

They Have Left the Beaten Path

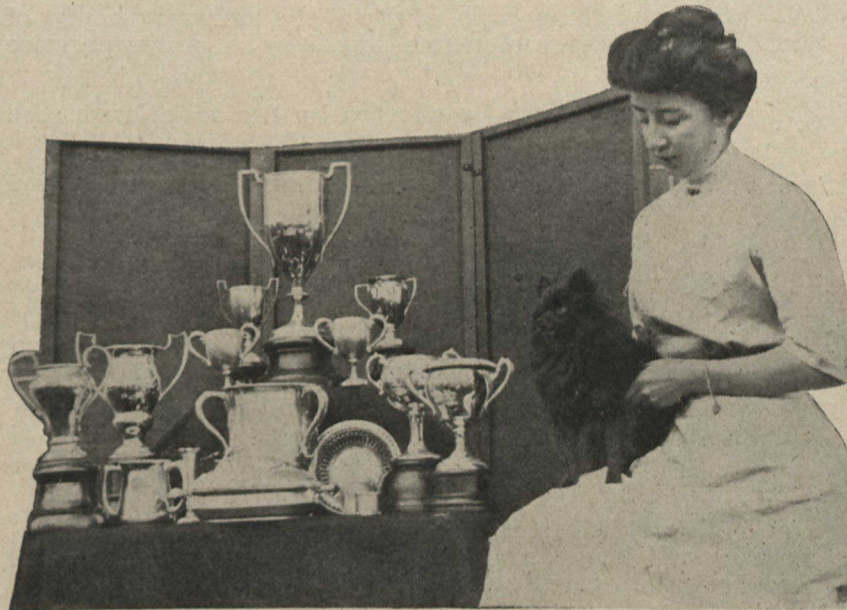
And are Blazing New Trails for Other Energetic Women to Follow

By MADGE MacBETH



MISS SMITH

HOW many residents of Toronto the Good know that a native of their city is one of the best known women evangelists touring the United States today? How many of them remember Annie Agnes Smith who as a very small, frail and timid child longed to be a man and a preacher? One day when, on her way to a lowly mission in a somewhat unpleasant neighbourhood, she came upon several big boys shooting craps on Sunday morning. Something inside her stronger than fear, revolted at the sight, and prompted her to cry out impulsively, "You ought to be at Sunday School." Amazed, they jumped up and surrounded her, hurling a chorus of enquiry at her. She broke from the group and began to run. The boys gave chase. Maddier and wilder did the race become, until Annie Agnes flung herself into the Sunday School shrieking with terror. Close to her heels came the rowdies, who were determined to stay. When the superintendent tried to put them into what he thought would be a suitable class, they were emphatic in their decision to be taught by no one but "de kid." Today several of them are fine men whom she is proud to call her friends. From teaching to leading meetings and finally preaching, was not so far a cry. She has been four times across the continent and at present she is touring with one of the most celebrated evangelists of the day. Her part is, of course, the women's work.



MRS. WYLIE

WAR dogs!—you immediately picture a splendid Belgian animal, trained to goon the battlefield to succour wounded soldiers, or a dog harnessed to a mitrailleuse and making with it straight for the trenches. But these are Canadian War Dogs, bred and sold by Mrs. Wilson Wylie, whose success may be partly proven by glancing at a photo of some of her prizes, taken at Ottawa, Toronto, New York and Chicago. Mrs. Wylie embarked some time before the outbreak of the war on a very unusual business venture—that of breeding Pomeranian dogs. There was a great demand for dogs, little pet dogs, after the outbreak of the war. So, instead of going to the wall, as she feared, Mrs. Wylie has had more orders than she could fill. It is not difficult to imagine how lonely must be a home, especially a childless home, when the husband leaves to go to the front. What is difficult to imagine, however, is the fact that a small dog can fill his place! "How I missed John until I bought Zu-Zu!" Or, "I can't afford a baby in war times, I have a Pom, is the attitude many women take. And a Pom costs anything from three to eleven hundred and fifty dollars! There are French, Belgian, Polish and Russian babies who may be bought for far less than eleven hundred and fifty dollars and who would be rather more of a credit in the long run than a Pom and think of the home product—dozens of beautiful healthy Canadian babies which may be adopted for nothing! Who dares set the fashion for buying babies?

