

Human Interest

By RAY FOLEY
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

AN INSPIRATION came to the city editor. He snapped his fingers triumphantly and swept his glance over the busy editorial rooms. His searching gaze lighted on Joe Ryan, dozing at a corner desk.

"Ryan!"
The fellow heaved Joe to his feet. "Coming, chief!"
"Listen, lug," the editor said when his reporter had perched himself upon a corner of his desk. "I'm sick and tired of dishing out the same old sawdust of politics, murder, breach-of-promise actions, and press-agent blurbs. I want something real for a change, something close to the soil. A story that will touch the heart of every reader! A simple little tale of defeat or triumph that will get the same reaction from a banker or a bum. Do you follow me?"

Joe scratched his head.
"Sure. But where will I get it?"
The editor buried his face in his hands and groaned.

"Where will I get it?" he asks me! A million living, breathing people within a radius of a few miles and he asks me "Where will I get it?"

He drew a tremendous breath and bared his teeth but when he opened his eyes to deliver his withering blast Joe was wisely among the missing.

Five minutes later Joe Ryan sat within a roaring elevated train.

"The guy's got a screw loose," he muttered. "Something close to the soil" he tells me—and there ain't enough soil in this city to grow a geranium."

He bent a skeptical eye on the stream of people drifting below. "As alike as a basket of string-beans. All doing their usual jobs in the usual way; living, marrying, having children, celebrating anniversaries—Whoo-ee-ee!"

He broke off his sullen musings with a startled whistle. His wandering scrutiny had encountered a long, ragged column of shuffling, beaten men that straggled the length of a cheerless street.

"A bread-line!"
In the depressing parade of hungry outcasts must be vivid tales of men who had cast dice with the gods and lost. There was a lead for the opening sentence—"The dice of the gods are loaded." No, too hackneyed! "He was asking for bread, this man who

With mind busily stringing words together that would grip the reader's attention, Joe hurried off the train.

It was a different Joe Ryan who faced his editor shortly afterward. "Just take a look at my peepers!" he commanded.

The editor lit a foul corn-cob and sneered. "To blazes with your peepers. Did you get the story?"

"I found a bread-line."
"Great!"
"See you! I had visions of enough human interest stories to last a year. And what did I get? Take a look at these eyes!"

The editor repeated his opinion of Joe's swelling blue-black eyes and the reporter burst forth again: "I joined the line myself as though I were as broke as the rest of them."

"A perfect disguise."
"You're telling me. When I finally got my mug of coffee and vulcanized sandwich I spotted a group of four fellows sitting together. In a tactful way I seated myself near them and although they weren't very talkative I managed to get something out of them."
"Well!"

"One of the fellows was a short, fat Frenchman who said he used to be a cook for a millionaire stock speculator. The millionaire went broke and as the demand for fancy French cooking had vanished he hit the toboggan slide. The second fellow was a lanky Englishman who 'informed' me that he was formerly the butler for the same millionaire. The third guy, a husky Irishman, claimed that he had been the millionaire's chauffeur."

"They were kidding you!"
"Don't I know it? When I got around to the fourth geezer who was kind of short and slim and weary-looking, I said: 'I suppose you're the millionaire these birds used to work for.' And with that the big Irishman ups and bangs me twice, once in each eye."

"Serves you right. You ought to know that a man loses his sense of humor when he stops eating regularly."

"I know it now. But what about the little bunch of violets for your box-on-page-one?"

