

LITTLE EVA A FORTUNE TELLER HELPED TO BRING ABOUT THE RECENT RISE IN STOCKS

(New York Sun)

The stars in their courses and the stocks in theirs may seem, on the surface and to the unthinking to have but little in common. General Motors to the superficial eye, might seem as likely to go shooting skyward when Pisces is there in the ascendency as when Taurus rides high. Radio Corporation might be thought to react to forces more mundane than those emanating from Venus. But between the Scorpion and a rise of ten points there stands as a connective link Little Eva.

Little Eva, known to thousands by a less literary name, decided the other day that Taurus, which is the sign of the bull, was in whatever position is the most favorable to make things happen. She felt that it was high time that markets be bullish too and probably she had a surprising part in sending stocks shoot-

ing up after their leaders. She was, at least not the most inconsiderable of a hundred causes.

It is not polite to call Little Eva a fortune teller. A fortune teller is against the law and Little Eva is not in the least so. She has a large office, several assistants and a considerable clientele. Also she has more influence than you can shake a horoscope at.

She receives her patrons only on appointment. Her minimum fee for most ordinary horoscope is \$25 and five minutes is a long interview with her. Unless you are well recommended, in fact you stand but little chance of getting an interview at all, and Little Eva now is booked solidly until the end of April. To those who seek to hurry her she presents a face as distant and indifferent as the stars themselves.

Many wealthy women and not a

few wealthy men receive advice and horoscopes from Little Eva. They learn about investments from her and are informed when the stars favor buying for a rise. Many of them act on the suggestion she gives with promptness and confidence.

The followers of Little Eva buy a lot of stocks. And not long ago the astrologist decided that Taurus was where he ought to be and things generally were sure to be bullish. She advised her patrons to that effect; her patrons went out in large numbers and bought. And Little Eva was a good guesser.

Because of the influence she exerts and the money which flows to her bidding, Little Eva not only predicted but helped to bring about the recent bull market. How much she helped is of course a matter for guesswork. But Little Eva said "buy" and the wealthy and credulous ladies of her clientele bought and things happened. It was a great day for the stars.

The way to get rich is to lap up part of your income and as much as possible of other people's.

COLLEGE GIRL GETS AN IDEA ON FACTORY CONDITIONS

Omaha, Neb., April 9—A college girl decided to go to work with factory women in the effort to get the facts on conditions among those who toil that other may reap, and Miss Ruth Shallcross says she learned a heap.

Likes Factory Girl

"Factory girls and college girls are sisters under the skin, whether they all know it or not," she snaps. "And as for genuineness, woven-in-the-loom branding of integrity of friendship give me the factory girl."

"I labored in a stuffy factory in which at first I thought I should perish. I ate 9 cent meals and learned to enjoy them and I shared an attic room with immigrants. I stepped from a life of ease and cultural atmosphere into the realm of drabness and rudger, face to face with the stark realities of life's grim battle and I rejoice that the uneducated struggling wholesome girls

made me one of them."

Miss Shallcross was one of the 14 girls, college students sent by the Y. W. C. A. to Chicago to study factory conditions. "I had listened to academic discourses on unemployment," she says "but the fine talk of the classroom was as nothing to what I experienced. The sharp 'No work' or the vague 'Come back in a month' and other shocks jolted me into a realization of what some girls have to endure."

"Finally a lot of us went to work in a factory. One of the most poignant stabs I felt was in an employment agency office. A poor old wobegone woman sat next to me and her hard luck story would move the heart of a stone. She had been working in a boarding house from early morning to late at night to support a sick daughter."

"I worked in a hat factory and

SALT RHEUM All Over Her Hands and Between Fingers

Mrs. Walter Misner, Midville Branch, N.S., writes:—"I had salt rheum all over my hands, and especially between my fingers. It was impossible for me to put them in water, or do my house work."

