

THE COURIER

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Wednesday, July 23, 1913

AN APPOINTMENT

Mr. J. P. Jaffray, editor of the Galt Reporter, has accepted the position of immigrant agent in the States, with headquarters at Philadelphia. He is a hustler, and will make a thoroughly capable man for the position.

His disappearance from the active ranks of journalism recalls some early incidents in the newspaper world of Brantford. In 1878, and prior to that, there were three papers in this city—the Courier, the Expositor and the Telegram—and Mr. Jaffray in the year named became editor of the latter. He was the wielder of a caustic pen, and promptly dubbed this great family journal "The Daily Ancient." Now things, from a monetary standpoint, were not any too rosy for Jaffray's journal. In fact, to tell an incident whose relation will not hurt at this distance of time, the Telegram employees were generally ahead two weeks before their pay caught up with them. Accordingly, for a come-back, there was a gentle reference to the Telegram as "The Daily Hardup."

The ink was hardly dry on that day's issue when "Jim" was around in a jiffy to point out that the nickname would hurt the credit of the Jaffray boys—there were three of them in the enterprise. After a conference it was decided to drop the "Hardup" term if he would tear himself loose from the other one, and thus ended that chapter. For years there was a keen and an expensive struggle between the Courier and the Telegram for first place on the Conservative side, and once this paper actually had the bills on the press for a sheriff's sale of its rival, when some local men stepped forward and saved the crash. For some years more the Telegram remained in existence, and was finally disposed of to a firm called Miller & Bangs, who threw up the sponge after losing many thousands of dollars. Meanwhile Mr. Jaffray went to Chicago and established the "Canadian-American," but later returned to Canada, and in 1896 assumed the position which he now relinquishes. It would be too long a story to recall all the vicissitudes of the Brantford newspaper world, but a brief reference may not be out of place.

The first paper here was the "Sentinel," established in 1832. It lasted two years, and on December 5th, 1834, was purchased by Mr. Thomas Lemmon, who changed its title to "The Courier, and Grand River General and Commercial Advertiser." His son, Mr. Thomas Lemmon, soon after became the proprietor, and remained so for the best part of half a century. In 1840 "The Herald" was started. In 1861 the funeral notice was issued, mainly because the subscription list had dwindled to fourteen. Prior to that event a Mr. Steele had established a Reform sheet called "The Tribune." It had a short career, owing to the untimely death of its proprietor.

Our cotem. up street was started in 1852 by Mr. Henry Racey, then clerk of the Division Court. It was on the Tory side when born, and was launched with deep, dark, and dark designs upon the life-blood of the Courier. Its title was that of "The Conservative Expositor," and, not succeeding in its design, the prefix "Conservative" was dropped, and it shortly was turned into a Grit sheet.

In 1872 "The Union," another Tory publication, was launched, and it was at one time owned by the late Mr. G. R. Van Norman. Later it was turned into "The Telegram," whose fate has been already recorded.

The strangest chapters in the annals of the local press are that of the "Snapping Turtle," which had a brief career because it failed to snap up enough of the wherewithal, and turned turtle, in fact as well as in name; and of the Daily News, founded by Mr. Kerby, brother of Mr. Kerby of the Kerby House. In a few months it fell into the hands of a man who used to hunt up private records, get the stuff put in type and then show a proof to his intended victim, with a gentle hint that a sum of money would keep the article out. He did that once too often, and one Brantfordite whom he thus tried to blackmail did things to him which made his bed a haven of rest for several weeks. Finally it was discovered that he had two wives, and he precipitately withdrew from the city, leaving a large and varied assortment of creditors, who went into deep mourning, not, be it remarked, for the loss of him, but of their cash.

And these reminiscences recalled by Mr. Jaffray's appointment lead to the remineration that of his day here only three local newspaper men are still banging away at the job—Mr. George

Crooks and Mr. Charles Griferson, of the mechanical departments of the Courier and Expositor, and the editor of this sheet.

Meanwhile, hearty congratulations to you, "Jim."

HE DIDN'T VOTE

In the North Grey bye-election contest Rev. Dr. Daniels of the First Methodist Church, Owen Sound, failed to cast his ballot.

Whether he voted, or whether he didn't, was, of course, his own business, but the Toronto Globe didn't think so, and went after him for staying away from the polls. In reply he says in part:

I abstained from voting at Monday's election for the same reason that I abstained at the last election, and every other Parliamentary election in Ontario since I entered the ministry. For many years I have entertained the opinion that ministers of the Gospel ought not to be mixed up in politics. Acting upon this principle, I have rigidly abstained from voting in Provincial elections (so far as I am now able to recall) for nearly thirty years of ministerial life in Ontario. I think I may say this also applies to Dominion elections. Of course I have always felt free to exercise my franchise in municipal contests, as party lines are always obliterated there. For twenty-five years I have refused to sit on the platform at political meetings, though often courteously invited to do so. My policy has always been to occupy neutral ground in the political arena. My judgment in this matter may be open to question; but no one, I am sure, would impeach my sincerity. In no sense should my abstention from voting be taken as an indication either of apathy or indirect hostility. I have never changed my political or temperance principles one iota. I deeply regret that my motives have been so strangely misconstrued."

