman in each province will be nominated month by month. Watch for *your* province!

The December issue will contain also the usual quota of good fiction.

A Climax—"Canada Ahead!"

THEN the January EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD will indeed be a climax! It will be a special "Canada Ahead" issue. It is going to be as truly Canadian as ever a publication could be. It will be resplendent with the shining achievements of Canada of the past and forecast the Canada of the future.

Canadian writers, Canadian artists, will contribute; Canadian subjects will be the order of the day; Canadian thought will be sounded; Canadian progress measured.

If you want to wish us the best kind of a happy New Year, just let us know that you are waiting to receive that "Canada Ahead" number just as eagerly as we are preparing to produce it.