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ANNIVERSARY AND PEACE ISSUE.

ASBESTOS

VOL. II. ROCHDALE, JANUARY, 1919. No. 5.



This allegorical drawing, by Bernard Partridge, represents "Asbestos" standing between Civilization and the destructive elements.

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ASBESTOS

VOL. II. ROCHDALE, JANUARY, 1919. NO. 5.

Thoughts from the Editor's Fireside.

BORN in one of the blackest hours of our Empire's existence, "ASBESTOS" attains its first anniversary at a time when the world itself is in the throes of a labour which we all hope and believe will result in the birth of the Great Peace.

It is fitting therefore that this issue should partake of a somewhat special character—more because of the necessity of freely discussing the immediate industrial problems that lie before us, than that we wish to "throw bouquets at ourselves."

The events of the past few weeks should have convinced us of the truth that God is still in the heavens, and our attitude as we witness His judgments executed and the Divine Laws vindicated should be one of silence and awe. The contemplation of the world-shaking occurrences should restore our faith in "a justice which never sleeps, and in a moral government of the world which though often baulked and delayed, never fails to assert its everlasting authority."

As to whether the worker's attitude towards life should be governed by the teaching expressed in the Church Catechism that "he should be contented in the state of life in which God called him," or in the opposite mental attitude of a "Divine discontent" would doubtless form an endless theme for discussion. At least the former teaching has now passed "the explaining away" phase while the latter attitude is too prone to degenerate into the mentality of a chronic mischief-maker to long be entitled to the qualifying adjective "Divine."

The "Intelligentsia" or "Intellectuals" of a country—to whom are largely traceable revolutionary thought—almost invariably "start right," but the result of their teachings upon less highly developed intellects as often as not are the despair of the prophets.

But while we see this process in actual operation throughout Europe, let us strive to avert its reaction upon our Island Civilisation—for the greater good of the workers throughout the Empire.

There is (or was) a distinct danger, which those of us who mix and talk with the workers have felt in increasing measure these past few months, of the irresponsible, light-headed as well as light-hearted, younger section of the workers getting the bit between their teeth, and working up a sort of mob-rush for revolution—they know not for what, nor why!

Railing at the "red flaggers" will do no sort of good. And who has the heart to scold? Is it entirely their fault that they are ignorant not only of foreign politics—modern and ancient alike—but also of the political and industrial history of their own

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country ? Who among us can plead entire innocence to the charge of scotching the wheel of the Education of the Working Classes ? How now can we expect that they shall envisage the dangers which beset us ?

Can they be made to see in time that while England has saved herself by her exertions (to paraphrase Pitt) she is now called upon not only to save Europe, but to save Civilisation itself by her example ?

Think of it ! Are Russia, Austria, the Balkans, Turkey, Persia—not excepting Germany when we have done with her politically—to be left to anarchy ? And can we take the lead in the rehabilitation of Civilisation if we ourselves slip upon the slope of unconstitutional—and therefore anti-democratic—strife ?

What do we want in reason that we cannot get by constitutional, that is peaceful, means ? When every man and woman has a vote there cannot be under any circumstances the least justification for revolution or even talk of revolution.

Thanks to the national characteristic of caution allied with a sense of responsibility, one can sense the danger rapidly passing away—notwithstanding the misguided action of the Labour Party recently, and the foolish expressions permitted from the platform almost without rebuke.

The recalcitrants apparently ignore facts —small and great alike. It is not without interest in the consideration of the probability of disturbance to note the significant fact provided by the issue of War Savings Certificates which has had the result of giving a lively interest in the stability of the State to one half the population. Whereas 345,000 persons only held Government securities before the war, the number now tops 17,000,000.

When to this the recollection is added that for many years previous to the war, the number of small investors in Industry steadily increased, the joint result to-day must make the wild talk of "Capital versus Labour and the impoverishment of the poor" sound very hollow in the ears of the working man who stops to think. It is an altogether superficial judgment which is responsible for the idea that Capital is anti-National, that wealthy concerns bolster up International Finance at the expense of the workers, making for future wars. We heard it said recently that "the small masters make a Nation—the large its wars." So now we have another theory. The Soldiers and the Politicians are no longer the culprits—it is Finance.

But we need not take the statement too seriously. It is impossible, having the needs of Humanity in view, and undesirable if we consider Humanity's welfare, to return to the day of "the small man." Moreover "the small man" who shares in and benefits by modern organisation of industry, and the thrifty worker alike, would be the losers were it not so—and they know it.

It is our bounden duty, however, to go a little further and try to understand the view point of that section of the rank and file who are demanding more "freedom." An infinite amount of patience is required in this pursuit, and most enquirers become lost in their enquiry. One negative emerges however, that absolute freedom to follow one's bent from sunrise to sundown means work from early morn to dewy eve, and this is *not* what is contended for.

This extreme attitude is recognised as an absurdity, but a recognition of the necessity of voluntarily subjecting themselves to the discipline of an organised industry directed by superior (or trained) intelligence is not so

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readily given, even though by such means many hours of perfect freedom per day are thus gained.

Who among the workers—even the lowest paid—would (if it were possible) wipe out modern Industry ? Who really wishes to go back to the 16 hour working day and the black bread fare of "the good old times ?"

To what is due the ever increasing wage which the worker now enjoys, if not to modern Industry ?

And does not every worker see that each step in higher scientific organisation of Industry is followed by wage increase ?

High wages must come in one of two ways —either from economies in production or from increased prices.

Increased prices re-act upon the workers' wage as war time conditions have clearly shown him. It follows therefore that *the workers interest lies in increasing the economies of production.*

By this means he may obtain maximum wages, without having them taken from him later in the raised prices of commodities.

Competition will inevitably prevent undue profits falling for any length of time to the lot of any employer; meanwhile periods of exceptional profits are not without their use in stimulating such competition.

Increased efficiency tending toward increased production is the most promising source of high wages and industrial peace in England to-day.

And lest it be thought that we are "preaching at the bottom dog," we take this opportunity of saying that we hail with pleasure the establishment of a Department of the Manchester College of Technology to teach Managers how to manage. Increased efficiency in management is not only bound to have its effect in increased production and the elimination of waste, but the study of the Science of Administration will doubtless include the study of human nature (or psychology) which will have its effect in strengthening the sense of justice and in increasing the breadth of human sympathy.

In the meantime we must work together in an endeavour to find solutions to the many problems which confront us—and in this, as Mr. Seebohm Rowntree has said, "We must not take Fear for our guide."

The evil of excessively long working hours and the fear of unemployment cannot be exorcised, the housing problem cannot be solved, neither can the maintenance of high wages be assured unless we all do our duty in striving for the great ideal of an educated Democracy.

THE KAISER.

Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders.
This many summers in a sea of glory:
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.

King Henry VIII.

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Editorial Notes.

GREETINGS.

To our Readers—All Health and Prosperity, Peace and Goodwill.

Reflection ? Yes 'tis good if not o'erdone,
But deeds die with setting of the sun.
So—get busy!

* * *

"THE MARTYRDOM OF MAN."

Mr. S. Turner in his contribution entitled "Man, the Martyr," quotes Reade in saying that "When Nature selects a people to endow them with glory and with wealth, her first proceeding is to massacre their bodies, and her second to debauch their minds." Some of us prefer to see God in place of Nature, and then the vision changes. The massacre of bodies precedes purification and enlightenment—not debauchery.

What is this miracle we have seen ? The Material—the Machine—should in all human reckoning have ground Democracy to powder. It was brought to a stand as against an immovable mountain at the Marne, with only a thin line of non-combatant supports between It and the destruction of Civilisation.

The War was then won, but the Eternal Purpose had yet to be fulfilled. "Gird up your loins, make unto you more powerful and strange weapons by land and by sea, and let every MAN execute My judgment upon this vile Thing." And Democracy heard. A Spirit brooded over her which can best be likened to that which brooded over the formless and void waters of Creation. From all quarters of the Earth commenced a spiritual coalescence—long before any material binding force was exerted. Not to one man—nor to one hundred men—is this to be ascribed; and thus it comes about that when the Enemy heard that the Nations of Democracy hastened to give thanks to Him "Who giveth us the victory," he was bitterly wroth, more so indeed than with the material terms of the armistice.

In the time of Reconstruction let us remember that the Great War was won "not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts," and the steadying influence of such recognition will help us in preventing the second stage of Nature's methods—described by Reade as "force and rapacity above: chains and slavery below" —coming to pass.

* * *

GOVERNMENT AND INDUSTRY.

The article by Mr. W. L. Hichens (who most of our readers will know as the Managing Director of the great shipbuilding concern of Messrs. Cammell Laird & Co. Ltd.) which appears in this issue, was originally delivered as a lecture under the auspices of the Industrial Reconstruction Council, and we are enabled to reprint it by permission.

The article is a plea for efficiency from an unusual angle. And certainly the day of the technically efficient—workman, manager and employer alike—is upon us. Albeit we must be careful not to get our values wrong. The Germans were 100% efficient in detail, until System became a sort of secondary God to that of the "good old German" variety. Not only was all sense of proportion lost, but the finer sensibilities were crushed out and with them went all sense of humour. What other nation would under like circumstances yet talk of "retiring according to plan," and what other people would be-flag their towns in honour of their retreating armies !

* * *

PAYING THE BILL.

The war has advanced political thought a century in less than four years, and at the same time has left us with vastly reduced resources with which to materialise our new ideals.

It cannot be repeated too often that we borrowed the money which we have been expending so lavishly—£7,000,000 per day! Under peace conditions we paid our way—and more than paid our way—with our products, whereas the seven millions has been

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paid out mainly in two ways—firstly, in wages for the production of materials which will not go to create more wealth, *i.e.*, munitions of war, and secondly in establishing credit in other countries for goods they supplied us. And it is essential to remember that this latter has been done by sending money abroad, not (as would be the case in peace times) by supplying goods against goods. This makes all the difference, and it is a pity our writers on economics do not always bring this fact out clearly.

As a nation, we have not been making money since 1914—we have been spending it—and the account will have to be met.

It is one of the bitter ironies of war that while it is our duty to work our hardest, the product of our labour goes in the destruction of wealth—exactly the opposite effect to that of work performed in the production of goods for the purposes of peaceful industry.

* * *

HIGH WAGES AND MAXIMUM PRODUCTION.

And now we have both to overtake our huge debt and to maintain our position in the world. How is this to be done ?

Either there will be a terrible drop in wages (which no one wants to see) or productivity will require to be maintained at the highest level possible.

There is only one way to establish big wages on a permanent basis, and that is, organise industry on the lines of maximum production. And this is just the point where the employer and the worker should get together.

* * *

THE WAY OF ORDERED PROGRESS.

"There can be no general improvement in the conditions of life for the mass of the people except by increasing the output of wealth (says Harold Cox). To secure an increased output of wealth we want better organisation of industry, an extended use of machinery, and greater efficiency on the part of the individual workman. These are the three requisites to increased production. Out of that increased production there is a larger margin of gain for all who contribute to it, either by providing brain power or by providing capital, or by providing manual labour."

* * *

COLLECTIVISM A PROVED FAILURE.

That is the sound view—all the Collectivism tosh notwithstanding. Collectivism is unworkable—in practice it has invariably led to disruption, the exact opposite to that intended. Though it has been tried under the most favourable conditions—on both religious and materialistic bases—it has failed miserably and ignominously. An anonymous contributor deals trenchantly but faithfully with this subject under the title "Socialism," and we might add to his remarks, by way of anticipating a criticism, that the only measure of success attained in Community life has been on the Monastic model—the essential basis of which is Autocracy exercising discipline of the severest character. As Mr. Clynes said recently "The workers cannot hope to see capital supplanted by Collectivism," and for himself he hoped rather to see "capital diluted with as much humanism as possible." This also is our hope.

* * *

THE NEED FOR CO-OPERATION.

"It is easier to slip into ruin than to progress into higher forms of organisation . . . If we in Britain are to escape from the decay of civilisation itself . . . we must ensure that what is presently to be built up is a new social order, based not on fighting but on fraternity—not on the competitive struggle for the means of bare life, but on a *deliberately planned co-operation in production* and distribution for the benefit of all who participate by hand or by brain . . . What the nation needs is undoubtedly *a great bound onward in its aggregate productivity*."

The foregoing quotation is not taken from a "Master's book," neither is it taken from that of a Professor of Economics. It is from the draft report on the general policy of the Labour Party on Reconstruction, and surely in view of the sentiments expressed therein, which prove our conclusions identical, we may hope that some *modus vivendi*—some

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means of working together for the common good—is not beyond our genius for industrial purposes.

* * *

"MEMBERS OF ONE BODY."

The interests of Capital and Labour are not antagonistic at the bottom. The many, and some times great differences, arise from many causes, traceable for the most part to the studied aloofness of one to the other. This "Jews-having-no-dealings with-Samaritans" attitude has resulted—and is bound to result so long as it lasts—in misunderstandings, ignorances and selfishness (or self-centredness).

Upon every page of the History of Industry and Commerce is written the lesson that the interests of Capital and Labour are one, and that the solution of difficulties which are bound to arise is to be sought in the open mind and a frank exchange of ideas.

* * *

THE POSITION OF THE "SKILLED."

An interesting suggestion for increasing production was placed before us recently, but we are sorry we cannot acknowledge the source, not having noted it. The suggestion is contained in the following:

"The stupidity of certain so-called skilled men at present is evident from the fact that they are endeavouring to maintain their pre-war position as a unit of production. Really skilled men should strive to put themselves on a higher plane at vastly increased wages, and be willing to train the unskilled units of production. If men are only so-called "skilled" they must be content to remain as units of production. This does not necessarily mean reduced wages or the exploitation of labour, because, with the increased efficiency of production, we can afford to pay units of production even higher wages than the skilled men are making at present, and a really skilled man can step up to a higher plane at a greater increase still. This is the only sound method upon which production can be carried on. To say there is a shortage of skilled men in the country to-day is absurd. In reality, there is nothing of the kind. We have ample skilled men if they would only take up their proper station. But there will always be the so-called shortage as long as they insist upon remaining as units of production only, when the War has proved that in actual production they are wasting their knowledge and skill and are making a stumbling block for themselves."

The argument may at first sight be thought to be selfish, but if it is read a second time, it will be found to be exactly the reverse, having for its ultimate aim "the greatest good for the greatest number."

* * *

THE LATEST CONVERT.

So Tom Mann has decided to become a small holder! The "stormy petrel," tired of riding the waters of strife, is to retire with the dove, and contemplate the non-militant goose-step. Well, well! He was always a *small* holder anyway. And it has taken "ASBESTOS" to convince him that his pound a day for six hours work is an "Impossible Expectation!" "We are getting on."

* * *

"EMPIRE BUILDERS."

The first of a series of articles by Mr. Arthur Mee, the Editor of *My Magazine*, appears in this issue. It is sought in these articles to convey to interested readers—particularly the younger element—an appreciation of what we owe to the commercial instinct of our Empire Builders. The popular view—that they were in the main fighters and little else—is not true to facts. It would be more akin to the truth to say that they were traders first, and fighters only when fighting was necessary to advance the Trading Flag. Our escutcheon is not without tarnish, but at least we can claim to have brought the liberties and freedom of a higher civilisation to every land where we have set foot, and as the History of our Empire in the first instance is the History of British Trade and Commerce, we think the time opportune to unfold the trading origin of our Empire policy.

The series commences with Raleigh, as he may be said to be the pioneer of Overseas Empire, and this being his tercentenary year, his story should be known.

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" UNSOLICITED."

Of the many felicitations and appreciations received by Mr. S. Turner on his book "From War to Work," one—if not *the* most interesting has been received from a reader in Belfast, who was "so impressed by one statement" that he has obtained reprints on cards (as reproduced below) for framing. The writer adds "The statement is so excellent that if you approve, it is our intention to present a few copies to prominent firms in our City."

* * *

FROM CHINA.

We have received a request for "ASBESTOS" from the Rev. C. S. Champness, stationed at Yujang Hunan, China, who will be remembered by many of our Home readers as a former resident of Castleton Hall, about the years 1889-92, and at one time (1888-9) a worker in the district, with Messrs. S. Heap & Sons, Spotland. We commiserate with Mr. Champness in the fact that he is the only Britisher in the city, and in the circumstances surrounding the political system, or lack of system, at present existing in China. We trust the general sweeping up of the World's Augean stables will not leave his particular corner high and dry.

* * *

PAPER-SAVING IDEAS.

Quite a number of ideas for the saving of paper and envelopes have been boarded recently, but among the most practical is that put into force by one of our Manchester friends recently. This Firm being one of our regular customers, with whom we do a continuous business, naturally receive quite a number of invoices and statements under the 1d. postal rate. The envelopes are mostly printed with the Firm's name and address, but if typed or written the idea would equally apply. They have saved such envelopes over a period, and they returned quite a package recently with a slip pasted over the postage stamp and obliterating mark. All the envelopes are usable again, with the further advantage of being ready addressed. In the result therefore, labour as well as material, is economised.

Another idea—well-known for internal messages (but hitherto confined to the latter use) is being adopted for 1½d. postage by quite eminent firms, that is to fold the letter in such a way that it may be fastened at the final folding edge with a gummed label, and the address written on the front or clear side. The folding is done one-third down the sheet from the head, then halved the long way, then three-fold so that space is left for affixing the label.

* * *

DO YOU GET "ASBESTOS" REGULARLY ?

As this number is an Anniversary—as well as a Peace issue, we again have recourse to free distribution, but those persons who have not made application for regular delivery, are again reminded that it is necessary to do so. The paper shortage is likely to continue for some time to come, and then again, we are particularly anxious that not one of our readers who values "ASBESTOS" shall fail to receive his or her copy.

THE TRUTH IS: Not that labour creates all wealth, but that directing ability and invention, coupled with the intelligent use of capital, create all that part of wealth which exceeds the barest animal subsistence.

LABOUR unassisted and undirected by intelligence has never been able, under the most favourable conditions, to win more than the wherewithal for a simple primitive existence.

SAMUEL TURNER

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Man—The Martyr.

By SAMUEL TURNER.

