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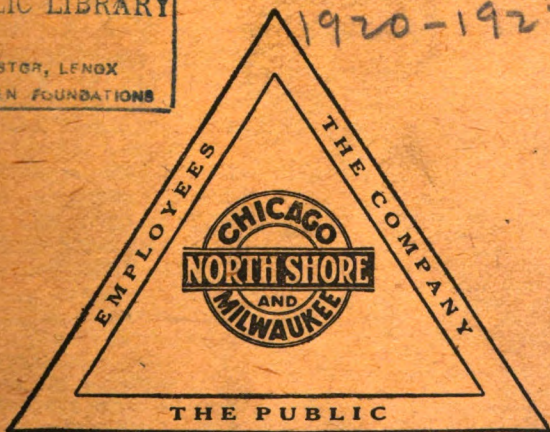
THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

NOVEMBER, 1920

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Vol 4 - 5
Nov - Dec
1920 - 1922



"The Road of Service"

Chicago

REGULAR PATRONS NOW.

It needs just one trial of the service on the North Shore Line to convince the most skeptical of its superiority. Of course we like to praise it in the BULLETIN because that is what we are here for. But we don't have to strain our conscience in doing it. Britton I. Budd, the president of the road, sees to it that the service justifies everything we say in praise of it. He knows we have a tender conscience in such matters.

Here is a letter, however, from a Milwaukee business man who didn't have to write it. We couldn't say more if we tried for a week. He writes:

There is a general tendency on the part of the traveling public to always find fault with a public service corporation, and no doubt at times their complaints are justified, but I want to write about a trip on the North Shore Line that was faultless.

On Sunday, September 12th, sixteen members of the Milwaukee Typothetae (Master Printers) made reservations from here to Chicago and also reserved seats in the dining car. We were on our way to the St. Louis convention of the national organization of Master Printers.

The first surprise we got was when we were met by Mr. T. E. Welsh, your superintendent of dining cars, who came up from Chicago to see that we were looked after in a real home-like manner. The next surprise was the well-cooked, nicely served dinner and at reasonable rates. In fact, this was the best meal we had on any railroad on our thousand mile trip.

The pleasant and cheerful manner in which the conductor of the train, Mr. James W. Mears, looked after our welfare was instrumental in making the trip a success.

Your company is to be congratulated upon having such men in their employ and every member of our party was "sold" to the North Shore Line that day, because everyone expressed the thought that hereafter when going to Chicago they would use your trains.

In times like these, busy business men forget kindness and *real service* too easily, and while this letter is a little late in coming, please accept and use it as you like, because I know that if every employe will do and act as did the employes on that train,

your company will be successful and that means success for every employe.

With best wishes for your success.
Frank R. Wilke.

P. S. Please put me on your mailing list for the BULLETIN.

When they write letters like that it is conclusive evidence that they are satisfied.

CONDUCTOR IS COMMENDED.

COURTESY on the part of employes of the North Shore Line is so common that it is seldom that any particular employe is named in a letter of commendation. Patrons accept such courtesies as a matter of course and consider it part of the service, which it really is. They speak of it in general terms only, as a rule.

C. L. Alling, Scout Executive of the Waukegan Boy Scouts, writes commending Conductor E. J. Hayward for an act of courtesy, which he greatly appreciated. Mr. Alling boarded a Limited, southbound at Waukegan, with the intention of meeting his wife at Highland Park. The train was fairly well filled, only single seats being available. Mr. Alling told the conductor that his wife intended getting on at Highland Park and, if possible, he would like to get a double seat. The conductor said he would arrange it, and by the time the train reached Highland Park a double seat was available for Mr. and Mrs. Alling.

"I write you," says Mr. Alling, "because I feel that Mr. Hayward should be encouraged in that kind of service and your company should be commended for emphasizing it."

The BULLETIN is very glad to print this commendation of Mr. Hayward and of bringing it to the attention of Superintendent J. W. Simons.

The North Shore Bulletin


*Issued Monthly by
Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad*

LUKE GRANT, Editor

Room 1105 Edison Bldg.

Vol. IV

Chicago, November, 1920

 483 No. 1

EDITORIAL COMMENT

TWO events of national importance have occurred since last you heard from us. The country has held a "solemn referendum" and the BULLETIN has celebrated another birthday. We were present on both occasions.

* * * * *

IT doesn't seem three years since we began telling you about the good qualities of the North Shore Line, does it? On the other hand it seems ages since the politicians began telling you about their good qualities. We can't promise you any relief from either. We begin our fourth year just as full of pep as ever, with the politicians just as full of promises.

* * * * *

LOOKING back over the last three years, we feel like "pointing with pride" to our record. The BULLETIN has more friends today than it ever had. Of course, some of the politicians also "pointed with pride" but it didn't work. Now they will begin to "view with alarm." It's always the one or the other. The "ins" always "point with pride" and the "outs" always "view with alarm." When the people sit in on the game, the ins and the outs change places, but the song never changes. It's a wonderful game if you don't take it too seriously.

* * * * *

WHY can we "point with pride" without having to blush for it? Simply because the North Shore Line has made good. We're not sure we can say as much for all public servants. Have you ever noticed how many patriots there are around election time? The woods are fairly full of men anxious to

serve their fellow-citizens. Of course they never think of any reward. Such a thing as the salary attached to the office is altogether beneath their notice. Their whole purpose in life is to be of service to their country. They are willing to admit it. Many of them get away with that line of talk, too. Some give service guiding wheelbarrows, others guiding the ship of state. And, do you know, at times we think if they changed places it wouldn't make such a whole lot of difference.

