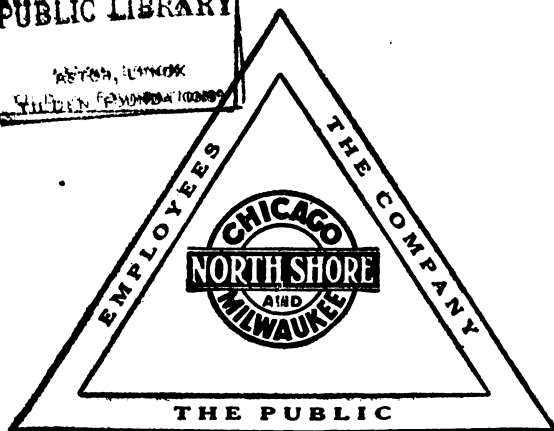
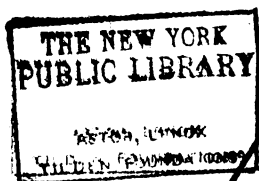


ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

DECEMBER, 1920



"The Road of Service"

KENOSHA IS HOSPITABLE.

WE have found all the towns along the north shore hospitable when we have occasion to call, but the reception we get in Kenosha is really out of proportion to even our own estimate of our importance.

Recently we were invited to a luncheon of the Kenosha Kiwanis Club to tell them what we knew and what we didn't know about electric railways. We certainly got a fine reception in spite of our talk, which proves they are a charitable as well as a hospitable bunch.

We have thought since there are only two courses open to us, either to stay away from Kenosha altogether, or to go so often that they will get sick of us. As it was our visit really demoralized business. Conrad Shearer, the genial secretary of the Manufacturers' Association, closed his desk when we got there, resolved to make an afternoon of it. Thomas Lockhart, the jeweler, did the same thing, or almost. He didn't close his store, but he left others to look after it. Then there was Walter Miller of the Brunswick Billiard hall who gave us a special invitation to his home in the evening, which other arrangements prevented us accepting. Some other day, however, we're going, for he's the sort of fellow one wishes to know better.

Mr. Shearer and Mr. Lockhart wished us to go through some of Kenosha's big manufacturing plants. They selected the MacWhyte plant for a start. Before going out to the plant we all dropped into the city hall to see Mayor Joachim. The mayor offered to drive us around, as he did on a former occasion. Mayor Joachim is all right and we're strong for him. We drove out to the big wire rope plant of the MacWhyte Company and met Mr. MacWhyte, who showed us through the big factory and explained the various processes of turning bars

of steel into wire rope. Some day we are going to give a detailed account of what we saw, but we haven't the space this month.

Mr. MacWhyte later invited the party to his office, which is elegantly furnished. It has some accessories that you don't often find since the passage of the eighteenth amendment, but we are not going into details. It is enough to say that Mr. MacWhyte is a real Scottish gentleman and can prove it.

One would think that was enough entertainment for one afternoon, but Mr. Shearer and Mr. Lockhart had still other plans in mind. They wished us to meet their better halves and make an evening, as well as an afternoon, of it. We just can't resist that sort of thing, so we had a nice little dinner party at the Elks Club and adjourned to Mr. Lockhart's house, where we met some other friends, who have found more or less enjoyment in reading the BULLETIN at odd times. It was a sort of little gathering of the clans with singing and music and as Service says:

Jist the wee simple airs that sink
inta' your hert,
And grup ye w' love and w' long-
in' for hame;
And ye glour like an owl till you're
feelin' the stert
O' a tear, and you blink w' a
feelin' o' shame.

Well, these simple airs do make the tears start and somehow we don't feel as much ashamed of them as we used to.

It was nearing midnight when we hurried to catch a North Shore train and, thanks to our Kenosha friends, it was the end of a perfect day.

AGREED.

"I'd rather drive than eat!" exclaimed the motor fan.

"But what does your wife say about it?"

"Oh, she'd rather ride than cook, so we get along fine."

The North Shore Bulletin

*Issued Monthly by
Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad*

LUKE GRANT, Editor Room 1105 Edison Building

Vol. IV Chicago, December, 1920  463 No. 2

EDITORIAL COMMENT

HERE'S wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

* * * * *

IT'S the first time you have seen that form of greeting in the BULLETIN. That's because every little publication of this kind in the country does it and we like to be different. However, this is our fourth Christmas and we can afford to be a trifle common.

* * * * *

BESIDES it's a very good form of greeting. Of course, in many cases it doesn't mean anything. At this season it is too often just another way of saying "howdy," or go to the devil, as the case may be. Isn't much of the real Christmas spirit in it. Well, we mean it in the real old-fashioned way. We haven't a grudge against anyone in the world. That is, not a confirmed grouch. We know there are some Ebenezer Scrooges in the world who would be benefited by a visit from a Marley's ghost. But there is a lot of human kindness, too.

* * * * *

THERE'S a lot of difference in the way we look at the world. Scrooge saw one kind of world and his clerk,—little Bob Cratchit—saw an entirely different world. But it was just the same old world. The difference was in the mental attitude of the two men. It's just the same today as when Dickens immortalized Scrooge and Bob Cratchit and Tiny Tim in his "Christmas Carol." And by the way if you haven't read that since last Christmas, read it again. Carlyle said that Dickens was a good little fellow

but his outlook on life was all wrong. Maybe it was, but we personally have got infinitely more pleasure over reading him than we ever got from reading Carlyle. And we aren't too old yet to get a lot of pleasure and profit out of the "Christmas Carol."