THERE is in a book, written now many years ago, a horrible and wonderful description of the tragedy of life in the Nile Valley in primitive times. Even to-day, with all the resources of modern irrigation at command, flood or drought there means much misery. But then "The plenty of ordinary years," says Winwood Reade,

> "like a baited trap, had produced a luxuriance of human life, and the massacre was proportionally severe. Encompassed by the wilderness, the unfortunate natives were unable to escape: they died in heaps: the valley resembled a field of battle: each village became a charnel-house: skeletons sat grinning at street corners, and the winds clattered among dead men's bones. A few survivors lingered miserably through the year, browsing on the thorny shrubs of the desert, and sharing with the vultures their horrible repast."

By such brutal, savage lessons Nature in those early days taught trembling man his first lessons in science. Would he not lift up his eyes and learn painfully the lesson of the stars? Then his bones should whiten where he fell lost in the wilderness, a prey to the vulture and the hyena. Did his dim mind shun the toil of grasping the elements of geometry and surveying? The flooded river swept away his little plot, all that he had, and left him poor indeed: for its memorial had perished with it. Would he not study and painfully learn the science of specialised medicine and the treatment of disease? Then the disease should eat him up. The opthalmia, the gastric ulcer, the malaria which, then as now, wait for man in the Nile Valley, should make of his life a horror; a purgatory of fear, a hell of pain.

There is no great nation in all the world's history which has not passed through this hideous furnace. Every child knows something of the early sufferings of those wretched wanderers from whom sprang Solomon in all his glory and the religion which has dominated for centuries the civilised world. The hunger and the thirst, the serpents and the pestilences—"they that died of (one) plague were twenty and four thousand."

Through what black miseries the painted savages, our own forefathers, crawled their terror-struck way, the mind of civilised man possibly cannot even conceive. But the horror of the succeeding centuries we know. The histories ring with a dreary repetition of slaughter and misery—of burning homesteads, murdered men, enslaved women, and children tossed on pikes—as one gang of pirates after another swept over the wretched country.

But there comes a time when, in Reade's words, Nature "washes her black and bloody hands," and other and milder agencies take up the teaching of man. Is the law then abrogated? Let us return again to Egypt, and read what an ancient writer says. His hand crumbled to dust, I suppose, hundreds of years before the Exodus. His words remain—

> "I have never seen a blacksmith on an embassy, nor a smelter sent on a mission: but what I have seen is the metal worker at his toil at the mouth of the furnace of his forge: his fingers as rugged as the crocodile: and stinking more than fish spawn.
>
> Shall I tell thee of the mason—how he endures misery? Exposed to all the winds while he builds without any garment but a belt. His two arms are worn out with work: his provisions are placed higgledy piggledy amongst his refuse: he consumes himself for he has no other bread than his fingers: and he becomes wearied all at once.
>
> The weaver within doors is worse off there than a woman (it is interesting to note that "woman" is used as a type of wretchedness at its worst) squatting, his knees against his chest: he does not breathe.
>
> The dyer, his fingers are reeking—and their smell is that of fish spawn. His two eyes are oppressed with fatigue: his hand

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does not stop: and as he spends his time in cutting out rags he has a hatred of garments.

The shoemaker is very unfortunate: he moans ceaselessly: his health is the health of the spawning fish: and he gnaws the leather."

Here is the Song of the Shirt beginning thousands of years before Christ. It has gone on ever since. You may hear something very like this Egyptian complaint in most English public houses. The shoemaker is still "very unfortunate" and the mason "becomes wearied all at once."

The outstanding feature as between then, and now, is, that man formerly accepted the rigour of his lot more or less passively, whereas now he rebels ceaselessly against it. From such rebellion has come, most if not all, the lightening of his burden. To be really effective however, this rebellion should be based on knowledge and not on passion. In his passion a man blames the capitalist system, for instance, for all his ills. Now if he would dispassionately study the facts he would find that the appalling hardship of life has its source in nature, and that the capitalist system in common with many other human institutions which have stood the test of time, has contributed more or less effectively towards making life pleasant and comfortable in comparison with what it could possibly be without them.

The law of suffering is not abrogated by the advance of civilisation. It is only limited. But now let us look at it a little more closely. Here is Reade's statement of it in "The Martyrdom of Man," the book already quoted:

"When Nature selects a people to endow them with glory and with wealth, her first proceeding is to massacre their bodies, her second to debauch their minds. She begins with famine, pestilence and war: next, force and rapacity above: chains and slavery below."

This second law, that victory and prosperity shall debauch the mind of nations as defeat and adversity massacred their bodies is as cruel in operation as the first, and more fatal. What is history but a grim illustration of how nation after nation learnt the lesson of adversity, and forgot it again to their ruin in prosperity? Adversity taught the old Persian to ride on horseback, to shoot, and to tell the truth. He became King of Kings, and Lord of the Eastern World: he learnt to ride in a palanquin, to lie, and to get other people to do his fighting: and he disappeared from the roll of great nations. The Jew, the Roman, the Greek—one nation after another—have illustrated in their history how surely and how swiftly prosperity and peace debauch the minds of great nations, prompting them to throw away the arms which adversity had taught them to use: leaving them defenceless once more to the full rigour of the fierce old law that only the fittest shall survive.

The lot of man is a very hard lot and it always will be. We need not expect to emerge from a life of toil and strife. The shoemaker's earnings, the mason's wage are many hundred times greater than they were in Egypt six thousand years ago. Yet the shoemaker is still unfortunate, and the mason wearied all at once. It is very possible that a hundred years hence the navvies may be agitating against so miserable a pittance as £5 a week. A job is easy, till there is an easier one in sight: then it is hard. A thing is good, till we know a better: then it is bad. A wage is high, till there is a higher within our knowledge: then it is low. Good or bad, "thinking makes them so:" and no progress can ever be anything but comparative.

All through the ages man has revolted against this truth, that the discipline which saves him from destruction is itself a yoke. Let us lighten it, so far as it be practicable, by all means; but having done so, let us bear the yoke manfully and without self pity.

If it can be proved that Capitalism is the enemy of Labour, let us destroy Capitalism. If it can be shown that High Production means misery for the worker, let us forbid High Production. No one will pretend that there are not grave evils and gross injustices in our present capitalist system, or that production is possible without labour and pain. Only before destroying these things let us make sure that we are not repeating the old error and throwing away, under the delusive charm of peace and security, the very arms through which alone we enjoy these things. We know that in Capitalist America, Labour prospers. We

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know that in China and India, and the countries with no Capitalist system, Labour is infinitely miserable. We know more. We know that the way out of that misery pointed to his countrymen by so fervent an Indian patriot as the Aga Khan, is precisely the Capitalism which Labour here is urged to destroy. We see that Russia has destroyed it, and we know with what result. We know that the war has been won by High Production and we know that by no other means could it have been won. If these things are evil, it is clear at least that there is much good in them. If they bring with them labour and sorrow, it is certain that by their means worse labour and worse sorrow have in the past been escaped.

Nay, it is indeed clear, that just those things which our revolutionaries seek to destroy are the things without which no society has ever been able to exist, save in the horrors already described.

The quarrel of the revolutionary is with Nature not with Capitalism, for even the most perverted fanaticism will not deny that the lot of man in an advanced civilisation such as ours is infinitely better than the lot meted out to him by Nature.

The law of strife runs through all life: the microbe in our blood and the giant oak in the forest must alike fight to live. We cannot escape it, every society which has sought to escape it by adopting the socialist principle "each for all" has perished. And there have been nearly a hundred such attempts. The death rate to communities which have practiced Socialism is 100%. This is fact, not theory. And the reason is not far to seek, for the socialist principle "each for all" is a flat denial of natural law which prescribes—SELF evolution—SELF development—or death. Any individual or community challenging this law must inevitably perish.

To those who, in an excess of zeal, would purge life of its strife and suffering, I would point out—that strife is an essential condition of growth: when strife ceases decay begins.

That suffering is Nature's method of teaching mankind its lessons: mankind seems unable to learn in any other way.

That error and abuse are part of the process of growth; to do wrong in the early stages of development is as unavoidable as it is natural. A child must do everything wrong first; subsequently and in consequence it learns to do right: this is growth. And what is true of the child is true of all human institutions, including Trade Unionism and Capitalism. Hence it will be seen that error and abuse, whilst calling for correction, are not in the last analysis the enemies of progress, but its best friends, for they are the inevitable forerunners of good.

Deplorable Strikes: Labour Leader's Warning.

"Every sensible man and woman agrees that strikes which follow upon misunderstanding or pique cannot be defended. The consequences of such strikes are always deplorable, and sometimes they are very dangerous. Such strikes confuse the Army, comfort the enemy, alienate public opinion, and build up a general hostility, which will react seriously when the war ends and ordinary economic conditions again operate.

"Much of the trouble arises from the action of irresponsibles and persons who act outside, and in opposition to, the regularly elected Trade Union executives . . . . It seems clear that some who have promoted unauthorised and irregular strikes have openly desired to force peace by making it impossible for Britain to continue supplies to her troops and her Allies. A few have sought political notoriety and advancement; others have openly taken advantage of the labour shortage to demand wages which are beyond the economic value of the labour expended; many have believed that the only way to meet rising prices was to force up wages without waiting for the expiration of agreements or contracts entered into by officials of the union. Those who have so acted, no matter what their motives may be, have inflicted serious damage upon the real Trade Union movement."—*Mr. W. A. Appleton, Secretary of the General Federation of Trade Unions.*

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Socialism: A Social Disease.

Mortality 100 %.

"OBSERVING some beggars in the street as we walked along, I said to him that I suppose there was no civilised country in the world where the misery of want in the lowest classes of the people was prevented. Johnson: 'I believe, Sir, there is not: but it is better that some should be unhappy, than that none should be happy, which would be the case in a general state of equality.'"—Boswell's "Life of Johnson."

Wherever the attempt has been made to put the principles of Socialism into practical operation, the result to the community has been a ruin and misery beside which the abuses of the most tyrannical government appear not merely tolerable but desirable. There have been French kings who ground the face of the poor: but never any terror like that established by the Jacobin preachers of Liberty, Fraternity and Equality. The government of Russia in the past has been on the whole as corrupt and tyrannical as that of half barbarous nations usually is; but the worst cruelties of the Ivans and the Catharines seem kindness compared to the incredible misery in which the whole mass of the Russian people have been plunged by the lunatic doctrinaires who are now experimenting upon them.

This uniform practical failure is not an accident. It is due to a perfectly clear and defined cause. No nation has ever been built up on socialistic principles, and it is certain that none ever will be. For they are a direct violation of the natural law which governs the growth of nations just as rigorously as the development of plants or of animals. Self evolution is the primary law of man's development: the social instincts are secondary. To attempt violently to reverse this order is to defy and contradict the fundamental law of our being; and nothing but failure can attend such experiments in any sphere of life. Respect the primary laws of its being, and you may make a plant or an animal grow into the strangest forms. But violate this, and inevitable death follows at once. No ingenuity will make a flower grow with its roots in the air. Yet that is precisely what Socialism attempts to do with the infinitely delicate flower of human culture, reared at so fearful a price, and in the teeth of such terrible difficulties.

Do not suppose that the attempt has not been given a fair trial. It was made again and again in the nineteenth century, and practically always with the same result. Owen's colony at New Harmony failed: so did the Yellow Spring community, the Nashoba community, the Haverstraw community, the Northampton community. The Sylvania Association, the Sodus Bay Socialists, the Trambull Phalanx, the Adelphic Phalanx, the Wisconsin Phalanx fared no better. The testimony of not unfriendly witnesses shows the same sort of causes operating in the destruction of all these enterprises—and they are a mere fraction of those undertaken. "He wanted honesty," said Owen, "and he got dishonesty: he wanted temperance, and instead he was continually troubled with the intemperate: he wanted cleanliness, and he found dirt." The Yellow Spring community, composed of "a very superior class" found in three months that "self love was a spirit that would not be exorcised. Individual happiness was the law of nature, and it could not be obliterated; and before a single year had passed this law had scattered the members of that Society which had come together so earnestly and under such favourable circumstances back into the selfish world from which they came." The trustees of the Nashoba community made the same discovery. A communal society, they declared, could not succeed "without the members composing it are superior beings. That which produces in the world only common place jealousies and everyday squabbles, is sufficient to destroy a community." In the Haverstraw community "the sole occupation of the men and women they had, was parade and talk;" in the Coxsackie society "they had many persons engaged in talking and law making, who did not work at any useful employment." When the Northampton community dissolved "some spoke of the want of that harmony and brotherly feeling which were

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indispensable to success: others spoke of the unwillingness to make sacrifices on the part of some of the members: also of the lack of industry and the right appropriation of time." In the Sylvania Association "young men wasted the good things at the commencement of the experiment: and besides victuals, dry goods supplied by the Association were unequally obtained." Idlers refused to work and ate up supplies. The Sodus Bay Socialists quarrelled about religion: and when they broke up, some of them decamped in the night with all the common property they could lay hands on. The Bloomfield Association quarrelled about land titles: the Trumbull Phalanx about religion: the Hermont Phalanx was wrecked by jealousies among the women: a dispute about a mill race was the beginning of the end for the Adelphia Phalanx. No occasion was too trifling to overset and destroy these ideal societies; simply because they were founded on a principle which denies one of the cardinal facts of human nature. That is proved quite as clearly by the rare successes as by the repeated failures. All the societies which have obtained a measure of success—the Shakers, the Rappists, the Oneidians—are socialist only incidentally. Their real foundation is religious fanaticism, and their success is the sort of success which monasticism attained. They are asylums for mutineers against society; but let them be accepted as a pattern and society would rapidly become extinct.

It is very noteworthy that in all these cases the ground of failure is never local or accidental but always in the principles of association themselves—that is to say, in Socialism. To make that plainer, consider the story of New Australia told in Stewart Graham's book "Where Socialism Failed." In this venture, absolutely everything was in favour of the experiment. William Lane, the leader, was an undoubtedly honest man according to his lights, and he had high qualities of leadership. His followers included some of the very pick of Australian working men, thoroughly accustomed to pioneer work. The spirit in which the expedition started could not have been more devoted; many of its members gave considerable sums and almost all, everything they had, to the joint adventure. The lands allotted to them in Paraguay were admirably suited to the purpose and any ordinary colony of working men would undoubtedly have prospered exceedingly upon them. How was it under such circumstances that "New Australia" became first a hell upon earth and then disappeared as a model of Socialism from the earth ?

The simple reason was that the principles on which these men worked were each and all of them fundamentally untrue. They held that capitalism is a tyranny, and that the sole problem of industry is to free the worker from its yoke. But there is no tyrant like your mad idealist. No autocrat ever did anything more high handed than Lane's expulsion of two of his followers for drinking. They had contributed all they had to the cause of Socialism: and because they defied one regulation of the Socialist State, Socialism, after taking all their money, hurled them out to starve in the wilds of South America. A strongly policed Capitalist State might have fined them a few shillings for their offence: at the utmost have sent them to prison for three days. Which is the tyrant ? Lane's followers believed that the Capitalist steals the workers' money, and that free Socialists working "each for all" would necessarily be immensely richer than the "wage slaves" of Capitalism. Yet the free Socialists working under these conditions fell, all their capital was exhausted, into such misery that later contingents which joined them, fresh from "wage slavery," were horrified at the sight of them. They had abundance of picked Labour "the source of all wealth:" and they nearly starved on their rich lands. A single Frenchman working for himself on land close to the new colony produced as much as thirty-five Australians working "each for all." The colonists themselves, who went to Paraguay to abolish "wage slavery" proceeded to introduce it into the new Eden by engaging the natives as servants. Socialism is always stultifying itself in this way: Socialist Australia to-day gives the lie direct to its doctrine of the equality of man by refusing to allow Chinese to settle in its borders. Lane's followers believed finally that freed from the degrading influences of Capitalism and competition, human nature would reveal itself in its native purity. So, to be sure, it did. But it was not an engaging spectacle. "There is not a person here," wrote Mr. A. Macdonald, "who could honestly tell you that he has not

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degenerated under these conditions. Communism certainly renders people more selfish. At the general dining table each has his private bottle of treacle which he stows away between meals under his pillows or elsewhere as best he can: while quite a number carry their utensils to and from the table with them. Knives, forks, etc., have an amazing faculty for disappearing in a communistic settlement." The Bolsheviks who have recently startled the world by proclaiming that every girl over 18 is the property of the State have, by the exercise of a blunt personal dictatorship, evaded the grosser scandals which have blackened some Socialist experiments. But in sheer logic, Lane was wrong and the Bolsheviks are right. The system which says a man shall not say "My spade" cannot logically allow him to say "My wife."

The lesson which the history of these communities enforces is repeated in varying keys throughout the world. The law does not vary for nations any more than for individuals. For them, too, the Socialist beliefs that "all men are equal," that "Capital is the enemy of Labour," that "profits are a form of theft," that "Labour is the source of all wealth" spell in practice mere ruin and misery. How false these beliefs are in the case of nations is illustrated abundantly in "From War to Work." Is Labour indeed the source of all wealth? Then how comes it that the teeming myraids of Labour in India and China, in Siberia and Egypt, working as no man in thoroughly industrialised societies ever does, live and die in such unspeakable squalor? Is Capital the enemy of Labour? Then why does Labour flock in its thousands to the great centres of Capitalism? Why does the Pole, wretched and poor in his own country, where the enemy, capital, scarcely exists, earn his £6 and £7 a week in America, where there are more capitalists than anywhere else in the world? Are profits theft? Then how comes it that the victims are so much richer? How is it that the "wage slave" of England and America, whose money is constantly being stolen from him by his employer, is so infinitely richer than his forerunner who lived in the days before profit-making began?

Socialism is bankrupt. There have been over a hundred practical experiments in it on the lines which we have been reviewing: they have all failed for reasons perfectly evident to common sense. Self interest is the dominating motive in man's growth as it is in that of animals and plants; it is the spur to invention, the natural law which forces all to adapt themselves to their environment and make the best of it. The history of great nations always and everywhere is the history of early man in the Nile Valley as described by Professor Myres:— "the old, old story of the self-made man. The opportunities are there, geographical position, natural wealth, congenial like minded neighbours, but it needs a man to seize them and make use of them: and the more of such men there are to grasp at them, the more sure is the spur to inventive control. The clearer head and the livelier imagination surely come to the front, and find ever fresh fields to conquer, as they learn to see clearly and to know what it is that they see and what it is good for in their hands." This is the natural law of development, against which Socialism revolts; preventing indeed, in its foolish envy, the rise of men of clear vision and powers of leadership; but only at the cost of ruin to those whom it professes to protect.