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IT'S perfectly wonderful how the times change. Here Tennessee goes Republican and part of Scotland goes dry. What's going to happen next? Comrade Debs says his party will win in 1924. He says that being shut off from the outer world he has developed a wonderful insight. Gene always did have a wonderful insight into things. Way back in 1904 he predicted that his party would win in 1912. When it didn't he extended the time to 1920. Now he pushes the clock ahead another four years. Hope springs eternal in the Socialist breast. Victor Berger says it was woman suffrage that deprived Congress of the pleasure of refusing him a seat. Well, if it was it would appear to some of us that the adoption of the nineteenth amendment has been fully justified. Next to our interest in the returns, our keenest enjoyment comes from reading the "explanations." They are so amusing.

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WHEN we read the returns from the voting in Scotland we weren't so greatly surprised to see that three districts had gone dry. Since the war the government over there has been cutting down the strength of Scotch whisky. Rather than take it diluted some of the Scots decided to cut it out altogether. Among the districts which voted dry was Kirkintilloch. When we read that it made us smile. It reminded us of a story we heard nearly a hundred years ago when Kirkintilloch wasn't dry. A resident of that interesting burg was wending his way homeward in the early hours of morning a little under the weather. Passing a churchyard he noticed an open grave. In

his state of mind it looked inviting, so he lay down in it and went to sleep. He was awakened in the morning by a loud blast on a horn, which came from the driver of a fish wagon. The newly awakened one thought it was Gabriel's trumpet and that the day of judgment was at hand. He scrambled out of the grave and looked around the deserted churchyard. "It's a poor turnout for Kirkintilloch," he remarked. Evidently the voters turned out in greater numbers on election day.

* * * * *

ONE thing in connection with the election tickles us clear through. We hope we won't see any more in the newspapers about Article X. Not that we wasted time reading the drivel which has been appearing on that subject, but we couldn't help seeing the headlines. You remember months ago, before the League of Nations became a partisan issue, we used to discuss it freely. We were a strong advocate of it then, and we haven't changed a bit. We are just as strong for it now, but we refused to get excited over it during the campaign. From the returns we judge that several millions of others took the same view of it we did. They refused to consider it a partisan issue. Both the leading candidates alternately blew hot and cold on it, until it dawned on them that it wasn't going to change many votes. Then they put on the soft pedal. The outcome would have been just the same if both candidates had started for Alaska on a hunting trip the day after they were nominated and stayed there until after election. At least we haven't met anyone who changed his mind as a result of their speeches.

* * * * *

WHY did the people take the League of Nations issue so calmly, in spite of the efforts of the political spell-binders? Simply because they could see further than the politicians gave them credit for. They believed that this country would join the League of Nations, no matter who happened to get elected. At least that is our personal view of the matter and the few with whom we have discussed the subject take exactly the same view of it. The United States is going to take its rightful place in

world affairs and nothing can stop it. That place is in association with other enlightened nations and it doesn't matter a whit whether it is named a League of Nations or something else. It doesn't matter whether Article X. is taken out or left in. The thing which does matter is that an association be formed to prevent a recurrence of wars such as we recently passed through. It is already formed and this country is going to join it. As we view it, there is no other course. The politicians know it, too, but they thought that a little quibbling over minor details might attract votes. If our statesmen think that the result of the election was an expression that this country wishes to isolate itself from the rest of the world, they will get a rude awakening soon. But we don't believe they look at it that way.

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A NOTHER matter we used to discuss a little in the past was the need of a better understanding between the English speaking peoples of the world. How some of the politicians and newspapers did try to stir up hatred and jealousy during the campaign. It is true they didn't say much about that "six votes to one" proposition. That was too ridiculous to do service, even in a political campaign when almost any sort of bunk will get by. But they tried about everything calculated to stir up trouble between this country and Great Britain. They didn't succeed. During the war we used to say in this column that the English speaking nations would rule the world. They do, and will continue. They aren't going to be divided on issues like Article X., either. This nation of ours isn't going to remain isolated from the rest of the world. It can't afford to, neither can the other nations afford to have it. Now that the election is over, we hope the bitterness is over, too, and that this country will take its rightful place as a leader in the movement for world peace and reconstruction. Personally, we feel very confident that it will.

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WE didn't mean to discuss politics when we started to write this. Well, in a sense, we haven't, for we don't consider an expression on the League of Nations as being an expression

of political views. What we had in mind when we began was to give you a little dissertation on the subject of service. Not the kind you have been hearing about for the last two or three months. The kind of service that the politician promises, when he is looking for votes, seldom materializes. It's mostly vapor and dissolves in thin air after he is safely elected. What we had in mind is North Shore Service, which is real. You get it every day. That's because it isn't political service. Funny thing, isn't it, that a "soulless, greedy, grasping (we can't think of any more adjectives) corporation" should give you real service, when the "peepul's friend" running for office gives you only hot air? But it's a fact, and you know it. Not that we wish to criticize our public servants unjustly. Most of them are pretty decent citizens. They have to make promises which they know cannot be fulfilled in order to get elected. They aren't as much to blame as are the rest of us who fall for their line of talk and vote for them because they promise impossible things.

* * * * *

DID you ever hear of a man running for a political office on a platform that if he was elected he would co-operate with the utilities companies to get better service for the public? No, you didn't. If some candidate was intellectually honest enough to run for office on that kind of a platform you wouldn't vote for him. Still you want to get good service. If a candidate promised that he would "smash" the company that is giving you service, that he would force it to do this or that, you would say he was a real fellow and deserved your vote. Isn't that about the size of it? It's perfectly foolish, too, because it's only through co-operation that real service is possible. Any public service corporation that is harassed and handicapped can't give the best service of which it is capable. No company that is bankrupt, or daily living in fear of bankruptcy, can give as good service as one that is reasonably prosperous. That ought to be plain to the most obtuse. A great many communities throughout the country have learned it to their sorrow, after they drove the electric railway companies which served them into the hands of receivers.

