

"Just a Well-Bred Gentleman" Description of Stanley Baldwin

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 of Mar. the Sweetness of Industrial Relations Between Worker and Employer.

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

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 noble. 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?

Since that day Stanley Baldwin has returned to power in every sense of that term. And still he is almost unknown quantity to millions in this Dominion whose destiny he has the power to affect. In view of the fact that, as Assistant Editor of a big national newspaper in the Old Country, it was his duty to make regular calls at 10 Downing Street to learn the Prime Minister's mind on important national and international affairs, it may be permissible for me to endeavor to interpret and reveal Mr. Baldwin to the Canadian public.

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 conservatory.

Similarly as Mr. Baldwin's pipe and pigs the symbol of his character, also of the characteristics of his policy. As one strolls round his pigeries at Bewdley the contented contents seem to point, with undisturbed and undisturbed minds, to the humble and more natural ideals of a statesmanship. And so it will be expected that Mr. Baldwin's first words on Canadian soil were, "The greatness emanates from 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 Chequers, the country residence of Premiers. 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, in his mouth the inevitable pipe. He looked a typical farmer-squire. And he looked contented.

Quite Human. Premiers are, after all, quite human. Scratch a Prime Minister and you find a man. Prime Ministers may have to be more or less moulded to the one official pattern. It is as men that they differ. Asquith, Lloyd George, Bonar Law, Ramsay MacDonald, and Stanley Baldwin were, to me who interviewed them all, just Premiers, conforming with identical regularity to the official conventions. Occasionally it was possible to get under the official skin as with Lloyd George travelling to London or with Ramsay MacDonald on that last Sunday night of his Premiership, in his bed at 10 Downing Street, he propped himself up on the pillow to hand-write a "message" for me. I never knew of any man who really got to know the Man behind Asquith, but practically everybody who comes into contact with Stanley Baldwin sees his humanity illuminating his official.

Solve Problems. It is a strange comment on political philosophies that the head of an anti-Socialist Government should be an industrialist. If one runs an eye over the serried, voluble ranks of British public men, one discerns an incredible few who have any direct relation to the industrialism which is the backbone of Britain's existence. And while the misnamed Labor Party which, its friends say, exists to solve the industrial problem (it lives, say its enemies, by leaving it unsolved), is in the hands of soft-skinned "intellectuals," its political 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 biased 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 sensors are swung by landowners and gentlemen of leisure whose minds were once 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.

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, the sure safeguard against the arrogant menace of political egotism. That is why the rules of English cricket will not tolerate the inclusion of a Player among the Gentlemen.

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 political mind because he is not politically minded. He is not a politician at all, he is a statesman. Politicians only know Country.

Very often in England a Prime Minister is selected for the sole and compelling reason that he is not 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 was that he was not Mr. Gladstone, incidentally, the invaluable stock-in-trade of quite a number of living politicians is that they are not Lloyd George. When the Conservative Party was, in 1911, stung to slight insurrection, Bonar Law was made leader mainly on the comprehensive

STRAIGHT FROM THE STRESS AND STRAIN OF INDUSTRIAL LIFE STANLEY BALDWIN STEPPED IN THE COUNCILS OF CABINET



Described in this article as a true well-bred English gentleman, Stanley Baldwin, Premier of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, is seen above with his favorite pipe. Born on August 3rd, 1867 at Stourport, he is of Welsh descent and early fell under the influence of his Presbyterian-Methodist-Quaker heritage. He became Parliamentary Secretary to Bonar Law in 1916, but only came into real prominence in 1922, since when he has been the dominating figure in British politics.

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 begins to regard him as nothing more than a non-fabulous Alice, rounded-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 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 mine which blew to smithereens the most powerful combination of politicians of this era, and dastardly duplicity—fell into a mound of fragmentary flaments, burying in its catastrophic collapse some of the most formidable chieftains of politics.

Heart and Mouth. Among his other limitations is the fact that the Prime Minister of Great Britain is not an orator. It is undeniable that he has given public utterance to some of the most nobly-phrased thoughts, saturated with the philosophy of the country man, sweet with the sympathy of a brother and rich with the classicism of the true scholar. But he is not an orator. He never orates; he speaks.

He is a staunch protectionist, and believed the only way to safeguard home industries and do away with unemployment was to put a high tariff on imported goods.

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capacity for easy speech but none of the technique of the rhetorician. In fact he loathes rhetoric as any man of simplicity does, calling it "the harlot of the arts."

His language, like himself, is loose-limbed. No matter how dramatic may be the situation on which the curtain is rung up at Westminster, he has never, as Lloyd George would do, edged in front of the curtain with a chest-note opening and a poetical peroration. Stanley Baldwin takes the stage without a hint of ostentation or make-up. And the speaking takes on the conversational tone of a stage-manager explaining that the scenery has had to be slightly altered because of a mishap to the electric switches. There is neither undramatic inadequacy or dramatic super-adequacy to his speeches; they are made noteworthy by the omission of opulent metaphor and the presence of the decent nudity of a bare statement.

