

They Have Made Positions For Themselves

By MADGE MACBETH



Mrs. Emily Murphy (Janey Canuck)

Dear Readers:—I know that my title doesn't exactly fit the page, but then you surely won't hold me to account for every little slip, will you? Don't you know people whose titles don't fit them? Of course you do. There is a popular epidemic of them in Canada. But the big thing here is that these women fit their jobs—titles have nothing to do with the question. They were chosen as just the ideal ones to fill their several posts and there they are to-day, doing a work which can hardly be over-estimated in its importance. They are giving of their brains, their strength, their ideals, not to a few worthy individuals, but to humanity at large, and when they slip across the Great Divide, they will be able to look back upon the chapter which is closed with something of satisfaction, knowing that they have helped to make Canada a better country in which to live.

MADGE MACBETH.

P.S.—My manuscript drawer is getting empty, and the postman says he misses stopping at the house. Send me some photos. Foreign women who have made good in Canada. Canadians who have made good abroad, the prettiest girl in your town, the oldest married couple. Don't consider the postman; he is gloriously strong.



Mrs. Evans of Quebec

WELL, yes, I think we may say without fear of contradiction, that she made the position for herself—not by going down town armed with a shillalah and demanding it, but by proving in numerous ways that none could hold the office so well as she. You would know before reading a dozen lines of her writing that she had created that very story to help YOU, and she listens to the story you have to tell with exactly the same sympathy and desire to lift your burden. That is why they made her a magistrate—goodness, yes, didn't you know that the Janey Canuck, whose name you see in all the magazines, was Her Worship, Magistrate Emily Murphy, of Edmonton, Alberta. Here she is at her desk in the Women's Police Court. Shure, but she's Irish; she says so herself, and she got her dander up when I asked her to tell me how she practised economy. "What do you mean by it?" she asked. "As though Irish people could! It is their duty to talk economy so that all the other people may practise it!" which proves that Her Worship must have her little joke. But you should have seen the front of her dress after she carried home the salt fish, to save the cost of delivery, and you should have heard the remarks of her family when she made it over and wore it, and you should have tasted the combination salad made by her hands—from the seed up, you might say. For Janey Canuck had a garden and raised enough vegetables for her household for a year, and she canned all the things she couldn't eat, instant, and packed ten gallons of pickles—the friendly kind of which you may eat a dishful at one sitting. And while she worked, digging and weeding and puffing a little (yes, she did puff), the neighbours called to her from their balconies and sometimes came down with trays of cookies and tea and things. Perhaps, if I don't stop, she will have me arrested, for I happen to know that she wants to write the story of that economical garden herself, and here I am stealing her thunder. She says she's going to call it *The Rake's Progress*, which only goes to prove that Her Worship's day is not complete without at least two jokes to enliven its constabulary duties. Begorra!



Mrs. H. E. Huestis and Her Two Sons

WHEN the Daughters of the Empire in Quebec volunteered to replace men at munitions work in the Ross Rifle Factory, Mrs. H. E. Huestis, a woman active in all patriotic organizations, was the first to volunteer as a machine operator. A few months were sufficient to prove to the management that in Mrs. Huestis they had a worker of exceptional organizing ability, so they promoted her to the position of Supervisor of the Machine Barrel Straightening Department. In no other factory on this continent has a woman held a similar position.

Returning from a visit to some of the largest factories in the United States, where she was sent to study their methods, Mrs. Huestis inaugurated welfare work, better forms of engaging and classifying help, and shorter shifts for operators; she installed trained nurses, lunch rooms and in fine, brought the most modern and scientific methods for efficiency into operation, with the result that she was appointed Superintendent of Women's Labor. Under her guidance and constant attention, women have become amazingly efficient in every department where they have replaced men and where skilled operators are required. Her success has meant more than the attainment of any personal ambition—it has meant assistance to Canada and the Empire; and still more—it has meant a fine example in a leadership which is followed with pride and an inspiration to make good.

ALTHOUGH there have been women factory inspectors in Ontario for about twenty years and consequently "nothing unusual presents itself in connection with the work," according to the modest statement of Miss Mona McLaughlin, yet we must take issue with her on the point, for we don't know many inspectors either so youthful or so capable. Indeed, we do not know any better, anywhere! Miss McLaughlin is a University of Toronto graduate, and in her college days looked forward to work of this kind. Her preparation for it was not arduous, but apparently, sufficient; she held many offices at college, among which was the presidency of the Literary Society, and just before her activities as inspector commenced, she was one of the two secretaries who looked after the charities of the City of Toronto. Previous to that, she did settlement work. Now she holds the important post of inspector for all the factories in Ontario where women are employed. The work attracted her, she tells us, because it seemed a "definite way toward the betterment of conditions which touch thousands of girls."

TO the far-sightedness and energy of a woman, Canada owed the birth and development of her toy industry. Before the war was many weeks old, Mrs. Evans, of Quebec, conceived the idea of making toys in Canada, and sent circulars to prominent women in all parts of the Province explaining her aims, suggesting ways by which the work could be carried on, and asking their co-operation. The result was gratifying, and that Mrs. Evans' scheme prospered can be proven by considering the number of prizes her toys have won wherever exhibited.

She is an untiring worker and never takes a holiday. From the Bahamas to Prince Edward Island she journeys in the interests of her work. And yet she finds time for other patriotic activities. She was President of the Khaki Club at Valcartier, and is Hon. Secretary of the Queen Mary's Needlework Guild, a position entailing considerable work. She is an inventor of things vastly more practical than toys—one being a portable stove for army use, which was graciously praised by no less a person than Her Majesty Queen Mary, and many of which are in use in the trenches. And not the least tribute we can pay to this pioneer of the Toy Industry in Canada, is to speak of her gallant son, who paid the supreme price for the cause of humanity, liberty and the survival of our highest ideals.

PERHAPS the most difficult position a woman can make for herself is that of trust and confidence and affection amongst women delinquents. These latter do not readily accord anything but suspicion and resentment to those who try to help better their conditions, but Mrs. Roger Lean of Ottawa, is the exception. Her name is not known to very many, but her influence will be felt by hundreds. A few words will tell the story. Mrs. Lean, alone and with the courage that "aloneness" requires, approached the Ontario Government with a request for better conditions in the cells reserved for women prisoners. Simple as this sounds, in reality it was not, for Mrs. Lean, in making her plea, was attacking old conditions, ones which had prevailed without question for years, and unfortunately, ones which were accepted as readily by the criminal as by the constable, the Court and the Government. She received, however, more than she asked. Brighter lights were installed, general and particular sanitary improvements were made, tables and chairs were added to the meagre furnishing of the cells. A more wholesome and hopeful atmosphere prevailed. Mrs. Lean does big things with less noise than any woman we know. She was a trained nurse in the South African War and earned high praise for her efficiency. We can describe her no better than in the words of one whom she has helped, who said "It is easy for her to love bad people."



Miss Mona McLaughlin



Mrs. Roger Lean