WHAT we have said applies to electric railways and other public utilities in general, but it is different on the North Shore Line. There the road gets the co-operation of the communities it serves, and as a result the communities get the best service given by any electric railroad in the country. The North Shore Line is constantly doing something to make the service better, too. Look at the new fast trains that it has recently put on. The "Badger Limited," which makes no stops for passengers between Chicago and Kenosha, proved so popular that another train of the same class—the "Interstate Limited"—was put on November 1. The "Badger Limited" was put on to carry Chicago people to Milwaukee in the morning and bring them back in the late afternoon in time for their dinner at home. It worked fine, and Chicago business men appreciated the service. But it was a little one-sided. It was all right for the Chicago man going to do a day's business in Milwaukee, but it didn't give the same advantage to the Milwaukee man going to do a day's business in Chicago.

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THE North Shore Line is always up to date, so it didn't take long to remedy the situation. The time of the "Badger" was changed to have it leave Chicago at 7:15 in the morning, while the "Interstate" was put on to leave Milwaukee at the same hour. In the evening the order is reversed. The "Badger" leaves Milwaukee at 4:45, while the "Interstate" leaves Chicago at the same hour. Both trains carry dining cars morning and evening. That is some convenience, too. It permits of the business man sleeping later in the morning and eating his breakfast on his way to business. That sort of service can't be beaten. At least it can't be beaten by any other railroad, nor equaled, for that matter. Probably it will be beaten later on by the North Shore Line itself, for the fellows who run the transportation end know their business and are always looking out for ways to please patrons.

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THE convenience of the arrangement is in itself a great commendation, but just think of the time those trains make. Two

hours and ten minutes between the loop in Chicago and the heart of Milwaukee, a distance of 86 miles. That has everything else beaten for speed as well as convenience. Talking with a man in Milwaukee the other day, he said the North Shore Line was now the fastest as well as the most convenient road to Chicago, but a great many travelers didn't know of the new service. He said they had been so long accustomed to the steam road that they had got the habit and never thought of looking into the possibilities of the electric line. That is one reason why we are telling you about it here, because we know when we print it here it will be read and we like to help out the fellows in the transportation department, anyway. They really are making good. If they weren't, we have such a nice conscience that we just couldn't praise them. As it is we feel like exclaiming, "Oh, for a thousand tongues to do this justice," as the little boy said when he looked into the barrel of maple sugar.

* * * * *

GIVING excellent passenger service is not the only way in which the North Shore Line helps the communities along the road. Merchants and manufacturers are just awakening to the fact that they have right at their door a Merchandise Despatch Service that is a great time saver. When they wish to fill an order in a hurry they are learning that the North Shore Line is the fastest and most reliable. We could cite scores of cases in which the Merchandise Despatch Service has been put to a severe test and has made good. For instance, our old friend Tom Kidd, manager of the Milwaukee branch of the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company, told us of a number of cases in which the North Shore Line helped him out of a tight place. One afternoon he received a hurry-up order for a set of truck tires. They had to be delivered the next morning and he found he did not have them in the Milwaukee storehouse. He telephoned the main house in Chicago, directing that the tires be shipped that evening by the North Shore Line. He had them in Milwaukee at the opening of business the next morning. That's the way the North Shore Line does things. The Nunn, Bush & Weldon Shoe Company of Milwaukee was shipping a consignment of

shoes to San Francisco. The shipment was given the North Shore Line and within twelve hours after it was received the shoes were on an express car on the Santa Fé railroad out of Chicago. That's the kind of service that business men appreciate. Such instances are everyday occurrences. Well, the way that the Merchandise Despatch business is growing is the best evidence that it is meeting the needs of the merchants and manufacturers.

* * * * *

TIME to wind up for this month, and in passing we might remark that the BULLETIN is beginning its fourth year full of hope. We had almost said, full of dope. The North Shore Line is full of hope, too. It has a good many improvements in mind, when conditions in the money market improve. It cannot do everything at once. The road is paying 9 per cent for capital that it has to borrow and earning only about half that rate on the investment. Under such circumstances it is impossible to make all the improvements that it would like to make in the way of new and larger stations, and all that sort of thing. But it will continue to give first-class service and it will make improvements as speedily as possible. The desire to serve is there, and that is the main thing. The tightness of money doesn't trouble the BULLETIN. We're used to it. We haven't any improvements in mind, anyway. We're doing our darnedest to please you now, and angels can do no more.

* * * * *

SAFETY FIRST.

A Scotch minister was playing a game of golf on a strange course.

"What's that ahead of us?" he asked the caddie.

"That's a bunker," said the caddie, "and they call it hell."

"Why do they call it that?"

"Because ance ye get in ye canna get out."

The minister drove and his ball landed in the bunker. He called for a niblick and made a splendid recovery.

"What do you say to that?" he asked the caddie.

"Weel, maister, a' I hae tae say is that when ye dee ye'd better tak ye're neeblick along wi' ye."

GO TO THE REAR DOOR.

The North Shore Line employs a trained nurse to visit sick employes. She is, of course, unknown to many employes. The other day she called, grip in hand, to see an employe. "You'll have to go to the rear door," said the lady of the house, sizing her up. "I don't do any buying at the front door."

A MODEL MILWAUKEE SHOE FACTORY

ARE you interested in shoes? Most people are, especially in the price. In these times the price is really more interesting to most of us than the question of where or how shoes are made.

Is there a definite relationship between price and quality in shoes? There is. The prices run up and the shoes run down—at the heels. The only way to keep them from running down is to walk less and ride more, and the North Shore Line is always at your service. Besides it needs the money more than the shoe manufacturers.