We have seen that while it is not possible to reject the law without disaster, it is perfectly possible to modify it in a thousand ways. All plants, all animals, all men are a living testimony to that power. The natural law can be conquered—but only by obedience to it, by a frank acceptance of its fundamental conditions. That is the course which social reform, however painful and slow, and with whatever setbacks and failures, has taken in the past, to the measureless benefit of mankind, as any working man can see for himself who compares honestly his position to-day with the conditions in which his grandfather lived fifty years ago. Peace has brought us to-day to the verge of a decision, as war brought us to another choice four years ago. Is the slow progress of the generations to be sacrificed to a theory proved by a mass of indisputable evidence to be nothing but the fantastic vision of deluded visionaries? Or are we content to accept manfully the conditions which fate has prescribed, to play the game without seeking to violate its rules, to strive to amend the evils and miseries of our lot, not by the cheap tricks of the charlatan and the quack, but in the only way in which they can be amended —by hard work, clear thinking, and an honest acceptance of the facts of life as they are?

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The Functions of the Government in Relation to Industry.*

By W. L. HICHENS.

THE habitual tendency of Englishmen is to drift down the stream of life without enquiring where they are going, and without any very definite ideas as to where they want to go. They are guided by the impulse of the moment and have a robust faith, which is often justified by the result, that they are endowed with a sound common sense which will keep them straight. "We muddle through somehow" we say to each other with a smile of easy going satisfaction, thinking the while that it is others—usually the Government—who have made the muddle, and that it is we—the men in the street—who have saved the situation.

We blame the Government because the War took us by surprise and found us wholly unprepared, and we flatter ourselves (not without reason) because we have made a glorious recovery. We were quite ready to drift along on the smooth waters of peace without worrying as to what would happen suppose there were a war. It was an unpleasant supposition which we did not want to entertain, and we shelved the subject, characteristically enough, by attributing the suggestion that there might be a war to the Evil One working through the armament firms.

And just as we were unprepared for war in 1914, so now in 1918 we are unprepared for peace. We muddled into war, and we shall muddle into peace. Not until we find ourselves wallowing in a Serbonian bog of confusion shall we bestir ourselves, and then we shall damn the politician, and make the best of a bad job. The politician is, of course, no more to blame than we are ourselves. He doesn't lead because we refuse to be led; he pursues a policy of masterly inactivity because we decline to budge. We hate making up our minds about anything, and, if we are forced sometimes to do so, we dislike even more altering our opinions once they are formed. "Never make up your mind about anything if you can help it, but if you do, stick to it," is the practical rule of life for the conservative majority who sway the destinies of the country—and I am not going to say that it is wholly bad.

But there are times when we must look ahead, and make up our minds what goal we mean to reach. We need not perhaps look beyond the ends of our noses while we are plodding along the straight high road, although even so the advantage is to the long-nosed, but when we come to the cross roads it is wise to lift up our eyes to the hills and consider which direction we mean to take.

We have arrived at a veritable network of cross-roads to-day, branching out beyond the range of the "nosiest." Shall we not then cry a halt and choose our way with deliberation? Or are we in such a hurry that we dare not pause? It is unwise, however great you hurry, to jump into the first train you see without enquiring where it is going. For the first station or two, it may carry you in the direction that you wish, but in the end you may find yourself in Sheffield instead of Blackpool.

Many of us to-day are hurrying to catch a train which is bound for "Heaven knows where," but, since it is just off, we jump in panting and self-satisfied. "After all," we reflect, "it will probably stop on the way and we shall be able to change at Compromise junction." But supposing it does not stop, or supposing we are stranded at Compromise junction against our will? No doubt we shall blame the Railway Company and make ourselves as comfortable as we can; doubtless we shall muddle through somehow, without pausing to reflect that we might have chosen our train more circumspectly.

I would like to pause to-day and enquire whither the Government proposes to lead the Industries of this country, before I step

* A lecture delivered by W. L. Hichens, Chairman of Cammell Laird & Co., Ltd., under the auspices of the Industrial Reconstruction Council, at Saddlers' Hall, Cheapside, E.C., October 30th, 1918—*printed by permission.*

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into the train of post-war industrial reform. I have no desire to find myself in a non-stop train hurrying headlong to the destination of State Socialism. I do not even want to get out at Compromise junction when we are three-parts there. I prefer, personally, to travel by another route, and I object to being pushed and jostled into the wrong train by a crowd of men and women in a hurry, whose one object is—like the noble army of bomb-dodgers—to get away from where they are My fear is that we shall be "all aboard," the whistle will blow and we shall be off before we realize whither we are bound and where we want to go.

We have become so accustomed to Government Control in the every-day affairs of life during the War, we are so inured to the establishment of new Departments and new Controllers, that the invasion of what were formerly regarded as the rights of the individual no longer shocks or alarms us. The list of functions which it is proposed in different quarters that the Government shall undertake in the industrial and commercial spheres has assumed truly staggering proportions. I will not attempt to enumerate them all, for it would take too long, but the following specimen catalogue will serve to illustrate the point. Proposals have been made to nationalize the railways, all road and water transport services, the coal mines, private armament firms, and shipbuilding firms; it has been proposed that the State shall establish super-power stations for the supply of cheap electric current; that it shall embark on an extensive housing scheme; that it shall finance or take over the key industries; that it shall convert the National Factories into industrial concerns and run them for profit; that it shall nationalize the liquor trade; that it shall develop for profit selected resources of the Empire; that it shall be the sole purveyor of the prime necessities of life.

Here, I think you will agree, is a formidable list of industrial activities for the State to assume as a part of its reconstruction programme, and before committing ourselves as a nation to so ambitious a policy, it would be well to consider it carefully from all sides. Since, once we have embarked upon it, it will be hard to retrace our steps. We shall find ourselves in a non-stop train rushing headlong to the destination of State Socialism.

As I have said before I have no wish to find myself *dans cette galère* and, if you will allow me, I will give some of the reasons why I think the Government should keep outside the arena of commerce and industry.

I.

In the first place the Government has already more than enough to do without annexing a vast new sphere of activity. Even before the war the business of Parliament was hopelessly congested, and no one will contend that in the turmoil and confusion of the next few years its duties will be lightened. A striking article in the last number of the Round Table on "the better Government of the United Kingdom" points out that in spite of the artificial restraints on the liberty of debate to which successive Governments have been driven to resort, the legislative output in the pre-war period was quite inadequate to meet the ever changing needs of modern civilisation; whilst the control of Parliament over foreign affairs, the Dependencies, and questions of Imperial policy, was notoriously inefficient. Poor Law reform, the amendment of the public health act, the readjustment of local taxation, the registration of land, statute law consolidation, may be cited as glaring instances of Parliamentary neglect. But if the Government and Parliament have failed lamentably to handle the business entrusted to them with any approach to efficiency, what chance is there that they will prove equal to the task of running complicated and exacting industrial undertakings? It would, I submit, be the height of folly to allow the Government to embark on these new ventures while their own house is in a state of grave disorder.

II.

The second objection to State trading that I would invite you to consider is of an even more serious character. Put briefly it is that State trading tends to create international complications, and increases the risk of war. Most people will agree that the international problems of the next generation will be in a great measure economic, for the War has brought out the fact that military strength is largely dependent upon economic and industrial resources. The importance therefore to a country of commerce and industry is likely to be more fully realized than ever before, and its promotion

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will be a primary object with all Governments. Each Government should therefore be in a position to consider these international problems from as broad and detached a point of view as possible, and should not be directly implicated as itself a trader. A rate war, for example, in the transatlantic trade would be a far more serious matter if it were carried on by the Governments of the countries concerned than if it were instigated by private firms. Trade questions and diplomatic questions would thus become largely synonymous, to the risk of the peace of the world. Before the War the German Government was already tending to assume the functions of a bagman, and to exercise them in a manner which was both undignified and dangerous. Economic problems will probably bulk large at the peace conference, and it is to be hoped that an attempt will be made to define the limits within which State intervention in matters of foreign trade is justified.

III.

A third objection to State trading on an extensive scale is that it creates a large army of civil service voters, who, in exercising the franchise, may find it difficult to forget that their material prospects can be better promoted by one candidate than another. I need not enlarge on the evils of the Spoils System, for we are all alive to them, and however sanguine we may be that these evils would be resisted, we shall all prefer a system under which the temptation could not arise.

IV.

A fourth objection to State trading is that the organisation of a Government Department must necessarily differ from that of a private business. You cannot run a public office on business lines, because the conditions of the public service and private undertakings differ *toto coelo* and demand a different form of organisation. In business it is necessary to act promptly, to take risks, to have a free hand, to talk as little as possible. Now a Government is handicapped in all these respects because of its responsibility to Parliament and the public. If Treasury control is relaxed and subsequently some blunder is brought to light by the Public Accounts Committee we are treated to a homily on the importance of a close financial supervision. It is natural to all of us that we should wish to err on the side of safety, and, in the case of the Treasury, over-control is safer than under-control. Hence arise many vexations, interferences and heartburnings. It would be easy to multiply instances, but one taken at random will serve to illustrate the point. At a certain National Factory it was decided to start a social club for the workers. The managers were keen, the workers took up the idea warmly, an atmosphere of enthusiasm was created. Obviously it was necessary to strike while the iron was hot; moreover an option, which had been obtained on the only suitable building, had to be exercised at once, or it lapsed in favour of another party. But the scheme involved an initial outlay of a few hundred pounds for which Treasury sanction was necessary and the wheels of the Gods grind slowly—(they grind very small too)—as it is over eight months ago since all the details were worked out—but no Treasury sanction has yet been received. Therefore officially the scheme is in a state of suspended animation, and is likely to remain so, since the game of battledore and shuttlecock is still in full swing. Unofficially—but that is another story. I do not wish to criticize the delay; it is inevitable; it is inherent in the Parliamentary System. The fact is that "State management on sound commercial lines," "a business Government," are parrot cries incapable of realisation so long as Parliamentary control remains a reality, and so long as the party system continues. The shareholders' meeting of any efficiently run Company is called once a year and terminates its proceedings within an hour. Is there any likelihood that Parliament would be prepared to adopt any such self-denying ordinance or impose such a degree of confidence in the Government of the day in relation to its business undertakings ?

I do not wish to suggest that Civil Service adminstration is less efficient within its own sphere than business management. Mistakes are made in both, but, while the glare of publicity exposes those of the Civil Service, the blunders of private businesses are usually concealed beneath a decent cloak of obscurity. In fact I think that much unjust criticism is levelled at the public services which, within the limits set them, are organised and administered with conspicuous success, and ought to be regarded

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with pride by the whole nation. Nor do I wish to suggest that Parliamentary control should be relaxed. I am merely concerned to point out that the organisation of public and private services is necessarily different, because they are primarily designed for different purposes; and that the delays, circumlocution, and red tape, which one associates with the Government service are in a great measure inevitable. The moral I would draw is that these methods are unsuitable to industry and foredoom it to failure.

V.

A fifth objection to State trading is that it eliminates competition, and introduces a rigid uniformity of administration which results in stagnation. A healthy competition is the life-blood of industry, and diversity of method is the best guarantee of progress. If Treasury sanction has to be sought before new methods can be adopted and experiments can be carried out, if the responsibility and initiative of the individual are curtailed, if all changes are hedged round with formalities, a shrewd blow will be struck at progress. And it is right that after the War the Treasury should watch all public expenditure with a jealous eye. It will be obliged to balance the rival claims of education, railways, super-power stations, housing and a host of other things, if State trading is to be the order of the day, with the result that they will all be starved. The State again will not dare to take the risks that private enterprise does and must if it is to be successful. What is likely to happen if a Government not too securely seated on its Parliamentray throne is invited to undertake a transaction in its business capacity which may lead to brilliant results or end in dismal failure? It will think of its shaky majority, it will reflect on the hostile criticisms of the opposition and the Press, and in nine cases out of ten will play for safety. It is always easier to defend the *status quo* than to explain away a failure. The man of business knows this as well as the politician, but under stress of competition he is obliged to adopt the policy of "nothing venture nothing have," and on the whole he has ventured wisely. England's commercial greatness has been built up by the initiative and sturdy independence of the business community coupled with the skill of its craftsmen, and it is to the same characteristics that we must look for the maintenance and development of her trade.

VI.

There is one final objection to State trading to which I must refer briefly, although I fear my catalogue has already reached wearisome proportions. It is that by itself entering the arena of trade the State loses the detachment and impartiality which are expected from the ultimate controlling authority. It becomes an interested party, and its decisions are at once suspect. For if the State is a large employer of labour how can it determine the industrial disputes in which it is itself interested.

I have dealt with the question of State Trading at some length because there are strong forces at work which appear to me to be driving us in this direction, and unless we take a firm stand now I fear that we may find ourselves driven violently down a steep place into the sea, as were once certain familiar animals, whom we now look to for support when our meat ration is exhausted.

HAVING eliminated trading as one of the functions of the Government in relation to Industry, I will abandon the negative method and attempt a constructive definition. I would suggest to you that the primary function of the Government in relation to Industry is to determine the conditions under which industry shall be conducted by private individuals, firms or corporations, and to see that those conditions are carried out. The first duty of the Government and Parliament is to secure justice as between one section of the community and another. They have to see that a boot-maker, for example, makes his boots under conditions that are fair to his workmen and to the rest of the community—not to make boots themselves. We are too apt, I think, to forget that a Government and its followers when raised to power by a numerical majority in the House, become thereby the guardians of the interests of the minority as well as those of their own party. They are entrusted, not with the destinies of the majority, but with those of the whole country; they are lifted out of the rut of sectional self-seeking, and they are called upon to hold the scales of justice evenly. An act of oppression is not

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less oppressive because it is perpetrated on a minority by a majority. But I am in danger of straying beyond the limits of my subject. I repeat therefore that the first duty of a Government is to secure justice to all, and that in relation to Industry its primary function is to determine the conditions under which industries shall be conducted, and to see that those conditions are carried out. Hitherto it has conspicuously failed in both respects. It has rarely had a consistent policy, and it has still more rarely seen its policy through.

To secure the confidence of both employers and employed it should be recognised as being disinterested; but if it is itself to be the largest employer of labour it will disqualify itself as the final court of appeal. To-day there are two fundamental problems which are exercising the minds of the workers—profiteering and the status of labour. They claim—and rightly claim—that capital shall not be unduly rewarded in relation to themselves and that their voice shall have due weight in determining the conditions under which industry shall be carried on. The employer likewise has two bugbears—restriction of output and strikes. He sees that the material prosperity of the country depends primarily upon the production of wealth, and that there can be no real improvement in the former except by increasing the latter. He knows that fundamentally the interests of capital and labour are the same; that both are necessary to the production of wealth; that both employers and employed are members of one corporate body, with distinct functions, but one common goal. Unfortunately the common goal is obscured in the mists of controversy; the vessel is allowed to drift towards the rocks, while the ship's Company dispute over their respective duties and rewards. For a life without ideals is a living death.

It is obviously important that employers and employed should, in the first instance, hammer out their differences amongst themselves. But if they fail to agree, or if their agreement is against the public interest, the final decision, which should be binding on both sides, must rest with the Government elected by the whole community. There must be some outside and impartial authority to resolve the difference of the two parties or the result will be anarchy. This—which is by far the most important function of the State in relation to industry—has never been fully recognised.

At the time of the great industrial revolution towards the end of the 18th century, the Government under the influence of the *laissez faire* school abdicated so far as industry was concerned, and left it to work out its own salvation. As was inevitable, it proved unequal to the task, because self-interest on either side proved too strong. The difficulty now is that the respective forces are as restive of an authority which has been long unexercised, as were the Barons of the Middle Ages before a strong Government was formed. Capital claims to determine for itself the toll of profit that it will exact; Labour claims to decide the wages that shall be paid; whereas the ultimate right of decision should rest in both cases with the community through its chosen representatives.

It is the Government's business to stop profiteering, and to stop exorbitant wages; it is for the Government to determine in the last resort the hours and the general conditions of labour; it is for the Government to hold the scales of justice evenly between Labour and Capital when differences arise.

Assuredly it is no light task that Parliament and the Government are thus called upon to undertake in relation to Industry. It involves an intimate knowledge of industrial conditions which they have never yet attained, and a degree of control which would make the bones of the old *laissez faire* school turn in their graves. But it differs even more widely from the task which the State Socialists would impose on the Government. For they would endow the Government with the functions of umpire and batsman in the same game, whereas, in the view put forward, it is essential that the two should be kept separate.

I have left myself but little time to consider the secondary functions of the Government in relation to Industry, although I fully recognise that they are of very real importance and often bulk more largely in the public eye than the one which I have stressed to-day.

They may be grouped, broadly, under the heading of the encouragement of industrial development. In this category come the

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promotion of industrial research, the development of the Consular Services, the thorny problem of the support of the key industries, the still more controversial problem of protection *versus* free trade. In this category may also be included the elimination or prevention of wasteful competition. For, if competition has its uses it has also its abuses. The competition among the British Railway Companies before the War is a case in point. No one would wish, I believe, to revert to the old conditions, or fail to recognise the great advantages and economies arising from a closer co-ordination. It is for the State to step in and insist that this co-ordination is carried out on right lines. Similarly it has been brought home to the country that a broad and comprehensive scheme for the supply of cheap electric power through big central stations is of vital importance to industrial development. But the task of reducing the present choas to order is beyond the powers of private enterprise without legislative assistance. It is urgently necessary that the Government should lay down the conditions under which these super-power stations may be erected, but, having done this, they should leave the actual work to be carried out by private enterprise.

These briefly are some of the problems which the Government is called upon to face in the interests of industrial development, and their mere enumeration conveys a striking picture of the magnitude of the task with which the Government is faced. I have made no reference at all, it may be noticed, to the question of Government control during the transitional period following upon the conclusion of peace. The reason is that I am not concerned with a temporary and wholly exceptional phase in our industrial life, which we shall all wish to abridge as much as possible.

I have thought it best to concentrate upon the primary function of the Government in relation to Industry, which is, I repeat, to determine the conditions under which industry shall be conducted by private enterprise, and to see that those conditions are carried out. And I have emphasized this aspect because there is a real danger, in my view, that the Government will try to turn trader and attempt to remedy its sins of omission by sins of commission which will merely make confusion worse confounded.

