ASBESTOS

VOL. II. ROCHDALE, JULY, 1919. NO. 7.



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

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ASBESTOS

VOL. II. ROCHDALE, JULY, 1919. NO. 7.

Thoughts from the Editor's Fireside.

"The workers of Russia have taken things into their own hands successfully. We must take our own affairs into our own hands. I advocate revolution openly. I am confident revolution is coming. We hold Parliament and the Government in contempt. Parliament is the executive of the master class. Get ready, I say, for common action to save ourselves. Workers' committees are being formed in every workshop, factory, and mill. Prepare for action when the signal is given. I hope there will not be physical force. At any rate, I hope there will not be more than is necessary, but the job must be done; there must be no half larks about it."*

THE foregoing quotation would not be worth the expenditure of the space it occupies were it not that we cannot comfort ourselves with the assurance Mr. Joseph Nuttall, Secretary of the Rochdale Branch of the Northern Counties' Amalgamation of Weavers, endeavours to impart to us in writing "I am surprised to find that there are intelligent and serious-minded men who think that we have aught to fear from so-called extremists; as a matter of fact, I have not seen the least trace of it yet. That, however, may be due to my rather limited outlook."

*Tom Mann, in Trafalgar Square, May 25th.

It is good news to hear that an official in Mr. Nuttall's position can signal the "line clear," but we should be doing something less than our duty if we ignored the occurrences of which Tom Mann's wild talk is granted an extreme instance.

We have many others. The extremist Press is simply choked with such rubbish, and we do not propose to multiply quotations. What have we to say, however, to such ugly incidences as the march of the Demobilised Soldiers on the House of Commons, the subsequent apology made by the Police for doing their duty, the threatened Police Strike, followed by that of the Triple Alliance (which would have paralysed Industry); and then the resolution presented to the British Socialists in favour of a régime of British Soviets. True, the latter was turned down, but there was ample inflammatory matter at the I.L.P. Conference without it.

Nevertheless, we do not suggest there is anything to warrant a panicky feeling. We know the average worker, and the Tradesman or Trade Unionist particularly, is sound. In fact, we can go further. He was never more reasonably disposed to meet the employer.

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And he has no false conception of his standing in the State's polity. He knows he has the Parliament he elected, and he knows he can replace it with one of another colour when he chooses. His attitude of alertness, the awakening of his critical faculty, we look upon as a healthy sign, and it is, and will be, exercised in the other direction—to the discomfiture of the Tom Manns and the recalcitrants among the shop stewards. The latter will not be permitted to dictate policy.

One other item in the count we recognise. It is the duty of all public men—and especially does the duty lie upon writers—not to load the Ship of State above the Plimsoll line. Too many are inclined to be carried away with the mistaken idea that over-emphasis—exaggeration—and "shocking tactics" are serviceable media in forwarding a cause. They have been in the past, and may be again, but to-day they rather savour of "burning the house to roast the pig."

The correct attitude, to our way of thinking, is one of enquiry with a bias toward finding the *via media*—the middle course of understanding and compromise. We can only do this by patiently examining facts, removing grievances, and establishing principles for future working—this is what is meant by constructive reform.

It has often puzzled us why the Russian Bolshevist manifested a feeling so bitter against the bourgeoisie (middle classes), and we have asked quite a number of preachers and writers of extremist doctrines: "In the event of a Revolution in England, who are you going to shoot?"

The question is always evaded, which tells us two things: (1) that the worker does not want to shoot anyone, and (2) that there will be no mad revolution in this country.

Nevertheless, there is, we are convinced, a stronger feeling against the capitalist of the middle class—and especially of the lower middle section—in our own country than there is against the "large employer" and landed proprietor—the Coal Commission notwithstanding.

The reason is largely a psychological one, involving questions of education and breeding, financial and social status, and an attitude of overbearing gruffness assumed (mistakenly) by the average "small" man as a protective bar against the class from which he feels he has scarcely freed himself. The general result may perhaps best be understood by relating part of a conversation we had recently with one of the old Trade Union stalwarts of Rochdale. We were supporting the authority of the Unions, and he said, rather bitterly: "Yes, you back us up now; but you were not always in favour of the movement, and it was you middle class folk who retarded it for years. We could have easily won out with your help, but you would not listen and be convinced." Then he warmed to his subject, and told how that even to-day the greatest enemy of the working man was the small capitalist (the lower middle class employer). "I will tell you," he said, "how arguments with two of his best workmen were clinched by ——— (a small local tradesman) recently. To one he said, 'You've too many children to be independent'; to the other, 'You are getting old, you know.'"

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These are facts, and that man was an unjust fool. This sort of thing rankles for years, and is repeated with cumulative effect over an ever-widening area.

It should be noted that two distinct sections of what are understood as the "middle" classes are lumped together by our Unionist friend, the "small"-man-who-has-"got-on" crowd, and the professional and educated section. The first part of his condemnation is addressed to the latter, and though it is largely justified, it is altogether unjust to load the sins of the "self-made" upon the already overburdened backs of that section of the community to whom is due, more than to any other, by reason of superior training, skill and intelligence, the proud position we hold in every branch of human endeavour.

We are not working up a case against the "small man." We shall be sorry to see him disappear, but while the "big man" and large groups of organised labour are trying with keen brain and anxious heart to find a way out of the many difficulties which beset us, the least we are entitled to expect of the "small man" is an endeavour to understand.

The many currents are hard to follow, we admit, but the central truth is well stated in a book just published, from which we extract the following:—

> "The survival of the fittest was a phrase applied to species; humanity as a whole may take pride in its survival, but every part of humanity owes its existence to the evolutionary effort of the whole. A huge effort is now becoming discernible, an attempt to achieve more consciousness, and the war and the class-war, considered in this relation, take shape as perverse endeavours to resist that effort. Men are reluctant to change their minds, and when, their ideas falling behind the necessity of the time, they suffer, they are apt to attribute their suffering to those whom they have learned to regard as their enemies. When a man stumbles over a brick and hurts his toe, he will often seek relief in kicking the brick. Men have no enemies other than themselves; they are assured in their mastery of nature. It is only in self-mastery that they are uneasy and uncomfortably aware of futility. Self-mastery is only to be won through work; drudgery destroys it, and drudgery can only be destroyed by the removal of poverty, dread of which is the prime motive force in the present organisation of society." *

"The removal of poverty" is a laudable endeavour in which all can combine wholeheartedly. It is over the means we fall out.

But "we feel it in our bones" that we are not far from the solution—that is in a general sort of way. We find a ready agreement on the part of the intelligent worker in not merely the right, but the duty and necessity of the conservation of capital for the development of industry generally, and big businesses in particular. He recognises that such conservation (within limits) is not only in the interest of the State and modern Civilisation—but in his own interest. The only point in dispute is as to the limits.

This we grant is not so ready of answer, but there is no good reason for burking the issue.

The point centres in the obligations of Capital and Labour each to the other, and several big employers are endeavouring to find the solution, notably Lord

* *The Anatomy of Society*," Gilbert Cannan. (Chapman & Hall, 5/-).

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Leverhulme, Mr. Seebohm Rowntree, and Mr. Samuel Turner.

Some progress has been made in that it is agreed the first duty of Capital is to provide a decent living for all engaged in industry—from worker to director.

The next duty of Capital is to provide a reserve fund for the building up and extension of business—to provide an ever-increasing demand for labour.

Further, it is generally agreed that return on capital invested comes third, because the remuneration of the directors is provided for under the first clause, and shareholders who are not actively employed in industry should not benefit until the needs of those who are producing are fully met.

The obligation of Labour is less involved, and is simply stated in the language which has never yet been bettered: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

These are basic principles upon which it ought not to be beyond the wit of man to lay the foundations of a permanent structure in the reconstruction of Society.

Editorial Notes.

"THE LEAGUE."

It yet remains to be proved by events whether what we have seen brought to birth since our last issue is the realisation of that splendid dream of our immortal townsman John Bright, the League of Nations. If, however, we are doomed to a measure of disappointment in the larger issue, we are entitled to console ourselves with the concrete fact of the establishment of the League of British Nations, and the practical utility of this event will serve us in the meanwhile.

We insisted in the January issue upon the duty which would lie upon us of "clearing up" Europe and part, at least, of Asia. During the intervening six months our liabilities in this respect have not decreased; and while our whole attention is absorbed by the immediate problems of the Peace Conference, we are witnessing, and are powerless to prevent, the formation of new groupings, the awakening of new suspicions, the germination of new world-problems.

This is not to say that the League of Nations is still-born, and we would not go so far as our eminent contemporary, *The Outlook*, in saying that "as a workable scheme for ensuring the better government of the universe it has already perished." Certainly pessimism is excusable, considering the facts as they stand. The Chief Apostle has so little faith in the efficacy of his doctrine that the operation of the League is practically barred so far as the American Continent is concerned. The Second Apostle considers it necessary to protect our position at sea independently (for which we are truly thankful), and France joins the chorus in demanding "guarantees"—evidently not considering the League in that relationship.

Theorising upon this subject is highly dangerous—especially so to us. There is no doubt the onus and brunt of executing the decrees of the League would fall upon us. We put this as a test question: In the event of trouble developing between the States and Japan over the colour question or as to concessions in Mexico, and Japan deciding to seize the Philippine Islands to enforce her

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claims, where do we stand? Are we prepared to sacrifice our sons in such a cause? We venture to say such action would be strenuously resisted even were we committed under Treaty conditions.

But at least a new moral force has been brought into existence, and though it may be true China has been surrendered to the "peaceful penetration" of Japan, that Germany has already set up a new fire corridor through Poland to Russia, that the Bolshevik Government prompted the young Amir of Afganistan to repudiate the British Raj, that an Italian cannot live alongside a Greek, that "on the other side," as between the States and Mexico, the culture of the former will no more intermingle with that of the latter than will oil and water, that the separatist movements in India, Egypt and Ireland are serious—in spite of all these threatenings of disaster we do not despair of ultimate success. In the meantime let us have no fooling—no jumping at a shadow and losing the bone. To weld together the several links in the British League of Nations and to consolidate our friendship with the Great Republics are not unprofitable spare-time occupations.

* * *

"COAL NATIONALISATION."

Whether we possess a predisposition to the principle of Nationalisation or we do not, one thing is pretty clear to us after following very carefully the proceedings of the Coal Commission, and that is that the Government most certainly should not take action upon any "findings" resulting from the "evidence" adduced. It is sincerely to be hoped that when this Commission is through, a judicial enquiry will be made, and both manufacturers and consumers will be allowed to give unbadgered evidence in a juridical atmosphere.

As to the general question, it is somewhat strange with what vehemence the advocate of Nationalisation presents his case, in view of the indisputable fact that as a working principle it has been discredited many times over both at home and abroad. Individual ability and enterprise have State efforts in the business field "beaten to a frazzle" every time.

If there is anything to be said for the principle of Nationalisation we would naturally look for it in the New World. But what do we find? An exhaustive enquiry has been made into the question in the States, and we give just a few sentences as indicative of the tenor of the whole report:—

> "The operations of Governments in the economic field are generally characterised by inefficient management and excessive cost.
>
> "Under Government operation the public would get poorer service, and pay more for it.
>
> "The creation of a preferred class of self-perpetuating office-holders. . . would constitute a distinct political menace to the electorate and a burden upon the taxpayers.
>
> "The principle of political selection, whose application is inevitable, produces an inferior personnel, lacking the experience and sound judgment necessary to the proper conduct of business affairs, resulting in inefficiency, waste, and excessive cost.
>
> "We believe the public can best be served by utilising the efficiency, enterprise, and energy of private corporations for the continued operation of public utilities, under such public control as shall protect the public in its right to efficient service and fair rates, and at the same time assure to private capital invested in public utilities a fair return upon such capital.
>
> "Political control, operating through political methods, is destructive of economic efficiency, and therefore such political control should not be applied to undertakings of an essentially business nature."

