

JOSEPH'S COAT of MANY COLORS

JOSEPH'S coat of many colors has always been a mystery. Where did Jacob get the dyes? We are not told. But we infer that the sons of Jacob were not dependent on any foreign nation—like Germany—for the colors that went into Joseph's coat. The art of dyeing is evidently about as old as the race.

Subtract dyes from civilization, and what a drab thing it is! Even the Indians made dyes—mostly vermilion—an essential part of their regime; and they didn't pretend to be civilized at all. In all our development we have evolved nothing more wonderfully than the colors of civilization. Where the red men had but two or three primal colors, we have about three hundred variations on the rainbow. Women's clothing has long since outdone the flowers. Fashions have depended even more upon the dyemakers than upon the wearers. When war broke out, the world was in a blaze of colors—and we know now how abjectly dependent the world used to be upon Germany and Austria for much of its dyestuffs.

Among other nations, Canada is being hit, and hit hard, by the conditions which have developed in regard to dyes since the outbreak of the war. This is becoming more and more evident. One of the main reasons is traceable to England. Shortly after the outbreak of war the English manufacturing firm that first produced aniline dyes commercially threw up the sponge, and went into the production of fertilizers instead. But for that, Canada, and for that matter all other countries, would not be passing through the unsatisfactory conditions they are to-day.

It is only after years of dye-decadence that the most of us have been learning the importance of dyes. Most of us knew something of the dyeing operations which were carried on in the homes of the country. But few of us took the time to consider the place they occupied in industrial life. Some people never know there is a moon until an eclipse comes along. We know how important dyes are in

civilization because the world is slowly losing its color. And the colors we get are by no means as fast as they used to be. They cost more, but they don't last long. Sometimes they don't come anywhere near matching anything. If you are unconvinced of the degeneracy that has crept over the dye industry, just send a piece of goods to your local dyer with a sample of the color you want, and see if he comes anywhere near it. You may send a sample of burnt orange and not get a navy blue. But you are as like as not—after several telephone calls—to get something like a second cousin to a faded-out fawn.

So we are beginning to wake up to the fact that dyes count for a great deal in connection with practically every textile industry in the country. If there was no dyeing, there would be no color; and humanity, like the angels, would have to parade the streets in white; at any rate until its garments became soiled by the dust, smoke and grime of city life.

The principal difficulty dyers and textile manufacturers are experiencing is not in connection with the enhanced cost of dyes. The worst trouble is in regard to color-variety. In fact about the only kinds that can be said to be in anything like adequate supply are blacks. Fancy dyes are about as scarce as diamonds in a junk-heap. Even the colors possible to get other than blacks are not dependable. Textile manufacturers no longer guarantee permanence in the color of the goods they produce. The wholesaler, the retailer, the tailor, and the consumer have either got to take what they can get or go without it. And as the tweeds, worsteds and dress goods made under normal conditions have been practically all cleaned up, those wanting new garments have no other alternative but to take what they can get and be thankful.

Still another new development is in regard to what is termed merchant dyeing. When dyes were in adequate supply and moderate in price it was the practice of wholesale and retail houses to have piece goods that had been long enough in stock to get out of fashion dyed over in order to comply with the new conditions obtaining. This practice is now almost to the vanishing point on account of the heavily increased cost.

In Great Britain, due in part to the dye situation, as well as to scarcity of wool, textile manufacturers are being compelled to manufacture to a standard. Possibly manufacturers in Canada may ultimately be compelled to follow suit. Even as it is, men and women in Canada are, through force of circumstances, gradually being compelled to narrow the variety of the color of the garments they wear. Exclusive colors are going the same road as the Dodo—at least for a while.

IT is true that before the war Canada did not get all her aniline dyes direct from Germany. But over forty-three per cent. came direct from that country. And if that which we got from other countries had been earmarked we would have found that most of it had its origin in the land of the Huns.

Here is a little table

NOW that the peacock lustre is gradually fading out of civilization, we begin to wake up to the importance of dyes. Nature which invented the soap bubble, intended women at least to wear colors. If the war keeps up long enough we shall all be dressing in black and white.

