The Georgetown Herald

Sixty-Fifth Year of Publication | The Georgetown Herald Wednesday Evening, July 23rd, 1930. | $1.50 per Annum in Advance; $2.00 to U.S.A.

The Georgetown Herald
J. M. MOORE
Publisher and Proprietor
Member Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association

Canadian National Electric Railway
(Daylight Saving Time)

Eastbound

Daily—Except Sunday	7.09 a.m.
Daily	9.21 a.m.
Daily	1.49 p.m.
" "	3.09 p.m.
Daily	4.09 p.m.
" "	5.29 p.m.
Daily	6.29 p.m.
" "	7.49 p.m.
Daily	8.49 p.m.
" "	10.49 p.m.
Daily	11.49 p.m.

" " — Saturdays, Sundays, Holidays

Westbound

Daily except Sunday	7.21 a.m.
Daily	9.21 a.m.
Daily	11.41 a.m.
Daily	2.01 p.m.
Daily	4.21 p.m.
Daily	6.41 p.m.
Daily	9.01 p.m.
Daily	12.01 a.m.

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C. N. R. Time Table
(Standard Time)

Going East

Passenger	7.15 a.m.
Passenger	9.36 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	10.43 a.m.
Passenger	11.47 a.m.
Passenger	6.33 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	8.05 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	7.24 p.m.

Going West

Passenger and Mail	7.14 a.m.
Passenger	8.55 a.m.
Passenger	2.12 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.01 p.m.
Passenger	7.12 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	10.08 a.m.

Going North

Mail and Passenger	8.55 a.m.

Going South

Mail and Passenger	7.10 p.m.

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DADDIES

I would rather be the daddy
Of a romping laughing crew,
Of a bright-eyed chubby laddie,
And a little girl or two,
Than the monarch of a nation,
In a high and lofty seat,
Taking empty adoration
From the subjects at his feet.

I would rather own their kisses
As at night to me they run,
Than to be the king who misses
All the simpler forms of fun,
When his dreary day is ending,
He as dismally alone,
But when my sun is descending,
There are joys for me to own.

He may ride to horns and drumming,
I must walk a quiet street,
But when once they see me coming,
Then on joyous flying feet
They come racing to me madly,
And I catch them with a swing,
And I say it proudly, gladly,
That I'm happier than a king.

You may talk of lofty places,
You may boast of pomp and power,
Men may turn their eager faces
To the glory of an hour,
But give me the humble station
With its joys that long survive,
For the daddies of a nation
Are the happiest men alive.

—Edgar A. Guest.

The Searching for a Vanishing Pearl

WELL, I shan't take Latin, that is all!" Nora sat back in her seat and held her chin up defiantly.

"Oh," breathed Lola, and her small brown eyes were wide. "wh-what'll you do, Nora? There isn't any choice about it, is there?"

Nora's blue eyes turned on Lola indignantly. "Do you think I'm going to take an old dead language just because the new superintendent wants to teach it? I just guess not! I'll—leave—school first!"

Nora felt suddenly weak. She had not meant to make any such threat, and she hoped that no one would comment on it.

Lola and Helen, however, were all agog with excitment. Nora was sixteen years old, fully a year older than they, and as consequence they had accepted her as their class leader. "Leave school!" they echoed.

Nora nodded firmly.

"But if you did leave school, what would you do?" asked Helen practically.

"Go to Chicago and be a stenographer," said Nora carelessly.

The tinkle of a bell announced the end of recess, and Nora turned to the study of civics; Latin was ended for the day. She had learned that all Gaul was divided into three parts; reading as much as that had not been difficult. For some reason, however, she had been displeased with the beginning of Caesar; the fact that she had studied too little the previous year to be confident of her declensions and conjugations made her uncertain of herself; she felt sure that after three or four weeks of reading she would find herself unable to go on successfully without going back to her first-year book and making a serious study of certain parts of it.

As the civics lesson progressed Nora spent her time trying to figure out just how she had fallen so far behind in first-year Latin. In the beginning she had missed studying two or three nights, and after that she had found that merely keeping up with the day's work kept her extremely busy. While she meditated and almost before she knew it the civics period was over, and she heard the new superintendent saying—

"At the close of the period it is always well to consider what you have learned from the forty minutes' work. Each period should teach some concrete fact that, taken with many other facts, makes a well-rounded knowledge of the subject. It would be wise to write in your notebooks a brief statement of the most salient point of the lesson."