Great Britain—Lancashire—Rochdale—cannot live without its export trade. Nationalisation would absolutely put us out of the market altogether. We could not compete with the chains of political control around our necks. Lancashire has always made herself heard on questions which affect her overseas trade.

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Let her be warned by the experience of younger countries who have much less to lose by rash political experiments.

But are the miners out for Nationalisation? Are they not rather out for the "mines for the miners"? And if we are right in this suspicion where does the poor worker who is not a miner come in?

Should the miners succeed in their demand for Nationalisation as they view it (*i.e.*, the Soviet order) they will be in a position to control coal or refuse it altogether, to charge what they will to other workers, to hold up every industry in order to enforce their demands—in short, to dominate the country.

The National Mining Council would become the predominant Power in the State, and the exercise of individual and collective rights under the Constitution would continue to operate (if it operated at all) at its pleasure.

"If the House of Commons yields to the pressure which is being brought to bear upon it, it will inflict the greatest evil on this country ever known, and England's greatness as a trading nation will be ended." *

* * *

"FREEDOM AND THE WORKER."

We commend the article which appears in this issue under the above heading. At one time among the leaders of Socialism in England, the author speaks as one having authority. He demonstrates that the claims to self-government now being put forward by the worker in Industry would, if successful, mean a reversion to the conditions of pre-machinery days—which, viewed in the light of our later knowledge and working conditions, were wholly bad.

The main source of progress in Industry has been found in the willingness of the worker to subject himself to strict discipline for so many hours per day—in order that he might live and enjoy perfect freedom for the remainder of the 24 hours. The disciplinary or working portion of the day now rarely exceeds one-third, so that if we deduct one-third for sleep the worker subjects himself to discipline one-half his waking hours only, and given modern factory conditions, which includes enlightened management, the discipline is rarely of an irksome character, except to the perverse worker who sees curtailment of liberty in correct time-keeping for example. What really such a man is crying for is a stage of semi-barbarism which would now be hard to find on the face of the globe, and certainly not in any civilised community.

* Hon. F. M. B. Fisher, ex-Minister for Customs and Marine, New Zealand.—*Sunday Times*, June 8th, 1919.

* * *

"WELFARE WORK."

Under the head "Thoughts from the Editor's Fireside" we have endeavoured to explain our attitude toward, or in relation to, so-called "welfare work" from time to time. We do not like the term "welfare work" for the reasons already given, and we are careful not to use it in describing our own efforts to discharge our obligations.

We are compelled to refer to the subject again, as we have been asked to summarise our attitude. Here it is:—

We believe that the employer has certain obligations with regard to humane factory conditions. Further, we believe, and it is being proved in our own organisation, that better conditions increase production. This is not "welfare work."

What is known as "welfare work" is something which is done for the employee by the employer or his agents to foster education, recreation, and the development of good citizenship and social instinct. We believe that true progress in this direction depends upon the initiative of the worker himself. In all that is done in our own organisation, we have established the principle that the initiative must come from the worker. We encourage it, but we do not impose welfare work upon the employee in any way.

In result we may seem more slow in our progress as compared with others, we may not be able to make such a display of so-called welfare activities, and there may be a lot of things which we should like to see done which are not done, but we do not forfeit the con-

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fidence of the worker or antagonise his Trade Union by doing good to him by force. We have set our motives above this, and we intend them to remain there.

* * *

THE "AIR AGE!"

"The ban on civil aviation will be raised on May 1st"—thus ran the official announcement which heralded yet another step in the evolutionary life of Man, and which we think may be of sufficient importance to record as having been "released" since our last issue. A new era of travel has been opened, and the air routes of the world are being rapidly mapped out—a revolutionary happening which has not caused so much as a flicker of the eyelid. The inauguration of steam locomotion was the result of many years of experiment, pursued up to the running of Stephenson's "Rocket" in the face of ridicule on the part of both Parliament and People. It is only five years since those who prophesied the developments now taking place were accounted a little mad, it is true, but the most advanced prophecy did not contemplate the mapping out of travel and trade air routes—nor speeds easily doubling that of an express train, in so short a time. And we may congratulate ourselves upon the undoubted fact that the British Empire leads in aviation.

We hold first place in skilful design, in workmanship, and in the intrepidity and airmanship of our pilots. The maintenance of the lead is of as much importance to us—our Empire being what it is—as that of seamanship.

While honours were easy as between Hawker and the Americans, the blue riband of the Atlantic crossing could not have been claimed on the hop, skip, and jump principle, and the later news of the success of Captain Alcock (of Manchester) and Lieutenant Brown (of Glasgow), who flew in a British machine from Newfoundland to Galway direct in 16 hours (June 14-15), though it may not be of much practical service (except to demonstrate what not to fly the Atlantic passage in), is of very real value from the standpoint of national sentiment, and will serve until such time as the Admiralty airship plans are completed.

* * *

"TEACHING GRANDMOTHER—"

It is good at times, as a corrective to that common fallacy of youth which imagines "the valley over the hill" better than that we live in, to be given a pen picture of day-by-day happenings in "the other valley." Here, for instance, are a few excerpts from a letter received lately from Mr. Dulhunty (Argentine)—not written for publication.

After recording the detail that his stock of catalogues had been dropped into the sea in transhipment, and recovered in a ruined condition, he proceeds :—

"Things here are as bad as they can be owing to the attitude of the Government towards labour. The President refuses to intervene with the public forces, and Bolshevism is practically controlling the Republic. On account of this, in view of the uncertainty, no one is placing orders, and work and commerce are at a standstill. I do not think, however, that this state of things will last long—in fact, they are too critical to last, and the general feeling is that a strike is about to be declared, which will precipitate a revolution ; failing this, a coup will depose the President, or he will resign. We are in daily expectation of something happening, and meantime the market is in a state of suspended animation. . . .

"In January they had bad riots here, and shot about 3,000 people in the streets, and I do not think there is much doubt that something of the kind will happen again at any moment. We live in expectation. Personally, I keep my eyes open for places of refuge as I go about the city [Buenos Aires], as machine guns are no respecters of persons, and the first sound of them will find me flat on my 'Tummy' in the nearest doorway."

So that really before the New World attempts to redress the balance of the Old, it would seem as well to ensure

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tranquillity within the Monroe fence (if Mexico's repudiation hasn't rendered this impossible). A Baby League, "best American tinned," would sure have been a winner as a "practice better than precept" stunt.

* * *

"BLOWING OUR OWN TRUMPET."

We usually leave this to our American cousins—who do it pretty effectively, but they tell the tale against themselves when they think it necessary. One of the leading American Dailies said recently: "John Bull is the worst advertiser on earth. He refuses to talk about what he is doing—but *he delivers the goods.*"

Now *we* didn't say that, nor are we guilty of anything beyond printing extracts from letters received by us in the following. We reproduce them because we think the members of our own organisation will be interested in what friends outside think of "ASBESTOS."

From the MINISTRY OF LABOUR: "'ASBESTOS' forms a welcome addition to this Library." . . I sent a copy to an Editor friend in Buffalo, New York, who writes: "I am struck with the marked difference in tone between the English Works Magazines and the more journalese style of the American publications. That which you have forwarded ('ASBESTOS') is particularly well written, and would infer a very high grade of intelligence in the workers." The original writer concludes: "I receive a great many copies of Works Organs, which are most interesting, but I always look forward to 'ASBESTOS' as an intellectual treat."

From the NATIONAL ALLIANCE OF EMPLOYERS AND EMPLOYED: "I am asked by the Executive Committee of the Alliance to invite you to exchange your Magazine 'ASBESTOS,' as we are anxious to keep a complete file of your publications in our Bureau for Industrial Research."

The following extracts are taken from letters we have received from Public Men, Trades Associations' Officials, and Principals of some of the Leading Industries in Great Britain:—

1. "The writer takes this occasion to congratulate you on the excellence of the House Organ. It is the best thing of its kind he remembers having seen; there is always something worth study, especially those helpful thoughts which have been given to the problems of reconstruction and the future of labour."

2. "In these times of stress and strain and recurring upheavals I find it an inspiration to peruse its pages."

3. "An outsider like myself would have difficulty in seeing anything but usefulness obtain from the issue of such a magazine."

4. "I was very much interested in 'ASBESTOS,' and admired the get-up and the matter, which, I thought, was far above the average among Works' Magazines."

5. "I have now gathered many dozen magazines, published in connection with Industry in England and America, and so far I have seen none to equal 'ASBESTOS.'"

We could continue, but our modesty constrains us.

Don't Meddle.

"The one simple universal rule of organisation is this—Give every one in the organisation a definite job, neither too easy nor too hard; train him how to do it properly; leave him alone; and judge him by results.

"Meddling always leads to muddling. The less interference the better. The aim of an organisation is to develop the individuals in it, as well as to build up a successful company. That is our British idea of organisation, and we must never lose sight of it."—CASSON.

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"Freedom" and the Worker.

WHAT is it exactly that these people are aiming at who are clamouring for "self-government" in industry? Evidently it is not simply to remove existing grievances that they desire this. Mr. Cole, one of their ablest spokesmen, after giving a tepid approval to the setting up of Works Committees with this object, goes on to urge upon the men that they must continue to "interfere"—to "interfere" as much as possible—in the "control" of industry. Why? To increase the efficiency of the business? There is scarcely a hint of this, perhaps for reasons which I shall presently discuss. Is it then to increase the wages, the leisure, the general comfort of the workers? Even that appears to be a very small matter. The real goal, we are instructed, is the "freedom" of the worker.

This freedom is to be obtained by a reversion in some modified form to the old "guild" system out of which British industry has grown. Let me remark in passing that if an attempt were really made in a modern factory to enforce the stern discipline with which these old guilds controlled their workers, the men would be "out" in an hour; and that if the further attempt were made to establish the rigid monopolies which the old guilds existed to enforce, British industry would be in ruins in a week. This by the way. In their main contention the guilds men are not absolutely wrong. The worker in the guilds did enjoy a sort of "freedom" which the modern factory worker does not. Once out of the apprenticeship stage, he had a fair chance of becoming his own "master," and of mismanaging his business as he chose—so far as the laws and customs of the guild would let him.

Why, then, if it be so desirable a thing, did the British worker lose this precious "freedom"? It is the fashion to say that the factory system crushed the cottage industry, and there is, of course, some truth in it. The hand worker could not compete against the organised factory. The "wage slave" beat the "free" labourer—a fact worth reflecting upon in itself. But where did these wage slaves come from? Why, if free labour was so happy a lot, did they desert it for the factory? Remember what these early factories were. There were no Factory Acts in those days. There were no Sanitation Laws. The hours were mercilessly long; the wages were so miserably low that a man could barely live upon them at all. Yet men, women, and children flocked into these horrible places to work under these abominable conditions, and earn the wretched pittance which was all early industrialism had to offer them. Why? The Paradise of "free" labour was before them. Why did they cast themselves out?

The reason, of course, is that miserable as the early factory conditions were, they were yet an advance on the misery of the "self-governed" cottage industry. The wages were wretched, but they were certain. The work was hard and long, but it was not so hard nor so long. It offered the certainty of a bare living to thousands whom "self-governed," "free" industry left to starve in squalor. Vile as this factory system was, it was infinitely more efficient than the system it displaced. Producing incomparably more, it had more to offer to the worker. And thousands of workers thought the loss of their "freedom" in the discipline even of long hours in the factory well worth while if it assured them some of the things without which "freedom" is useless. What use is it to be free if you are free only to starve?

