

A Great Captain of Industry.

The Story of Lord Leverhulme's start in His Gigantic Business Told by Mr. Harold Begbie—a Fairly Tale of Commercial Life.

The remarkable personal story of Lord Leverhulme is vividly told in the Strand Magazine by Mr. Harold Begbie:—

"I believe him to be one of the truest men that ever breathed English air—that is to say, a man rigorously and scrupulously honest, faithful to the last letter of his given word, and a staunch champion in the hour of his friend's adversity." Says Mr. Begbie. "In addition to this, I know him to be infinitely the most active mind in industry, and the most active mind of all the notable men I have ever met in all parts of the world. His life is a passion—the passion of creation."

"Let the reader keep in mind these two assurances from one who knows the man very well. Lord Leverhulme is true English in every drop of his blood and every fibre of his being; he is also supreme in the creative power of his mind."

His Father's Lack of Praise.

Mr. Begbie tried to get Lord Leverhulme to say from which of his parents did he derive his creative faculties:

"I don't remember a single occasion on which my father gave me either one word of encouragement or even a glance of praise. His influence came from silence and watchfulness. He never said, 'Well done'; certainly he never dreamed of saying, 'Go ahead'—my goodness, no! But one knew that he was watching, and, because he was a good man, that knowledge was better than praise. I got more stimulus from my father, who said nothing, than from my mother, who praised too much."

"In neither of them can you see germs of forcefulness?"

"Well, now, I've got to think about that. My mother was sweet and gentle—a beautiful, a very beautiful character; but I shouldn't say she had it in her to set the Thames on fire. You know the origin of that phrase, of course. The Thames was—"

"And your father?"

His Nine Children.

"Now my father might have had the wish and the energy to do big things; I can't say; I don't know; he never spoke about it. But, looking

back, I can see that he felt it his bounden duty before anything else to provide for his children. That makes for conservatism. He had nine children, and seven were daughters. Those seven daughters seemed to tie his hands and fetter his feet. He daren't venture, because in venturing he was putting the happiness of those seven daughters to a risk. Who can tell? But for the duty he felt himself to owe to those seven daughters he might have been a bold and successful venturer. As it was, he lived to be 88 years old, and died in the knowledge that he had done his duty. He was a man profoundly religious, and no doubt the knowledge that he had left his daughters provided for must have made his end easy. Perhaps he reckoned that renowned enough. You know the anecdote, of course, of the Irishman who—"

No Praise.

"But do you mean to say that you never got a word of praise from his lips for Port Sunlight?"

"Not a word!"

"The little grocer of Bolton lived to see the gigantic prosperity of his soap-manufacturing son at Port Sunlight, and never once said, 'Well, you're a credit to your father?'"

"Never once. It was through my mother I first learned that he took any deep interest in my ventures. She said to me one day, 'I think your father feels hurt because you have not asked him to put any money into your business.' He himself never told me. That was in 1866, and referred to my grocery business. I was a wholesale grocer in those days. I started work at fifteen, coming straight from Bolton Church Institute School, which has given three High Sheriffs to Lancashire; and I never think of the headmaster, W. T. Mason, without gratitude. Yes, I came straight from school, where all the prizes I won were for mathematics, to my father's grocery business, and earned a shilling a week."

To Wigan.

"One day, when he was 25, and a married man of three years' experience, he found himself at a place called Hindley with his wife finished and the hands of the clock at three. This was two hours quicker than usual. What should he do with those two hours? On one hand lay the road to his home in Bolton; on the other his road to the unvisited and undiscovered kingdom of Wigan. He decided to explore Wigan."

"This decision opened a door to a most amazing future. The young venturer entered Wigan with his eyes wide open, took a fancy to the exterior of a wholesale grocery establishment, entered, discovered the business was for sale, made further inquiries, and eventually bought it. In 1874 he had made a small soap tablet, and now, as a wholesale grocer in 1885, he decided to extend this business. His capital, his own money, was four thousand pounds. He ventured it against firms with capitals amounting to millions."