Bolshevism—the End of Civilisation.

Neutral Diplomatist's Warning.

M. Oudendyk, Dutch Minister in Petrograd, who has arrived in London, in an interview says:—

I wish to give a solemn warning to the working classes of all nations. Bolshevism, I say without exaggeration, is the end of civilisation. I have known Russia intimately for 20 years and never have the working classes of Russia suffered as they are doing at the present moment. I have never seen or dreamt of the possibility of such corruption, tyranny, and the absence of all semblance of freedom as there is in Russia at the present moment.

Translated into practice the five points of Bolshevism really come to this:—(1) High wages; (2) don't work; (3) take other people's property; (4) no punishment; (5) no taxation; and I suppose there will always be a certain number of people who will adopt a programme which in practice amounts to this. That is why, having seen myself the disastrous effects of this policy on all classes of society, I take the first opportunity on my arrival in England to warn the public. The bulk of the workmen in Russia are to-day far and away worse off than they ever have been, and the state of unemployment is simply terrible. When I left Petrograd the situation was one of utter starvation, and most people hardly knew how they would exist through the following day. The future to me seems hopeless. One thing is certain, that, left as she now is, Russia will be in a state of utter and complete ruin. Wherever Bolshevism rules the nation has been beaten to a pulp, and is utterly helpless.—*Reuter.*

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Alsace !

IN our island home it is difficult for us to understand the deep feelings of France, half agony, half ecstacy, occasioned by the approaching redemption of Alsace-Lorraine.

It will help us, however, if meanwhile we seek to grasp the spiritual horror of the Prussian vandalism of 1871.

Let this short story speak to us its message—lest we forget, the glory which it will soon be our privilege to confer upon our gallant Allies.

"THE LAST CLASS—STORY OF A LITTLE ALSATIAN."*

That morning I was very late going to school, and I was afraid of being scolded, more so as Mons. Hamel had told us he would question us upon the participles, and I did not know the first word of the subject.

The thought came to me to miss the class and to play truant. The weather was so warm and so clear. The larks were singing at the edge of the wood and in the Rippert Meadows, behind the saw mill the Prussians were at drill; all of which appealed to me more than the rule of the participles, but I had the strength to resist, and ran quickly to school.

Passing in front of the Village Hall I saw people standing in front of the notice board. For two years it is there we have read all the bad news, the lost battles, the requisitions, the orders of the High Command; and I thought without stopping "What can there be now ?"

Then as I ran across the square, the blacksmith Wachter, who was there with his apprentice reading the notice, called to me "No need to hurry so much, laddie; you'll arrive soon enough at your school!"

I thought he was teasing me, and I entered the little school yard of Mons. Hamel quite out of breath. Usually at the opening of the class there was a great commotion which one could hear even in the street—desks being opened and closed, lessons being repeated aloud all together, with one's ears plugged to help one learn better, and the big rule of the Master tapping on the tables: Silence!

I had reckoned on this to be able to gain my place unobserved; this day everything was quiet, like a Sunday morning.

Through the open window I saw my comrades seated at their places, and Mons. Hamel, who was walking up and down, his dreaded iron ruler under his arm. You will realise how I blushed and how afraid I was! Needlessly so however, for M. Hamel looked at me without anger and said quietly "Go quickly to your place, my little Frantz, we were just about to begin without you."

I jumped over the form, and sat down at once at my desk.

And then, recovering from my fright, I noticed that our Master had on his green frock coat, his pleated front, and his silk embroidered cap, which he only wore on inspection days and at prize distributions. Besides there was something unusual and solemn about all the class. But what surprised me the most was to see, at the back of the room, on the forms usually empty, some people of the village seated, silent like ourselves. There was old Hauser with his shovel hat, the old Mayor, the old postmaster, and many others. They all seemed sad; and Hauser had brought an old spelling book, frayed at the edges, which he held open on his knees, his big spectacles lying across its pages. Whilst I was full of wonder at all this, Mons. Hamel stood up at his desk, and in the same quiet and serious voice with which he had received me said "My children, it is the last time that I shall teach you. The order has come from Berlin that only in German may teaching from now be given in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine . . . The new Master will arrive to-morrow. To-day it is your last lesson in French. I beg you to be very attentive."

These words quite upset me. Ah! the wretches, this is what they had posted up at the Village Hall. My last lesson in French! . . . I—who hardly knew how to write!

* *Alphonse Daudet.* Translated into English for "ASBESTOS."

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I should never learn now! I must stay for ever so! How I regretted now the time I had wasted, the classes I had missed when bird nesting or sliding on the frozen Saar! The books which just now were such a bore, so heavy to carry, my Grammar, my Sacred History seemed now old friends which it would pain me deeply to leave. The same with Mons. Hamel! The thought that he was about to leave, that I should see him no more, made me forget his impositions and his canings. Poor man!

It was in honour of the last class that he had put on his Sunday clothes, and now I understood why the old people of the village had come to sit at the back of the hall. This seemed to mean that they regretted not having come to school more often. It was also in a way a thanking of our Master for his forty years of good service, and a paying of their respect to the country he was about to leave.

I was thinking of these things when I heard my name called. It was my turn to say my lessons. What would I have given to have been able to clearly and correctly repeat the long and famous rule of the participles? But I got all mixed up in the first few words and I remained standing, balancing myself at my desk, agitated, without daring to raise my head. I heard M. Hamel speaking to me. "I shall not scold you my little Frantz, you should feel punished enough already . . . this is how it is. Every day we say to ourselves: Bah! there's time enough. I will learn to-morrow. And now you see what happens . . . Ah! it has been the great misfortune of our Alsace to have always deferred her learning—till to-morrow. Now these people are right when they say: 'What! You pretend to be French and you know neither how to write nor read your language.' For all that, my little Frantz, it is not you who are the most to blame. We have all of us our share in the responsibility.

"Your parents have not cared enough to see you taught. They preferred sending you on the farm or to the mills that you might earn a few pence extra. And I, have I not much with which to reproach myself? Have I not often set you to water my garden instead of keeping you at work? And when I wished to go trout fishing, have I ever hesitated to give you a holiday?" So from one thing to another, M. Hamel got to talking of the French language saying that it was the most beautiful in the world, the most clear, the most sound, that we must keep it alive among ourselves, and never forget it; for when a people falls into bondage, so long as it holds fast to its language, it is as though it still holds the key to the door of its prison.

Then he took a Grammar and read us the lesson . . . I was surprised how easily I understood. Everything he said seemed easy—easy. Never had I attended so well, and never had he so patiently explained it all. One might say that the poor man before going, wished to impart his entire knowledge to us, to make it enter our heads all at once. The lesson finished, we passed on to writing.

That day M. Hamel had prepared us some examples quite new, in which was written in fine round hand: *France—Alsace*, FRANCE —ALSACE. They seemed like little flags floating around the class.

You should have seen how everyone applied himself, and what silence! Only the scratching of pens on paper was to be heard. Just then, some flying beetles came in the room, but no one paid any attention, not even the little ones. On the roof of the school, some doves were cooing very quietly, and I thought to myself on hearing them: "Will they not also compel them too to sing in German?"

From time to time when I looked up I saw M. Hamel motionless in his chair, staring hard at the objects around him, as though he was trying to carry away with him a true remembrance of his little school. Imagine! . . . For forty years he had occupied this same place. The school yard in front of him and his class just as now. Only the forms and desks had become shiny with use, the trees in the yard had grown, and the creeper which he had planted himself now embowered the windows and grew even to the roof. What a heart-break for this poor man to leave these dear things—to hear his sister coming and going in the room above packing his things, for to-morrow they must go and leave the country for ever. Just the same, he had the courage to finish the class.

After the writing, we had history, then the little ones sang their baby song together Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu. At the back of the hall, old Hauser had put on his spectacles, and holding his spelling book in his hand, spelled out the letters one by one with them. He

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too was applying himself; his voice full of emotion was so funny that we all wanted to laugh—and to cry. Ah! I shall always remember this last class . . .

All at once, the church clock struck midday, then the Angelus. At the same moment the trumpets of the Prussians burst forth as they returned from their drill . . .

M. Hamel got up, pale, at his desk. Never had he looked so splendid. "My friends," he said, "my friends, I . . . I . . ." But something choked him. He could not finish the sentence. Then turning to the blackboard, he took a piece of chalk and with all his strength he wrote in large letters "Vive la France."

He stayed there, leaning his head against the wall, and without speaking made sign to us: "It is finished . . . now go."

A Tale of Efficiency.

On Aug. 4th, 1914, and for ten months afterwards, I was Colonial Secretary. On that unforgetable night of Aug. 4th I was in the Cabinet Room, Downing-street, with a few of my colleagues. Our eyes were on the clock, our thoughts on one subject only; but there was a feeble effort to direct our conversation to other matters. We were waiting for a reply, which we knew full well would never come, to our ultimatum to Berlin. When Big Ben struck 11-30—midnight in Berlin—we left the room knowing that the British Empire was at War. I crossed Downing-street to the Colonial Office, to send a war telegram to the whole of the British Empire. I asked the Official in charge of that duty to send the war telegram at once, and I asked him how long it would take. He said, "About six minutes." I asked him to return to my room when he had done his work. In seven minutes he was back there, and before morning I received an acknowledgment of my telegram from every single Colonial Protectorate and even islet in the Pacific.

And so, next morning, the grim machinery of war commenced revolving, in perfect order, and with perfect preparation, so far as the Colonies were concerned; because more than two years previously an individual war-book had been prepared by the Colonial Committee of Defence for every single Protectorate and island. It was at that moment locked in the safe of each Governor or Commissioner, and they knew at once what to do. It was my privilege to receive and to accept the offer of troops from the Dominions, in more than one case made before we were actually at war, and the navies of New Zealand and of Australia passed into our control and management for our use and direction twenty-four hours before war had been declared. It was my duty and pride to invite the Governments of Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa to take the German colonies in their neighbourhood. And most admirably and most thoroughly were those colonies taken and administered during the war by the Dominions who had undertaken the job.

We ourselves have never lost a colony, even temporarily, during this war, though we were within twenty-four hours of doing so, in the Falkland Islands, which were saved for us by our Fleet.—*Viscount Harcourt, before the Empire Parliamentary Association*, 1918.

Because the other fellow does the same work in a different manner from you is not of itself a sure sign that he is wrong. There may be two roads to the same end and both may be worth studying.

We all have many different notions and at times some fixed ideas or set purposes. The problem is to distinguish between the passing fancies and the real ideas which should become fixed and followed.

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The Patriotism of Work.

By HERBERT N. CASSON.

IN his remarkable address to Parliament on November 19th, the King outlines a great programme of Industrial Development.

His Majesty says that we must have "a better Organisation of Industry." We must have a conscious aim. We must introduce into trade and commerce the same spirit of victorious loyalty which has enabled us to win the war.

In other words, the keynote of the next five years is this—*PATRIOTISM IN WORK.*

This is only another way of bringing up the great problem of Efficiency—more and more Efficiency. Everybody—both labour leaders and kings, can do nothing else to-day except call for more organisation and efficiency.

You see, we are £8,000,000,000 in debt. That is £800 per British family. It is £160 apiece for every man and woman and kiddie in the United Kingdom.

Now that we have thrashed the Germans our next great task is to pay our debts. We must pay as victoriously as we have fought; and when the last creditor has received the last shilling, then our gigantic task will be completed.

Can we do it by turning the railways over to the Post Office; or by putting the coal mines in charge of the War Office?

Can we do it by Mass Meetings, Parades and Soviets?

Can we do it either by voting or grousing?

Certainly not. There is only one way we can all pay the debt and that is by MAKING MORE MONEY.

"Out of nothing nothing comes." There is no magic way of conjuring up £ s. d. There is only the same old plodding, persevering way of working with hands and brain.

Can bureaucrats show us how to make more money? Can Bolsheviks? Can Cabinet Ministers?

Certainly they cannot. We can only make more money by doing our work in a quicker, better, and easier way.

We must inprove our methods of production. We must not use muscle if it is possible to use steam. We must get rid of shovels, barrows and files and all such out-of-date hand tools.

We must develop our Works into a semi-automatic mechanism, so that all of us shall receive the benefit. We must learn what Organisation is and stop struggling against it, as so many of us foolishly do.

We must be as loyal to the Managing Director as our soldiers were to the officers who led them. We must realise that we can WORK for our country as patriotically as our soldiers FOUGHT for it; and that the duty of duties at the present time is to PRODUCE—PRODUCE—PRODUCE.

Der Tag!

The following cutting from the "Kolnische Zeitung," published during September, 1914, might be of interest for publication on the day on which the major portion of the German Navy is to be handed over to the representatives of the British Navy (writes a "Times" correspondent):

"There will be no such country (as Great Britain at the end of the war) in existence. In its place we shall have Little Britain, a narrow strip of island territory peopled by loutish football-kickers, living on the crumbs that Germany will deign to throw to them. Whatever this war may bring in its train, certain it is that the laughable and childish military system of Britain will shortly fall to pieces. Then the once mighty Empire, with her naval strength represented by the few old tubs which Germany will have left her, will become the laughing-stock of the nations, the scarecrow at which children will point their fingers in disdainful glee."

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Sir Walter Raleigh.

Founder of the British Empire.

By ARTHUR MEE.

OUT of tragedy and pathos and pity unthinkable came the British Empire. This central fortress of the liberties of the human race has come up through the ages by dark and fearful ways. No story in the world can match this great adventure of the British Empire through four hundred years of time.

It began as an idea in the mind of Walter Raleigh. He was the first of all the men who dreamed of it; as Alfred dreamed of an English nation set in these narrow seas, so Raleigh dreamed of an English Empire beyond the raging main. And yet the story of this man who made us great, and flung our fame throughout the world, and founded all the British Empire Queen Elizabeth ever knew, is a tragedy too deep for tears, enough to break a heart of stone.

He was born in that great seamen's little world of Devon, in that great age of freedom when the Reformation burst the prison walls of thought. The minds of Englishmen were opening out. Men dared to think and speak, and there were things to think and speak about, for a beggarman from the streets of Madrid had found another world, and America, like a magnet, drew all ships unto it. By the rivers of Devon, and on its rocky coast, this tall, dark, handsome Walter Raleigh, with the face of a lover and the soul of a poet and the heart of a dreamer and the light of far-away in his blue eyes—this proud and resolute and independent man prayed that he might sail the sea and build up power and honour for the land he loved.

If we call men pirates who swept the pirate off the seas and built a fleet for England at their own expense, who tramped the countryside night after night to man their ships, who paid for it all out of their own pockets, who risked their lives and their families and their fortunes that the glory might be ours—if such men as these are pirates, Raleigh was poet and pirate too. He loved riches and fame and power, but who does not? He loved riches for the power they brought him, and he spent them to make his dreams come true.

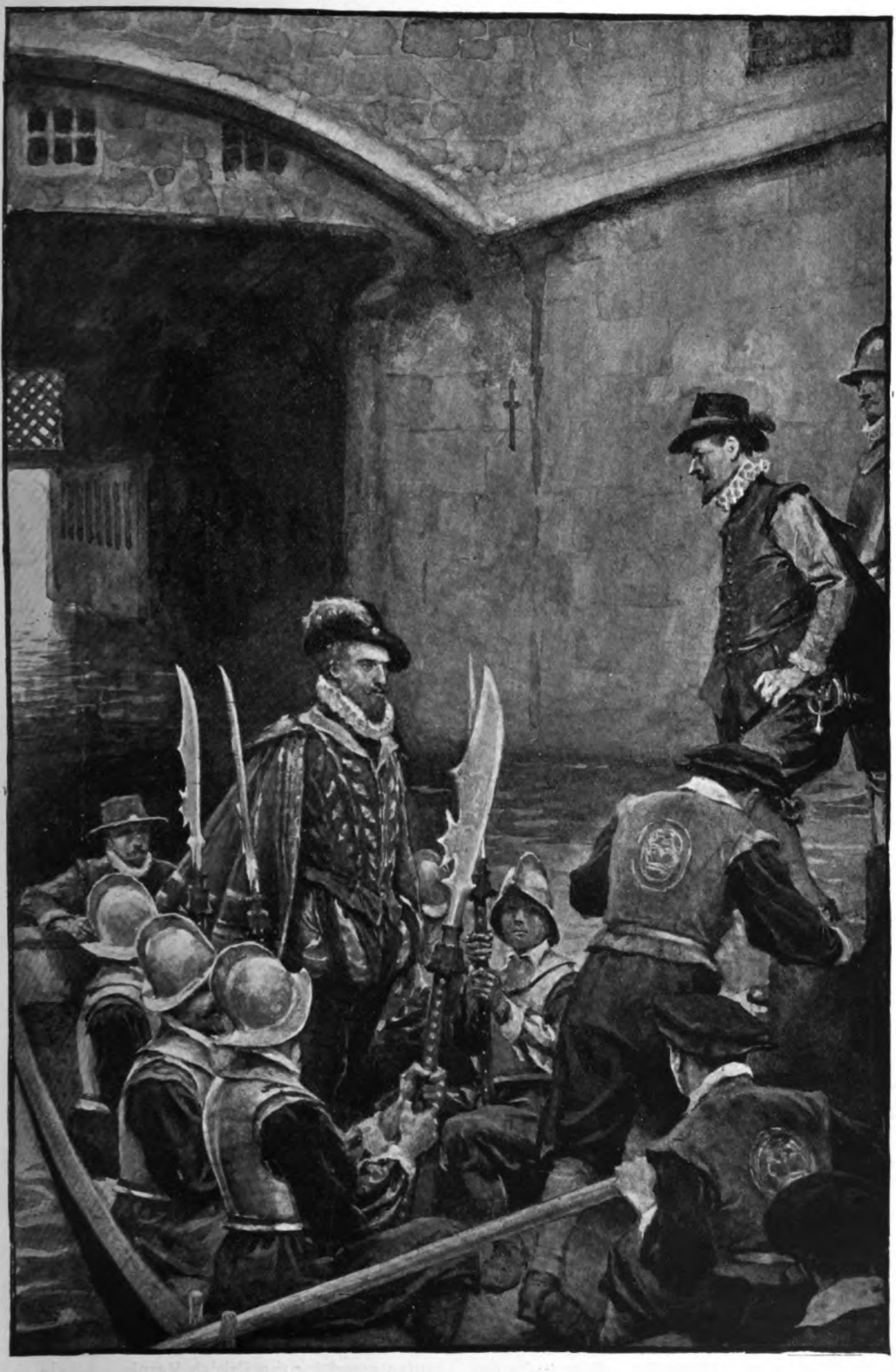
He was as much a pirate as Cecil Rhodes. He was a mighty figure in an age when mighty men must hang about a throne if they would realise their dreams, and Raleigh trod the open road to power. We may believe that it was not for nothing, not for the chivalry of it only, that he threw his cloak in the mud for Elizabeth to walk on. A man who wanted royal charters to seek new lands must have a friend at court, and if the friend sat on the throne itself so much the better for his royal charters.