The causes which led these men and women to flee from the horrors of "self-governed" industry are as operative to-day as ever they were. The factory and the factory discipline are not less but more necessary, because industry to-day is so vastly more complex and its processes so much more strictly interdependent.

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The need of government and captainship on the one side and of discipline and subordination on the other is not less: it is enormously greater. Let me take a simple illustration. A man alone in a rowing boat may conceivably claim to "govern himself" as he likes; it is not a wise nor a right claim, but at worst it is his own life only that he is risking. But a man who makes this claim in the engine room of a great liner is a scoundrel as well as a fool; for he is imperilling the lives of hundreds. He does not know, and he cannot know without long, costly, and elaborate technical training, the details of the intricate problems which it is the captain's business to solve. Yet they are few and limited compared to those which an industrial captain has to face in days when a change of ladies' fashions in Peru may mean violent labour troubles in France and acute distress in Japan. It is the old case of the link and the chain. If the individual link breaks it is but a broken link; but if it breaks when it is in the chain the chain is ruined and all the other links are "broken" too. The progress of modern industry, with its elaborate divisions of labour, its complicated machinery, its highly technical intelligence and distributing agencies, has always rested in the first place upon the willingness of the mass of workers to submit to the discipline and leadership of others. It rests upon this still, and it always will do so.

Does that fact imply that the modern worker is a "slave" in any reasonable sense of that term? Is it true that he is less "free" than his forefather who did not submit to modern workshop discipline? Compare their lives. The American definition of freedom as "opportunity for the pursuit of happiness" is as good as any. Men's conception of happiness differs: one man may find it in study and another in rabbit coursing; one in sports, and one in travel, and one in Burns' "happy fireside home." But all alike can be given or refused the opportunity to pursue their ideal. Had the old free labourer a better opportunity for this pursuit than the modern "wage slave"? The question is foolishness to anyone in the least acquainted with their real conditions. The modern worker has an immensely wider field of choice, an immensely greater leisure in which to exercise it, and is immeasurably better equipped for the pursuit. The progress of industry, if it be not violently checked, will steadily increase and improve his opportunities. A writer in *The Outlook* recently pointed out the advantages which the frank acceptance of economic discipline ensures to the worker. It ensures in the first place a general increase of wealth, in which he cannot be refused his share. It ensures in the second, rapidity of production and a consequent shortening of hours. In return for the abandonment of an economic "freedom" which has proved in practice worse than worthless, that is to say, the employee will secure the certainty of more money and less work. Are they gifts to be despised? Is not the "freedom" which these things mean to him of infinitely greater value than the privilege of mismanaging his own business to his own—as well as the public's—loss?

It is not pretended, of course, that there is no need for watchfulness on the part of the workers, nor that they should submit mechanically to any conditions which may rule in the factory. Intelligent industrial leaders in the future will welcome the co-operation of the Trade Unions in securing full recognition of the workers' "freedom" as men. They will do so not necessarily from philanthropy nor any sentimental feeling, but because they will recognise that unless this is guaranteed the sacrifice which the discipline of the factory involves cannot be justified. The workers on their side, realising that by the intelligent regulation of hours and pay a man may in a working day of certainly not more than eight hours gain the "freedom"—the "opportunity for the pursuit of happiness"—which he really needs, will not kick against the discipline which is its price. Only they will demand that the discipline shall be intelligent, and that the liberty for which they are working shall be secured to them.

It can only be secured i[redacted]
Civilised man wants a th[redacted]
which his half-civilised [redacted]
wanted, and which [redacted]

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elaborate machinery of modern industry can possibly supply. The only reason why society before the industrial era could be maintained at all was that its wants and expectations were so extremely limited. They have grown nowadays—grown so fast and so vigorously that it requires the utmost efforts of an elaborately disciplined and organised machine to meet them. Wreck the machine, destroy the discipline which is its mainspring, and men will be plunged at once into conditions which their ancestors might have found tolerable, but which to them will be conditions of unspeakable misery. The American workman, as has been shown in *From War to Work*, has secured for himself better food, better clothes, a better house, shorter hours of labour, and a better education for his children than the workman in this country. He "consumes more," in the cant phrase. Why? Because the better discipline and better organisation of the American industries produces more. There is no other reason.

It may be asked, supposing these conditions to be realised, supposing the workers to accept cheerfully the sacrifice of economic "freedom" which is essential to secure their social liberty—supposing the leaders of industry to fulfil their part of the bargain and the promised results to follow in a richer, freer life for all—should we then have content? The answer is, No. Content will not be man's portion so long as he remains under natural law, and is what he is. Natural law impels him, however splendid his achievement, to strive on still for greater and higher aims: the end of this strife and the discontent which inspires it is the forerunner of death in the individual and the nation. But there is a contentment none the less to which a reasonable man may aspire. It is the content which comes from the knowledge of his place in the scheme of things and of the processes which govern it; from the conviction that he is working not against but for the giant forces which are moulding the better world of the future.

The New "Education Question."

A slave class is necessary to civilisation, but it need not be, and in our present stage in evolution cannot be, at least in cultivated states, composed of human beings. *Our slaves must be machines, not men.* And this will be an immense advantage provided that the men and women who are going to operate the machines, to direct and control them, are educated up to their new duties and are given facilities for enjoying the additional leisure which the use of machinery will provide, and the education without which culture and contemplation become impossible. "Man is made for something better than disturbing dirt"; the future of the world depends upon the enslavement of machines to the service of man."—*Edw. C. Reed, in "The Place and Importance of Science in Education."*

We may look forward to the time when the conception of a standard will settle the controversy over vocational education, destined to be a battlefield in the new era as surely as was religious instruction in the old. Already we have labour maintaining that it will not have public funds spent in teaching youth to make money for its employers. Already we have capital protesting that it cannot be asked to find the funds to keep youth in academic, unpractical idleness until the age of 18. Once let the question be fairly put, what is the standard alike of technical skill and of general physical intellectual development which the State ought to set for its citizens, and the controversy will be on a fair way to a settlement.—*D.D., in "Production."*

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The Civilisation of Britain.

By HERBERT MORLEY, LL.B.

THE earnest student of British history is not a lover of "the good old times" when the people were of so little account that no historian thought it worth while to write anything about them. Everybody knows about Henry VIII.'s six wives. What should we know about the witches but for the cruel sport which they provided? We can more than guess the sort of society from which these wretched creatures sprang. The good old times! For the mass of the people they were times of animalism, of grossest ignorance and superstition, of inconceivable oppression. But even of these horrible vices there are degrees, and during the last one hundred and fifty years the British workman, while himself denied most of the blessings of civilisation and knowledge, has almost lost his soul in working for the rest of the world to level it up as it were, incidentally killing such awful inhumanities as cannibalism and slavery.

The enlightenment which has spread over the world during the last hundred and fifty years has been due to the rapid development of organised industry. Even more is becoming clear. Organised industry points the road (and *the only road which can be seen*) not merely to a higher civilisation and greater knowledge, but to commonwealth and true socialism.

Yet for all these benefits to humanity outside himself, the British workman will not pay (and ought not to be expected to pay) in the future the price he has paid in the past. To him the rapid growth of the factory system brought more harm than good. Throughout all the hours of day he worked in a building usually ugly, dirty and unhealthy; at night he slept in one of a great collection of equally ugly, dirty and unhealthy dwelling-places. Such recreations as he got were also usually unhealthy and demoralising. He breathed little pure air, and became familiarised with nothing that was beautiful to see, hear, think about, or do. As a child he had not (before 1870) usually been taught even to read, still less to understand the meaning or possibilities of life. He had no real freedom, his natural powers meant nothing to him, for his "state of life" was assigned him. The heart of his wife was not in her home, and his children were ruthlessly sacrificed—both body and soul. One hundred years elapsed from the beginning of this great industrial development before his child was allowed a *little* education, and he himself a *little* voice in the management of the life of the community.

Increased production on such terms the working man will not be a party to again. Rather he will abandon organised industry altogether, and be content with a more strenuous life, poorer in creature comforts, producing inefficiently and uneconomically for his own needs, but enjoying what are most worth having—purer air and better health.

Civilisation, however, does not require the abandonment by the worker of healthy conditions of life. On the contrary, it is to *fill* his life with better things. These better things are to be

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produced in much greater quantity *for the worker himself*. The conditions of his work must be made healthy and generally satisfactory, his home more comfortable —with baths and other requisites to refinement. He must have some time for leisure and recreation; he must have holidays; there must be no almost inexorable law that his children shall be little educated, and compelled to become manual workers, *whatever the quality of their brains;* books, pictures, music, public parks and recreation grounds must be accessible to him; his stake in the country must be fully recognised, and he must not be regarded as an inferior in social position.

The increased production necessary to invest the mass of the people with what they need for civilisation, and equality of opportunity with the few who have hitherto enjoyed the lion's share of the fruits of British industry, will not be obtained unless the agencies of production are better organised and directed in the future than in the past. Capital will be required—as much as ever. But brains will be needed far more than hitherto.

Increased production under any acceptable conditions means, of course, increased *economy of production*. If this be a matter of brains, where are the brains to come from, and how are they to be employed? Well, if we give really good educational opportunities to all our children we shall have from thirty to forty times as good a selection of "best brains" as we have at present. As to their employment, what should not the co-ordinated activities of a Minister of Commerce, a Minister of Production, and a Minister of Education be able to accomplish? The Consular Services, the Banks, the Patent Laws, the Technological and Research Schools, the Juvenile Employment Bureaux, would all be linked together, and to the increased efficiency both of the men and the machines with which they work would be added the greatest possible elimination of waste of effort. By this means the British worker (and all Britons should be workers) will win a higher civilisation for himself, and if the workers of other countries should become as efficient as himself he will none the less rejoice, and the world will be a better world to live in.

"The Impoverishment of the Poor."

By F. CLEGG.

WITHIN the last decade, many writers have given their attention to this subject. They have attempted to show that our industrial system is such that it deals unfairly with the major portion of the people. In brief lines their theory is "The poor are getting poorer." It is both interesting and instructive to investigate the truth or falsity of this statement in the light of facts.

Just previous to the war our country was saturated to an alarming degree with industrial strife. This was largely accounted for by the many false doctrines (of which our title is a fair specimen) expounded by many pseudo prophets who needless to say had millions of followers.

With the object of clearing away some of the mistaken ideas on this matter, a comparison of the Income Tax Returns for the years 1801 and 1912 affords great assistance.

In the year 1801 the average wage of 80% of the population was 12/- per week; in 1912 it was 24/- per week.

It is important to notice in connection with this that as between the one period and the other (1800 and 1907) the purchasing power of a sovereign varied 5%, hence with a net increase of real wages of 95%, it is

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obviously a contradiction in terms to say the poor are getting poorer, speaking in a financial sense.

As we walk through the slums of our town and see the squalor and destitution that exists in its many and insidious forms, any thinking mind says to itself, if the above figures be correct, how does such a state of affairs come about ?

To clear the ground let us analyse the word "poor." It is purely a comparative term. People are poor because they know riches. If they had not known riches there would be no poor people. It would be the common lot, and what is common to all ceases to be commented upon. To mention a few comparative values we have Light and Darkness, Heat and Cold, Youth and Age. Any one of these values only exists by knowledge of its opposite and comparison therewith.