CANADIAN stenographers, please copy! For we take it for granted that any of you would like to be called "The Dean of Court Reporters," and that you would like to earn a mere matter of \$2,100.00 for reporting a case, and your regular salary to equal that of a United States Congressman. Well, go to it, women! You can do it if Mrs. Emilie Treat of Missouri did it. She blazed the trail for you and helps with this philosophy of court reporting. "To say that any shorthand writer can put down accurately whatever is said without a fair understanding of the subject matter, is nonsense," said Mrs. Treat. "The reporter must read the newspapers, keep posted on current events and have a general knowledge of the law. I believe that the courts will, in the days to come, offer a good field for women." Mrs. Treat began her career as official court reporter in 1892, since which date she has not been idle a day. She has been in the very thick of it, with big people and big issues—taking at one time, unaided, a large and complicated bond case in which over two million dollars were involved. When asked what she remembered clearest about a very important murder trial, she answered with a twinkle, "A remark made by our Circuit Judge. Many women had brought their babies into the court room, and the babies unawed by the solemnity, would squeal at what appeared to them to be the proper intervals. A lawyer testily complained that the infants were making so much noise he could not hear the witnesses. The good natured judge answered, 'Then we must make the witnesses testify louder than the babies!'"



MISS TREAT

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An Invitation to You

CANADA is alive with women who make it a better place in which to live.

That's why it is Canada. Every community has at least one woman of whom other women are intensely proud, a woman who is doing something big for her part of the country. You know about the one in your section, but do you know about the one in mine? No! Do you know why we do not demonstrate sufficient enthusiasm for the people worth while; we try to throttle admiration and encouragement under a blase exterior and we try to take every good thing for granted. Let's change all that. Let's be boosters— Tell me about the women you know; send me their photographs and 500 words, and I will not only tell you about some other women but will send you a \$2.00 bill as well, if your material is used.

Tell me about women who have succeeded IN SPITE OF—; tell me about Women Who Paid for Their Holidays While Having Them; about ones who scrimped and saved out of a small allowance that John or Mary might go to College.

Help me to introduce our Worth While People, one to another and we'll have the most "bang-up" Canadian party you ever imagined.

Yours faithfully,

MADGE MACBETH.



MISS FYLES

MISS FAITH FYLES holds quite a unique position for a woman. She is assistant Dominion Botanist of the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa. She is a native of Quebec and a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Fyles, entomologist. After taking her B.A. at McGill, this lover of the out-of-doors taught botany for several years and it was from Bishop Strachan's School, in Toronto, that she went to Ottawa, as Assistant Seed Analyst for the Department of Agriculture. Two years later, Miss Fyles was appointed to her present position where her work consists in naming numerous plants, answering correspondence relating to inquiries on all sorts of botanical subjects, research work and the like. Amongst other things, the Botanist is making a study of Ergot of Wild Rice. Why not put such a woman on a Committee to deal with the use of cereals in war time? She knows the value of herbs and plants from the standpoint of their nutritive properties quite a good deal better than many of the people who are telling us what to eat.

THE old order of things changeth—which is quite right, as it means progress, civilization, advancement. But who would have thought it possible, fifty years ago, for a young woman, a graduate of Toronto University where she was known as a poet-musician, to hold the position of Superintendent of the Woman's Department of the Ontario Government Bureau of Employment? Even the name sounds terrifying! Not, however, to Miss Ethel McRobert. She plays a clever game of chess with men and women who want work, placing them in suitable positions which run the gamut from those held by the day-labourer to ones requiring the highest skill and training. The Bureau in London, is one of four in the Province by which it will be understood that a great many people pass through her hands. A humorous story comes from another Bureau of this type and relates how three Russians applied for work. They could neither read nor write, and the Superintendent could not make out what their names were. In sending in a memo for their railway tickets to a nearby place where they were to do construction work, the men were simply listed as "Three Russians." The Department would not accept this sort of labelling and a youth was sent to get some kind of name from the Superintendent. "I don't know what to tell you," replied that harried individual. "No one could understand what they said when giving their names. . . . Ah, I have it! Call one of them Anton Jump-off, another Basil Hop-off, and the third, Dmitri Pop-off." The Department was satisfied.



MISS McROBERT