* * * * *

WE wish we had written this stuff last night, as we first thought of doing. We felt then as we might be able to write something in a sort of Christmas spirit that would interest you. Now we doubt it. It happened this way. When we got home last night we got thinking about what line of chat we would have this month. We settled down in an easy chair, filled our pipe and read the newspapers. We read about the troubles in China because of the famine, the troubles in Ireland, which some are doing their utmost to bring over here, and we wondered if they needed another Cromwell over there. We read a little history of Cromwell's time and found it mighty interesting, but not what we wished to comment on at this season. Then we thought, why not a little Christmas stuff and we reached for the "Christmas Carol" and for another classic of which we are particularly fond—Booth Tarkington's "Beasley's Christmas Party." We thought we'd just read them over to get in the right frame of mind and then write something.

* * * * *

YOU know what sometimes happens to the best laid plans of mice and men. We picked up the "Christmas Carol" first, re-filled our pipe and forgot everything else. We don't know how many times we have read it before, but we know the first time was a good many years ago. There we sat reading at times and dreaming at other times. We went back to the days when we believed in Santa Claus. How bright and fresh the world looked then. We saw a great open fireplace with the logs crackling and shooting their glowing embers on the hearthstone. We didn't have any Christmas tree. The Christmas tree came in another picture and in another country and we played Santa Claus. But in the first picture we didn't need a Christmas tree. There were thousands of pine trees hard by, growing as Nature

intended them and covered with feathery snow which made a more beautiful picture in the moonlight than any artificial Christmas tree. The colored electric lights shining among the branches of the city Christmas trees are very pretty, but we were fortunate enough to spend the first few Christmases we can remember where we saw the stars twinkling through the pines and where we could wonder about the great world which lay beyond the mountains.

* * * * *

AS we listened in fancy to the crackling of the logs in that fireplace, we could see a picture not so much unlike that in Bob Cratchit's home. There wasn't any Tiny Tim, for we youngsters were all strong and sturdy, with healthy appetites. But there was that same spirit of goodwill among us and if the table didn't often groan with delicacies, there always was plenty. And do you know with that sort of spirit the humblest and plainest kind of a meal becomes a feast. We could see mother, bright and smiling as she always was and soon father would appear, ruddy faced and as we thought in those days the strongest man in the world. He was very unlike Bob Cratchit in that respect. He didn't come home from a dingy office. He came home from tending his sheep in the distant hills, with a large plaid wound around his broad shoulders, for he always wore that in winter instead of an overcoat. And, of course, he had his faithful shepherd dogs with him—Jess and Trust. Never such dogs lived before or since. We thought of the way we used to grab first one and then the other around the neck and roll over and over on the floor. Sometimes to get more room we would go outdoors and roll with the dogs in the snow. How the dogs enjoyed it, too. We can recall how they would fool around in a friendly sort of way until they got us off guard and then jump on our chest and roll us over in the snow. Oh, it was great fun. Then we'd get called into the house and mother would take a small broom and brush off the snow and sometimes scold a little because we got wet.

THAT picture fades out and we see another on the canvas. We're a little older and not quite as good a little boy as we might have been. Seems there was always some sort of dire punishment due us when father would come home, for at that time he came only on Saturday nights. After a time our misdeeds for the week were duly recorded. The rest of the family looked as if they were heartily ashamed of us and hinted about us disgracing them in the eyes of the neighbors. Father would listen attentively until all the evidence was in—and frequently there was a preponderance of it—and then he would put his hand on our head and say: "Laddie, it's a terrible thing that I have to listen to these complaints every time I come home. But if I ever do begin——." How well we remember that speech, for it was made quite often in those days and always in about the same words. It got so we only pretended we were scared, because father never did begin. We have a suspicion now that mother knew he wouldn't begin, either, but it relieved her conscience to give the evidence.

* * * * *

HOW distinct one picture stands out on the canvas. It was an older sister who was the judge and executioner that night. Father probably wasn't there, for we don't see him in the picture. Mother is there knitting by the open fireplace, but she has temporarily surrendered her authority to sister. And what a dear sister she was in spite of what she did that night. How often we laughed over it in after years. With an older brother we had been guilty of committing some grievous offense. We never did know what it was, but we were found guilty without a trial and sentenced to say an extra string of prayers on our bare knees on a hard floor. We recall how Jim, the older brother, took his punishment like a little man. We don't think he even questioned the verdict but just threw himself on the mercy of the court. When our time came we demanded to know what we had done to merit such an awful punishment. It was enough to have to say a long string of prayers regularly and we didn't propose to work overtime if we could help it. We didn't get any explanation, but were told to kneel down on the floor. The door was partly open and,

though it was pitch dark and drizzling sleet, we made a break for liberty in our "nightie." We beat it for the woods, but after quite a chase we were caught and led back by the ear. We had to do extra penance because of our rebellious mood. We probably were about seven years old and that was the first lesson we learned in diplomacy. We learned that it sometimes is better to compromise than to fight, for all life is a compromise.

* * * * *

AS we re-fill our pipe the scene changes and another picture comes. We are much older now, have read something about the big world beyond the mountains and become restless to see it. We didn't have any fat stranger talk with us and point out that there was the same restless spirit in the big city and beyond the seas, as did "Will O' the Mill" in that classic of Robert Louis Stevenson's. We didn't have him tell us that we could find more happiness and contentment among the hills and the woods than in the big city with its misery and squalor, as well as its bright lights, where human beings are huddled together fighting for breathing space. If we had had a fat stranger explain as he explained to "Will O' The Mill" something of the meaning, or rather the mystery of it all, we wonder if it would have made any difference. Probably not. We probably wouldn't have been satisfied until we found out for ourself. We had read and heard of a land where it was all sunshine and we dreamed and longed for the day when we would go there. How were we to know that it isn't the land we live in, or the clear skies that make all the sunshine in life? The source of the sunshine is much closer to us, but most of us are blind and cannot see it. We only get a glimpse of it when we have a Marley's ghost visit us.