In spite of this simple logic there is something seriously wrong when circumstances condemn large numbers of our fellow creatures to these benighted conditions, for it is obvious that material conditions should improve more or less pro ratio with man's developing standard of life. That this has not been the case in this country is only too evident and highly regrettable.

Do not let us blame industry alone for this, but let us rather blame ourselves, for a goodly percentage of the so-called poverty is due to our false mental outlook. It is time the pernicious nonsense of the past was hurled into utter oblivion.

Stated in technical terms, "The impoverishment of the poor" arises from the fact that man's aspirations have grown faster than his ability to satisfy them. For a close understanding of this let us take a glance down the last century; we may call it the Manufacturing Age. We see the advent of the steam engine, locomotive, electricity, textile machinery and a thousand and one other things that enabled mankind to increase beyond all expectations the commodities of life, yet in spite of all this increased production we find a goodly percentage of our people living in what is called a state of abject poverty.

During this Manufacturing Age, man's wants and desires developed so fast that they outran his capacity to satisfy them. This is easily understood when one glances at the homes and lives of the people at the beginning and end of the 19th century.

Man is essentially a creature of wants and expectations, but these are divisible into essentials and non-essentials.

The commodities consumed by those of our present day citizens whom we term abjectly poor, are at least double those consumed by the prosperous citizen of a century ago, who would have been insulted had he been referred to as poor.

And if, as it has been shown, the plenty of one century is the abject poverty of the next, is it not time we sought a true understanding of life's values ? The fact is, in the majority of cases a man is only poor when he thinks he is, and the curse of to-day is the ridiculous self-pity so prevalent because implanted and fostered by agitators for their own selfish ends.

Do not let me be misunderstood. I am a staunch believer in the desirability, nay even the necessity, of a constantly improving standard of life for all, but I do wish to protest against the false premises of the arguments generally used. No such falsification of the argument is needed, for it must be obvious to everyone that whether poor or not, each member of the community has a right to share equitably at its developing prosperity.

It is not only foolish, but distinctly cruel, for politicians and others to be for ever inculcating self-pity into large masses of our population. This has gone on long enough.

What people need is faith in themselves, courage to face the future and a fuller knowledge of the task which lies before them—if men generally from now on are to be able to give satisfaction to their material inspirations in fuller measure than they have been able to do in the past.

Finally, may I conclude by emphasizing a simple truth, *i.e.*, poverty will be perpetual so long as men do not develop sufficient acumen to understand that the first condition of its absence from any household whether its income be £100 a year or £1,000 per year is the determination of those responsible "to cut their coat according to their cloth."

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Captain Cook.

The Man Who Found a Continent.

By ARTHUR MEE.

Editor of "My Magazine" and "The Children's Newspaper."

A FEW more years, and two centuries will have passed since a half-starved Yorkshire labourer came home and found that another child had been born in his two-roomed cottage. He had nine of them in due course, and we may imagine that he thought very little of one more. But all the world thinks well of this one now, for he has set his name in letters of gold in the volume of the history of mankind. His name was James Cook, one of the greatest Englishmen since time began.

This little country, its future greatness all unknown, made little preparation for immortal men. This child who was to find a continent and win it for the British flag had hardly room to be born in this lovely land of ours. There was no education waiting for him; he must pick up such scraps of knowledge as he could. But there was a good old lady who taught him to read, and his father's master liked him and thought this bright poor boy worth helping, so he gave James a little schooling—enough to make him a smart shopkeeper's apprentice in the little fishing village of Staithes, near Whitby.

The sea has been creeping into England and has washed the shop away since this bright boy ran out of it one day, without a word of warning, and joined a ship that was carrying coal to London. In London he hid from the press gang: much as he loved the sea, he hated that horrible gang of desperados who seized an Englishman in the streets, gave him a knock on the head, and threw him on to a ship. He would not go to sea like that, but, thinking it out, he resolved to volunteer.

So James Cook ran away to sea and became a sailor, and he was to end his career on an eminence as great as that of Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Francis Drake.

We think of Cook as the explorer of Australia and the founder of British influence in the Southern Dominion, but how often do we remember that he who gave the British Empire a mighty continent played no mean part in giving it also the greatest piece of the American continent that any single Government holds. Cook made known Australia, and he helped to conquer Canada.

The ship he was on went to Canada in the war with France, and they found him a rare sort of man. He was a very clever surveyor, he knew all about tides and currents, and he could find shoals and hidden rocks so well that the admiral came to depend on him. Cook would go out at night alone in a little boat, making notes of the unexplored banks of the St. Lawrence River and the shores of Newfoundland. Once the Red Indians caught him in the St. Lawrence and carried off his boat, but Cook leapt on to an island with his precious notes and charts, and he must have been delighted when they gave him £50 for them. They proved to be very helpful in the conquest of Quebec.

He went on and on; he mastered Euclid and taught himself astronomy, and he took notes of an eclipse which pleased the Royal Society so much that when Venus was to cross the face of the sun, and the Government wanted to send an expedition, it was this scientific sailor Cook they chose to go out with Sir Joseph Banks. He sailed to Tahiti, saw the eclipse, and then for three years they explored the Pacific.

It was an unknown ocean. Spain and

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Portugal and Holland had known it; their imperial fleets had scoured it and exploited it, but they kept the precious knowledge of it to themselves, and since the days of Drake it had been a mysterious sea. Nobody knew of the land beyond it; nobody knew anything about Australia, except a few travellers with doubtful tales, and perhaps a few astronomers, who are said to have seen its shadow on the moon.

Cook sailed on and on, with a friend on board in Sir Joseph Banks, one of the best botanists who ever strolled through a country lane, and one of the best English patriots who ever gave his service to our race. Many strange sights they saw. They found the sea lit up at nights as if on fire, and Cook thought the light must came from luminous fishes, as, of course, it did. They sailed along the coast of Brazil, where some of their party were nearly frozen to death while seeking plants on a mountain on a summer's day. They found and named New Zealand; they sailed right round both islands, astonishing the Maoris, who had been there five hundred years or more, but were cannibals still, and would have eaten Captain Cook and all his crew could they have caught them. In spite of them Captain Cook surveyed New Zealand and took possession of it. In the name of England he set up two poles on a hill carved with the name of the ship and the date, and he called together an old chief and his tribe, gave them presents and treated them well, and made them swear never to pull down the flag that he left flying there.

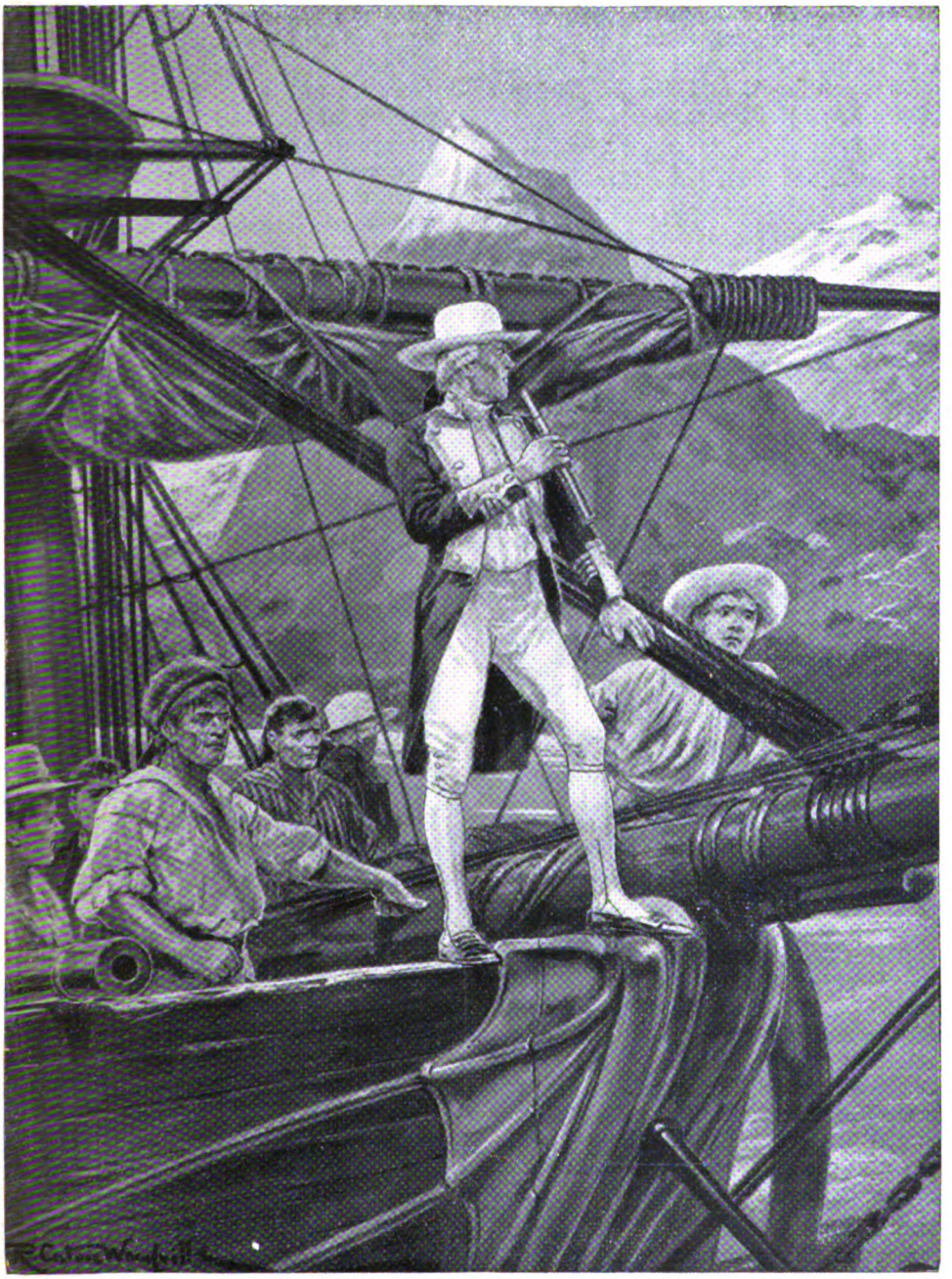
It is a dramatic little scene, this picture of our great sailor appointing a Maori chief as trustee for the British flag, and all the more strange when we think that England did not bother much about the flag for two generations or more. One wonders if they found it flying then! On to Australia went Captain Cook, to that glorious harbour of Sydney. For ages the long rolling waves of the Pacific Ocean had swept the lonely continent, the greatest island in the world, but no visitor from the outer world had come to this far place. No white man that we know had been near these ancient haunts of wild strange life; not one page of the history of Australia was ready to be written, for the great civilised world knew nothing of it. It was as if the southern world had been asleep.

And yet there was to take place, following on this visit of Captain Cook, a race for Australia in which England reached the winning-post only just in time. Australia, it is true, had been touched at various points by mariners, but brought back tales of its hopeless barrenness, and it was not till Captain Cook sailed to its eastern coast that a white man realised that here was a mighty continent. He was the first man to see the potential wealth of Australia; he was the first to sail along the coast and to land, talk with its people, and understand something about them.

He did it all at the peril of his life, and he nearly brought disaster to his crew, for one day in these unchartered waters his ship ran on a hidden rock about twenty-five miles from land. It stuck fast on the rock, poised on it for two days and nights, and it seemed as if nothing but a miracle could save them in that wild place on that mysterious coast with civilisation ten thousand miles away and no human help at hand. And a miracle did save them, for at last the ship was lifted off the rock, and what everybody on board expected to happen did not happen. As the water had been coming in it was thought the ship would sink, but the ship was saved by the very thing that had seemed to threaten it. A piece of rock that had pierced her hull snapped off its base and remained in the hole it had made, plugging it tight and saving the ship till it reached home.

