

A Builder of Empire

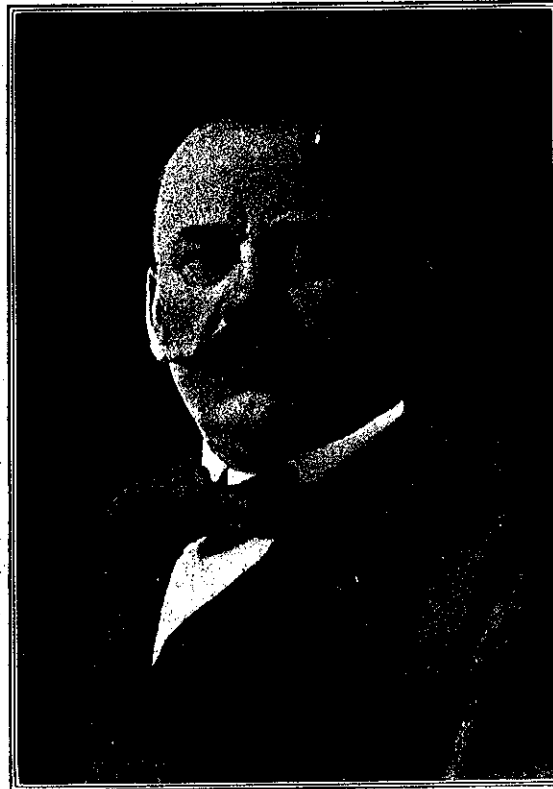
By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

VERY FEW dyed-in-the-wool morals are romantic. But now and then one comes upon a bit of real romance that points a moral. This is one of them. It is a true story—a cross-section taken out of a real life—the story of a boy, who, many years ago, wanted to be a king, and who, many years later, when kingship was offered him, actually hesitated about accepting it, saying that after so many years of fighting for the main chance he felt as though it was time to rest. But he accepted, and is to-day the head of two of the greatest railway systems in the world. This man, whose first “castles in Spain” were built when he was nothing more than a railway clerk, is Edson J. Chamberlin, president of the Grand Trunk and Grand Trunk Pacific Railways, successor to Charles M. Hays, who went down with the ill-fated *Titanic*.

Mr. Chamberlin is at once the admiration and the despair of newspaper reporters and special reviewers. In the United States, as well as in Canada and Great Britain, he is recognized as the most important individual factor in the railroad history of the day. He has not only begun where Charles M. Hays left off, for as general manager and first vice-president he has long been “that other working half” in the vast railroad and empire building operations across the border. For several reasons the eyes of the financial world were upon Mr. Hays when he left London on board the *Titanic*. Mr. Hays carried with him tremendously important plans, approved by the board of directors, among which were those covering the added expenditure of twenty-five million dollars on improvements along the Grand Trunk. These plans are now in the hands of Mr. Chamberlin.

For such reasons as this, and the absorbingly interesting fact that the new chief of empire building in Canada fought his way to the top from a boyhood that knew nothing of the proverbial silver spoon, there are few men in the country to-day who are regarded as “better copy” by the previously mentioned reporters and reviewers. And right here, in his firm but courteous expressions of dislike for personal publicity, Mr. Chamberlin remains true to what Mr. Gladstone called that “chief and most important characteristic of true greatness”—modesty and good taste. “Say anything that you want to about the work that I am engaged in,” says Mr. Chamberlin, “but please leave me out.” It is rather interesting to recall, in view of these words, the advice which the late F. W. Baldwin, a boyhood chum of Chamber-

lin's, gave to a young clerk when he was general superintendent of the Central Vermont. “Boom your work, my boy,” Baldwin said, “and boom it hard. But keep yourself in the background. It will win out for you in the end.”



EDSON J. CHAMBERLIN.

The prominent railroad man who was appointed president of the Grand Trunk and Grand Trunk Pacific Railways of Canada, to succeed Charles M. Hays, who perished in the “*Titanic*” disaster.

