

eleven men. Now the pay-roll of the Drummonds in the iron and steel business totals nearly twelve thousand, and the production aggregates a million tons a year.

What a man believes about politics is sometimes part of his gospel of business; which in the case of some men is tantamount to the whole theory and practice of protective tariffs. Talking to some men about such matters means that what is good for the pocket of the manufacturer is equally good politics for the consumer. In the views enunciated by Mr. Drummond that rainy morning in his office concerning the politics of trade, there was no symptom of a man who has any conviction to suit his own interests that in the broadest possible way would not suit the interests of the people at large. In a general way George E. Drummond might be called one of the Canadian "big interests." And the bigness is according to the size of the men who have put their lives into the business.

"When I was importing iron and steel from the old country," he said, "I told the British manufacturers that the day might come before long when they would no longer be the iron kings of the world."

"They pooh-poohed. They always had led the world in iron production; always would do so. It was stuff and nonsense."

"Now—I think they understand."

"I told them that so far from holding the markets of the world—including the United States—the day might come when they would not even hold Canada."

"They laughed. It was bosh."

"I went further and begged them to establish plants in Canada producing from Canadian ore."

"They guffawed at the absurdity."

"Oh, I suppose they thought a mere colony couldn't be supposed to have iron ore; and as to developing an iron and steel industry of our own—it was as chimerical as doubting the law of gravitation."

Bit by bit, year after year, George E. Drummond has built up his fabric of political ideas just as he has developed his business. What was once raw material in the mine of a young man's mind is now the finished product in the brain of the matured political thinker. His political arguments, tested by any number of tons drop on a given length of bar, would be let through to go on the ties. From magnetite to steel rail he has put them through all the processes—Bessemer or open-hearth—and when they get through they are as sound Canadian arguments as the steel rails turned out at Sydney and the Soo are Canadian rails. Anybody who cares to try deflecting him from his way of thinking might better put in a while trying to bend a 100-lb. steel rail. He has no visions; is not carried away by imagination; keeps mere sentiment strictly out of business—as a man of iron should.

"The British preference is radically wrong," he said, in that same swift, but sledge-hammer, style. "It is based upon sentiment, which has little or nothing to do with business; certainly nothing with trade."

"Apart from sentiment what is the objection?"

"Bad economics. We must look at this thing broadly. No parochial methods will do."

"You mean—Imperially?"

"I believe it's the greatest thing in the world to be a citizen of the British Empire," he said, energetically. "It doesn't matter profoundly whether it's in Canada or Australia, or in the Himalayas or in South Africa. The Empire's the thing."

I BELIEVE that with a microscope one might have detected a trace of sentiment in that remark. But somehow Mr. Drummond is able to switch it back to economics. By the force of an economic argument he makes you forget that he began life with any necessarily preconceived notions of politics; that when he began to import iron and steel, in 1881, there was no British preference, and in all probability not likely to be.

"Then what would you state as a fair principle of preference in the Empire?"

Here he began to set forth the argument for a just measure of fiscal autonomy.

"My first belief is in Canada."

But there was no use hinting at independence. He was not beginning to dream about that. Evolution from what has been, and by common sense and hard work helping to make the evolution of what should be, is more the Drummond way.

"Every colony in the overseas dominion has its own peculiar commercial problems," he went on. "No cut-and-dried Imperial programme can fit them all. But the general principle that applies to all is—no preference anywhere that interferes with a dominion building up its own industries. That's the kind of autonomy I believe in."

"Then you don't believe that Great Britain is in

a position to give or accept preferences?"

"Not under free trade. Great Britain will never be able to evolve a system of just preferences—just to the whole Empire including herself—until she reforms her tariff."

Hence Mr. Drummond's part in the Max Aitken campaign and the Unionist cause. A Conservative by economics at home he is a Unionist in England. Not long ago he was vaguely credited with a desire to sit in the British House of Commons; but that will never happen—unless George E. Drummond changes his attitude towards this country.

"How would you convince Great Britain of what you say?"

"I think the overseas dominions will teach that. An Empire can't be held together on free trade and preferences. We shall have to teach the old country—protection."

"Can you suggest any machinery?"

"I believe in a Trade Commission for the Empire—composed of members from all parts of it."

"And as a sequel to that—what?"

"An Imperial Parliament. Yes, by all means."

"But what of the army and navy?"

"Just this—that Canada will never be on an even keel for reciprocal trade negotiations with Great Britain on a basis of protection, until she contributes her just share to both the army and the navy."

"Quite apart from sentiment?"

"As a matter of political ethics."

"And of course you don't believe in the Adjunct?"

"I believe in nothing that resembles or approximates to commercial union with the United States."

"What of the Americans in Canada?"

"They are the most ardent protectionists we have. Why do they come to Canada? Not merely for cheaper and better land. As much as anything to be delivered from the big interests on the other side."

On this head he freely endorsed the investment of American capital in Canadian enterprises.

"But more important than that," he said, "we need more and more British capital—just as I begged the iron men years ago to establish branches here."