£50,000 a Year.

"In the year 1891 he was making an income of £50,000; and he was living in Palmira Square, Warrington, paying £35 pounds a year for his house. Every farthing he could scrape together out of his huge income went back into the business. He hated to borrow money. He felt he could not justly ask his friends to invest in his hazardous undertaking—hazardous because of the power, jealousy, and wealth of the big firms. And so he went to his bankers, and they provided him with overdrafts, and these overdrafts preyed on his peace of mind, and worried him to such an extent that he almost thought of selling out and trying what he could do with the leisure of retirement."

The Offer.

"Then came an offer from a company promoter. He was told that his business could be floated with a capital of £600,000. The sum staggered him. Was it just, was it right, to ask the public for £600,000, when at any moment his little business might be knocked on the head by the giants? This objection met the following answer. 'What the devil does it matter to you what happens afterwards, so long as you get the money?'"

"That decided our Lancashire man. He would trust to himself. He would fight his own battle. Win or lose, his hands should be clean at the end of the struggle."

"And so came fortune. Great was the reward, but not greater than the courage, self-reliance, and sterling honesty of the man deserved. In 1894 his anxieties were over. The firm, able to hold its own against the competition of the whole world, became a limited liability company; and at this day it has a capital of many millions."

His Big Purchase.

"He bought Sutherland House, which Queen Victoria called a palace, and which certainly has one of the most beautiful and curious situations in London, and gave it to the nation,

just as another man might give it to a hospital. He has given Port Sunlight some of the most famous of modern pictures, and equipped it with a museum which would be the pride of many a great city. He has bought the island of Lewis with no thought of playing the king there, or of adding to his fortune, but with great joy in his heart because it provides him with difficult opportunities of exercising his creative faculties and improving the conditions of human life.

The Road-Maker.

"I love making roads," he once said to me. "The road-maker is the best anonymous servant of humanity. He drives a great brood of thoroughfares from town to town, and for generations men travel over the road, with all their hopes and fears, with all their cares and joys, never once asking who it was that made their way easier for them. A road-maker's life is full of a rich solitude and invisible rewards."

Capital and Labor.

(From the New York Globe.)

A great deal of nonsense has been uttered to the effect that the interests of capital and labor are identical. They are identical only to the extent that both capitalist and workman are members of organized society, which would shortly starve to death if production stopped. If we are candid we must admit that the aim of the worker, whether organized or not, is to get as much money as possible for a definite and limited amount of work; while the employer seeks to get as much work as possible and pay as little as he can. Exceptional employers like Henry Ford are not sufficiently numerous to disprove this rule, nor is it negated by the discovery frequently made of late that paying more than the market price for labor sometimes results in an even greater increase in production. For many years Socialist orators argued in vain with the workingman to convince him that all the money the employer makes really belongs to labor. Recently nearly all union members and many unorganized workers have begun to act as though they believed this moss-grown argument. They ignore the fact that the wage fund cannot possibly be made more identical with the total receipts of a business without promptly wrecking that business. Generally speaking, there are only two ways to increase the wage fund: The first is to raise the prices of goods, which is almost immediately reflected in an increased cost of living so that the larger wages are only tenuously useful to the workingman. The second way is to increase the volume of goods manufactured without employing additional workers for this purpose. The margin of profit on each additional unit produced can then be added to the gross income of the business and will serve to swell the wage fund. Unfortunately, it seems impossible to explain this simple economic principle to the worker. He regards the request for more production as a trick to make him speed up for the sole benefit of the employer's pocketbook. And one is forced to admit that labor has plenty of past experiences to justify this view. So long as we continue the present industrial organization, therefore, capital and labor must continue more or less hostile. Need this antagonism be actively demonstrated in the form of strikes, lock-outs, and sabotage? Not at all. If society is intelligent enough to bring its own great pressure to bear it can create and maintain a permanent truce. This is exactly what has been done in Norway, and, according to the despatch of Ella Anker, the scheme has been singularly successful. In fact it amounts to compulsory arbitration.

