

AUGUST 20, 1927

# Secret of Premier Baldwin's Success Is a Sincere Regard For Human Needs in Industry

## Having Spent His Life Among the Workers and in the Rural Districts of England, the Prime Minister of Britain Has a First-hand Knowledge of Those Important Factors that go to Make or to Mar the Sweetness of Industrial Relations Between Worker and Employer.

An Intimate Character Study of Our Eminent Visitor.  
By E. GARRY ALLIGAN

TEN years ago very few outside of the inner political world of London would have been able to identify the name "Stanley Baldwin" as being the designation of a notable. Ten years ago Stanley Baldwin was not a name. Who then, can explain the incontrovertible fact that Stanley Baldwin is now the greatest statesman in the world with the highest personal and political prestige of all living statesmen?

During the period of his party's defeat, and the ill-starred reign of the Socialists (unsatisfactory to Socialist and non-Socialist alike) when the Conservatives were wandering in the wilderness for ten months, more than one eminent Conservative were adding doubt to their perplexity. One adding doubt to their perplexity. One adding doubt to their perplexity. One adding doubt to their perplexity.

Referring to Premier Baldwin, eminent Liberal writer—Philip Guedalla—says: "Our masters' duty, whether they are framing a trade policy for Europe or pruning the honors list, is to feed the multitude. Economics, party discipline and public interest, all point in the same direction; and as a hungry nation gathered expectantly round the pig-tub, Mr. Baldwin needed all his experiences of feeding time."

It might be unfortunate in a time of debate between Labor and Capital, that an obvious protagonist of one of the disputants should preside over the state which may be called upon to arbitrate between them. Mr. Baldwin (one can hardly doubt it) would be fair, to the verge of partiality, to Labor.

England and that the finest poem written this year was about the cornfields and hop-gardens of Kent. "A great soldier in death the Elegy of an English countryside than take a great city," said Mr. Baldwin, revealing the mind of a Premier whose hobby is pig-breeding in Worcestershire.

### GRACEFUL PLURALISM

This state of mind is neither misunderstood nor misjudged by the British people. Few gambits are more successful with them than a graceful pluralism. They have always preferred someone who is something to be really something-else. This is the amateur tradition, a sure safeguard against the grave menace of political professionalism. That is why the rules of English cricket will not tolerate the inclusion of a player among the Gentlemen.

Having seen Mr. Baldwin in almost every conceivable attitude—top-hatted along Whitehall, stiff-uniformed at a Palace levee, bare-headed strolling the Terrace at Parliament with hands clasped behind back—I do not hesitate to say that he seemed most comfortable and more at home on an occasion when I interviewed him at Chelmers, the country residence of Premier. On that occasion he was dressed in rough home-spun tweeds, on his head a shapeless tweed hat, in his hands an untrimmed hickory stick. He looked the typical farmer-squire. And he looked contented.

### PIPE AND PIGS

It is a symbol. The trailing feathers on Lord Beaconsfield's terrace at Hughenden colored his foreign policy with a rare beauty, and Chamberlain's sound Imperialism was gloriously permeated with the exotic splendors of his Conservatism. Similarly are Mr. Baldwin's pipe and pigs the symbol of his character, as also, of the characteristics of his policy. As one strolls round his piggeries at Bewdley the contented contents seem to point, with undisturbed and undisturbable mildness, to the humble and more natural ideals of modern statesmanship. And so it was quite to be expected that Mr. Baldwin's first words on Canadian soil were, "True greatness emanates from the simple things of life."

Meeting him and conversing with him one cannot fail to assume that that judicious man selected his favorite pursuit as a vivid, an unmistakable, image of the simple aspects of his character. Pigs and a brisk, determined geniality were the strange twin-banners behind which Mr. Baldwin marched into office following the fragile eclipse of Mr. Bonar Law; and, since all public men are, or affect to be, generally genial, we must make the most of the pigs.

