

The Ground Floor

We Introduce "M.M.M."—

LET us introduce to you one of the newer members of our editorial staff,—Miss Mary M. Murphy, hailing from Ottawa.

When you come in to see us, here on "The Ground Floor," Miss Murphy will be the first one you'll want to see,—for as Managing Editor, she is the one around whom all of the good things gather for the next and succeeding issues of *EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD*.

Probably you know her already from several articles of hers that have appeared in *EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD*, or her writings over "M.M.M.," appearing widely throughout Canada in daily and Sunday papers,—correspondence from the Capital.

Anyway you are sure to like her for she is immensely likeable, she is unusually talented, she writes interestingly and,—yes, indeed, she is human as you will sense from reading the little articles in the adjoining column by one of her friends, Mr. D. M. Christian, of the Toronto Telegram, though recently of Ottawa on The Evening Journal.

You can count on "M.M.M." She'll do much for you as you help her and the rest of us, to build up to even better things this your own Canadian great home magazine for Canadian women.

Jean Blewett as a Helper,—

SPEAKING of "helping the rest of us,"—that makes us think especially of "our own" Jean Blewett—the loveable, genial, Jean Blewett—one of our Associate Editors.

She has a great big heart of sympathy for every one. She is sure to be found helping in unexpected places—far beyond what you or the rest of us would be likely to think about.

She is so thoughtful in particular of anyone who may be needing help. (We know of one leading Toronto Presbyterian minister who censured her three years ago because "she would open up the church, the house of God," and, as he said, "Make it into a soup kitchen" to feed the poor who were in need.)

Of course she helps you through her writings!

We wish we could in all reality give you a glimpse of her kindly nature just as she really is.

Last week she was attending to an extra assignment when one of the other editors was ill. She was detained longer than she had anticipated and as she noticed the time slipping by she thought of the folks at home and she reached to use the 'phone. It must have been one of the children at home she spoke to for her face lighted up with such radiant sunshine as she enquired if all were well and gave assurance that she would be home just as soon as she had finished.

That radiance from her kindly face, with its transforming power, is so characteristic of Mrs. Blewett that we have often wondered if we could have our camera man catch it sometime at the 'phone and make a picture for a better decorative heading for her own page.

Wouldn't you like to hear her on the 'phone, month after month, and have her speak with you? You, of course, have her writings as a regular special feature in your own magazine. But then, with such a picture before you, you could just hear her talk and naturally enjoy her writings all the more.



MARY—"M.M.M."—MURPHY

An uncritical autobiographical review

(As imagined, or truthfully told, by her friend, D. M. Christian, of the "Toronto Telegram")

TO be frank about it, I do not claim any especial brilliance, I warn you honestly; nevertheless, truthfulness forces me to take issue with the poet who penned the line, "Fame is not a plant that grows on mortal soil."

Some few years ago—about twenty is near enough—I first saw the light of day in an old stone house within sound of the roaring Chaudière—no wonder it roared! For several years thereafter my life was more or less uninteresting, even to myself. Then came the big fire and our home was destroyed, together with my father's interests. We then moved to another part of the Capital. Since I left, I may remark, the roar of the Chaudière has lessened far—it may have been from relief, or the new Eddy to Power and love may have had something to do with it—anyway it doesn't matter.

From that onward, I went to school—to collegiate where I learned to write, then to college where I acquired a variety of useless information which qualified me to become an editress.

Like most others who aspire to literary glory, I spent some months dabbling in verse, thinking that undoubtedly my forte lay in that direction. The occasional cheques that drifted in confirmed that belief.

But my career was sadly blighted a year later when I entered the newspaper game in Ottawa—and made money by using my brains and loading the public in towns remote from Ottawa with forceful but comforting information about the capital.

From there I received an offer to edit this great family journal—so here I am.

Leading Women in Canada,—

THE most public-spirited people in Canada. Who are they?

No less than the Women of the Province of Alberta.

Of course "there's a reason." That reason we believe, is no less a person than Mrs. Nellie McClung,—be sure to read all about this matter in this October issue of *EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD*.

Be on the look out for what we shall have to say about the Women of Ontario next month—November issue.

And about Women of Nova Scotia in December!

By the way, if you have any suspicion as to who is the leading woman in the province of Nova Scotia to-day, it would be quite in order for you to write us a line in confidence and give us the information. In any case, think over this matter and see

how close you come to our estimate, based on various sources of information as to who is the leading woman in Nova Scotia.

Toronto for Shopping,—

YOU may anticipate having more and more news in this your own magazine about what is going on and about what is being displayed in Toronto shops.

Who doesn't like to visit the big stores and see "what's what" in clothes and things?

Is there any reason why you shouldn't know what is going on here in Toronto?

And why shouldn't Toronto for Canada be very much as New York is for the United States? It will be some day! That is if we are all loyal to the point of recognizing this city for what it is and ought to be and we talk it up as we should.

Pride in our Ottawa,—

THIS suggests also that as Canadians we do not half appreciate our capital—the beautiful city of Ottawa!

As a people we are not very sentimental; we do not seem to think of our Ottawa as the United States people think of their Washington.

Perhaps it is due to the fact that we hear so little about our Capital city save what is reported to us about political schemes and schemers through the daily press.

We intend to give much more attention to things at Ottawa from now on.

We shall reflect the better, finer side of things at Ottawa as you should know them. We are sure you will welcome this feature and approve of greater Canadian national pride being taken in our fair capital city.

Pioneer Work in Publishing,—

DO you ever stop to think about the pioneers who opened up this broad fair country for us? Assuredly you know much of what handicaps they overcame.

In publishing—particularly in magazine publishing up to date in Canada—it has been largely pioneer business with handicaps attending that at times would seem to be well nigh impossible.

Up to four years ago magazine publishing in Canada was very primitive—just about 15 to 20 years behind what had been developed in that great country to the South of us.

But the business is coming ahead rapidly of late. Thanks to Canadian women, who need and want this magazine, *EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD* has been able to grow up rapidly to, and maintain a circulation in excess of 125,000 copies a month.

As soon as our new five-story building, 100 x 100 feet, is completed, late this year, on Spadina Avenue, we shall have the latest of color printing machinery installed to supplement present equipment, and then with automatic modern bindery equipment to replace the present old-time, inefficient, hand methods—the only service available in Toronto to date—we shall be in a position to cater to our readers with service nearer to what it can and must be.

If you are able to read between the lines and you know anything of the obstacles that had to be overcome in building this magazine for Canadian women, you will now be sending us a "telepathic" or wireless message—Oh, yes, we will receive it all right—or perhaps you will write us a letter and take part with us in building this magazine further on, up to the grander future of larger and yet better service which is before us to render to you and the other loyal women of Canada.