He trundled out these clinchers with the absolute ease of a man who has spent a lot of his spare time away from business thinking out political problems; and when he had no time for spare time letting his business think for him. But somehow there seemed to be at least one possible incongruity that perhaps he had overlooked. I asked him:

"Believing in a protective autonomy for the Empire as you do, Mr. Drummond—is it logical at the same time to deny Home Rule to Ireland?"

HE was up in a moment. An Irishman himself he had been back to Ireland. He had seen the conditions and talked with the Irish people.

"And as a people they don't want that kind of Home Rule," he said. "They are not discontented. The Wyndham Land Purchase Act has worked well. The people are not clamouring for Home Rule. The leaders are. The people say—Let Redmond and O'Brien fight it out for themselves. At the same time if Ireland can be given the same kind of Home Rule that Quebec has—let them have it. Let Scotland and Wales and all the colonies have it. That's the only common-sense sort of Imperialism I know or would be bothered discussing. But the British connection—must be kept!"

And I am bound to say as I looked at the chunks of ore and the photographs of the power plants, and left this plain-thinking political demonstrator to his business—that he struck me after all as being very largely a man of sentiment.

The next article will deal with D. Lyne McGibbon, President of the Consolidated Rubber Co.

The City Editor

As He is Described by Magazine Writers and as He Really Is

By JAMES J. LARKIN

THE City Editor is an honourable man. In fact the City Editor is a politician, diplomat, base schemer, evangelist, scoundrel, fakir, task master, good sport, human dynamo, useless incumbent, public mystery and promising young man all rolled in one. He may be other things besides, but these are all I have ever heard any particular one called in other than profane language.

But there are other useful purposes the City Editor serves which have not been enumerated. For instance he is, or is thought to be—it's all the same thing—a veritable bureau of information. Did Jack Johnson ever fight Brian Boru? Ask the City Editor. Why did the garbage man give a respectable citizen the go-by and disprove that to him who has shall be given? Ask the City Editor. What was the depth the year of the great snow? Ask the City Editor. Ask him anything. He knows. And somehow or other he generally does, too.

And at that the City Editor is handed many things—knotty matters in a sort of keep-the-box manner. For if Jones sees the first robin Jones tells the City Editor. And the C. E. must see if Jones has seen the first robin, and must see that Jones must see that he has seen the first robin. And sometimes when they read this annual fact Jones' neighbours say that they too must see the City Editor. They want to tell him things. They saw that self-same robin themselves long before Jones.

The City Editor, too, is a happy man. From the outside looking in the City Editor sits in a sanctum—generally regarded as a sort of grill room—and gloats over the latest scandal, battle, hockey story; or wonders what he will do with all his theatre or hockey tickets and permanent passes. This must be so, for the popular novelist says so, and, being a writer, he ought to know. In the popular idea, too, the C. E. does do a little work. He occasionally glances over a proof; calls a boy and roars at him; tells a reporter to do some easy task such as to "bring in the Parliament Buildings"; "interview the dead man at any cost"; "hire a special train"; or "fight to a finish"; puts up the telephone "with a bang"; throws out a page or two of advertising; defies a few blood-thirsty trusts and then goes out to secretly instruct the Premier and his colleagues how to defend the rights of the common people or proceeds to get his business tangled up with his matrimonial affairs

so as to form an interesting plot for the popular novelist.

And what a devil-may-care chap this magazine City Editor is! He nearly always is smoking a cigar, save when he is drinking black coffee against the "awful strain"; and generally he drinks. How else could he make good magazine material if he didn't drink? How could he "fall down; be fired; make good and secure his position again"? The idea is preposterous. Certainly he must drink. Generally, too—for where else would the sobs come in?—he has a wife and more or less hungry children. The children must be hungry. In fact the hungrier they are the less this public hero likes to put his "job" in the balance against the soulless corporation.

A day spent with a City Editor is something akin to a holiday in between a morgue and a stock exchange, a boiler shop, an auction mart, a battleship going into action, and sometimes a Rescue Mission. Outside of that it is quite serene. His visitors form a group that is only surpassed by a session's deputations to a Cabinet Minister. The only difference, too, is that the Cabinet Minister can turn his down.

FIRST, perhaps because he never forgets to call, is the police court chap—the man who would have his name suppressed from the paper. Invariably it is the same old tale for the City Editor. "I wasn't feeling well," he explains, "and I took a drop too many."

Or, "I have a good position, and if you print this I'll lose it."

Again: "Honest, I never was in court before in my life."

And occasionally: "I'm a subscriber to your paper and if you use my name I'll cut off my subscription." (A terrible threat.)

And so it comes in a variety of ways. Then the City Editor asks questions; assumes a Nero cast of countenance; crystallizes a disguised pulpit utterance in a few hard-hitting words, and, if the offence be slight and the reasons for suppression good, he agrees. Sometimes a City Editor is almost human.

There was once a City Editor who had a plan. When a police court visitor appeared he read him a lecture; then referred him to the nearest reporter, who gave him some strong advice; passed him

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