* * * * *

BUT we have been dreaming and talking too much of the past. We should instead be looking forward. You remember how a glimpse of the future affected old Scrooge? How hard he begged his unearthly visitor to say that the future he was being shown was only what might be, not what must be. His life up to that point had been largely wasted according to the new light he had seen and he wished to get a chance to change the future.

Well, we are all getting that chance, whether or no we take advantage of it. It was something of that kind we meant to point out when we started this column, as the season for good resolutions is approaching, but somehow the other picture arose and, as they might say in the transportation department, we got derailed. The copy must go to the printer right away, so we can't afford to throw what we have written in the waste basket and make a fresh start. It probably ought to go there. If we had written it last night as we said before, it probably would have been a better picture. After all that's what we've been talking about—lost opportunities—and what we ought try to avoid in the future:

* * * * *

THE Scrooges aren't all dead. Some live along the North Shore Line. There aren't so many, but we have a few. The conductors on the North Shore Line know them. They are the kind who buy a ticket for a certain distance and try to beat their way a few stations farther. Another variety tries to take advantage of the difference in rates in interstate and intrastate traffic. There shouldn't be any difference in the rates, but there is, and there are some who will scheme how to beat the company out of a few cents. They will buy a ticket from Chicago to Zion to get the Illinois rate, then pretend they have changed their mind and offer to pay the conductor the difference to Milwaukee. Some of them get mad when the conductor charges them the straight interstate rate for the full journey, which is the same rate that honest passengers pay. We hope some of them read this and then go home and read what Scrooge saw in the pawnshop when the charwomen and janitors were disposing of the bed curtains and the shirt they had taken off his body after his death. It probably would give them a glimpse of themselves as the conductors see them. It would do them more good than the few pennies they save when they happen to get away with their dishonest practices.

* * * * *

NOW that we have been disturbed in our dreaming and have come back to earth, we'd like to ask the Scrooges we have in mind if there is any difference between them and the harpies

who took the shirt off the original Scrooge's dead body. He was an old miser who never said a kind word or did a kind deed to anyone in his life. Besides he was dead when they robbed him of his shirt, so it didn't hurt him any. The North Shore Line is doing lots of good in the world. It is giving good, honest service and at rates so low that it cannot afford to be robbed of what justly is due it. There aren't comparative and superlative degrees in honesty. One is either honest or dishonest. It is just as dishonest to defraud a railroad of what is fairly due it as it is to steal the savings of some poor widow. As a matter of fact one who steals from a railroad, does actually steal from widows and orphans in many cases, for railroad securities may be the only source of revenue left them. Think it over when you are making good resolutions for the coming year.

SURPRISED AND PLEASED.

THE speed and comfort of North Shore trains surprise passengers who use the road at infrequent intervals. Old timers who rode over the line before the present management took hold in 1916, and whose memory of the trip is not altogether pleasant, marvel at the change which has been brought about.

The following letter from Charles Riddell, Chicago manager of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, speaks for itself:

Britton I. Budd, President.

My Dear Mr. Budd:

A few days ago I had occasion to be in Milwaukee, the first time in a long while. I came from Milwaukee over your electric line and I write to congratulate you on the condition of your roadbed and general equipment. I think it is the most comfortable high-speed ride I have ever had on an electric traction property. I take pleasure in testifying to what you have accomplished since you took hold of this road, and I am familiar with its former condition.

Yours very truly,

Charles Riddell.

There are many travelers who

do not realize that the modern electric railroad, when equipped and managed like the North Shore Line, is the most comfortable method of traveling. The new steel cars on the North Shore Line run as smoothly as any Pullman and the traveler on them has the advantage of being away from the soot and cinders characteristic of the steam roads. One trip will convince the traveler, but it is not always easy to induce him to make that trial trip. Some travelers live in the past. Others keep up with the procession and so are familiar with the tremendous strides made in the electric railway field in recent years. The North Shore Line is a good example of the highest development of the electric railroad.

Irate Intruder—"Look here! You've been in this telephone booth for half an hour and haven't said a word. Now come out and give me a chance."

Occupant of Booth—"I am talking to my wife, sir."

WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCERS OF MOTORCYCLES

IN writing up some of Milwaukee's noted industries, we gave BULLETIN readers last month a short description of the Nunn, Bush & Weldon Shoe Company. Just to show that we are impartial in the matter, we are going to tell you this month how you can save shoe leather by riding a motorcycle.

Perhaps you didn't know that Milwaukee is the home of the world's largest producers of motorcycles. We confess that we didn't know it until the other day when we looked into the matter and went through the factory of the Harley-Davidson Motor Company. We believe there isn't any question about it, for production figures tell the story.

But it isn't altogether volume of production in which the Harley-Davidson Company takes pride. The firm believes that it manufactures the best motorcycle on the market and there are thousands of motorcycle enthusiasts in this and other countries who agree with it. There are several straws to indicate the superiority of the Harley-Davidson machine. For instance, it was one of this company's machines that won the 300-mile national championship race at Dodge City last July and the 200-mile international road race at Marion, Ind., last September. That was the second consecutive win of that classic, when the best machines and best riders were put to a gruelling test. The average speed for the 200 miles in the last event was a little better than 73 miles an hour, which, in the vernacular, is going some.

