

The Georgetown Herald

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J. M. MOORE, Publisher
Phone 5
Georgetown

A Slight Profit

By HOWARD W. MARSHNER
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WNU Service

"BUT bones," somebody feisted my airloom watch about ten minutes ago."
Sergeant O'Leary of the precinct station grinned down at the slight bony frame of Soapy O'Shay.
"That's a laugh. New York's slickest pickpocket losing his own watch?" He paused. "Soapy, we know all about you. You're Municipal Enemy Number Sixty-three. And the whole force will start working on you when we get the other sixty-two. Now, you're a smart boy, aren't you?"
"Even a copper has to admit it."
"Well, if you're really smart, you'll get out of New York City in a hurry like Johnnie Easter did."
"Cold water," Soapy scoffed at the mention of his old rival in the professional clock-lifting business. "Why, Johnnie's jest an amateur compared to me. Besides, he ain't got no caste. He was a bootlegger an' a popgun man durin' the dark ages. He ain't a real feistman. He runs wild a mob because he's afraid to work alone like me."
"That's true."
Soapy smiled. "Now, Sarge, I'll tell you something. You guys think Johnnie Easter's elsewhere. But he ain't. It was Johnnie Easter who done the feist job on my airloom watch. How's them for apples?"
"Nuts," O'Leary grunted.
Three days later Soapy was ambling along Eighth avenue in the upper forties near Madison Square Garden. His eyes ached from wind-blown dust, and his watch pocket was yawningly empty. For it was indeed a rare occasion when he didn't have somebody's ticker or bill-fold secreted in his ill-fitting clothing.

Just a block away from the Garden, Soapy sighted him. Johnnie Easter's hard seamy face was almost totally hidden by a dirty pulled down hat and a turned up collar. Soapy leaped into a doorway as Johnnie strode past scarcely an arm's length away.
Soapy slipped out of the doorway and fell in line behind his quarry.
At Forty-fourth, Johnnie stopped and stood on the corner. Not being willing to tempt fate, Soapy also dropped anchor a short distance away.
A scrawny, pallid creature pulled up to Johnnie Easter and Soapy moved a few feet closer.
"Got the time Buddy?" the newcomer asked.
Soapy watched. After a cautious glance around, during which Soapy did a split second about face, Johnnie deftly reached into his pocket, and drew out—
Soapy's heirloom watch!

In a daring disregard for his own safety Soapy leaped forward.
"That's mine," he screamed. Trained fingers snatched, held on, whirled around and was off!
"Get 'im, Joe," Johnnie screamed. "Stop thief."
Sergeant O'Leary looked down at the slight form of Soapy O'Shay, his head bruised, but unbowed.
"We got you, Soapy," O'Leary pointed to the insipid looking man who had encountered Johnnie Easter on Eighth avenue and Forty-fourth. "He's told us enough to send you up for ten years."
"At's my watch," Soapy protested.

"Eet ees my property."
"Sure it's yours," O'Leary agreed. "We want to thank you for chasing this pickpocket right into our arms. You know, I've never seen one of these old fashioned watches that are wound by a key. Mind if I look at it?"
"Eef you don't mind, I am een a hurry."
Something snapped in Soapy's brain. His hand jerked out and grabbed the heirloom watch. Two policemen grabbed him, but Soapy O'Shay when enraged was not to be denied. His fist shot out again and crackled pleasantly against his accuser's chin. Both fell in a heap as the weight of the law descended upon them.

Sergeant O'Leary stared at the ruins of Soapy's watch on the floor.
"Just a minute, boys, just a minute!"
All eyes looked at the floor. There, bent beyond repair was the case of the watch. Scattered around it were a half dozen little lead-foiled pellets.
"Dope!" O'Leary cried. "Dope, carried in old watch cases. We've got the Eighth avenue dope ring."
"Yeah," Soapy growled. "You might ask this 'dope' if he's seen Johnnie Easter lately, too."
O'Leary whistled. "So that's how it is, hey?"
"Do I get my airloom watch back?" Soapy demanded hopefully.
O'Leary looked around. "Scram, Mug. I could still coop you for stealing a watch on Eighth avenue, couldn't I?"
Soapy shrugged his shoulders. "It makes no dif," he said to no one in particular. Then, to himself: "I heisted this guy's ticker durin' the ruckus, so I guess I make a little profit, at that."