However, that isn't the point of this story. That's merely our fool way of beginning to tell it, for you may have noticed that the BULLETIN has its own way of saying things. That's what makes others, just as foolish as we are, read the thing.

You know, of course, that Milwaukee is famous. On billboards all over the country you used to read the reason. Maybe you can read it today, but that is all. Volstead and Dalrymple and the rest of that gang see to it that you don't taste it. And still we're happy. All that hasn't much to do with shoes, except indirectly. Some men are more on their feet than they used to be, consequently they wear out more shoes. That's merely an observation, not an argument.

But Milwaukee is becoming famous for its shoes. You didn't know, perhaps, that Milwaukee manufactures as high a grade of fine shoes as can be found in the United States. The cheaper grades of shoes, commonly known as working shoes, have been made in Milwaukee for a number of years, but it is only within the

last two or three years that the manufacturers of fine shoes in the east have been shown that they do not have a monopoly in that branch of the trade.

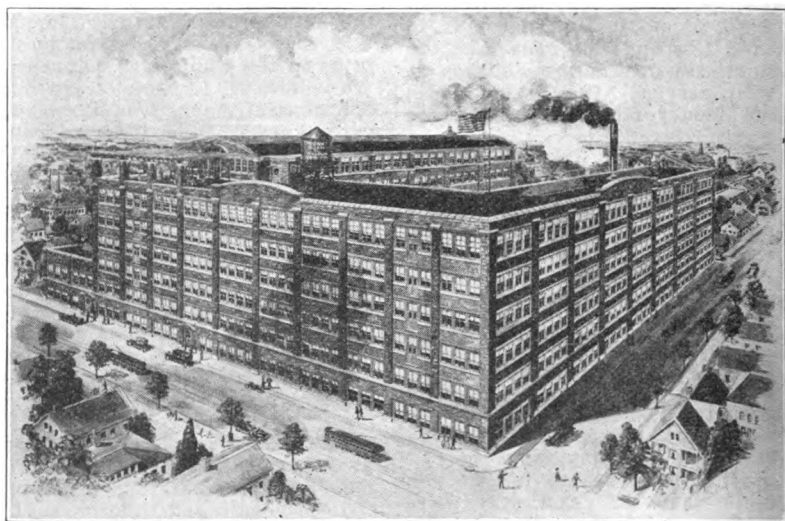
The evolution from the working shoe to the finest shoe on the market in Milwaukee is largely the result of progressive ideas on the part of the Nunn, Bush & Weldon Shoe Company. Behind the natural desire to excel in its line, there is a good deal of local pride in the Nunn-Bush company. We believe H. L. Nunn, treasurer and general manager of the company, knows his business as well as any shoe manufacturer in the country. The success with which he has met is the best proof of it. He believes there is just as much shoe skill in Milwaukee as in any city in the east and it hurt his pride to always have fine shoes associated in the mind of the purchaser with some eastern manufacturer. Why not utilize the local skill and make as good a shoe in Milwaukee as can be made anywhere?

The undertaking wasn't as easy as it may seem. The making of fine shoes was only one phase of the problem and the easiest. There was the selling of them to be considered, for the public had become accustomed to look only to the east for fine shoes. Shoes of cheap or medium grade might be made in the west, but the purchaser always turned his eyes to the east for high quality. It is hard to smash a tradition, even if it is not well founded, as is the case with most traditions. But Mr. Nunn stuck to his ideas and the tradition that fine shoes can be made only in the east has not only been smashed in the shoe trade, but very largely in the public mind.

When Mr. Nunn helped organize the Nunn, Bush & Weldon Shoe Company in 1912, he didn't have much except a sound, practical experience in shoe manufacturing and unlimited faith in the soundness of his progressive ideas. The firm was started with a capital of \$100,000 and a capacity of about 600 pairs of shoes a day. Today its capitalization is \$1,000,000 and its capacity 6,500 pairs a day. In the first ten months of operation the company

thinks he would like it better if certain changes were made and he orders it with the changes. The factory makes the shoe according to order.

The Nunn-Bush company reversed the established order and made it "sell what you make." The shoes are made before they are sold and the dealer has to take them as they are or leave them. That was a revolutionary idea in the shoe trade. It required courage and foresight to



Nunn-Bush Shoe Factory, Milwaukee, Wis.

shipped \$277,000 worth of shoes. Last year its shipments aggregated \$5,149,000 worth. It employs 1,100 men and women in one of the most modern shoe factories in the country and under conditions which have made social investigators and writers speak of it as ideal in industrial democracy.

The established custom in the shoe trade is to "make what you sell." In other words the shoe salesman goes out and shows a sample shoe. The local dealer

go against an established custom. But the idea worked. The best evidence that it works is seen in the figures of production quoted above. The advantages is seen in the working conditions in the factory, where busy and dull seasons have been greatly minimized, if not entirely removed. Shoes are sold from stock and employment in the factory is steady. The result is more contented employees and that contentment is reflected in the quality, as well as in the quantity of their product.

And in the Nunn-Bush factory quality production takes precedence over quantity production. The firm is building up a name for itself on quality rather than on quantity and is much more concerned about the former than about the latter.

The disadvantage of the idea of "selling what you make" is that some local dealers who can not

The progressive ideas of Mr. Nunn are not confined to the making and selling of shoes. They have been applied to the working conditions in the factory. There they are even more revolutionary than in the manufacturing and selling end of the business.

