

Shaughnessy! But it is against the law of the railroaders to talk about their chiefs for publication. That is another point in which railroaders resemble soldiers. There are certain unwritten rules, certain things of which it is said by soldiers "It isn't done" while railroaders, lacking that phrase, just grunt and change the subject. Persisting, one hears the stories finally, stories of old pensioners who want to come back to help out when there's been a strike on, or men who have got into trouble and need a hand out.

Two stories of this sort may here be told because they come from other than railroad men. In the one case a youngster with more energy than will to govern it, improvised a prize fight at lunch hour in the ante-room of a junior executive. Some furniture was upset and papers scattered on the floor. The local chief came in, saw and spoke! Next day the lad's mother, a widow, applied to no less a person than the President himself to have the dismissal revoked.

"You see," she explained, "I'm a widow. The boy is the only one I've got. He's a good boy, m'lord, and he gives me all his money."

"Hmph!" said Shaughnessy. And then, after a pause: "I can't over-rule an officer of the company on a matter of discipline. I couldn't—"

"But sir—"

"You see how that would be?" he continued. "But I'll look after him. Send him to me."

And he gave the pugilistic youth a post in his own office.

Of course such stories are narrated of most big men. There is always that touch of impulse and generosity in almost every one. But of Shaughnessy it is characteristic where of others might be accidental. I know this, because I am thinking of the stories that daren't be told for fear of getting the tellers "fired." But one other characteristic story concerned an employee of his who had to have sick leave.

He was sent to Europe. All arrangements were made for him on the President's order. Flowers in

his cabin had been sent by "the President" and in an envelope delivered as the boat sailed was a check in four figures—"for incidental expenses."

So much for sentiment. It is not sentiment that makes a railroad efficient, though, mind you, it is that very touch of sentiment—surely every reader knows Shaughnessy is an Irishman—that gives the morale of the C. P. R. its touch of grace. Behind the curt orders of the official railroader is the hint of intimate understanding and sympathy between all railroaders, that places them among the most loveable men in the world. But the curtness is in Shaughnessy, too. He is the inspirer of "pep," of "the fear o' God," of "speed," as the men on the road express it.

Just trace back the alertness of yonder ambitious signal lamp trimman—the lad who walks a couple of miles with a box of matches and an oil can, dreaming as he goes from one switch lamp to another, of being an engineer some day, like his father, and earning 325 whole bucks a month. The "pep" is put into him by the local station man, who in turn is kept "on his toes" by the man above him, and the man above him by somebody else in turn, till it all filters back—to Shaughnessy!

What makes that superintendent so anxious about this gently falling snow? Why does he send for every conductor as the trains pull in and out of the depot, and quiz each one anxiously about the snow "up the line"? Why is it, that finally, though the storm still seems light, he orders out the ploughs and sends the snow-gangs up and down his division attacking the drifts before they have a chance to solidify?

It is because he knows a certain vice-president has an eye on him and will "raise Cain" if there's any delay on that division.

What he doesn't know, perhaps, is this: That the vice-president's "pep" comes from the President. The vice-presidents aim to keep at least one "block" ahead of Shaughnessy as though he were a passenger train with a blind engineer, running on the tail of their freight. Under such circumstances one does

tend to keep the throttle open.

A western vice-president gets a wire from Montreal, "Understand American western roads are hauling more wheat than we are. How's this?"

And that vice-president feels just exactly as the lamp-trimman feels when the station agent says:

"Boy, that Grand Trunk lad's got you skinned a mile for speed."

As a matter of fact both station agent and Shaughnessy may be wrong. But it's a good rule to make vice-presidents and lamp-trimmers prove it!

Four more points about Lord Shaughnessy. One is his honesty, another is his thrift, a third, his grasp of pan-American economics, and the fourth the simplicity of his life. In Montreal there used to be just a hint of—well, call it disappointment, on the part of the "society" ladies that Lady Shaughnessy persisted in living so simply, without the pomp and circumstance so easy to excuse in the president of a successful transcontinental. But now the Shaughnessy household, one is told, is held to be a pattern by those who have learned that life is complex enough without complicating home. Simplicity is the background of the C. P. R.'s president. "A little music, a little art, quiet lights and quiet voices—kindliness!" that is a summary I have heard of the Shaughnessy manner of private life.

