

## The Man at the Head of the Grand Trunk Pacific.

(In connection with the illustrations we are giving this month of scenes along the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific, it is quite in order to say something about the man who is at the head of this great enterprise. We give below an article which recently appeared in "Opportunities," by Martin H. Edwards, which is very interesting; we hope that the reading of it may be an incentive to young men to climb the ladder of success.—EDITOR.)

In the beginning of big business in railway history, a big man named Talmage was made vice-president and general manager of the Gould lines, with headquarters in the offices of the Wabash road, at St. Louis. Mr. Talmage wanted a young man for the post of confidential secretary. He had his own way of choosing assistants. Down in the passenger department all the clerks were young. He went there to look them over, and found all but one either chatting or watching the clock. To this one he crossed, and asked the time. There was no answer. Leaning his hand on the desk, Mr. Talmage repeated the question. The clerk came out of his preoccupation and looked up with his pen in the air.

"I beg your pardon. Did you speak to me?"

"I merely asked the time. That was all," said Mr. Talmage.

The lad looked around three sides of the room, and finally found the clock on the fourth.

"Eleven-fifty," said he, and went on with his work.

"Thank you," said Mr. Talmage, and went away. Next morning the clerk who had to search for the clock was in the new place, at the big man's elbow. He grew up in association with this big railway man and others, and became a big man himself. Just now he is one of the very biggest.

His name is Charles Melville Hays. He is at the head of the Grand Trunk and Grand Trunk Pacific railways, a continuous line crossing Canada from ocean to ocean, through the greatest of all woodlands in the east, and opening in the west a new grain field more than a thousand miles wide, capable of feeding white bread to all the peoples of this earth.

The Grand Trunk Pacific was his concept and

is his creation. The spirit that possessed him that far-away morning when Mr. Talmage asked the time has moved him ever since. He is a dreamer of high dreams, with power to make his dreams come true. He has the genius of hard work.

In his room in the Grand Trunk building at Montreal there is no clock. Being human, he does not question the ultimate supremacy of time, but he gets all there is out of every hour as it goes, and has no toleration for a clock watcher.

"These people," he says, "know only two stations on the line—Sundown and Payday." The only admonition he ever bestows is "do a thing, and do it quick." To transport things is the whole purpose of a railway, and transportation cannot wait. Things have to be "done quick."

Mr. Hays has been doing them that way all his life. Otherwise he never could have done so much. But nothing he does is unconsidered. He has the gift of prompt perception, and the instinct to act swiftly upon what he perceives. How much this co-ordination has had to do with his long career as a creative and constructive force in railways is a minor question, since it would involve no more than the training of qualities that were themselves inborn and not acquired. But the power is there, and never fails. It is nowise in conflict with his own statement of what he believes to be the most valuable asset a railway man can have: "The genius of railroading lies in patience; in the ability to see and hear all sides of a subject or a controversy, and then explain why you can't do what the other fellow wants."

His engagement with Mr. Talmage brought him into the difficult labor of reorganizing the decrepit Wabash system. He was not long confined to mere secretarial labors. Talmage was one of the keenest traffic men of that day. Within a very little time he had discovered in his young assistant a genius of his own kind, and promptly set him about tasks respondent to his gifts. A year or so later one of the big men from New York was going over the line in a discouraged state of mind, and met Hays.

"You are a bright young man, Mr. Hays," said he, "but you never will live to see this tangle straightened out."

That bodeful prophecy was reversed in the

## Income

Cash Income from Premiums, Interest, Rents, etc., in 1911.....	<b>\$10,557,335.52</b>
Increase over 1910 .....	<b>981,881.58</b>