ASBESTOS

VOL. II. ROCHDALE, APRIL, 1919. NO. 6.



This allegorical drawing, by Bernard Partridge, is our "House Mark." It represents "Asbestos" standing between Civilization and the destructive elements.

Digitized by Google

This Magazine

is published Free, subject to application, and at the Editor's discretion.

Contributions are invited from any member of our Staff or Workpeople, our Business Friends, and well-wishers of the Firm generally.

The Directors do not necessarily accept responsibility for the views expressed by Contributors.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, "ASBESTOS," Turner Brothers Asbestos Co. Ltd., Rochdale.

All rights of reproduction of technical articles are reserved. Application for permission to re-print technical matter should be addressed to the Editor (*Copyright Act*, 1911).

Digitized by Google

Published by AsbestosClaims.Law
asbestosclaims.law/library/14809/2

ASBESTOS

VOL. II. ROCHDALE, APRIL, 1919. NO. 6.

Thoughts from the Editor's Fireside.

THOSE who have any experience of the game of Politics, know full well—and the memory is bitter-sweet—how true it is that the most unselfish and lofty proposals for the betterment of our fellows has been killed "as dead as a door nail" by ridicule—the coining of a phrase of contempt is the usual method. When the title of the movement itself provides the weapon by turning the edge, the process is all the more speedy and deadly.

The "Welfare" movement is in danger of the latter case to-day, so much so that a move has been made to induce the Authorities to alter the name under which the many activities in Industry—the improvement of working conditions as well as those of an educational and social character—have been carried on.

The name, however, matters nothing. The live question is as to whether the instinct of the worker who ridicules "Welfare" work is a right instinct, and while we are not prepared to assert dogmatically that it is, we do say that there is reason behind the worker's attitude, and a frank exchange of ideas, on this as on all subjects of dispute, will tend at least to dissipate misunderstanding.

Welfare we had in our own organisation before the name under which the movement is now known was applied, and no reproach attached to it until recently, as a result of the general antagonism of the workers throughout the industries of the country, who found that even State action could not altogether prevent war rises in the prices of food and other essential commodities, and that such action as was taken tended too often to either guarantee an excessive profit at the expense of the consumer, or to remove a commodity from the market altogether. The worker finding his two "Bradburys" did not go any further than one pre-war sovereign, became irritated, and thinking he was being diddled, looked with scant patience upon the efforts of his employer and the State to ameliorate his lot. In fact, he is inclined to write down all Welfare work as camouflage.

Nor is this to be wondered at, and we cannot hope for a change of heart until such time as a re-adjustment of production and money values leaves him his pre-war margin plus a reasonable percentage which the experience of the past four years has taught him to expect—always in the near future.

He wants wages to go up and prices to come down.

Is this possible? Yes, it is possible, and we for our part are convinced that the British

Digitized by Google

Published by AsbestosClaims.Law
asbestosclaims.law/library/14809/3

worker has sense enough to co-operate to this end with his employer if and when he is convinced of the means whereby the twin object may be attained.

At present—taking him in the mass—he has an idea that the wicked profiteer is responsible for filching every advance in wages he has secured, and this idea is not improved by the undeniable fact of the existence of profiteering upon a disgraceful scale. The main reason is not apparent to him—that with the Nation (and the World outside) engaged in warlike pursuits, peaceful production—from potatoes to pianos—was violently interrupted, almost ceased, then had to be reorganised by the State in many cases, and that during all this time the cost of producing a given article was mounting higher and higher, for the reason that the less a farm or factory produces the greater the cost of production per article. And when to this is added the consequent scarcity in the market, one ceases to wonder at prices rising in war time.

Is not, then, the moral obvious? If lessened production increases cost, *increased production will lower prices, and at the same time will make high wages possible.*

If we take a factory making pianos, and that factory produced last year 400 pianos, with a wage bill of £5,000 and standing charges of £5,000, and if the same factory by improved methods—labour-saving devices and improved efficiency of the workers—increases the output by 100 pianos, the workers could with justice demand a substantial increase in the wage bill to share out (the standing charges remaining the same), and still the pianos could be sold at less than the original price, thus bringing about the desired miracle of higher wages and lower prices.

But this is not all. By lowering the price we widen the demand for pianos, and therefore the greater the production the less danger is there of a man "working himself out of a job." The whole history of industrialism teaches that supply creates demand (the old tag "Demand creates supply" is wrong). The more goods produced, the lower the price, the greater the market, the higher the wage, and the more work. (We will speak of the possibility of unemployment later). These are demonstrable facts—not theories—and we are, as we have said, convinced that if the worker is once seized of them, agitators of the wild-cat type will be meted out the treatment they deserve, and the confidence of workers will be restored.

It is when we come to the details of the methods of working that difficulties present themselves, but these also are of a kind subject to solution by frank dealing.

First perhaps should be placed the question of the unskilled worker. To ask Trades Unionism—founded by craftsmen for craftsmen—to "lower the position" of craftsmen, is nothing short of silly. Still, if we are to have increased production, unskilled labour *must* be applied to jobs hitherto classed as skilled. What is the solution? We do not pretend to present an absolutely sure thing, but we certainly incline to two moves in the desired direction, *i.e.*, (1) the making of Trades Unionism compulsory upon all workers—skilled and unskilled alike (with or without two grades as may be found necessary), and (2) the raising of the status of the craftsman in the shop by ceasing to employ him upon work of, for example, a purely mechanical and repetitive character. Difficulty No. 2 would doubtless solve itself under actual working conditions, for the simple reason that it would be to the interest of the Works Management to put

Digitized by Google

Published by AsbestosClaims.Law
asbestosclaims.law/library/14809/4

the craftsman in the charge-hand and leader's place. There would be plenty of such places to go round, and they would be bound to increase in number along with the production. The adoption of this suggestion would involve an alteration of Trade Union rules to permit of a new wage grading, but with a decent minimum wage secured, there should be no insuperable objection here.

The old antagonism to labour-saving devices would be thrown overboard with the acceptance of the foregoing argument—in fact such devices would be looked upon with the eyes of sanity, as mechanical promoters of higher wages—which they can easily be made to be, even where they have not been hitherto.

The subject of the danger of unemployment, and the very right and creditable desire of the worker to be secured against it, remains.

One is inclined at first to say that this is a State matter, and in any case will come shortly. But with experience of the practical working of the State Insurance, we fancy the Trades Unionist—the craftsman—will want something with less officialism, more promptitude, more civility and attention, not to say humanity, and with the taint of charity cut out with a clean cut. Let Westminster delegate industrial matters to the Trades Parliament which had come to natural birth in the Joint Conference of Capital and Labour recently, and let the latter in turn set up the promised Industrial Councils forthwith for working out a scheme. It may be objected that this or that Industry could not stand the charge upon it, but a system of pooling could doubtless be devised to overcome this difficulty.

The goal to aim at should be the payment of an amount for unemployment time sufficient to prevent debt for all necessities of the workers' average standard of modern life.

Capital wants Peace, and Labour must live. The interests of both, as we have repeatedly asserted, are identical. Now—not to-morrow—is the time to combine for the laying of the new foundations of British Trade and Commerce—on the lines of real welfare.

"Your world-hosts are all in mutiny, in confusion; on the eve of fiery wreck and madness! They will not march farther on the supply-and-demand principle. Ye shall reduce them to order," and in return shall receive, said Carlyle nearly a century ago, "noble loyalty for noble guidance."

Editorial Note.

WORK MAKES WORK.

The contention worked out in our Fireside Notes is tersely put in another way by an eminent architect, in writing us recently, as follows:—

> "I have always tried to impress upon workmen in the Building Trade that diminution of output was absolutely suicidal. I have tried to make it plain to them that if instead of reducing the amount of work which each man does per day they increased it, the result would be cheaper building and consequently where one person is able to afford to build, now twenty would be able to build if the cost were considerably less, but the idea that there is a definite amount of work to be done each year, and that unless this work is spread over as many hands as possible there will not be enough to go round, is so deeply rooted in their minds that I fear it will be impossible to eradicate it. The only chance for the future is first of all to get an educated Government with a clear definite policy on all matters connected with industry, and to have these simple truths embodied in the syllabus of the Elementary Schools, so that the next generation will start life with a clear understanding of certain industrial laws, instead of having quite unsound views based on fallacies."

Digitized by Google

Editorial Notes.

BOLSHEVISM.

"High Wages
Don't work
Take other people's property
No punishments
No taxation."

This is the creed of Bolshevism (according to M. Oudendyk, recently Dutch Minister in Petrograd), which, except it come into universal practise with the least possible delay, the world cannot be saved. This, Mr. R. Bruce Lockhart, head of the British Mission in Russia, tells us is the admission of the most ardent supporters of Bolshevism.

* * *

NOT A WORKERS' MOVEMENT.

The interesting facts he gives us are (1) the leaders of the movement are "intellectuals of very artistic temperament" of "the upper and intellectual classes"; (2) it is "essentially a non-working-man's movement"; (3) "Bolsheviks themselves admit that under their régime living for the working classes has risen thirty-seven times."

But with "high wages, no taxation and the confiscation of property" the rise in the cost of living will surely not matter? The answer is that it has "produced a state of misery, famine, and unemployment," "output is at a standstill," and it has "brought about economic chaos." "Thousands are dying daily, and hundreds of thousands are in dire need."

This being an admittedly true description of the working effect of Bolshevism in the land of its origin, how the universal application of its practise is to save the situation—and the world—is a problem which appals.

* * *

"WEALTH" AND HUNGER.

Yet, what difference is there in kind as between this wild extravaganza of the "intellectuals" and the earlier Marxian formula from which it sprung, viz., that "all wealth being produced by labour" "to the labourer all wealth is due"?

All wealth has been confiscated—all private as well as public fortunes; the country has been flooded with paper money, to the extent of £1,200 in banknotes per head; "every Russian is in a fair way to becoming a paper millionaire, but is already running a good risk of dying of hunger."

We commend the article on "Bolshevism" by a worker, to our working-men readers, which appears in this issue.

* * *

"UNSOLICITED"—No. 2.

An anonymous criticism of the "Unsolicited" note which appeared in our last issue has turned up from Bucks. At least, our anonymous correspondent says it is "re your note," but he appears to have written under a misapprehension, in asking "What is intelligence, ability and invention but labour, and what use would capital be without labour?" He evidently refers to the quotations reproduced from Mr. Samuel Turner's book "From War to Work," one of which reads: "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."

* * *

WHAT IS "LABOUR"?

The carelessness which caused our querist to mistake quotations for editorial comment seems to be a habit with him, however, for in the two queries he puts to us he infers two postulates not contained in the quotation. The author does not say that intelligence, ability, and invention is not labour in the academic or verbal sense, though it is quite obvious that one can possess either or all three attributes without so much as lifting a finger in the verbal sense of "labour." The author is not concerned with such wordy warfare—his purpose is too serious. He uses the word "labour" in exactly the same way as the Socialists have done before him, where they claim that "Labour is the foundation of all wealth," in fact the phrase itself was coined by the Socialists and not by the author. It is somewhat ambiguous, we admit, both in the original setting and in its later use, but the responsibility rests with those whom we take to be the friends of our Bucks critic.

The author follows Socialist precedent in taking the original to mean "manual

Digitized by Google

Published by AsbestosClaims.Law
asbestosclaims.law/library/14809/6

labour," for has not Robert Blatchford himself said in refutation of a claim which he, as an intelligent Socialist, saw it were a fatal mistake to make, that "Manual labour does not create a tenth of the world's wealth, and without the aid of brains would produce hardly any wealth at all"?

"Brains" in the Blatchfordian sense would include "intelligence, ability and invention" no doubt, so that our author is in good company.

* * *

WHO CREATES WEALTH?

We have referred to the careless reading of our critic, and we think that had he taken the trouble to at least read the quotations through (they only occupied six lines) he would have had no occasion to waste his time in writing us. The second half contains a complete answer to his difficulties, viz.: "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."

So much for the general sense of our critic's first query, with which we felt called upon to deal in the interests of a wide section of our readers who, we have very good reason to know, desire just such fundamental tenets in the Socialist creed freely discussed. Otherwise, we might have referred our critic to the original quotation, and pointed out that *there is scarcely any similarity between the wording, or the sense, of his query and the passage which he affects to quote.*

* * *

A FRANK ANSWER.

And here we arrive at the second query: "What use would capital be without labour?" We frankly answer: "None whatever." And now, will our critic kindly say who ever, on this earth, said it would? Does he not see that "directing ability" and "the intelligent use of capital" postulate labour in the broad sense? Certainly he does! Then why does he deny by inference in his second query the truth he asservates in his first? Conviction of the truth causes momentary irritation doubtless, but let our friend look the truth fearlessly in the face, viz: that the claim expressed in the words "Labour creates all wealth" is Socialistic in origin, and is false. Let him, as he admonishes us, "be broader minded and not so one-sided."

Before we leave this subject we wish to make an offer to our critic. If he will write us again, this time giving us his name and address (not for publication), we will make him a present of a copy of Mr. S. Turner's book—if he will promise to read it.

* * *

A STATE DOCUMENT.

The following letter is reproduced for the benefit of Shop Superintendents and Foremen who may have been puzzled by the weary and weighty look of Sales Managers at times. The letter was received by our Sister company recently, and is quite genuine; we have omitted all marks of origin for reasons which are obvious:—

"We take this opportunity to reapproach you after the most unfortunate and unprecedentialy tremendous and bloody World-Wide War which has entirely changed everything best to worst to none's likeness and yet we must thank Him by whose graciousness only, we see her now again in the bud of the normality, and hence sanguine to see her once more in the Peacefulness of every civilised soul's likeness, which, so far, can be said must be everlasting one and consequently every one of the Trade-World will come forward to the field of the Commercial Battle and re-engage themselves there with much more vigour and energy than pre-war time for the sake of bringing her at the earliest time into her previous beautiful stage reviving her glory fully, under which, alas many decayed and existing souls had enjoyed much happiness, as it is now certainly possible for us, because since many impossibilities easily turned into the possibilities to the test of the human.

