

VIEWS AND INTERVIEWS.

Uses of
Waste Products.

In a way we live in an age noted for its extravagance. Yet no past age has given more attention to the intelligent utilization of what are considered the waste products of the earth. Doubtless the experiments sometimes made are chimerical, but it is only by experimenting we can learn what is what. A use is said to have been found for the sage brush of the Western plains, heretofore supposed to be one of the least serviceable things that grow. Its monotonous gray makes the depressing aspect of the desert worse than nothing. But an Idaho man thinks he has found what it is good for. By a lime process—boiling the branches—he gets a pulp which he says is equal to the best made from wood, and he believes he can sell the paper for four and a-half cents a pound at a fair profit.

Mill Made from
A Battleship.

In the year 1812, as readers of history know, a naval duel occurred between the American man-of-war Chesapeake, commanded by Captain Laurence, and the British frigate Shannon, commanded by Captain Broke. The battle resulted disastrously to the American vessel, its commander being killed, and the Chesapeake was carried off by the victors. The fate of the Chesapeake was curious. She is in existence to-day, as sound and staunch as the day she was launched, but is used in the inglorious capacity of a flour mill, and is making lots of money for a hearty Hampshire miller, in the little parish of Wickham, England. After her capture by Sir Philip B. V. Broke she was taken to England in 1814, and in 1820 her timber was sold to John Prior, miller, of Wickham, Hants. Mr. Prior pulled down his own mill at Wickham, and erected a new one from the Chesapeake timbers, which he found admirably adapted for the purpose. The deck beams were thirty-two feet long and eighteen inches square, and were placed unaltered horizontally in the mill. The purlins of the deck were about twelve feet long, and served without alteration for joists. Many of these timbers yet have the marks of the Shannon's grapeshot, and in some places the shot are still to be seen deeply embedded in the pitch pine.

Not All
Alike.

"I have lost all interest in advancing the work of this shop and my sole ambition is to put in ten hours per day and draw my pay Saturday night. I am entirely done with all ideas of trying to advance the interests of my employers by brain labor or improved methods of doing work. The firm has several of my devices which save it many hundred dollars per year. I have received several kicks, but no thanks, in connection with these matters; therefore, I am done with such business." This is the way an intelligent mechanic recently expressed himself. He was a good workman and a practical inventor. His effort had been to throw enthusiasm into his work, but it had met with no appreciation, and he had become soured. Forever after that man is likely to have a poor opinion of the employer of labor. Judging others by his own experience, he will consider all as simply task-masters, oppressors of the workingman, getting out of him everything that is possible, giving in return as little as he can, not even supplementing the pittance that may be paid by a word of kindness. Yet all employers are not alike. There are employers possessed with a generous supply of the milk of human kindness, whose thoughts are constantly working in lines that will help to make life more worth living to those who, by their enthusiasm, intelligence and labor, are no inconsequential factors in creating the fortune the employer is piling up. A broad sympathy, and a killing of the narrowness of view that too often takes hold of employer and employee, is what is wanted the world over between man and man. It pays—has paid where ever tried.

More About
The Sawdust Dump.

To what funny uses sawdust is put. The butcher uses it to give cleanliness to his shop floor. The fire has consumed much that has come from the sawmill. Senator Snowball has pictured to us the "sawdust dump" right under Parliament House, which adds so largely to the beauty of the Ottawa river. A few months ago we told in these columns of chemical experiments that were

being made, with the object of utilizing it in bread making. Last month we told about sawdust for building purposes. Some one with a mechanical turn now proposes to employ it as a filler in preparing house finish and furniture. The dust is selected to match the wood to be finished. If it be pine, pine dust is used, if oak chestnut or butternut, the dust of either may be used indiscriminately, if black walnut, then walnut dust, etc. It is first subjected to a baking process, by which all moisture is evaporated. The baking should be carried to a point as closely as possible to carbonizing without changing the color. It should then be put into a mortar dry and be subjected to continuous trituration or pounding until reduced to a flour. Much of the labor of trituration may be saved by running the dust through an ordinary portable farm grist mill, or even through a good coffee mill. The fine powder is applied precisely as is any other powdered filler, and it is said to possess this advantage over mineral or metallic fillers, that if baked just enough to kill the fibre, and used with pure, boiled linseed oil, it will not shrink when dry, and fall out, as will many of the mineral fillers. It is also claimed that where wood is darkened before filling, as in the treatment for antique effects, the filling can be darkened to correspond, either by submitting it to an alkali or acid bath of mild strength, before baking, or, much cheaper and easier, by carrying the baking process to a partially carbonizing degree. It is further claimed that ground with oil, non-resinous dust can be made into putty far superior to any other, as it will not shrink and needs no coloring, which renders it very desirable for painters' as well as glaziers' use. With success in this direction, there is reason to believe the dust can be utilized in mixing paints where wood tints are desired, or even for all the natural tints, by the addition of coloring matter. There is yet much of experiment and speculation as to the utilization of the waste material of the sawmill, and human ingenuity must be greatly at fault if it does not yet devise means to turn the bulk of it into articles of commerce.

Concerning
Mahogany.