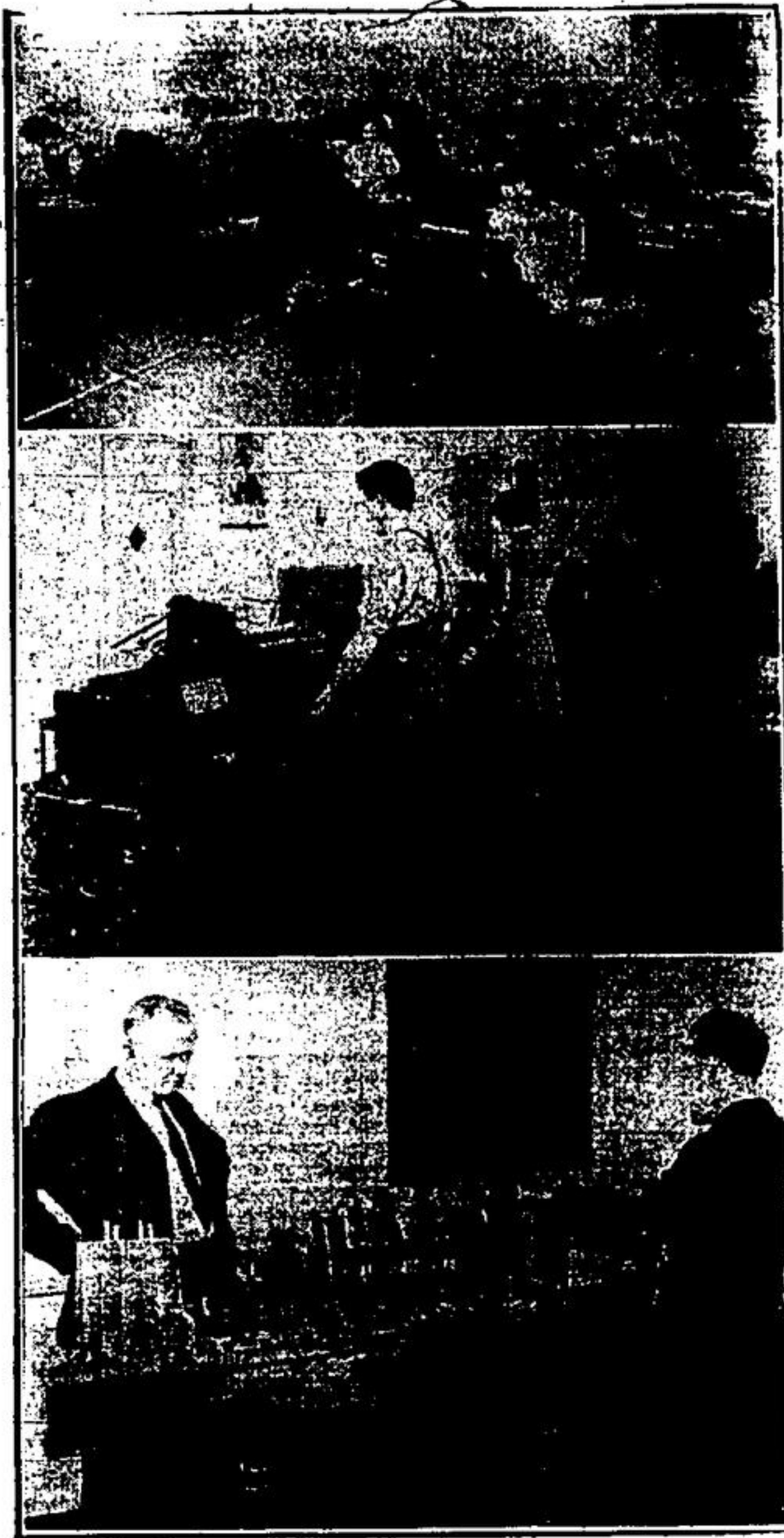
"Well, let it go. I've got another idea. It's red hot. Listen—"

On a bench in the center of a small, bleak park sat four men. The short, slim, weary-looking one was speaking to the tall Irishman. "You should not have lost your temper, Riley. If a policeman had appeared we might all have been arrested. It would have been most humiliating for me if I had been recognized by some reporter at the police station."

The Irishman gestured vaguely with his hand.

"I'm sorry, sir," he answered.

War Savings Certificates Pour Out



War Savings Certificates become a mechanical operation in the Bank of Canada offices, in Ottawa, after the details of each operation have been punched on cards by the operators shown in the upper view. Centre view shows the machinery which sorts the cards by denomination, produces the certificate and affixes seal and signatures. Lower view shows an inserting and mailing machine, capable of inserting four different pieces of mail and sealing envelopes at the rate of 3,500 an hour. Standing at the left is L. A. Williams, designer and producer of the

Boxes Dispatched to Soldiers Last Week

The members of the Georgetown Soldiers' Comforts Committee wish to thank all those who so kindly sent in donations, in money, or kind, for the boxes which were sent away last week.

Seventeen boxes were dispatched, each containing: 1 pair socks, tin cocoa, tea bags, sardines, canned milk, cigarettes, tobacco, cigarette papers, home-made fruit cake, 2 chocolate bars, soap and wash cloth, chewing gum, lump sugar.

The following extracts, from cards received by the Secretary, thanking the Committee for their gift of cigarettes, speak for themselves, and encourage everyone in this worth while task of letting the boys who are giving up so much for us, realize that their fellow-citizens are thinking about them.

"Many thanks for cigarettes, a surprise indeed, but what a pleasant one—also came at a time when most needed. Thank you for your kind thoughtfulness."

"Received package today in good shape. Thanks ever so much. We sure appreciate them."
"Received the cigarettes and sure was glad to get them. Thanks a mil-

lion for them. A soldier would rather have cigarettes than money, or anything in this country."

I received the cigarettes you so kindly sent me and I want to thank you very much. As cigarettes are rather hard to get we appreciate them very much indeed."

"I wish to thank you, and through you, the Committee, for the most welcome parcel of cigarettes. There is nothing like a good Canadian tag. I would like to say on behalf of the Georgetown and Norval boys that we think it swell of you at home to be thinking of us, and sending along such luxuries as Canadian tags."

