

that it wasn't a good donkey engine or an Al Mogul, oil-burner or otherwise. If it was anything less than a hundred per cent. of energy at the coupling pin it would be ashamed to look Grant Hall in the face. And if any modern oil-burner locomotive cannot show cause why it is a better engine than the coal-eater of the same grade, Grant Hall is the man to know the reason why.

From that angle of railroading Grant Hall is a master. For all I know he may be of equal efficiency on tariffs, telegraphs and legislation. But those are things a man may learn after he has left college. The man who knows the heat units and the drawbar pull of a locomotive up to the top notch of practical business in profits for shareholders and wages for the workers without gouging the public, has got to begin at the sophomore stage with the machinery and come right on up through along the oil-can and wiper route till he can dream the works of a locomotive and see in his sleep the thousands of men who build them, mend them, operate them, knowing to a dot what every man is or should be doing in any part of a shop or on any jerkwater line in the division.

HOW much pure science he may have absorbed as he went along I don't know. But he has found it necessary to keep full steam ahead with the times. There were never any leisure moments in his career. The driving rods were at full plunge and the cylinders working with their full pressure of steam at the gauge. As general manager of western lines Grant Hall has less time for the pure mechanics of railroading. He is dealing now with a machine that is more complicated than any locomotive. He knows now the value of the mental side of railroading. And that is saying more than you could sum up in any theoretical psychology.

Men who have spent their lives at machinery and with men who work at machinery do not often become diplomats. Grant Hall as an ambassador from any government might not be a success. As a manager of men who are parts of a great machine he is a Mogul. He has learned the remarkable importance of considering the case of the other man. Two-thirds of Grant Hall's time is spent in adjusting difficulties in almost any branch of the service. Any day except Sunday or statutory holiday that doesn't fetch down the line its necessary number of complications is to him a day off. He eats up troubles. As a student of other men's difficulties he is a virtuoso of high rank. And in the disentanglement of other folks he uses the same sort of technical skill applied to mind that he used to apply to machinery when brute force seldom or never accomplished anything. Grant Hall is built on the principle of taking any bull by the horns. But he knows very well that in dealing with men there are times when it is as well to try other tactics.

Men of his stamp without his peculiar human qualities are likely to run into three troubles while they are trying to get rid of two. Grant Hall knows how to look at the other side of the hill, how to appreciate the other man's grievance if it is real, and how to study its fallacies if it is only a trumped-up affair. He never goes booting it over other men's corns. If the lion has a sliver in its paw the sliver must be investigated. If one branch of the service finds or feels itself put upon by any other or by the men who sit in nice offices, Grant Hall understands that it is his business to get the road clear and to keep it open as long as possible. As a simple demonstration of his enlightened common sense in matters like this take the concise anecdote of a man who knows Grant Hall day in and day out, and who tells of him this:

"A certain yardmaster on the western lines had asked to have some men reinstated in the company's service. They had been discharged for infractions of the rules at different times. Mr. Hall said that they could not be reinstated. Time passed, and

when an assistant yardmaster was discharged for drunkenness in the same town, the switchmen went on strike to force his reinstatement. The trainmaster had to clear the yard during a wheat rush, and he was in a quandary what to do. He thought of the discharged employees. They were all experienced men. He called them and said: 'Now remember, I am going against the orders of the general manager, but I am going to put you to work, and take chances on making him see my way.' They went to work, and the yard was kept clear. Afterwards a full report was made by the trainmaster to his superintendent, and in the course of time it reached Mr. Hall. At the bottom of the report the superintendent had written: 'What shall I do with a man who disobeys orders to the extent of putting men to work after the general manager had refused to do so?' Without hesitating a moment, Mr. Hall

that. But he was not in a position just then to tell his friend anything that might get whispered about, so he made the immortally simple and quite satisfactory reply, "Yes." There the matter dropped. It was not the master mechanic who said it, but a man who had learned that when people get talking about that peculiar form of public utility known as a railway there are times to answer in monosyllables.

Work to Grant Hall is a positive joy. And he does it with all the paraphernalia removed. When he squares up to a day's work he is like a racing machine stripped down to the chassis. There is no Pullman car de luxe about this man, who often walks from his fashionably located home in Crescentwood three miles to his office at a time when a lot of other men are shaving. Why he lives in Crescentwood is a matter for himself to explain. There is something in being neighbour to men who measure

their importance by the number of \$100,000 mansions in three blocks. I don't know what sort of house Grant Hall lives in. I can fancy him being enormously at home in a tepee or a miner's shack. He is entitled to a private car whenever he wants it. But he travels more miles without than with it. He has been known to pull out for New York in a day coach—not, however, paying his fare.

One can't easily fail to imagine Grant Hall challenging any man of a gang to a wrestle. He looks and acts like a man who, in his strong-arm machine-shop days, might have been counted a bad man to go up against. He would have made a ripping prize-fighter. His physical vitality gives him an immense leverage when dealing with men to whom the strong arm is a fine background to a nimble brain. He knows how to ram home his conciliatory arguments with a reserve force that makes it hard to resist him. When that fails—he still has his chuckle. Any man who can conduct a contentious and otherwise bad-blooded dispute with a merry optimism such as his has much the same advantage dealing with refractory opponents as a single mounted policeman used to have in a camp of Indians. He has the kind of personality that men instinctively respect. He is one of them. Like the true parson, he knows their problems. If not he will find out in short order. He knows the value of a quick decision with the strength of mind necessary to stand by it. His no is nay and his yes yea—and he doesn't always know till he's half way between his office and the meeting, which it may happen to be.

It is his business to act on the defensive—though he comes from the ranks of what is called labour. At his big-salaried job, with his costly home in Crescentwood, he works harder than he ever did in a machine shop or a locomotive gang, paying rent at \$20 a month. And he is probably a happier man. It's pure guff for a man who has come up through to pretend that he doesn't like it better, even though his work is harder. That type of man is indispensable to any great

system. Schwab is the most famous of that kind. But Schwab has become a magnate, which Grant Hall is not likely to do. Yet there are but two men in the head office who have any lead on him for the next Presidency of the system. Both their names begin with B, and one of them is a young man with a legal mind.

This prospect, whatever it amounts to, is not bothering Grant Hall. He will die happy if he never rises higher than at present—so long as he can continue to tramp down days' works.

No doubt he has his bad moments. Railway disputes are not usually settled by a mere snap judgment and a smile. They require previous and well-digested knowledge—of the problems themselves and of human nature back of them. It is to be hoped that the head office will never call this vice-president (Concluded on page 25.)



Direct as a Trip Hammer this man of force, without pomp or pedantry, makes it his joyful business to adjust difficulties.

DRAWN BY C. W. JEFFERYS

wrote after the query, 'Promote him the first chance you get.'

A man who could make a reply like that knows the other side of the question and has a fine sense of humour. Grant Hall knows how to smile in the face of other men's difficulties. He knows how to inspire confidence because he is in difficulties himself most of his time, and the men who deal with him know that he is making an honest and sagacious effort to adjust things in the best interests of everybody.

And he knows how to keep silence when blab would be fatal. At the time when Mr. George Bury was taken from Winnipeg to the head offices a friend of Grant Hall said to him:

"Oh—I hear there are to be some important changes among the officials on this end. Is that so?"

The idea was to get Grant Hall to elucidate the whole matter—entre nous, sub rosa, etc. He knew