The others immediately opened their notebooks and began writing. Nora alone had nothing to write; for the first time in her school life she realized that her greatest fault was inattention. She knew that she had paid too little heed to the words of the instructor to know even one point about which she could write intelligently in her book. Her face flushed, and she wondered whether he would speak to her. The thought that she could pretend to be writing something passed across her mind, but she cast it aside as unworthy. Again the bell tinkled and the class went into the assembly room to study.

At the noon dismissal Lola and Helen managed to find places next in line to Nora. "You know, if you like it there in Chicago, we're going to leave school and go up too. We all learned enough typewriting and shorthand last year to do the work, and we'd get fifteen or eighteen dollars a week. We were writing notes all study period about it, and we've decided that we can have a wonderful time, the three of us, up there. We'll get a cheap room and cheap board and go out some place every night and to the Art Institute on Sundays, and shopping in the big stores on Saturday afternoons. Oh, won't we have a lovely time, Nora?"

Nora's lips parted and closed. She had supposed that by now they had forgotten her rash statement about leaving school. I'll—I'll have to ask my folks about leaving school," she said—her lips felt unaccountably dry "They won't care," said Lola easily. "Here comes your father now. Ask him right away."

When Nora's father came up even with them, however, she merely gave him her usual greeting. But Lola, who seemed to be bursting with the excitement of the news, exclaimed, "Nora is going to leave school and go to the city to work, Mr. Carpenter!"

Nora hoped that her father would angrily forbid her doing any such thing. Instead he merely bent his head a trifle and regarded her above his glasses. "That so?" he said.

Nora sighed. She remembered the time when she had threatened to run away from home when she was four or five years old. She had no more than made the threat when her father and mother instantly pulled all of her little clothes out of the bureau drawers and packed them neatly into a large valise of her grandfather's. They even packed a tiny luncheon into the lunch box. When she was dressed, ready to go—her heart was beating suffocatingly fast—her father took her to the corner where the street car ran every hour to Aurora and helped her on, giving the conductor a coin. "This little girl is running away from home; give her a ride as far as she wants to go," he had said. Nora had expected her father to jump on the car too, but he had not.' The conductor accepted the coin, nodded carelessly and with a quick double pull on the bell signalled the motorman to continue on his way down through the town of Oswego, up across the high trestle that passed above the railway tracks and the river and on through the river valley and the smaller towns into Aurora. On other occasions Nora had always enjoyed that ride! all too short had it been. But to-day it was different. At the terminal station in Aurora the conductor had asked her whether she wanted to get off there and had offered to lift off her heavy valise. "I—I—d-don't want to get off. I w-w-w-want to go back to Oswego to my mamma and my daddy." she had told him tearfully. Then she watched him take out the coin that her father had given him, waited until he pursed up his lips and figured, with his eyes cast thoughtfully upward. 'I guess I can let you ride back for this," he said slowly.

Nora had never again wanted to run away. Her father and mother were entirely too helpful in the matter!

The following Friday afternoon she found herself inevitably on the train bound for Chicago. It was the four o'clock, as they called it in Oswego; in reality it left at twenty minutes to five, but any train that left within the hour was called by the name of the hour. It was already dark with the autumnal dullness of September afternoons, a dullness that foretells the coming of the long cold winter. Nora was suddenly depressed as she saw her mother and father standing on the platform, waving; none of the younger children had come down to the train. She knew that her mother was going to cry as soon as the train was gone the girl's lips quivered.

The train drew slowly out and soon was rushing along the valley into the town of Montgomery, where it passed beside the desolate-looking little red station for only a few seconds. With a hoot and a shriek it moved on toward Aurora. The night was becoming blacker now; all that she could see were intermittent bits of light that flared out from suburban houses where dinner was being prepared, for the men who would soon come home. Home!

Nora felt a lump in her throat at the thought. How silly she had been to make that rash statement about leaving school! Having once made it, how much more foolish she had been to act upon it and really to go!

The lights were flaring out more often now. The train was rushing through LaGrange, without stopping, and in a short time Nora picked up her hand bag and followed other passengers down the aisle to step into the new Union Station. Her cousin Gladys met her effusively and led the way to the waiting room, where she sat down.

