

# AN INDUSTRIAL FEUD WHICH IS POISONING GREAT BRITAIN; SOME SUGGESTED REFORMS

(Edward Price Bell in Chicago News.)  
London, England.—Beneath a shelter of deep foliage, at the far end of a garden sloping downward from a two-story brick house, in Wimbledon Park, I found a fair-haired, blue-eyed, clean-shaven, keen-faced, medium-sized man in shirt sleeves, working with a mass of papers. His youthful appearance—I guessed him to be about 35—seemed hard to right-angle with one of the most noted names in contemporary British economic thought.

Walter T. Layton, editor of the Economist, first in its class, and director of the economic and financial section of the league of nations, invited me to a seat on a rustic bench. For some hours, during tea and after, we discussed Great Britain's agricultural, manufacturing, commercial and financial conditions and problems.

It may be said at once that Mr. Layton, in his own phrase, is "not among those, if there be such, who have given way to pessimism." Yet he realizes that Great Britain's position, psychological as well as economic and financial, hardly could call for more wisdom, ability, energy, sympathy, fortitude, than it does. Mr. Layton sees clearly that Great Britain, with her problems solved and her industrial peace secure, will be a very different country, mentally and materially, from what she is today.

### Problem is Psychological.

First of all the nation's problems, as this expert views the situation, is its psychological problem. British citizens, masters and men alike, are in a wrong frame of mind. This frame of mind is one with their deepest emotions. There is mutual suspicion. There is mutual antipathy. Each of the opponents, so far as events yet have progressed, is far too much inclined to vindictiveness, far too little inclined to pass the sponge over old grudges and start with a clean slate.

"We are poisoned and made relatively incapable by a feud," in words to this effect Mr. Layton describes the well-head of the trouble. Britain's captains of industry are capable. By inheritance and by acquisition their experience is diversified and enormous. Nobody knows world trade problems better, probably no others know these problems so well, as do they. British labor forces are highly qualified and command almost illimitable reserves of strength and are for high-grade manufacture. But these mutually essential economic teams are doing what they can to stall the British load by refusing to pull together.

"Somehow, soon or late, we must correct this. There is no other salvation for our industry." Not all British industries are plagued by strife between capital and labor. Many are peaceful and prosperous, their prosperity menaced only by quarreling and stagnation in complementary industries. There the restrictive practices in the building unions, for example, while in such trades as those of iron and steel there are payments by results, no bickering and, with one exception, no strike for fifty years.

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### Class Lines Must Go.

Social reform is demanded and coming. Class stratification must be broken. Imprison a worker in a class and you make him class conscious and class militant. His natural feeling is that he will go up or down, not as he himself casts off restrictions and forges to higher levels of work and life but as his class goes up or down. Thus do social preoccupations defeat individualism, defeat social and economic progress.

Mr. Layton is all for the American idea of striking the chains from the limbs of labor, for abolishing restrictions, for freeing men's minds, for administering universally the incomparable tonic of opportunity. Consider, he suggests, some of the splendidly able labor leaders in Great Britain, men of strong characters, stable, broad-minded, nationally loyal. Labor leaders here once, labor leaders always. What would have happened to them in America? Mr. Layton fancies them, in that world of social freedom, rising to great positions in politics, business and the professions.

Deep-rooted British prejudices must go, says Mr. Layton. He warmly hails every hammer-blow at these prejudices, as in his foreword to that red-letter book on American industry, "The Secret of High Wages," by two young English engineers, Bertram Austin and Francis Lloyd (of which I shall have more to say in a subsequent article). These clear-headed, unbiased, forcible writers have dropped a big stone into over-placid waters, and wide are the concentric circles it has produced.

### British Industry Wakens.

"In the bad old days when factory hours were long," says Mr. Layton, "there was in every Lancashire town an individual known as the 'knocker-up.' Early every morning, often hours before the dawn, the silence would be broken by his insistent tap on one window pane after another down the empty street. Within a few minutes of his passing would be heard first one step, then another, quickly swelling to a roar of clattering clogs, hurrying along the cobbled road to the neighboring mill."

Bertram Austin and Francis Lloyd, as the editor of the economist pictures them, are the 'knockers-up' of British industry, and he expresses the hope that they will "find the lady is only sleeping and will respond to their call." America, in respect of economic assets, is rich? "Truly the Dives of the modern world!" But Britain also has economic assets. Her empire produces 60 per cent of the world's wool and rubber, 70 per cent of its tea and gold, 89 per cent of its nickel and 99 per cent of its jute, to mention a few only of its products; while Great Britain alone, with but 3 per cent of the world's population, owns over 30 per cent of its ships and 40 per cent of its cotton spindles.