America's Cup Challenger to be Moved.

SHAMROCK IV. WILL BE HOUSED ON CITY ISLAND.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30. Shamrock IV, Sir Thomas Lipton's America's Cup challenger, will be put overboard in South Brooklyn in a few days and towed up to City Island. There she will be hauled out on the beach at Robert Jacob's yard and housed for the winter.

Sir Thomas's houseboat Killarney, with the challenger's sails, already has been taken to City Island. Her mast and spars will follow her there. The moving of the yacht was a result of a recommendation of Charles E. Nicholson, her designer, after he inspected her. She was in South Brooklyn, where she has been hauled out and housed in with galvanized iron since she arrived here shortly after the outbreak of the war in 1914, is jammed with merchant ship work.

The roof of the building in which the spars were kept was found to have caved in. During the tearing out of the cabins of yachts to convert them for war work several battens were tossed on the spar shed and the roof sagged under the weight.

It was found that the challenger's great hollow wood mast was on the verge of deterioration. This mast which is the largest one of its kind ever constructed, cost \$20,000 and it was figured it would cost twice that sum to replace it, even if the work could be done in the crowded shipyards of the United Kingdom. The sails stowed away on the Killarney were in good condition.

Workmen are now tearing away the house built around Shamrock IV, as she lies out of the water. When that work is completed she will be slid into the basin. It is expected she will float although she has a wooden hull which has not been wet in more than five years. If she should sink she could be raised easily.

She will be fitted out next spring at City Island for her tryouts with Sir Thomas's 23-metre Shamrock, which he has decided to send here in May to race against the challenger. Sir Thomas already has given orders for fitting out his 23-metre yacht although his challenge has not been accepted. It is a foregone conclusion, however, that it will be.

The plain Shamrock also will be sent to City Island and it is probable that she and the challenger will have their first spins in American water in Long Island Sound instead of off Sandy Hook. The two yachts raced against each other in English waters several times before the Shamrock IV was sent to this country.

In a Turkish Bath.

(By Ashley Sterne.)

If, next time you meet me, you notice that my clothes hang rather loosely on me, don't think that I have bought a ready-made suit in the dark, or that I have lost my button coupons. I've only had a Turkish bath, that's all. It happened in this way. I had been bathing at the seaside one day without noticing that the harbor-master had omitted to close the harbor bar. Well, I am always susceptible to draughts, and the result was that I contracted a lot of rheumatism. A man who was staying at the same hotel advised me to try a Turkish bath. Being friendless and alone, I did so.

My troubles began in the hot room. I started by reclining on the steam-heating apparatus instead of on one of the wooden benches. This made a very pretty pattern on my back and shoulders, but otherwise I derived no benefit from it.

Then when I lay down on the wooden bench I broke out into a profuse perspiration. Well, I hadn't gone there to do that. If I want to perspire I try

Election Returns.

We publish below the results of the last three general elections; also the returns for 1919 so far as the count has gone up to the hour of going to press.

