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EDITORIAL**FRANKENSTEIN**

We were reading, the other night, in Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë," an account of the riots that occurred in the woollen manufacturing area of North England, especially Yorkshire, about 1812-13-14, when certain machines were introduced into the mills, enabling the proprietors to do with fewer "hands" than before. The people, panic-stricken, saw their one means of livelihood taken from them, with the increase of machinery. There were times when watchmen or wakers in the night heard the distant word of command, and the measured tramp of thousands of sad, desperate men receiving a surreptitious military training, in preparation for some great day which they saw in their visions; when right should struggle with might and come off victorious; when the people of England, represented by the workers of Yorkshire, Lancashire and Nottinghamshire, should make their voice heard in a terrible slogan, since their true and faithful complaints could find no hearing in Parliament. There were other nights, too, when mills were burned, and when the homes of the mill owners were set upon, and the owners themselves were shot down with as little compunction as though they had been foxes of the fields. At one time, indeed, the "Luddites," as the insurrectionists were called, were so numerous as almost to assume the character of an insurrectionary army. But the poor in such cases, usually come of the worse, in such encounters, for the immediate moment, at any rate, whatever effect their action may have at a later day. And in this case the desperate attempts of the Luddites did not even hasten the advance of the machine.

In every walk of life the machine has come to stay, and always to the benefit of the man who can own it, either in making his own work easier or faster, or in enabling him to do without extra help. Where, in former days, a wheat field might be seen with three or four men in it, or possibly more, advancing by paces to the rhythmic swing of cradles, a solitary man now drives about on the seat of a "bindle." In printing plants where once were a dozen typesetters, an alone worker at a linotype machine accomplishes the work to absolute satisfaction; and a big machine tended by one man takes in the white sheets at one end, grinds them through and turns them out printed and folded at the other—the work of many employees before the day of the machine. Instead of the "cabinet shop" in each village, a huge factory in the city now turns out chairs, and tables, and "bureaus," and cupboards with marvellous rapidity, if lowered excellencies.

The same thing is happening in almost every walk of life. Wherever you go, there is the machine, doing the work which formerly was done by a number of workers, and, in some cases doing it better.

Of course the result is inevitable. There is more unemployment than there used to be. In fact unemployment has become a factor with which statesmen are forced to grapple—usually without finding a very satisfactory solution. And the people—even the unemployed—have stopped railing at the machine. Of what use to kick against what cannot be banished?

Now can the employers be blamed—so long as existing standards of living exist? (The question might well be as to whether those standards are here to stay.) But that would be a long story; and perhaps few could see a bright ending to it. (Possibly—Gandhi?) A man is bound to do the best he can for himself and his family, and if he sees that a machine will trouble the output of his plant, whatever it may be, at a lessened expense, the machine he will have.

But sometimes one wonders where it will all end. Not only because of unemployment. There are other

changes that have come with the machine. The small villages that were once busy lives, each with its wagon maker, its cabinet maker, its tinsmith, cheese-maker, flour miller, and every so many other workers besides, are being slowly strangled by the "Machine"—the factories in the large centre, to say nothing of the motor truck, the "rolling store," the private automobile that whisk business away. Nor can the very character of the people themselves avoid change. The individual wagon-maker took pride in his work and made a wagon that would last a half century. The maker of furniture was an artist in his own right, and turned out articles that were sold to the core. The individual weaver of homespun made cloth that was strong and lasting. The sturdiest sort of honesty must have been encouraged by the kind of work done half a century and more ago. Nor can it be possible that a man can take the interest in the putting of a machine that he lends to his grandfather took in the work of his own hands, of which he was creator as well as producer. Is his "brain" working as his grandfather's did? If not, what will be the result?

Good and evil! The motor car is a great agent for good; it also aids crime in the speedy get-away which it affords. The airplane brings relief and joy to the solitary living in the wilderness; it also provides a dreadful instrument of war. The manufacturing machine tells one man's pocket; it throws a dozen men out of work. So the story goes; and who can follow it to the end? One cannot but believe that the world, on the whole, is growing better. Yet one cannot but wonder whether our standards, on the whole, might not be vastly improved—whether the values we place on many things might not be very much changed, to our lasting advantage. One likes to fancy the lost Atlantis people, as some of the sages have daringly fancied, with a race of supermen, finer and better than we—a goal towards which we are slowly working once more. But somehow one can never imagine that race chasing about after things that occupy so much of our western-world time. One thinks of them as leading simpler, saner, better lives.

A poor imagined an inventor who fashioned an iron man whom he called Frankenstein. And in the end the iron man became so efficient that it mastered the man who made it, crushed him—if we remember rightly (we have not the reference at hand to verify). Was the story of Frankenstein an allegory of the modern machine?

There is nothing practical about this editorial. Yet perhaps nothing we read is entirely lost if it stimulates us to just think for a while, about something off the beaten track along which we walk.

The Armchair**The Old Parson**

Dear Friends:

Probably many of you read, from time to time, in the Globe, little poems signed "Margaret Clark Russell". They are invariably whimsical little slips, with an unexpected turn in the last line or two, and can imagine the writer finishing with a twinkle in her eye, andhaps a "cheekie" as our ancestors used to call the good-humored laugh which we, with less taste, usually call a "giggle". (Has she degenerated from "Horrible"?)

When casting about to decide what to write about in Armchair to-day, I came across one of these sixties sketches. I want for Christmas jasper And Russian urs or samovar Jerusalem plant (though surely die).

An idol with an opal eye.

The way to get them is to give them all to those with whom I live.

And I have thought that you might like to know something of the writer herself, who was a member of the Women's Press Club to which I belong.

The first time I saw her was November day perhaps eight years ago, when the Women's Canadian Club entertained the

"press," and all other writers in

capacity who lived in the

Marlborough of thirty years ago,

at an average of \$2.00 apiece—a striking illustration of the victory

I noticed among them at once

of striking-looking dark women,

mainly because she was a stranger,

partly because of something for

looking about her—olive comple-

black hair then worn in heavy

each side of her face; long stra-

pe; a rather peculiar and very

peculiar way of dressing.

"Who is she?" I queried.

"Oh," said my next neig-

bor, or

or