

RESILIENCY

AND
Sir Walter
RaleighBy
MARY JOSEPHINE TROTTER

These apparent footballs are Para biscuits—the form in which crude rubber arrives from Brazil, at the manufactory.

Extricating by the use of pincers any impurities remaining in crude rubber after it has been washed and oven-dried.

FAMILIARITY breeds disinterest. Otherwise, we romantic women who adore the memory of Sir Walter Raleigh in the act of interposing his cloak between Elizabeth's shoes and a muddy pavement, would see romance in our personal rubbers, not to mention raincoats, just as we recognize it in the story of a courtier's mantle laid low for a queen to walk on. While it may not be so pretty, it is a great deal more convenient to have at one's service an organization instead of a casual gallant, when it comes to taking issue with the weather.

Good Queen Bess knew nothing of rubbers. Much less did she know about waterproof garments, MacIntosh of Manchester not being born, who made the first wrap of that description. She was dead before even pattens were invented—those curious antecedents of goloshes which came into general use about 1670. It was probably thoroughly unromantic when the mud was there and the knight was not, and the rubber of future generations was an undeveloped sap in Brazilian tree-trunks. It is the woman of to-day and the woman's family who walk dry-shod on a romance of manufacture—the development of the rubber industry. It has all the glamour of Raleigh's mantle; besides, it has the advantage of being constant.

And it all came about because a busy little beetle investigated the rubber tree with a view to possible dinners, and got himself killed in the operation. The tree exuded a sticky juice by way of protecting itself against the burglar. This milk was contained in the bark and the moment the boring insect reached it, he perished, the prey of his mistaken appetite and a martyr to the cause of commercial rubber.

For, look you, the hole thus made in the bark became filled with the oozing "latex" and all through the Brazilian forests the natives were familiar with lumps on the tree trunks—good for rolling into balls to play with—the monuments in gum to the rubber insect.

Travellers commented on the lightness of these playthings. Herrera, in his account of Columbus' second voyage, refers to these gum-balls the Indians used as better toys than the famous ball of Castile. This was the white man's introduction to the substance now put to innumerable uses, including complete protection against water.

However, not until centuries later did the beetle get into the white man's bonnet in a way to make the trade in rubber flourish. A certain French scientist did write about the gum, his government having sent him on a mission to Brazil which took him into the heart of the rubber forests. But rubber in 1735 was as radium is in these days. It didn't concern the wayfaring person, and stayed a curiosity for decades. It made its way into Europe by inches—expensive inches, which rubbed out pencil marks. That was the first of all its uses and even as late as 1820 people were paying about a dollar for half an inch of the stuff now bought so cheaply.

There was not such a thing as a "waterproof" in England until the MacIntosh product of 1825. That

Manchester scientist turned out a garment between which and the perfected raincoats which are to-day being made in Montreal by the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Company, in one of the factories of the Dominion Rubber System, lies all the story of raincoat evolution.

Now Montreal ladies are extremely enterprising—at least that group of Montreal ladies who constitute one of the leading women's clubs. Recently, these ladies, who might have studied Browning, preferred to hear a lecture on "RUBBER"—seeing that some of them had babies to whom rubber nipples were important, and some of them limousines and husbands who held that "tacks and such" should be avoided, and all of them jars that involved jar-rings, aches that ached for hot water bottles, front-doors that required door-mats, gardens that thirsted for

imagination very likely—natural enough in a rubber writer, especially in one who, for many years, was associated with Mark Twain, before the death of that famous wit had ceased to be a gross exaggeration.

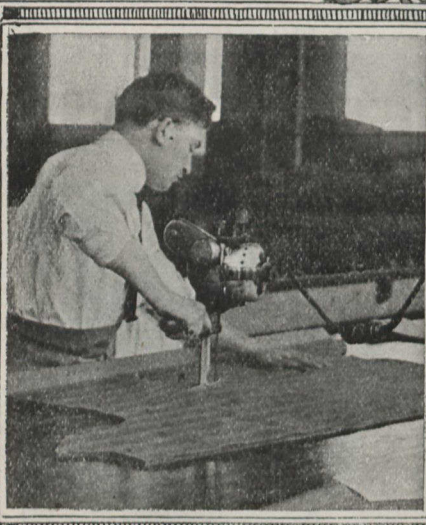
The point is that those women were sincere in asking Mr. Thornton to address their meeting—Mr. Thornton being a representative of the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Company and a connoisseur in rubber from beetle to boot. They tapped the speaker for information with all the art of the dextrous natives who tap rubber trees beside the Amazon. Romance flowed out of his mouth like latex, the ears of the women taking it up like the little cups that are made on purpose to stick to the running Hevea Brasiliensis and pouring it into their mental calabashes to use later on when unscrupulous dealers might deem to doubt their intelligence in rubber.

