

Newspaper offices have changed somewhat since women first invaded them. There were, ten years ago, two distinct forms of treatment accorded the woman reporter, and they were both embarrassing.

One was to shut her off quite by herself in a room, to treat her as an intruder, to drop loud tones, put on coats and remove pipes and cigars when she appeared, to use unnecessary slang in conversation in place of more emphatic and more usual language; and, altogether, to make of her something out of the way, and in the way.

The other method was to allow her to occupy a desk in the reporters' room, where tobacco smoke always hung, where the conversation went on in its accustomed way, where she was treated as a "jolly good fellow," if she were that sort, and a nuisance of a prig if she were the other sort.

Now, women are so much a matter of course in connection with newspapers that their offices are planned, their comings and goings cause no comment, and their work is given out from the same big book the men's work is given from. It is realized that there is some work a man cannot do, and some that a woman cannot do, also a great deal that is interchangeable. It is by no means to be assumed that all editors welcome women into the field of journalism. Some wouldn't have them on their papers, if the other papers didn't, and some won't have them whether the others do or not.

There are many reasons urged against women. Some of the more interesting are as follows:

"The freedom of the men on the staff is interfered with."

"When the women are young the men make love to them; and when they are old they talk too much."

"They always think they are too important."

Perhaps, though, it may be believed these are not so much the well-balanced opinions of a thinking editor as the one-sided remarks of a woman-hater.

It must be said, however, that even if a woman does enter a newspaper office with due humility and an acquaintance with a reliable synonym dictionary, she is likely to be unable to distinguish between journalism and literature, between a newspaper woman and a literary lady. Sometimes she never gets those terms disentangled, and that is one of the tragedies of newspaperdom.

Journalism is a quick-lunch—tasty, served hot, and not heavy enough to be indigestible.

Literature is a dinner party of elaborate courses, with stately waiters and a rose to pin on yourself. Perhaps the equivocal statement that the women who have made a success of journalism are those who have forsaken it for more profitable employment with fewer exactions and more dignity may have more than a grim humor behind it. It may be that the worn-out, tired journalist is of little use on a newspaper. Perhaps her freshness of touch and imagination, like the singer's young voice and the society actress' pretty face, are her chief recommendations.

Perhaps it is journalism that wears her out. Perhaps it is nothing of the sort. It may be true that she does not improve. It may also be true that she does not work for her success as a man must work for his, if he would succeed.

Judgment, worldly wisdom and experience ought to aid her in her work. If she be a student, and if she be in deadly earnest, she will keep the best of her girlhood qualifications, and add to them others as well worth hav-

ing as they. If a woman loses her buoyancy of mind, her cheerfulness, her faith in human nature and her willingness to do as well as she is able, the work lying nearest her finger tips, she is certainly no good in journalism, but she just as certainly is good for nothing else.

There is a mistaken idea in the minds of some people that journalism requires a peculiar sort of brain. The best of authorities pronounce that statement pure rubbish, setting forth plainly that a woman journalist needs one pair of very wide-open eyes, one pair of willing hands and an indomitable perseverance.

She must, too, acquire a sense of business discipline, and realize that her privileges as a woman are not to be considered, when her superior officer gives her orders. Women do not easily accept that new and peculiar situation.

When a man, even a badly-trained man, will say "Yes, sir," to his employer, a woman will neglect to pay any deference whatever to her superior in a business way. She will, very often, take his orders with a mixed condescension and rebellion, which might be becoming to a very pretty and very young debutante in a ball-room, but which has no place by right in the manner or habit of mind of a journalist-woman, or of any other woman in the business world.

MADGE MERTON.

#### A DOROTHY DIALOGUE.

(With apologies to Anthony.)

If there is one thing I like more than another, it is a good grate fire—not one of those gas arrangements with artistic logs and moss and a blue light playing over them—but an old-fashioned fire of blazing coal. An arm chair that is not too gilded and good for human nature's daily support is a harmonious accompaniment for such a fire. The home of Miss Dorothy Stevens, not half an hour's walk from Queen's Park, possesses these attractions on almost any winter evening, and then it contains Dorothy herself. There is not the least bit of sentiment about that last statement, for Dorothy Stevens is older than Ann and went to school with my mother. When I came up to 'Varsity I solemnly promised the mater that I'd hunt up Miss Stevens and make a long call on the old lady. But naturally I was not in any hurry about it, and was quite surprised when I got a note asking me to go there for Thanksgiving dinner. I was feeling rather queer and turkeyish and then I was rather ashamed of not having called. So I went and found the jolliest sort of hostess who had asked a pretty girl to spend the day—a girl called Mabel Harris who had big dark eyes and who seemed to think that a Freshie was quite as good as any other 'Varsity man. The dinner was what a society girl would call a "perfect dream," and I was told to come any time. So, for three years or so I have been going to that quaint old house on the corner of—well, it's not far from College street.

One night last week I felt horribly out of sorts and decided to go to blazes—in the mild form of calling on Dorothy Stevens. I don't know how I came to call her Dorothy; but she is so absurdly young for her gray hair and laughs so easily (even at George Ferguson's conundrums) that I just drifted into the way of telling her about some of my affairs. She has a fashion of understanding a man's ideas about things, and she does not pretend to give advice about smoking and poker and other frills that college flesh is