By W. L. EDMONDS

which enables one, at a glance, to ascertain the extent of Canada's import trade in aniline dyes during the peace time of 1913 and the war time of 1917 and the variation which has taken place in it during the period covered by the figures given:

Imports of Aniline Dyes in 1913 and 1917.

From—	1917 in lbs.	1913 in lbs.
Great Britain	626,744	439,673
France	46,267
Germany	1,141,792
Switzerland	20,117	114,863
United States	1,131,296	665,560
Other Countries	33	2,265
Total	1,778,190	2,411,420

FROM the above it will be seen that the United States has about taken the place of Germany as a source of supply for aniline dyes, and in proportion to the total imports from all countries, even a greater place than the latter formerly occupied, being 63 per cent. of the whole. But while the United States has been able to supply us with a quantity so much larger than four years ago, she has been unable to supply us with the variety in either color or quality.

The trouble with the quality of the American dyes is that the color imparted to the article dyed is not as fast as that which was obtained from the German. Probably, however, this will be corrected in time, as the Americans are making a laudable effort to establish an aniline dye-making industry that will make them independent of Germany in the future. Down in Tennessee, for example, a town with a population of seven thousand has been created within the last three years as the result of the establishing of such an industry at that point.

In Canada we have so far done nothing in the way of establishing an industry for the making of aniline dyes, although every textile mill has a dyeing department in connection with its plant.

While during the four years the imports in aniline dyes from the United States have increased by about 70 per cent., and those from Great Britain by 42 per cent., yet the grand total from all countries was smaller last year than in 1913 by 633,230 pounds, a decrease of over 26 per cent., notwithstanding that the needs of the country have in the meantime increased.

But one of the most striking features in connection with the import trade in aniline dyes is the relative change in values. In 1913, for instance, when the quantity imported was 2,411,420 pounds, the import value was estimated at \$555,075. Last year, however, when the quantity was but 1,778,190 pounds, the value was \$1,847,878, an increase of \$1,292,823. In other words, while there was a decrease in the quantity of 26 per cent. there was a gain of 233 per cent. in the value.

Comparing the average import cost for the two periods, it will be found that whereas in 1913 it was about 23c, last year it ran to over a dollar per pound. But even this increase of over 333 per cent. does not fully represent the augmented prices which the dyeing establishments have to pay to-day for the dyes they use. The average, according to one of the leading authorities in the Dominion, is now approximately five dollars a pound compared with one dollar per pound in ante-bellum days.

FOOLED JONATHAN

SHE wanted an organ. Jonathan thought the melodeon would do till the mortgage was paid. Deadlock. The way out of it led through a quince orchard, in her dealings with which Martha showed that she had both determination and ingenuity

By THE EDITOR

was to gather about it the light of the unseen. It was to express to Martha herself the consummation of her love of country, of home, of God and of work. It was her own corner of Canada in the making.

The Grays had a spindle-leg melodeon. Martha yearned for an organ. The girls were to have lessons. Nothing but the best available would do. A piano she had never even heard. Her soul would be satisfied with a little organ which she had seen; a thing not much higher than the melodeon; none of those grandiose, musical sideboards that dominated so many farm parlors in later years, but a simple, compact combination of reeds, bellows and stops which would cost, as she found out, \$300.

"Hout, wummon!" protested Jon whenever she mentioned it. "That's for none but grand folks in brick houses wi' cornices at the gables and spruce edges round about. The melodeon'll do till we're done—I think so."

The cost was the only obstacle, as Martha knew. But all they could get in exchange for the melodeon would be \$20. Mortgage interest and taxes were never done. The organ would cost as much as summer fields and winter logs could fetch in a year.

"Ay, ay," he argued more diplomatically, fuzzling his chin. "But we be in need of wot's more use to uz than a horgan. It's a sewin' machine you want more, I tell you."

With which Martha disagreed. She could, as she said, do the needle work by hand as always she had done. She drove hard for the organ, backed sentimentally by all the family.

As Martha had a great desire, so she had a knack to meet it. Jon was harder to move than a green elm stump. But if Jon was stubborn, Martha was determined. He was without guile. Martha, honest as the day—was yet a woman. Wherefore she added to her determination a certain cunning. Having no idea how she would ever get him to hoard money to pay down on the organ, she nevertheless believed a way would open up.

Which came about this way: concerning a scraggy squad of quince trees

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