1908.		1909.		1913.		1919.	
BAY DE VERDE.		BAY DE VERDE.		BAY DE VERDE.		BAY DE VERDE.	
Croble	1146	Croble	1145	Hickman	1168	LeGow	1207
Whiteway	1102	Whiteway	1128	Croble	1160	Cave	1198
Mews	992	Duff	1044	Barrett	1140	Hickman	1192
Penney	988	Steer	1035	Whiteway	1078	Whiteway	1071
BONAVISTA.		BONAVISTA.		BONAVISTA.		BONAVISTA.	
Blandford	2624	Blandford	3158	Coaker	3473	Coaker	3473
Winsor	2524	Winsor	3133	Abbott	3327	Abbott	3327
Morison	2439	Morison	3076	Blandford	1624	Blandford	1624
Bishop	1013	Giles	652	Winsor, W. C.	1515	Winsor, W. C.	1515
Blackwood	973	James	636	Morison	1457	Morison	1457
Knowing	808	Herder	615				
BURGEO.		BURGEO.		BURGEO.		BURGEO.	
Moulton	790	Moulton	821	Moulton	760	Moulton	760
McNelly	686	McNelly	467	James	728	James	728
BURN.		BURN.		BURN.		BURN.	
Davey	830	Gear	795	Currie	1200	Currie	1200
Gear	827	Davey	782	LeFeuvre	1174	LeFeuvre	1174
Robinson	802	Robinson	781	Bartlett	736	Bartlett	736
LeFeuvre	774	LeFeuvre	774	Gear	741	Gear	741
CARBONEAR.		CARBONEAR.		CARBONEAR.		CARBONEAR.	
Maddock	579	Goodison	603	Goodison	608	Penney	609
Goodison	556	Maddock	559	Penney	534	Moore	307
FERRYLAND.		FERRYLAND.		FERRYLAND.		FERRYLAND.	
Cashin	916	Cashin	881	Cashin	1095	Cashin	1190
Bills	638	Moore	602	Moore	618	Moore	1012
P. Moore	587	Towers	617	Hartley	302	Hartley	435
Condon (Ind.)	298	Condon	637	Williams	267	Williams	313
R. Moore	225	Condon (Ind.)	153	Condon (Ind.)	153	Condon (Ind.)	153
FOGO.		FOGO.		FOGO.		FOGO.	
Earle	757	Earle	861	Halfyard	1327	Halfyard	1327
Fitzgerald	616	Fitzgerald	845	Fitzgerald	594	Fitzgerald	594
FORTUNE.		FORTUNE.		FORTUNE.		FORTUNE.	
Emerson	857	Emerson	781	Emerson	1000	Emerson	1000
Carnell	759	Lloyd	608	Fudge	865	Fudge	865
HARBOR GRACE.		HARBOR GRACE.		HARBOR GRACE.		HARBOR GRACE.	
Piccott	1206	Piccott	1444	Piccott	1414	G. Gosse	1388
Parsons	1200	Seymour	1404	Parsons	1374	Barnes	1388
Dawe	1150	Parsons, John	1223	Young	1242	Archibald	1347
Seymour	1129	Barnes	1210	Gordon	1187	Parsons	821
Barnes	1129	Dawe	1195	Moedell	1169	Russell (Ind.)	461
Oke	1129					J. Gosse	561
						Russell (Ind.)	409
						(Poll Declared.)	
HARBOR MAIN.		HARBOR MAIN.		HARBOR MAIN.		HARBOR MAIN.	
Woodford	948	Woodford	1118	Woodford	1178	Jones	1101
Murphy	876	Murphy	1068	Kennedy	1116	Woodford	1039
Lewis	862	Lewis	949	Lewis	904	Meany	816
Summers	702	St. John	908	Carter	776	Kennedy	812
PLACENTIA.		PLACENTIA.		PLACENTIA.		PLACENTIA.	
Jackman	1846	Devereaux	1791	Devereaux	2026	Morris	1953
Sullivan	1724	Howley	1767	Morris	1758	Walsh	1758
Davis	1853	Morris	1743	Sullivan	1544	Summers	1390
Devereaux	1343	Jackman	1593	Summers	1390	Carty	1254
Howley	1341	Sullivan	1528	Carty	1254		
Morris	1326	Davis	1461				
PORT DE GRAVE.		PORT DE GRAVE.		PORT DE GRAVE.		PORT DE GRAVE.	
Warren	755	Warren	789	Crimes	871	Crimes	871
Lloyd	581	Bartlett	765	Warren	697	Warren	697
ST. GEORGE'S.		ST. GEORGE'S.		ST. GEORGE'S.		ST. GEORGE'S.	
Downey	1004	Downey	1160	Downey	1187	Downey	1187
Abbott	676	Carty	751	English	770	English	770