"Aren't we going home?" demanded Nora, who was now almost ready to eat what she termed supper, but what she had been warned to call dinner in the city.

Gladys nodded. "We have to wait though, for the train from Racine. Mother has some company coming, and I'm to meet them while I'm downtown. It will be only half an hour and we can talk while we wait."

Nora was puzzled. Gladys did not seem overjoyed at the prospect of company; nor was she in the highly excited state into which Oswegoites worked themselves when company was coming from a distance. No, Gladys was not at all disturbed.

"Do you have much company?" asked Nora curiously wondering why her cousin was so calm.

"Oh, my, yes! You see, when we left Rockford to go to Kenosha we had made lots of friends, and of course we wrote back to all of them. Then later we moved to Racine, and there was another set of friends. After that we went to Niles for a year, and so now we have four sets of friends who always come to us when they are in the city shopping.

Nora was aghast. "That must make a lot of dishes," she said.

"It does," agreed Gladys. "Marie thought she would go to work in father's office, and she did try it for a while, but there was so much to do at home that she had to stop. You see, there are the two boys and we two girls and mother and father all the time, and so when we have any company the house is pretty full. A maid costs fifteen dollars a week besides her room and board. We don't keep one. We love company you know, just love it, but it does make work. Mother was so glad when you wrote that you were coming. Another pair of hands, you know—"

"The next week Nora spent every day downtown looking for work. There were columns and columns of advertisements in the morning papers, but when she applied there was always some good reason why she was unsuited to the position. Some employers explained that she was too young; some said she lacked experience. The main reason, however, was her lack of education.

Back in Oswego she had found no one who smiled at her because she was a freshman at high school. Here in the city, however, when she said that she had had one year of high school, in which she had completed the commercial course, the person to whom she had applied for work would smile and say that that was less than the requirement. In most places she found that employers wanted a girl with at least some university training, if she were not a university graduate.

"University girls have a certain poise and calm that high school girls have not," one man kindly explained to her. "High school girls are younger and more irresponsible. Every time we change stenographers it costs the firm fifty dollars."

"Fifty dollars!" echoed Nora.

"Yes, just that. We have to acquaint the new one with our particular line of business; the terms we use and our methods of dealing with salesmen and customers; and she has to learn our type of letter writing, which is a bit different from that of other firms. All that is time lost. If we hire wrong one and have to dismiss her we have wasted fifty dollars besides her wages. From what I know of you—from this application,"—he tapped the long sheet that Nora had filled in in her large round handwriting, just as she had filled in numerous other application blanks,—" the best thing you can do is to go back to your home town, finish high school and then take some college work for at least a year or two. If you were my little girl, that's what you'd do!" He spoke firmly; but his smile took away the sharpness of the words. "My girl is eighteen and is in her freshman year at the university. She is taking up commerce and administration work. When she finishes I hope to have her in here with me."

Nora left the office and went over to State Street. Turning in at one of the candy shops, she ordered a cup of bouillon. She was deeply thoughtful as she sipped. Everyone had been uniformly kind to her, but the last employer had summed up the whole trouble in a few words; she needed more education. In a vague way she had supposed that to be a stenographer all a person had to know was shorthand and typewriting. Ah, that was not all; employers were in need of girls who had the well-balanced minds that systematic training gives.

She was suddenly tired. As Gladys had said, the small apartment was in a turmoil every moment of the day. There was company all the time. The telephone was ringing every ten minutes for one of the family or for one of the guests. There were mountains of dishes in the kitchen and those who were not taking the company round the city washed the dishes and straightened the rooms. Thus far there had been something to do every evening. One night there was a church social; another night there was a lecture; and still another there was a concert at which Nora had heard marvellous singers. It had all been cosy and gay, but now Nora was tired. She longed for her quiet little home town, where the loudest noise in the evening was the electric street car rumbling by to the countyseat once an hour. She was tired of the roar of the elevated trains, of the sirens of rushing cars, of the thundering hum of motor trucks that delivered supplies to the outskirts of the city, and tired of the clanging street cars that ran every other minute.

A little girl came in and sat down at the table opposite her. She looked as if she were about twelve or thirteen years old. The thick braid of hair hanging down her back and the books she carried with her music roll proclaimed her a schoolgirl downtown for her music lesson. Nora looked at the top book; the title was—First Year Latin.