We should be grateful if anyone having the names, regimental numbers and addresses of local boys overseas would send, or telephone them, to the Secretary of the Georgetown Soldiers' Comforts Committee, Glen Williams, Ontario. Telephone: Georgetown 295.

There is no other tobacco JUST LIKE OLD CHUM

Regarding Enlisted Men

In order to enable this paper to prepare a complete and accurate list of the men from Georgetown and district who have enlisted with the C.A.S.F., the publisher requests the relatives of members of the Canadian fighting forces in England, and those in training in Canada, to fill in the following form and return it to this office:

Name in full (Print Surname First)

Rank

Unit

Place and date of enlistment

Birthplace and age

Names and address of parents or next of kin

Other particulars

REMINISCENCES OF GEORGETOWN

We continue from our last issue the Reminiscences of Georgetown by C. W. Young, a native son:—

ROUND-ABOUT JOURNEYS

Talking of early railway travelling, my father used to go to New York occasionally and at first it was necessary to drive from Georgetown to Oakville, take a steamboat there for Rochester, and then a series of short railways to Albany, each owned by a different individual or company, and a transfer at the end of each. The rails were straps of iron nailed to maple stringers, and it was not unusual for one of these straps to come unfastened and force its way through the floor of a coach. These were called snakeheads, and often while killed or injured the passengers.

At Albany passengers took the Hudson River steamers, which were then as now marvels of marine architecture. The cars were small affairs, after the model of the horse-drawn vehicles known as One-breed coaches. Another round-about journey was to London to the Provincial Exhibition. We drove down the plank road to Oakville, took a steamboat to Hamilton, and the Great Western to London. The Grand Trunk was not open. It was a long way round, but we were great travellers when we got back. My father used to exhibit at the Provincial Exhibitions—hogs mostly—and always a prize taker until a big sow broke his leg when being loaded into a wagon for Toronto, and that was the last of it. The breed he favored was locally known as McKinleys—and they were probably Berkshires—and one mammoth weighed 1200 lbs. Big fat pork was more in fashion than now-a-days.

THE BARBERS

Early settlers of Georgetown were the Barber Bros.—William, James, Joseph and Robert—who operated a woollen mill at Streetsville, where lived Robert Barber and Mr. Franklin, a brother-in-law; also a woollen mill at Georgetown and a paper mill at the Credit main stream, now owned by Provincial Paper Co. They were the largest employers of labour in that part of the country.

James Barber learned the trade of paper making in Flamborough, and when he came to Georgetown made paper by hand. It is a long jump from that little old mill with its crude appliances, to the perfectly-equipped factory that now occupies the old site.

WALLPAPER AND ENVELOPES

As an adjunct to the paper mill a wallpaper factory and an envelope factory were established in Georgetown in the early sixties, the old woollen mill buildings being used for the purpose. The equipment was all brought from the United States, and was quite crude at first, but was considerably added to and improved as time went on. The wallpaper factory was under the management of a New England Yankee, a Mr. Shaw from the Hoyalake region, and the envelope factory was managed by two brothers named Fred and E. C. White from New York City. They brought quite a number of workmen with them, who formed a welcome addition to the population of the little village. Ebenezer White had a fine baritone voice and sang me his influence felt in a musical way.

THE GEORGETOWN ACADEMY

About this time, perhaps earlier, was built the Georgetown Academy, for which a site was chopped out of the woods north of the Grand Trunk station. It was a large brick building and was on quite a pretentious scale for those early days. I do not recall the names of any of the staff, but the academy was well equipped in that direction. At first the attendance was encouraging and the boarding department was full, but the life of the institution was short. It was closed within my memory and was occupied as a residence by Mr. Hope, a brother-in-law of James Barber.

One of the leading institutions of learning was the Rockwood Academy, conducted by Mr. Weatherald, which enjoyed a considerable vogue, and was noted for its strict discipline and good teaching.

Another good school was conducted by Dr. Tassie at Galt, which was on the English model, and from which were graduated many men who occupied the most prominent positions in the Province.

OTHER GEORGETOWN SCHOOLS

A private school, principally to prepare pupils for the universities, was conducted in Georgetown by Rev. J. G. D. MacKenzie, rector of the Church of England. Mr. MacKenzie removed his school to Hamilton, and was afterwards Inspector of High Schools for Ontario. He died in Stratford.

Rev. Charles Dade, who had been the first Mathematics Master at Upper Canada College, Toronto, lived on the road between Georgetown and Stewarston, and also conducted a private school for preparing university pupils. The writer of these notes had the privilege of his instruction. A Cambridge scholar he was a ripe scholar, who taught boys a great many things that were not in the text books, and insisted on their memorizing gems of the classics, which even yet are a delight to recall.