There is another sense in which they conform to the orthodoxy of British public life. The great British Public likes its statesmen to be racked by a distinguished craving to be something else. Some of them have scientific leanings; others are inclined towards literature, yet others towards mechanics. Mr. Baldwin sits among the red dispatch boxes at Westminster and sighs for the English countryside. Speaking at Quebec a week ago he stated that the old-fashioned pleasures of the countryside built up the greatness of

opponents are led by a practical industrialist. Stanley Baldwin knows, from intimate contact, the interior of a great metal foundry. He knows the joys of hard toil. He knows the joys of the toiler. He knows his sorrows. And, knowing, he understands; understanding, he sympathizes; sympathizing, he helps. I was in the Press Gallery when he made his great speech on "Goodwill in Industry," and shall never forget the deep impression he made on us, his journalists. He then declared, in effect, that, for his party, the Ark of the Covenant was the relations between employers and employed. It is now being carried shoulder high by a priestly throng of capitalists and workers who follow High-Priest Baldwin, while a few miscellaneous censors are swung by landowners and gentlemen of leisure whose minds have been enlightened, if belatedly, by the Gospel of Goodwill preached from the High-Altar of Conservatism by their leader.

### BROKEN SILENCE

Stanley Baldwin has broken the long silence of the industrialists—a great employer is the nation's political head. From the ranks of the Captains of Industry have emerged previous statesmen. Cobden printed calico, Chamberlain made screws, Bonar Law was a shipbuilder, Stanley Baldwin stepped straight from the foundry into Downing Street, bringing with him an intimate personal, first-hand knowledge of those things which make, and those things which mar, the sweetness of industrial relations.

To this day, the contemporary observer, as the historian of the future will be, is not sure whether Stanley Baldwin, as Prime Minister, was an accident or an architect of the event? No one can say—unless it be Mr. Baldwin, and who can look at that inscrutable face and hope for a reply? At times he gives his followers the impression that he is the Prophet coming down from out the thunders of Sinai with the stone-tablets of a grand gospel which will guide the Chosen People into the Promised Land. At others he is so simple, so naive, so ingenious that the seasoned and cynical politician begins to regard him as nothing more than a non-fabulous Alice, round-eyed with innocent questioning wandering in the Wonderland of Westminster.

### DELIBERATE DECISION

But his Cabinet colleagues never have this cause for perplexity. They see the Machinery of the Man at work. With a deliberate decision and an instant initiative he acts with such mellow maturity as no Simple Simon could hope to imagine. It was with such powers that, one astonishing October afternoon, five years ago, he went to the Carlton Club and sprung a most powerful blow to smother the cause of the Liberal Unionist Party. And the Coalition—the devil-cursed instrument of cowardly compromise and dastardly duplicity—fell into a mound of fragmentary filaments, burying in its catastrophic collapse some of the most formidable chieftains of politics.

### NOT LLOYD GEORGE

"He is a puzzle," said the noble lord, echoed by thousands of others. The fact is that Mr. Baldwin is unintelligible to the politically minded, because he is not a politician at all; he is a statesman. Politicians only know Party, but statesmen only know Country.

Very often in England a Prime Minister is selected for the sole compelling reason that he is the last Prime Minister. To the public mind, the sole virtue of Mr. Gladstone, was that he was not Disraeli, and Lord Salisbury's proudest boast politicians is that they are not Lloyd George. When the Conservative Party was, in 1911, stung to slight was that he was not Mr. Gladstone incidentally, the invaluable stock-in-trade of quite a number of living politicians. Bonar Law was made leader mainly on the comprehensive negative that he was neither Walter Long nor Austen Chamberlain. At that time it was the primary function of Conservative statesmen not to be Mr. Asquith, and as Bonar Law could add to that negative the equally-great fact that he was free from all possible imputations of being either Mr. Long or Mr. Chamberlain he was appointed leader.