But it was not a rare event like that which made this voyage memorable: the great achievement of Captain Cook was that he secured Australia for our Race. Yet years were to pass before we took the slightest interest in this vast continent he made known, and Cook had been years in his unknown grave when another British captain followed him and set up the British flag in Australia in the very nick of time to save it from France and Napoleon. A few days after this new

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Captain Cook's Discoveries in the South Seas.

The three voyages of the famous navigator, Captain James Cook, were fraught with momentous consequences to his country and the world. In his first voyage (1768-71) he circumnavigated New Zealand and surveyed the east coast of Australia. During his second voyage (1772-75) he cruised among the Pacific islands. In his last voyage (1776-79) he discovered the Sandwich and other groups of islands, and was killed in an attempt to land on Hawaii, on February 14th, 1779.

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captain had arrived at Sydney, as his ships were ready to sail out of the harbour, there sailed in another ship, with La Perouse on board, to take possession of Australia for France! England had found a continent, and France had lost it, by a few brief hours.

A great, brave soul was La Perouse. What emotions must have stirred within him in that fateful hour. He had come to win an Empire for his country; he was sailing to his immortality; he was at the gate of his promised land; and it was not for him to win. But he could enter. Captain Phillips and his men gave the great Frenchman a great reception, and the disappointed explorer was happy among friends. He stayed with them a few weeks and then set out again, but before he left he wrote to the French Government explaining what had happened. Then he left his papers with the English captain who was to deliver them to France; he bade good-bye and sailed away with his two ships.

It is one of the tragedies of the world that La Perouse was never seen again. In that dramatic hour he disappeared from history; he must have gone down at sea with all his men.

Captain Cook came home, and not a man in England knew what a glory he had added to the British Empire. There were no triumphal days for this great seaman; his was the pioneering, ours the great reward. He was out again very soon on a voyage to Antarctica, in command of a Government expedition, to discover how far the lands of the Antarctic stretched northwards. He did his work sailing round the great ice cap, but he made that voyage memorable by a conquest greater still, for he taught his men how to preserve life and health at sea.

Looking back on all his great achievements, Captain Cook believed this hygienic work of his to be the greatest feat of his life. It seemed to him a more stupendous thing than the discovery of Australia. Those were terrible days at sea, when men would die on ships as fast as flies in summer heat. Ships' crews were broken up and doomed by scurvy and fever, and Cook, who knew more of science than perhaps any English seaman before him, faced this problem like the wise man that he was. He persuaded his men to follow his advice, and trained them by a wise and careful diet to avoid disease, or, if disease should come, to avert its terrors. There never was a voyage at sea so healthy as Cook's voyage to Antarctica; only one man died in a crew of over a hundred men; and when the ships came back, and the facts were made known, and Cook's hygienic science was explained before the Royal Society, the Royal Society gave him its gold medal and honoured him as a benefactor of the race.

So he was. Infinitely more than an explorer was Captain Cook. He set up our flag and established our influence in the greatest territories of our Empire, and his name and fame are part of the history of British dominion in America and Australasia. But what can compare with those other two distinctions of this great captain? *He taught us how to be healthy at sea; he spread the fame of Englishmen everywhere for chivalry and fair dealing.* They are at the basis of our civilisation, these two things. What would the great sea-race have been, where would our far-flung Commonwealth have been, if the health of men had not been safe at sea, and if Captain Cook had not made it safe in time to secure the mastery of the sea for the race that must have loved liberty? And as for chivalry, running hand in hand with British freedom everywhere, is it not the very warp and woof which bind our British realms? Captain Cook did nothing ignoble and nothing mean. Never was an explorer more devoted to his men or to humanity, and his treatment of natives opened up golden ways for him.

It was his unbreakable rule to seek entry into new lands with the co-operation of the people he found there, to practice every fair means of cultivating their friendship, and to treat natives wherever he found them with all possible humanity. He would allow no man to be cruel to a native; he would allow no man to lower the name of England or bring dishonour on the flag, and so firm was he, so relentless was he in this, that

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once, when some of his crew had been unjust to natives, this English captain called together the natives, and brought out one of his own men and whipped him in the presence of those he had wronged.

His Antarctic voyage safely over, and its work well done, Captain Cook went out again, this time in quest of the North-West passage to the Pacific; and it was on this third voyage of his that the stern justice of this man led to a tragedy as mournful and pathetic as can easily be imagined.

Storms drove his ships to Hawaii, where the people thought him a god and would have worshipped him. But there were thieves among them, and this man who whipped an Englishman for wronging natives was not afraid to whip a native who had wronged an Englishman. The sight of it was more than the native mind could understand, and there was a frightful revulsion of feeling after a quarrel in which a native was killed. The natives attacked the Captain's boat, and his men began firing. Cook turned round to order them to stop, and at that moment a native stabbed and killed him. The man of chivalry was betrayed. He fell into the water, where a mad and seething crowd held him down, but he struggled to land, and this man who never in his life had wronged a native was beaten and hacked to death, natives snatching daggers from each other's hands for the satisfaction of striking him. It was perhaps the most horrible death an explorer has ever died, and he was perhaps the gentlest explorer who ever went to sea.

It is a pitiful tale, more pitiful because two boats stood by and saw it all, one packed with fugitives in such panic-stricken confusion that it could give no help; the other looking callously on and leaving the captain's dead body in the hands of the savages. The captain of this ship was received at home with universal execration, but justice overtook him in the end, for nineteen years after he had stood by and watched the murder of Captain Cook he was dismissed from the Navy for cowardice at Camperdown, where Nelson thought he ought to have been shot.

So, on February 14th, 1779, ended the life of one of England's noblest men. He was the first of all our seamen to sweep the whole Pacific. He helped to fix the British hold on North America; he founded British Australasia; he put a fifth continent on the map of the world. He surveyed more coast-line than any other man. He made unknown waters safe for ships. He explored and settled the mystery of the fabled continent of Antarctica. He taught the race that was to rule the seas how to keep health and strength at sea, and he gave it three million square miles to take care of.

Has any man done more? Have we not given our throne to many who did less?

"Suddenly One Day."

Found in the pocket of Capt. T. P. C. Wilson, killed in action.—
"THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE."

"Suddenly one day
The last ill shall fall away.
The last little beastliness that is in our blood
Shall drop from us as the sheath drops from the bud,
And the great spirit of man shall struggle through
And spread huge branches underneath the blue.
In any mirror, be it bright or dim,
Man will see God, staring back at him."

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The Origin and Properties of Asbestos.—VII.

HEAT INSULATION (B).

By H. W. ROWELL,

Hon. General Secretary, British Association of Chemists.

WE have seen how non-circulating air is about the next best heat insulator to a vacuum, and we now want to see how this still air is practically used for the purpose of covering steam pipes.

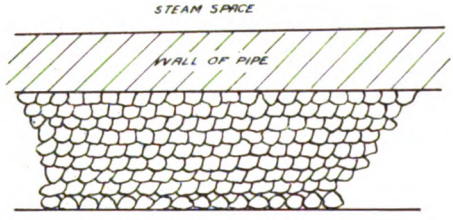


Diagram illustrating cellular formation in insulating material.

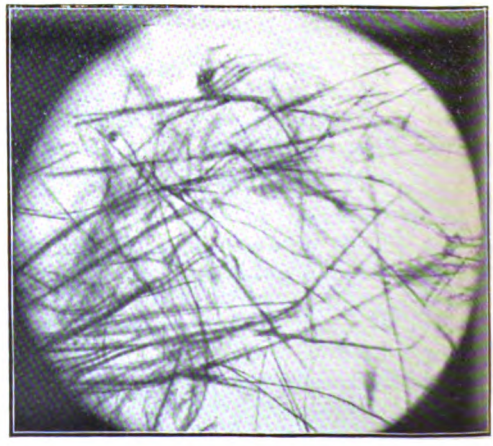
Suppose that a bare steam pipe with a surface of 20 square feet is being cooled by the air circulating in a room of 2,000 cubic feet with wooden walls, then about half of the loss of heat from the pipe could be saved if the air only circulated at half the rate. If the size of the room were reduced until it was only a wooden box surrounding the pipe the volume of air at work carrying away heat would be only, say, 100 cubic feet, and if it took the same time to travel from the pipe to the wall of the box as it took to travel to the wall of the larger room it could only carry away about a two-hundredth part of the amount of heat previously lost.

If we go down to microscopic sizes and imagine a small space about one-millionth of a cubic inch with the steam pipe for one wall and asbestos for the other walls, the air enclosed in that space is, practically speaking, unable to circulate, as the friction against the walls is out of all proportion to the energy of movement of the air. This small amount of still air does not allow, therefore, any practical amount of heat to pass across from the pipe to the asbestos walls of the space. Now multiply such spaces or cells by millions and we get a piece of asbestos insulating material.

In the diagram a number of these cells are represented, and as heat cannot pass across the spaces it must pass along the asbestos walls of the cells shown as lines.

A cubic foot of solid asbestos rock weighs about 150lbs., and if a cubic foot of asbestos pipe covering weighs 50lbs. it is demonstrated that there are two volumes of air in it to every one volume of asbestos, and it also follows that the heat will have to travel around the cell walls and altogether three to five times as far as if it were solid asbestos rock in order to get to the air.

If the cells are too large the air in them will circulate, and if they are too small there will be too much asbestos to conduct heat, so that the manufacturers have to find the best proportions to give the best insulator.



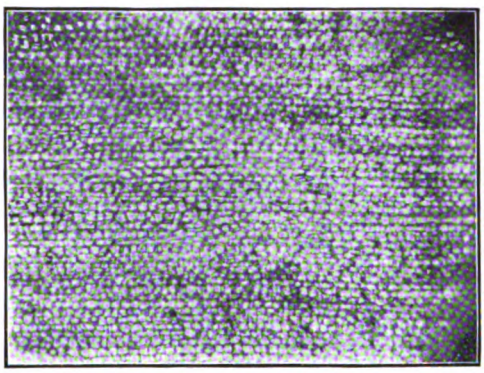
Compressed Asbestos Fibres showing inter-fibre air spaces (highly magnified).

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The micro photographs show how the interlacing asbestos fibres in a pipe covering enclose air and form these useful cells, and how nature provides a substance like cork which is a finely porous or cellular structure and a good insulating material for certain purposes.

If we made a pipe covering of fine metal wire or shavings in place of asbestos fibre the metal would conduct heat so rapidly that the air spaces would be valueless. Asbestos is in itself a poor conductor of heat, and for this reason is used in similar ways to magnesia powder, hair, paper, cork, slag, wool, and wood shavings for the purposes of insulation.



Section of Cork showing cellular structure, × 400.

For preventing heat loss from steam pipes, boilers, furnaces, and such, asbestos is superior to all these other materials because it is unchanged by the constant heat, retains its insulating properties, and wears well. A properly-designed covering of asbestos in the form of condensed fibre, mattress and magnesia composition is the most efficient insulator for these purposes in practical use, and the various forms are illustrated in the Turner catalogues.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of "Asbestos."

41, Chatsworth Road, Prahrau,
Victoria, Australia,
10th February, 1919.

I have been reading a copy of "ASBESTOS," dated July, 1918, read it from cover to cover, and think it splendid. The paper came to my place of business. I am employed in charge of hardware dept. by Jno. Sharp and Son, large timber merchants, South Melbourne.

The articles dealing with labour troubles are refreshing; in fact, they are truly "ASBESTOS" and entirely in keeping with the drawing on front page. Unfortunately, in this country there is little of this asbestos, simply one side or the other straight out. The ordinary daily papers are anti-Labour, while Labour papers are full of defiance and demands, independent of whether their propositions are workable or not.