He rose rapidly at court, and obtained great powers and privileges. He lived like a lord in his palace at Adelphi. He walked through the streets wearing a hatband of pearls and a jewel worth £400. He became one of the greatest landowners in the kingdom. He was one of the hardest-working men in the kingdom, too. He worked like a giant. He would sleep for five hours, read for four, play for two, and work for the rest, whether day or night. If he graced the court and sought the favour of Elizabeth, it was not for selfish purposes. He was courtier, poet, historian, soldier, sailor, explorer, scientist, orator, philosopher, and trustee of a great estate, and he loved England more than all. Rare patriot and lover of learning, it is said that he longed to set up a bureau of knowledge where anyone might come for information—a dream that many men have had, but have had so far in vain.

He had done great things before he went to court. He left Oxford at 17 to fight for the Huguenots in France. He went to sea with Sir Humphrey Gilbert in a tragic expedition. He struck his first blow against Spain by the time he was 28. It was in Ireland,

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Raleigh taken to The Tower.

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where roving bands of ruffians released from Spanish prisons were sowing the seeds of revolution. Raleigh went over with a hundred men, and taught the mutineers and Spain a stern and bitter lesson. It is said that he slew six hundred captives, but we do not know how far he was responsible. We know these men were agents of a foreign king, plotting mutiny and treason, and they deserved no mercy.

More congenial to his spirit, we may be sure, was Raleigh's meeting with Edmund Spenser. They would talk of poetry, and we have a pleasant picture of Raleigh listening to the poet's own reading of the "Faerie Queene." One of the rare delights of his life was his friendship with the Irish poet in the days before Spenser's heart was broken, and it must have given Raleigh very great satisfaction to get a small pension for his friend. "All this for a song," said the Lord Treasurer of England, as he paid the money out.

The truth is that Raleigh had the mind of a thinker and of a man of action, too. The rarest elements mixed in him. His ideas were bold, and his faith in them was boundless. He had that wonderful thing Imagination, as rare then as it is now. He was three hundred years before Darwin, but even in his History of the World we find the dim vision of that idea of Evolution that came into Darwin's mind. It was not in the nature of things that Raleigh should grasp its meaning, but he wrote of the transformation that takes place in living creatures in the course of ages, and of the daily witness of the garden to the changing nature of fruits. But for the inhumanity of the English king, the glory of English history and English literature might have been enriched beyond our dreams by this faithful, dauntless, far-seeing man. It was the love of a queen and the hate of a king that spoilt this great man's life.

Across three centuries there comes to us to-day the thrill of the vision of Sir Walter Raleigh. Who can think of Virginia without the stirring of a great emotion ? There were laid the foundation stones of the English-speaking world beyond the seas, and it was Raleigh who laid them. He obtained from Queen Elizabeth a charter which must be for ever remembered as the first great document in the archives of the British Empire. It gave him power to organise a fleet and go to sea, but charters had done this before for other men; what was new in Raleigh's charter was that it contemplated the permanent occupation and settlement of the new country he discovered, and the guarantee to all English settlers of the privileges and rights of citizens at home. That is to say, the man who went out to Raleigh's new country remained a British citizen under the British flag. It was the beginning of that colonisation which has spread British influence to the ends of the earth, and it began in that part of the new-found world which Raleigh named Virginia, after the virgin queen. She would not let him go, and he sent his ships out under other men, but she was glad when this great dreamer's dreams came true; she was glad that while this man was about her court his ships were seeking new lands, so that, as Raleigh said, the queen should have "a better Indies than the King of Spain had any." And so it came about that Raleigh's expeditions sailed without him. It was one of his griefs that, though he organised his fleet, he himself must stay at home to entertain the great Elizabeth.

But no court could contain the strength of such a man. Regions Elizabeth never knew his daring spirit swayed. The reports from Virginia enthralled him, and, though tragedy on tragedy befel his expeditions, nothing could destroy his faith that Virginia would become a mighty place. We look back to all that Virginia is and all that it has been, and there is something that burns like a prophet's fire in those words of Raleigh long ago—"I shall yet live to see it an English nation."

His expedition left a hundred people in Virginia. They found the climate good, the soil rich, and boundless areas of country stretching away they knew not where. It was like a Golden Age to these hundred people until some petty crime aroused the anger of the Red Indians, who refused to cultivate the land, so that food ran short and the little settlement was menaced with starvation. Suddenly Francis Drake appeared and gave them passage home, and they had hardly left when Grenville arrived with ships and stores. Not finding the Englishmen there, he left 15 volunteers as an outpost at Roanoke Island, the only foot of territory then held secure for England. Those 15 men stood for the British Empire. Raleigh

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sent out a new expedition, but could not find these men. They were probably slain by treachery, and we may think of them, that lonely group of Englishmen on the edge of an unknown world, as the first martyrs of the Empire.

But there was no despair in Raleigh's heart, however sad it was. The American coast had been explored for 250 miles. He had found friendly peoples, he had found potatoes and tobacco and mahogany, but, more than all, he had found new inspiration for his dream, and on and on he went. Five expeditions to Virginia he equipped, and they must have cost him a fortune.

It is pathetic in looking back to that great story of Virginia to see how true was the instinct of Raleigh. He saw the light, however dark it was; he kept the faith. When he sent out Captain John White to look for those 15 men at Roanoke, he sent out, also, another group of settlers, so that when White left to come home for new supplies and to report that little tragedy, he left behind him there 89 men, 17 women, and 2 children. One of the women was his daughter, Mrs. Dare, who became the mother of Virginia Dare, the first child ever born in the British Empire oversea. Virginia Dare! How great a name, how true! Virginia stands to all the world for daring: there was nothing Raleigh would not dare for Virginia; there is nothing Virginia has not dared to face for her high place in mankind.

Captain White came home, and Raleigh sent back two little ships to Roanoke, but the galleons of Philip beat them back. The Armada came on, and it was not till that great fleet of galleons had been swept away by wind and fire that Raleigh's ships could reach Virginia again. They drew near by night, and Captain White saw, with a thrill, the sign of fires on Roanoke. He sang an English song that must have thrilled any English ears listening in that place, but his heart was chilled to hear no response. Save for the smoke from the fires there was no sign of habitation, no sign of rejoicing; no voice rang through the night to welcome him. He waited till the morning, and then landed, but he found no soul of the 108 English people he had left. He found, instead, a name cut on a tree, as he had planned there should be if the colony should have to move. He had planned that they should put a cross beneath the name if misfortune should befall them, but there was no cross.

Baffled and in despair, once more Captain White came home, once more he brought bad news to Raleigh, and once more Raleigh organised his ships and sent them to Virginia. They went and found nothing. They went again and found nothing. At last even Raleigh could do no more, and in the end a new colony was settled at Jamestown. It is written that rumours were heard by the new settlers of white men living in Maryland, but other rumours said that these white people had been killed by hostile Indians, and the Jamestown colony knew nothing more. We do know more to-day. It became known in the three hundredth year after Raleigh's death that Raleigh's faith had all the time been justified, that the colony in which the first English child was born had not been massacred, that the rumours heard at Jamestown were true, and that the long-lost English colony was alive and well all through that long suspense.

Running out of provisions, they had marched inland to a friendly tribe on the Potomac River in Maryland. They had become cut off by hostile tribes, had been prevented all those years from getting through to Jamestown, and at last had settled down and intermarried with the Indians. Three hundred years have passed away, and still on the Blue Ridge Mountains in North Carolina, a day's march from New York, are men and women whose ancestors went out in Raleigh's ships, whose children have blue English eyes, and who remember still the story of the child Virginia Dare.

From that other colony of Jamestown comes another great page in the story of Virginia. The first expedition was murdered by Red Indians. Captain Smith, in charge of the second, was saved by the pleading of Queen Pocahontas. She became friendly, married an Englishman, and helped to build up Jamestown. She came to England with her baby boy, she went to see a Shakespeare play, she died and was buried in a church by the Thames. Let us think of her kindly, this first queen over whom the British flag flew oversea, all the more kindly because her son went back to her kingdom and married an English girl, from whom has descended,

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through many strange times and many strange scenes, the wife of President Wilson.

"I yet shall see her an English nation," the unconquerable Raleigh would say, and from near God's throne he may yet look down on Virginia, where the British flag first flew; Virginia, which gave George Washington and President Wilson to the world; Virginia, which raised the first voice ever raised against the German kings of England; Virginia, which under Washington wrung her freedom from our German kings, which under Lincoln fought and bled and finally won freedom for the slaves, which under Wilson has lived to see America, in the tercentenary year of Raleigh, hand in hand and heart in heart with Raleigh's English nation.

It was the finding of Virginia that was the first great dream of Raleigh's life. He had another—the breaking of the despotic power of Spain. He was perhaps the first man who wrote in a book that England's defence must ever be by sea, and the best energies of his life—almost all his strength that tragedy did not consume—he gave to building up our sea power. Freedom was in his blood, and he hated the tyranny of Spain, vaunted abroad in the world "as if the kings of Castile were the natural heirs of all the earth." It was to break this power of Philip, which threatened more and more to overwhelm these islands, that Raleigh planned his expeditions. We need not follow him through them all. Again and again he sent them out, and at times he went out with them. He loved his little Ark Raleigh; he thought her the best ship in the world for all conditions. "We can see no sail great or small," he said, "but how far soever they be off we fetch them and speak with them."

He was setting out in her on one of his expeditions when Frobisher came up behind to fetch him back. He had dared to fall in love with a maid of honour at the court, and his fond queen sent him to the Tower. It was the beginning of his miseries. It did not suit Elizabeth that her brilliant captain of the guard should transfer his admiration to her maid of honour, but Raleigh was happier in his wife than in his queen. She staked her all to win him, and he once wrote to her, "I chose you and loved you in my happiest times." Their letters move us still across the gulf of time.

It was happy for them both that, while Raleigh lay in the Tower, the expedition from which he had been withdrawn came home again, bearing the richest prize ever landed on our shores. It had captured a Portuguese ship of seven decks and 1,600 tons, with spice, musk, amber, ebony, pearls, and precious stones worth an almost undreamt-of sum. The bringer of all this wealth could not be left to languish in the Tower. Elizabeth let him out to look after the unloading, and down at Dartmouth Raleigh was received with shouts of joy by his own people, so that Robert Cecil "never saw a man more troubled to quiet them in my life." Raleigh gave most of his share of the treasure to the queen—more than any man had presented her as yet, he proudly said, and with this price he bought his freedom.

He sailed again for Guiana two years later, with full powers to do anything against Spain, and to that unfortunate adventure we may trace the source of half his woes.

A strange world it was in those days. We read of a king aged 110 who came to meet them, mourning the death of his son, "whom he most entirely loved:" we read of races of mysterious people "whose heads did not appear above their shoulders:" we read of a distant mountain formed of crystals, with a mighty river thundering from its summit like a thousand bells; and we read of Eldorado, the fabled land of gold. Raleigh believed in it. He believed the stories of gold mines which Captain Keymis brought him, and he came home to fit out a new expedition to find the mines.

All the time the Spanish menace grew. Broken in the Armada, Philip sought revenge, and we find the dauntless Raleigh again and again in those sea fights which at last established our supremacy. We find him at Cadiz, inspiring that great fight in which the power of Spain received its mortal wound. We find him at Fayal, capturing the town alone before his commander, Essex, arrived on the scene—greatly to the exasperation of Essex, who made no mention of Raleigh in his report of this supreme achievement, and never forgave him through all their years of rivalry at court.

Of all these battles Raleigh left his own accounts. He was not only a fighter of battles, but historian too. It was his description of the last fight of the "Revenge"

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which inspired Lord Tennyson's immortal poem. The more we think of Raleigh, the more the wonder of him grows. This man would build his ships at his own expense and tramp about in lanes for men to man them; would take them out to sea to find new lands, to bring home treasure, or to drive the Spaniards from Cadiz; and would come home and write a history of his fights that men would read in ages yet to come. There is a letter in which he tells how he hunted round the villages of Kent for runaway sailors, dragging in the mire from ale-house to ale-house. "As fast as we press men one day," he wrote, "they run away another, and say they will not serve."

Such was this man, such was his zeal for England, such were the blows he delivered to Philip of Spain, with much toil and without much glory, for he never had an independent command and his life at court was harrassed and chequered as, one after another, new favourites came and went. And then Elizabeth went—to that great bourne from which there is no return. Now the poltroon James comes on the scene, and from this hour there is no happiness for Walter Raleigh.

We need not claim for him that he had all the virtues; we need not claim that he was free from vice. He was a part of all that he had met, as most men are. He was a man of his time and a man of the court, subject to all the influences and desires and temptations that swayed the great men of his day. It is said that he lied, and it is not improbable; kings and ambassadors and courts have lived on lies for centuries. It is said that he took a bribe for interceding for a man condemned, and it is not improbable; bribes were as common as daylight. Queen Elizabeth took a bribe from Raleigh to release him from the Tower; the very pious Earl of Sussex bribed a servant to kill his master. Such things were the perquisites of the court. Let us believe that Raleigh had the virtues and the vices of humanity, but let us believe the truth, at least, and the truth is that the treatment of this founder of the British Empire is a stain on English justice that eternity will never blot out.

He, Sir Walter Raleigh, who lived to break the power of Spain for England's sake, was accused by some loafing lord in a fit of temper of being a traitor to England and a friend of Spain; and on the strength of this and nothing else he was sent to the Tower, to suffer blow upon blow and lie year after year in his prison cage while the glory of his name was besmirched in treason. The Stuarts were beginning well. James had come down from Scotland hating this great Englishman. He sent Raleigh to his trial determined on his doom.

Let us pass quickly over this dark scene. In vain the prisoner begged to be confronted with his accuser; not once through all the years of suspense and agony were they brought face to face. The injustice of this trial fills us with anger still. Raleigh's bitter enemy, Sir Edward Coke, sat among his judges, and would say to him "Thou art a monster; thou hast an English face but a Spanish heart;" and when Raleigh burst in with "Let me answer; it concerns my life," the Chief Justice would pass on. Coke would call him a viper, and it has been said that the coarse brutality of the Chief Justice in passing sentence goes far to justify the story that the judge had stolen purses in his youth. One who saw the trial said, "When it began I would have gone a hundred miles to see Raleigh hanged; before it closed I would have gone a thousand to save his life;" and one of his judges is said to have exclaimed on his death-bed that never had English justice fallen so low as in condemning Raleigh. We shall all agree, for this is the sentence passed upon this man—that he was to be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, to be hanged and cut down alive, to have his heart plucked out and the head severed from the body, to have his body divided into four quarters and disposed of at the pleasure of King James. Raleigh, the man of Virginia, the man of Cadiz, begged to say a few words to the lords, and pleaded that he might die like a soldier and that his death might not be ignominious. What they did was to set him at a window, where he watched the other prisoners walk up to the scaffold and walk away, reprieved, and at that last moment Raleigh, also, was reprieved and sent back to the Tower.

For twelve years he was there, a captive in a cage, and it is said that these twelve years made Raleigh popular. A great wave of national sympathy gathered about him. From the terrace on which he was allowed to take his walks he watched the river run-

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ning to the sea, and his mind would travel with the waves far out on the voyages of his dreams. There little groups of people would stand and watch him, and a sense of the cruelty of this captivity would grow upon them. The oppression of it all in the mind of such a man was relieved by the companionship of his wife and their boy, who were allowed to share his prison, and he had the great Ben Jonson as a fellow captive for a little while. Rare companions they must have been, whose quiet talks behind their prison bars would have been worth to-day the memory of an eternity of kings like James. It was James's son, the young Prince of Wales, who loved this noble prisoner in the Tower and came to see him often, and it was he who said, with that contempt for his father that all posterity shares, "Only my father would keep such a bird in a cage."

Yet in his cage his spirit was not broken; stone walls did not a prison make for him. He turned a hen-house into a laboratory, and amused himself with scientific experiments. He had been in the Tower ten years and was 62 years old when he started to write a history of the world. It is thought he may have written it for the young prince who loved him. Such a labour in such an age was an astounding thing, but Raleigh worked on till he had written over thirteen hundred pages for his first volume. He wrote like a man whose business it was to write. He wrote of such things as the prerogatives of parliament, the state of Spain, trade, shipping, mines, minerals, cabinet councils, Mahomet, the life and death of the Conqueror, and all that multiplicity of ideas and events that made up his world. He did it all so well that it was said after his death that this book, written in his prison, gave him a greater title to fame than all the work of his active years. John Milton published some of Raleigh's work; Cromwell esteemed his History as second only to the Bible; and it was said in our own time by Charles Kingsley that this book was the most God-fearing and God-seeing History ever known.

But the History was never finished; it was suppressed because it "dealt too saucily with kings," and Raleigh may have tired of wasting his few remaining years. He did something else: he woke up one morning and bribed two poor relations of a new favourite who had come to court, and he was set free from the Tower to go on a war expedition to Guiana to find the mine that Captain Keymis knew. The old dream of Eldorado was on him again, and he was free to follow it.

He came out of the Tower and walked through the streets of London for the first time in twelve years. He must have been a broken man, and he was 63. We can imagine the familiar figure making his way through the streets by the Thames, startling little groups of people as he passed, turning into Adelphi, the scene of his great days, past Charing Cross, down Whitehall, and on to Westminster, where he would turn into the solemn twilight of the Abbey to live again through memory by the grave of Queen Elizabeth.

