

THE
NORTH SHORE
BULLETIN

FEBRUARY, 1921

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



"The Road of Service"

CHALLENGE FOR PLYMOUTH.

IN last month's BULLETIN we mentioned the fact that our Plymouth correspondent, J. D. Peebles, believes his town has a basketball team that is unbeatable. The team has a chance to prove it, for Hartland has issued the Plymouth boys a challenge. We hope the match can be arranged and negotiations are now under way.

The challenge from the Hartland team comes through our old friend, "Dave" Wilson, professional at Blue Mound Country Club. "Dave" writes to the BULLETIN, in part:

My January copy of the "wee bookie" came the other day, thanks for the same. I am teaching at the Milwaukee Athletic Club this winter, so when you come up this way, please look me up and I will watch you put in a few licks.

I notice your friend, Mr. Peebles, intends taking up the Grand Old Game, and I notice also that he has some basketball team. There is a basketball team here in Hartland, made up of young fellows whom I started in as caddies at Chenequa, some eight or nine years ago, and if I do say it, they are some basketball shooters. Could you arrange a game between the Hartland and the Plymouth teams? Kindly write Mr. Peebles and ask for a date. I will bet Mr. Peebles his first golf lesson, which I will give him myself, if Plymouth beats these boys of mine, or I will bet him a club, or both, if he cares. Now please get after this and let's have a real test.

I am living at Hartland and go to Milwaukee every morning, except Sundays. Gee, I wish you would extend the North Shore Line out this way, so we could get some real service. I took a run down to Chicago about four weeks ago; went down on a fast train at noon and had a dandy luncheon on the train. I hustled and attended to my business and came back on the "Interstate Limited," leaving at 4:45 o'clock, hence my failure to call you up or call on you. I may add that I had my dinner on the train coming back and enjoyed it. Everything tasted so good.

Very sincerely,

Dave Wilson.

Now, Mr. Peebles, it is up to you to make good on that Plymouth team. We will be glad to do what we can to arrange the match.

By one of those curious coincidences, we happened to be in Mil-

waukee the day Mr. Wilson wrote that letter. Having an hour to spare before our train left we sauntered into the Milwaukee Association of Commerce to say "hello" to its business manager, Phil A. Grau. When leaving the building the thought occurred that Dave Wilson was conducting an indoor golf school in the same building, so we decided to call on him.

"Just the man I wished to see," he said, as we walked in on him giving a lesson. "My sister just mailed you a letter a few minutes ago. Now that you are here, you'll come out to my place in the country tonight and meet my mother." We pleaded that we had an engagement to take Friend Wife out that evening and had promised to be home before 7 o'clock.

"Pull off your coat and hit a few, while I put in a long-distance call to Chicago."

What could one do under such circumstances? We telephoned Friend Wife to call the engagement off, thinking, but not saying, that we would be more pleasantly employed. You married men understand the situation. Well, we pasted the balls for a little while and drove out to Mr. Wilson's home in Hartland, where we met his mother, sisters, and brother. It was a very pleasant visit which we greatly enjoyed. All the family are BULLETIN readers, so little introduction was necessary.

We regretted exceedingly that we had a luncheon engagement in Chicago the following day, which we could not cancel, so we had to make an early start from Hartland. What an enjoyable ride of thirty miles in Mr. Wilson's automobile through the crisp morning air. That's the thing to blow the cobwebs off the brain.

We might say incidentally, for the benefit of Mr. Peebles, that during the evening in Hartland-

(Continued on Back Cover)


The North Shore Bulletin

Issued Monthly by
Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad

LUKE GRANT, Editor Room 1105 Edison Building

Vol. IV

Chicago, February, 1921

 463 No 4

EDITORIAL COMMENT

*"The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world."*

THE lines quoted came to our mind the other morning, as with our friend, Dave Wilson of the Blue Mound Country Club, we drove in from Hartland to Milwaukee to take an early train.

* * * * *

THE sun was shining gloriously as on a spring morning, and although it was frost that pearled the hillsides rather than dew and there were no larks on the wing or snails on the thorn, there was a tang in the air that made the pulse beat faster and made keener the joy of living. Isn't it great to enjoy such moments?

