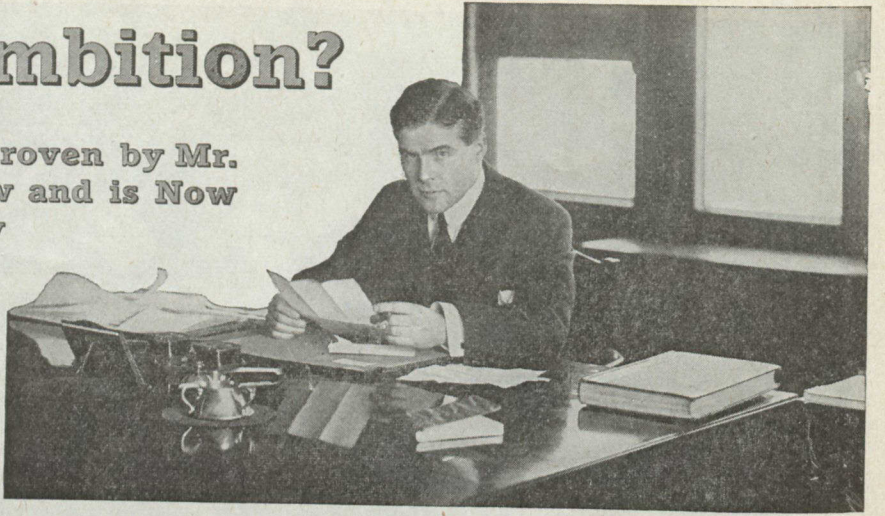


What is Your Son's Ambition?

Every Boy Has a Chance--This Has Been Proven by Mr. E. W. Beatty, who Made a Success of Law and is Now President of the C.P.R. at Forty



Mr. E. W. Beatty at his desk in the C.P.R. Building, Montreal

IN the good old days of Baron Shaughnessy, we are told, the brisk and business-like boy who delivers our C. P. despatches used to march into the office with his natty blue cap set square across his noble brow.

That cap was a fixture there. We got used to it. It seemed part of the established order of things. One could as easily imagine the boy pushing it to one side or the other, as one could imagine a breeze on the Nile upsetting the great Pyramid.

One day recently we got a shock. Into our office tripped the youngster with his cap tilted rakishly over one ear.

"What's the matter?" we enquired. "Getting the flu?" "Nope," and he brisked out again without troubling to explain. But we have just discovered the truth.

Baron Shaughnessy used to wear his hat square-set across his forehead. But the new president of the C. P. R.—its first Canadian-born president—Mr. E. W. Beatty, invariably carries his chapeau tilted at a rakish angle.

There are whiskers going down the line that se-brakemen and over the 18,600 the C. P. R. are headgear a shove

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The "rakish" tilt of his hat is the cause of much good humoured

comment on the part of Mr. Beatty's friends.



A commercial traveller through the West, mentioned to us just this morning that he had seen bell-boys in the C. P. R. hotels out there with their caps entirely off their heads and hanging from their ears, like pagan ornaments. He saw that in more than one of the C. P. R. hotels; and what the effect may be if the new practice is prevalent throughout the eighteen C. P. R. caravansaries, it is impossible to gauge.

Telegraph operators in the 15,000 offices of the C. P. R. Telegraphs have been widely affected by the new movement in hats and workmen in the Argus car shops at Montreal and in the C. P. R. shops at Winnipeg and Calgary, show, it is said, scarcely one piece of headgear that retains the old Shaughnessy level. The Beatty angle is the thing now.

It is even whispered that a few of the older locomotives with the wide-brimmed Stetson smokestacks of the vintage of 1889, have taken to wearing their battered crowns a bit to one side.

We asked the youngster about it this morning, when he came in wearing his cap at an even Beattyier angle than usual.

"Do you really expect to be president of the C. P. R. some day?"

"Every fellow's got a chance," he rejoined.

"But," we explained, "Mr. Beatty went to Toronto University and studied law and—"

"That's just it," he said. "He was only a lawyer to start with, and look what he done—just through wearing his cap like this. Don't try to tell me I ain't got a chance—and here I'm starting at the bottom rung and working up."

He gave the corner of his cap a yank, and went out whistling.

"MENS Sana in Copore Sano" has always been Mr. Beatty's motto, or in the language of the day—"Keep the body fit and the mind will take care of itself." His success on the football field paved the way for greater achievements.

This incident did not happen in this office. We give all due credit to the Chatham News for the honour of discovering the interesting situation prevailing. But we have repeated it to prove one point—Mr. Beatty is (to use an "Irishism") contagious. He passes on to each and every person he meets, especially in business, a vestige of the dynamic force he keeps enclosed in his five-foot-ten or more of sturdy Canadian manhood. He is a worthy example of the type of Canadianism that knows no obstacle to success.

Although too busy to be a lady's man, Mr. Beatty occupies a position of interest to most Canadian women—especially Canadian mothers. What he has done, other mothers' sons can do. How he did it, serves as an inspiration for them. To other women he represents the head of a huge organization that not only makes for their comfort and convenience, but acts, in the case of 2,500 of them at least, as a source of occupation.

For there are just that many women in the employ of the C. P. R.—not only as clerks and stenographers, telegraphers and station agents, but also as workers in the great shops at Montreal, Winnipeg and Calgary, on the C. P. R. steamers as stewardesses and in the hotels in various capacities.

Mr. Beatty has also made an innovation in the history of C. P. R. presidents by having a woman as his private secretary—a very capable one, too.

E. W. Beatty is the first (Continued on page 13)

The Hands of a Lady

Housework is Never an Excuse for Ill-Kept Hands

By LESLIE GORDON

DID you ever hear the expression, "She is a lady to her finger tips"? My grandmother used to say this of any well-bred woman of whom she especially approved. I also once heard her remark of a certain purse-proud friend, "Her hands are not those of a lady," her meaning being that they were coarse and red. Now grandmother was one of the most capable housewives that ever lived. There was, I believe, nothing pertaining to cooking or sewing that she could not do supremely well, and when it came to housecleaning (Continued on page 33)



Scrub the arms well as the hands with a nail brush



A powder bath is always good for the hands



Push the cuticle down with an orange wood stick



Use beauty gloves while hands are chapped



Squeeze cold cream on to the back of the hand