Deliberations and lucidity are two rare virtues in political speeches, and Mr. Baldwin's magnificent manipulation of the idiomatic idiom beautifully effortless. Other speakers could see them trying. They acquire a passable command of grave Johnsonian polysyllables, but their diction always bears traces of the grease-paint; the style seems to have come straight from a theatrical costumer. Whereas, the plainness of Mr. Baldwin, with their diction, is a solemn measure which he treats with consummate grace.

Simple Life. Plain and unadorned, Stanley Baldwin looks just what he is: the typical unpretentious country man, prosperous and unambitious, with a pleasant, humorous face, bright and almost bucolic in coloring he has all the appearance of a man who finds perfect contentment in the simple life, in communion with himself and in the science of the soil. He 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 owner in togas. But in spite of his 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 enervated by the religiousness of his Quaker training and traditions.

In his mental methods there is not the nimble-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 does he 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-bedecked lanes of his native shire, turning the subject well over and approaching it from the self-convincing 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 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. Mental attitude when as news editor of the "People" I secured and pub-

"He Has the Dual-Courage of the Big Man: Able to Make a Decision and to Carry It Out"

An Informed Writer, Who has Personal Knowledge of Stanley Baldwin, Indicates those Characteristics which Make Britain's Premier the Greatest Living Statesman — "Would be False to Himself if He Were to Allow Fear of Consequences to Divert Him from Channels of Truth."

Writing of Premier Baldwin, a Liberal publicist, A. G. Gardiner, says: "If his intellectual powers be as remarkable as his public instinct, he would be equal to the greatest task of political navigation that has ever confronted a pilot. He may be equal to that task even as it is. He has thrown down a challenge to the nation to join him in a great act of balance of syntax, in a solemn measure which he treats with consummate grace."

ished his private opinions of Lord Beveridge, 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. "Wee unto you when all men speak well of you," says the Book, and therefore it is to be reckoned to Stanley Baldwin for righteousness both in and outside his own Party. And yet it is equally true that his 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 imperious humor are invulnerable. He is not conscious of the gnawing pains and pangs of ambition, really preferring cabbages 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 paltry 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 styles. 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 roccoco 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 cartoonist, dramatist or sensational biographer. But on the modest organ of his own personal life 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.

Here Ditary Infection Of Tuberculosis

The following bulletin is one of series being issued by the Maritime Tuberculosis Educational Committee: "Tuberculosis is not hereditary." It is not inherited any more than is Influenza. A child at birth is free from tuberculosis even if one or both of its parents are tuberculous. However, infection frequently comes from tuberculous parents or relatives, who usually infect the healthy born child in a year or two after birth, if their habits are careless. Even with much care it is difficult to avoid the infection of children by their tuberculous parents. When we see a whole family die of this disease, it does not mean that they inherited it from the parents, but that there was carelessness in the family, and each child acquired the disease from a parent, brother or sister. In families, however, in which there has been much tuberculosis among the parents or grandparents, it is possible there is a lowered resistance to the disease, but the careless disease, is the chief factor in the development of tuberculosis among these people. Dishwashing is made easier if cold water is put into cooking utensils immediately after they have been used. Milk bottles and pitchers should be rinsed out with cold water as soon as emptied. If they are not to be washed for some time, let cold water stand in them. Dishes in which eggs have been served will wash more easily if soaked in cold water first.

PREMIER BALDWIN LEARNS TO DRIVE LARGEST LOCOMOTIVE IN BRITISH EMPIRE



The Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, the British Premier, took a short course in engine driving at Pickering, Ontario, on the new Canadian National locomotive, number 6120, the largest and most powerful railway engine in the British Empire. Mr. Baldwin, when visiting Kingston, Ont., heard that this titan of the steel rails was an all-Canadian product, designed by Canadian National Railway engineers and built at the Kingston shops. Early on Saturday morning No. 6120 was attached to the Royal Train to haul it into Toronto to mark the opening of the new Union Station. Mr. Baldwin, although busily engaged in the preparation of his speeches, halted in his work to make an inspection of the engine, eventually climbing into the cab with the engineer. He showed the speed, and interest in the manner in which the big locomotive was handled when travelling at high speed, and worked the various levers controlling the engine. "It is a wonderful piece of machinery and should be a source of pride to the Canadian designers and builders," said the Premier on leaving the locomotive. No. 6120 is one of forty engines of similar type that are being turned out this season for fast passenger and freight services of the National System. When in regular service they will run 510 miles without change—the longest locomotive runs in the Dominion.

Advertisement for Samuel Kennedy's 4 and 6 cylinder speed trucks. The ad features an illustration of a truck and text describing the "International" line of motor trucks, highlighting their chassis designs, load capacity, and availability in various sizes. It also mentions the distributor, Samuel Kennedy, in Charlottetown.