In the boot and shoe industry piecework generally prevails. In the Nunn-Bush factory practically all employees are paid by the week. The work is highly specialized. The making of a shoe requires a great number of operations, each one being performed by a different operative. As in other industries where the workers are subdivided into groups or sections, each group performing a certain operation, it is not difficult to determine what is a fair day's work. Although paid by the week the operatives in the Nunn-Bush factory are required to do about the same amount of work as piece-workers in competitive factories, with the difference that should some adverse circumstance arise that might reduce an operative's output for a day, it is not kept out of his pay envelope, as would be the case on a strictly piecework basis. The management believes that the day work plan results in a better grade of work than could be obtained under piecework and that the employees are better satisfied.

In an article in "The Independent" of October 2, our old friend, Professor John R. Commons, of the University of Wisconsin, has an interesting article on the democratic form of shop control in the Nunn-Bush factory. The "Shop Committee" is in virtual control of the hiring and discharging of employees, and that with the full consent and co-operation of the management. A former business agent of the United Shoe Workers, the radical element which seceded from



H. L. Nunn, Gen. Manager

have the changes they desire made in the shoes refuse to handle them. To meet that objection the company has established retail stores of its own, the number growing as the shoe becomes better known. The company has two retail stores of its own in New York and two in Milwaukee. Its shoes are, of course, handled by thousands of retail dealers throughout the country, who recognize the steadily increasing demand for the Nunn-Bush shoe.

the regular Boot and Shoe Workers' International Union some years ago, is the business agent of the shop union in the Nunn-Bush factory. The employees pay him his salary and the company furnishes him an office. If an employe is discharged by a foreman the discharge must be approved by the business agent of the employees' union. When the employment department hires a new employe he must be sent to the business agent before starting work. If he is not acceptable to the business agent, or considered eligible to membership in the Nunn-Bush Co-operative Association, he cannot work in the factory. In one sense it is a "closed shop," but it is "closed" by the employees themselves, for it has no connection with any outside union, although membership in an outside union is not held as a barrier to admittance to the shop union.

The business agent of the shop union devotes his entire time to the adjustment of grievances and both the employees and the management appear to be satisfied with the way the system works. Being given the utmost freedom, consistent with business principles in a highly competitive industry, in determining their wages and working conditions, the employees take pride in the factory, and when an employe is found who is not doing a fair day's work, his co-workers are the first to discipline him. They feel they have the good name of their own union to protect.

While grievances arise which constantly call for adjustment, the machinery for making such adjustment is so simple and readily available that there is an almost complete absence of serious friction in the factory. The secret of the success of the system appears to lie in the fact that trivial grievances are

promptly taken up and adjusted the moment they arise. In most industrial plants it usually is an accumulation of minor differences which leads to a big explosion. If they are taken up at their inception and not allowed to accumulate, the morale of the shop is preserved and a better spirit of co-operation maintained. The employees feel that a square deal is assured them, so trivial things are not magnified into serious grievances.

One of the big advantages of the system which tends to remove distrust in the minds of the employees is that they are kept fully informed on the affairs of the company. The business agent of the employees' union has access to the books of the company at any time. When a question of wages or prices arises, the business agent investigates conditions in other competitive factories. All the cards are laid on the table before the representatives of the employees in a perfectly frank manner. The Nunn-Bush factory is not a fertile field for the agitator who talks in vague terms about the huge profits made by a company and the comparatively small wages paid the employees. The employees in the Nunn-Bush factory know the facts. They are made to feel that it is their factory, that the higher the quality of their work, the better are their chances for steady employment and increased wages.

This method of open, frank dealing between the employees and the management has resulted in developing a spirit of loyalty and pride in their work, it has reduced the labor turnover to practically nothing, it assures the worker steady employment and the management a constant supply of highly skilled labor. The loss to a firm through the constant breaking in of new and inexperienced workers is hardly

known in the Nunn-Bush factory, which is one of the reasons for its wonderful growth and success in the business world.

Mr. Nunn, who is largely responsible for the development of the idea, sums it up as wholly a matter of education, of letting each side see and understand the problems of the other side. Radicals are welcomed as members of the grievance committee, as nothing is as well calculated to sober them as to show them the other side of the problem. It is the correct idea. A workman may be nursing a grievance, which to him appears the most important thing in the world. When that grievance is taken up and considered in the light of some problem which is confronting the employer, it doesn't seem so big to the worker after all. The mere discussion of it, however, is educational to both sides. Each sees something of the other's problem and the result is a bond of sympathy and understanding that never could have been reached had they remained apart.

There is one thing particularly noticeable in the Nunn-Bush factory system and that is the absence of anything that might seem to smack of paternalism. The American worker doesn't want justice handed to him in the shape of philanthropy. He is quick to resent anything of the kind. The Nunn-Bush factory has most things which go under the usual name of "welfare" work, but they do not go by that name. It has, for instance, a well-equipped first-aid station with a trained nurse in attendance. It has a restaurant where employees may eat lunch if they choose. The lunch is supplied at cost, or less, but it is looked upon as a convenience and not a charity. The workers are free to take advantage of it or not as they choose. There is a rest period of ten min-

utes each forenoon. It gives the workers a short breathing spell and really is a benefit to the firm as well as the employees, as it results in more and better work. There is a gymnasium and other conveniences for the employees in the big, modern plant, but everything of that sort is regarded as a matter of justice and not of philanthropy. It is the square deal in actual operation.

The Nunn, Bush & Weldon Shoe Company recently has started another factory in Fond-du-Lac, where it manufactures work shoes under the name of the Menzies Shoe Company. The new factory gives employment to about 200 men and women.

PRAISE NORTH SHORE SERVICE.

SERVICE which satisfies and pleases patrons in these days when so much is expected of transportation companies, must be good service. That is what the North Shore Line gives. Here is a letter from a prominent Chicago business man, which is typical of many commendations received from satisfied customers:

Mr. Britton I. Budd, President,
Chicago, North Shore & Milwaukee
R. R.