A lump came into Nora's throat. She suddenly felt old, much older than the child opposite. The other girl had pushed aside the Latin book and was opening a black book with ruled lines; she was working on a harmony lesson, and she ordered a soda absently. With quick determination Nora rose and went into the adjacent telephone booth. "Aunt Dora," she said a moment later into the mouthpiece, "I'm going back home. There's a train out at four-thirty. Will you ask Gladys to send my bag home parcel post? I have to hurry and get there before to-morrow. I've decided to study Latin and I don't want to lose any more time than I can help."

Her astonished aunt conveyed the message to Gladys a few minutes later. "I don't know just what she meant," she said, "but she mentioned something about studying Latin; for some reason or other she was in great haste. I think we'll have French-fried potatoes, so long as we are to have company for dinner."

ERIN

Mr. and Mrs. W. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Hull and son Charles, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. H. Frankum at Harrison.

Rev. Grant who has been chosen as pastor of Burns' Church, Erin and the Ospringe Church, occupied the pulpits last Sunday, Rev. Grant and Mrs. Grant will move into the Manse in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Gray and two sons, of New Hamburg; Mr. and Mrs. Basil Johnson and daughter and son, of Acton spent Sunday with their parents Mr. and Mrs. W. Y. Gray of Erin, in honor of their father's 71st birthday, wishing him many returns and bestowing gifts.

Dr. Abbott, Mrs. Abbott, Mrs. McKinnon, Mrs. McKechnie and Mr. W. A. Ramsebottom attended the funeral of the late John Collins, at Kitchener on Tuesday. Deceased was 79 years of age and passed away at Linwood, Ont. He is survived by his wife, Sarah McKechnie and one son, of Linwood.

A census of the traffic was taken last week on the Guelph road and Seventh Line. The work being done at the corner of these roads. We trust the figues will prove the fact that the time is over due, when the Department of Highways should take these roads over, and in the near future construct concrete or asphalt theron. According to these figures, the traffic is quite heavy, especially on the Guelph road.—Advocate.

MILTON

Miss Jean Heale of Brandon, Man., is visiting her uncle J. B. Scott and her cousins Mesdames McDuffee, MacNabb and Maude and Miss Laura Scott.

Misses Marion B. Aikens, Bessie Cox, Ivy Jempson, Georgina Storey and Pearl Smith, all of Milton, have passed their Normal School exams. and are now qualified teachers. We extend congratulations.

Plans have been prepared by George T. Evans, architect, Hamilton, for alteration to St. Paul's United Church school room.

M. F. Panton, formerly manager of the Milton branch of the Bank of Toronto, has severed his connection with the Bank and is now president of Milton Oil Refineries, Ltd.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. MacVannel have returned to their home in Burlington, after spending a pleasant vacation at Picton, their former home, and other points in Eastern Ontario.

The fourth annual reunion of the Brown and Cowan families will be held in Milton next year, the newly-elected officers being as follows;—President, Mrs. W. Cowan, Milton; Secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Albert Cowan, Dundas; Sports Committee, Jack Cowan, of Toronto, and Geo. Cowan, Mount Forest.

Before leaving for Bolton to celebrate the Glorious Twelfth on Saturday last Milton L.O.L., No. 2385, headed by Acton Band, marched to Victoria Park where, after a brief ceremony, bouquets of orange lilies were placed around the soldiers monument. Dr. R. K. Anderson, of Milton, was one of the prominent speakers at the celebration, which was largely attended. —Champion.

DOES A MAN SETTLE UP OR DOWN

When the man reaches that stage in his existence where the urge for "home" dominates his thoughts he is suffering the first stages of the settling down process. He begins planning a house and all that goes with it, and realizes that before he can settle down and become a Solid Citizen he must "settle up."

Now this "settling up" business should be indulged in at regular intervals by most of us. There's always some little account that if not paid promptly when notice is sent, will be allowed to stand indefinitely. One of the most unfortunate in this respect is the subscription to the newspaper. The amount is small and comes due but once a year; so it is easily forgotten. But when a thousand or two subscribers "forget," the publisher is in a bad way and immediately has to put on pressure to collect his accounts.

There is one way to keeping "Settled up" with your newspaper, watch the label every week. After your name the date on which your subscription expires is printed plainly. Make sure of it now. "Look at the Label."

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