Here begins the romance with a moral to it. Away back in 1872, when they were all young fellows still unshaven, Chamberlin, Baldwin and J. H. Hanaford, now vice-president of the Northern Pacific, were clerks in the transportation office of the Central

Vermont Railroad. There were forty other clerks about them, but these three were particular friends and associates. They were quiet young fellows, unlike many of those about them, and sought most of their amusement and recreation together. It got to be a habit with them to return to the office at night and clean up unfinished work, if any remained. About them were a number of clerks slower than themselves, and one night Baldwin suggested that they “clean up” the work these clerks almost invariably left behind them. They did it. For a few evenings this good Samaritan work was performed largely in a spirit of fun, and the three hugely enjoyed the surprise and mystification of their slower friends. Then the real spirit of the thing caught hold of them and they worked, as Baldwin put it, “because it was fun to help the other fellows out.” This went on for a number of months. Just how the cat got out of the bag no one of the three ever learned, for on the day that the manager called Hanaford into his office and gave him a promotion, his only explanation was, “I’ve had my eyes on you.” He also had his eyes on Chamberlin and Baldwin and their promotions came quickly. Of the forty-five clerks in that office, Chamberlin, Hanaford and Baldwin were the only three who ever attained official positions. The moral is evident.

Along about this time there was a man scouting through the northern woods whose biggest assets were pluck and ambition and that quality which makes a man get up stronger every time he’s knocked down. His name was J. R. Booth—now a multi-millionaire. The time came when this Ottawa timber cruiser and lumberman wanted a railroad built, and he went down to the old Central Vermont. Chamberlin was the man. He went at the building of that log railroad as though it was a trans-continental, and they gave it the magnificent name of “The Canada Atlantic.” It was a corker of a road, and Chamberlin had the opportunity of his life for showing what [he could do as a wilderness builder. He personally superintended the driving of the last spike, and from that time on held the position of general manager, with headquarters at Ottawa, until the Grand Trunk absorbed the line in May, 1905.

Then Chamberlin struck out for himself and began building railroads on his own hook, cleaning up a fortune here and there and winning a reputation as one of the cleverest men in the business. He was

(Continued on page 87.)

What the Pure Food Law Has Done

for his magazine, his business was increasingly prosperous, and he had able assistants to relieve him of the detail which had once engrossed him. He was almost fifty, an age at which few men turn Columbus and fare forth on new quests over uncharted seas. But the spirit of adventure was still strong in him. He had discovered and conquered the woman's world. Now he turned his attention to man's.

His plans aroused instant attention. Though most of his fellow-publishers had sat in consultation on the weekly and had officially pronounced it dead, Mr. Curtis decided that his new venture should be a weekly. Though it was an axiom in the publishing world that no popular magazine could succeed largely which did not make its first and strongest appeal to women, Mr. Curtis decided to appeal to men.

His theory was quite simple, and, when you come to look at it in the light of what has happened, it was quite sound. He believed that the day of the weekly, far from being over, was just dawning. He saw a large public devouring the crude supplements of the Sunday papers and taking home great bundles of monthly magazines; logically, there was an audience for the right kind of a magazine that came oftener. There was some experimenting before Mr. Curtis got what he felt was the right kind of a magazine, but, once he had it, the issue was never doubtful to him, even when some of his closest friends could see nothing but failure on the horizon.

When one is young and two or three hundred thousand dollars in debt, one might as well make it a million and fail like a gentleman. But at fifty, to take the solid results of a lifetime's work and to stake them against the best judgment of the publishing world on a new venture—that might well give any man pause. But Mr. Curtis did not even hesitate. A few weeks ago the circulation of *The Saturday Evening Post* crossed the two million mark. That is, perhaps, the only comment on his judgment which is necessary.

Mr. Curtis is still a young man, with courage enough to keep the men about him strong and with hope enough to inspire them to believe that the big days of the company are all ahead. Some men at sixty are beginning to think of retiring, and of rounding out

A Winning Start.

A PERFECTLY DIGESTED BREAKFAST
MAKES NERVE FORCE FOR THE DAY.

and housed them all in the finest and most complete publication building in the world.

A Builder of Empire.

(Continued from page 78.)

engaged in this work, building roads down in South America, when Charles M. Hays called him back to Canada to fill the first vice-presidency and general managership of the Grand Trunk Pacific, four years ago. The new transcontinental was then building west of Winnipeg, and Hays was looking the railroad world over through a microscope for the co-worker who could fill the bill. He didn't leave out South America, but it took some time before he could induce Chamberlin to give up his hold down there.