"Therefore, we hope your goodselves will surely be one of the above to see your level best to develop our connection very nicely.

"Market:—Although the effect of the War made everything into the unlikeness of all, yet we hope there will surely be improvement gradually.

"Nothing to add except to await your good news.

"With best compliment of the Season."

Digitized by Google

Published by AsbestosClaims.Law
asbestosclaims.law/library/14809/7

A Warning to Labour.

Past Estimates of Workers' Share of Wealth were wrong.

Author of "Merrie England's" Manly Avowal.

By ROBERT BLATCHFORD ("Nunquam").

From the "Sunday Chronicle," March 23rd, 1919.—Reproduced by permission.

THE Government have received the report of the Coal Commission, and the public knows the verdict of the Commission and the position of the miners. We may cherish the hope of a happy issue out of all our industrial troubles, but it is as well to remind ourselves that the situation is fraught with danger.

The danger is due to excitement and discontent amongst the workers, and the excitement and discontent are due in a large measure to certain revolutionary leaders, and to a violent section of the Socialist and Labour Press.

The root of the trouble can be found in a brief statement made by Mr. Smillie. Mr. Smillie is reported to have said that the workers, who produce the whole of the wealth, receive only one-third, that they will be content with two-thirds, but that they ought to have it all.

We have here two assertions, one of which is untrue, and the other unproved and probably erroneous. Yet these two statements are the main cause of the unrest and of the imperative demands of Labour at the present time. And, as I happen to know a good deal about the matter, I shall put the truth, as far as I know it, frankly before our readers.

It was in the *Sunday Chronicle* just 30 years ago that I wrote my first article in favour of Socialism. Since then I have written hundreds of articles, many pamphlets, and several books advocating Socialism.

So far as the first of Mr. Smillie's assertions is concerned, that all wealth is produced by "labour," I can say with a clear conscience that I never accepted nor countenanced a contention so obviously incorrect.

If by labour we mean work, and if by work we mean all work, of brain and hand, then it is true that all wealth is produced by "labour." But if by labour we mean manual work, and that is how the majority of the miners understand it, then the statement is untrue.

This I have pointed out in at least one of my Socialist books.

AN HONEST CONFESSION.

As to the second assertion, that Labour only receives one-third of the wealth annually produced, I have to own myself guilty in no small degree. This statement, amplified with figures and diagrams, originated in a very famous Fabian tract, and was accepted and promulgated by most of the Socialist propagandists, myself amongst them. We accepted the Fabian estimate in good faith, and we spread it with apostolic zeal.

Now, I am not in a position to state categorically that the Fabian estimate is wrong, though from recent evidence I am inclined to believe it to be grossly incorrect. Candidly, I do not myself believe it, and I think it incumbent upon me to say so.

Some of our readers have been amused lately by my clamouring for facts. Here is a case in point. We have millions of working men to-day in a mood closely akin to rebellion simply through ignorance of facts. It is with the general production and distribution of wealth as it is with the cost and selling price of coal. We want the whole truth in detail. We want it proved in public, and then we want it proclaimed on the authority of the Government.

Pending such a boon, I am trying to do my bit by telling the workers frankly that the two premises upon which they base

Digitized by Google

Published by AsbestosClaims.Law
asbestosclaims.law/library/14809/8

their chief demands are in the one case certainly false, and in the other case probably exaggerated to such an extent as to be highly mischievous.

I dare say that my name is known to quite fifty per cent. of the miners, and that perhaps a large number of them have read some of my books. And I want them to know that in my opinion the estimates of wealth distribution given in those books are radically wrong. To put it still more plainly, I would say to these workers:—

Before you strike let me warn you that all wealth is NOT produced by labour, and that probably two-thirds instead of one-third of the wealth produced go to labour.

This does not prejudice the case for sane Socialism, nor does it alter the fact that an immense quantity of wealth is taken by utterly useless parasites. That the workers have been exploited, that there has been an almost incredible volume of poverty, that the housing problem is to solve—all these things are true.

Neither am I suggesting that the miners ought or ought not to have better wages and shorter hours. I am waiting for the facts.

SOME SIDE-ISSUES.

Meanwhile there are some side-issues upon which a few words will not be out of place. The Coal Commission, in my opinion, wasted a great deal of time squabbling over the question of nationalisation. What the public want are facts and figures, not argument and polemics.

Nationalisation may be a good or a bad thing according to the way in which it is established and carried on. But we ought not to judge State management by the examples we have seen during the war. The war did not give the State a fair chance. All the departments and controls had to be hastily created. It was a tremendous task and had to be executed in a tremendous hurry. No Government could have been equal to such a strain. How could Ministers know, or find, or test the men in the midst of such a general dislocation and upheaval? And let us remember that the Government at the same time had to make an Army, to treble the Navy, and to finance and direct and supply the greatest war in history.

Nationalisation, to be effectual, must be deliberate and careful, and must be directed and controlled, not by civil servants and retired military officers, but by men of business and science, by men experienced and expert in the branch of industry to be taken over. Such a wise and cautious method of nationalisation would be impossible if the whole colossal change were to be rushed upon the country in a panic caused by a strike.

There is another phase of the coal question which calls for some consideration. We are told that an advance in the wages of the miners will mean a rise in the price of exported coal, and that as the result we shall lose our export trade. The truth of that argument depends upon facts and figures.

But let us assume that it is true. Let us assume that it is impossible to increase the miners' wages without so raising the price of coal as to lose our export trade. Assuming that, I want to ask one or two questions, and they are as relative to any other industry as to mining.

Is an export trade which will not pay a living wage to the producer worth keeping?

Is it desirable in the national interest to deplete our stocks of coal for the sake of an export trade which, if it pays the workers, will not pay the dealers and employers?

Is it in the national interest to export our coal at all when we may before long come to want the coal at home?

Is it a good thing to employ in such a dangerous and laborious business a single man more than is absolutely necessary for the national health and welfare?

NOTHING FOR TEARS.

Here we come right back upon my old instinctive opposition to reckless production for profit and neglect of our own people in the interests of foreign trade.

Are we to make money for the sake of making it? Are we to work for the sake of working? Would it not be wiser to decide what are the essentials to a healthy and happy life, and then to organise ourselves to procure such essentials?

The other day some one wrote to me that I was talking through my hat when I said I would rather be a schoolmaster with three

Digitized by Google

Published by AsbestosClaims.Law
asbestosclaims.law/library/14809/9

pounds a week than a collier with thirty. He said: "I would take on the thirty pounds; save £1,000 a year for ten years, and then retire." And I daresay he would. But I meant simply what I said, and I repeat it. I would not work ten years in a coal mine for a million pounds. I don't want a million. I have no use for a million. I don't want to be rich; I want to be happy. I could not be happy in a coal mine. *And I do not believe that any man is, or can be, happy in a coal mine.*

Now speaking as a human, sane person, I say there is neither sense nor right in letting men work as colliers if we and they can prevent it. The fewer our colliers the better. Therefore I cannot help feeling that the loss of our export coal trade would not be anything to weep for.

There is another direction in which I think we ought to try to move, and that is in the direction of a great reduction in the use of coal by a national, organised, and systematic development of our electric machinery. Electric power will largely solve the coal problem and will very much enhance the health and pleasure of those whose fate it is to exist in towns. And this vast and beneficent force should be nationalised at the outset and should not be allowed to fall into the hands of trusts and companies.

THE OBJECT OF LIFE.

Men who measure everything by money find it almost impossible to think in terms of human nature. The man who wanted to save £10,000 and retire is a typical case. I have been regarded by such men as more or less insane ever since I began to write. Yet the wild, impractical, sentimental ideas with which I used to shock or astonish the readers of this paper thirty years ago are many of them crowding into the pale of practical politics.

The Queen has discovered the slums; Mr. Lloyd George has discovered that we cannot run an A 1 Empire on a C 3 population. Papers which a quarter of a century ago would not listen to a word I said are to-day trying to prevent the shocking infant mortality which I preached against in 1889.

I wonder how many more years it will be before the nation realises the simple truth that men may be rich and miserable, poor and happy, successful and wicked, useful and despised. Can a man eat two dinners, or sleep in two beds? Will an enormous income cure him of the gout, or of failing sight, or of natural vulgarity?

What good does it do a man to earn big wages at the cost of all human culture and natural pleasure, at the risk of his life or to the ruin of his health? The object of life should be to live, not to make money.

What I was out for in 1889 I am out for in 1919. I advocate beginning at the bottom. Our first care as a nation should be to ensure a healthy and happy human life to every willing worker. That is where we ought to begin. After that our intellectuals, our legislators, and captains of industry might have the means of somewhat larger display, but I cannot conceive of any citizen of a well-ordered State wanting or receiving more than the Prime Minister.

I don't object to the Prime Minister, or the Minister of Roads and Forests, or the Naval Commander-in-Chief, living in a fine house in a fine park, but I strongly object to a farm labourer, or a collier and a wife and seven children, living in a ricketty, damp, insanitary hovel of two rooms. I have read just lately an awful lot of tosh about colliers' dwellings. I have seen colliers' dwellings and the villages and districts where they abide, and I cannot express my feelings more plainly or more forcibly than by declaring that I would not live in such hovels nor in such localities for any salary that might be offered me.

The best thing one could do for the miner would be to take him out of the mine. The next best thing would be to transform his house and his village so as to make his life more human. Wages will not suffice, how high soever. Wages alone will not even buy for him green grass, a clean sky, or pure air to breathe.

England is a country, not a factory. The English people are men and women, not trading machines. The children, including those of the slums, are the English nation of the future. Some of these facts have percolated amongst the masses of the workers. They are dissatisfied with existing conditions. They mean to alter them. *They do not know how to alter them*, and will probably make a mess of the job; but they mean to try; and it is up to us to help them *while there is yet time.*

Digitized by Google

Published by AsbestosClaims.Law
asbestosclaims.law/library/14809/10

"Looking Backward."

"LOOK at them" said my companion, as the train rolled slowly past row after row of squalid houses, "Doesn't it make your heart stand still to look at them? That's what industrialism has done for us. Strike? Of course they strike. Who wouldn't? Imagine the lives of the men and of the women who live in those places, with no refuge from them but the mill and the pub at the corner. Can you conceive anything drearier? Old England had its faults, no doubt: but it was a better place than this. The men who built the cathedrals were not so rich, I suppose: but they lived a healthier, saner life. They may have been more ignorant: but they were happier. They didn't strike for £5 a week; they worked for the joy of the thing. We have turned life into one long dreary sordid scramble for gold. What have we gained by it? They built the cathedrals: we build—those."

When I got home I took down from my shelves my "Green's History" and I read in it at random. What I read was this (he is speaking of the early 14th century, the time at which some of the most beautiful work was done in our cathedrals): "The strife between Labour and Capital was going on as fiercely as ever in country and in town. The landlords were claiming new services, or forcing men who looked on themselves as free to prove they were no villeins by law. The free labourer was struggling against the attempt to exact work from him at low wages. The wandering workman was being seized and branded as a vagrant. The abbey towns were struggling for freedom against the abbeys. The craftsmen within boroughs were carrying on the same struggle against employer and craft gild. And all this mass of discontent was being heightened and organised by agencies with which the government could not cope. The poorer villeins and the free labourers had long since banded together in secret conspiracies which the wealthier villeins supported with money. The return of soldiers from the war threw over the land a host of broken men, skilled in arms and ready to take part in any rising. The begging friars, wandering and gossiping from village to village, shared the passions of the class from which they sprang. Priests like Ball openly preached the doctrines of communism." They are all there, you see; employer and landlord, trade unionist and shop steward, the demobilised soldiers and the perplexed government. There is even the Bolshevik in the background. It is to-day's tune set in the key of yesterday.

All that it means is that the forces which built the cathedrals were not essentially different from those which are building aeroplanes and setting up wireless installations to-day. Castle and cathedral did not rise by magic; they were reared painfully, like any other great human enterprise, by the uneasy co-operation of Capital and Labour. If you doubt the capitalist's part, turn back a few pages in the history, and at the risk of another shattered illusion, read again: "That the presence of the Jew was, at least in the earlier years of his settlement, beneficial to the nation at large, there can be little doubt. His arrival was the arrival of a capitalist, and heavy as was the usury he necessarily exacted in the general insecurity of the time, his loans gave an impulse to industry. The century which followed the conquest witnessed an outburst of architectural energy which covered the land with castles and cathedrals: but castle and cathedral alike owed their erection to the loans of the Jew." Capital is no diabolic invention, as to listen to some speeches in the market-place one would really suppose, sprung from the abuses of the modern industrial system. Wherever and whenever men have united to improve their lot after their lights by some joint enterprise, there has been capital, or the attempt failed. Nor

Digitized by Google

has its power ever been doubtful. The picture of the Jew of the middle ages as timid, crouching, oppressed, is a pure imagination. The evidence is clear that he knew his power, and the kings knew it too. Hated he might be: but defiant insolence rather than humility was his normal pose. He knew himself essential, and his enemies, a few fanatics apart, were not ignorant of his value.

But now let us look at the lot of the labourer in the happy days before industrialism turned him into a "wage slave." We need not look far. The Statutes of Labourers tell us really all we need to know. They bound every man and woman under sixty, not having land or money of their own, to work for any employer who might require them to do so at the wages current in the neighbourhood. If they refused, they might be imprisoned: if they wandered to another village in search of higher wages they were liable to arrest, and to be branded with a hot iron on the forehead. On cool reconsideration, will the modern "wage slave" change his lot for that of the "free" labourer of pre-industrial England?