But his doom was hastening on. He was fifteen months preparing for his expedition, and the knowledge that Raleigh was free and fitting out his ships again set Spain a thinking. Philip was not yet dead, and he had not forgotten Elizabeth and the great Armada. With an idiot king on Elizabeth's throne the last of the Elizabethans could be hunted to his doom. And so the Spanish ambassador protested to the king against the freedom and activities of Raleigh, and in the end this man who helped to smash the great Armada, the last of those great men who spent their lives in fighting Spain, who made the English throne safe for this king to sit on and gave the English power at sea—the last of this great company of Elizabeth's immortals was handed over and betrayed by James himself, who had done nothing fouler since with his own hands he tortured a poor old man for causing a storm at sea. He set Raleigh free to organise the expedition and allowed him to organise it on the basis of war, and behind Raleigh's back he gave the Spanish ambassador all the secret plans and this solemn promise to Philip, that if Raleigh offended the might of Spain he, King James himself, would send Raleigh back to be hanged in Madrid.

We need not follow Raleigh out. He was away a year, and when he came back to Plymouth, on a glorious June day in 1618, his faithful wife was waiting for him. It must have been too much for her much-tried heart to bear, for Raleigh had failed. The

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dream of Eldorado was not true. The treacherous Spaniards had attacked his unarmed men, Keymis had slain himself in his cabin, and, bitterest news of all this woeful tale, their boy was dead. So Raleigh met again this woman he had loved in their happy days at Sherborne; so they met once more in this most desperate hour.

And there, beside them, stood a kinsman, the scoundrel Stukely, sent down by the King of England to arrest this man in the name of Spain. It was misery on misery. Stukely set spies to watch and trap his prisoner on the road to London. Soon they passed Sherborne, and Raleigh, looking out on the scene of his early married life and thinking of the tragedy of the faithful woman at his side, burst out: "All this was mine, and it was taken from me unjustly." Even this natural emotion was turned into treason by the French spy Manourie. But Raleigh talked to him as a travelling companion, and begged from him a drug to make him ill and cause delay till he could order his affairs, "for," he said, "as soon as I come to London they will have me to the Tower and cut off my head."

In London he tried to escape, and Stukely pretended to aid him. He left his house in Bread Street with Stukely and a faithful servant. They took a boat for Tilbury. The great Sir Walter Raleigh, who loved his life and had given it all for England, was fleeing from his country. This man who loved the sea and made it free for England was hurrying to it as a fugitive. They passed the great black mass of the Tower in the dark; soon, if all went well, he would be beyond the reach of his old prison house, and Raleigh, old and weary and forsaken, might die in peace.

But black treachery was waiting a little down the river. Another boat came up, and the fugitive was arrested in the name of the king. Not even then did he suspect the treachery of Stukely. He bade him farewell, and gave him his last few personal possessions as a mark of a kinsman's affection: and yet this traitor was the miserable tool of the infamous powers that were closing fast round Raleigh. They put him in the Tower again on the plea that he had offended Spain, though over his head still hung the charge that he was a friend of Spain. It did not matter what they charged him with; his enemies were determined he should die.

In vain he pleaded for his life, in vain he protested that he was loyal to the king, in vain he called to be confronted with his accusers: the vengeance of Spain pursued him ruthlessly. The Spanish Ambassador was at the elbow of the king, sneering at James that Raleigh and his men were in England and had not been hanged, and James had no time to listen to a traitor. And then in a letter which still quivers with emotion Raleigh wrote to him again. If he had spent his estate and lost his son and suffered a world of miseries, he said, if he had resisted the spoils with which his crews would have made him rich, if he had surrendered his liberty when he was master of his life, if he had brought his ships to England when he might have sold them, he besought the king to believe that all this he had done that it should not be said the king had trusted a man who had betrayed him. But James was busy writing essays on the Lord's Prayer, and could not listen. They took the founder of the British Empire and rushed him from the Tower, shivering with ague, and they condemned him to die the next morning.

He was "broken in his brains," he wrote in his despair. "My services, hazards and expenses for my country, plantings, fightings, councils, malice has all covered over." On the night of October 28, 1618, his wife went to say farewell. They parted for ever in this world as midnight struck, she who loved him with the love of women, he who would have died for her, and in her last words she told him through her tears that they had promised her his body, which would not suffer the ignominy to which it had been condemned twelve years before. Lying then in the Tower, waiting his cruel fate, he had written to her "with the dying hand of sometime thy husband, now alas overthrown" a letter that we may well remember here. "Time and death call me away," he wrote while waiting for the scaffold, and his last words were these: "The everlasting, infinite, powerful, and inscrutable God that is goodness itself, mercy itself, the true life and light, keep you and yours, and have mercy on me, and teach me to forgive my persecutors and false accusers; and send us to meet in His glorious kingdom. My true

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wife, farewell. Bless my poor boy; pray for me. May true God hold you both in His arms."

Now death was beckoning him indeed, and they met no more. They took him the next morning down to Old Palace Yard, and there, in front of the Houses of Parliament, they sacrificed to the enemies of his country as noble a man as had ever served the king. There was a fire by the scaffold, but he would not linger. When the end came he was glad to be gone. The tragedy of his life had lasted long enough. Three lords came to the scaffold to shake hands with him, and he made a speech in which he prayed that God should blot him out of the book of life if he had ever been disloyal to the king. He entreated that all would join with him in prayer to that great God in heaven whom he had grievously offended, "being a man full of all vanity, who hath lived a sinful life in such callings as have been most inducing to it," for he had been a soldier, a sailor, and a courtier, all of them courses of wickedness and vice. "But I trust he will not only cast away my sin, but will receive me into everlasting life," and then, looking for the last time on the faces of his countrymen, he said, "I have a long journey to take, and must bid the company farewell." The Dean of Westminster, as Raleigh was about to kneel, suggested that he should face the East, and as he turned to face that way he said, "What matter which way the head lie, so that the heart be right." Two blows from the headsman, and Raleigh had passed into his immortality. The crowd turned away with a thrill of anguish and shame. His widow buried his body in St. Margaret's Church across the way, but his head she embalmed and kept through her long years of widowhood.

So perished the victim of Philip and James, the patriot and dreamer of the English-speaking race. As for those who slew him, they lived on. Stukely lived an outcast, shunned by all, and died a maniac, haunted by the face of Walter Raleigh, in the lonely island of Lundy, where he hid himself from men. Lord Cobham, who betrayed him for a thousand pieces of gold, died in poverty and filth, being long kept alive by an old servant who fed him with scraps. James, of whom Macaulay said that he was a nervous, drivelling idiot, continued to degrade the crown and govern through minions until he died.

Such were the men who hounded to his doom the founder of our Empire. They lie in the dust of oblivion, while he shines eternal, like the very stars of God.

Princess Pocahontas.

In view of the references in Mr. Arthur Mee's article to Queen Pocahontas and President Wilson, the following item, culled from the *Daily Telegraph* of Dec. 17th last, is most interesting:—

"Mrs. Woodrow Wilson has presented, through the Dames of Virginia, an autographed portrait of herself to St. George's Church, Gravesend, to be hung in the vestry beneath the portrait of her ancestress, the Indian Princess Pocahontas, who is buried in the chancel of that church. The princess visited England with her husband, John Rolfe, and died on board the "George" in the Thames just as she was preparing to return home. She was buried in the parish church. She left one son, Thomas Rolfe, who became Governor of Virginia and the founder of several notable Virginian families, including the Bollings, of whom Mrs. Wilson is a descendant.

A man without some specific aim before him is about as badly at sea as a ship with no port to steer toward. Get an aim and work toward it.

STOP PRESS.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY EXAMINATION RESULTS—I. Jennie Wright; II. Alice Rourke, Hilda Cussons, Mabel Thomasson, Mary Wynn, Daisy Jenkins and Alfred Lowther; III. Martha Law, Gladys Edwards, Florrie Johnson, Bert McDonna, James Webster and Herbert Schofield.

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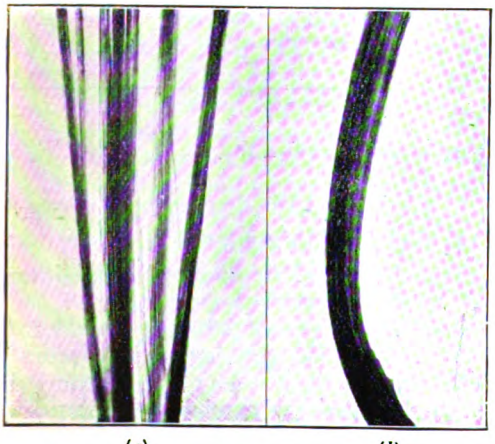
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The Origin and Properties of Asbestos.—V.

By H. W. ROWELL.

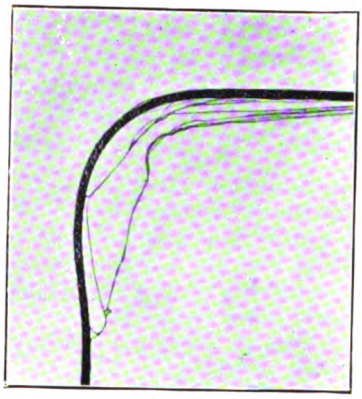
ASBESTOS is the only fire resisting textile material. It has been shown why it is more difficult to work than cotton, but it is carded, spun and woven in much the same way, and is also worked into paper and millboard like paper stock. If cotton, or other cellulose material like paper, is heated in a dry atmosphere at temperatures even below the boiling point of water, it gradually becomes brittle and of no practical use. Wool will resist higher temperatures, but asbestos is unchanged under conditions that totally destroy wool, jute, silk, linen and other textiles.

To be scientifically correct we should not say that *anything* is fireproof, for it is only necessary to raise the temperature sufficiently high in order to melt, volatilize or decompose most substances. Firebricks, glass, porcelain and asbestos can all be melted in the small furnaces in the laboratory, although in everyday language we call them fireproof. The illustrations show some fibres of asbestos magnified about 40 times, whose ends have been heated in a blowpipe flame until they fused together as a sort of slag.



(*a*) (*b*)

A fine bunch of fibres heated strongly, showing consolidation to a vitreous mass : (*a*) before heating (slightly opened out), (*b*) after heating.



Selected bunch of fibres fused and sagged at high temperature : the lower end is solid and vitreous.

The actual melting point varies with the composition of asbestos from various sources. Blue asbestos is most easily melted because it is mainly ferrous silicate and contains a fair amount of alkalis which always reduce the melting point of refractory materials. The usual white chrysotile sorts melt at temperatures of about 2,000° F. and over, for the magnesia silicates resist heat to a greater degree than most others.

Asbestos is not often required to stand up to temperatures approaching its melting point, and the changes which occur before the melting point is reached are more important.

All fibrous materials collect moisture from the air, and the one or two per cent collected by carded asbestos is expelled by heating at the boiling point of water, but the asbestos remains unchanged. On heating to a dull red heat, good textile asbestos will lose 12% to 14% of its weight, and in the process will lose a great part of its flexibility.

This is due to the fact that water combines with the magnesium silicate to form the fibrous crystal shape of asbestos in the same way that "carbonate of soda" powder requires water to form the crystal shape of "washing soda," and both washing soda and asbestos lose their "water of crystallisation" when sufficiently heated, and at the same time lose their crystal formation.

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There is no further change in white asbestos until the melting point is reached.

Blue asbestos undergoes a further change which occurs both during and after the loss of water of crystallisation, and these changes occur at a lower temperature than with white asbestos. The blue ferrous silicate assisted by heat takes up oxygen from the air and becomes red brown ferric silicate, and useless for most purposes, and on raising the temperature to about 1,700°F. the mass fuses to a black, glassy slag.

The fire-resisting properties of asbestos are a most valuable asset in many industries. In everyday life we see asbestos thread used to tie the gas mantle to its support, in the "fuel" or blocks in gas fires, and as a heat-resisting insulator in electric heating arrangements, while several implements of warfare would be impossible without the use of the fire-resisting properties of asbestos.

Another Efficiency Tale.

By an American.

WHEN our country entered the fight, we were confronted with the necessity of starting a big business at the top—always a difficult task. We were credited with rather an unusual ability for organisation, standardisation, and "get together," and we had to draw heavily on this credit. War material is a substance and not a theory. Ore had to be dug and shipped. Machinery had to be built. Articles had to be made. Vision had to be enlarged. We were asking much of our peace-time war organisation. Our immediate political accomplishments were remarkable as evidenced by the draft law, the marshalling of our man power. The American mind is a direct mind. It is too near pioneer days to be otherwise. It has, however, a peculiar conceit somewhat akin to that possessed by the young man who wants to find out for himself rather than follow his father's counsel. In some directions we were unwilling to accept British and French practices as a foundation and improve by experience. *We thought we could do better than they to begin with, and lost valuable time in consequence.*—From *The (American) Journal of Industrial and Engineering Chemistry.*

* * *

Admiral Sims says "If you want to know what the Britisher is like, ask an American."

"The Opportunity Plan"—*continued.*

They will record the achievements of the individual and will be signed by the Managing Director, the Head of the Division or Department concerned and the Officer in charge of the Educational Work.

ROUTINE.—Any employee who wishes to take up a course of study is invited to make application in writing to the Manager of the Employment Division. The following particulars are required:

1. Name in full.
2. Section and Division or Department.
3. Full details of study required.

The Manager of the Employment Division will work in close co-operation with the Heads of Divisions and Departments, consulting them and securing their approval with regard to the courses of study arranged for employees with whom they are concerned.

(Signed on behalf of the Executive)
S. TURNER, JUNR.

23rd November, 1918.

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The Opportunity Plan.

THE details of the Educational Programme outlined in the last issue of "ASBESTOS" by Mr. Entwistle have been settled, and the completed scheme is given below.

At a meeting of the Provisional Works Committee held on Thursday, the 21st November, 1918, the following resolution was carried unanimously:

"That this meeting of the Provisional "Works Committee endorses 'The Oppor-"tunity Plan' submitted to them by the "Employment Manager, and recommends "its acceptance to the Directors."

The Directors have formally approved the scheme, which comes into operation immediately.

OBJECT.

(a) To enable employees to train for their work, to do better work and thus increase their earning capacity.

(b) To give employees the fullest possible opportunity for development.

(c) To encourage individual effort and initiative.

The plan is based on the fact that the boy or girl, man or woman, who values education and is determined to acquire knowledge and use it, will gladly seize any and every opportunity within reach that will achieve the desired object.

The requirements of each individual who makes application will be carefully considered, a course of study will be suggested and financial assistance will be offered where required.

The measure of the facilities and assistance granted will depend on the *merit* as well as on the needs of the individual, and in some degree upon the efforts which have been made in the past towards self education.

FACILITIES.—The fullest possible use will be made of Evening Continuation and Technical School Classes. The number of subjects for which prizes are offered under the Educational Prize Scheme has been increased.

Special courses of instruction by correspondence have been arranged with the International Correspondence Schools, the Sheldon School of Business Science, the Efficiency Magazine, the Pelman Institute and similar institutions.

Lectures and addresses by members of the Staff will be arranged for various sections of the Works and Offices, and in cases where a number of students are taking the same courses of study. The object of these lectures and addresses will be to indicate the best ways in which knowledge can be applied to daily work and to afford opportunity for free discussion and exchange of views.

In cases of exceptional merit where College lectures and work in Scientific or Industrial Laboratories may form part of the designed course of study, facilities will be granted to enable the student to take up such a course.

FEES.—At the outset of a course the Firm will be prepared, on the recommendation of the Manager of the Employment Division supported by the Head of the Department or Division concerned, to pay a part of the initial cost of fees and books and will continue to do so for the whole of the course, provided that satisfactory reports of progress are forthcoming.

Arrangements may be made for payment by students of their proportion of the cost of fees and books in convenient instalments.

REPORTS, RECORDS, CERTIFICATES, DIPLOMAS.—Periodical reports will be obtained of the progress of each student. Copies of these reports will be sent to the Head of the Division or Department where the student is working and to the Executive and the Directors.

Detailed Records will be kept of the various courses of study undertaken and the progress made.

Diplomas known as "TURNERS' STUDY AND WORK DIPLOMAS" will be issued periodically by the Firm to employees who show a continuous record of success in study and improvement in work.

(*Concluded on opposite page.*)

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Correspondence.

To the Editor of "Asbestos."

FROM LA FRANCE.

Sir,—After having answered in such an obliging manner to the telegram I sent you as soon as the armistice was signed, you thought yourself bound to address me in your letter of the 18th congratulations. They have deeply touched my heart of Frenchman and I am proud of such a proof of sympathy on your part.

The laurels that you would be glad to give to our dear France ought certainly to be shared and a big part of them, perhaps the biggest, ought to be acknowledged to valourous England.

We do not forget that we owe our common victory to the heroism of your soldiers and to the indomitable power of your fleet. The Barbarians who four years ago were daring enough to ridiculise the valour of your country are now imploring the giants of the "contemptible little English army" which has become one of the strongest in the world only Barbarians such as them, were able to surrender without fighting; it is a shame and a dishonour for this people and a immortal glory for your great nation.

So it is with more heart enthusiasms and courage that I am decided to transact business with your splendid country and specially with your Firm. And when I shall meet with people who do not believe in England's sincere feelings for France, I will have only to show them your beautiful letter to convinced of their unforgiving mistake.

Hurrah! for our common victory and glory for ever to generous and noble England.

Yours very truly,

F. L. CHRIST.

Paris le 27 Novembre, 1918.

FROM THE FLEET.

Sir,—Would you favour me by forwarding a copy of your house organ "ASBESTOS ?"

I would like to take this opportunity of congratulating Mr. Turner on his work of reconstruction. His first book "Eclipse or Empire ?" was, I think, the first tonic this old country of ours received since the start of the war. I myself, from a few years sojourn in America, knew he was driving home a much required lesson.

"From War to Work" from an ethical standpoint should make both employee and employer think deeply, for the future destiny of mankind is balanced between them.

To us mortals who are in the actual conflict, it is men like Mr. Turner who gives us heart to "carry on." After all it is the ideals and the future which buoys up our much-tried endurance—the hope that when we return to civil life we will have something more than a mere existence.

The mind of the average soldier or sailor is intangible on many phases of reconstruction, but deep down there is the feeling that old relationships and conditions will be changed and every new welfare scheme which is put into operation by manufacturers gives hope and courage.