I am only an employee myself, and must say the workers' conditions here are very good and hours easy. The unemployed cry has not been heard for many years, even before the war, and yet strikes are numerous. They only seem to strike when conditions are good. Still, I can well remember, say 15 years ago, when we had to take any old wage and accept any condition offered. I am only 35 now. It looks as if one of your writers is correct when he says evolution, not revolution.

Yours faithfully.

FRANK T. M'DONALD.

We wonder how many of our readers have been struck with the peculiarly and strikingly appropriate character of our House Mark to the spirit of this Magazine, referred to by our correspondent. Originally applied to the goods we manufacture, it has taken on a second and inner meaning as a result of our endeavours to advance the cause of Industrial Peace.—*Editor.*

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Drake's Drum.

By ARTHUR MACHEN.

Reproduced by the kind permission of the Editor of "The Outlook."

"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago."

—*Sir Henry Newbolt.*

WE wake sometimes from dreams uttering strange phrases, murmuring incredible things. At the moment of waking, for some ineffable instant of time, the words we speak, or perhaps think to speak, seem to us full of illumination. To everyone who speculates at all as to the heights and depths of the soul there comes at very rare moments—there are not, perhaps, more than half-a-dozen such experiences given to any man's lifetime—the sense of the true world which lies beyond this dark place of images and shadows; a world that is full of light and glory, a world where all our dim desires are interpreted and fulfilled. It is as if we stood amongst shadows before a black curtain, as if for one moment a fold were caught back and we saw that which we can never utter: but never deny.



"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low."

In dreams and waking and in waking dreams most of us, I suppose, penetrate into this other world, the world beyond the black curtain. But we are not suffered to make any report of it; the secret, it seems, must be kept fast. And that is one of the reasons why I am usually inclined to disbelieve most stories of the communicating spirits of the dead. Their messages are, to my judgment, altogether too lucid, too comfortably and easily and clearly set forth. There is no obscurity in the interpretation of their sentences, no impression as of a great gulf of the spirit which has been traversed with the utmost difficulty. And if we, still in the flesh, cannot utter to ourselves our own visions, it scarcely seems likely that those who have passed beyond the flaming ramparts of the world should be able to chatter to us so easily and colloquially of the regions of their dwelling.

The speech of that far land, if any speech there be, will, I think, be delivered

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rather in sensible images than in logical and grammatical utterance. And it is only the unspiritual who can discern nothing of the spirit in things audibly or visibly presented to our senses.

Here is the true story of such a presentation.

On the eleventh of last November the Armistice between the Allies and the German Empire was signed. This meant that the incredible had happened. A few months before all the world had been in terror of a Power that seemed capable of fighting all the world. Now; in a moment; as if by enchantment; that Power had ceased to exist. The Armistice terms were, most justly and wisely, rigorous, and on November 21st it was appointed that practically the whole German Fleet should surrender to the British. I said that the whole event was incredible, and so true is this that the British Navy could scarcely believe that the surrender would be accomplished peacefully. Sailors are generous men to all, but more especially to other sailors. There is a brotherhood of the deep which surpasses the bounds of nations, and our Navy could not believe that the German sailors would give up their ships without fighting; even though the fight might be a hopeless one for them. Consequently, on the morning of November 21st, 1918, the British Navy awaited the enemy in a state of mind that is hard to describe. The surrender of the German fleet, they all knew, had been demanded and granted; but at the last moment, our men thought, the unutterable disgrace must boil in the veins of those German sailors, and the guns of their great ships must speak their final word of fire before they sank beneath the water. Every preparation was made for the fight. The ships were cleared. The men were at "action stations." Naval discipline was at its strictest. Every man on board every ship knew his place to an inch, his duty to the most minute detail. The King's ships had made them ready for battle; it is hard for a landsman to realise the awful and inexorable import of such an array.

The Fleet steamed to the appointed rendezvous; waited; and looked eastward. It was a misty morning with a gentle breeze.

One of the ships was the "Royal Oak," chiefly manned by sailors of Devonshire. She was flying on that day a magnificent silk ensign, made for her by Devonshire ladies. On her bridge, sixty feet above the top deck, was a group of officers: Admiral Grant, Captain Maclachlan, of the "Royal Oak," the Commander, and others. It was soon after nine o'clock in the morning when the German fleet appeared, looming through the mist. Admiral Grant saw them and waited; he could scarcely believe, he says, that they would not instantly open fire.

Then the drum began to beat on the "Royal Oak." The sound was unmistakable; it was that of a small drum being beaten "in rolls." At first the officers on the bridge paid little attention, if any, to the sound; so intent were they on the approaching enemy. But when it became evident that the Germans were not to show fight, Admiral Grant turned to the Captain of the "Royal Oak" and remarked on the beating of the drum. The Captain said that he heard it, but could not understand it, since the ship was cleared for action, and every man on board was at his battle station. The Commander also heard, but could not understand, and sent messengers all over the ship to investigate. Twice the messengers were sent about the ship, about all the decks. They reported that every man was at his station. Yet the drum continued to beat. Then the Commander himself made a special tour of investigation through the "Royal Oak." He, too, found that every man was at his station.

It must be noted, by the way, that if someone, playing a practical joke, had been beating a drum between decks, the sound would have been inaudible to the officers on the bridge. Secondly, when a ship is cleared for action, the members of the band have specially important duties in connection with fire control apparatus assigned to them. The band instruments are all stored away in the band room, right aft, and below decks.

All the while the British fleet was closing round the German fleet, coming to anchor in a square about it, so that the German ships were hemmed in. And all the while that this was being done the noise of the drum was heard at intervals,

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beating in rolls. All who heard it are convinced that it was no sound of flapping stays or any such accident. The ear of the naval officer is attuned to all the noises of his ship in fair weather and in foul; it makes no mistakes. All who heard knew that they heard the rolling of a drum.

At about two o'clock in the afternoon the German fleet was enclosed and helpless, and the British ships dropped anchor, some fifteen miles off the Firth of Forth. The utter, irrevocable ruin and disgrace of the German Navy were consummated. And at that moment the drum stopped beating and was no more heard.

But those who had heard it, Admiral, Captain, Commander, other officers and men of all ratings, held then and hold now one belief as to that rolling music. They believe that the sound they heard was that of "Drake's Drum"; the audible manifestation of the spirit of the great sea-captain, present at this hour of the tremendous triumph of Britain on the seas. This is the firm belief of them all.

It may be so. It may be that Drake did quit the port of Heaven in a ship of fire, and driving the Huns across the sea with the flame of his spirit, drummed them down to their pitiful and shameful doom.

Leadership.

By A. ROWLAND-ENTWISTLE.

WHEN you start talking to the man in the street or the man in the works, or even the man in the office, about the state of affairs to-day, he has only one answer. "The Country is suffering from bad leadership" is the burden of his cry, but although he is sure that our Leaders are bad, he cannot tell you where to find better. In fact he cannot describe to you the qualifications of a good Leader, but he is certain he would know one if he saw him.

In a less democratic age we had Rulers. To-day we have abolished autocracy. Nobody is allowed to boast that he can say to one—Come, and he cometh, or to another, go, and he goeth.

To maintain Social order, we have substituted Leaders for Rulers, and we are beginning to find that while our Rulers did have one or two redeeming qualities, our Leaders have none.

So the time is come to take stock of our position, to find out what are the qualifications of good leadership, sack our present Leaders and choose a new set.

It can't be easy to be a Leader. The rod of iron which the Ruler wielded is already covered with rust. The Leader may not use it. In its place he must have four qualities, Faith, Vision, Ability, Energy. He must be just and reliable. Finally he must *do*. According to the degree in which these four characteristics are equally present in a man so will he be a successful Leader.

Why must he have Faith? What is Faith? It is not belief as so many people seem to think. It is something totally different from belief. It is a principle, a kind of sixth sense by which a man becomes conscious of and knows things beyond the comprehension of reason. For example, a good Leader must not merely believe, but he must know that there is good in everybody. If he only believes that, sooner or later he will begin to doubt whether certain people are not bad all through. The moment he wavers he ceases to lead. Belief is not enough. It is axiomatic that a Leader must have vision. An axiom is an obvious truth which does not require proof. There are two ancient and familiar statements of this particular axiom. One is "Where there is no vision the people perish." The other is "If the blind lead the blind, both will fall into the ditch."

The necessity for the other five characteristics will be admitted readily. You can test a man for leadership by asking four questions about him. Does he command (1) affection; (2) trust; (3) admiration; (4) respect? Apply the test to all the political, religious, industrial and labour leaders you know. How many will stand it?

"They who will not be 'ruled by the rudder'
May someday be 'ruled by the rock.'"

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Murmansk: A Pen Picture.

The writer of the following article, Miss Rhoda Power, was living at Rostov, in the South of Russia, during the first revolution. She was also there when the Bolshevist counter revolution broke out and she witnessed the fighting between the Cossacks and the Bolshevist Red Guards.

She describes her experiences in a book entitled: "Under Cossack and Bolshevist," which has recently been published, and in simple language free from "parti pris" or political bias, she paints a gruesome, saddening picture of what civil war means. Drink, theft, lust, murder, these are the accompaniments of revolution; every morality is overthrown, and the human becomes a mere destroying animal.*

There is much to be said for the revolutionaries in Russia. All progress was repressed under the Czarist regime, and the poorer classes were treated with terrible cruelty or heartless neglect, but as a political experiment, Bolshevism has failed. It has brought about neither material prosperity nor liberty to the people: on the contrary, it has created a horrible, blind, furious terror, in which neither honour nor life is held sacred.

This book should be read by everyone, but particularly by those who talk so lightly of revolution and Bolshevism. It contains a bare recital of what has actually taken place, and the facts are not pleasant reading.

It is tempting to think that these things could not come to pass in this country, that "we are not as other men are." In Russia, after the overthrow of the Czar, the servants said "It is the liberty, we will not work after three o'clock." That was the beginning of Bolshevism—unrestrained liberty. Do not certain events in one's own country to-day offer a striking analogy?

"HOW extraordinarily melancholy," said my companion. We were refugees from South Russia, and we were travelling towards Murmansk, where we hoped to find a boat. White snow stretched before us, and the grey water reached as far as the horizon, where it seemed to merge into the grey sky. There was no colour anywhere. The very trees seemed lifeless, and their gaunt branches gave the hills a pitiless look.

The conditions under which we were travelling did not help to dissipate the feeling of depression created by our surroundings. We were in a Russian fourth-class carriage. The seats were wooden and dirty. There were no sanitary arrangements, and we were so crowded that many of us were obliged to sit on the floor or remain standing up all night.

We were tired when we arrived at Murmansk, and bitterly disappointed in the appearance of the town, which was desolate in the extreme. Wooden huts were scattered on the hill, and there seemed to be no nice houses except those of the British Consulate, French Mission and local Soviet. The latter was appropriately painted red. There were two good roads, and the rest of the ground was stubble, mud, sand, and snow. Here and there, in places where it would have been impossible to walk, rough planks had been thrown so as to form paths. Bully-beef and sardine tins were scattered in untidy heaps by the railway lines and on the hillside. The station, if it can be described by so dignified a name, was in a state of chaos. Trains, engines, and cattle-wagons covered the lines, and every now and then were shunted into another place in order to make room for a later arrival. The trains were not empty. They were used as movable hotels for the officers who lived in the district. The cattle-wagons, too, were converted into offices and boarding-houses, and by dint of a little camouflage made quite respectable dwelling-places. Once I was wandering among the railway lines and I was

* *Under Cossack and Bolshevist,*" by Rhoda Power, Methuen & Co. Ltd., London.

