

# The Little Woman With a Big Job

Inspiring Success of Miss Jane Carroll, Organizer and Administrator, Who Manages a Vast Export Business, and Points the Way to Woman's Broader Work.

BY HELEN HESTER HILL.

IF YOU are an old-fashioned man, with notions about "women's sphere," or, something like that, you are in for a few shocks these days. And if you are an old-fashioned woman—well, you may just wonder, when you read about Jane Carroll, for example, just "how she does it."

Think of a woman at the helm of a great big export organization, with hands controlling the most practical details of administration and eyes on all the world!

It's hard to fancy it at first. But not after you have really seen Jane Carroll.

I wanted to see Jane Carroll. I wanted to prove it. Women are reputed to be doing wonderful things and to be doing them in a wonderful way. But a woman managing a twenty-million-dollar corporation—that merited investigation.

There was no blame, I think, to be attached to my rather inadequate picture of her as she was likely to look. One couldn't guess so satisfactory a picture. Very womanly, brown eyes that sparkle and snap and glow; tawny hair falling careless of restraint over a good forehead, a green frock trimmed with fur and pretty ivory buttons, showing a fine care for all the feminine niceties of dress; feet daintily shod, and her hands, though small, immensely capable and energetic.

There you have Miss Carroll, seated at a desk devoid of ornament and of almost everything else, save a much used telephone and a few sample casts of her merchandise. Certainly not a masculine looking desk; devoid as it was of all that interesting confusion and disarray of papers—the comforting pipe and ashes strewn all over the place, that one always associates with a man's desk.

But not like the "ordinary woman's" desk either. Nor does she sit in solitary state in some inaccessible inner office. She simply occupies one of about 10 other desks, in a very large general room, which together with another equally large office separated only by a partial partition, form her present export quarters. These arrangements, however, she told me are still in the making, and constantly expanding.

Right here, I want to stop and tell a little incident that throws an interesting side light on the character and business methods of Miss Carroll.

I had noticed a quaint, quiet little stenographer, the type that has to plod and strive for results, and I asked Miss Carroll whether she preferred a woman or man as secretary.

The Stenographer Question.

"Oh, of course, we have both," she said. "It makes no difference so long as they are competent. Do you see that young girl?" she continued, pointing to the very one I had already singled out. "Well, she was in an entirely different department. She is an industrious, conscientious worker, without self-assertion. I learned that she is ambitious, and studies Spanish at night, so I maneuvered her into this department, where, because of the language which would have done her no good where she was, she will have an added chance of advancement. A girl of that kind deserves to succeed and certainly merits encouragement."

New Miss Carroll has not been long established with the corporation, and the duties of reorganization that naturally devolve upon her in taking over the conduct of such a huge plant absorb her time and energy; yet she found the time to interest herself in the affairs of one of the humblest employees of the company.

She herself not only speaks a fluent French and Spanish, but has selected expert heads of departments who do the same; and with them, as in the case of the little stenographer, she feels that one of the principal duties as well as the joy of those who rise

to pre-eminent position in life, is to take others along as far as they can go.

"I believe firmly that officials of organizations should disseminate as widely as possible among their subordinates the views and impressions they acquire in their wider contact with the outer world. It gives them a breadth of horizon and outlook which they would have no other means of acquiring, and makes them far more valuable to themselves and hence to their firm as well."

We talked of "success," she and I, that word perhaps most potent of all words in the human vocabulary, to kindle the imagination, to arouse all one's own combative energy. It seems the one common desire of the human race—that will get to the top; one of the big incentives in life, to make good, and then with the self-confidence that comes of achievement, to do still better.

Miss Carroll expressed this idea very charmingly in answer to my question, "Did you start out with a definite goal?"

"Have you ever," she continued, "gone eagerly toward a rosebush to pluck some particular rose, and then, when you got there, coveted an infinitely prettier one on the bush just beyond the bend in the road? So it is with one's goal; scarcely do you arrive, than another, harder to attain, and more distant, seems to beckon."

"What will satisfy your ambition?" I asked.

"Success for me will not be spelled in terms of position, or power, or money. When I feel within me that I am exercising my fullest powers and capacities and can show adequate results, then I shall know the real measure of content," and Miss Carroll turned to me with one of those sudden smiles that so irradiate her face, suffusing its strength with womanly sweetness.