In the March LUMBERMAN a brief account was given of the various woods of Honduras, one of which is Mahogany. In our day we think of mahogany most probably in connection with the manufacture of the finest grades of pianos. In England this wood is largely used for this purpose, and the class of pianos made from it are in unusual demand all over Europe. In its time mahogany has been used for all classes of furniture, from the common tables of village inns to the splendid cabinets of a regal palace. But the village inn of this country certainly displays its extravagance in other directions rather than mahogany tables. In "The Library of Entertaining Knowledge," published in London, Eng., in 1829 by Charles Knight (in their day Knight's popular volumes were widely read) some interesting facts are given concerning mahogany. The introduction into notice of mahogany appears to have been slow; the first mention of it was that it was used in the repair of Sir Walter Raleigh's ships at Trinidad in 1597. "Its finely variegated tints were admired, but in that age the dream of El Dorado caused matters of more value to be neglected. The first that was brought to England," says the writer, "was about the beginning of last century, a few planks having been sent to Dr. Gibbons, of London, by a brother, who was a West Indian captain. The Doctor was erecting a house on King street, Convent Garden, and gave the planks to the workmen, who rejected it as being too hard. The Doctor's cabinet-maker, named Wollaston, was employed to make a cabinet box of it, and as he was sawing up the plank he also complained of the hardness of the timber. But when the cabinet-box was finished it outshone all the Doctor's other furniture, and became an object of curiosity and exhibition. The wood was then taken into favor. Dr. Gibbons had a bureau made of it, and the Duchess of Buckingham another; and the despised mahogany now became a prominent article of luxury, and at the same time raised the fortunes of the cabinet-maker by whom it had been at first so little regarded." A single log of mahogany imported at Liverpool some years after weighed nearly seven tons, and was first sold for £378, resold for £525, and would, the account goes

on to say, have been worth £1,000 had the dealers been certain of its quality. The London Music Trades Journal, writing of the value of mahogany for pianofortes, says: "Spanish mahogany is decidedly the most beautiful, but occasionally, yet not very often, the Honduras wood is of singular brilliancy, and it is then eagerly sought for to be employed in the most expensive cabinet-work. A short time ago Messrs. Broadwood, who have long been distinguished as makers of pianofortes, gave the enormous sum of £3,000 for three logs of mahogany. These logs, the produce of one tree, were each about fifteen feet long and thirty-eight inches wide. They were cut into veneers of eight to an inch. The wood, of which we have seen a specimen, was peculiarly beautiful, capable of receiving the highest polish, and when polished, reflecting the light in the most varied manner, like the surface of a crystal, and from the many forms of the fibers offering a different figure in whatever direction it was viewed."

The Moloch
Of Modern Business.

Are we living too fast? The question is not new. But we go on living; have we settled the problem? Hardly, unless everyday observation more than belies the record. The LUMBERMAN is not given to moralizing. The aim of each paragraph written is to get at something thoroughly practical, but the observation of a neighbouring commercial journal "catches us" as having a very practical bearing, while possessing a strong moral coloring. "It was once the custom," says this representative of iron and steel, "to offer sacrifices to Moloch. The offerings to this gentleman were not of jewelry, vegetables or cash, but of human lives, served up on a hot coal or in a bloody basket. The altar of this man-eater was a shamle, in which the patriarch and the babe, the rich and the poor, the wise man and the fool, went into ashes and mincemeat without fear or a coroner's jury. We are fortunately living in better times. The butcher's shop is closed, and Moloch is out of business. The modern man is no longer served on a gridiron or a plate to a cannibal god. We are, however, doing some occasional whittling on the old block. In a refined and conventional fashion we are offering sacrifices of time, health and mentality to a modern Moloch. This last and improved edition of the man-eater is overwork. We live in a rapid age. The clock is too slow and the days too short. We spread a mile of life on a yard of time, and by burning the business candle at both ends the light goes out in the middle instead of at the bottom. Business is a race-horse seldom in the paddock, but mostly on the track. Everything moves under the spur and whip. In the totals of progress we have forgotten the invoices of human life. The commercial structure is immense and magnificent. We spread printers' ink in statistical Te Deums and are patriotically proud of our national supremacy. But under the superstructure is a catacomb and on the back page of business statistics an extended list of lunatics and invalids and a growing pile of undertakers' bills. Attention has been called to this fact by physicians and publicists, but the underground railway to asylums and cemeteries is still running on time and paying dividends. In the modern conditions of business, it seems to be necessary for some men to be sacrificed for the rest. They are pivotal in their different vocations. When the king-pin is missing the wagon stops. Such men labor beyond the limits of reason and the endurance of nature. Life is a file of invoices. Rest is simply an anxious man sandwiched for a few hours between two sheets, with broken nerves, delinquent health and spells of sleeplessness and nightmare. Artificial remedies are resorted to in order to postpone the usual catastrophe. Opiates, capsules and stimulants are used to stop the cracks in a leaky ship, with the usual finale, in a heavy cargo and a dead captain. There may be an excuse but there is no disguise for this fact. It is deplorably common. Overwork is becoming a public enemy. When business men are conscious of its encroachments on their vitality, they should wisely call a halt, not forgetting that even in this age of cupidity a bank account and a big business is no offset to premature exhaustion, a soft brain and a short life."

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