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startled to hear a gramophone playing the "Star-Spangled Banner." I peeped into the cattle-wagon whence the sounds came and saw a young American sitting cross-legged upon an orange-box. "Welcome to the Red Triangle," he said, laughing, and I realised that the Y.M.C.A. had got as far as the Arctic. It seems rather wonderful, but *I* had long ago ceased being surprised, so took it as a matter of course.

At the time there were a great many refugees in the town, in addition to those who had fled from Petrograd and starvation to a place which they knew was being provisioned by the Allies. The latter lived in tiolooshkas, or Russian vans with folding doors and stoves, which, under the old régime, were used for conveying soldiers from place to place.

The other refugees, who were waiting for a boat to take them home, were accommodated in low wooden sheds, built by the North Russian workmen, who are skilled in the use of the axe. These sheds were called barracks, and were divided into horse-boxes. Each held about a hundred and fifty persons, who slept on wooden planks, two in a horse-box. People were mixed together indiscriminately, and privacy could only be maintained by hanging up coats and rugs, as the partitions were very low.

The shed in which I and my friend lived was infested with lice, and we were only able to keep it clean by scrubbing the walls and floor three times a day with carbolic soap in a solution of corrosive sublimate. All the windows were sealed, and as we had two stoves going night and day and housed two hundred and seven people, the atmosphere was unbearable, and illness, including smallpox, soon broke out. The contrast between the temperature of the shed and the intense cold outside caused people to get influenza. They were so undernourished that they had not the strength to withstand infection, and some of them died of pneumonia. It was pathetic to see little groups of people following the stretcher-bearers to the graveyard. When we had arrived this cemetery was but a small collection of crosses. When we left it had grown much larger, and the boundary stretched far down the hill.

Foodstuffs could not be bought, as there were no shops except a co-operative store, organised by the Bolsheviks for their own people. The Allies imported everything except the black game, reindeer venison, and ptarmigan, eaten by the native peasants. We each received a ration of bully-beef, biscuit, tea, and sardines, but bread was scarce, and tinned milk was only given to invalids and children. Vegetables, of course, were unknown.

The atmosphere round the barracks was most unpleasant, as refuse was thrown into wooden boxes which stood near at hand, and, even during the cold weather, the smell which issued from these cases was appalling. Dirty water was emptied into a moat round the barracks and stagnated until it was removed. And in this cess-pool children floated paper boats or played at fishing until a case of typhoid was discovered, and such games were consequently forbidden.

Life was a little dull, but our boredom was occasionally relieved by amateur traders, who gave untold sums of money for valueless articles. The Russian peasants and the Chinese workmen, who were employed on the railway line, used to stroll through the barracks daily, bargaining with the inmates, who sold them old clothes and household utensils. They had so few possessions and could buy nothing at Murmansk, so they gave quantities of roubles, which were of no use to them, in exchange for worn garments and crockery. The refugees, I am afraid, did a lot of profiteering. It added interest to an otherwise monotonous life, and helped to restore their good temper, which had been destroyed by white nights, bugs, and undernourishment.

White nights sound attractive, and "The Land of the Midnight Sun" is a title romantic enough. But in reality the perpetual day was wearisome, and we could not get accustomed to it. People were amused at the refugees' delight when they arrived in Newcastle at nightfall.

RHODA POWER.

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Home Notes.

THE "CASSON OFFICE COURSE" LECTURES.

A series of lectures to the office staff, following the subjects treated in the Casson Office Course, was started on the 29th April by Mr. Entwistle, who gave the first lecture on "Yourself." Mr. Williams took the chair. Mr. Entwistle's subject was the building of character, and he dealt with the development of the inherent instincts with which we are endowed. The only fault to be found with Mr. Entwistle commencing the series—especially with so lofty a subject—is that his overpowering elocutionary attainments rather tended to make subsequent speakers nervous and uncertain—at least that was the effect until the introduction of a little lively by-play between the lecturer and one or two of his audience had the effect of removing the sense of (shall we say) ponderosity. His rendering of Kipling's "If" was fine.

The second lecture of this series, on "Office Conditions," was given by Mr. F. C. Howarth, and particular reference was made to our own office conditions. Both the lecture and the discussion which followed fell naturally into two parts—conditions for which the employer was responsible and conditions created by the workers, special attention being given to the influence of the mind over conditions and the mental attitude of the worker towards his job. Evidence was not wanting of the interest aroused by the first lecture, and the question "What is loyalty?" was again raised and vigorously discussed. Mrs. Swindells was in the chair, and in her concluding remarks she stated that the conditions which obtained in the office did not cause her any disturbance of mind, but that the mental and bodily condition of the office workers was a greater source of anxiety.

Mr. Allen's address on "Office Machinery" the following week was well attended. Mr. Gibson was in the chair. This lecture was a very able sketch of the growth and development of mechanical devices and appliances for office work. Mr. Allen dealt particularly with the human factor in relation to office machinery, and emphasised the necessity for an increasingly high standard of intelligence and training for office workers. Mr. Allen has a subtle if somewhat caustic humour, and he contrived to make what might easily have proved a dry subject unusually interesting.

Growing interest in the lectures was marked by the increased attendance at the fourth, when Mrs. Cudworth spoke on "Accuracy." Mr. Entwistle occupied the chair. Mrs. Cudworth's lecture was prepared with characteristic care and thoroughness. Errors of commission and omission were reviewed and illustrated by concrete examples of mistakes actually made. In the discussion which followed "Office Conditions" were again brought forward as having a distinct bearing on the worker's ability to be accurate. The proceedings were enlivened by the presence of the laboratory staff, who mustered in full force, confident that the subject of "Accuracy" was one in which the last word lay with them. This formidable array of intellect and erudition did not appear to disconcert Mrs. Cudworth at all, and when the chief chemist attempted to obtain from her a scientific definition of Accuracy she treated him to an exhibition of feminine logic which reduced him to a state of baffled impotence, and the threatened attack did not develop.

"Office Planning."—The fifth lecture was delivered by Mr. F. Bussy, under the presidency of Mr. J. Brierley. The lecturer largely disarmed criticism at the outset by stating that "Whatever we do, it is impossible to stamp out the mark of individuality." Not that he advocated any attempt should be made to do this, but he was emphasising the need to study jobs in their true relationship to the whole of the organisation. The lecturer very ably contended for planning office work, showing in detail how "planning ensures the right person

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in the right place, doing in the right way the right thing at the right time. . . . Planning works to standards. It does not demand of any individual more than the studied standard ; it is not sweating ; it does not entail loss of individuality." It develops the latent powers of the individual, and tends to an intelligent, orderly and efficient result.

WORKS' MAGAZINES IN THE LIBRARY.

Our exchanges with the Editors of other House Organs grows apace, and the following list may be of service to students. Any of these Journals may now be borrowed of Mr. A. Rowland-Entwistle, who acts in the capacity of Librarian :—

1. "BIRCH QUARTERLY," *by* John Birch & Co. Ltd. (Engineers), London.
2. "BOYS' WELFARE JOURNAL," *by* the Boys' Welfare Association, London.
3. "BRIGHTS' MAGAZINE," *by* John Bright & Brothers Ltd., Rochdale.
4. "CHEAP STEAM," *by* Ed. Bennis & Co. Ltd., Bolton.
5. "FOR YOU," *by* Ford Motor Co. (Eng.) Ltd., Manchester.
6. "HIGHAM'S MAGAZINE," *by* Charles F. Higham Ltd. (Advertising & Systems Experts), London.
7. "HOUSE MAGAZINE," *by* Stanley Wm. Hymans (Manufacturers of Woollen, Worsted & Cotton Piece Goods), Bradford.
8. "IMPRESSIONS" (Business Magazine), *by* G. E. Whitehouse, Edinburgh.
9. "KAHNCRETE ENGINEERING," *by* The Trussed Concrete Steel Co. Ltd., London.
10. "MACHINE TOOL REVIEW," *by* Alfred Herbert Ltd., Coventry.
11. "OUR REFLECTOR," *by* Arthur Lyon & Wrench Ltd. (Motor & Electrical Engineers), London.
12. "POWER PLANT TRANSMITTER," *by* The Claughton Co., Manchester.
13. "PROGRESS," *by* Lever Brothers Ltd., Port Sunlight.
14. "RUBBER LEAVES," *by* the London Rubber Co., Aberdeen.
15. "SENTINEL NEWS," *by* the Sentinel Wagon Works Ltd., Shrewsbury.
16. "THE ACCESSORY," *by* James Thomson & Son (Motor Factors) Ltd., Edinburgh.
17. "THE APPRENTICE," *by* the British Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co. Ltd., Manchester.
18. "THE BOURNEVILLE WORKS MAGAZINE," Bourneville.
19. "THE B.-P.," *by* Boulton & Paul Ltd., Aircraft Works, Norwich.
20. "THE C.W.M.," *by* Rowntree & Co. Ltd., York.
21. "THE DELECTA MAGAZINE," *by* The Watford Manufacturing Co. Ltd., Watford.
22. "THE EFFICIENCY MAGAZINE" (Business Systems), *by* Herbert N. Casson.
23. "THE HAND AND HEART MAGAZINE" (so named from Trade Marks), *by* Samuel Osborn & Co. Ltd., Clyde Street Steel Works, Sheffield.
24. "THE JOURNAL OF THE FARADAY HOUSE ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING COLLEGE."
25. "THE JOYSTICK," *by* A. V. Roe & Co. Ltd., Newton Heath, Manchester.
26. "THE KALAMAGAZETTE," *by* Morland & Imply Ltd. (Loose Leaf Book Specialists), Birmingham.
27. "THE KELSALL," *by* Kelsall & Kemp's Ltd. (Woollen Manufacturers), Rochdale.
28. "THE LINK," *by* Robinson & Sons Ltd. (Manufacturers of Ambulance Supplies and Cardboard boxes), Chesterfield.
29. "THE M. & C. APPRENTICES' MAGAZINE," *by* Mavor & Coulson (Electrical Engineers), Glasgow.

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CHORAL SOCIETY.

The Choral Society gave a concert to the wounded soldiers at the Ambulance Drill Hall on April 14th. Solos were rendered by Miss Annie Waugh, Miss Ivy Royds, Mr. Stott, and Mr. J. Rossitter. Mr. B. Rowley was the conductor and accompanist. An appreciative vote of thanks was accorded by the soldiers at the close of the concert.

It has been decided to discontinue rehearsals during the Summer, and the Society meantime is arranging to have a few rambles. The next rehearsal will be on September 8th.

ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

Rehearsals are suspended until next Winter, when it is hoped that there will be several additional members. Any employee of Turner Brothers Asbestos Co. Ltd. or Samuel Turner and Co. Ltd. who is an instrumentalist is invited to join. The Society is particularly in need of wood-wind instrumentalists.



"TURNERS' OWN" WHITSUNTIDE CAMP.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The Summer season was commenced on April 24th, when a social was held. The certificates awarded as a result of the examination held last Winter by Miss Elsie Fogarty, L.R.A.M., were presented by Mrs. James Brierley. Several new members joined the Society, which has now got to work in good earnest. The following plays for examination performances to be held next Autumn are under rehearsal: "Op-o-me-Thumb" (Cockney Comedy); "Maker of Dreams" (Poetical Phantasy); "Miss Tassy" (Tragedy); "Domestic Problem" (Comedy); "Compromising Martha" (Comedy); "Augustus in Search of a Father" (Comedy). In addition it is intended to work at a Greek tragedy, "Hippolytus."