The Globe, during the course of an editorial, takes issue with the view that ministers in the matter of voting should keep out of party fights. Maybe those of them should who get as keen in attacks upon each other as the reverend editor of the Globe and the reverend editor of the Christian Guardian have recently been.

Laid at Rest

The Late Mrs. Wylie

The funeral of the late Mrs. Christina Wylie, widow of the late Hugh Wylie, took place yesterday afternoon from her late residence, 28 Mary street, to Greenwood cemetery. Many friends attended to pay their last respects.

The late Mrs. Wylie has been a resident of Brant Co. since 1873, and was a member of Zion Presbyterian church. She was always a willing helper in all Christian work, although of a retiring disposition. In the absence of Rev. G. A. Woodside, the deceased's pastor, Rev. D. T. McClintock of Alexandra Presbyterian church, conducted the services at the house and grave.

The pall bearers were Thomas Terrie, William Richardson, George Milligan, Alex. Aiken, Andrew McKel, Dan. McCart, all life-long friends of the deceased.

Among the beautiful floral tributes were the following: Pillow, from family; wreaths, from grandchildren; upper wood shop, Massey-Harris Co.; harp, from Mrs. A. Graham and family; cross, Doric Lodge, A. F. & A. M.; floral pieces: Mr. George and Miss Milligan, Mr. and Mrs. George Innis, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Benton, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Dunlop, Mr. and Mrs. T. Terris and Mrs. Needham, Mrs. Young and Miss Minnie Young, Mr. and Mrs. A. Ott and Mrs. Wm. Ott, F. W. Thompson, Bible class of the Coborne St. Methodist Church, Mr. and Mrs. M. Minter, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. T. Luff, Mr. and Mrs. J. McFarlane, Miss Agnes Weinberg, Mr. and Mrs. Bowen and family, Mr. and Mrs. C. Borden, Mrs. E. Lamb, Rev. T. S. Linscott, D. D. and Mrs. Linscott, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ritchie, Epworth League of Coborne Street Methodist Church, Mount Horeb Chapter, R. A. M., Misses Annie and Emily Turner, Mr. and Mrs. James Milne, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bloxham and family, Mr. Alex. Leslie.

Among the mourners from a distance were Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Wylie and family of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Wylie and family of Chicago, Mr. Alex. Leslie, nephew, of Whitby, Ont.

The Late Mr. Bloomfield

The funeral of the late Hiram Bloomfield took place on Monday afternoon from his late residence, 145 Hartling street, to Greenwood cemetery. Rev. W. E. Bowyer conducted the services which were private. The pallbearers were: Mrs. John Ferris, James Zimmerman, John Poss, Alfred Goodhue, W. B. Jago, and Jas. Welsh.

HOW'S THIS?

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Fire Death Toll.

(Continued from Page 3)

to get out before the overwhelming sweep of fire and smoke conquered the elevator, stairway and fire escapes.

The greatest loss of life took place on the topmost floor—fourth—where 50 girls, many of them in short dresses with their hair down their backs in braids, sat knee to knee driving the machines that cut and sewed patterns for men's overalls. For them there wasn't a ghost of a chance. Halted by the complaint of the girl "who didn't want to appear on the street just as she was" (that little vanity cost her life), they were walled by fire when they finally realized that the alarm was in deadly earnest. The loss of life on the third floor was appalling for much the same reason. Few girls escaped from either workroom to tell of what preceded the desperate struggle for air and life.

Thought to be Fireproof.

The cause of the fire has not yet been learned. It originated under a stairway in the basement, found rich food, sported to the first, or office, floor, and then roared aloft. The building was 25 or 30 years old, of what is called "approved factory construction," that is, construction that was supposedly pretty well fire-proof, although never meant to be fire-proof. It was a shell of brick about 60 feet high all around, with an inner framework and construction of old, dry wood, that burned as pine chips or dry paper burns. So far as can be learned, the factory had always been passed placidly by the inspectors, none of whom ever saw any potential danger.

The fire started just before 3 p.m. Mrs. Freeman, wife of the proprietor, was in the main office of the factory on the ground floor, with E. J. Lawrence, the bookkeeper, and some clerks. Suddenly they heard the whirring jangle of the automatic fire alarm. Mrs. Freeman glanced up idly from her newspaper, saying to young Lawrence:

"There's another false alarm."

What she meant was that the alarm had been rung to send the girls to stations for fire drills. There had been a fire drill, it appears, a few days ago. No one was quite certain just what day. Lawrence, having no suspicion of trouble, paid no attention to the insistent gong, and went on with his work.

It occurred to Mrs. Freeman to step outside the office. Barely over the threshold, she started back, frightened and amazed. Before her eyes smoke was rolling up from the basement, and spurts of flame were driving through the elevator shaft.

"It's fire, real fire," Mrs. Freeman screamed. She ran to the foot of the stairway, clutching her skirts away from the fire that was spreading over the ground floor. "Girls!" she cried as loudly as she could pitch her voice. "Girls, the factory is burning! Run! Run for your lives!"