A. MUNRO WILLIAMSON.

H.M.S. "Heda," Sept. 7th, 1918.

THE HOUSE ORGAN.

Sir,—Recently I had the opportunity of reading the July number of "ASBESTOS" and was so much interested that I should deem it a favour if you could send me a copy of the current issue.

I have great faith in the Works Magazine, and am firmly convinced that if they are conducted on broad lines they are an asset to the Company. They may be made the medium through which immature minds may be moulded along correct lines, and if more such journals were in existence we should eventually have less trouble with the extremists among the working men than we are having at the present time.

WALTER G. GROOCOCK.

Rugby, Nov. 9th, 1918.

AN ALLOTMENT SUGGESTION.

Sir,—The thought has occurred to me that amongst so many plotholders there must be some widely divergent opinions, and that however much one writes one cannot possibly touch on all topics or all they may want to know. My idea is that if, say, a sheet was hung in the various tool sheds or shelters and a man could write down his questions, and then, periodically, I would answer either through "ASBESTOS" columns or perhaps

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monthly as may be found necessary by means of spaces provided for replies on the sheets themselves. I give the suggestion for what it is worth, and if I can help further I shall be glad.

A. BLAGDEN.

Rochdale, Nov. 4th, 1918.

ANOTHER ALLOTMENT IDEA.

Sir,—Why not allow allotment holders to keep a few fowls ? They should of course, be kept on "the Intensive System" and chickens should not be bred from birds so kept. The system enables one to get from each hen, in twelve months, the number of eggs that she would lay naturally in two to three years. The connection with allotments lies in the feeding, and the birds, of course, are enclosed.

There is always a certain amount of "waste" greens on every allotment, no matter how well managed, and it is essential that fowls kept on "the Intensive System" should have easy access to green food, at all times.

In case the Committee consider my proposal the following notes might prove useful.

A scratching shed and roost, combined length 10ft., depth 6ft., would give ample floor space for 12 Leghorns or similar variety of fowls, or would accommodate 10 of the Wyandotte or heavy breed variety. The shed should, in every instance, face South, and should be made on the "lean to" principle, that is sloping from front to back, height at front 6ft., dropping to 4ft. 9in. at the back. The inside fittings could be arranged to suit the owner. The front of the shed should be boarded up about 20 inches and fine mesh wire-netting placed over the remainder, with window shutters, for use in severe weather. Entrance to the shed should be at the side. A cheap and attractive shed can be made with asbestos sheets.

The manure obtained from hens so kept would prove a valuable addition to the garden, but it must be used sparingly. A barrowful of poultry manure is equal to a cart load of stable manure. In the growing of potatoes my method is as follows:—a trench is dug about 10 inches deep, 5 to 6 inches wide. Along the bottom of the trench is spread poultry manure about 1 inch deep. Two inches of soil is placed over the manure, and the seed potato is placed on top and covered over to a depth of 4 inches. As the shoots appear, more soil is raked on to them. Two rows so treated gave me 30% more than any other two rows in my garden.

Allotment holders should make some arrangement with local poultry keepers whereby surplus greens might be exchanged for manure. Personally, I should have been very glad to have bought a sack or barrowful of waste, many a time during the last Summer.

If the Committee could see their way to consider my proposal, I am certain the privilege of keeping fowls would be greatly appreciated. I should be very pleased to submit plans of what I consider an ideal and complete house for this district.

JAMES S. WOOD.

Dec. 12th, 1918.

Interesting Items.

SERGEANT GEORGE EDWARDES, whose portrait appears in our Roll of Honour, enlisted at the outbreak of war. He is credited with being entitled to distinction, but unfortunately his captain, who we understand had expressed his intention to put his name forward, was killed before being able to report.

CORPORAL F. SWAINE of the Coldstream Guards is in hospital suffering from gunshot wounds in the right forearm, thigh, and ankle. Formerly he was employed in the Plaiting Division.

SAPPER E. WARBURTON joined up with the Lanc. Fusiliers in December, 1914, with which arm he served for 15 months, part of the time in the Dardanelles, landing at Cape Helles. He was later transferred to the Royal Engineers and served 18 months at Salonica. He has been twice wounded—once (in July, 1915) at Gallipoli, and again (in July, 1916) in France. He has now been invalided home with malaria. He was employed in the Mechanics' Shop.

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ROLL OF HONOUR.

(3rd List.)



SERGT. GEORGE EDWARDS,
Killed, May 13th, 1916.
Asbestos Weaving Section.



PTE. JOHN WALDRON,
Killed, July 20th, 1916,
Carding and Spinning Section.

WE sincerely hope this sad but glorious portrait gallery will shortly cease, though there are yet some who, qualified by the supreme sacrifice, should appear, if it is possible for photographs to be obtained.

It is not proposed to insert photographs of all who have joined up, as the names of all such are now being inscribed on the Final Roll of Honour, and this Roll will be reproduced in "ASBESTOS" in due course.

As nearly as we can estimate at the moment, something like 300 men have enlisted, of whom between 40 and 50 have made the last sacrifice.



PTE. FRED MILLS,
L.F.,
Died of Wounds, April 14th, 1917,
Carding and Spinning Section.



ROBERT DEVANAY,
Killed, Sept. 12th, 1918.
Carding and Spinning Section.



PTE. PADDY CLARKE,
L.F.,
Killed, France.
Carding and Spinning Section.



PTE. WM. ALSOPP,
L.F.,
Died in Hospital, Oct. 15th, 1918.
Balata Section.



PTE. WALTER ANDERSON,
L.F.,
Prisoner of War,
Traffic Dept. (Office).

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Distinction List.

3rd Instalment.

JOHN McARDLE, M.M.



JOHN McARDLE, M.M.

ONE of the "Old Contemptibles," he had served eight years in India, Egypt and Malta in the old days, and was on the Reserve in 1914 when the catastrophe fell, working in "C" Dept. (Works). He joined up immediately, and has served both in France and Egypt, in the 1st Lanc. Fusiliers, 29th Division. He was awarded the Military Medal for gallantry and devotion to duty on October 9th, 1917.

2nd-Lieut. STANLEY HOLMES.



2ND-LIEUT. STANLEY HOLMES.

SECOND-LIEUTENANT STANLEY HOLMES of the Manchester Regiment, was severely wounded in action on August 10th. He is 24 years of age. After joining the Army the day after war broke out, he made remarkably rapid progress, and at 19 years of age was the second youngest sergeant in the British Army. His record is 1st stripe in two weeks; 2nd in four weeks; 3rd in three months; Commission July, 1917. This is the fourth occasion on which he has been wounded. Before the war he was employed in the Carding and Spinning Section.

A.B. JAS. R. WOOD.



A.B. JAS. R. WOOD.

ABLE-SEAMAN JAMES R. WOOD is one of our youngest to serve. He joined up early last year, and, for some time was engaged in mine-sweeping on an auxiliary ship in British waters. Later he was transferred to the Mediterranean flagship. He was aboard the ill-fated transport "Louvain" which was torpedoed on Sunday night, Jan. 20th, and sank in three minutes, losing 224 souls. Wood was on deck when the ship went down, and after being threequarters of an hour on a raft it broke up, and he floated with the aid of his lifebelt for nearly two hours, when he was picked up by a destroyer just as she was giving up her search.

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Spotland.

By EDMUND OGDEN.

MEETING an old "Spotlander" in town a short time back, and after the usual nod of recognition, he jerked his thumb "up north" and bluntly ejaculated "had I bin up into t' village lately ?"—Well the thumb jerking operation didn't startle me because I am still familiar with the native way of mechanical expression; but I must confess that the appellation "village" did bother me somewhat, as the rapid expansion of recent years has almost covered over the old landmarks of what once the "*Observer*" described as the "village of Stony Spotland" —And then one rarely hears the old names, so it is easy to drop into the more fashionable idea of regarding the district as a suburb of the town of Rochdale.

But I cannot forget the old times, and in my quieter moments, willingly my mind is allowed to slide back to those years when from Brookside to Spotland Bridge I knew every householder, and certainly the fighting qualities of every boy, in the same area. Maybe some, or most of the said boys' sisters were not unknown to me also; but we will let that pass.

Since I left Spotland I have lived in a village, the inhabitants of which claim that the moon shines brighter their way, than in any other sphere of this universe, and I quite believe and uphold their claim—I also rejoice in the fact that Spotland in the days of my youth enjoyed a co-luminary distinction, for did not the sun shine brighter then, and were not the Summers more balmy in those days than in any place and time of my subsequent experience ? Anyway, whatever the doubting critic may say, it will take him all his earthly days to darken this picture upon my memory.

I have been thinking how many of your workers know that to the north of the mill once flourished Brotherod Colliery ? Some people living will easily remember how the coal was carried in small waggons or "tubs" down the hill to Foot, and then drawn up under the tunnel to Clark's Lane for distribution ? Spotland in those days was a village of colliers' homes largely, and I well remember the rough habits of some of the men. It is not easy to forget—even if I wished to forget—the superstitious tales which the coal getters were fond of telling; how in the dark places of the mine they saw mysterious lights and heard uncanny sounds, sure signs of impending disaster, to their uneducated minds. All traces of colliery and colliers are now gone.

I see the old smithy is still agoing, somewhat altered, and the "smith" that I knew has done beating the hot iron and making the sparks fly. And how quietly most of the old-time features have been covered in, notably the old well in the field at the top of "shade broo." I see now as a vision the worn rusty iron railings, and the worn stone steps leading down to the pure water which householders had to use as their only supply. Many a lad, hard up for a copper—and there were many such in those days—would hang about until some aged person came to draw her daily supply and then offer his services with alacrity—and with expectations of course; but also coppers were few, and disappointments many. Now, it is hardly possible in this short article to give in full detail the history of the district though the inclination to linger is keen. I must stay however, to show how quickly the growth has been by explaining that it seems only as yesterday that "owd Yem's" fields were feeding lean cattle, and that from the top of Meanwood Brow to Spotland Bridge high hedgerows covered in workmen's gardens, famous for large gooseberries so dear to the youthful generation. And then I am not unmindful of the days when the activities of the governing bodies were rather normal—when the roads were "truly rural" in all conscience. Often—very often—on dark afternoons in Winter have school children lingered about until "owd Joe's" factory hands had ceased work, so as to have company, being afraid to go home along the dark roads alone—no lights, no paved footpaths, unless a few broken flags counted as

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such. Now to-day (outside war period) you have well curbed and paved roads, full lights, trams, and all modern conveniences, and yet you grumble and growl because you have to make an effort to live.

I was born next door to a farmhouse, and when my mind began to be conscious of things I saw my first bit of factory machinery in the shape of a large wooden wheel, and a woman turning it round and round with a good worker's energy. The "machine" was a winder and the woman whirled the wheel round with one hand, and with the other hand she guided the yarn on to a pirn bobbin —slid on to a spindle. A crude winder you say! but to me now it is beautiful, for the worker was a dear aunt of mine, and the pirns were for "headings" for Clod Mill. When about nine years of age I began my working days in a spinning mill and about five years later entered Clod Mill to learn to weave. It was always "Clod" in those days, but as the works extended, by common consent the appellation changed to "Turners'." The head of the firm, Mr. Samuel, senior—was getting on in years and had about given over the reins of government to his three sons, though he continued to look through the works for some years previous to his death in 1879. John Leach was inside manager, and James Hoyle was "cut-looker," the only two men that as a weaver I feared.

I was put to learn with a good loom weaver, and singular, my then "tutor" is a worker at "Turner's" to-day, and seems good for many more years to come. Meeting him the other day I reminded him about my weaving apprenticeship, and warily asked about my ability for putting two shuttles in at one time. He didn't remember; but I do—and also vividly even now see the look on his face when he became aware of the beautiful transfiguration of threads caused by the two shuttles meeting in the warp shell. In the Spring of 1879 I entered the office as office boy, and just to show the extensive growth of the firm, I may say that then I was the only "clerk" in the office of the "Company." See the difference to-day and you well may marvel and wonder.

I am not writing a book so am excused for not giving all detail of men and things, but one name I must give, and that very feelingly—John Diggle. John entered the office in the latter end of 1880, a boy fresh from Mr. John Oldham's day school, a bright lad, very quick scholar, particularly at mathematics. For years he and I worked shoulder to shoulder through all the times of rapid growth, when the "Company" was building up its reputation as makers of fancy goods. He and I "looked" the first pieces of finished "Domett's" and packed the first bale to "foreign parts." When he "passed away" I felt the parting keenly and for days I sorrowed.

I must not forget "Turner Brothers"—that would be impossible. In 1879 the "Brothers" was only a small organisation, employing few hands, with Levi Garside in the office and also acting as general overlooker. James Brierley came later, some time in 1881, then a boy or youth of course. Somehow Mr. Brierley's features have varied little in all these years, but then he always was a cool customer—only once do I ever remember James getting into a tilt, and that was an occasion when I quietly transferred some of the "Brothers" stationery to the "Company's" department.

When asbestos came into use I can always remember one incident. It was in the early days, and the insurance inspector was expected one afternoon, and owing to the absence of the Principal and Mr. Garside I was instructed to show him round. When he had completed his survey I then remarked "You will quote a low premium!" He stared somewhat, and ejaculated "Why ?"

I instantly replied "Because asbestos will not burn away like cotton." He doubted this so I handed him some pure fibre and a box of matches and told him to go at it. He displayed wonderful energy and wasted my matches, and still "the thing" would not burn away. He had not seen asbestos before and went away astonished, and with a little more knowledge than when he came.

Time wore on, and years of hard work brought on changes, improvements and difficulties to be got over—then came success. I have seen men stand in the roadway, surveying the immense works, and on comparing the small shed years back, express themselves in astonishment, and considering how it all had been done in so short a time. Well, my answer is in these few words: "Work, application, and great faith in the ability to succeed." I write

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the foregoing advisedly, and my 22 years close touch with all the three Brothers entitle me to this privilege.

And now I must pull up, and to you who were workers when I was, and who are still "down there" I send you my warm remembrance, and wish you well, and to the vast multitude of workers who tread on the same stones as I did years ago, I wish just to say: Are you improving on some of the old methods of working and living? Is your work nothing to you but an effort to earn a wage? When days are rainy, it is no use grumbling; just wait a bit, and when the sun breaks through you'll get your share, and if you'll help your neighbour at the same time you will fare no worse. I have had many rough days in my time, but in leaving these behind, I am helping to break down the human illusion that the span of man's life here is but "threescore years and ten" and you can just do the same.

Psalms of the West: Reconstruction.

By B. R. WALMSLEY.

METHOUGHT I saw a nation arise in the world, and her bulwarks were noble spirits and ready arms, and her war was in the cause of all mankind; and against all the ills of heart and body her power went forth, and consoled the weak in the extremity of their need; and chains fell off from the oppressed, and comfort came to the toilers in their misery, and the bondsmen of iniquity felt the breath of freedom on their brows.

In the remote desert the children cried for joy, and the mother returned to her loved ones, and the curse of the robber was heard no more.

And instead of war there came amity over all the earth, and the energies of man were turned against the foes of all.

And the captains were captains of industry, and of noble skill in all manner of work, and of high thought for the good of brethren under every star.

And that people sought the truth, and cast the idols of superstition into the oblivion of error, and their souls were set free from the corruption of imposition.

And they cast forth out of the land plagues and diseases of every sort, for they were strenuous in science and in hatred of every foul thing.

And every child was trained in the beauty of a clear spirit and an open mind, and in the use of reason rightly and in living for the ideal good.

And rich and poor laboured together and foresaw evil, and armed themselves with care and temperance and frugal pleasure, and trouble gave place to merry and worthy days.

And the harvest of the mind was esteemed a higher care than the harvest of earth, and the getting of riches was less than the spending of instruction.

And faction and parties were turned to one cause, the transformation of evil to good, the first duty of every man, the great reform, the regeneration of himself.

And bitter words and bad words, the utterance of hate and shameful despair, and envy and false conceit, were heard no more in the land, for all the people devoted themselves to the supreme good, and strove in humility towards the Divine example.

And all opinions were free and gently heard, in charity was every fabric of reason judged, and the noblest minds were the statesmen, the leaders in sublime thought, the teachers of saving knowledge.

And creeds and heresies of all thinkers and all epochs were refined in the furnace of Truth, and there came forth the beauty of each, so that upon all the world shone the message of heaven to man, and the mind of every one on the face of the earth was satisfied with the environment of power, and rested in the consciousness of communion in the highest.

And the people of the world beheld the universe, and there were no strangers in all the heavens.

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Successes and Failures on the Allotment: A Review.

By A. BLAGDEN.

IN putting pen to paper for my little contribution to the January, 1919, issue of "ASBESTOS," my mind is carried back to the time when the allotment system was a dead-letter, and in very many districts was looked upon as practically an impossible achievement; but necessity in this case—as also in very many others—has proved to be the "mother of invention," and now that we have broken down the old fallacy that this, that, and the other, could not be done, let us redouble our efforts, and prove to the world that much more can and will be done in the future.

The necessity is still with us; let us be up and doing. Increase your 146 plots to 200 or 250 if need be, and let every plot-holder take to heart the words of that good old song,

"There's no bank like the earth to deposit your labour,
The more you deposit and the more you shall have."