Hayes (Ind.)	126						
ST. BARBE.		ST. BARBE.		ST. BARBE.		ST. BARBE.	
Clapp	972	Clapp	811	Clapp	1253	Clapp	1253
Mott	669	Mott	790	Mott	871	Mott	871
ST. JOHN'S EAST.		ST. JOHN'S EAST.		ST. JOHN'S EAST.		ST. JOHN'S EAST.	
Kent	2755	Kent	2595	Kent	2835	Higgins	1656
Shea	2555	Shea	2471	Higgins	2860	Fox	1566
Dwyer	2481	Dwyer	2457	Dwyer	2609	Vincombe	1542
Gibbs	1938	Gibbs	1979	Ryan	2533	Bartlett	1359
McNamara	1598	McNamara	1741	Howley	2443	Carter	1330
Devine	1588	Devine	1702	Bartlett	2306	Curtin	1306
						Murphy (Ind.)	308
						(Poll not declared.)	
ST. JOHN'S WEST.		ST. JOHN'S WEST.		ST. JOHN'S WEST.		ST. JOHN'S WEST.	
Morris	2274	Morris	2205	Morris	2749	Squires	736
Bennett	2142	Bennett	1998	Bennett	2543	Brownrigg	688
Kennedy	2052	Kennedy	1998	Kennedy	2545	Martin	641
Power	1822	Ellis	1853	Ellis	1738	Campbell	626
Glendinning	1604	Cowan	1769	Cowan	1719	Bennett	615
Carter	1575	Scott	1663	Scott	1545	Mullaly	578
						Linegar	441
						Caldwell	399
						Foley	377
						Tait (Ind.)	34
						(Poll not declared.)	
TRINITY.		TRINITY.		TRINITY.		TRINITY.	
Guehne	2097	Squires	2182	Stone	2685	Stone	2685
Miller	1832	Watson	2178	Targett	2668	Targett	2668
Watson	1832	Grant	2104	Lloyd	2592	Lloyd	2592
Squires	1827	Guehne	2082	Squires	1679	Squires	1679
Stone	1719	Miller	2014	Fowlow	1510	Fowlow	1510
Ayre	1690	Ayre	1905	Dunfield	1462	Dunfield	1462
TWILLINGATE.		TWILLINGATE.		TWILLINGATE.		TWILLINGATE.	
Bond	2639	Bond	2621	Bond	3481	Bond	3481
Clift	2290	Clift	2550	Clift	3427	Clift	3427
Roberts	2290	Roberts	2498	Jennings	3387	Jennings	3387
Goodridge	1176	Goodridge	1297	Milley	889	Milley	889
Milley	975	Milley	1204	Temple	734	Temple	734
Woods	800	Woods	1090	Yates	698	Yates	698

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to balance my pass-book, or read the instructions on my ration-card. The atmosphere, too, was terribly hot and close, so I rang the bell, and asked the attendant to open a window. He told me there weren't any, and that the heat and the closeness of the perspiration were part of the bathing.

He said that the heat was only dry heat, and that you can't be boiled in dry heat, and that Turkish baths worked that way.

I told him that it wasn't a bath at all; it was a beastly grill-room, and that I was not a steak and tomatoes. I informed him, further, that his wretched inferno was not in the least like what I had imagined a Turkish bath to be. I had always thought that it was a nice large marble affair, with a few goldfish and a water-lily or two floating about in it for decorative purposes, and that as I reclined by the side of it, with my feet dangling in the water, damself in baggy trousers refreshed me from time to time with lumps of bosphorus and Turkish delight, while concerted musicians played. "Yaaka Hula Hickey Dula" on dulcet dulcimers and soft-sounding sackbuts, least, that was the impression I gained from a picture I had once seen in the Royal Academy.

However, when the attendant