Did they live a "healthier, saner life," these dwellers in the foul hovels of the mediæval town, where plague and filth, diseases of every kind, slew year by year, and the leper crouched shivering in the corners of the dark, crooked streets? Were they really "happier"? A certain rude jollity one may no doubt detect. Chaucer's country gentleman is jolly enough. "It showed in his house of meat and drink." Gluttony was the vice of the age. The wife of Bath, much married, ("husbands at the church door had she had five") is jovial, and indecorously explicit on the causes of her content. The miller is happy: but then the miller is drunk. The temper of the age as a whole in one of profound melancholy. What Stevenson calls "the somewhat snivelling fear of death" breathes in its best productions and its worst. It darkens the Morality Plays; it casts an added gloom over the stark pessimism of Piers Ploughman: it whines in the blackguard verses of the Paris gutter poet, Villon. This is not the temper in which even a timid man, moderately content with his lot, faces death: and these men were not timid. But the frightfulness of the conditions of their life threw a black shadow as it were beyond the grave. They believed no doubt in Heaven. They believed with a more shuddering sincerity in Hell. They had had experience.

It is out of the blackness of this "bleak and blackguard" age that modern industrial energy, modern commerce, modern inventive genius have raised our people. I do not think—I know—that there is no class in the community to-day which is not immeasurably healthier, happier and, on the whole, better than the corresponding class in the fourteenth century. To the poorest navvy of to-day the mediæval villein would seem an unclean savage; the most ignorant modern quack would stare at the ignorance of the fourteenth century doctor; the rudest cottager shudder to sit at meat with a great lady of those rough days. Those who think that this rudeness hid a noble simplicity with which our corrupt manners contrast ill, err. We have our rascally company promoters; but the alchemist is their forerunner, and fully their equal in impudent knavery. Fraud and extortion and adulteration stain the fair fame of our commerce; law after law was passed against these very crimes centuries before the first mill was built in England.

There remains the charge that whatever it may have been in life, in its death the features of the older England rise before us singularly calm and beautiful, as a dead man's features often will; and of the ugliness and dirt and misery of our own living age we are all too conscious. It is well that we should be conscious of them, for there is much to be done. I have not shown you the mediæval hovel as it was to persuade you to be content with the modern slum as it is. Far from it. Our work lies before us. But are we to begin it by throwing away the instrument which has worked the miracle plain to any man who will look at the life of the dead centuries as it really was, not tricked out in the glamour of a false romance? It is industry—the united effort of Capital and Labour—which has made modern England; a far better country to live in, with all its abuses, than the most prosperous and happily situated of mediæval lands. If the far happier England of our dreams is to be realised, it will not be by smashing the engine which has sped the car of progress through the ages.

Digitized by Google

Bolshevism.

By R. TURNER (British Workers' League).

WHAT is it, and where will it land us? These questions occupy the thoughts of every loyal and truly patriotic democrat at the present time.

The mention of the word Revolution is distasteful to all who believe that only by steady evolution on democratic lines can we ever hope to obtain the social commonwealth which has been and is the ideal of all well-meaning reformers.

What is Bolshevism? is a question one often hears asked, and it is a question that is answered in a variety of ways. We are told on the one hand that it is the rule of the majority, whilst others assert that it is government by the minority. If we examine the speeches and writings of the leaders we shall find that the latter is the true version, and that they believe in the doctrine that the minority, if energetic and powerful enough, have the right to dictate to the majority. In proof of this read the following extract from an article written by George Lansbury, one of the leading advocates of revolution in this country.

In an article in his paper "*The Herald*," February 15th, 1919, on the "International Conference at Berne," he says:

> "I find myself less and less inclined to accept 'the dictatorship of the minority' or the Proletariat as the right sort of principle for any of us who are Democrats. I talked for over an hour with Comrade Platten, leader of the Swiss Bolsheviks.
>
> "Platten agrees that he and his friends are anti-democratic. They have tried the ballot box. The people are too ignorant, too stupid. The clear-headed class-conscious minority, he thinks, must now use the same methods as those of the governing classes, and must assume control by violence and force, as it is clear they are unable to get Socialism any other way."

Could anything be more convincing and more damning than this? Is anything more required to prove that Bolshevik government is anti-democratic, and advocates a system of autocratic despotism, quite as bad, if not worse, than anything we have seen under Czardom?

Democracy and Liberty imply Discipline. Liberty does not mean lawlessness, nor can it allow a dictatorship. Once Liberty becomes degraded into license, or is suppressed by anarchist tyranny, it will be the working classes who will chiefly suffer, as they are now doing in Russia.

It is not my intention to discuss the merits or demerits of Bolshevik rule in Russia, as no comparison is possible with our own State, based as it is upon true Liberty. Whatever justification may be claimed for the turn of events in Russia, none could be said for the contemplation of such extremes in this country, for all the good things that the friends and advocates of Bolshevism claim to have granted to the people of Russia are already in operation with us, and whatever more the people of Britain desire, they may obtain by the use of the ballot.

And here let me point out that one of the chief reforms claimed is a big advance in education. This is a matter which at the present time is receiving more support from the middle and commercial classes than it is from the working class, whom it will certainly benefit most.

We find the leaders of the extremists continually protesting against capital punishment, but when they get the power they introduce it as part of their system, together with lynch law.

They advocate the freedom of the Press, but in Russia they have become such censors and oppressors of it as that country has never previously known.

They condemn prisons when holding forth on the benefits of Bolshevism, but once in power they are passionate supporters of them, and become the most savage and tyrannical of gaolers, keeping hundreds of people in prison without trial or inquiry.

They condemn conscription with all the venom possible, and yet we find the people of Russia compelled to accept it wherever the Bolsheviks are in power.

Digitized by Google

Published by AsbestosClaims.Law
asbestosclaims.law/library/14809/13

To add just one other paradox to the list, we hear the strongest condemnation of secret diplomacy, and yet we find their whole system seething with secret corruption.

They claim to desire peace, whereas war, plunder and murder appear to have been their chief occupation wherever they have gone.

One tempting bait held out by Bolsheviks was a great reduction in working hours, with a big advance in wages. They begin to work the change by taking over industries without compensation to the owners, and we have proof already that many factories and businesses have been closed down, after being worked for a time and found unproductive under their system of doing as little as possible for the highest wages (in paper money.)

Similar ideas prevailed in this country a century ago, for we read that after the Napoleonic wars, the people were in an impoverished condition, through the expenditure of the capital of the country; thousands were unemployed, with the result that relief administered by the Poor Law authorities went up by leaps and bounds, and the payment of poor rates became a serious burden for shopkeepers. Their stocks being greatly reduced, they had no chance of replacing them; their capital was fast dwindling away. And yet a large number of the people of that day imagined (as some do now) that there was an inexhaustible supply of wealth to which they had a perfect right, and cared nothing about how it came so long as they got it.

Preachers of Bolshevism are in the same position to-day. They openly declare that they care nothing about our trade with other countries. They do not realise that before we can divide wealth we must first produce it.

The growth of Bolshevism in this country is no doubt largely due to the fact that there are too many real grievances which require immediate attention. Agitators get hold of workers who are suffering, and exploit their wrongs for all they are worth to suit their own ends. Then again, there is the deplorable results of the great army of profiteers who have reduced the standard of living by their inhuman methods. These human vultures have never given a single thought to the women and children, the aged and infirm, and much less have they cared what became of the Nation so long as they were hoarding up wealth.

Another cause which helps Bolshevism to take root in this country is the consideration shown to aliens, such as Edward Soermus, the Russian revolutionary violinist, who has been touring this country, and who it will be remembered appeared in Rochdale during the last election in support of one of the candidates. In addition to his musical selections, this man has been preaching Bolshevism, and at the same time calling upon the authorities to arrest him and place him in an English prison. I am pleased to say that he has been accommodated, and will by this time have been landed in his own country.

It must be remembered also that during the war a great many promises were made by the governing body which await fulfilment. We were told that after peace was declared we should have better houses, better conditions of labour, higher wages and shorter hours. The question that troubles the lads who have saved this country is whether or not these promises will be fulfilled, for it should not be forgotten that had it not been for the undaunted courage and splendid devotion of our Army and Navy, and the great sacrifices made by them, there would have been no opportunity for discussing the distribution of wealth. Our conquerors would have settled that business for us. Then again, there are the dependants of those who have made the greatest sacrifice of all. To see that these are properly cared for is an obligation laid upon the people by their leaders when asking men to join the colours; the promise was made that if they (the men) would do their duty to the country, the country would do its duty to them or their dependants. And it is up to the democracy to see that all the promises and pledges are faithfully carried out.

The question then arises, Can this be done under Bolshevism? which, as we have seen, means (amongst other things) reduced production, and repudiation of all debts contracted by previous Governments. There is only one answer: It cannot.

We must next ask: Can it be done by

(Concluded on page 62)

Digitized by Google

Published by AsbestosClaims.Law
asbestosclaims.law/library/14809/14

Scientific Research and Industry.

By FREDERICK KAYE.

THE exigences of the war have forced the industrial world to recognise more and more the claims of scientific methods, and of scientific research, to play a more vital part in modern industry.

Industry has been too often too utilitarian, looking eagerly for immediate results as expressed in increased dividends and momentary triumph, not remembering the divine order of Nature's ways. In nature beauty precedes and conditions all fruitfulness. The world is decked with beauty long before the harvest.

Scientific research should follow a similar order of things. The first duty of Industry is to support pure science—that class of research which seeks to get below the surface of things. The short cut is often the longest way round and, therefore, endeavours to be scientific without science lead to the morass of empiricism.

Industry in the past has tabooed pure science, or what has been termed academic science, often to its great loss.

Nearly 60 years ago coal tar colours were discovered by an Englishman, but the financial and industrial magnates of that period failed to realise the immense importance of this discovery, with the result that England for these long years lost the foremost place in the manufacture of coal tar dyes.

It would be impossible to estimate the full measure of our country's loss by the neglect of this initial discovery. We lost nearly two generations of scientists who ought to have been devoted to the spirit of scientific research. That is to say, thousands of young men during the last 50 years, who might have been of incalculable credit to science, lost the vision and wandered in the wilderness. The thought-life of England, which would have been so profoundly modified by a great renaissance of science, was not nearly as fruitful as it ought to have been in education, in politics and in religion. In a community unschooled in science, new scientific discoveries may seem of little practicability while they really have in them great potentialities.

The splendid work in recent years of several English Physicists on the *Electron* theory of matter, with its ionisation theories, is now yielding results in practical applications of immense value. These include the production of detectors and amplifiers for wireless telegraphy, electrical rectifiers and oscillators, by which radio-telephony across the Atlantic is now possible.

Scientific research is the seed of Industry, while Commerce is the fruit of it. As the plant is but the seed-plant grown large, go the industry of the future must be in a sense scientific research on a larger scale. Therefore, every industrial process can be considered as a scientific experiment—a part of industrial research—and even though it be repeated a thousand times trained observation may detect causes, the modification of which may improve the product in quality and quantity.

Scientific research is the logical, trained experimental questioning of nature as to the laws governing the interaction of different kinds of matter, and of forces acting through and upon matter. Industrial research applies the knowledge so gained to manufacturing processes. The first is greater than the second because it is creative. A nation with a few men with the qualities of mind fruitful in pure research is much richer in mental gold than a nation with a thousand men of the second order only.

It is a great duty of Industry to cherish the man fruitful in invention and discovery.

Ideas are germinal—the seed of living things is differentiated by the qualities of the sexual germs coalescing in plant or animal—and so the fertile seeds of discovery must most readily spring from a mind ripe with experience and insight.

How can Industry take hold of methods of scientific research to yield more fruitfully for itself and humanity ?

First, by understanding more and more

Digitized by Google

Published by AsbestosClaims.Law
asbestosclaims.law/library/14809/15

what are the impulses that govern scientific men in their quest for knowledge—the love of beauty and truth.

Secondly, by learning more completely what a wealth of promise lies in patience and faith.

Thirdly, by realizing how profound and inexhaustible are the stores of achievement for the good of man in the discovery and understanding of Nature's laws.

The true spirit and meaning of research having been caught by Industry, the ways and methods must be thought out as to the fullest use to be made of it.

Scientific research now deals with many more complex problems than were undertaken say in the nineteenth century, and therefore specialization is not only necessary in the higher domains of scientific effort and thought, but also more largely in the departments and sections of science applied immediately to Industry. The seats of learning at the Universities and Technological Colleges must be radiating centres of a stream of ideas and discoveries, while they are also the foci to which are reflected the practical problems that beset Industry day by day.

Therefore, Learning and Industry will enrich each other.

The result will be to create a demand for three types of scientific research men.

1. The philosophic or academic scientist who deals with problems in pure science.

2. The man engaged in the application of science to industry—the scientific control of industrial processes.

3. The man who perhaps is the most fruitful of all—the man who reciprocates the work of the other two by linking the discoveries in pure science to industry, and by taking new truths of pure science from it. His is the work of true scientific research in close contact with industry.

One of the most far-reaching ideas in the schemes of reconstruction of industry after the war is the organisation of scientific research, so that the possibility of men working in water-tight compartments will be prevented, and the fruitfulness of new discoveries more quickly achieved. The common good of all is greater than enrichment of the few.

Recently, research has seized hold of a new subject for investigation—the human element in industry.

Scientific efficiency treats the worker as a mechanical organism, and seeks to secure the best results in quality and quantity of output by the wisest expenditure of nervous and muscular force.

Welfare work approaches the problem on the spiritual side, and considers the worker as a mental and moral entity.

Each of these methods of attack are complementary to the other, and the highest results are only attainable by the right adjustment of one to the other. Thus, the spirit of science may penetrate every department of industrial activity.