There is further proof that the

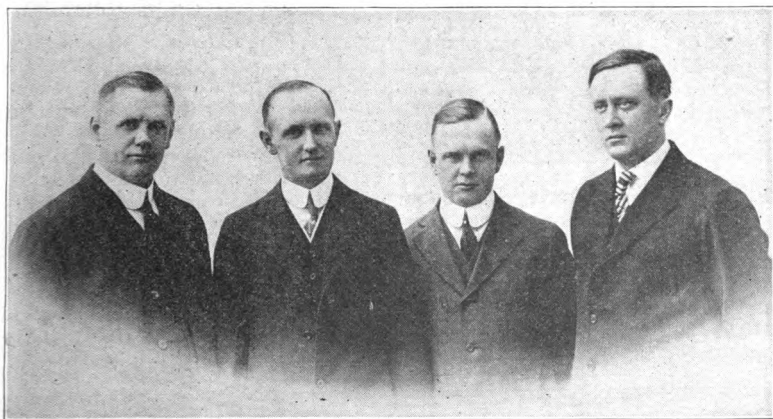
Harley-Davidson motorcycle is all that its builders claim it is. There were thousands of them used in France during the war and thousands more which arrived there after the signing of the armistice. When the time came to dispose of the vast amount of unused equipment, the purchasing agents of the allied governments lost no time in grabbing all the Harley-Davidson motorcycles that were put up for auction. In fact after all the new machines had been disposed of the purchasing agents of the allied governments were willing to pay as high a price for used Harley-Davidson machines as they were for new motorcycles of other makes. That circumstance, better than any other, shows the reputation the machines made for themselves in the war when they were used by dispatch riders under the most trying circumstances.

The Harley-Davidson motorcycle is in use in 64 different countries. At least that is what we were told when visiting the factory. We didn't think there were that many civilized countries, but there may be. We haven't the time now to count them up, but on a rough estimate we would say that if the machines are in use in 64 countries, those in which they are not in use don't amount to much.

During the war this firm was able to render the government a valuable service in the training of men to handle motorcycles. As the use of the motorcycle in the army increased, the great need of the hour was for skilled mechanics, men trained not only to drive the machines, but to keep them in proper running shape.

The Harley-Davidson Company had such a school for training men and it offered the government its facilities free of charge. Thousands of soldiers, some of whom had never held a hammer in their hands before were sent to the school and in three weeks they were turned out competent to take care of the delicate mechanism, or to make minor repairs when necessary. The school originated long before the war and is maintained as a part of

While the Harley-Davidson Company does not claim the distinction of being the first firm to produce a motorcycle, it was among the first and has done as much, or more than any other firm to perfect the machine. English firms were producing machines that went under the name of motorcycles before any were made in this country. Then the Curtiss people, since famous as airplane builders, began making motorcycles in a small way. The David-



FOUNDERS OF THE HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.

Wm. A. Davidson, Vice President and Works Manager; Walter Davidson, President and General Manager; Arthur Davidson, Secretary and Sales Manager; William S. Harley, Treasurer and Chief Engineer.

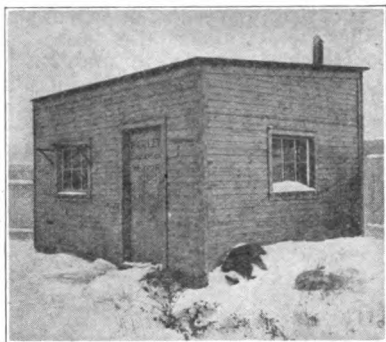
the organization. Recently when the Pennsylvania mounted constabulary substituted motorcycles for horses, a large class of the men was sent to Milwaukee for a course of training. The motorcycle has become indispensable to the police forces in cities, as it is easier to handle than the automobile and can make as high, or even higher, speed.

The growth and development of the motorcycle industry is a matter of less than twenty years.

son brothers, however, were in the field early experimenting. Their first shop was not a large one, as will be seen from the accompanying photograph. In that shed the boys built their first machine in 1904. The output of the factory that year was two motorcycles and the following year the output had been increased to 8 machines.

Think of the pluck and energy necessary to develop a plant from a frame shack about 16 by 18 feet,

with an output of two machines a year, to the present plant of the firm which occupies 491,397 square feet of space and last year turned out 27,074 motorcycles and



First Home of Harley-Davidson Motor Company.

more than 16,000 side cars. The firm employs over 2,300 employees and the value of the output is over \$10,000,000 a year. The estimated output for the year 1921 is 30,000

machines, for the business is steadily growing and each year the customer gets a better machine, for improvements are constantly being made.

Much attention is given the subject of safety of workmen in the Harley-Davidson plant. It is one of the proudest boasts of the company that there has never been a fatal accident to an employee in the big plant. The visitor is impressed with the seemingly endless rows of powerful machines and the fact that so few accidents occur is proof that every safeguard is employed. Most of the workmen are highly skilled mechanics and every department head in the big establishment has worked up from the ranks.

The Harley-Davidson plant is one of the largest in Milwaukee, its present capacity being 125 motorcycles a day. It hasn't reached the limit, however, for the industry is growing. The motorcycle is becoming more popular all the time in the world of sports, as well as being indispensable to officers of the law.



NEW SECRETARY FOR WAUKEGAN CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

A NEW secretary has been installed in the offices of the Chamber of Commerce of Waukegan and North Chicago, to whom the BULLETIN extends greetings and good wishes. He is E. H. Clifford, whose home town is St. Joseph, Mo., but who comes to



E. H. CLIFFORD,
Secretary Waukegan Chamber of Commerce.

Waukegan from the Chamber of Commerce of Wabash, Ind., of which he was secretary for some years.

Mr. Clifford brings to his Waukegan office a wide experience in business and commercial work. After graduating from high school in his native city he began work as a railroad man on the Burlington and later on the Mis-

souri and Pacific Railway. For a time he was traffic manager in a wholesale dry goods house in St. Joseph and then became secretary of the Commercial Club of that city.

