

TWELVE HUNDRED REGISTERED  
AT CIVIC EMPLOYMENT BUREAU

# Crowd Gathered Before Dawn; Hundreds Turned Away Until To-morrow

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## MARRIED MEN ARE THE MOST WILLING

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### Single Men Insist on Work in City; Hamilton Road the Attraction

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Approximately twelve hundred men, ~~or~~ nearly as could be estimated, were registered in the first day's business of the Civic Employment Bureau which opened to-day. The office closed at four o'clock, but there was work enough on hand at that time to keep the clerks engaged for several hours.

In addition several hundred, who could not be handled to-day were given cards to fill in with name, address, age, — whether single or married, number of dependents, how long unemployed and the kind of work preferred. These will be presented to-morrow.

When cards are presented, registration is made and tickets are given the men, giving their number according to precedence.

At two o'clock this afternoon seven hundred had been registered, and a waiting line of nearly five hundred remained. These, however, were rapidly disposed of.

#### Single Men "Independent."

It was a strange feature of the day that while many married men professed willingness to take work of any kind, in or out of the city, none of the single men were willing to take jobs out of Toronto.

A number of farmers have notified the bureau of openings for single men or families, and several large employers of labor in Toronto dropped into the office to-day to make arrangements for extra help they expect to need within a week or so on account of the large number of heavy war orders that are beginning to come from Great Britain.

The Toronto-Hamilton road is the brightest hope for the men. They are all thinking of it and though Mr. Dickie has no official statement but the men will come through

the bureau it is expected that this will be the case.

### Gathered Before Dawn.

Almost before the first grey streak of dawn a small crowd had gathered around the door of the office anxious to be among the first to register. By seven o'clock over one hundred were in line, and before nine o'clock, at which time the doors opened, the number had passed the five-hundred mark.

The seeming cheerfulness of the crowd was in strange contrast to the errand which had brought them there, and to the drab nature of the weather, which, in the early hours, chilled to the bone the lightly-clad men.

When one late comer was ordered to take his place at the end of the line, some joker started up: "It's a

Long, Long Way to Tipperary," and the whole crowd joined in lustily. Good-natured banter passed back and forth constantly. There was no lack of merriment.

The crowd spirit was undoubtedly responsible in a measure for this, but it also seemed that hope had revived for some to no small extent.

### Told Strange Tales.

On the whole, the men looked to be strong and capable, though here and there in the crowd could be seen a typical "bread-liner." Some of them told stories that would be a revelation in capacity for endurance to that half of the world which is still in ignorance as to how the other half lives.

There was one middle-aged man, big and strong-looking, with a light of confidence in his eyes that half a life of disappointments had as yet been unable to quench.

"I've been out of work seven months," he explained simply, when asked. "There are the wife and five children. She's been able to earn a little, and sometimes I pick up something on an odd job." There was no suggestion of bitterness in his voice.

A young man, freshly shaved, his clothes neatly pressed, stood with the rest in line. He had been in office work, he explained, but was not afraid to handle a pick or shovel if necessary.

Hardly any were there but had been out of work for a month or more, and some had not earned regular wages for well on to a year.

### Majority Anglo-Saxon.

There were few foreigners in the line, probably because the news of the bureau takes longer to spread among non-English-speaking people.

A few were old or middle-aged, but the majority were young. One or two had come back from Valcartier after being rejected at the last minute. Many had been refused as recruits because of minor physical defects—varicose veins, weak eyes, and the like.

An office staff of seven handled the crowd easily. The line entered the office from the east, received their cards and lined up on the west while they filled them out. Registration is the chief business as yet. Later in the day, when as many cards had been filed in as could be handled, all comers were told to take their cards home, and come again on the morrow for tickets. At noon five hundred tickets had been issued, and a line of seven hundred, their application cards made out, waited their turn. These were enough to keep the office busy with registration for the remainder of the day.