* * * * *

AS we speeded toward Chicago on a North Shore Limited we kept mentally repeating the lines. Sometimes it's tantalizing the way a few lines run in one's mind. That's especially true when they come into one's mind about bedtime and keep him awake half the night. Why do they come up that way? We never have been able to understand it, but then there are more

things in heaven and on earth than was ever dreamed of in our philosophy, as Hamlet was wont to remark.

* * * * *

ON this particular occasion perhaps it was because the lines expressed what we felt so infinitely better than we could express it. They seemed to fit so aptly into the background, and the panorama unfolded on that bright morning as the Limited rushed through the sunlight at the rate of a mile a minute kept recalling them in spite of us. All at once it occurred that maybe they were suggesting themselves as a subject for a little sermon. Ideas often come that way, you know, just when you least expect them. There is material in those lines, we thought, for a score of sermons. As we need only one to fill this page, we thought we would stick to the last line.

* * * * *

THAT last line gives a challenge to the whole philosophy of Schopenhauer and to his disciples of today who are forever hanging crepe and taking the joy out of life. We don't exactly mean the blue law fellows, to whom we paid our respects in the last issue. There are other crepe-hangers, who are taking advantage of the present industrial situation to point out that Schopenhauer was right and that really "the times are very evil." Why not take the opposite view and with Browning say, "All's right with the world." It's actually more correct and besides it's vastly more comforting.

* * * * *

IN the last month we expect we have had a score of men ask what we thought of the present industrial and financial outlook. Now we don't flatter ourself that they asked that question because they thought we were possessed of any superior knowledge, or that our opinion amounted to anything. No, that wasn't the reason. It's a state of mind. Too many are asking that question at this time. They are timid and fearful of ghosts and shadows and their very timidity aggravates the situation. They seem lacking in confidence in themselves and in others. Brace up, we say. If everything is not as you would like to have it, just think how much worse it might be. "All's right with the

world," and especially with the northern half of the western hemisphere, which interests us most.

* * * * *

CONDITIONS in the country are fundamentally sound. From a debtor nation at the beginning of the world war, the United States now is the greatest creditor nation on earth. The balance of trade in our favor for 1920 was close to three billions of dollars. Our exports for the year were about eight and one-quarter billions of dollars in value; more than three times the total shown for the last pre-war year. All the world is applying for American capital because we are the only country with the necessary productive machinery to supply it. True, there has been a slump in domestic trade, as was inevitable when the process of deflation set in. We are going to get through with it sooner, however, by taking an optimistic view and showing that we have faith in our country and its financial institutions. Spreading distrust and suspicion does incalculable harm. As we have pointed out before in the BULLETIN, the whole world was on a spree, and when we indulge that way we inevitably take the consequences of the "morning after."

* * * * *

A GOOD illustration of what we mean was shown a few days ago during an investigation at Washington. They're always investigating something there. As we glanced at the headlines of our evening newspaper on our way home, we were startled to read that Charles M. Schwab had been shown to be just an ordinary grafter. We read the story with interest and mentally said there must be some explanation. Someone has gone off half-cocked, as they do so often when making investigations. Well, the explanation wasn't long in coming. The man who made the charge later apologized to Mr. Schwab and said he had done him a grave injury. Mr. Schwab doesn't need any defense here. He is able to take care of himself, but as we read the account of his breaking down on the witness stand, we couldn't help feeling sorry for him. Such an accusation cuts deep and the harm was already done. We expect there are thousands all over the country who read the charge and didn't read its retraction. There

are so many who regard an attack on a public man's reputation as a choice morsel, to be fletcherized and rolled around in the mouth. They are the same ones who go around saying that the present industrial depression is caused by manipulation in Wall Street, when the fact is they could find it much closer to themselves.