The next experience of Mr. Clifford was with the Chamber of Commerce of Terre Haute, Ind., as secretary. From Terre Haute he moved to Jamestown, N. Y., to become secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of that city, later returning to Wabash, Ind.

During the war Mr. Clifford obtained a commission as Captain in the Quartermaster Corps, serving over two years, one year of which was spent with the overseas forces in France. He is a member of the Elks, Knights of Pythias, Modern Woodmen of America and of the American Legion. He is a member also of the National Association of Commercial Organization Secretaries.

The BULLETIN wishes Mr. Clifford success in his new position.

RACINE COMMERCIAL CLUB.

THE Racine Commercial Club held its annual meeting on November 16, and as usual there was a fine, jolly crowd in attendance. Racine is now the second city in Wisconsin and one of the reasons for its remarkable growth could be seen at the meetings. Its business men pull together for the good of the city. They are filled with civic pride and none is so busy with his own individual affairs but that he can find time to do something for the common good.

The genial secretary of the club—Walter H. Reed—is a human dynamo, full of energy and enthusiasm and the club begins its ninth year with confidence in its future.

Among others we met at the meeting was our old correspond-

ent, Harold Smith of the Western Advertising Agency. He reminded us that we hadn't played that game of golf with him that we planned early in the summer. What was it the poet said, "anticipation forward points the view"? Well, Mr. Smith, there is another season coming and as the Racine Country Club has one of the prettiest golf courses we ever played over, we'll join you early in the spring. Meanwhile we hope you get all the advertising business you can handle. We appreciate your driving us over to the North Shore station.

PRAISE FOR AUDITOR.

IT isn't alone in carrying passengers that the North Shore Line gives unequalled service. It gives the same quality of service in all departments. Recently a passenger wrote the Auditing Department for a refund on an unused ticket. The refund was promptly sent him and he replied in part as follows:

"I surely thank you for your square treatment. You couldn't do better. It is in keeping with the statements made in the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN, of which I am a regular reader.

"Yours truly,
"John Westera."

It is the same in the Claim Department and in every other branch of the service. A square deal to patrons and prompt attention given every complaint. The result is pleased and satisfied customers.

WAUKEGAN BOY SCOUTS GIVE UNIQUE ENTERTAINMENT.

THE Waukegan Boy Scouts gave a unique entertainment on Nov. 12-13 in the Waukegan Armory. They called it a "circus," and it was. The 3,000 persons who attended the performances were amazed at the splendid exhibition of training which the boys gave.

What was perhaps the most spectacular feat was the bridge building demonstration. The task of the boys was to build a bridge 40 feet long and 8 feet wide without the use of bolts or nails and to run an automobile over it in the shortest possible time. The actual time consumed from the moment they were given the signal to "go" until the automobile was landed on the floor across the bridge was 15½ minutes.

The bridge was quite substantial, too. The stringers or supports consisted of two telegraph poles, furnished by the Chicago Telephone Company, and the flooring planks were old railroad ties furnished by the North Shore Line. Owing to the fire insurance regulations the automobile did not cross under its own power, but was pushed over by the boys. But it could have gone under its own power. The demonstration was a revelation to the spectators and showed that the youthful engineers had profited by their training of the past year.

There were many other remarkable exhibitions of skill which pleased the spectators. C. L. Alling, the scout executive, is doing a wonderful work among the boys of Waukegan and deserves the support and encouragement of the citizens. The circus was a success in every way. The work Mr. Alling is doing is making for better citizenship and the people of Waukegan have reason to feel proud of their Boy Scouts.

Keep up the enthusiasm, boys. The lessons you are being taught now will be useful in later life. You are privileged to live in the greatest country in the world and in a few years the government of that country will rest with you and other youths like you. It is a heavy responsibility and the work you are now doing is a fitting preparation.

A COMPLAINT AND THE ANSWER.

IF a railroad company would immediately on receipt of a complaint take steps to remove the cause, you would think it a pretty good public servant. Well, the North Shore Line does even better. It removes the cause before the complaint is made. That is the policy of the North Shore Line. If we were to summarize the policy of Britton I. Budd, president of the North Shore Line, in a paragraph, it would be something like this: Watch the service carefully day by day and if you see anything that might cause complaint, remedy the condition at once.

It is not often that the editor of the BULLETIN receives a complaint about the service. Most of the letters that come to him are in the line of commendations. Occasionally, however, he gets a complaint and when he does he gets quick action on it. That is one of the things about the North Shore Line that makes it different from some roads. Every person connected with the road wishes to maintain and increase its popularity. If he receives a complaint or observes some condition where an improvement can be made, he doesn't have to stand on any ceremonies. He may not have anything to do with the cause of the complaint, but he can refer it to the man who has and it will get prompt attention. If there was a man in the organization who didn't have that spirit, he wouldn't be in it very long. Teamwork is what makes success and you can bet they have it on the North Shore Line.

How the North Shore Line removed the cause of a complaint before the complaint was actually made, is explained in the following letter and what follows:

Dear Editor:

I have been a reader of the BULLETIN for some time and a patron of the North Shore Line for the past six years. For me it is "The Road of Service" between Chicago and Milwaukee and for its convenience when shopping or theater-going in either of these cities it can't be beat.

But I have something else to write about and trust you won't be too bored to read on a few paragraphs. The week of October 12 we three ladies had occasion to attend the Red Cross conference in Milwaukee and made a special effort to get the 9 a. m. train from Racine.

When we entered the car we saw there was S. R. O. and the car filled with men. We stood to Milwaukee. Since that time I have heard it is just the same every morning. Is that train especially important to everyone?