If it were possible so soon after the war justly to estimate any of its effects, then I should say that in its insatiable call upon women as well as men, it has already and permanently demonstrated the possession by women of qualities and abilities no one, including themselves, ever dreamed they had. And the versatility, the dynamic energy, the power of quick thought and decisive action that we have now been thought to associate with women seem verified by the fact that they are embodied in this one little woman.

Born in Foxcroft, a little town in Maine, transplanted to New York at an early age, one of a family of three girls and one brother, she graduated almost from the lap of Cornwall University into a business career, in which by meteoric stages she advanced to her present post.

To expand the export trade of the United States so that it reaches from all of South America to the outermost fringes of the earth; to create a demand in the highly populated and developed countries, and to penetrate and seize the pioneer advantage in others calling for development, this is the life work to which Miss Carroll has set herself, and she seems in a fair way to realize her kindling ambition.

The Great Work of Foreign Trade.

From conducting her own advertising agency for purposes of foreign trade—Miss Carroll was appointed foreign trade promotion manager and editor of the Foreign Trade Bulletin of the American Express company, a position of vast responsibility.

She was called from this latter post to undertake the general management of the American Safety Razor Export corporation. To her as general manager will fall the task of coordinating and reorganizing the work of the component companies recently merged into this corporation—and she will assume entire charge of the expansion of export of their razor blades and other shaving accessories.

She is perfecting plans to enlarge the facilities of the corporation abroad, so that it will be possible for



Miss Carroll at Her Desk.

every man in need of a new razor or new blades to step into the nearest retail store and make his purchase just as easily as he can do so in America. In the matter of England, France and Italy, this is already a comparatively accomplished fact; but Miss Carroll has no idea of limiting her activities to those countries.

Over All the World.

She feels the confines of Persia, India, South Africa, the South Sea Islands, Iceland, Russia, Japan and China, already receiving consignments of the corporation's products.

to be all too narrow for her ambitious plans, and she seems to share the regret of the Greek Alexander, who wept that there were no more worlds to conquer.

"I live on Brooklyn Heights," she said, "and directly beneath my window I can see the Brazilian steamer, that carries our goods along the entire length of the Amazon, and that ship is symbolical to me of the thousands of others, sailing the four seas, carrying not myrrh and frankincense, like the Phoenicians of old, but modern goods, to peoples all over the earth, to many of whom but a

little while back, their very use would have seemed a mystery."

Don't it stir the pride and imagination to think that hard-headed business men, captains of big industry, will turn over the conduct of such affairs to a mere woman? For remember that with the condition of Europe as it is today, with its own production largely at a standstill and in crying need for manufacturers, this is the hour of America's opportunity, to seek out and supply the markets of the world; and at such a juncture, to invest a woman with so much authority and responsibility

valued at about \$500,000 was lost through being bitten by rabid animals. Some ranches lost from 200 to 400 head of cattle. Up to the present time approximately 1500 persons are known to have been bitten by rabid animals and treated for the disease, and about 50 are known to have died from it. Without federal intervention for the suppression of rabies the ravages brought about by it would have been vastly increased.

Bad Animals Run Down.

Special efforts are made by government hunters to destroy individual animals which have become notorious for their stock-killing exploits in various states. Near Dubois, Wyo., a mountain lion was killed in the spring of 1919 which was known to have destroyed 1000 worth of livestock. This was a much-hunted and battle-scarred animal which had been wounded a number of times by private hunters. Another mountain lion had killed seven colts during the spring before it was slain by a government hunter. In the same state a pair of wolves were killed—the female by a government hunter and the male by a private hunter—which had destroyed more than \$2500 worth of livestock during the preceding year.

In Arizona, Idaho, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah and Washington, jackrabbits have in times past caused large losses to crops, but recently Uncle Sam's hunters have reduced these losses tremendously by the organization of rabbit drives and by trapping the animals by the thousands. Since beef, lamb, pork and other meats have been at their present high prices there has been an increasing demand all over the country for rabbits as food. To meet this, government hunters have devised methods of dressing and killing these animals, taken in the drives, to a fine art. Last year about 10,000 of these animals were thus utilized.

Large moles have for a long time been a serious pest to farmers in Washington and Oregon. Here again Uncle Sam's hunters have been doing good work. The fur value of the animals having been established among fur dealers through the efforts of

the biological survey, the price of mole skins continues to advance. In co-operation with agricultural agencies in their territory government hunters have given demonstrations of methods for capturing the animals and preparing their pelts for market. Inspired by the hunters, successful boys' and girls' clubs have been organized to trap moles and to co-operate in selling the skins. As a result the members of the clubs learned a valuable lesson in co-operative work, not only in ridding fields of a pest, but also in marketing, the sale of the skins netting them the substantial sum of more than \$50,000.