Dear Mr. Budd:

I thought you would be interested in first hand testimony as to the excellence of the special car service on the Milwaukee Electric. About forty of us went out to Racine over Saturday and Sunday for an office golf tournament, using a two-car special train, arranged for with Mr. Jennings and apparently handled by Mr. T. E. Welsh.

The whole arrangement was so well done, including a short notice change in the schedule Sunday afternoon for the return, that I take pleasure in complimenting you on the performance of those men.

Yours very truly,

Donald M. Ryerson.

Vice-President.

Joseph T. Ryerson & Son.

That is the way they all speak of the service after a trial.

WITH BULLETIN READERS.

THANKS, family. You certainly are coming across in great style these days. A whole lot of new correspondents this month, but you're all welcome. Maybe we can't get all the letters into this issue. Had to cut some off last month on account of space.

We have thought it would leave a little more space in this column if we didn't make such a long introduction and if we cut down on our own remarks. It is hard to keep from commenting on some of the letters, but this is your column and in justice to you we ought to keep out of it.

It is hard to decide who should have the top of the column. We have a rule, however, which we follow everywhere, except on street cars, of giving ladies preference. That wouldn't be a bad idea in this case, as we like to encourage lady contributors. Most of our letters come from men, but we can assure the ladies that we aren't any old crab and that we are particularly glad to hear from them.

Some old-fashioned fossils of men think that women don't know anything except how to bake pies and that many of them can't even do that. Well, we aren't in that class, because we know from experience that many women know a whole lot more than many men. They take interest in public affairs, too, and just to prove it we will introduce to you Miss Purdy of Wilmette. She writes as follows:

This letter is to tell you and all your co-workers how much I appreciate your efforts to make your paper the success that it already is. I particularly enjoyed your editorial on public utilities because I work in the bond department of one of Chicago's largest banks and I have noticed that of all the bonds that are issued by all kinds of companies the public utility companies are invariably the most generous with their interest and if it becomes necessary for them to redeem

their bonds, they always do the thing that benefits the bondholder most.

It seems to me that these companies do more than wonders on the amount of money that they take in and instead of lowering the rates they ought to be raised. If the public at large have found it necessary to kick against the high prices, let them go after the ones that are to blame and after the smaller concerns that make two and three hundred per cent profit, instead of after the people who are doing them favors at their own expense.

Your article on "The Presidency for Sale" also interested me very much, and it is a pleasure to find that there is at least one independent newspaper that is willing to boost instead of knock the government of the United States.

Sincerely yours,

Miss K. D. Purdy.

That's the way to hand it to them, Miss Purdy. Now that the women have full suffrage we'd like to boost for you as a member of the Public Utilities Commission.

After the ladies maybe we ought to run college professors. Not that college professors necessarily run after ladies more than the rest of us, but just to be sociable we will introduce Professor Hillbrand of South Dakota. He writes:

It used to be that I had many a mile to travel on the North Shore Line. I got so enamoured with your magazine that since leaving Chicago I have often wished I could see a copy once in a while. If you will put me on your mailing list you will not only be doing me good, but also many college classes, for the things are too good to keep always to one's self. I always get a great deal of fun out of the jokes, as well as live ideas from the editorials.

Yours very truly,

E. K. Hillbrand,

Professor of Education.

Dakota Wesleyan University, S. D.

We're glad to meet you, professor, and note that you make that distinction between jokes and live ideas. Some might think the terms synonymous, so far as the BULLETIN is concerned. Your name goes on the mailing list at once, but spare the feelings of your classes as much as possible.

Next in order should come the medical fraternity. Here is one from another new contributor. From his letterhead we take it he is chief medical director of the Farmers' National Life Insurance Company of America. He writes:

I have had occasion recently to see several issues of the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN, and want to congratulate you on the excellence of the publication. The editorial comments are unusually keen, bright and readable, and the whole of the little magazine is full of meat.

I have been riding on the North Shore Line quite a little within the last few months between Chicago and Fort Sheridan and have occasion to patronize the dining car once in a while. Your road has certainly made a success of its dining car service. The meals are excellent and well served and the courtesy of the employees exceeds that of any steam railroad on which I have traveled.

I am very glad to have the opportunity to express my appreciation not only on the excellence of the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN, but of the service of the road of which the BULLETIN is the official organ.

Yours faithfully,

S. C. Stanton.

You see what intelligent patrons say about the road when they have tried its service. As one correspondent says in his letter it is easy for us to boost a road like that, because its performances are better than our praise. And if it didn't perform right, you can bet some one would be jumping hurdles. The North Shore Line has a president who knows how to run a railroad and give the public service.

You remember "Dad" Kade of Sheboygan? You have read some of his interesting letters in previous issues. He is a man after our own heart, cheerful and always boosting. It's just as easy to drop a flower along the pathway of life as to drop a thorn, and it is so much more satisfactory. This is what "Dad" writes:

Have the September BULLETIN, and note what you say about your visit to Plymouth. The only comment I have to make is that you and your good wife did not stay long enough and I presume our mutual friends, Jimmie Peebles and Jimmie Mathewson, agree with me on this. The latter is some Scotchman. He can dance it, talk it, sing it, but I doubt if he can drink Scotch. He is one of the flowers of Sheboygan county and that is about all he does, is raise flowers. Next time you come you want to go through his plant.

Jimmie Peebles—well, we people up here all know what a good scout he is, and I will bet a big red apple that you and your wife had a good time with Jimmie and his bunch.

Am going west for a trip and may write again soon if I have anything interesting to communicate. In former years when I was on the road a great deal, I used to long for an "at home" job. Now, since I can stay at home most of the time, I get restless for the road again, and if I can't go I sometimes go down to the depot and watch the trains come and go. Guess that is the way with most of us traveling men, we get accustomed to it and it is hard to change us.