Save the Expense
Crabshaw—If I find I have to stay away more than one night I will send you a telegram.
Mrs. Crabshaw—Never mind. I've read it already—I found it in your coat pocket. — Pathfinder Magazine.

They were entertaining friends in their new home. Suddenly one of the guests sat up and listened.
"Surely you are not troubled by mice already?" she said.
"That's not mice," replied the householder. "That's the people next door eating colery."

LIFE'S AUTUMN
I'm as young, or even younger, than I ever was before.
But the boys about my age are getting grey.
Though of energy and spirit I have still abundant store,
Yet the boys about my age are getting grey.
I have had my share of childish care and some of manhood's woe,
But I feel as glad I'm living as does anyone I know.
All my life is still ahead of me, ambition tide at flow,
But the boys about my age are getting grey.

In my heart the songs of childhood ring as sweet as ere they rang,
But the boys about my age are getting grey.
I'm as lively as a two-year-old and feel life's old-time tang,
But the boys about my age are getting grey.
I have wasted precious hours, yet, I am like to waste them yet,
I have caused, and still am causing, those who love me best to fret,
I am counting futures only, and the profits life shall net,
But the boys about my age are getting grey.

I am forced to the conclusion, though it fills my heart with pain,
For the boys about my age are getting grey.
That my boyhood days are over, and my life the wane,
For the boys about my age are getting grey.
Let my mirror tell its story, crowfeet, spectacles and all,
Then with wet eyes I acknowledge that my youth is past recall,
I have had my spring and summer, I must face the frosts of fall,
For the boys about my age are getting grey.

THIS IS SUCCESS
This is success: to live from year to year
Not asking always sunny skies and clear,
But wise enough to know and understand
Life never runs exactly as we've planned;
Seeking the best, but when the worst is met
Taking the blow without too much regret.
This is success: with all to play the friend,
Willing to give and glad at times to lend
Laughing and singing whensoever you may
But walking bravely, through the rainy day,
Giving your best throughout the passing years
Neither deceived by flattery nor by sneers.
This is success: the love of friends to win
To taste no pleasure that may lead to sin,
To take no profits from the hand of shame,
But by a fair fight win or lose the game;
To get from life such triumphs as bring fame,
But still through good or ill to play the game.

Save the Expense
Crabshaw—If I find I have to stay away more than one night I will send you a telegram.
Mrs. Crabshaw—Never mind. I've read it already—I found it in your coat pocket. — Pathfinder Magazine.

Canadian Mothercraft Society

The whole of the British Commonwealth of Nations to-day is concerned over national health. In each country of the Empire there is a Mothercraft Society. The health of our mothers and babies is the future national health of Canada and every other country. The interest of the people must be awakened in maternal and child care in our Dominion.
Speaking from the standpoint of the farmer—and what a large proportion of Canadians started life on a farm—in raising a good flock or herd, it is to the mothers and their young that special attention is given. There is little cause for worry if care, exercise, fresh air and proper nourishment are given to the mother, and later to their young. A sheep's care of the ewes of the flock previous to lambing is interesting. They must not be disturbed or harshly treated in any way, and the right food must be given them. The farmer knows, too, that unless the parent's body is nourished, the condition of the young will never be as satisfactory and no later care will make up for the lack of pre-natal care. Cattle fed on the right rations, and gently and firmly handled are generally good-tempered, but a badly fed, badly managed animal is usually a bad-tempered one as well.

When young animals are fed on their own mother's milk, even the skin has a different texture, provided, of course, that the mother has been properly fed. The importance of this for stock is generally recognized among farmers, but how sadly different is it where human mothers and babies are concerned. How many babies are naturally fed and the mothers given full pre-natal care and teaching?