The Society is arranging to give a show at Birch Hill during the month to the soldiers, and also at a Garden Party to be held in the grounds of "One Ash."

It is hoped that many more members will join, but it must be remembered that in a Society of this kind regular and punctual attendance is necessary, or the whole work is upset.

XIX. ROCHDALE

"TURNERS' OWN" BOY SCOUTS.

Since the last report much good work has been done, and now that the night school classes are over it is pleasing to note that the boys are again taking up the work in earnest.

The troop has been reformed and is now about 25 strong. It is understood that several boys are anxious to join the troop, but do not know the routine. Will all such boys who are anxious to take up the work seriously arrange to meet the Scoutmaster in the Club Room at Hallilwell-street any Wednesday evening after 7-30?

On Empire Day the troop took part in a joint parade of all juvenile organisations in Rochdale and district. It should be encouraging to the lads to know that many complimentary remarks were passed regarding the smartness of "Turners' Own."

The competition for the Champion Flag has been revived, and will take place on July 26th. Teams have been chosen, and it is hoped that the boys will continue their training, making a determined effort to enable the troop to become the holders of the flag.

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The Whitsuntide Camp, held at Calderbrook, was attended by 25 boys. It speaks well for the spirit of the boys, as despite the soaking which attended the outward journey, and the subsequent downpour on the Friday morning, the business of erecting camp was conducted throughout with a cheery optimism. The boys got their reward, the sun broke through the clouds by Friday noon, and thence each day glorious sunshine prevailed. Situated as it was, among the hills, out in the open, the camp afforded an excellent opportunity for the boys to enjoy themselves in a manner fittingly Scout-like. And right well they did it. All kinds of games—with the Scouts' principle underlying them—were indulged in. Open-air is an excellent appetiser, and the way the boys attacked the various rations was a wonder to behold. On Sunday there was Church Parade; the boys attended service at St. James's Church, Calderbrook. Camp was struck after tea on Monday, the boys arriving home about 9 p.m. During the whole of the Camp not a single hitch occurred, and all the boys voted it the best camp yet held.



"TURNERS' OWN" AT MESS.

GIRL GUIDES.

5th ROCHDALE "TURNERS."

Following on the report in the last issue, it is gratifying to record that the six Guides who took the "Child Nurse" examination were successful in obtaining the Badge. The lectures were delivered by Mrs. Swindells, of the Employment Division.

Five of the Guides attended a 7 a.m. Sunrise Service held in May on Cronkeyshaw Common.

Our Company took part in the Empire Day Parade.

On June 7th the Guides were again invited to Crimble Cottage, Bamford, by Mr. and Mrs. Williams. The day was ideal, and the Guides had a "right royal time."

ALLOTMENTS.

There is every indication that good crops will be yielded. At the time of writing we have had over five weeks of continuous fine weather, and rain is badly required.

Attention is directed to the necessity of all allotment holders keeping a close watch on their potatoes, and to report immediately the least sign of any disease. It is not anticipated that there will be any trouble this year, seeing that the varieties were guaranteed immune, but the Committee advises close attention to this matter.

A sub-committee has been appointed to make all the necessary arrangements for an Exhibition of Vegetables similar to that held last year. Immediately possible, full information will be posted.

GENERAL.

EMPLOYEES' FANCY DRESS DANCE.

Inspired by the success of the Fancy Dress "Victory" Dances organised respectively by the Office and Works, and reported in the last number of "ASBESTOS," it was decided to have a Fancy Dress Dance, comprising both the Works and Office. The question of numbers had previously been the obstacle, but

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the Committee who had charge of the arrangements was fully equal to the occasion, and everyone seemed to have a really enjoyable time.

Amongst those present were several employees who had been demobilised after service with the forces, and it proved an opportune time for renewing the acquaintance of old friends and colleagues. An invitation to act as judge had been sent to Captain H. R. Turner, who had only a few days previously returned after an absence of over four years' service. Mrs. H. R. Turner was also one of the judges, and Captain and Mrs. A. W. Kay-Menzies gave assistance in this most difficult task, the costumes being exceptionally good.

The successful competitors were received on the platform by Sir Samuel and Lady Turner. After a few appropriate words Sir Samuel presented the prizes. The prizes were valued 15/- each, and judging from the applause which greeted the announcement it was obvious that the following awards were merited: Ladies—Mrs. F. Brierley (Carmen), Mrs. F. Thomasson (Bubbles), Miss C. Ogden (Bathing); Gentlemen—Mr. R. B. Broughton (Cowboy), Mr. D. Rhodes (Nelson), Mr. D. Rowbottom (Charlie Chaplin).

Messrs. Whitham, Cryer, and Diggle were the M.C.'s, and Messrs. Percy and Cheetham had charge of the electric and limelight arrangements. Mr. W. Belfield acted as secretary. Mr. A. Porter's String Band provided the music.

The Dance was a great success both financially and socially. As a result £20 has been handed over to a fellow-worker who a short time ago had the misfortune to lose a limb through illness, to enable him to obtain an artificial limb.

THE PLAITING DIVISION Social Club held a successful social on Saturday, April 12th, at the Julia Street Club. Mr. P. Alston was the M.C. On May 31st they had an enjoyable outing to New Brighton. Leaving Rochdale at 2-20, Liverpool was reached at 3-45, and the ferry boat to New Brighton was a welcome change to the railway journey. Home was reached at 10-10.

THE RUBBER MAKING DIVISION held their annual tea party and social at the Provident Hall on April 12th. About 130 employees were present. After an excellent tea the evening was spent in games and dancing. In addition songs were rendered by Mr. W. Chaffer, Mr. Fred Hicks, Miss Edith Clegg and Mrs. Rigg. Messrs. F. Hampson and G. Carruthers were the M.C.'s.

A FOOTBALL INTER-WORKS COMPETITION for medals, which was promoted by the Comrades of the Great War, Castleton Branch, was entered by a team representing T.B.A. Co. All the matches were played at Castleton on week nights. A char-a-banc was requisitioned to convey the players and supporters to the matches. In the first round (T.B.A. v. Marland Spinning Co.) the result was a win for T.B.A. by five goals to nil. T.B.A. were victorious also in the second round, when they met the Ensor Spinning Company. In high spirits and full of confidence the team went once again to play in the semi-final against Orr's of Castleton. What the result was is shrouded in mystery; suffice to say that conversation regarding the subject is confined to the first two matches.

TRAFFORD PARK.

The meagreness of the reports under this head has been commented upon, and we desire to say that we are entirely dependent upon Secretaries and Organisers of Educational and Social movements for such information of their doings and intentions as will permit of representation in EACH *issue. The note may be written as roughly as need be—the facts are all that is required.*—ED.

RAMBLING CLUB.—Glorious weather welcomed the T.B.R.C. on their first ramble on Saturday, May 31st. Meeting at Trafford Park Gates, they made their way, *via* Seymour Grove, to Northenden. Here they spent a glorious afternoon, enjoying games and boating to their hearts' content.

We anticipate a ramble every month, and as the Rochdale district has several

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delightful spots we think it would be of mutual benefit to all concerned if we could arrange to meet and have a joint afternoon, say from Jericho to Ashworth Valley, this being on the Rochdale Road. Now Rochdale, here's your chance.

What's this we hear! Trafford Park to have a Field Day—sports, games, dancing on the green, etc. Gee whiz! things are looking bright. What we want to know is—how soon, when, and where?

FIRE BRIGADE.—Practices for the above are still going strong. We hope in the near future to hold Works Competitions.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT ASSOCIATION.

Instituted on January 20th, 1919, the initial paper was given by Mr. Connolly on the subject of "Management." The principal points enunciated were:—(1) The vital function of education in the reconstruction of industry, and the necessity of educating the workers in the principles of scientific method of production; (2) the necessity of raising the workers to the highest level of efficiency and of obtaining co-operation between employer and employee if the best results are to be obtained—this involving a higher standard of payment than that in practice before the war; (3) it is essential that those in managerial positions should have fully absorbed the principles of scientific management before the education of the operators is embarked upon; (4) failure inevitable unless scientific management is treated as a whole; (5) desirability of analysing managerial problems and dividing them into simple elements, *e.g.*, time equals cost, therefore increased output equals reduced cost, or decreased output equals higher cost; (6) two people rarely work together efficiently unless scientifically trained; (7) the first thing to do in initiating a campaign of efficiency is to systematise the factory and analyse and divide the departments into their elements; (8) the value of a routine index.

The foregoing provided ample matter for keen discussion, which was carried on to February 3rd, to the mutual benefit of all concerned.

The "Indispensable."

"Years ago the ideal of every loyal office worker was to be indispensable. He took to himself as many duties as he could—usually more than he could possibly do. Then he worked overtime, took work home, and finally ruined his eyesight and his health.

"Such an office worker was well-meaning, faithful and competent; but he had a wrong conception of his duties. He did not understand the principles of organisation.

"In reality, he was not helping his firm. He was hampering its growth. He was dwarfing it to the limits of his own personal attention. He was trying to be indispensable, instead of trying to be useful.

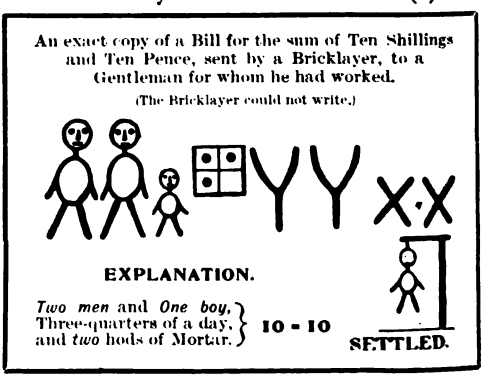
"One of these indispensable clerks once said—'When I die there will be a mess.' Thus, you see, he was building his job around himself. He was not making it an organic part of his firm, as he should have done.

"No matter who comes or goes, the company must go on. That is the basic reason why we must have specialisation.

"No worker should be indispensable. Every one should have an understudy. Every worker should have some one behind him who is ready to take his place, so that no matter who falls out the organisation will not be broken."

—*Casson.*

The Way to settle "Bill"(s).



A BRICKLAYER'S BILL.—The woodcut, of which the above print is a reduced copy, was cut from a newspaper when a girl by an old Herne Bay lady who was born about the year 1800.—*From "The Building World."*

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On Bearing Malice.

Only the smallest soul will stoop to feed the fires of perpetual resentment.

However grievous may appear the injury done to us by a hurtful or lying tongue, by unjust and unmerited criticism, by a cruel misconception of our motives and our acts, it is as nothing compared with the injury we inflict upon ourselves when we continue to bear malice against the offender. It is a moral gangrene that we must cut out of our souls—relentlessly as the surgeon's knife. It poisons the well of friendship and undermines our own self-respect. It sets rigid limits to our spiritual growth.

The best of friends have their misunderstandings; are sometimes guilty of refined cruelty one to the other; but the best of friends build their friendships on a rock that remains fixed and immutable against the surging waves of sudden, passionate anger; of violent outbursts of uncharitableness or unreasoning wrath.

To bear permanent malice is to rule out all possibility of real friendship in our lives.

Friendship must *give*—give royally; and most of all, it must give that wealth of loving charity which forgives all because it understands all.

When we make that our standard of human judgments, we shall be incapable of cherishing resentment.

And with the passing of years, as we grow in the grace of charity, we shall draw to our side, in an ever closer bond of unity, those who have sought to hurt us, until they see with us, eye to eye; until they feel, with us, that friendship is too precious—and life much too short—to bear malice.

Impressions.

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