BOLSHEVISM *(continued from page 60).*

reverting back to pre-war conditions? To which the answer is likewise "in the negative." Therefore the only solution of the problem seems to be a system in which the first consideration shall be national security, whether it be from outside aggression or internal canker. Wherever the individual stands in the way he must be cleared out. And yet, we must strangle neither individuals nor ideals. Liberty must be safeguarded as the propelling power for the more rapid progress of the nation.

We are now in a position to produce more wealth than ever before the war, but the full benefit of this can only be secured by a better understanding between Capital and Labour, and a more just and equitable distribution of the fruits born of such an understanding.

The colossal task of reconstruction can only be accomplished successfully by all classes pulling together, to make our country brighter and better, with a healthy and contented people. I am convinced that this can only be done by constitutional methods; therefore I appeal to you, my fellow workers, to support only constitutional methods, and damn Bolshevism.

Digitized by Google

Published by AsbestosClaims.Law
asbestosclaims.law/library/14809/16

Sir Francis Drake.

Founder of the Freedom of the Seas.

By ARTHUR MEE.

THE rolling ocean, for ages the great divider of the human race, has become the highway of the peoples, and it was Francis Drake who opened up the way. He was born into an age when the inhabitants of the British Isles were prisoners in the sea. He set them free, and took their ships around the world; he terrified and broke their enemies; and when he died there was no man in the world who dare flout a British ship at sea.

We shall never see such men as he again, desperate men with something of the gentleness of women; men at ease in Queen Elizabeth's Court one week, and raiding a Spanish treasure train the next; men with tons of gold and jewels in their grasp who yet loved England more than all; men down on their knees at night crying for mercy to Jesus Christ, up in the morning selling slaves.

Strange men they were, strange days they were, out of which our Empire came. When Drake was born at Tavistock in Devon, just before the middle of the century of Elizabeth, Spain was rising up amid a world in terror barring England's way at sea. Columbus had found a new world, but the Pope of Rome divided up the old world and the new, and gave half to Portugal and half to Spain. All the sixteen million square miles of America he gave to Spain, and when Philip seized Portugal he had the domination of all known peoples, and the whole known earth was his vast treasure-house.

Drake grew up hating two things. He hated Rome for her tyranny over the human mind; he hated Spain for her tyranny over England. He knew something of both these tyrannies. He had seen poor people suffer from the persecution of Rome, flying from the cruelty of the Inquisition to seek peace in some English haven; and, as for the cruelty of Spain at sea, he had seen a thing that even the patience of an Englishman could hardly endure, and could never forgive.

He was still a boy when Spain seized every English ship she could, and it hit Drake hard, for he had been apprenticed to a skipper, and his good master had died and left Drake his ship, and now Spain had killed his trade. He was on fire. He sold his ship and joined the expeditions of old John Hawkyns. They sailed in six ships in October 1567, Drake in a ship called *Grace of God*. They took 500 negroes from the African coast and sold them on the Spanish Main. They stormed the towns and made the people buy these Africans, and went on their way till their ship was loaded with gold and pearls. They were in the Port of Mexico one day when a treasure fleet arrived. It had on board a whole year's produce of the Indies, and it was at the mercy of old John Hawkyns, for unless he allowed it to come into port the next storm would destroy it. Such treasure had never yet been in the grip of an Englishman; but Hawkyns did a striking thing, he let the fleet come in, and fixed up a Convention for the right to use the port. He sacrificed the greatest prize a pirate ever had for the freedom an Englishman loves.

Then the thing Drake never forgot happened in that port of Mexico. The Spaniards broke their word and attacked. Staggered by this surprise, the English sank four Spanish ships and slew 4,000 men; but fire ships drove the English off, and they staggered home with two shot-riddled ships and very little food. Philip of Spain had won another fight, but if he could have seen the end of it he would have sacrificed his fleets and all their treasure rather than have

Digitized by Google

Published by AsbestosClaims.Law
asbestosclaims.law/library/14809/17

suffered it. For Francis Drake was filled with a passion that was to last until the power of Spain was broken. He had crept along a hawser from a sinking ship and come safe home, and the end of his journey brought him to the Council Chamber in a mighty hour for England. As Drake was riding up the road that leads from Plymouth to London, Elizabeth was fuming with the Duke of Alva for some affront, and the angry Alva was before the Council when the door burst open and Drake burst in. A few words were enough. The scale was turned. Alva could go back to Spain and say what he liked to Philip. England would have no dealings with men who broke their word.

Drake made his vow. The honour of England should be redeemed, and Spain should tremble for this infamy. The fire of youth was fierce within him, and he set out, in May 1572, on one of those great voyages that were to make his name immortal and set it ringing like a death-knell from end to end of Spain. He sailed with two ships and 73 men, only one man over 30, and they were to capture Nombre de Dios, the treasure-house of the world. They sailed to a bay in the Gulf of Darien, where they built new ships, and one dark midnight they lay outside the famous treasure town. They waited for the dawn, and as it broke Drake with his crew swept into Nombre de Dios. The Spaniards fled before the sudden storm of piercing arrows and flaming pikes, and the Englishmen made for the King's treasure house. A friendly negro warned them that they were to be overwhelmed; but Drake opened the door of the house of gold and cried, "I have brought you to the mouth of the treasure-house of the world: blame yourselves if you go away empty." Then, as he stepped to lead the way, he fell to the ground, and they saw that his footprints were marked in blood.

Not a man thought of the treasure before him. The life of Francis Drake was dearer to his men than all the wealth of Spain, and they carried him, while he grumbled at them, back to his pinnace. His strength was giving way; he had struggled valiantly against a desperate wound, but back on his ship he was himself again, and to a Spanish officer who came aboard he said, "Tell your Governor to hold his eyes open, for if God lend me life and leave I mean to reap some of your harvest which you get out of the earth and send into Spain to trouble all the earth." Then he sailed, and as a parting shot at Spain he called at Cartagena, where, in the teeth of booming guns, he swept into the harbour and carried off a ship discharging treasure at the quays. When they looked for him he was gone, but he was not so far away as the Spaniards hoped; he was busy building up his fleet in Darien. In that quiet little harbour the silence of the centuries was disturbed by English hammers and axes and anvils, building ships; with the ringing merriment of Englishmen playing bowls and archery and quoits; with the building of rows of cottage homes, and all the noise and clatter of a little dockyard. They called it Port Plenty, for, sweeping out from this secluded hiding, bursting suddenly from one or other of this maze of islands, they would surprise great Spanish ships, seize them and relieve them of their treasure and disappear where no one knew. They came, it seemed, from nowhere, and went back to nowhere. They haunted the track of Philip's men like ghosts, and these Spanish fleets that had so long had their way, that had so long wrung the treasure from the earth at the price of blood and slavery, that piled their treasure up to bolster tyranny throughout the earth—these fleets were in the grip of fear at last. A power they did not understand was on the sea.

Yet for Drake too, the sea had its terrors. Tragedy and misfortune dogged him at Port Plenty. One brother died, then another; rain and pestilence set in, and the poisonous forest air sapped the strength of his men. They dropped dead one by one. Of the 73 who had left Plymouth only 44 were left, and only 18 could be spared for the great adventure that lay ahead. They were to march overland with 30 negroes through a thick forest, to lie in wait for the great mule train of the Lord of Lima, which was to pass that way on the road to Spain.

As long as Drake lived he remembered that forest. It was like a plunge into one of Nature's ancient fastnesses, a slow, difficult trail through wild and gorgeous growths, through a wonderland of birds with glorious colours, of giant plants and mighty trees, of fruits unknown before, with game and wild life in astonishing abundance. Led

Digitized by Google

Published by AsbestosClaims.Law
asbestosclaims.law/library/14809/18

by their faithful blacks, they went their way in silence and amaze through this wild garden of the earth. Day by day they walked in silent wonder, and then they reached the summit of the forest.

It was a great place and a great hour. An Englishman was looking out across America, and there he was to see a vision—not indeed of all the glory that should be, but of things immortal that shall never fade. For there, on the summit of the range, Drake's faithful black man led him to a tree, a glorious tree with steps cut in its trunk, up which Drake climbed like stairs. There, in that "goodlie great high tree" sat Francis Drake, looking at what no Englishman had seen before. One way lay the great Atlantic, which he knew; the other way rolled the broad Pacific, of which no Englishman had dreamed. Two oceans with but a path of land between! It was a sight to stir the soul of any man of Devon, and up in that tree, looking out across the forest at the boundless waters stretching on, Drake prayed "that Almighty God of His goodness would give him life and leave to sail once in that sea in an English ship." His prayer was to be answered: God was to give him life and leave.

Out of the forest they emerged in sight of Panama, with a fleet of gold ships lying in the harbour. They sent a spy into the city and brought back news that two mule trains were ready to leave the market place, with the treasure of Lima and nine mule-loads of jewels and gold. With that great prize in their grasp, Drake's plans were all upset by a drunken man; and in the end Drake sought escape through Venta Cruz where he burst open the town with his terrible maroon. The cry that Drake was there drove consternation through this place, for Venta Cruz was a health resort, where leisured ladies came to rest from Nombre de Dios. But no harm came to these harmless Spaniards; the woman never lived upon the earth who need have been afraid of Drake. He never hurt a woman's hair, nor did his men. It was death to any man of Drake's who touched a woman; and Drake himself would make his way to the bedsides of these panic-stricken women of Venta Cruz and comfort them. Queer tales they must have told their lords from Nombre de Dios, how El Drake came one night and disappeared again, speaking gently to them like a woman. When the alarm brought up the reinforcements, Drake was gone: he was at sea again.

One day Drake reached a place where his boats should have been, but there were no boats there; only seven Spanish ships. All hearts failed but Drake's. They were drenched with rain and weary to exhaustion, but no tragedy of fate like this could shake the spirit of Drake. This man would stop on his way through trackless forests and teach the Lord's Prayer to negroes living there; and now his voice was heard above the storm, crying that if the Spaniards had taken their ships God had sent tree trunks down the river with which to bring them back. They strung together a raft, they sailed astride it in the storm, guiding their way with a young tree shaped for an oar and a biscuit sack for a sail; and in six hours they found their boats. Drake found his fleet again, and his ships were laden with treasure. It had come from 200 ships, and the vessels they had captured were more than they could navigate, so that Drake gave one to his Spanish prisoners, with his regrets for keeping them so long. They passed by Cartagena harbour once again, and, seeing the Spanish fleet ready to sail but being so laden with treasure that he was bound to leave it, Drake ran into the harbour to give the fleet a close view of the flag of St. George. Then he came home. He had been away fifteen months, and when he reached Plymouth, on a Sunday, the news that Drake was come emptied all the churches, and the preachers were left preaching alone.

We who look back and think of this immortal Englishman, breaking down the tyranny of Spain and opening for England the gates of the world, can hardly understand the giants of despair he met at home. The great Elizabeth would willingly have flung her arms round any man who brought her home a treasure ship, but Spain and its ambassadors were whispering in her ear; cravens were all about her at her councils, and Drake coming home from his adventures was always half a pirate and half a heaven-sent saviour of his country. Elizabeth never knew which, nor did her statesmen. It depended on their little moods whether they would give our heroes a scaffold or a crown.

Digitized by Google

Published by AsbestosClaims.Law
asbestosclaims.law/library/14809/19

It happened one night that Philip had seized a ship of one of our merchant princes and flung its crew into dungeons; and the Queen was furious with rage. The Earl of Walsingham came knocking at Drake's door one night, and unfolded a map on which Drake was to mark the places where Philip could be most annoyed. But Drake was wise. He knew the ways of courts, and in the end he saw Elizabeth herself. It was in 1576. The great flirt captivated him, and the next time he set out it was with the pomp of something like an admiral, and his cabin was fragrant with perfumes from the Queen.

He was going on the voyage of his dreams, but no man save he knew where. His voyage will rank, whatever voyages there are still to make in earth and sky and sea, among the greatest of them all, for before he came back home again he was to go round the world; to burst into the secret world of Spain, where her treasure was; to bring back home such knowledge for our merchants as was to sow the seed of wealth beyond their dreams.

They sailed across the Atlantic, and along the coast of South America. Somehow, somewhere, he must get through to the ocean he had seen from the tree. They reached Magellan's Straits, the terrible passage through which no Englishman had passed. They reached it in a storm that filled men's hearts with fear. If fear could ever come to Drake it must have come to him then, for he was setting out without charts into an unknown sea, with a crew half-terrified and half in mutiny, with every man on board believing in dragons and devils, with Drake himself believing that storms were due to sorcery, with Summer changing to Winter as they sailed. To satisfy the evil powers that sent the storm Drake sacrificed a ship, but still the storm went on; and in the midst of it, in that tremendous hour for Francis Drake, there came into his life as poignant a grief as ever pierced a human heart.

His dearest friend had gone out with him, prompted by enemies at home; and he stood at Drake's side to betray him. He was Sir Thomas Doughty. Before the expedition was far on its way he was tampering with the crew, and Drake took away his command and put him in disgrace. When he still tried to paralyse the expedition, Drake bound him to the mast, and when that was not enough, when Doughty still believed that Drake "would not mete out to gentlemen the punishment fit for dogs," Drake called his men together, and told them of the treachery of his friend. "They that think this man worthy of death," he cried, "let them with me hold up their hands." Drake set his teeth, and the ship stopped within sight of a gallows set up by Magellan on his first voyage through the Straits. There Drake resolved that the man who had been his dearest friend should die. They spread their tables for a farewell banquet, they talked of other days and great adventures, and Drake embraced his comrade. Side by side they knelt at an altar to receive the Sacrament, and Doughty laid his head upon the block. He had betrayed his friend, and he paid the penalty.

Troubles pressed about him, but Drake called his crews together and gave them such a sermon as they had rarely heard; so that in the end his men and officers flung themselves before him and implored him to trust them, and they set out for the Straits of Magellan.