Civilization Brings Troubles, but Why Kick?

All Things Will Come Even if You Only Let Them, Says One.

BY M. QUAD.

MY WIFE wants to kick about the fraud pins, needle and thread that are on the market. I kicked, but I kicked mildly. A thousand years ago they used to use thorns as pins, and grass as thread, and we are no better than they were. It is civilization that brings frauds.

I was feeling off and called the doctor. He came three times and took me over, and said nothing ailed me, and sent me a bill for \$10. I kicked about that bill. How much more sensible to tell me that I was in a desperate condition and that he saved my life. I don't want something for nothing and I can't see why anyone else should.

My neighbors on the right and left have given me warning that they are not going to clear their sidewalks of snow this winter. I was going to kick about it when the thought came to me that I would not clean my own sidewalk and thus get even with them.

Two whole days had passed since my landlord had raised my rent. I heard he was coming and got all ready to kick, when the news reached me

that he had been thrown out of his auto and broken both legs. I heard, too, that it would be three months before he would be able to get around again. I didn't kick—very hard, and he didn't kick at all.

One of my neighbors is going to keep chickens. At first I thought I would kick about it, and I figured the nearer he the chickens, the nearer he would be the eggs.

My house was robbed a few nights ago. When I got up and found that all my money had been taken, I proceeded to kick, but after a while I found out that my house was the only one on the block which the robber had visited. There was pride in this and I soon saw how foolish it was to kick.

The conductor on the street car gave me a lead half dollar the other day. It was some time before I discovered it, and then I kicked. What a foolish thing it was! All I had to do was to attend church next day and drop the leaden coin into the contribution box and receive a joyful smile from the deacon who was passing the box around. Don't hurt your toes in kicking until you have real cause to do so.

The grocer had sent me his bill twice a week for several months, when his place took fire and, not being insured, he had to go into bankruptcy. I missed receiving the bill as usual, and kicked a little about it, but after all it was only the eternal fitness of things. I got another grocer and shall leave it to him to do the kicking.

When I went out in my auto for the first time a man ran his machine against mine and I naturally kicked. When I went out again I ran my auto against another man's machine, and he, naturally, kicked about it. That much the kicks even, and we shook hands and were happy over it. All things will even up if you will only let them.

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Miss Jane Carroll.

represents a triumph for the whole sex.

Miss Carroll proved the possession of the pioneer spirit as far back as January, 1917, when, as the only woman delegate, she attended the fourth National Foreign Trade Council convention, at Pittsburgh. She represented the League of Advertising Women of New York, and was given a place of honor at the speakers' table. James A. Farrell of the United States Steel corporation, E. M. Herr, president of the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing company; F. A. Selberling of the Goodyear Tire & Rubber company, and many others of like importance were among her table companions on that occasion.

I did not ask Miss Carroll whether she felt in any way embarrassed or out of place in that assemblage of some 1300-odd men, because I recognized at once that she is one of those persons of rare adaptability and of such unconsciousness of self that she immediately becomes part and parcel of her surroundings wherever she may be.

"Tell me," I asked, "what qualities in a woman make for success?"

"The being a woman does not enter into the matter," she answered quickly and emphatically. "In business there should be no sex. Given the same qualities, and the same circumstances, success will come, be it to man or woman, I believe. There must be certain inherent qualities—intuitive, resourcefulness and industry with a capital 'I'; and above all, one must know how to take advantage of an opportunity and if necessary, to create one. I dare say there may be some element of luck; in any case one should not put all one's eggs in one basket. In other words, one should always shoot in many directions and at least one shot will be bound to hit the mark."

"What final message will you give me for women?" I urged.

Her Advice to Women.

"Work and specialize. It may be an advantage to be college bred, but above all it is an advantage to have character, energy, outlook—and health. These are days when all positions are open to all women. Banks, even in Japan, are appointing women presidents; one of the most influential clearing houses in the south has a woman manager; another woman is managing the business end of one of New York's largest daily newspapers; a former stenographer is now export manager of one of the most important disbursement firms for knitted wools, worsted and cotton fabrics in New York and I could go on enumerating hundreds of others within my own knowledge, most of them risen from subordinate positions.

"The day of woman's opportunity has come; she has less skepticism to meet, and more chance to rise. What she has done, all may do."

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