Measure these resources, and then estimate what the nation's "psychological problem" is costing it—a lesson, surely, for all humanity! Even with the conditions of this problem doing their evil work, in varying degrees, ever since the war, Great Britain's productivity in 1925 rose to virtually the figure of the highest pre-war year. But the "psychological problem" of 1926 is indefinitely aggravated, with the outlook obscure, while there are nearly 8 per cent more people in the country to feed. This additional 8 per cent of population just about equals the abnormal unemployment.

Britain's debt to America Mr. Layton does not regard as doing more than add a nondecisive weight to the nation's burden. This debt represents only 10 per cent of the national interest charge. If it were removed, the effect would be distinctly appreciable, but not at all wholly remedial. That America, with her gigantic turnover, can absorb the British payments without serious economic or financial results to herself seems to Mr. Layton unquestionable. He deems the debt far more important politically than economically. And here arises a great and serious question for consideration in a future article.

Frat—Let me use your mashie this afternoon.

Flat—Sorry old top, but I've a date with her myself.

Teacher—Yes, the earth travels around the sun. Now can any one tell me what travels around the earth?

Billy—Please, teacher, tramps.

Investigator—What are your living expenses?

Rastus—Ah dunno, boss. Yo' see, Ah ain't through livin' yit."



## Of Interest to the Women

### CHERRY PIE.

3 cups pitted pie cherries  
1 cup sugar  
2 cups flour  
¼ teaspoon salt  
¼ tablespoon shortening  
Sift the flour and salt into bowl; add the shortening and rub in very lightly with the tips of the fingers; add just enough ice cold water to hold together; roll out on floured board and line pie plate. Sprinkle the bottom of dough with 1 tablespoon flour (to keep it from becoming soggy); add the cherries; then sprinkle with another tablespoon of flour and the sugar. Brush the edge of bottom crust with water; put on the top crust and press the edges firmly. Brush the top with a little cold milk and sprinkle with powder sugar; make 4 to 5 airholes in top crust. Bake 30 to 35 minutes. Be sure the bottom crust is well baked.

### CHERRY ROLY-POLY.

1 pound pie cherries  
1½ cups sugar  
2 cups flour  
2 teaspoons baking powder  
½ teaspoon salt  
2 tablespoons shortening  
Milk  
Sift the flour, baking powder and salt into bowl; add the shortening and rub in very lightly with the tips of the fingers; add just enough cold milk to hold together. Roll out on flour board ½ inch thick, cover with the cherries which have been pitted and sprinkle with the sugar; roll the same as jelly roll. Put into bakedish that has been brushed with butter, pour over the syrup and brush the top with milk; bake 25 minutes covered; remove the cover and bake 10 minutes or until nicely browned. Serve with milk.

### BAKED CHERRY PUDDING.

1-2 cups flour  
1-2 teaspoons baking powder  
¼ teaspoon salt  
1 egg  
1 cup milk  
2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine.  
2 cups pitted cherries  
½ cup sugar  
Sift the flour, salt and baking powder into bowl, add the milk, well beaten egg, melted butter and mix well; add the sugar and cherries. Butter small pudding dish, pour in the mixture, and bake in moderate oven 45 minutes. Serve with cherry sauce, using ½ cup finely chopped pitted cherries and 4 tablespoons sugar; bring to a boil; add 1 teaspoon of cornstarch mixed with a little cold water and boil 10 minutes. Serve pudding hot with the cold cherry sauce.

### QUICK CHERRY CAKE.

1 cup flour  
1 teaspoon baking powder  
¼ teaspoon salt  
½ cup sugar  
½ cup milk  
2 cups pitted cherries  
1 egg  
1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine.  
Sift the flour, baking powder, salt and sugar into bowl, add the milk and well beaten egg; mix well and add the cherries. Pour into deep pie tin which has been brushed with butter; bake in hot oven 25 minutes; serve warm. Melt the butter or margarine in the deep pie tin before adding to the mixture; it greases the plate for the cake.

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### VACATION NOTES.

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Dear husband did you feed the fish? And did you pay for ice? And did you shut the windows tight When weather isn't nice All right some men forget, you know Even though they shouldn't; So do it now before you go— Without this note you wouldn't.

### To Dear Wife.

I've fed the fish, I've watered the plants And looked in the pantry for tiny red ants; I've fed the canary, the dog and the cat, But where is my dinner for doing all that?

### HOSPITAL GARDENS.

Whoever has to lie in bed While days slip countless o'er his head Will watch the little square of sky Where treeless clouds go crowding by. Since all outdoors must be for him Surrounded by the window's rim Blue lakes for him must haply lie In the deep azure of the sky. Green pastur seldinger there at dawn At eve white peaks the sun shines on Perhaps when skies are plain and gray An errant bird will fly that way And in the stilly night time hours The strange, black sky is full of flowers. —CAROL RYRIE BRINK in the Forge.

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Harrison—They got a look at his wife!

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