Hoping I may have the pleasure of meeting you and Mrs. Grant again,

Sincerely,

"Dad" Kade.

Another new one from Minneapolis. We get them from all over the country. When they live at a great distance they can't, of course, be regular patrons of the North Shore Line, but they at least know there is such a road, and when they come here they use it. So letters from a distance are always welcome. This one comes from Minneapolis:

If it be not asking too much I would like very much to be placed on your mailing list, so that I may get the BULLETIN regularly. Early last summer, and at previous intervals, I have had occasion to use your road to great advantage from the Cream City to Chicago and back. Your company certainly lives up to every word your motto, "Road of Service," implies. I have always found your employees to be very courteous and obliging, which is so essential in dealing with the general public.

One can easily make the trip between the two cities and back within a day and without the after effects, such as tired feeling, sore back, etc.

Wishing the North Shore Line and the BULLETIN all the best luck possible and hoping you will place me on your mailing list as soon as possible, I remain,

Yours very truly,
Noble E. Olson.

Here is a good one from a Chicago man who dropped into the editorial sanctum one day and was handed a few copies of the BULLETIN, which he hadn't seen before. A few days afterward we received this letter:

I want to thank you for the copies of the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN handed me the other day. You certainly have a bright, snappy, little publication, one that is sure to grow in size and value and become immensely popular among both employes and patrons of the "Road of Service."

Of course if you were asked to boost the building of a million dollar church while the pastor was preaching of the coming of the world's end next year, or a city whose mayor allowed it to become a cesspool of crime and corruption, your task would be much harder. But in the North Shore Line the incentive is great. You are boosting a permanent institution, backed by a management which is straining every nerve to make it second to none in excellence, elegance and efficiency. The enthusiasm of a sincere booster is contagious and eventually becomes irresistible, even among the worst of knockers.

I enjoyed reading your BULLETINS more than anything since I was vaccinated, and wish you would please lay me aside a copy each month.

J. A. Clarke.

After that letter, Mr. Clarke, we surely will see that you get the BULLETIN regularly, and we hope you may not have to be vaccinated or catch the measles or anything of that kind that might alienate your affections from it.

You remember "Michigander"? It is about a year since last we heard from him, but he continues to read every line of the BULLETIN. Some recent remarks of correspondents about Detroit got under his skin and he felt he had to reply. He writes as follows:

Bright and early this morning the September issue of the BULLETIN was laid upon my desk and now, having

read it from cover to cover, recalled the fact that I had not written you since the world's series last fall, nearly a year ago. I really am ashamed to think that I did not live up to my agreement with you for so long a time, that of writing occasionally.

Speaking of the world's series, we are about to have another very soon, and I am pulling for the White Sox to repeat in the American League. I suppose that this is all dry to a golfist such as you are, and so will desist.

It seems that quite a few of your correspondents have been taking great delight lately in knocking Detroit. This I wish to take exception to, and will commence with our worthy "Loop-hound." Some time ago he wrote that he visited our fair city and incidentally made a flying visit to our neighbor across the river—Walkerville—in the hope that he might pick up something in the way of relief for a parched and dry throat, but apparently he was not successful in his search; therefore he vented his wrath on Detroit and all within. We had a notion to call him for this at the time, but press of business and other matters interfered. You might explain to him that one must be a full-fledged member of the local branch of the Ancient and Honorable Order of Learned Bar Flies ere he is allowed to enter the sacred portals to laughter and joy supreme. I sincerely hope that his wanderings have enabled him to smell an oasis a long way off, in which event I would not blame him if he paid another visit to Detroit, for—between friends—the stuff is being brought over the river in all ways—air, water, boat and pipe line—I dare say.

Let me also reply to Mr. Sol N. Lasky regarding his reference to our interurban service. I have asked to be put on record as saying that the North Shore Line cannot be beat for service and that Detroit interurban service with its single track lines and switches is far from perfect. I however must reserve the right to kick about the local service and cannot let anyone else knock the local lines—that is a privilege that I must have for myself.

I might add, however, that I may be induced to share this privilege for a certain stipulation—say an "Ever-Ready Shaving Brush"—if I remember correctly my old brush has fulfilled its required number of years and will be put on the pension list shortly. I might add further, that my initial attempt at shaving off the down was made with the aid of an "Ever-Ready" which has given many a year of service.

You may expect to hear from me a little oftener in the future and I trust that you will keep on sending me the

BULLETIN. By the way, you have the right dope in your editorials. We need more like them in our local yellow dailies.

Sincerely,

"Michigander."

Your reference to that shaving brush is referred to Mr. Lasky, but we might suggest that he "sells" them. He appears to be a pretty liberal sort of fellow, however. We mentioned before about his sending us an "Ever-Ready" razor and promising an "Ever-Ready" brush later. Well, we got the brush, sent direct from the offices of the Ever-Ready Safety Razor Corporation in Brooklyn, with Mr. Lasky's compliments. It is a dandy shaving brush, too. Real badger and we can vouch for its quality, as we have used it every day since we received it.

Here is one from a sailor at Great Lakes who "caught" the editor, or says he did. We are not sure that we are "caught," but anyway, we appreciate his good intentions. He writes:

I am writing to let you know (old stuff) that I enjoy your BULLETIN immensely and the sailors whom I have seen read it feel the same way about it. I read with delight your interesting "With BULLETIN Readers"; and although I've only read the last three of your numbers, I want to ask you to place me on your mailing list, *s'il vous plait*? By the way, this BULLETIN is the first article of quality that I have ever gotten gratis, without having to do something first in order to get it.