First of all Englishmen they sailed this unknown way, beneath dark skies and through terrific storms. The squalls and currents buffetted their ships, and for two months they drifted without sails in these waters that no man had mapped. The light of fires lit by natives on the desolate shores added to the weirdness of the voyage, and fear and superstition and the dread of some impending doom grew more and more. One of the three ships went down, another deserted, but the *Golden Hind* sailed on in spite of all, and after 53 days, with the storm abated, Drake stood on his ship where the waters of the Atlantic rolled into the waters of the Pacific. He was anchored among islands that no geographer in England knew, and it is said that he landed on the farthest island, and walked alone to the end of it, and laid down on the earth, and threw his arms round the southernmost point of the whole known world.

Drake's hour of triumph had come. He had set out like a king, and now he ruled as a king indeed. His men adored their brave captain who had led them to the unknown sea. He must have felt like a conqueror as he sailed by the sleepy coasts on the Pacific side of America. There never

Digitized by Google

Published by AsbestosClaims.Law
asbestosclaims.law/library/14809/20



"There sat Francis Drake, looking at what no Englishman had seen before."

(SEE PAGE 65.)

Digitized by Google

Published by AsbestosClaims.Law
asbestosclaims.law/library/14809/21

was a voyage like that. The *Golden Hind* was safely through the Valley of the Shadows, and its crew were like boys on some astounding escapade. They found a Spaniard fast asleep with thirteen bars of silver beside him, and they took the silver and left the man his dreams. They would land to relieve a gentleman of a heavy weight of treasure he was carrying. They would lighten ship after ship of its cargo of jewels and gold. So they sailed merrily along, picking up silver, exploring ports, making for Lima and Panama. The Viceroy of Peru came up with two thousand troops, but Drake was unafraid.

It was Spain that was afraid. Consternation seized its fleets and banks and treasure trains. Bishops melted their bells into guns, and Spain, indeed, had little chance for ringing bells. The quaking Philip offered forty thousand pounds to any man who would kidnap or kill El Drake.

But El Drake was not a bird for the claws of the hawk of Spain. Out in the broad Pacific he was facing mightier foes. Still sailing north in search of another passage through America, he was caught in a storm, his rigging frozen, his crew half paralysed. Finding nothing but land on his left, and nothing but water on his right, he put into harbour near San Francisco and prepared the *Golden Hind* for a tremendous journey home. He was going once more where no English ship had been: he set his sails to cross the Pacific Ocean.

Day after day, week after week, they saw no land, no other human being, no ship, no sign of life; for sixty-eight days the boundless waters encompassed them, and then, in the first days of 1580, they sighted groups of islands—the Carolines, the Philippines, and the Moluccas. Hope came afresh to them, but the *Golden Hind* ran on a reef, and for twenty hours they were faced with doom. They took the Sacrament in hourly fear of death; they threw guns and treasure overboard; but a change of wind lifted the vessel off the reef. In two months they were collecting stores in Java; in six months they were cheering at the sight of the Cape; in nine months they were sighting home. One day in early Autumn, in the year 1580, the *Golden Hind* all eaten up with worms, all laden down with gold, sailed into Plymouth once again. It had seen what no other ship had seen; it had been where no other English ship had been; it was bringing home the most valorous seaman who had ever sailed the seas. Francis Drake was home again at last, the first man ever born who had lived to captain a voyage round the world.

All England was on fire. The year's suspense was broken, and there was great relief. Nobody talked of the pirate Drake. They took the *Golden Hind* up the Thames and would have put it on St. Paul's if that could have been done. Every day Drake saw the Queen and whispered in her ear that if the whole world were the King of Spain's garden it was hers to pick the fruit. Elizabeth loved the little sailor, and especially his treasure. His splendour was beyond his dreams, and even his men seemed princes. One day the Queen went down to Deptford and knighted Drake on the *Golden Hind*, and in the sure faith of those stirring times she sent word to Philip that "the use of the sea and the air is common to all, and neither nature, nor use, nor custom permit any possession thereof." It was a great and noble document of liberty: it was the first British declaration of the freedom of the seas.

And yet there are two things in the history of those days which stand out: the ineffable treachery of Spain, with the mastery of the world passing out of its grasp; and the paltering and shuffling of the Court of England, with the gates of the world wide open before it. Drake had brought home the keys of the earth, and our dilly-dally court, packed with spies, and plotters, and cravens, would have let them rust for a thousand years if the movement of events had not been too strong for them. Even when Philip, begging an English fleet to carry relief to his famine-stricken subjects, seized the cornships to feed the Armada he was building, Elizabeth would listen still to creatures of Spain about her throne, and Drake, burning with righteous anger, would set sail short of water, short of stores, against orders, and in spite of weather.

He humbled and broke the pride of Spain; it was bending like grass before the wind. Naval warfare was beginning, new powers were riding on the sea, and Europe was filled with wonder. The world was not to be at Philip's mercy, after all. He could

Digitized by Google

Published by AsbestosClaims.Law
asbestosclaims.law/library/14809/22

not raise his loans. Protestant princes raised their heads again, and England was alive with joy that this Philip, crushing the earth beneath him like a car of Juggernaut, was reeling under the hammer blows of Englishmen. And yet when Drake came home again the paltering Queen would have held him back from his next attack. She sent her messenger to stop his ships, but Drake had made hot haste and taken good care to be gone. It was Drake and not Elizabeth, he and not her counsellors, who broke the power of Spain. He went to Cadiz and attacked a forest of masts in the harbour; in 36 hours he destroyed ten thousand tons of shipping, including the finest ships afloat, called at Lisbon and offered to convoy the Spaniards to England if they were going that way; and he set all Spain in a panic till he sailed out again. At sea he was caught in a fearful storm with all his precious prizes, but it passed away, and with the calm there came into his hands the greatest Spanish Merchantman afloat. He brought it home, and so rich a prize had never reached our shores. It had on board a million's worth of treasure in our money, but even that was poor compared with something else Drake found in its cabins, for there were papers with all the written secrets of Spain's East India trade. The English merchants were staggered. These papers were worth to them all the golden treasure Drake had ever seen, and they founded the East India Company, opening up for England that mighty Empire which has come to be known, with the passing of the centuries, as the pearl in England's crown.

It is incredible, but true, that even now Drake found himself once more a sort of pirate coming home. Elizabeth was stricken with gloom over Mary Stuart's execution; her chancellor was half apologising to the desperate Philip that Drake had exceeded his instructions. So cringing was this English Court to that Court which even then was trimming the sails of the Armada. Had Drake been allowed to sail as he wished in the Spring of 1588 the panic of that Summer would have been averted; but our courtiers had their way, and the man who had broken Philip's power was playing bowls on Plymouth Hoe one afternoon in June when Philip's fleet was sighted in the Channel. Dilly-dally was rewarded with its natural consequences: Spain was thundering at our gates at last, and we were all unready.

But not even our English Court could lose that war with Drake alive. He finished the game of bowls and beat the Spaniards too, and all the world knows how. For days the fight went on—Spain with her 129 ships, many of them the biggest ever seen, manned with 27,000 men and armed with 2,000 cannon; and England with just over half the ships and under half the men. In the critical moment the command fell to Drake—off Gravelines on July 29—and at the end of a fight from dawn till dusk the Spaniards fled to their appalling doom. Crippled for want of men, the few men he had famishing for food and powder denied him by the Queen, and dying fast from the poisonous beer the Queen had forced on them, Drake smashed for ever the frightful power that wrung the treasure from the earth and menaced all mankind.

It was the final hour, the zenith of sea-power and the noon-day of Drake. He had set his star in the firmament. There was a postscript to Armada. The greatest fleet that has ever left these shores sailed for Spain, half-victualled by our well-fed palace folk, and in a thrilling ten weeks' adventure they captured nearly a hundred ships, burned two ports, beat one army and made another run, and destroyed the nucleus of a new Armada. But how much energy of our heroes has been spent in fighting battles in our Courts? This man whose name rang through the world, this saviour of England and the freedom of the seas, this man whose appearance in Plymouth shipyard sent terror through the heart of Lisbon, was to the end the victim of that caprice which history names Elizabeth. Once more the news of a disabled treasure ship would set her all agog, and Drake went out again, but his ships were badly equipped, and it was his last voyage.

The shadows were gathering about him; the Spaniards were expecting him, and all his plans were known. His old friend Hawkyns died, his officers were shot, and the sense of failure weighed on him. He went to bed and died, and on January 29, 1596, they placed him in a wooden coffin and dropped him in the sea he loved.

There his spirit lies, but as for his name it is written in gold and fire.

Digitized by Google

The Origin and Properties of Asbestos.—VI.

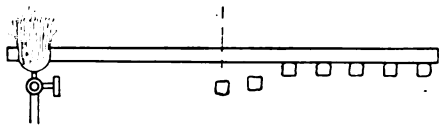
HEAT INSULATION (A).

By H. W. ROWELL,

Hon. General Secretary, British Association of Chemists.

HEAT is transmitted by conduction, by convection currents and by radiation.

To illustrate what is meant by conduction of heat take a bar made of any metal (all metals are classed as good conductors of heat) say twelve inches long and starting at one end, stick six pieces of wax



Illustrating conduction of heat along a metal bar, by means of wax.

at intervals of one inch on the under side of the bar. Now apply heat to the other end of the bar with a small gas burner, and the heat will travel along the bar until the first piece of wax melts and drops off, and then the next, and so on until the other end of the bar is warm.

In order to prevent the heat travelling to the other end of a metal bar, it would be necessary to cut the bar into two and place between the pieces some substance which is a non-conductor of heat, or to abstract the heat when it reached the middle of the bar by, say, running water on to that point in order to carry the heat away as it arrived.

Heat is transmitted through liquids and gases by means of convection currents. This may be illustrated by dropping a few small pieces of wet paper into a tin or glass beaker full of cold water, when it will be noticed that they sink to the bottom. Now heat the vessel gently at the bottom, and it will be seen that the pieces of paper slowly rise to the top, cross over and float downward again, and that this process is repeated until the water boils. The reason for this lies in heating the liquid at the bottom so that it expands and becomes lighter than the surrounding liquid, and rises to the top, carrying the pieces of paper in the current formed, while the cooler water at the top, being heavier, sinks to the bottom, and this is repeated over and over again.

Radiation of heat may be compared to the transmission of light in waves or vibrations. The fire burning in the grate warms the room partly by warming the air near to it, and causing convection currents, and mainly by radiation from the flames and the red-hot portions of the fire.

An insulating material is designed to prevent transferrence of heat by radiation and convection currents.

By reference to the diagram it will be seen that a bare steam pipe heats the air surrounding it by contact and by radiation so that it expands, becomes lighter and rises, allowing cooler air to come in and take its place. This warmed air now comes in contact with a colder body like the walls of the

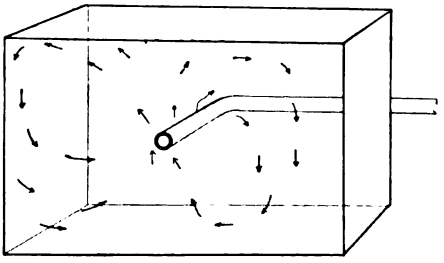


Diagram showing air currents produced by radiation from a hot steam pipe.

room and water pipes, and delivers up all or part of its heat, becomes heavier and falls

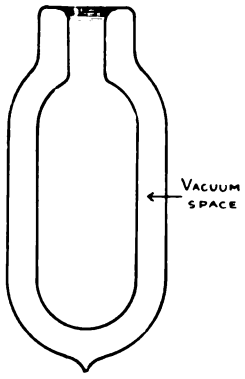
Digitized by Google

Published by AsbestosClaims.Law
asbestosclaims.law/library/14809/24

again, and so sets up a circulating system, shown by the arrows, which warms surrounding objects at the expense of the steam pipe in the same way that the heat is transferred from the greenhouse boiler by circulating hot water through pipes connected with it.

If the air did not circulate in this way, and carry heat by first warming up and then cooling down again a large number of times, the loss of heat from the steam pipe would be very small, as still air is a very bad conductor of heat compared to metal, or even to insulating materials like asbestos, magnesia and wool.

The perfect heat insulator is a total vacuum, as there is nothing in the vacuum space along which heat can travel. The liquid in your vacuum flask slowly gets cold because the heat travels along the glass in the neck or because the vacuum is not perfect, and a little air in the space transfers heat from the inner to the outer wall.



Section of a Vacuum Flask.

As still air is such a bad conductor of heat, the manufacturer of heat insulating materials uses still air as much as possible in these materials, and how he does this must be left until the next issue of this magazine.

The Birth and Progress of the India-rubber Industry.—V.

By H. S. WALKER.

THERE is no doubt that the introduction of the pneumatic tyre was the forerunner of the increased demand for raw rubber.

It may be interesting at this juncture to go back to the earlier days, when rubber was first used for tiring wheels, in the days of the old velocipede. The velocipede was an English invention in the sixties, but was left in a great measure for the French to develop.

The French established an agency in London, the head of which was Thomas Sparrow, an Englishman.

He bethought himself of putting rubber tyres on velocipede wheels, and in 1870 introduced the rubber tyred bicycle to the English market. Very little support was given to this invention until 1873, when Sparrow financed the great 1,000 miles run from Land's End to John O'Groats. Four riders made the trip, the record being 14 days. Sparrow also made the trip for most of the way taking note of the behaviour of the different machines in order to discern and remedy any weak points. Noticing that the rubber tyres skidded on greasy roads he made an experiment on the use of leather treads for non-skids.

He also introduced corrugated treads on rubber tyres. In 1876 the Stanley Cycling Club held its first great show in London, which popularised and greatly improved the new machine.