The fact of "Turners' Allotments" gaining the "premier award" in the federation competition should be an incentive to strong and combined action in the future. Be determined to win; each do his (or her) level best, and the result is assured. In leaving the future in your hands, I want, for a while, to revert to the past. As one of the allotment judges, I had, along with my colleagues, ample opportunity of noticing where and how some of the most palpable mistakes had been made. On many plots, the most glaring mistakes made was with respect to the sowing of peas. Many plotholders had sown dwarf peas in close drills or beds (similar to a bed of onions or carrots) in many instances three and four rows being crammed into as many feet in width. The result was that only the outside of the outer rows could obtain sufficient sun and air to bring their crops to maturity; all the remainder being one tangled mass of weakly growths and empty pods; a waste of seed, time and energy. Peas of all kinds, whether tall or dwarf, should be sown in single drills, running North to South if at all possible. If several rows are required you should allow not less than three feet between each row of dwarf peas, and not less than six feet (more for preference) between each row of the taller varieties. You can of course plant out lettuce, sow spinach, etc., or plant out greens in the spaces between the rows, but, as peas must have light, sun and air, never be afraid of giving them a bit extra room, and do not sow too thickly in the rows. The next and most noticeable error was the still prevalent tendency of sowing many of the smaller seeds, such as beet, carrots, lettuce, turnips, etc., much too thickly, and the neglect to thin such seedlings out soon enough. On all the allotments visited for judging purposes, many beds of the above mentioned seedlings were absolutely ruined for want of timely and judicious thinning out. This thinning process is pretty fully dealt with on page 101 of the July, 1918, issue of "ASBESTOS," and if the instructions therein given are followed, much unnecessary waste would be avoided. Amongst the potatoes it was noticeable that in several instances the drills or rows of the general crop had been planted much too close together, thus making it difficult to earth them up properly, and, what is still more important, preventing them obtaining that free access of sunshine and air which is of vital importance to their well-being. Speaking generally, early potatoes should not be planted less than 20 to 22 inches between the rows, and 8 or 9 inches from set to set. The second early varieties 2 feet to 2 feet 2 inches, and 10 to 12 inches between the sets, and for general crop 2 feet 4 inches to 3 feet, and 15 or 16 inches between sets, according to variety and strength of haulm; and if you are intending to intercrop with Winter greens, the latter distance is quite little enough.

Some few enthusiasts seemed to have expended all their energy on the crops and allowed the weeds to run riot, others again had gone to the opposite extreme by cutting

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up their plots into little strips or beds, with numerous paths running at different angles. This is quite unnecessary in a kitchen garden, and a waste of ground into the bargain. Try always to strike the happy medium, crop your ground to the fullest extent, but always remember that cleanliness, sunshine and air are absolutely essential to all growing crops, and to that end always allow them a reasonable amount of room.

Seeing that some little annoyance and trouble was caused among a few of your potato growers by the appearance of the dreaded wart disease, may I be allowed to forestall some of my prospective enquirers as to the use of gas lime in a kitchen garden. This substance, as you are no doubt aware, is lime which has been used in the purification of gas, and contains a large quantity of what is known as sulphuret of lime, the action of which—on vegetation—is, without doubt, injurious, and for this reason gas lime in a fresh state, is not to be recommended. After long exposure to the action of the weather, gas lime is converted into sulphate of lime, or gypsum, but as it is then only a mixture of gypsum and lime, which may or may not be free of injurious compounds, it is safer to dispense with it than to use it. In passing I should like to say that "basic slag" is a valuable manure for peaty, clayey or sour soils which are deficient in lime, but, as it is somewhat slow-acting it should be freely used when digging and trenching during the Autumn and Winter months. It contains a fair percentage of phosphates, and a still larger proportion of free lime. Practically speaking, all plants must have lime in one form or another, as it is a most important element in the soil, apart from its value as a plant food. On land that has been heavily dressed with organic or farmyard manure year after year, the soil sooner or later becomes sour. Lime is then an absolute necessity, as it not only corrects and neutralizes the vegetable acids in the soil, but in its hot or caustic state, acts with great advantage on soils containing an excess of vegetable matter such as newly broken up grass land, etc. All animal and vegetable refuse, used as manure, must of necessity be decomposed or rotted before it can become the food of plants, for the roots of these can only absorb liquids and gases, and to this end lime has a most beneficial effect by decomposing all such substances and thus contributing to the food of plants by supplying them with substances—in a gaseous form—which are necessary for their subsistance. The addition of lime to clay soils is to improve the texture of such, as well as to liberate the alkali's contained in them. Always remember that lime will not supply the place of organic manures, but that its function is to render such available for the nourishment of plants. Bear in mind also that lime cannot make wet and waterlogged land into dry and friable garden soil. All water-sodden land should first be properly drained, else your labours of trenching and digging, etc., will for the most part be in vain, and it is also a fact that it is on wet and undrained soil—deficient in lime—that disease generally makes its appearance. Now is a good time to remedy all such defects, and to push on with all your rough digging and trenching, leaving the soil as rough and open as possible to be benefitted by the mellowing influences of the weather. The oftener you dig and stir your ground the better tilth will you have when planting and sowing time comes round; your ground will be easier and better to work, and you may with some degree of confidence, look forward to the reaping of a sound and profitable harvest.

If you are doing unusually good work there is not much call to stop and boast about it; let the work talk for itself.

Every effect is related to an adequate cause, and therefore what looks like chance is only the operation of laws we know nought of.

Tackle the work just in front of you. Strive in an honest way to do the best you can, and if, having done your best, there seems to appear the hand of some overruling Power which hammers you, take it like a good piece of steel and come right off the anvil with a better temper and a keener edge—*C. W. Post.*

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Home Notes.

CHORAL SOCIETY.

Rehearsals are now held in Meanwood Schools every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, and employees of either T.B.A. Co. or S.T. & Co. are made heartily welcome. The Hon. Sec. is Miss H. H. Rowley, Correspondence Department.

The members held a successful Social at Julia Street, on November 30th.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The membership of this Society has increased, and weekly rehearsals have been held regularly.

As we go to press the first examination —of which a full report will appear in our next issue—is taking place. The Society is fortunate in having as examiner, Miss Elsie Fogerty, L.R.A.M., Principal of the Central School of Speech Training and Dramatic Art, Royal Albert Hall, London, whose criticisms based as they are on a long and successful experience in training and producing, will surely prove of the greatest encouragement and inspiration.

The plays produced this year are:—"The Dear Departed"; "The Play-Goers"; "Riders to the Sea"; "The Rest Cure"; "The War Committee," and Scenes from "Midsummer Night's Dream."

CONCERT AT "THE PROVIDENT."

In most communities where there is more than one society, you generally find jealousy, back-biting and other evil spirits at work. At a concert given on the 5th December, at the Provident Hall, Rochdale, the Turner Choral, Orchestral and Dramatic Societies, set out to prove that there are exceptions to this rule. The Orchestra and Choir worked together like one society instead of two, while the Dramatic Society stage-managed the concert and gave recitals.

In order to complete the demonstration of the unity that is expressed in the social activity at Spotland, the Concert Committee brought in the Turner Girl Guides to entertain us with country dances in costumes, while the Boy Scouts provided Patrols, who contributed excellent service as Stewards. Both the Girl Guides and the Scouts turned up in full uniform, and the effect, looking down on the audience from the gallery, was very pleasing.

The Orchestra shows evidence of having done very good work since we last heard it. Their Conductor, Mr. W. B. Price, is an enthusiast who understands his work thoroughly; nothing would please him more as a result of this concert than to see the number of instruments doubled. Mr. H. Taylor is an accomplished pianist, and the Choral Society's soloists very gratefully appreciated his kindly services. We hope to have the pleasure of hearing the Quintette by the Flute, Violins and Piano again. It came on too late in the evening to be properly appreciated.

The efforts of the Dramatic Society were on the heavy side. "The Brave Men of Whitby"—a prose poem by Robert Blatchford—very difficult of rendition, was finely delivered by Mr. J. Webster. A touch of relief was afforded by Miss Daisie Jenkins, who, after reciting "The Ballad of John Nicholson," gave us a delightful Irish dialect comedy item, "The Courtship of Larry O'Keefe." Mr. Entwistle gave us a melodramatic poem by Robert W. Service, which deserved the applause accorded it.

The glees and part-songs by the Choir were much appreciated, and credit is due to the Society and to its able Conductor, Alderman Diggle. In the solos, Mr. Grindrod, who has a very fine tenor voice, was heard to excellent effect in "My Dream," while the robust bass of Mr. Charles Dewhurst formed a pleasing contrast. Miss Rowley, the well-known contralto, sang "Husheen" with characteristic grace and charm, and from Miss Annie Waugh we heard a fine rendering of "England."

The proceeds from the concert, which amounted to £15 12s. 9d., were donated to the Rochdale Infirmary.

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ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

The Society will be glad to welcome additional members. A double bass player is particularly required. Apply to the Conductor, Mr. W. B. Price, Advt. Dept., or Mr. H. Taylor, "A" Dept., the Hon. Sec.

Rehearsals are held in the Meanwood School on Thursday evenings, at 6-30, and regular attendance as far as possible is desired to achieve the best results.

Considerable advance has been made by the members of the Choral, Dramatic and Orchestral Societies, and many students show both ability and capacity for sustained work. On the other hand, rehearsals have been rendered more difficult, and the progress of all greatly retarded by the irregular attendance of some students. It is not perhaps realised that erratic attendance hampers the progress of the most useful and successful societies.

XIX. ROCHDALE "TURNERS' OWN" BOY SCOUTS

The past quarter has not been a good one for Scout work, but all the boys who are in the troop and of night school age have been fixed up at Night School Classes, their continuation courses being mapped out for them with due regard to individual requirements.

On Mayoral Sunday the Scouts took part in the Church Parade, along with several Scouts from the Rochdale and District Association, forming a Guard of Honour to the Parish Church. Also, on the Sunday following the Armistice Day they attended a Thanksgiving Service in the Empire Hall, Rochdale, organised by the Rochdale and District Scouting Association.

Owing to the increased Scouting duties which the District Association have pressed upon the retiring Scout-Master (Mr. W. Brookes) we have been fortunate in securing the assistance of Mr. Owen Price to act as Scout-Master for the 19th Troop. We feel sure that Mr. Price will make a most energetic and capable Scout-Master, and the boys are already rallying round. To celebrate the change over, the boys were entertained at their own Club Room to a potato pie supper and spent a very enjoyable evening.

GIRL GUIDES.

5th ROCHDALE "TURNERS."

The Winter evenings are not conducive to good attendance at Parades, on account of dark streets, evening classes, etc., and latterly the influenza epidemic has had its effect. On the whole, however, the Guides have done remarkably well, and Guide meetings have been well attended by our Company, doubtless because we have taken part in the programmes.

Two Social evenings for Guides only have been held and thoroughly enjoyed.

At the Works' Concert in December the Guides gave four country dances.

ALLOTMENTS.

The work on the Allotments during the year has been attended by great success, and the results are considerably better than last year.

The Show held in August last proved a conspicuous success, and has been a means of securing additional plot holders, for whom the Firm has opened a further tract of land on the "B" Section. The number of plots now under cultivation is: "A" Section 78 and "B" Section 81 plots, making a total of 159 plots as against 143 last year, and 42 plots at the commencement of the first season 1916-1917.

Year 1918 has been a memorable one from all points of view, and particularly so far as the allotment movement is concerned, a steady advance having been made throughout the country in the number of persons tilling plots—or "Saturday afternoon gardeners" as a writer facetiously puts it.

There has been one cloud on the horizon, however—wart disease, which has made its appearance this season, and as a result of a visit from the Government Inspector only immune varieties of potatoes may be planted. The whole of this district has been declared "disease infected," and this prohibits the planting of varieties which have not received Government sanction.

There is no cause for undue alarm, but all plot holders are requested to keep a keen lookout for any sign of disease, and to report same immediately to the Secretary, who will then communicate the circumstances to the authorities concerned.

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The early potato sets have now been received and are ready for distribution to those having sent in applications for same.

The Committee wishes to point out the desirability of plot holders securing their own small vegetable seeds, as it is not likely the Committee will order these in bulk this season.

At the annual meeting held October 15th, the retiring officials and members of the Committee were suitably thanked for their work during the past season and all were unanimously re-elected.

There is plenty of land still unoccupied which could be devoted to allotment work; applications to be sent to the Secretary, Mr. F. C. Howarth.

GENERAL.

THE PEACE GIFT—presented to every Employee—from the Executive downward—by the Firm upon the confirmation of the news of the Armistice caused quite a pleasurable flutter. All 21 and over received £1, 18-21, 15/-, and under 18, 10/-. Pity it was that "Bradbury's" had to be used—quite a number of recipients expressed the wish that it was a "Jimmy-o'-Goblin" in which they could pierce a hole "for keeps." The gifts were however enclosed in suitable envelopes, bearing an appropriate message, and no doubt the envelopes will be treasured as souvenirs, should the contents be used. Among the young ladies one heard rumours of their intention to purchase something with the gift for their future homes when the "boys come home."

NATIONAL WAR SAVINGS.—The Association which was formed in 1916, with the object of encouraging workers to purchase War Bonds by means of weekly instalments has proved most successful. The results of the series just brought to a close are that 342 Members were enrolled, 1,767 Certificates being issued. The Firm's contribution amounted to £78 14s. 6d.

We are pleased to record that the fourth series, recently commenced, shows a substantial improvement, 590 Members having enrolled, with a total of 2,666 shares.

STAFF DANCE AND SOCIAL.—On November 8th, a very jolly evening was spent by the Office Staff at the Provident Hall. The dance was organised by the ladies in order to obtain the necessary funds to provide a Christmas gift to each of the Boys from the Office who are serving with the Colours. Possibly the good news from the Western Front contributed to the high spirits; anyway everyone spent a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

The music was provided by Mr. W. Clegg's Orchestra, augmented for the occasion by members of our own Orchestra.

The efforts of the Ladies' Committee appointed to take charge of the refreshments proved very successful, the jellies (which had only been obtained after much effort) and other war-time delicacies being most acceptable.

Evidence of the good "company spirit" prevailing as between the Management and the Staff was forthcoming in that Messrs. Abraham and Ellis were requested to officiate as M.C's, a request which it is hardly necessary to say was acceded to with alacrity, and much of the success of the evening was due to these gentlemen, whose services evoked general appreciation.

The effort met with the unanimous support of all concerned, and with contributions from the Representatives the nett proceeds amounted to £17. This sum has since been augmented by £8 9s. 8d., the balance remaining from the Office Prisoners of War Fund. The Staff have thus been able to send our Boys a practical reminder to show that our thoughts are still with them.

PRISONERS OF WAR FUND.—In consequence of a public appeal in June last to support by subscriptions the Prisoners of War of the Lancashire Fusiliers, the Employees took upon themselves the task of supporting four Prisoners of War at a cost of £40 per year each.

There was a good response and the amount was easily raised by weekly subscriptions. In November a communication was received to say that further subscriptions need not be taken.

It has since been our pleasure to welcome two of our boys who have been Prisoners of War; and to hear personally what they have passed through makes one feel more determined than ever that the Germans must be made to pay justly for their barbarous misdeeds.

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VISIT TO THE COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY.—On Saturday, November 2nd, the employees of the Textile Division visited the Manchester College of Technology Spinning and Weaving Laboratories. To facilitate the arrangements the Executive permitted the closing of the mill at 11 o'clock, and 120 employees took advantage of the opportunity. The College Authorities had the machinery running and the Teaching Staff was present in full strength under the personal direction of the Principal of the Department, in order to demonstrate the various processes. The party was split up into groups of 40, which were handled successively by the various Demonstrators as they passed from one machine to another. The success of the visit is indicative of the increasing intelligence with which workers are regarding their jobs. The arrangements were carried out by Mr. P. Kenyon, Supt. of the Division.

The Plaiting Dept. Social Committee are asking for the full Regimental address of Pte. W. Carson, late of the Plaiting Dept. We are sorry we received this request just too late for insertion in our last issue. The Secretary is Miss Annie Fitton.

TRAFFORD PARK.

"TURNERS' OWN"

II. TRAFFORD PARK BOY SCOUTS.

Owing to many of our Scouts having joined evening educational classes at the local and Manchester Technical Schools, the "Scout" evenings have not been as well attended as hitherto, but every available opportunity to pursue their troop activities is being seized, and thus will the interest be maintained.

With the improvement of climatic conditions, and the restoration to health of H.S.M. Mr. Arthur Jones, who we regret to state has been the victim of a protracted illness, outdoor sport will be engaged in.

GIRL GUIDES.

Just a reminder to the leader whom we still believe is in our midst. Our Girls want you for their Captain. Won't you come forward and be the proud leader of a really good troop? *Now is the opportune moment*—to-morrow may be too late.

FIRE BRIGADE.

Through varying causes over which we had no control, activities in connection with this Brigade had to be abandoned, but we are glad to state they have now revived, and a new and enthusiastic Brigade has been formed consisting of 12 members; the Superintendent and Organising Secretary for the same being Mr. W. Taylor.

Drills are held each Wednesday night at 5-30, and the progress up to date promises our possessing a very useful and efficient Brigade in the near future. In fact, we are trusting competitions will be organised by various Associations, in which we hope to have the pleasure of participating.

GENERAL.

We are pleased to be able to state that a further 20 thrifty employees have joined the Savings Club since the publication of the last issue of "ASBESTOS," and we shall welcome any and every new or old employee who is desirous of taking up shares. For full particulars see "Trafford Park Home Notes"—last issue.

On October 19th last, a concert in aid of the Girls' Recreation Club was held in the Eccles Town Hall. The hall, which holds approximately 800 people, was full from gallery to platform. Every employee of the Works and also the "Scouts" had a complimentary ticket presented to him or her—about 400 to 450 in all, and the remaining 350 were friends or relatives. A very enjoyable programme was carried out, and the aims and objects of the contemplated Girls' Club was very clearly and interestingly outlined by the Chairman—Mr. R. J. Wilson. An amount of £13 15s. 11d. was cleared, which sum is being directed to the purchase of Gym, and other Club requirements. We should like to take this opportunity of thanking all those friends who so graciously contributed to the evening's success.

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THE SPIRIT OF THE HOUSE.

"To look upon each minute as precious and to be exchanged only for its full equivalent in Progress . . . To develop, continually, every faculty which helps to build greater judgment, energy, determination, imagination, mirth, and good cheer, for each is necessary to the strong, happy individual . . . To look upon Work during the working hours of the day as a privilege—as a game—as a requisite of the full and complete life . . . To look upon Idleness with disrespect, as a waste of Time, that only commodity of which every one has an equal amount . . . To feel that the waking hours after the day's work is over are best used in study, in agreeable companionship, in recreation, in those acts which build happier, stronger character and better health . . . To strive for higher Standards and Ideals . . . To look upon the bright side of things and be Optimists in the best meaning of the word . . . To act quickly and avoid procrastination . . . To think always Broad-mindedly and to scorn Narrow-mindedness, Meanness, and Jealousy . . . To appreciate fully Intelligence, Originality, Loyalty—recognising merit, and merit only, as the door to advancement . . . To acknowledge no obstacles as insurmountable which stand in the way of splendid Progress . . ."

H. GORDON SELFRIDGE.

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