



CO-ORDINATING OUR RAILWAYS

HAVE you ever croaked because you could'nt get a lower, or a seat in a chair car, or a case of goods less than a week late, or get in anywhere on time? If not, you are not a human being. A railway ordinarily exists to test the humanity of the human race. Nowadays since governments began to operate railways, they exist to show people how they can travel with a minimum of de luxe and a maximum of reasonable patience. Let's all be thankful that railways run at all---and that in Canada the great transportation systems are so well merged in operation under the Railway Board.

By BRITTON B COOKE

Illustrated by Frank Johns' on

TO-DAY, and for the duration of the war, there is but one railroad system in Canada. It is not government-operated nor government-owned, yet it is, and has been for some time, much more a unit than the so-called National Railroad of the United States. From the methods devised by Canadian railroaders, the Americans are now learning lessons which will keep them from becoming congested in future as they are now. From Canadians they are adopting a system of control for overseas freight which has enabled Canada with practically only one port on the Atlantic, to keep a colossal volume of traffic constantly moving, and more as it is required, to the Allies, while the Americans, with their seven hundred railways and several big ports in place of Canada's one—have had to confess defeat and submit to government intervention to save the traffic of that country from becoming hopelessly tangled.

The man who, in the United States, has had to take hold of the American railway tangle, is Secretary McAdoo. The man who, nominally at least, heads the railway system of Canada to-day—the most successful railway system of its kind among all the fighting nations—is Lord Shaughnessy, senior member of the Canadian Railway War Board (The Canadian Railway Association of National Defence). This War Board includes on its executive the chiefs of all the big roads in Canada. On its administrative committee are seven senior vice-presidents, under the chairmanship of O. E. Gillea, of the Grand Trunk, with Sir George Bury, of the C. P. R., and D. B. Hanna, of the C. N. R., as vice-chairmen. Although this administrative committee is the one that does the actual work, and although Lord Shaughnessy continues in his office, President of the C. P. R., it is to a large extent the prestige of this remarkable personality that lends the Canadian Railway War Board its initial strength. On the senior transcontinental system in Canada, with its employees everywhere in the Dominion, the word had only to go out: "Shaughnessy says so!"—and that famous organization, once as keenly jealous of its competitors as they were of it, submerges for the time being its identity in the identity of "Canada's Railway."

"Shaughnessy says so!"—and therefore to-day his road reports to the Canadian Railway War Board,

ninety-five engines to spare, to be sent wherever the War Board wants them most urgently. To-morrow—because Shaughnessy says so—it may be a hundred coal cars to lend the War Board. Of course this same spirit actuates all the member-roads. Every road in Canada is bound to work with every other road through the Board. And as a matter of fact this spirit, common to them all, has made possible a degree of co-operation and co-ordination which, if the American roads had achieved it, would have made McAdoo's appointment unnecessary. But in Lord Shaughnessy, one of the Canadians to whom, somehow, a peerage seems quite appropriate, this new spirit has perhaps its most distinguished exponent.

THIS is not a biographical account of Lord Shaughnessy. I don't even know precisely when he was born or where. Such facts do not for a moment begin to compare in interest with the fact that here in this really great Canadian is a combination of practical intellect, personality and power such as only a few men ever wield combined with a fine, keen sense of public duty—and all developed in that curious university: Railroad! That is perhaps the most interesting consideration in any summary of Lord Shaughnessy. He is the product of a work, a trade, a guild. In earlier times the railroads of this continent turned out—or was it that they attracted to themselves—a different sort: the Napoleonic type, vigorous, energetic, successful and perhaps a trifle contemptuous toward the finer distinctions of men had the their virtues. lessness that

laugh at the public was part and parcel of the ruthlessness that enabled them to over-ride all obstacles to the completion of a difficult task. They must always have their place in the respect and even the affection of this country. But Shaughnessy is of the new type. No one has ever been able to criticize Shaughnessy the citizen any more than the railroaders have been able to criticize Shaughnessy the railroader.

TWO days before this article was commenced I happened to be in the office of a car superintendent of a certain railroad in Montreal. It was late Saturday afternoon, when most of the young people of the city seemed to be out-of-doors or on their way to movie shows. The car superintendent was working over-time to make sure that a special train of munitions urgently required for the next convoy to France was being handled properly. In him to be working late seemed nothing of note. But over in a far corner of the big room was a tall, stringy boy of seventeen working at a machine—something to do with the filing system in the office.

"By the way," said the superintendent, "see that new boy of mine?"

"Yes."

"He's a find. Been working since he was fourteen helping his dad, who's the station agent at —ville, down by the Maine boundary. Dad died and the boy wanted to stick with railroading. The engineers passed him up the line (carried him in the cab) and shared their lunches with him. When he got here the last fellow gave him enough money for his night's lodging and sent him here. . . . Fifty dollars a month . . . and he's working like a man."

Perhaps you think the conversation pointless. I don't—possibly because I had the advantage of seeing that big over-grown lad, and noting the light of pride in his eyes as he reported the job finished. Something in his face said that he loved railroading, that he was, by instinct, one of that brotherhood of big fellows, who drive engines and check way bills, and revise freight tariffs and shovel ballast—all in the interests of "Traffic."

Out of this brotherhood came Shaughnessy. I could imagine this boy with the hint of a curl in the hair at the nape of his neck—a Shaughnessy! Shaughnessy started as young, they say.

If one dared to tell the stories one hears of

