

Lorne McGibbon as one of the most powerfully aggressive. And he is only forty-two years of age.

But as to the Sunday afternoon. I was to see him at his house—20 Ontario Ave., just off Sherbrooke, and next to the new Art Gallery. A big red-brick house; not outwardly aesthetic, but decidedly roomy, elegant and comfortable—and the owner was not alone; some visitor in the sun room—so I went upstairs to another sun-room balcony, and indulged in a few stray cigarettes left there for visitors until he came up.

A big, cheery, swinging sort of man, with a grey check suit; he was soon talking in the kind of voice that has done a good deal to concentrate the attention of other men. He sat sideways and did not smoke. I had dismissed all notion of asking him about rubber or boots and shoes or felts or white-wear.

Yet at bottom McGibbon is a trader. He knows values. He spoke with half-amused interest of his early days at Medicine Hat, when he had set up opposition to Tweed. I imagine that if to-morrow he were to be cut loose from the big interests in the East, he could pack his trunk for any old town on the prairies and do it all over again.

A restless, partly ruminative sort of man; once in a while he closed his eyes as he ran over in his mind the things that would most likely interest other people. I'm not sure that it seemed to him like anything marvelous. Certainly he had no high-brow elevations, and made no effort to impress me with the mystery of making money.

"In fact the mere money cuts a very small figure," he said. "It's the game!"

And he whacked the arm of his chair. McGibbon has an oddly dominant way of emphasizing his convictions by hammering a chair or a table or poking his fingers into your collar-bone with the energy of a prize-fighter. And this candid, outspoken, hurdle-jumping aggressiveness has done a great deal to put him where he is.

"Business is a grand game," he repeated.

"And not a gamble"—was just on the edge of reply, when he swung into a dissertation:

"Arm-chair methods are no use. In this country a man must get out into the open. There's too much of the eternally interesting about business problems in Canada for a really effective man to be anywhere but on the trail. But I can't teach another man how to make money. That's personal—"

"And you have certain characteristics that you had to develop; had them in a crude way when you were a lad. How did you develop them?"

He rapidly ran over his career.

"But there's nothing in a mere outline like that to instruct anybody. The real thing is in fighting up. I believe in obstacles. If a man gets things easy he's the loser."

Nothing stagey about him; he didn't bite a cigar and look fixedly at an imaginary spot on the floor. He had no tragedy to unfold. It was a story of cheerful optimism and hard slambanging into the teeth of things. Certainly he said nothing by way of bravado; nor did he give me any idea that there were any mystery-cabinet tricks about getting on in the world. But emphatically he made it clear—that he believes profoundly in himself; which is a sort of unmistakable and necessary egoism; also that he has a shrewd instinct for the value of other men.

"You don't believe in being a dictator?"

"I'd be a fool if I did. Any man that believes in the qualities that make his own success ought to make a dead set on the peculiar capabilities of other men. This is an age of co-operation."

"How does that affect consolidations?"

"It's just about the whole gospel."

"How do you work it out?"

"By going opposite to the conventional ideas about business-building."

"For instance—?"

"The average axiom is—develop a job or wait for one to turn up, and find a man to do the job."

"How do you work that on the reverse?"

"Simple enough. First get the man—and find a job to suit him. If the job doesn't exist—create one."

"But of course that means studying men."

"And that's the whole basis of business as well as of politics. If I didn't study men I might as well quit. Heavens, haven't you seen businesses enough run by mere systems? Isn't it a commonplace to find the head of a business studying up how to instal somebody else's system or one he reads about in a magazine or a trade paper? What's the result? In a large percentage of cases absolute or comparative failure—unless along with the system you have the right kind of men to operate it. It's the creative element in men that evolves the only kind of system that can ever be useful in a business. All this ready-to-wear, hand-

me-down theory of making business systems and getting men to fit them—well some men may be able to work it. I can't. And if I could, do you think there'd be any real game in it? Aren't men more interesting than systems? Isn't the biggest problem of all how men evolve the way to work a thing out?"

And he slugged the chair again.