The hours of school were from nine to two, and on Saturdays from nine to eleven. On Saturdays he used to write a dozen questions on the blackboard in arithmetic or Euclid or algebra, and the boy who was clever enough to do them correctly and speedily could skip as soon as he completed his written answers, and be rewarded with a York Shilling (12½ cents) which was a good deal more money in those times than now.

Mr. Dade had a rare faculty of clothing with flesh the dry bones of history, and making human entities of the names we read of in the classics. When we were reading Caesar's Commentaries, he had us construct in miniature a bridge across the Rhone from the specifications of the illustrious Roman general, and if we did not rebuild the wooden house from Virgil's Aeneid and fashion a derrick with which Ulysses bored out the blind eye of the Cyclops, we used to talk about doing so and draw pic-



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Serve by saving

Buy WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES every month

ONTARIO BUSINESS SUMMARY

Following is the Ontario Business Summary issued by the Bank of Montreal from information received from its branches during the month of June:

Retail sales continue above those of last year despite spottiness evident in May as a result of adverse weather conditions. Wholesale business remains steady and in satisfactory volume. Collections are fair to good. Many industries have been awarded important contracts for war supplies during the past month and manufacturers are urged to speed deliveries. Automobile factories are operating at higher levels on war orders and aircraft manufacturers are steadily expanding operations. Machine tool and tap and die industries are close to peak production. Activity of agricultural implement plants and the heavy iron and steel industries continues at double the rate of a year ago. Automobile tire and rubber footwear manufacturers report increased business over the previous month. Furniture factories are only moderately active. The slackening in demand noted by tanners in April has been accentuated and shoe manufacturers, apart from those engaged on army orders, are mostly on reduced schedules. Newspaper production rose markedly during May. Textile, woolen, hosiery and knitting mills generally, aided by war orders, are fully engaged. Sales of paint substantially exceed those of last year. Gold production for April totalled 255,712 ounces (\$8,949,920 U.S.) as compared with 245,999 ounces (\$8,599,465 U.S.) in April, 1939.

Mr. Dade had a habit of writing little bits of poetry for the edification of his pupils, which were often more effective than punishment would have been. Here are a couple of specimens that I remember:

For a lazy boy:
"He eats and plays and sleeps, what then?"
"He eats and plays and sleeps again."

Remember, boy, in its proper place Always to put your nominative case; And when two words are nearly alike, Upon the right one be sure to strike."

But the school to which memory Maled's as it was familiarly known, a kind of kindergarten where most of the young people of both sexes received their first instruction. The school was situated on Main Street, nearly opposite the old Congregational Church (Barber's church) as it was called, and was kept by a maiden lady, Miss McMaster. Her relatives were well-known wholesale merchants in Toronto, and would willingly have kept her, but she had a sturdy independence which would accept no favors. As I remember there were long desks, at which as many as possible found seats, the others sitting where they could. The discipline was better than could be expected, and while the old lady passed for a tartar, she had a really kind heart, and within her limits was a good teacher.

Then there was the Public School—an old frame building with the classroom in a basement half underground and above it a town hall and mechanics' institute library. This building was on Guelph Street and has no doubt vanished long since. The teacher I remember best was a Mr. Breckenridge, a Scotchman, a rigid disciplinarian and a musical enthusiast, always giving a good deal of time to chorus singing.

About this time a junior department was opened upstairs of which the teacher was a Miss Fanny Wright, a very pretty girl, with whom all the boys fancied themselves in love. She used to go by the name of "eighty-eight," figure eights being embroidered around the bottom of her skirt. (Continued next week)

A policeman came to the rescue. "It's all right," he assured her. "When you see the red light, that red's for England, so don't go. But when you see the green that's for Ireland. You can cross then, and not a thing will touch you."

She crossed on the green light, then waited till it was green again and came back to thank the policeman. "It was very kind of you to explain it so nicely," she said. "But glory be, you don't give much time for the Orangemen to get across."

RIGHT CHURCH — WRONG FEW

A passenger train entered Canada over the International Bridge at Fort Erie. When the customs officer entered the car, a lady sat in the end seat, with a handbag beside her, and a wicker hamper in the long parcel rack above the window. He asked the routine question, "Anything dutiable, lady?" and shaking her head negatively sidewise, she replied "no, nothing!"

Passing on up the aisle to question other passengers, he happened to glance back and saw something dripping from the hamper in the parcel rack. Suspiciously he stepped back to the lady and queried: "I thought you told me you hadn't anything dutiable?" To which she replied: "Neither I have."

The officer thereupon reached out, caught some of the drops on the palm of his hand, touched the tip of his tongue to it, and with an eager expression on his face expressive of catching a law-breaker in the act, suggested: "Aha, pickles, eh?"

Triumphantly she replied: "No—puppies!"