Now this type of intelligence is a factor in patriotism. Applied to the purchase of many commodities which we stupidly accept from foreign makers when better goods in the same lines are made in Canada, it would mean less slackness in our factories and fewer applications at the Unemployment Bureau which our patriotic societies have opened to create work for the wives of jobless husbands. I have hinted the household uses of rubber. Can you tell me off-hand if your hot-water bottle (which you hug as if you were positive about it) was Canadian made or produced in a foreign factory?

Every smart woman should know about rubber, especially with Spring here, when one of its foremost uses is apparent. And as comparatively few Canadian housewives have come within range of lectures on this subject, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD thought well to include it in the present series of practical talks on manufactures made in Canada. Accordingly, it made the arrangements, and I paid a visit to the Montreal headquarters of the biggest rubber concern in the British Empire—the Dominion Rubber System, composed of the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Company and associated companies—which this year has added raincoats made entirely in Canada to the long list of its more familiar products.

"Get atmosphere, mainly," my chief had enjoined, when I set forth to discover what's in rubber. And that's Papineau Square in Montreal and discovered this factory, or settlement of factories, against the blue of St. Mary's Channel and the clear sky of a snowless winter morning, until I left the district at dusk, when all the grey of it budded, magically, with squares of light in rows—the factory windows.

The atmosphere which I got was naphtha. I got it faintly in the office building—where the advertising manager, "Ye Editor" aforesaid, met me and undertook to show me over—and I got it strongly in sundry industrial departments, for instance, the rubber shoe varnishing department, which gave our press photographer a headache. On the whole, I rather liked this smell, which seems



The wonderful little electrical cutter which will go through twelve ply of rubberized cloth without the slightest jog or hesitation.



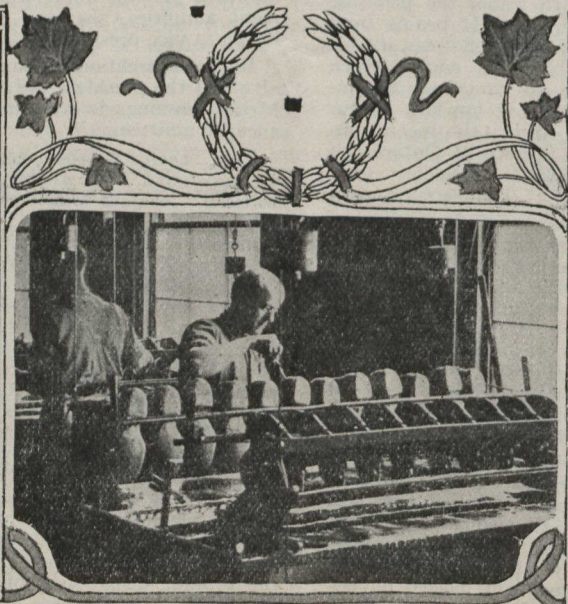
A glimpse of the French-Canadian stitchers at work in the Women's Raincoat Department of the great rubber factory in Montreal.

garden hose, hands that depended on rubber gloves in order to preserve their delicacy, throats that tickled for atomizers, shoes that needed "bounce" in the heels, feet that required rubber protection and bodies that trusted to macintoshes against the lachrymosity of weather. So they held a ripping meeting at the Windsor, if one may believe the report in "The Dominion," a journal published at Head Office by the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Company and circulated by the Company throughout its many branches. There are twenty-eight of these, to speak exactly.

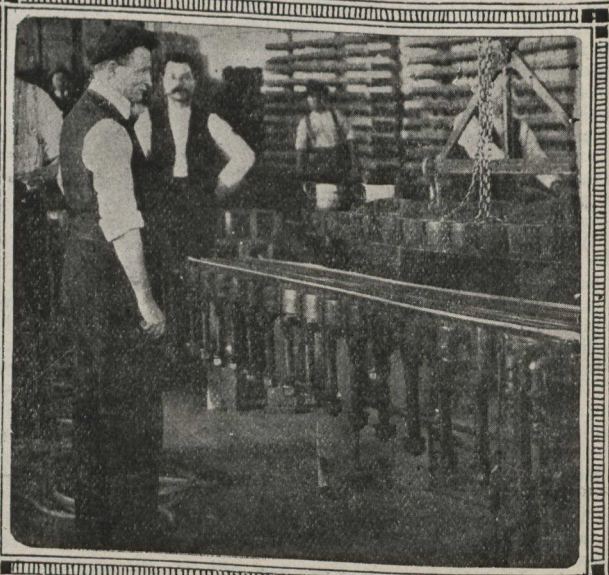
The report deals with the matter humorously, whereas Mr. A. D. Thornton's position was serious enough when confronted by those women who did not ask him where rubber necks came from, and who did not suppose that children's rubbers grew on special little rubber bushes. "Ye Editor," who reported the meeting, stretched his



In closing seams in the raincoat department the girl workers use rubber cement, which they skilfully smear on the edges with their fingers.



A group of "rubbers" ready for immersion in the varnishing tank, which gives them a glossy finish.



The vulcanizer in which "hose" of the common or "garden" variety, as well as of larger sizes, is made.