Canada should produce the strongest and most virile race in the British Empire, but so long as our maternal death rate and morbidity remain so high, the whole race must be lower in health than it should be. Dairy farm products play a big part in the health of a nation. Nature has richly endowed the largest portion of Canada, and her people should use wisely and well her products. Research men, who are keenly alive to the needs of the human race, are continually telling us of the value of foods—foods containing minerals, vitamins, such as milk, butter, cheese, eggs, fresh fruit and fresh vegetables, fish and natural gruels. It is well known now among farmers, that the soil must contain minerals and be properly nourished.

The Mothercraft Training Centre is, to the people, the equivalent of the agricultural college to the farmer.
"Mothercraft Society"—this name is becoming increasingly familiar. More and more enquiries are made regarding the methods and aims of the organization, which declares Mothercraft babies are healthy, happy babies. The following is a brief outline of the practical side of the Mothercraft Society work in Toronto.

The education of parents in all matters pertaining to the health and training of their children, and especially to promote the breast-feeding of their infants, is the aim of the Mothercraft Society.
This education is carried on in three ways:
1. By the District nurses giving advice to the mothers in their homes, and at the Advice Rooms, 112 College Street.
2. By the Supervisor and the nurses at the Mothercraft Centre, 84 Wellesley Street.
3. By the Well Baby nurses working in the homes, giving Mothercraft care to the babies, and help to the mothers.

The attendance at the Advice Rooms consists of:
A. The expectant mother.
B. The mother with her young baby.
C. The mother with her toddler or pre-school child.
No mother is permitted to come to the Advice Rooms without first procuring her Doctor's consent.
As the health of the baby commences nine months before he is born, the expectant mother should begin her education at that period. One young expectant mother on her first visit to the Advice Rooms said: "I have graduated from High School and University and thought I knew everything, but now I find I have so much to learn about myself and the baby that is coming."
The teaching and advice given the expectant mother is given by nurses specially qualified in ante-natal care. Instructions in breast feeding, and in the feeding and care of artificially fed babies is given to every mother seeking advice. Special attention is given to the re-establishment of breast milk. Many mothers who have attended the Advice Rooms have been able to carry on the nursing period when otherwise they would have become discouraged and given up. The parents are taught to realize that although their breast-fed baby is perhaps not as fat as their neighbour's artificially fed one, yet the mother is giving her baby his natural food, which is the only perfect food for him.

The toddlers and pre-school children have a special room for themselves, furnished with children's furniture and all sorts of interesting playthings so dear to their hearts.

Mothers bring the children for advice in regard to maintaining good health, habits of proper nutrition, rest and fresh air, and many other problems pertaining to the pre-school child.
At the Mothercraft Centre, mothers and babies are admitted for the re-establishment of breast milk and the regulating of breast feeding, the training of the baby and the education of the young mother.

Artificially fed babies, who are digestively upset and need special feeding and handling, are admitted and when they are settled, the mother comes each day for teaching in caring for her baby. Under-nourished children and children needing special training up to two years are also admitted.

The Mothercraft Centre is the training school for Mothercraft work in Canada. Graduate nurses take a six months' course, and are qualified to teach Mothercraft. Girls without any previous nursing experience receive a sixteen months' training. These nurses are known as Well Baby nurses, and fill an important link in Mothercraft work. They are trained primarily for mothers with babies, who are alive to the value of breast feeding and are following Mothercraft advice. There is a constant demand for these nurses from many parts of Canada.

Talks and demonstrations of bathing and caring for baby are given to different interested groups of girls and women by the Supervisors at the Mothercraft Centre.
In closing, may we add we co-operate with the family doctor.
—This material supplied by Publicity Dept., Canadian Mothercraft Society.

Now follows a better way to prepare for the morrow:
All of us are always going to do better tomorrow, and we would, too if only we started today.

Your Eyes

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The Georgetown Herald

J. M. MOORE
Publisher and Proprietor
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C.N.R. Time Table

Effective Sept. 20th (Standard Time)

Going East	
Passenger	7.10 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	10.05 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.40 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.17 p.m.
Passengers, Sundays only	7.31 p.m.
Going West	
Passenger and Mail	8.34 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	2.24 p.m.
Passenger	6.23 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	11.18 p.m.
Going North	
Mail and Passenger	8.45 a.m.
Going South	
Mail and Passenger	6.52 p.m.

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