I had heard Van Horne say a similar thing a few days before; not with McGibbon's peculiar emphasis of almost exaggeration. In fact it's the way McGibbon has of putting on the accent and once in a while the loud pedal with the tubas that makes the piece he plays so confoundingly interesting. Of course a man minus a million might say the same thing and never carry it out; or the proprietor of a small shop might carry out the principle of men first, job second—and never be noticed. It's the fact of a man at the head of huge consolidations that he has effected by methods peculiar to his own personality in conjunction with other people's, that makes the fascination of the McGibbon way.

Oh, it's quite possible that D. Lorne has a number of business flaws in his herculean makeup; and that it sometimes takes the wisdom of other men to balance him up. But if he gets into co-operation with the kind of men able to do that sort of thing—why that's probably what he got them for.

"Mistakes?" he repeated in a loud tone. "Well I guess I've made my share. I wouldn't give much for a man that hasn't. It's by facing the facts and frankly recognizing our mistakes that we get ahead at all. But if possible I never make the same error twice. I learn my lesson. I can recall some infernally bad mistakes that I made before I had enough intuition developed to keep me clear of them. And you bet I'll never forget them!"

We talked of the smooth sort of sixth sense a man gets in business, whereby through experience he is able to see at a glance what years before he had to take home with him over night, and spell out with his wife—and then not do it or leave it undone as he should.

"Well I think I have a fair degree of that sort of sense," he said, cautiously. "I know—as vividly as though it were this morning—how more than once I've been confronted with a proposition that to everybody else round the table looked *bona fide* and as solid as a rock. But from something some-

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Early Morning Parade of Lethbridge Cadets at Calgary Camp, Which Closed July 10th.

Will the Cadet Movement Succeed?

By W. A. CLARKE

ALL Canada is wondering whether or not the Cadet movement will be a success. Cadet camps are being held this summer under the kindly guardianship of the Militia Department. Will this promote the movement or will it retard it? This is the question which must be answered.

There is no doubt of the primary fact—the Cadet movement is attracting more attention to-day in all parts of the Empire than it ever did. The whole British people seem to have turned to this as a training school for the militia. Conscription, or forced service, which takes men away from their life's work for three or more years, as practised on the continent, is apparently quite incompatible with the British character. Therefore in trying to work out the system of voluntary service, the people of the British Empire had to face the problem of getting voluntary recruits. The general experience of recent years indicates that if a boy of fourteen or eighteen can be induced to serve in Cadet corps

he is much more likely to become a volunteer militiaman later on. So, in all parts of the British Empire Cadet corps are being encouraged.

The two places in Canada where the Cadet movement has been strongest are Toronto and Winnipeg. In Toronto, of course, the movement is older than in Winnipeg, but, population considered, the movement is as strong in Winnipeg as in Toronto. In Toronto there were two movements—a Cadet movement in the public schools, which was confined mainly to elementary drill of the boys. The other was the Church Boys' Brigade, which was started among the Anglican churches. The latter movement was largely due to Rev. Mr. Starr, of Norway, Ont., who is now Canon in St. George's Cathedral, Kingston. Sir Henry Pellatt was the chief military patron. Later on the Cadet movement in the schools absorbed the Boys' Brigade, and the senior Cadets of the public schools were given uniforms.

No other part of the Empire has gone as far in the Cadet movement as has Australia, where it is compulsory for all boys between sixteen and eighteen to be trained. That is the first step in what is called universal service, and at eighteen the boy passes into the militia. In Canada there is no connection between the Cadet corps and the militia, but the recent military conference at Ottawa discussed the advisability of following the Australian system to some extent. In Australia, last September, eighty-eight thousand boys between the ages of fourteen and eighteen were being trained as Cadets.

AN able summary of the advantages of the Cadet movement was given recently to the Empire Club, Toronto, by Mr. James L. Hughes, chief inspector of that city's public schools.

"I don't believe in any system of conscription," he said. "It is not British, not Canadian and not necessary. No one in Canada proposes that we should have conscription. But from eighteen to