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Women Prefer Male "Bosses"

WHEN war came and thousands of women who never had worked before went out into the industrial world, it soon became very apparent that women, as a rule, hate to work for women and, in fact, many of them "just won't, so there!" According to one stenographer who tried it and "won't," feminine bosses have a lot to learn about how properly to treat employees of their own sex. Here are her views on "woman's inhumanity to woman," which affords an interesting study in temperament, as well as psychology:

When I came forth from the stenography school I was firm in my belief that women in business were "just as good" as men—and better. I could not understand why there was such a reluctance on the part of the more experienced girls to apply for positions where there was a woman secretary or woman supervisor. But it took me just three weeks to find out—the most nerve-racking, worrying three weeks I ever lived through. Since then, I have steered clear of women executives. Not alone, either. Many a time, on the back benches of employment agencies, the story has been told confidentially: "I could have landed that job, but there's a woman manager, and I just won't work for a woman."

To the unsympathetic onlooker it just shows our "catty" dispositions, our lack of co-operation with one another. That is not so. Girls on an equal plane in an office get along reasonably well. They show the mutual helpfulness, the "team-work" quality that men consider masculine by divine right. But the woman with girls working under her, in the majority of cases, has no vestige of the qualities that make it comfortable and preferable to work for men.

In the first place, she has the corner-peering habit, perhaps a relic of good housekeeping days. She is always looking for the tiniest, most insignificant details, and pestering her underlings about them for dear life. The misplaced comma, the too light or too dark strokes, the skipped space concern her more than the general sense of the letters her stenographer turns out. She is a master of the art of "picking" on people. Her friends may term it conscientiousness, but to her subordinates this unwavering consideration of the veriest trifles is likely to prove nerve-racking.

A man has some confidence in the people who work under him. Especially he trusts his stenographer. After she has been with him for six months generally he merely glances over her letters before affixing his signature. If her hieroglyphic notes prove too much for her occasionally and she changes a word or a sentence he is not too curious. If the letter is reasonably clean and well appearing he doesn't stop to measure the margins or count the commas. The way Miss Blank runs her typewriter, light or heavy touch, a la limousine or flivver, doesn't worry him. That's her business; she knows it best and he is content to leave it to her. Perhaps it is man's natural vanity. Miss Blank must be all right. Else why would a judge of character and efficiency like himself keep her on the payroll?

A woman employer has a passion for personally supervising. She will not trust any subordinate with the slightest detail unexplained. She will not leave the slightest thing to an employee's initiative. A man will go to the telephone girl, yea, a fluffy-haired, French-heeled, tight-skirted telephone girl—seemingly the latest thing in inefficiency—and say: "Tell Brown I can't see him to-day." There may be a million Browns whom he could have possible reasons for not seeing. He leaves it to the fluffy-haired one to communicate the message in the gentlest way. And by some miracle of mental telepathy she does.

Now a woman executive would leave nothing to so unbusiness-like a thing as personal initiative. She would walk out slowly and fix the frivolous person with piercing eyes. She would say: "Miss Blank, call up William J. Brown, B-r-o-w-n of Yonge street. His telephone number, I believe is Main 1492, but kindly look it up to make certain. When you get his office please ask for the secretary. Tell her you are talking for me. She will connect you with Mr. Brown. Say to Mr. Brown, 'etc.' By this time the telephone girl has forgotten whom to call up.

Furthermore, women executives have usually what they call "certain ways of doing things" which they insist on, forcing their assistants to follow. I never met a man who actually cared whether a dash or a colon came after the "Dear Sirs" or who made it a rule of the office that all letters must be written in double space, but the fatal three weeks' woman who taught me to avoid women executives had minute instructions on all office routine. She left nothing to your personal idea or suggestion. The very air of her room was heavy with "Don't do this and don't do that."

There are many men who call them "training girls." I call them "painful brain extractions."

And the way women make corrections! The average man corrects a mistake good humoredly, half-apologetically. Mistakes fret a woman's finely developed sense of perfection. She has a way of saying accusingly, "You did this, didn't you?" or triumphantly, "You've done the very thing I warned you against," that is gall and wormwood to her subordinates.

I am a thorough feminist, but that does not prevent me from acknowledging honestly that women employees have a lot to learn about the treatment of employees.

PAINT THE BUILDINGS

FARMER WILL FIND THAT IT PAYS.

Time Has Come to Make Up For the Neglect That Was Necessary During the War Period—The Proper Housing of Live Stock Makes It Necessary to Have Well Preserved Barns.

Now that rain has done its part, and the country is looking its best, the barn appears unusually drab and cheerless in comparison. It is not only in comparison with the works of nature that the barns and other farm buildings look particularly seedy at this period of the world's history, their appearance is inferior compared with what it was only a few years ago. As a recent arrival from Great Britain, who had, nevertheless had time to visit numerous farm sections in each of the provinces, said recently, "The country looks as though all it needs just now is a couple of coats of good paint."

Admitted that the war period was no time for putting on frills, it must also be admitted that the time has come again when it is in the best interest of the farmer for him to make provision for the future, and with increased live stock production the watchword of the present day agriculture, there is every reason that provision should be made for the comfortable housing of the stock. This entails the preservation of farm buildings in first-rate condition, an accomplishment that is impossible without regular and thorough painting of the same if they are of material that needs paint to guard it from the action of the elements, as is the case with the great majority of farm buildings in Canada. Of course the excuse given for neglecting construction, repairing and painting of farm or other buildings at the present time is that the cost of labor and material is excessive. But it is a pretty safe bet that before these costs are materially reduced, buildings that are now beginning to show signs of neglect will have deteriorated to an extent that will necessitate expenditure out of all proportion to that needed at present to keep them in good condition.

The aforementioned Britisher, who, by the way is a farmer of sorts, and has made it his business to read Canadian farm journals, including their frequent reference to the desirability of keeping the young man on the farm, and how to do it, declares that his extensive experience of farms and farmers in England, Scotland and other countries had led him to believe that pride in the home farm, including the home and farm buildings, had more effect in keeping the family on the land than any other feature that he was aware of. "He could judge the status of a farmer," he said, "by one glance at barn and stables." A farmer who uses paint with good judgment will use purchased fertilizers in like manner, and the barnyard tells the tale of how much barnyard manure is appreciated on a particular farm. The man who uses these two forms of enrichment in fair measure, will either be a successful farmer, he declared, or else will be in the poorhouse.



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