Digitized by Google

Published by AsbestosClaims.Law
asbestosclaims.law/library/14809/25

From the solid tyre little improvement was made until 1844, when Charles Mackintosh & Company brought out the cushion tyre, to be followed almost immediately by the Dunlop patents for pneumatic tyres. The first patentee of a tyre of a pneumatic type was Robert William Thompson, who took out patent No. 10,900 in 1845 which related to "the application of elastic bearings round the tyres of wheels for carriages, rendering their motion easier and diminishing the noise they make while in motion." The suggestion was to use a hollow belt, composed of india-rubber and gutta percha, and inflate this with air. This elastic belt was made of several thicknesses of canvas, impregnated with rubber, and cemented together, after which the tube was vulcanised. These tyres were five inches diameter for a brougham. The London *Mechanics Magazine* mentioned a set of these tyres having run 1,200 miles without any symptom of deterioration.

It is on record that Thompson's tyres were much laughed at, and in time were forgotten. When pneumatic tyres again appeared, the inventors were surprised to learn that Thompson ever existed. About 1868 however the leading Scientific Journals of Europe were describing his solid tyres, up to five inches thick for traction engines on common roads.

The introduction of the bicycle on a larger scale led to renewed interest in rubber tyres, though these were being used on invalid chairs, small trucks, etc. By 1884 most leading rubber manufacturers had filed patents for solid tyres for bicycles and other vehicles, methods of attachment, etc., and some patents dated back as far as 1871.

It was not until J. Boyd Dunlop, a veterinary surgeon of Belfast, applied for and obtained patents in Great Britain, No. 10,607 in 1888 and 4,116 in 1899, that the pneumatic tyre really had its chance. These patents were for single tube tyres, with means to inflate them, which were in a great measure anticipated by Thompson in 1845. However, these two patents were the foundation of the most important single tyre company that the world has known, and which ranks to-day as second to none.

The merits of the pneumatic tyre being recognised, a means of attachment to the wheel rim was required, and Charles Kingstone Welsh, under the English Patent No. 14,563, 1890, provided this, which took the form of a cover of rubber and canvas having thickened edges through each of which ran a retaining wire, forming a complete circle, the wires lying in a metallic ring specially channelled for the purpose.

The Dunlop Pneumatic Company to-day have their own rubber plantations and rubber factories and spin and weave their cotton fabrics. All these works are on a very large scale, and of a most up-to-date type.

Another company well to the fore in the tyre world in its earlier stages, is the North British Rubber Co. Ltd., of Edinburgh, who took out patents for the beaded edge tyre known as the "Clincher," in 1889 and 1890. The Dunlop patents expired on September 16th, 1904, and the Clincher on October 12th, 1904.

The result was the opening of the English market to the tyres of the Michelin and Continental makes, which, while without patent protection in their own markets, had been sold in England hitherto only by payment of royalties to the Dunlop Company.

IF ONLY

"British Labour would realise that it is production alone which can pay for all they ask, and that production depends upon the willingness of Labour to produce, half the difficulties of this hour would vanish in a trice. But the root difficulty is that, with the exception of a few of its best leaders, Labour will not recognise it, and regards this obvious truth as a false device of Capital to induce the workman to work harder for another's gain. As if there were one truth for Capital and another for Labour! *Truly, we are paying dearly for the money which the two preceding generations saved on the better education of the people."—Daily Telegraph.*

Digitized by Google

Published by AsbestosClaims.Law
asbestosclaims.law/library/14809/26

Coal—Our Chief Asset.

By A. E. LUDFORD ELLIS.

MUCH has lately been written to emphasize the necessity of conserving the available supplies of coal, and the importance of this product has forcibly been brought home to the Coal Consumer by the rationing of this valuable commodity. Coal is the basis of our modern civilisation, progress and prosperity, and yet there is no material in use in industry or manufacture to-day upon which so little scientific investigation has been expended. At the close of the Napoleonic Wars the greatest revolution of our industrial and social life commenced, and during the Victorian era the age of Steam developed and produced the machinery, equipped factories, railways, steam driven ships, gas and electric lighting etc. of to-day. Coal is the first essential to steam power, and to steam power we owe practically all we possess and value—our Naval pre-eminence, our wealth, and our position among the nations of the world. To coal we owe gas for illumination, and its many by-products are of immense value in Industry and War.

The Coal Controller has organised a Fuel Economy Campaign, and in order to obtain reliable information regarding the operation of the industrial power plants of this country, a large staff of expert engineers are visiting the many works and factories and reporting on working conditions. It is their duty to advise coal consumers of the possibilities of economy in coal consumption. Under the scheme of this campaign it will be necessary to investigate the conditions of working in some 36,000 factories, and although in the first few weeks only 364 works were visited it is estimated that a saving of 106,000 tons of coal per annum will be effected. This reveals a deplorable waste of precious fuel, and it behoves all steam users to exercise their patriotic duty with a view to saving coal.

It is with coal as an asset to our industry however, that I am now more particularly concerned, and therefore let us turn to the by-products of coal and the methods by which they are obtained. When coal is burned in the open air or in an ordinary grate, the principal products are carbonic acid and water, small quantities of ammonia and sulphurous acid and soot. If, on the other hand, an enclosed vessel be used, the heat being applied externally, the products are formed by decomposition, and consist of a mixture of gasses and tar. The volume and quality of these products depend upon the temperature of the heat applied in the process of distillation. There are three high temperature systems of coal carbonisation (1) for the manufacture of gas, (2) for the production of metallurgical coke for smelting purposes, and (3) the gas producer plant method, yielding power gas for heating, driving gas engines, etc.

The prime purpose of No. 1 is the production of gas for illumination, and this method yields from 10,000 to 13,000 cubic feet of gas to the ton, having a calorific value of about 540 B.T.U's per cubic foot, from 8 to 12 gallons of tar, and from 20 to 25 lbs. of sulphate of ammonia, while about 60% hard coke remains.

In the still higher temperature methods of the coke oven process about 55% of the weight of coal is converted into metallurgical coke. Among the by-products we find a high grade gas which can be used for lighting, tar equal to that obtained by gas works extractions, and sulphate of ammonia equalling the yield of the gas works. The distillation of tar produces pitch, creosote, carbolic, naptha, benzol, etc., all exceedingly useful substances.

By the producer plant high temperature method the gas produced is enormous—about 130,000 cubic feet—but the calorific value is low, only about 130 B.T.U's per cubic foot. The only by-product of commercial value is sulphate of ammonia, in large quantities from 50 to 90 lbs. per ton. The yield of tar is very low, and no coke remains.

It will be seen from the foregoing that the

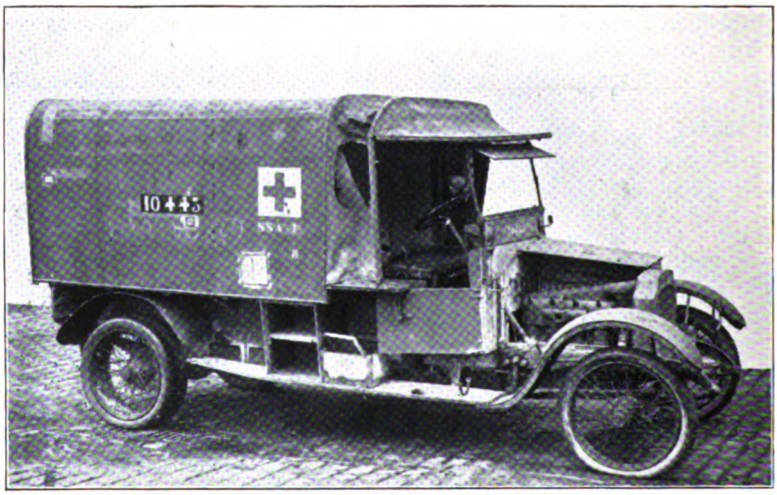
Digitized by Google

Published by AsbestosClaims.Law
asbestosclaims.law/library/14809/27

high temperature methods leave much to be desired, as they do not recover *all* the constituents of the coal. Low temperature carbonisation has after much preliminary experiment been efficiently accomplished, and by this method it is possible to obtain :—

1. A gaseous fuel for use under boilers ;
2. Oil fuel for maritime purposes and light oils of the benzol series to replace petrol ;
3. Sulphate of ammonia for fertilizers ;
4. An efficient smokeless fuel for domestic and industrial purposes.

The tar obtained by the low temperature carbonisation is richer in light oils than in the older high temperature methods, and the quantity obtained is double in bulk ; its commercial value is therefore greatly increased. Benzol is obtained from coal tar, and by further distillation solvent naptha is driven out. Further heating produces creosote. Other products are pitch, for making roofing materials, lamp black, and anthracene oil used in making dyes.



CAR PRESENTED TO THE FRENCH RED CROSS, WHICH WAS TAKEN OUT WITH THE 1st CONVOY OF THE BRITISH AMBULANCE COMMITTEE BY CAPT. H. R. TURNER IN DECEMBER, 1914.
(Photographed after return, January, 1919.)

The Length of the Week.

"There are, by common consent, 365 days in the year. Doctors agree that a man should devote one-third of his time to sleep and one-third to recreation. Counting two-thirds of a year as approximately 244 days, we have 121 days left, after taking out this allowance.

"Subtract from this the 52 Sundays which are the rights of everyone and we have 69 days left. Saturday half-holidays consume 26 of these, leaving 43.

"One hour off for lunch on five days in the week makes 260 hours, or approximately 22 days, which leaves our total working time 21 days. But a man is entitled to a two weeks' vacation and the seven legal holidays afforded throughout the year, making a total vacation time of 21 days, or an 'Even Stephen' break for the year."—*Dixie Miller (U.S.A.)*

Digitized by Google

Published by AsbestosClaims.Law
asbestosclaims.law/library/14809/28

Correspondence.

To the Editor of "Asbestos."

Mons.,—De passage, le mois dernier, à Rochdale (Angleterre) j'ai eu l'heureuse fortune de visiter en detail les usines d'amiante—de courroies—d'ardoises amiante, etc, de Messieurs Turner Brothers.

Ayant eu autrefois occasion de visiter en Allemagne des usines similaires, j'étais loin de supposer qu'il pouvaient exister des manufactures de ce genre aussi importantes, si vastes et d'une organisation aussi parfaite. Je suis encore émerveillé de l'ordre et la propreté qui y règne partout, malgré les matières premières poussiéreuses employées. Les déchets trouvent leur réemploi immédiat et nulle part on remarque encombrement de matière ou de marchandises en cours de leur fabrication.

Les accidents sont quasi supprimés par d'ingénieuses combinaisons, que l'ouvrier doit apprécier hautement.

En songeant au pillage et la dévastation systématique des usines belges par les Allemands au cours de leur occupation de notre territoire, il serait à souhaiter que nos industriels prennent exemple sur l'initiative anglaise pour la reconstruction ou réinstallation de leurs usines et de veiller à procurer par des dispositions pratiques, toutes les facilités et confort dont jouissent les ouvriers anglais pendant leur travail et repos.

Bruxelles. LOUIS LABBE.

[TRANSLATION.]

Sir,—Last month, on the occasion of a visit to Rochdale, England, I had the good fortune to pay an exhaustive visit to the factory of Messrs. Turner Brothers, where asbestos goods, beltings, asbestos-cement roofings, &c., are produced.

Having formerly had the opportunity of visiting similar establishments in Germany, I was far from believing that works such as these were in existence—so important, so extensive, and of such perfect organisation were they. Even more astounded was I at the order and cleanliness which, in spite of the dusty nature of the raw materials used, everywhere prevailed. All waste products are immediately utilised, and nowhere is there any accumulation of material or of goods in process of manufacture.

By means of ingenious devices, which should be appreciated to the full by the workmen, almost all risk of accidents is obviated.

When one thinks of the systematic manner in which the Germans have pillaged and devastated the Belgian factories during their occupation of our territory, one is led to hope that our manufacturers will take the initiative of the English as their example in the reconstruction and reorganisation of their works, and that, by the exercise of practical measures, they will strive to procure for their employees all the facilities and comfort which the English workman enjoys both during his hours of rest and of labour.

Brussels. LOUIS LABBE

Sir,—A few days ago I entered a hairdresser's shop in this town. Having a few minutes to wait until the hairdresser returned from a sick case he had gone to, I picked up your Magazine "ASBESTOS" for January, 1919. With great astonishment, I read first one article and then another with real pleasure. When, suddenly, the gentleman I had been waiting for returned, my words to him ran something like this: "I wish you had not come in yet." "Why?" said he. So I told him with what gladness I had passed my time reading "ASBESTOS." To make a long story short he gave me the Magazine to take home—I can assure you I was delighted. I have read it and re-read it already. Also I have mentioned it to a Manchester merchant, a Rochdale Town Councillor, and several of my friends whom I have promised to let read it as soon as I can spare it. My opinion is, I never came across its equal for real sound practical sense.

If the January issue is a criterion of what the other numbers have been like, all I can say is, I am right down sorry to have missed seeing them.

If you could really spare me a copy for February, etc., I should esteem it a great favour. To me the thoughts in it are like food. Trusting you will excuse this rather long letter, but I felt I must say a word of praise.

Yours truly,

WALTER MILLS.

91, Foxholes Road,
Rochdale, Jan. 27th, 1919

Digitized by Google

Published by AsbestosClaims.Law
asbestosclaims.law/library/14809/29

Spotland.—II.

By EDMUND OGDEN.

WHEN I had finished writing my previous article, I sat in my chair for some length of time musing more than thinking, over what I had written—I was living in the past—and so was enshrouded in that elevated consciousness which brings absent friends nearer and binds unbroken ties closer. Maybe also the thought crossed my mind that my "tale" was not all told, and notwithstanding the vandalism of this age, which would hammer down the "old past," I am not afraid of asserting the wholesomeness of reviewing the incidents of my childhood and youthful days.