And coming home on the 5 p. m. there was such a huge crowd pushing and crowding to get on it must have looked like an exciting football match on Stagg Field. "We Three" stood back to let the angry mob on, then stood again to Racine, much to the annoyance of the conductor. He murdered us with his looks several times, but what could we do? There were husbands waiting us and a six o'clock dinner to see about and we were needed at home. Why not line up at this new station as we buy our tickets and enter the train one by one? A woman has no show struggling with a strong man heavily armed with bags and suitcases and swinging them around recklessly. Why not have him line up?

Is this suggestion out of order? You see, I was appointed the one to write you by the ladies of our community, for we all make just the same complaint. We like the North Shore, but we don't like to stand both ways and have our new hats and new shoes stepped on and mistreated.

Perhaps just a word from you would make an impression on your traffic management.

I hope you aren't quite fagged reading this lament and we may look for an answer in your BULLETIN before long.

Very sincerely,

Mrs. Foster.

Racine, Wis.

The truth is that the crowded conditions on the morning and evening trains mentioned in Mrs. Foster's letter, were observed by the superintendent some time before the letter was written. That was the reason for the change made in the timetables on Octo-

ber 31 and the inauguration of another fast train. The time of the "Badger Limited" was changed to 7:15 A. M. out of Chicago for the purpose of taking care of part of the heavy load that went on the 7 o'clock, the train of which Mrs. Foster complains. At the same hour the "Interstate Limited" leaves Milwaukee. It is a new train, mentioned in the BULLETIN last month.

In the evening the "Badger" leaves Milwaukee at 4:45, which takes the pressure off the regular 5 o'clock Limited, the train mentioned in the letter as being crowded. The "Interstate" leaves Chicago at the same hour, also relieving the regular Limited at 5 o'clock. It will be seen, therefore, that the cause of the complaint was removed at least a week before the letter was written, as it was dated November 7.

On the particular morning mentioned by Mrs. Foster—Oct. 12—there was an unusual condition. On that morning there was a big fire in Chicago at Harrison and Wabash avenue, which city firemen had to fight from the elevated structure. The power had to be shut off at that point while the fire-fighting was in progress and, of course, it interrupted service for a short time in the early morning. As Cartoonist Briggs would say, "it happens in the best regulated families."

We haven't any excuse to offer for the way the men jostled the women as described by Mrs. Foster. It's a way they have. They do it in Chicago as well as in Milwaukee. That is one of the reasons why so many women remain single nowadays. They form their opinion of men by the way they see them behave in street cars and naturally the opinion couldn't be a favorable one.

We're very glad to hear from you, Mrs. Foster, and to be able

to inform you that the cause of your complaint has been removed and that no passengers now have to stand in cars between Racine and Milwaukee.

WITH BULLETIN READERS.

WELL, Family, here is another Thanksgiving Day, and as usual some people are thinking over the things they have to be thankful for. Personally, we have so many things to be thankful for that we couldn't begin to enumerate them in a pamphlet the size of the BULLETIN. We can mention, however, one of the most important things, and that is the number and quality of the friends we make through this publication.

Acquaintances are easily made and, while all of them may be friendly, there is a big difference between an acquaintance and a friend. Just think it over and then count your real friends. You may have hundreds of acquaintances who wish you well, and all that sort of thing, and you may still be able to count your real friends on the fingers of one hand and not take in the thumb, at that.

Since we began getting out this little BULLETIN we have made lots of acquaintances and we believe some real friends. We have reached that conclusion as a result of some letters received in the last month. We haven't tried to borrow any money from them, which some consider the acid test of friendship, but they showed they had faith in us anyway.

As you may recall, in the October BULLETIN we printed a story about the Scottish Old People's Home, incidentally remarking that it was in need of funds. Would you believe it that the BULLETIN hadn't been mailed a week when we got a couple of checks, one from our old contributor Mr.

Peebles up in Plymouth, Wis., and one from a much later contributor, Mr. Miller of Canton, Ohio. Of course, the contributions were for the Old Home, but that simply heightens our appreciation. We consider it a great tribute to us personally, that the checks should be sent to us. It shows that at least some of our readers have faith in us and we hope they never may have cause to feel that their faith was misplaced. The checks will help make some of the people out in the Old Home happy, but we venture that none will feel as happy over the gifts as we did personally. When an editor has readers who act that way, it gives him a lot of encouragement.

Mr. Peebles lost no time in responding to the hint we gave, which proves what we discovered long ago, that his heart is in the right place. There may be readers of the BULLETIN who have bigger pocketbooks than Mr. Peebles but there isn't one who has a bigger heart, and after all, that is what counts most in this world.

Mr. Peebles writes in part:

I read with much interest your writeup of the Scottish Old People's Home at Riverside. That was a fine picture you drew of the Scotch character. It is true to nature. Yes, you said it; the Scot is tight-fisted and loves to hug and squeeze the eagle, but should the eagle happen to sink his talons into Sandy's hide once, he will tell the eagle to be gone in a hurry and may liberate a few more should he happen to have them caged up.

That is a rather neat way of expressing it. We said the Scot will respond to an appeal to relieve human suffering as quickly as any one and Mr. Peebles expresses the same idea in another way. Mr. Peebles says he always has a soft spot in his heart for "Grannies" as he was brought up by one and his wife used to tell him he was "spoiled" as a result. We don't think Mr. Peebles was "spoiled" a bit. From what we

have seen of the grandson, we have a lot of respect for the memory of the "granny."

We had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Miller of Canton, Ohio, who had occasion to pass through Chicago recently to visit a son who is in Kenosha. As he had a few hours to spare we took him out to Riverside to see the Old Home, but let him tell about it in his own way.