The new president is what might be called an "under-current" among men. He works silently, swiftly and without a blare of trumpets. Somebody has called big, bluff Colonel Mann, builder of the Canadian Northern, a "Niagara" of personal and physical force, irresistibility and ambition. Edson Chamberlin represents the no less powerful forces of the "Whirlpool." He is quiet and dislikes the stare of the public eye. But he fills a whole room by himself. When you enter it, you feel instantly that you have entered into the presence of a dominant and powerful personality—something that checks you for a moment, and makes you momentarily uncomfortable. But that feeling passes quickly, for above all else Edson J. Chamberlin is what a great many other successful men are not—a gentleman and a scholar.

Mr. Chamberlin, like Achilles of old—has one vulnerable spot. Mention hunting to him, the deep forests, the broad lakes, the sylvan streams—and the business man, the financier, the schemer of empire is gone. Like sunshine appearing from behind a cloud, a look of pleasure and relaxation passes over his face, and inside of two minutes you make up your mind that he is one of the best camp-fire comrades in the world.

There is one story of Chamberlin and a few of his friends that is worth recording. In that particular hunting party there were Chamberlin, Dr. E. L. Dow and J. C. Stewart, of New York, S. M. Megeath, president of the Gelena Oil Company, and Colonel A. P. Sherwood, commissioner of Dominion police, at Ottawa. This is a pretty strong bunch. No one has any proof that any individual member of it has



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It's a cleaner, sweeter, pipeful

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Everything goes wrong if the breakfast lies in your stomach like a mud pie. What you eat does harm if you can't digest it—it turns to poison.

A bright lady teacher found this to be true, even of an ordinary light breakfast of eggs and toast. She says:

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"I was slow to believe that trouble could come from such a simple diet, but finally had to give it up, and found a great change upon a cup of hot Postum and Grape-Nuts with cream, for my morning meal. For more than a year I have held to this course and have not suffered except when injudiciously varying my diet.

"I have been a teacher for several years and find that my easily digested breakfast means a saving of nervous force for the entire day. My gain of ten pounds in weight also causes me to want to testify to the value of Grape-Nuts.

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broad lakes, the sylvan streams—and the business man, the financier, the schemer of empire is gone. Like sunshine appearing from behind a cloud, a look of pleasure and relaxation passes over his face, and inside of two minutes you make up your mind that he is one of the best camp-fire comrades in the world.

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Health Rules for Summer.

DRESS lightly and cool as possible.

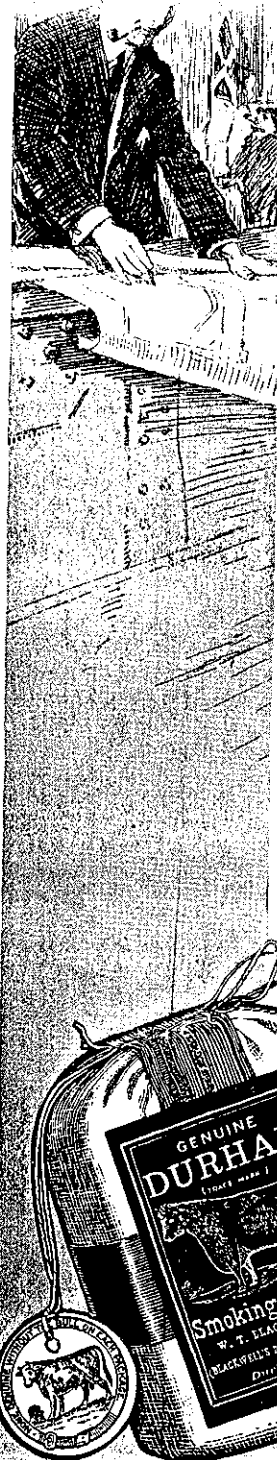
Avoid physical exercise.

Keep out of the sun.

Drink water.

Avoid alcoholic beverages and tea and coffee in excess.

Eat sparingly of fish, fruits and vegetables, drink milk and buttermilk.



smoke of three generations—comes first and foremost in tobaccos. More of it is smoked than of all other high-grade tobaccos combined.

Because, whether for cigarette or pipe, "Bull" Durham is a *practical* smoke—as honest as it is sweet and fragrant—as pure as it is mild and mellow and as chock-full of real old fashioned goodness as tobacco can be.

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