### IDEAL LEADER

In 1922 Stanley Baldwin leaped to heights, as Ella Wheeler Wilcox has put it, that were made to climb. His name was a name with few connotations. His fellow-countrymen knew little of him; his fellow-partisans knew the same. But he was not Lord Birkenhead and he was not Lloyd George, the typical unpretentious country squire and was not Winston Churchill, the man, prosperous and ambitious. Therefore, he was the ideal choice for leadership. And then, gradually with his slight reputation began to gather the political horizon into a more he has no who finds perfect contentment in the positive shape so that now he is no longer solely the negative to those simple life, in communion with his better names. He was caught, as the self and in the science of the soil. He

**NOW YOU CAN TRY AquaVelva For After Shaving Free**

Ask for your full ounce bottle of AquaVelva, exhilarates the skin after shaving—FREE with each tube of Williams Shaving Cream. This famous Shaving Cream (1) softens the beard quickly, (2) eliminates irritation, (3) leaves the face feeling BETTER than when you started.

Large tube, 35c. Double size, 50c.

**WITH Williams Shaving Cream**

MADE IN CANADA

walks with a quick, long stride, suggestive of much tramping over country moors with a gun under his arm. When posterity comes to erect a statue to him it will not look an impressive monument. No sculptor is any good at trousers which left their creases behind, not only on the playing fields of Eton, but on the ploughed fields of Worcestershire, and it is not easy to put a foundry in a spectacular disadvantage. Stanley Baldwin will cut a graphic figure in history, because he is a thinker. He thinks as should the head of an old-established firm of ironmasters whose mentality has been colored by Wesleyanism and energized by the reliance on the "inner light" which he owes to his Quaker training and traditions.

In his mental methods there is not the amble-wittedness of Lloyd George, a fact that gives no cause for criticism, because all the greatest crooks in the catalogue of criminals have had nimble wits. Rather they do arrive at his conclusions in a rustic-minded manner. With a slight air of detachment he comes to his subject as one who has been for a long walk along the rain-bedewed lanes of his native shire, turning the subject well over and approaching it from the self-convinced angle rather than as a debating point to be discussed. And never has he been known to impart or import personal animus into any controversy.

### DOUBLE COURAGE

He has the dual courage of the Big man; courage to come to a decision and courage to implement that decision. This accounts for that bewildering artlessness with which he handles serious subjects as if unconscious of their gravity. The fact is that he sincerely believes that he would be false to himself if he were to allow fear of consequences to divert him from the channels of truth. I am convinced that this was his mental attitude when as news editor of the "People" I secured and published his private opinions of Lord Beaverbrook, Winston Churchill and Lord Birkenhead, considered at that time by many to be an indiscretion, but which were the free convictions of a guileless mind.

"We owe you when all men speak well of you," says the Book, and therefore it is to be reckoned that Stanley Baldwin for his righteousness that he has a few political enemies both in and outside his own Party. And yet it is equally true that few men are better liked. The reason is that he has none of the attributes usually possessed by politicians. From his personal character, envy, animosity and jealousy are entirely absent; his good nature and imperiousness are invulnerable. He is not conscious of the gnawing pains and pangs of ambition, really preferring cabbage to the Cabinet. In fact it has always been said in political clubs that it is Mrs. Baldwin who gives him the impetus along his political career. Modesty with him is almost a deformity.

### PLAIN AND COLORED

Even his enemies are unanimous with his friends in the conviction that he is concerned not with his own career but with the public welfare. No one ever expects that he will as others in the same position before him, such as Lloyd George, have done—risk great things from patry motives of political strategy or personal satisfaction.

To the ironical observer (and in the study of politics and politicians one soon seeks refuge from despair in irony) British politics have always presented a restful alternation in style. One could aptly say that the Pillars of the State are either Doric or Corinthian—either a rectilinear reserve and a severe simplicity or a more meretricious medley of foliated, fluted column with acanthus leaves in its hair. This contrast is best seen in a comparison of the rocco convolutions of Lloyd George and the sincere simplicity of Stanley Baldwin, who is a perfect example of the Doric style. This style of straight lines and absence of ornamentation is useless for building frame-houses, but is perfect for bearing up the burdens of State.