I am writing these lines in the quietness of my small but cosy room; the peaceful environment of a country house. At my feet our Yorkshire Terrier and his companion, a black kitten, are both under the soporific influence of a coal fire, which in glee seems to be trying to defy the authority of that unhappy official—the Coal Controller. The atmosphere outside is frosty and biting cold, and I can hear the East wind swishing across the fields and howling through the leafless branches of the proud elms. Such then are the conducive and helpful conditions under which I am tempted to paint for you a pen picture of my early home, in the full and earnest hope that both writer and reader may profit thereby.

Before my mental vision—vividly portrayed—stands a stone-built cottage, a typical country-side dwelling as was common 50 to 60 years ago. Lifting the heavy worn latch and pushing open the rough heavy house door we see the interior to consist of a large airy living room, and behind is a small kitchen, used as a food store, and also for washing, etc. The floor is flagged, rough and cracked, which on Saturdays were covered here and there by pieces of clean sacking; on Sundays small bits of common carpets and a home made rug replaced the sacking, whilst on the other days the product of the "Smobridge Sond Knockers" was used in glorious profusion. In one of Waugh's tales "O neet in a grave," the reader simply shudders when the sexton gets to that part where Joe scrapes the soil from off the edge of a coffin, and ruefully exclaims "sond un coffins—sond un coffins"; but if one shudders at Joe's soliloquy what would the present day worker say if when he or she arrived home at tea time to find the house floor had been "mopped" and the flags well sprinkled with rough, gritty sand—clogs un sond—clogs un sond—oh, I hear even from afar off that grating, rasping, crushing sound, and I for one, am thankful that the old time fashion has gone.

But I must get back to my narrative again. It is Winter time, and on the well scrubbed table are two tallow candles burning. Close to one of the "farthing dips" a man is reading—not a newspaper—but a book, which he has borrowed from a lucky neighbour, or maybe from some scantily furnished library. The other candle is lending all its radiance to help a woman to thread her needle, for in her lap is a child's garment with a large tear in it. Had the woman not been mending or sewing then there would have been one candle only burning, and even if an errand had to be made into the kitchen or say "upstairs," the one light would be requisitioned for that mission, and the house left in the glow of the firelight for the time being.

In those days the business of "painting and decorating" was about serving its lonely apprenticeship, and so the cottage inside walls were adorned with that plain but healthy mixture "lime and blue," and according to the tastes of the whitewashing artists, so the streaks on the walls varied in color and style. In the "living" part of the house, suspended by thick cords, were a few pictures, mostly cheap prints and representing scriptural scenes and characters. One of the "pictures" had a much better frame on than the others, and was cleaned and tended very carefully, as something of very precious value. It was known as a "sampler"—figures of birds and trees worked in colored wools on a base of strong canvas, with a

Digitized by Google

Published by AsbestosClaims.Law
asbestosclaims.law/library/14809/30

child's form in the centre and the name of the worker, and the date when finished at the bottom.

I know now why loving hands cleaned and fondled that frame; it was worked by a girl's hands long before I was born, and long since laid to rest. That "sampler" is in my possession, and no man's wealth can buy it from me.

I have often been told that when a couple got wed half-a-century ago that the height of their ambition was reached if they had managed to purchase a set of mahogany "drawers." My parents had evidently been possessed of such a worthy desire, for as soon as my infant eyes began to discern things temporal, the bright wood, and the polished handles of such articles of furniture attracted my fancy, and no doubt that often then I was allowed to run my childish fingers over the smooth surface as a means of soothing the disturbing elements of my cradlehood period.

I have those very same "drawers" in one of my rooms now, and if I did wish to dispose of them (which I don't) I am sceptical if any couple setting up housekeeping to-day would care to have them, even as a wedding present.

Now, before I leave this part of my tale, let me—by inference—show how scantily cottage homes in the "old days" were furnished, compared with the same cottages to-day, and in relating this somewhat amusing incident, the idea or sense of levity is far from my thought, for, humble as my early surroundings were, I am not unmindful of their beautiful halo and sacredness.

Well, I think I should be about eight years old when one night my father came home and brought the news that he had bought a piano. It arrived the following day, and with about three-fourths of the villagers following the conveyance to make sure of its reality and destination.

The arrival of that instrument lifted me socially above my "fellow lads," and I was a hero for a year and a day—and why? Well, because then only the supposed "well-to-do" class had a piano in their homes, and I think I am correct in stating that "ours" was the only cottage with such a musical appendage. Mind you, it was not new when it came to us, but nevertheless it was a piano in all its glory. Let me just say that I have a dim sort of a recollection of passing through a period of great tribulation when my sister was learning to play the one-finger exercise, and when one day a stylish sort of a player gave us one of his "high art" tunes, then such an impression was formed on my youthful consciousness, that I never afterwards desired to become a musician. I have only since then acquired the role of a critic.

Now you will easily have found out that the scene just "painted," and the short description attached, has reference solely to my early home and its surroundings, and you older workers will readily acquiesce in what I have recorded as being true, because you too have passed through the same rugged experiences. I was young and passed through it all, not unhappily, knowing not the fear contingent to responsibility.

The fear ever before the humble in those times was the spectre of famine and epidemics, for people lived then more on the "edge of things," and no organisations of any stability to sustain or relieve them as a whole. Just remember that the early sixties had seen the "Cotton Panic," a tragedy written deep in the history of this countryside. I was living then, but was too young to discern what was going on, but as I grew up my mother would often, on cold wet evenings, bid me sit down on the only rocking chair, and relate to me over and over again the sufferings of the patient poor. Soup kitchens were established, and other temporary means were in vogue, to help to feed the hungry. Not every one who were in need got their share; honest pride stands much suffering and is brave, but the human is not infinite, and so many a mother, unable to withstand the cry of her children, would, with a can hid under her shawl stealthily glide into the soup kitchen for her dole.

Now personally I cannot remember ever being short of food—I have my parents to thank for that—but I understand now when, as a hungry lad I used to run in from play for a "buthercake" my mother would give me an extra slice with the homely remark, "Give a bit to little ——, he looks he could do wi' more than he gets." My father has often told me about a large family who lived in the district in his time It has its pathetic vein, although a little humorous. It seems

Digitized by Google

Published by AsbestosClaims.Law
asbestosclaims.law/library/14809/31

this family consisted of eight lads and the parents, and the lads made things shift at meal times. When the porridge was made it was poured from the pan into a huge dish and dumped on to the centre of the table, steaming hot. The family, seated round the table, had each a basin of milk and a spoon, and were supposed to take a spoonful of porridge in their turn only, and had not to begin until the father had taken the first spoonful. One lad, a bit sharper than the others, had managed to dodge an extra one in unnoticed, and was repeating the trick when his neighbour called out "Fayther, eaur Joe us kaling mi." The head of the house looked up and called out "Joe, what art ta doin' that for." The sharp witted and hungry lad replied "Eh, fayther, they'r wanted deun below."

Just let me here run over the class of foods we had in those days—meal porridge, milk, blue milk, sweet milk, churn milk, home-baked bread, oatcake, butter (sometimes farm on Sundays), jam (home-made when could manage sugar), bacon (sometimes), rough cuts of beef, and plenty of potatoes—these made up into dishes as potatoe pie, lobscouse, broth—not bad taking on a Winter day, and very wholesome. As for pastry and cakes—well the confectioner wasn't born then. I have left one article of diet until the last—that is black treacle. I'll warrant there was not a house in Spotland or Passmonds, say 50 years ago, but had the treacle can as part and parcel of their household furniture—none of your mild syrup, but real thick "thraycle," which used to stick to children's lips and noses like glue. It had a great advantage over many articles of food inasmuch as a good many things could be made with its co-operation, as say tharcake, sweet pudding, toffee (so dear to the youthful mind), treacle and water (when your throat was sore), and then that most dreaded mixture brimstone and treacle. You remember, some of you, how when Spring-time came round our parents used to give us doses of this vile stuff as a precaution against child ailments—ugh! I shake now when I think of it.

But I must pull up now, though it is rather difficult, for somehow memory keeps bringing them up like as an endless reel unfolding incidents and scenes from a far-off past.

Where have these "memories" been stored think you? In the globes of the brain? Methinks it will require a large quantity of brain globes, and a pretty large space, to hold a full life's memories; we must look for the answer outside matter.

Well now, I have written this bit of personal history to remind you who are as old as I am, and who have lived and observed along with me, just to think over these things carefully, and to correct, when you have the opportunity, the false statements sometimes made that the worker is no better off now than he was half-a-century ago.

I was rather taken aback some time ago when a speaker, in the beginning of his speech, eloquently advocated the principles of Trade Unionism by pointing out to his audience what a great benefit Trades Unions had been to the workers of this country, and at the end of his remarks he amazed his audience by saying that the workers were worse off now than 100 years ago.

Well now, if Trade Unionism has benefited the worker materially—and we are at present only bringing up the material issue, though this is the least benefit—then we can only say, what is the logical and true result, namely, that the worker *is* better off now then ever through the application of the principles of such Unionism.

This reminds me of my days when I was with you "down there," and our arguments about your Unions. You remember I always held with you when the principles of Unionism were applied in the spirit of union, and never when you adopted methods to coerce and conscript; always though were our debates conducted in a spirit of fellowship and freedom from rancour.

Here let me make an excerpt from my diary. "October 30th, 1894.—At Shawclough, supported resolution in support of the candidature of Mr. Charles Redfern (Labour) for the School Board." I have the notes yet of my speech at that meeting, and followed it up by doing my best for him at the election day.

Just about that time, or maybe a little later, a Workers' Candidate was put up for the Town Council for one of the Wardleworth Wards. I was then a representative from Spotland West, and was one of a group of Young Radicals serving on the

Digitized by Google

Published by AsbestosClaims.Law
asbestosclaims.law/library/14809/32

Reform Executive. I am at this long period of time betraying no confidence when I relate the struggle this group made then to either support the Labour candidate or to advance the principles of the Party to take in Labour's aims. Coming home from that Executive meeting with the late head of your Firm, Alderman John Turner (then Councillor only), I remember Mr. Turner, on walking along Lord Street, making these remarks: "I quite see your point Ogden, that the working man's claim to be represented is legitimate, and ought to be met in a tolerant spirit, and as he supports his claim by his intelligence and honesty of purpose, he cannot be held back."

And now I must conclude this paper, and maybe when I write to you again it will be when the weather is warmer, though warm or cold makes no difference to my enjoyment of each day. Yesterday morning, though the day was wet, a bird was chirping on a bush before my window. Ah, but I saw a black cat stealing towards that bush intent on mischief, and so the world goes on—a black cloud crosses the sun—a black thought crosses one's consciousness. Friends beware of the black cat!

Optimism.

Think cheerfully, hopefully, optimistically, and in time, dark thoughts will permanently leave you. "I have suffered many things in this life, most of which have never happened" said an American sage, and most people will agree in looking back on their lives that the grey shadows that have frightened them so often have never really materialised.

The pessimist has aptly been described as a man who doesn't care what happens so long as it doesn't happen to him. You can always tell him when you meet him. If the sun is shining to-day, he thinks it will certainly rain to-morrow. He is forced to admit that you are looking well, but he can recall other friends who looked as well as you do, and died the following week. The only time when he feels really happy is when he is able to say "I told you so," when discussing some failure or disaster. He wears gloominess like a garment, and can never see goodness in anything.

Let us realise intensely and constantly that a man becomes what he thinks. *Destiny is born in thought.* The realisation of this truth for your own life may change your whole character. Think evilly, and you will become evil; think kindly, and you will become kind. It is an inevitable law that men who lie can never trust the word of their fellows, and that men who are dishonest cannot understand honesty in anyone else.

The optimist is always ultimately right. Life is a good thing, and the world is a good place. Human Nature on the whole is full of nobility, heroism and sacrifice. When we remember the handicaps of humanity, the wonder is not that it makes so many mistakes, but that it is capable of the idealism that it so steadily keeps before it.

The successful business man is always an optimist. He has no time to talk about bad trade. He believes that the "good old days" were not yesterday, but are coming to-morrow. Temporary rebuffs are to him only reminders that he must do better. They strengthen his purpose, and stiffen his will-power. He is never afraid of the criticism of his fellow men, for he has nothing to hide. "They say; what do they say? let them say!" is his motto, and his laugh is a wholesome tonic to those who hear it.

Optimism is not an accident. It may be the fruits of wise education. There are none of us who do not need to become more optimistic.

Digitized by Google

Published by AsbestosClaims.Law
asbestosclaims.law/library/14809/33

Have "Allotments" come to stay?

By A. BLAGDEN.

MOST emphatically, yes. And I trust no effort will be spared to stimulate and increase this new-born interest in Horticulture and Agriculture. Let it never be said that the terrible struggle and suffering from which we are just emerging has taught us nothing in this respect. It is singular, but true, that gardening, the most ancient of all occupations, has saved the situation. But for this great revival where would England be to-day? And yet, we are not getting from the land what the land is capable of producing. We should cease in large measure sending to other countries for products of the soil—Flowers, Fruit, Vegetables, and even many kinds of Timber that can, and ought to be grown at home.

Gardening has been called the Freemasonry of the world. A garden lover is independent of situation, environment or circumstances. Every man should have a hobby, and there is none so fascinating and so deeply interesting as the cultivation of the soil.

I should like to repeat my warning to be very chary about acting on the advice usually given in books and catalogues printed in the South and Midlands. Here in the North, where much of our subsoil is clay, and where the sun shines on us very intermittently, the soil is many degrees colder, and, as a consequence nothing is to be gained by the too early sowing or planting of either vegetables or flowers. Remember too that a thorough tillage of the soil and liberal manuring will do much to combat the evils of a vitiated atmosphere and a cold and sunless climate. To take much off and put little on is a good deal like burning the candle at both ends.