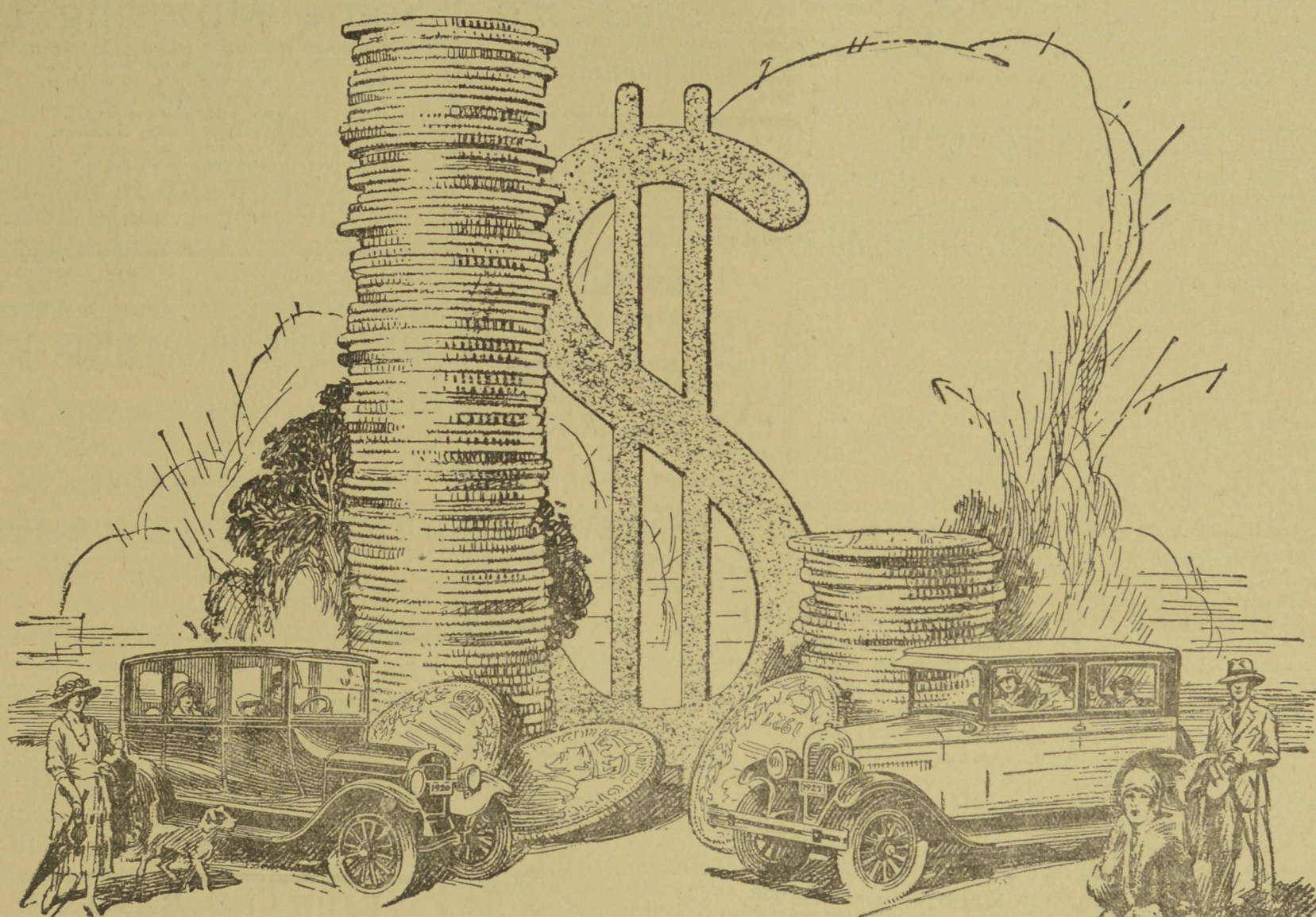
"After trying medicines and salves, which did me no good, I heard of

**BURDOCK
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being so wonderful, and after taking two bottles I am entirely relieved of my trouble."

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the girls are simply marvels. Our topics of conversation were varied and the girls are very bright. We discussed evolution, and it was a scream! I hated to leave them and hope to continue the warm friendship I made. I love them and I hope they love me."



Making the Canadian Dollar Go Farther than Ever Before

IN the purchase of the common commodities of life, the Canadian dollar has decreased in value during the past decade.

But, in the purchase of an automobile, the dollar is now worth one hundred to two hundred percent more than it was seven to ten years ago—is worth more, in fact, than ever before in history.

While constantly raising the quality standard of its products, General Motors of Canada has increased the

purchasing power of the Canadian car-buyer's dollar . . .

. . . by the economies of volume purchasing and production,

. . . by the close co-ordination of resources and facilities,

. . . by improved labor- and time-saving methods of manufacture,

. . . by sharing with Canada the savings effected by increased production.

In quality and in value, the Canadian dollar now goes farther than ever before in the purchase of a General Motors car.

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LADY RHONDDA FINDS WOMEN EXCELLING MEN

London, April 9—The future of women looms larger daily as topic of talk in Britain and from the evolution of the once known "gentler sex" there bids fair to come tangible solution of all the problems, through work, merit and reward. The great High Priestess of True Feminism says so, and she should know, inasmuch as she, Lady Rhondda, is head of 25 great corporations, and from a modest office directs her scores upon scores of millions, as each shilling does its duty.

Trained Women Wanted

Not yet 45, divorced from a languid husband who preferred to live the life of a country idling gentleman instead of lending a hand when her father's death left his vast empire of coal, rails, boats, banks and mills in her hands, and mother of a level-headed girl being trained to take her mother's place, Lady Rhondda, peeress in her own right, says that almost unbelievable changes have taken place in 40 years, as far as women are concerned. "Well trained women are found in all callings," she declares. The old order has changed, and women are excelling in all lines. Part of this vast advance, no doubt, is psychological. We were repressed for so long that our determination, subdued and hedged in, intensified, and when the opportunity eventually came, it found us ready to prove our qualities. What the next generation of women will do remains to be seen. The present one is superb. The doctrine of the worth of the individual appears to be paramount just now, as we have broken down many barriers.

"Since the days of Eve people have been talking nonsense in discussing such questions as to whether girls of the period were better or worse than their grandmothers. I have no opinion to venture." And then, asked if she thought we should ever have a woman prime minister, she answered with an enigmatic smile:

"Now, that's a stupid question." So the answer remains ungiven.

STAMBOUL BARS MUSIC OF THE CAFES

Stamboul, Turkey, April 7—Music shall no longer wait from the cafes in the more boisterous quarters of Stamboul. The prefect's prohibitive order has been issued as a result of the frequent and sometimes sanguinary scuffles in the cafes between the partisans of Western jazz and the upholders of the old Turkish airs played on plaintive native instruments.

The attempts of the two camps to drown each other out, the clash of sounds often leading to the clash of bodies, have caused so much disturbance in the usually quiet streets of Stamboul that henceforth both jazz and Anatolian walls will be taboo.