### NEVER INDEFINITE

One is forced, sometimes, to feel that, as a historical character, he is behaving abominably. He gives no opportunity to the cartoonist, dramatist or sensational biographer. But on the modest organ of his own personality he plays like a virtuoso, the touch always firm, the note usually gentle but never indefinite, and without that raucous resounding blare which so often attempts to disguise discord of thought. Some minds cannot keep—to use their own words—"abreast of the times" without a vast deal of splashing in the water, of sudden side-strokes and spectacular natation. But he is the more fortunate competitor who, starting from further down the course, draws level, pulls ahead, maintains the lead, with an easy stroke. Of the latter type is Mr. Baldwin; he must have learned the style in the quiet waters of some Bewdley pond.

"What is the greatest water-power known to man?"  
"Woman's tears."

Of all forms of Chewing Tobacco the PLUG is the best!

**P. E. I. World's Silver Fox Headquarters**

Prince Edward Island is famous everywhere as the world's headquarters for silver fox breeding.

**BIG BEN is famous among the Prince Edward Island fox breeders as the world's best chewing tobacco.**

Because BIG BEN comes in plug form, it always keeps fresh and moist—does not chip or crumble—may be conveniently carried in any pocket—does away with waste.

Enjoy your tobacco to the fullest. Chew fresh, rich, full-flavoured BIG BEN.

**BIG BEN**  
PLUG Chewing Tobacco

Your dealer sells BIG BEN by the plug and by the Vacuum (air-tight) Tin

**In the service of industry**

**Manufacturing**

Since man first chipped stone with stone and fashioned his crude hatchet or arrow head, the science of manufacturing has been steadily developing. Today the modern metal-working plant is a maze of complicated machinery, belting, pulleys and shafting, driven, it may be by steam, electricity or crude oil.

From the laying of the foundation of the manufacturing plant to the supplying of the belt on the last machine we serve such industries in a multitude of ways. To the contractor we supply concrete mixers, hoists, shovels, etc. Into the equipment of the building go our pumps, valves, pipe, fittings and steam goods. And for the actual manufacturing equipment we supply wood and metal working machinery, transmission equipment, shop supplies, and the motors or oil engines to provide the motive power.

On farm and in forest, on fishing vessel and in mine, as well as in every type of factory, warehouse and mill, Fairbanks-Morse service and Fairbanks-Morse products are known and appreciated.

**The CANADIAN Fairbanks-Morse COMPANY Limited**

St. John—Quebec—Montreal—Ottawa—Toronto—Windsor—Winnipeg—Regina—Calgary—Vancouver—Victoria

**THE MAKERS OF FAIRBANKS PUMPS AND VALVES**

—By George McManus

**Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA**

**MOTHER:** Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulence, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving natural sleep.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Wm. C. Fletcher*. Absolutely Harmless—No Opium. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

**Bringing Up Father**

BY GOLLY I'M GLAD WE GOT OUT OF THAT CAVE WITHOUT THEM SEEN US.

YES-BUT I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHEN WE ARE GONNA GET SOMEWHERE.

WE'LL BE OUT OF HARM'S WAY UP HERE.

WE ARE OUT OF EVERYTHING!

AH! GENTLEMEN I HAVE BEEN CHASING YOU FOR THREE DAYS.

AW! BE NICE—DON'T TAKE US BACK TO JAIL—

JAIL? BAH—YOU ARE MR. JIGGS—THE TRAVELING AMBASSADOR EVERY OFFICIAL IN ITALY IS LOOKING FOR YOU TO WELCOME YOU TO ITALY—COME, I HAVE A SPECIAL TRAIN WAITING FOR YOU!

AH WE HAVE BEEN RUNNIN' AWAY FROM YOU!

© 1927 BY INTL. FEATURE SERVICE, INC.  
© Great Britain rights reserved.