In the September number you sarcastically write, "due to the efficient way in which Mr. Burleson runs the post-office department." Now, I'm not a knocker, but to the contrary, I like to boost wherever I can; so I shall try to defend Mr. Burleson's service by saying that it is some service; e. g., on August 25, one of my room-mates here received a letter dated the 26th. Now if that isn't some service, I'd like to know what is service—receiving a letter the day before it is mailed to you. Let me congratulate you on achieving the seemingly impossible, Mr. Burleson.

To Mr. Bent: The NORTH SHORE BULLETIN issues a challenge to you, as you know, by asking you to "put something up to us that is real hard." Permit me, then, Mr. Bent, to lend

you assistance in your present predicament. Ask Mr. Editor—he claiming to be a regular Lloyd at puzzles—to answer this for you: What is the difference between 44 minutes past the hour, new or old time? (Refer to September edition, page 2, column two.) You know how it is, Mr. Editor, we readers delight in catching you at something. Mr. Peebles already has, as you know to your regret. Now, if you would take my advice and besides having to "read back numbers more carefully" and read the number you are issuing over another time, perhaps we readers wouldn't molest you with "catches."

Morris Mitchell.

P. S. If I couldn't get the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN I would miss it as much as the sailor would miss the C., N. S. & M. R. R., for if it hadn't been for the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN I would have to look gloomily out of the car window and if it were not for the C., N. S. & M. R. R., the sailors here would gloomily remark, "Oh, how far is it to Chicago (Milwaukee)." *Merci beaucoup, Monsieur.*

Not having heard from Mr. Bent for some time and being unwilling to tax his ingenuity, we'll answer Mr. Mitchell's puzzle ourselves. There isn't any difference between 44 minutes past the hour new and old time, and that was the point of the joke. Evidently we didn't make it very clear. Try again, Mr. Mitchell, and we expect you can "catch" us easily enough, because we frequently catch ourselves in a little slip after the thing is printed. Perfection isn't attainable this side of heaven and we are a long way on this side.

WELL, NOT COMFORTABLY

At Belfast a football match was played between Ireland and Scotland. One of the home supporters, who was getting excited, kept shouting out:

"Sit on 'em, Ireland!"

An old Scotchman in the crowd, unable to stand it any longer, cried out:

"Ye might be able to sit on the shamrock, mon, an' mebbe on the rose; but I tell ye, mon, ye canna sit on the thistle."

FAST, CLEAN AND COMFORTABLE.

"COMPARISONS are odious," said some old scribbler about the year 1400, and every scribbler and speaker has been repeating it since. However, that's neither here nor there, what we meant to say is that the North Shore Line isn't afraid of comparisons. They may be odious to others, but the North Shore Line welcomes them.

A recent convert to North Shore service, now working in Milwaukee, writes as follows:

I am located in Milwaukee with the Burns-Hall Advertising Agency. My wife and baby are now in Elmhurst, Ill., temporarily. For the time being I drop home via the North Shore Line, assuredly on Saturday.

The first day I came to Milwaukee it was Friday, and very warm. I took the steam road and sat by an open window. When I arrived in Milwaukee to keep my appointment I was dirty—there is no real nice word for it—the black soot and dust went right through my coat and shirt and settled in my undershirt. I could see it. That settled me.

On the return trip I took the North Shore Line at 7 p. m. and in two and one-half hours I was home in my old apartment on the extreme northwest side of Chicago. If I had taken the steam road I would have had to go all the way downtown and take the "L" back again. I traveled in cleanly comfort and saved at least 45 minutes time.

This last Monday I left my Elmhurst home at 5:40 a. m.; boarded the Aurora and Elgin at 5:46; hit the loop at 6:30; walked over to Adams and Wabash; boarded your 7 o'clock Limited (6:00 central time), and was in my office in Milwaukee at 8:55, ready for work without the necessity of a cleanup and fresh linen.

Under the conditions, do you wonder why I use the North Shore Line.

W. F. Schramm.

No, Mr. Schramm, we don't wonder at all why you use it. We only wonder at the fellows who don't. If they would put it to the test, as you did, they would become steady patrons. That's why we said the North Shore Line isn't afraid of comparisons. It's got everything else beaten forty ways, or, to be conservative, as we always are, we will say, "about" that many ways, because we haven't counted them all.

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING.

HERE is another man "sold" on North Shore service after one trial. He is J. P. Pulliam, secretary and treasurer of the Wisconsin Electrical Association, with headquarters in Milwaukee. He writes as follows:

That the proof of the pudding is in the eating was again demonstrated to me yesterday through a visit to Evanston and the use of the North Shore service to and from that point.

It has been several years since I have had occasion to use the facilities of the North Shore Line and while I have heard of the many improvements that have been made since that time, I little realized the extent of the improvements until my trip of yesterday. It is in fact the "Road of Service," and I am sure that the efforts in that direction are meeting with a hearty response from the traveling public.

I was much interested in reading the BULLETIN for October, which I found on the train, and if it is not asking too much of you I should like to have my name placed on the mailing list for copies of future issues.

Sincerely yours,

J. P. Pulliam.

Surely your name goes on the mailing list. You have been admitted to membership in the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN Family. There are no regular dues in this interesting organization, but all members are expected to write the Chief Mogul—which is us—at least once a year.

THEY CAN BE TRUSTED.

A Scotsman on entering heaven looked around to see about the company he was in. He noticed a large number of Swedes and a few Irish but he didn't see any Scotsmen. He called St. Peter and said:

"Are there no Scotsmen here?"

"Yes, lots of them," said St. Peter.

"Well, I don't see any of them around."

St. Peter led him to a window and pointing out he asked:

"Do you see that house on the hill over there. The Scots are all over there playing golf. They are the only people the Lord can trust out of his sight."