Perhaps Canadians don't know that when the late Pierpont Morgan was alive, Shaughnessy was, in the eyes of European bankers, the second highest authority on American economic conditions. Now Morgan is dead. The chief of the C. P. R. is the best-informed and most prudent judge of economic affairs not merely in Canada, but in the United States as well. That alone, however, is not enough to say of Shaughnessy. He is, besides a judge, a force on the side of orderly, efficient and just industrialism. In the recent Victory Loan campaign, in Montreal, the great figure standing like a shadow behind the active organization was this man—temporarily unable to see his own writing—yet a master in transportation from Hong Kong to the "U. K." ports, across the greatest of young lands.

# CANADA IS WITH THE CROWD

*WHEN the Monocle Man made his trek from Montreal to Philadelphia, he carried his country with him. His article below is brief, but with the American angle on Canada, it affords a good large illumination on what Canada feels like when you are among the neighbors.*

## By THE MONOCLE MAN

I HAVE been in the land of the White House, Col. House and other dominating examples of domestic architecture for some few weeks now, and the one thing which has struck me hardest and oftenest is the magnificent reputation which Canada has made for herself over here by her course during this war. The Americans cannot say too much for us. And they know about what we have done. They have the figures as well as the facts, and they use them relentlessly to confound any local preachers of doubt or delay who may raise their voices. They say: "If little Canada has done this, how can we hang back? We have a lot of leeway to make up before we can pull level with our northern neighbor."

YOU have got to get away from Canada to realize how appealingly and permanently we have put ourselves on the map. We got on the British map during the Boer War. Over in England they sat up and took notice then. But it is doubtful whether we did as good execution in the rest of the world. For one reason, a lot of people—who are fighting with us now—were not quite sure then that we were doing the right or chivalrous thing. Of course, those of us who thought it worth while then to study that pagan science which it was so much the fashion in superior circles to sneer at before this war—international politics and its discredited hand-maiden, diplomacy—knew that the existence of the British Empire was at stake in South Africa just as soon as we read the Kaiser's cablegram to Kruger. But most people outside of the two Empires, the British and the German, did not realize that this was the formal shying of the Kaiser's hat into the ring, and looked upon the trouble as merely between the gold-

hunting Britons and the pastoral Boers. The Boers themselves know better now, and their more intelligent leaders doubtless thank God every night for Paardeberg, et al.

BUT this time Canada is with the crowd. All civilization sympathizes with the cause for which we are sacrificing and suffering. And they greatly admire our promptness, our pluck, our perseverance and our invincible optimism. When I get into an argument down here, and anybody manoeuvres me into a position less confidently optimistic than the one he occupies, some one is sure to say: "But I am surprised to hear you, a Canadian, take that view. I thought that all Canadians were cock-sure." I am compelled to reply: "We are, but we are not crazy. We can still see facts." Canadians in khaki are occasionally seen on the streets here; and they immediately attract attention. They are as conspicuous as the French grey-blue uniforms are with us. And there is a little of the same glory attached; for they are usually worn by men who have seen service and perhaps suffered wounds. When there is a patriotic "drive" on down here—say, for the Red Cross—no orator is so popular and effective as a Canadian officer in uniform and with a bandage showing somewhere.

THE American people whom I meet are eager to be in it. If there is a propaganda of discouragement at work, I don't hear it. The proudest mothers are those who can say—and they are not few—"I have had a son over there for two years

now—in an ambulance behind the French lines—in the Foreign Legion—in such-and-such a Canadian regiment." The next best thing is to have one "with Pershing"—and the next best is to expect one home for Christmas from a training camp. That is over now, as I write—the Christmas visitors in uniform have gone back again. The streets are less sadly gay with family parties in which the soldier boys are making all the merriment, and the father and the mother are taking their pleasure out in sheer and silent pride. American old eyes have never been so shining for generations—shining with gladness and shining with tears. The way these people take it all makes me a little homesick, they are so like Us.

WE will be better friends after this. We will have been in a fight together and on the same side. We will carry flowers across the seas to lay on graves in the same clime. Our boys who come back, will have the same battles to tell of—the same struggles and hardships—the same triumphs—the same tragedies. Blood is thicker than water. The greatest single good that is to come out of this frightful war will probably prove to be the new and lasting understanding and friendship between the two great English-speaking peoples. Our leaders need not waste pen nor paper in writing a formal alliance. We will all know henceforth that we, with our similar ideals and aspirations, must hang together or hang separately. The Teuton may possibly have his Mitteleuropa—if a Canadian can even admit such a possibility without astonishing people by his un-national pessimism—but the Anglo-Saxon can play against his hands across the sea which link two hemispheres to keep the poison of Potsdam buried deep in the midst of this Mitteleuropa.