This is what Mr. Miller writes:

Having read so many of your pointed and sensible remarks in the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN that impressed me very much, I wrote you in July that I would be in Chicago some time during the summer and would look you up. I did not get there at the time I expected, but early in October, and although not the summer season, it was summer weather and very pleasant.

After getting through with the business I had in hand, I told C. M. Morderwell, our mutual friend, I was going to see you. He could not go along just then—although we all met afterward—but he put me on the track for the Edison building, and there I found my man, and in him all the word implies, as every reader of the BULLETIN knows, a man of sound, common sense.

After a little talk—pleasant I thought for both—for me, at least, and having a few hours to spare before leaving on that great North Shore Electric to visit my son in Kenosha, at your suggestion I visited the Scots Home at Riverside. Like yourself, being a native of Scotland, but full-fledged American, it was a great sight and pleasure for me. I need say nothing by way of description, as I have since read your description and all pertaining to the place in the October NORTH SHORE BULLETIN. I can simply vouch for all you state, that it is a home in all the word implies. In arrangement it excels anything for such a purpose I have ever seen. I shall never forget the pleasure of my visit.

Having traveled nearly all of Scotland, I am familiar with the country, and being up in years myself, I was at ease among those "auld lads and lassies" whose ages are from 75 to 90 years and who, I found, were from "A' the airts the wind can blaw." One was from Lerwick, the capital of the Shetland Isles; another told me he was from Fife. I told him that I was from the "Kingdom of Fife" myself, that I was a direct descend-

ant of a Scottish king, explaining that my father was so poor that he was considered honest, and Burns said, "An honest man, though ere so puir, is king o' men for a' that." That's the royalty of man—honesty.

I talked a few minutes with all, or nearly all of them, men and women, as to how they liked their home. All were pleased and seemed happy, and Mrs. Cummings, the manager, assured me that upon the whole they were very contented and happy.

While they were gathered in the sitting room, I gave a short talk, calling attention to the fact that they were living out the last chapter of Burns' "John Anderson my Jo, John." Mrs. Cummings, grasping the significance of the remarks, requested me to sing the song, which I did, she accompanying me on the piano. I must have been at my best, for I got an encore.

No matter where a Scot may travel they never forget the color and beauty of their native heather. Knowing this, and having some recently sent from Scotland, I took it along for distribution. In this transaction it occurred to me that with all its beauty, these people could not live on heather, and I concluded, without solicitation, to go a little farther.

Visitors I was told are always welcome and indeed there are many. Every Scot who visits it must feel proud of the home, and all Scots and those descended from Scots should visit it. After visiting it I feel sure if their hearts are in the "richt" place an endowment fund will be provided that will keep the institution for all time. Small amounts would do it, and here is an opportunity for even the widow's mite.

Besides the pleasure of visiting the home, I had another unlooked-for pleasure. In company with ye editor, we ran into "Loophound." I, of course, was introduced. In the introduction he in some way must have got me mixed with Wizard Burbank or Mr. Peebles, for he commenced to explain how to raise and cross cabbages. I explained that I had tried and failed in farming and horticulture. Had it not been for that mistake I might have saved the American people from the high cost of living, but alas and alack, too late before I found it out. I had been spreading the manure upside down. That has much to do with success in life; keeping things on the right side and on being on the right side of things.

I enclose check for \$50. You can endorse it over to the right person.

Sincerely yours,

Wm. G. Miller.

Well, Mr. Miller, we enjoyed the visit and are glad to know that

you did also. We like the philosophy in that last paragraph of your letter. So many of us make that mistake in life. So many spread gloom instead of sunshine. It contracts the soul while the sunshine expands it. In your case, however, there is nothing to worry about. One who is as profound a student of Burns as you are, is not apt to have a soul that can be encompassed in a thimble.

Was it last month we gave a hint to Mr. Bent of Libertyville that he was about due for another letter? If so he evidently took it, for he writes:

I don't see how you can expect me to write stuff for your yellow-backed novel. Dontcha know that us farmers have been busy? However, after having finished husking the pumpkins and threshing the pigs I may be able to devote more of my time to journalism.

I want to remark right here that the BULLETIN has been a great help to me this last summer, because in the hustle and hurry of the above mentioned farming operations, I nearly lost track of what was going on in the rest of the world. But thanks to the BULLETIN all the information necessary to keep abreast of the times was supplied in a concise way that took very little reading and little or no mental effort. I didn't even have to worry about election, because the BULLETIN said long before Nov. 2 that Harding would be our next President and of course there was nothing left to do but elect him.

If you still have a little room at the bottom of your mailing list, I wish you would please add my name to it. When I hibernates for the winter I want to have plenty of reading material like the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN.

Sincerely yours,

L. A. Bent.

We'll see that your name gets on the list. In fact we thought it was already there. One who reads the BULLETIN as closely as you evidently do ought to get it regularly. The reason for that observation is that we can't recall having predicted Mr. Harding's election. We knew it, of course, nearly everyone did, but we're non-partisan here. We

maybe did give a pretty strong hint, because another contributor guessed how we felt about it. Well, it's all right, anyway. Everyone's satisfied.

We have this month a new contributor in the person of Julius Peck, buyer and department manager for the Espenhain Dry Goods Company of Milwaukee. He writes:

For the last year or so I intended to write to you and tell you how much I appreciate and enjoy your little but mighty good magazine, and while I go to Chicago quite often—in fact, I was one of the first buyers from this house to use your road for business trips to Chicago—I do not want to miss any one number and would appreciate your placing my name on your mailing list.