It was this cry that probably saved the lives of some of the girls on the second floor. They came pell mell, all in disorder, stumbling and falling down the stairs, but unharmed, the few that were lucky enough to be working near the ground.

Bookkeeper Lawrence was by then at the telephone, raging because he found it difficult to get the number of the central fire station. Finally, the voice of the operator murmured in his ear. He woke her up with a rush. She called the central fire station. The firemen operator swore hopelessly. His compass was out in Wainwright street responding to an alarm from that quarter, already the fourth of the day. Lawrence dropped the phone with the assurance from the central station man that he would call the whole department.

Telephone took hardly three minutes. But in that flash of time the great factory was ablaze, practically from cellar to roof. When the first engines came racing into Wall street, with Chief Hoag shouting commands to his men, the firemen saw at once that there was little that they could do. Fire was running over all the floors.

Girls were streaming from the entrance on Wall street, some with their clothes afire, all hysterical from fright. They stumbled and fell and were picked up by the policemen and firemen and carried to the ambulances.

Hurled to Death.

All at once, it seemed, occurred what the crowds in the streets had looked for. Girls appeared at the window and hurled themselves out. Their bodies were crushed against the brick pavement. Two girls showed against the rosy windows on the Wall street side of the fourth floor. One seemed to be carrying or supporting the other. The larger girl shoved her friend through the window. The body dropped like a stone for sixty feet. The other girl leaped out and was dead when she was picked up.

On the north and east sides the girls were trying desperately to reach the fire escapes. From the roofs of nearby buildings, people who first reached such elevations saw the girls staggering helplessly over the floors, their arms crossed before their eyes, vainly trying to protect their sight from flame and smoke. The watchers saw them labor toward the windows and then fall before they could get there, overwhelmed by the rush of flames. Very few of the girls had time even to get to the fire escapes. The flames rushed upward so suddenly and spread so sweepingly that the workers were trapped almost at their machines.

Fire from the burning rags and waste clutched a their feet and dragged them down. Fire ran up their

clothing and charred them in a minute. There was fire wherever they turned.

Thousands of people massed around the burning factory saw these things and worse. They saw four girls burn to death on the top of the fire escape on the north side of the building. They saw a girl appear on the roof, attempt to leap and then fall back into a furnace at her feet. They saw the east fire escape choked with girls who tore at each other in the insanity of terror. Several of these girls fell to the ground and were killed or fatally hurt.

Firemen, policemen and citizens, unable to get near the building, and to stand helplessly. Women in the streets, wept and so did many men.

Fleeing Pillars of Fire

Three girls, who had escaped apparently uninjured, burst through a crowd that tried to stop and succor them, and plunged into the Cheango River. They were dead when they were taken out, not from drowning, but from their burns.

One girl, with her clothing in flames, ran four blocks before she could be caught. She died in the city hospital a few minutes afterward. It is impossible to describe the appearance of some of the bodies that fell to the street. Little of human appearance was left to some of them. For the most part their legs and feet were gone.

Here is one little story brought out of the fire by Ida Hotaling, 18 years old: "I was working on the fourth floor with fifty girls. We sat close together at our machines. When the alarm was rung we laughed. It isn't nice to meet the boys you know when your face is dirty and your dress is mussed up. So we didn't hurry, thinking it was a fire drill. Then we saw the fire coming up the elevator shaft. I was among the first who ran for the stairway. I got to the third floor alright, but there was a crowd of girls who were fighting and striking one another, trying to get out. Somebody caught my hair, but I am pretty strong and so I tore away and went heading down to the second floor. There the fire was coming up fast. I just had sense enough not to try to get to the first floor on the stairway. I saw a window open and I jumped. That's all I remember."

It has been impossible to identify more than one of the dead. This was a Mrs. White, about 30 years old. The coroner has not yet learned where she lives. President Freeman and bookkeeper Lawrence explained the inability to identify the bodies by saying that the payroll and other lists of employees were destroyed in the fire. Also, it was said, so many girls were Polish or Slavonians and were known to few besides their immediate relatives, who were slow in coming forward last night.

At least eighty per cent. of the girls were of Polish or Slavonic extraction. There were a few Italian and Irish women. So far as the police and coroner care know, not a man lost his life or was hurt in the fire, although there were fifteen or twenty employees.

Will Not Arrest Emily LONDON, July 23.—The Express asserts that the authorities recently sent instructions to the police at the Channel ports to the effect that if Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, the suffragette leader, was seen crossing, she was not to be arrested.

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Exclusive Features

Everybody in Brantford and vicinity knows that the COURIER is now in the "big city daily" class. Recently it has secured features that the metropolitan dailies of Canada and the United States use; here are some of them:

Scoop, comic feature, which appears daily in the second section.

The New York Herald's pictorial features, which appear nearly every day.

The New York Herald's page of Paris fashions, which will appear every week.

The Standard Photo Engraving Co.'s pattern service, which appears daily, and which will interest every woman.

These features appeal to various classes, and will no doubt be appreciated by the thousands of COURIER readers.

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