With reference to the methods adopted for securing your vegetable plants, viz., cabbages, cauliflowers, sprouts, etc., it appears to me that much annoyance and loss is frequently caused by the purchase of bundles of weakly plants, drawn direct from the seed-bed, and with practically every particle of fibrous roots torn from them in the operation. The fact that plants of any kind succeed better after being transplanted is that they make clumps of short and fibrous roots, and when these can be lifted carefully say into shallow boxes, with a little soil attached, and planted into their permanent quarters, they grow ahead almost without a check, and success is in a large measure assured. To accomplish this, two separate plans are open to you. One is that every so many plot-holders, 10 to 20, band themselves together, and purchase, say a two-light portable frame, wherein many boxes of seedlings could first be raised, and afterwards transplanted into the bed of the frame. Such a frame, usually made 7 ft. by 7 ft., would hold 12 to 14 hundred transplanted seedlings. The other plan is to arrange with some reliable grower in the neighbourhood to supply you with plants grown in the manner indicated, and even if they are a little dearer to buy, they are generally cheapest in the long run.

Seeing that we are now on the way back to normal times again, I should like to suggest that each plot-holder grow a few flowers either in some little corner of his plot or along the edges of the pathways. Much can be done in this way without either taking up much room or spending much money, and the pleasure and delight of taking home a bunch of sweet-scented flowers along with the vegetables, for the "guid wife and kiddies" would be great indeed.

Quite a bright display can be made by the sowing of a few good annuals such as mignonette, candyturf, collinsia, clarkia, single and double cornflowers, eschscholtzia, gypsophylla, lupinus nanus, nigella, poppy, dwarf sunflowers, or even a row of sweet peas. Most of these can be bought in three-half-penny or two-penny packets, and should be sown *thinly*, in clumps or lines, in the open ground in early May, and beyond a little thinning and weeding require no further attention, and it is astonishing what a wealth of bloom can be obtained in this simple way. The growing of a few flowers would certainly stimulate the interest, and add to the enjoyment of everyone concerned.

Digitized by Google

Published by AsbestosClaims.Law
asbestosclaims.law/library/14809/34

Home Notes.

CHORAL SOCIETY.

The Choral Society members met on Feb. 24th. at Julia St., and presented an oak timepiece to Alderman Diggle, who has had charge of the Society during the absence of Mr. Bertram Rowley. The presentation was made by Mr. C. Dewhurst, who expressed the appreciation of the members to Alderman Diggle for his services. About 50 members and friends were present, and a pleasant evening was spent.

The Society would welcome additional members, particularly soprano and tenor voices. The time required for rehearsal is amply compensated by the pleasure derived from choral work. Rehearsals are held at the Meanwood School each Monday evening at 8 o'clock.

ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

Selections were given by certain members of this Society at the Staff Fancy Dress Dance on January 31st. Rehearsals, however, have been sadly interfered with by sickness.

Additional members are required by the Society, and any employee who is an instrumentalist will be gladly welcomed.

XIX. ROCHDALE "TURNERS' OWN" BOY SCOUTS.

There have been very few out-door parades during the quarter on account of the inclement weather. By the end of April, when the night school classes are over, it is hoped that the boys will again rally round and carry on some good scouting work. The boys are particularly anxious to go to camp at Whitsuntide. Details of the arrangements will be issued later.

At a meeting of the senior Scouts of the Troop held about a fortnight ago, it was decided to form a Rover Patrol of Scouts, in accordance with the suggestions laid down by Headquarters. Patrol Leader William Ridings has been elected Captain of the Patrol, and all boys, especially old Scouts, who are anxious to join this patrol, should report to him. The syllabus of training for the Rover Patrol movement is very far reaching, and it is proposed that practically every trade shall be covered by a course of instruction. In future it is proposed to hold the Rover Patrol meetings in the Club Room on Tuesday night each week at 7-30, and the meeting for the Scouts on Friday evenings at 7-30. Will all Scouts kindly note that only Rovers are allowed in the Club Room on Tuesday evenings.

GIRL GUIDES.

5th ROCHDALE "TURNERS."

"Good work" is again reported. The Leaders are keen and smart, and the girls show great interest. Miss E. Brierley, of "Lyndene," has been kind enough to instruct the girls in basket work, which will enable them to compete for the basket worker badge. Some of the older girls are attending lectures by one of the Guide Captains on "Child Nursing," which badge also they hope to take.

Mrs. Swindells, of the Employment Division, has kindly offered her services for training the Guides in ambulance work, and the Guides consider themselves most fortunate in having secured such a competent instructor.

A new feature at the Guide meetings has been a five minutes paper given fortnightly by either a Patrol Leader or Second. It chanced to be the night for one of these when a surprise visit was paid by the District Commissioner and District Secretary, who were both pleased with the idea. At a temperance meeting for all Guide Companies about six of the Guides gave another sketch. Parades have been fairly well attended. Signalling will probably be the next item for serious attention.

Digitized by Google

ALLOTMENTS.

Work on the Allotments is proceeding apace. A few transfers have been effected, and the whole of the plots are taken up. Allotment holders will be well advised to obtain nothing but the best seeds—not only from the point of view of productivity, but also in view of the Vegetable Show which it is hoped will be held at the end of the Summer. The Committee wish to thank all the Allotment holders who kindly assisted in the weighing of seed potatoes.

It would be of great help in the management of the Allotments generally if allotment holders would send in suggestions, and keep the Committee fully informed on matters of general interest. This would be highly appreciated.

GENERAL.

STAFF FANCY DRESS "VICTORY" DANCE.

The Fancy Dress "Victory" Dance, arranged by the Office Staff, took place on January 31st, at the Provident Hall.

About 200 persons were present. All the ladies were in fancy dress and a large proportion of the men. The costumes were exceptionally varied, and a most picturesque scene was presented. This was enhanced by the coloured lighting arrangement which had been carried out under the supervision of Mr. F. Clegg and Mr. Gibson. The representation of "Ole Bill and his Pals" was quite a novelty, and several other characters were particularly creditable. Much amusement was caused by the appearance of some of the Managers representing "Eton boys," and their school-boy escapades will long be remembered.

Mr. Mallaband, of Trafford Park Works, who had been at the Rochdale Works for some time, made his first appearance as a soloist, and his song merited the encore accorded it. Messrs. Taylor, Price and Schofield, members of the Orchestral Society, gave selections during the interval for refreshments. Music for dancing was provided by Messrs. Goodhew and Schofield. The M.C.'s were Mr. S. C. Salmons and Mr. A. R. Entwistle. Miss A. Dearden acted as Secretary. The Dance was voted the most enjoyable event yet held, and this must be our excuse for accepting the effort in verse appearing on another page (the illustrations are representative only).

ANOTHER "VICTORY" BALL.

PRETTY SCENE AT THE ROCHDALE TOWN HALL.

A highly successful fancy dress ball was held in the Town Hall on Saturday evening. It was organised by the employees of Turner Brothers Asbestos Co. Ltd., to celebrate victory. Over 550 people were present, most of them in fancy dress. Many of the costumes were exceedingly good, and the picture presented was very attractive.

Amongst those present were Mr. Robert Turner, Mr. S. Turner, junr., who distributed the prizes, Capt. Kay-Menzies, Mr. B. E. Williams, Mr. J. Brierley, Mr. H. S. Howorth, Mr. H. S. Walker, and Mr. P. Kenyon. The judges were Mrs. M. Swindells and Mr. A. Rowland-Entwistle. Four prizes were awarded. Miss Hannah Holden, in the costume of "Britannia," receiving the first, and Miss Emily Horrit, in a Chinese costume, the second for the ladies. Miss Mabel Thomasson as a Quaker girl and Miss Helen Oddy in Gipsy costume were highly commended. Mr. Richard Rowbottom, in Japanese costume, was the first prize-winner amongst the men, and Mr. Ernest Schofield, as a Red Indian, received the second award. Mr. Donald Rhodes as "Nelson," and Mr. Edgar Arton as "Bluebeard" were highly commended.

The committee deserve congratulation on the excellent manner in which the ball was arranged and managed. Mr. W. Belfield acted as secretary. As a result of the ball they have handed to the Mayor over £20, this being the balance of the

Digitized by Google

Published by AsbestosClaims.Law
asbestosclaims.law/library/14809/36

proceeds after all expenses were paid, and they have asked the Mayor (Councillor Davidson) to give that sum to any charity or charities he thinks fit. The illuminations and lime light effects were by Messrs. Percy and Cheetham, electricians in the employ of the Firm. Messrs. Whitham, Cryer and Diggle were the M.C.'s. The music was provided by Mr. Albert Porter's string band. —*Rochdale Observer*, March 12th, 1919.

A number of photographs have been received, but we regret that we have been quite unable to make a selection and obtain blocks in the time at our disposal.

TRAFFORD PARK.

FIRST ANNUAL STAFF DINNER.

The "First Annual" was held under the presidency of Mr. Samuel Turner (Vice-Chairman, Mr. John Fox), at the Victoria Hotel, Manchester, on Saturday, February 15th, 1919, and was a most successful function, 53 persons including 16 of our Rochdale friends participated. The proceedings were opened by an informal reception, followed by a whist drive and dinner.

A first class musical programme was capably rendered by Miss Bridge, Messrs. H. Hanson, T. Holland and A. Mallaband, Mr. Entwistle adding anecdote and reminiscence.

The toast of "The King" was proposed by the Chairman. In proposing "The Firm" Mr. Fox emphasised the necessity for adopting a national as against a selfish standpoint in considering Works' problems, and the great desirability of team play.

Mr. Turner, in responding, made a characteristic speech illuminated by anecdote and illustration. One of the latter was the use of a glass of water as an example of the difference of viewpoint between the casual observer and the scientist, inasmuch as whilst to the former the glass of water would appear clear as crystal and devoid of all matter, to the latter it would be teeming with germs and micro-organisms, each one with a life history of its own. In the same way industrial problems, if examined microscopically, will be found to consist of elements often altogether different to that indicated by casual observation, and a true solution of these problems can only be obtained by treatment depending on the nature of the elements and the relative effects of the treatment.

Mr. Connolly proposed the health of "The Visitors" in a humorous speech. Mr. Williams, replying, struck a happy note in pointing out the value of such gatherings in disseminating and cementing a cordial feeling of fellowship amongst the members of the staff, despite minor irritation and controversies which might arise in the course of their daily work. His remarks ably interpreted the spirit in which the idea of the gathering had been conceived.

The toast of "Our Fallen Brethren" was fittingly proposed by Mr. H. S. Howorth, and drunk in silence.

Unfortunately, owing to the swift passage of time, the majority of the guests had to leave before the dancing programme could be reached.

The arrangements were carried out by Messrs. J. Thompson, W. Taylor and A. Mallaband.

A congenial occupation is a perpetual joy.

Character is success and there is no other.

Digitized by Google

Published by AsbestosClaims.Law
asbestosclaims.law/library/14809/37



ROMANCE.

Staff "Victory" Ball,

January 31st, 1919.



HISTORY.

A HALL with gaily festooned lights,
A happy throng, cheery and bright,
How can my pen portray a scene,
So rich in garb and colour scheme.

Britannia, queen of all the sea,
With England, led the company,
And Flag of France, with fair Alsace,
Brought in Good Luck, with charm and grace.

Daffodil, the flower of Spring,
Butterfly, on Fairy wing,
Summer in her garb so fair,
Autumn fragrance, Violets rare.

Leicester, Raleigh, men of glory,
Slashing Musketeers of story,
Ye Lords and Ladies, of the court,
And Cavalier, who fought for sport.

Scottish Lassie, Irish Colleen,
English Maiden, beauties' queen,
Land Girl, Milk Maid, and Al Pache,
Belgian, Dutch, and dainty Jap.

Goodness gracious, what a loud noise,
Experts in mischief, five Eton Boys,
One broad, two tall, three could punch,
Four tried whistling, and five some dunce.

Pierots black, and Pierots white,
Pierots plump, and Pierots slight,
Pierettes in the sweetest blouses,
Pierettes . . . in the cutest trouses!

Cavalini of Romance,
Curate charmed, with winsome glance,
But who was he in corner shady,
Holding hands of winsome lady?

Pompador, with dear wee bunny,
Golliwog, and Rag-Time funny,
Courtier and House-wife, gracefully slip,
As Farmer and Ranch Girl, daintily trip.

Though Hearts were trumps, Diamonds led,
The Queen then Five with others tread,
The Spade and Club could make no stand,
And so the Pack trumped all the hand.

Grecian Maid, and Minne' ha,
Nurse who romped in motor car,
Evening Star, and Policeman big,
Barrister in ancient wig.

Middy boys, and Sailors blue,
Officers, and Soldiers true,
But which was which, and who was who,
I really could not tell, could you?

The Better Ole, welcomed the post,
And Bill received a duck to roast,
But just one whif made H and B,
Leave home to seek fresh company.



HUMOUR.

Alas too soon the evening's gone,
And Pleasure always passing on,
Makes way for serious stress of life,
And so we bid a bright Good Night.

Though time oft softens joy that's past,
The memory of this night will last,
And work that's drab and grey to-day,
Will glow at thoughts of yesterday.

W.C.P.

Digitized by Google

LOYALTY

IF you work for a man, in Heaven's name work for him. If he pays you wages that supply your bread and butter, work for him; speak well of him; stand by him and stand by the institution he represents. If put to a pinch, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness. If you must vilify, condemn, and eternally disparage, why, resign your position, and when you are outside, damn to your heart's content. But as long as you are part of the institution do not condemn it. If you do, you are loosening the tendrils that hold you to the institution, and the first high wind that comes along, you will be uprooted and blown away in the blizzard's track, and probably you will never know why.

ELBERT HUBBARD.

Digitized by Google

Published by AsbestosClaims.Law
asbestosclaims.law/library/14809/39

Digitized by Google

Published by AsbestosClaims.Law
asbestosclaims.law/library/14809/40