I certainly appreciate the service on your line, especially the 5 o'clock train from Chicago with its good meals and splendid service. While I have been in Chicago lately I have not yet used the new "flyers," which are no doubt even better than your famous 5 o'clock train. By the way, while in Buffalo last summer I was told to take the high tension flyer to Niagara Falls, Buffalo folks bragging so much about the fast time this train makes. After trying it I told some of them that as far as time and service were considered, they were not in it with the North Shore. The only criticism I have to offer is that you keep your trains too hot. There seems to be something wrong with your heating system. When one comes out of the washroom one feels as though he had been in a Turkish bath, and the smoking section of the dining car is also too warm. That is the only fault I find with your otherwise perfect service.

Your dining car conductors are well above the average in neatness as to their uniforms, excellent manners, etc.

Did not expect to make this letter so long, but after getting a good start I did not know when to finish.

Trusting that you will keep up the good work, both as to your little magazine and boosting not only your road but all the cities which you serve *with the exception of one*. I am

Respectfully yours,
Julius Peck.

Glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Peck, and will follow your advice and keep on boosting all the cities the North Shore Line serves, without even one exception. As to your criticism about the heat, we understand the new dining cars, which are almost ready for

delivery, will be a little different in arrangement. There is nothing the matter with the heating system, but the washroom is pretty close to the kitchen and naturally gets a lot of heat. You see a dining car is not the same as a hotel. There isn't a basement in which to locate the kitchen. Those chefs do wonders, at that, in the limited space they have at their command.

Here is another new one, evidently a traveling man. The traveling men, from "Loophound" down the line, are great boosters for the North Shore Line. He writes:

Permit me to join the large flock of those who praise the service offered to the public on the C., N. S. & M. R. R. The writer has used your road to make the larger towns reached by it and has always found your conductors extremely courteous and your cars very comfortable. The food served in your dining car is very palatable and the price reasonable. Why anyone would use the steam roads between Chicago and Milwaukee is a mystery to yours truly.

May I ask you to put my name on your mailing list? Thanks.

Yours truly,
B. Robt. Pascal,
The Chilcote Co.,
Cleveland, O.

Well, Mr. Pascal, it's a mystery to us why any one should use any other road than the North Shore Line between Chicago and Milwaukee. We think the reason is that a good many do not know what changes have occurred in the character of the service on the North Shore Line under the present management. They are gradually getting to know about it, however, and once they try it they become steady patrons.

Funny how they feel about this BULLETIN when they don't get it. Here is a postcard from Oktaha, Oklahoma, and from a minister of the gospel at that:

May I have the October and November issues of the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN? My education is neglected when I do not read the BULLETIN.

L. B. Plumer,
Minister Congregational Church,
Oktaha, Okla.

Well, Mr. Plumer we don't wish to see your education neglected, so we will send the bulletins post haste. With the help of Mr. Burleson you may get them in ten days and maybe not for two months. One never can tell about it nowadays. But we'll have a new postmaster soon.

From the tone and the handwriting we take it this one comes from a youthful contributor in Chicago, but they're all welcome. We have schoolboy correspondents and grandpa correspondents and we like them all. This correspondent writes:

Would you be so kind as to send me every month the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN? I enjoy reading it very much, as there are many interesting things in it. Sunday night I returned home from where I visited and rode on a North Shore train. It sure was a fine ride. I love to ride on the Limiteds because they are so clean and comfortable and have such polite conductors. I think the North Shore Line is by far the best railroad around here—electric or steam.

Yours truly,
Roland Nystrom.

Do you know, Roland, we quite agree with you and we don't think it either. We know positively that the North Shore Line is the best. Write again.

We have another new one from Highland Park, who seems a trifle peeved about something. He writes:

Excuse me, I just want to get something off my mind \$ \$ * * * There, that's better. Now let me explain all the cussin'. I told two different ticket agents at two different times to put in an order to send the BULLETIN to two different addresses and I haven't received them yet. I always thought I shouldn't be bashful in sending you a letter. Lotsa grief.

Well, anyhow, them's bygone days, so I'll forgive you if you promise to send it by next month's ending at least. I sure do like the BULLETIN; that is why I got so peeved when I found out there was a mistake somewhere. I don't like to make promises, but I think you will hear from me quite often. Every time I ride in one of your big, roomy coaches I have a feeling of pride that the North Shore can boast such a road.

Well, I guess I gotta go. See you later.

Raymond Bopp.

No need for all the cussin' Mr. Bopp. You are the one who made the mistake. Of course the ticket agents of the North Shore Line are courteous and obliging, but it isn't their business to look after BULLETIN subscribers. They have troubles of their own. We never heard of you until we received your letter, so you made the mistake in not writing direct to headquarters. Now you will get the BULLETIN and we're glad to admit you to the family. But take this tip: When you want a thing ask for it direct. It saves time and is surer of results.

Here we have one from Oshkosh, b'gosh. He used to live in Milwaukee and wishes the BULLETIN to be sent to his new address. He writes:

I find the BULLETIN very interesting and derive a great deal of pleasure from it. For that matter so do the rest of the bunch here. We are frequent users of your estimable road and can say it is indeed the Road of Service.

Yours very truly,
O. W. Hagedorn.

We'll see that the BULLETIN follows you to Oshkosh. We have a few more letters, but it seems we have a lot of stuff this month and may have to hold some over. Write, anyway, as we find that this column is quite popular with our readers and it is up to you fellows to keep it going.

HE WOULDN'T GAMBLE

An old Scotch golfer was asked to lay two to one on a match in which he was likely to be much the better.

"Na, na, my mon," was his reply; "gowf isn't a game to be degraded by the vice of gambling, like your horse-racin', your pigeon shootin', an' the rest. It is to be played for the pure love o' the game. Besides," he concluded, "there's nae twa tae aye aboot it—but I'll lay ye sax to fower."