* * * * *

THE chief trouble today is that many of us are unwilling to take our share of the losses as prices are being deflated. It was a different story about two years ago when the inflation was going on. Then we were all out for our share of the profits. Some got more than others, owing to greater ability or opportunity, but everyone tried to get all he could. That applied equally to the men working for wages and to the men paying the wages. They were all after profits. The worker, with only his labor to sell, sold it as high as he could, for which he was not to blame, but he was to blame for not delivering the goods he sold. The records show he did not in many instances do an honest day's work. He was no exception among the seekers after "easy money." The merchant whose shelves were filled with goods bought on a low market, didn't sell on an original cost basis, but on a replacement basis. When he was caught with his shelves filled with goods bought on a high market, he sold on an original cost rather than on a replacement basis. At least he tried to do that and found the people wouldn't buy. When the buyers' strike got well under way, prices toppled, and along came industrial depression. The distributor could not sell his goods, so he could not buy from the manufacturer. The manufacturer could not sell his goods, so he had to close his factory. That meant that the workers who made those goods couldn't sell their labor. Unable to sell their labor, they couldn't buy the goods from the retailer. The whole system is like an endless chain, and we may just as well make up our minds that everyone of us must be prepared to take our share of the "morning after" consequences.

* * * * *

THE farmers thought they were given the worst of it in the deal and they held their produce because they could not get the prices of two years ago. The wheat growers of Canada be-

gan shipping in their produce and our farmers appealed to Congress to pass a tariff law that would bar out Canadian wheat and help keep up prices. The lower branch of the Congress promptly passed the bill, which was held up in the Senate and is still there. Personally, we think the action of the Senate proved the wisdom of having an upper chamber. Our exports to Canada are nearly three times our imports. Last year they were some 925 millions of dollars, as against 325 millions of imports. Now how can we expect Canada to supply us a market for our manufactured products if we refuse to let her pay them in part with her products, the principal one of which is wheat? We have no grudge against the farmers of our country, but we believe that like the rest of us they will have to be satisfied with smaller profits than they have been accustomed to in the last few years, during which the law conveniently set a fixed price on wheat in defiance of the natural law of supply and demand.

* * * * *

WE appreciate the difficulty of dropping from a higher to a lower standard. It is much easier to step up and it is remarkable how readily we all adapt ourselves to a higher standard. From the plebeian street car to the Ford is an easy step, and from the Ford to a real automobile isn't so much of a jump, but it's hard to drop back to the street car again. Two years ago, or so, we remember reading an advertisement for bricklayers, in which it was explained, at a cost of about fifty cents an agate line, that there was plenty of space at the particular job for parking automobiles. We don't read ads of that kind today. But there's no use in grumbling about it. Why not take the other view and say you had a good time while it lasted. That, we understand, is what some say when they are sobering up on the "morning after." That's better than to grumble that you always get the worst of it and that your troubles are all the fault of some other fellow. They really aren't, you know. And half your troubles are psychological anyway, and will disappear if you look at them in the right light.

EASY for you to talk that way, someone will say. You don't have any troubles. Well, we haven't many. We enjoy our work and we like our boss. But sometimes little things come up that would trouble us if we allowed them. The other day, for instance, the same mail brought us an income tax schedule and a notice of an increase in rent of 55 per cent. The landlord was so anxious to see we got the cheering news that he had the letter registered. He needn't have gone to that expense; we'd have taken his word for it. As we had a raise in rent last May, that makes it just exactly 100 per cent higher than it was a year ago. Well, we didn't faint or anything. As we knew what he paid for the building when he bought it a few months ago, we took a pencil and figured out that he would make about 25 per cent gross on his investment. Not having consulted the janitor we didn't try to estimate what the net might be, but concluded that the landlord was getting at least all he was entitled to have. But what then? We consoled ourself with this reflection: If the darned apartment is worth what he is asking for it now, just think how well off we were when we paid only half the amount. There is a cheerful way of looking at things if you try to find it. Besides, we're not going to let any landlord or income tax collector disturb our peace of mind. Like Mark Tapley, we're jolly.

* * * * *

WE thought of going into the financial situation a little further just to back up our contention that "all's right with the world," but we have an awful lot of other stuff this month and ever so many letters held over for lack of space. That being the case we are going to wind up soon with a little advice. Chase the gloom and look on the bright side of things. Begin buying again; this buyer's strike, so-called, has gone far enough. It may be that some commodities will drop still further in price, but don't wait for that. Don't be in too much of a hurry to reduce wages; wait at least until the drop in commodity prices has become general. As shown in the preceding paragraph, rents are not coming down, but are going up. We know our individual experience isn't exceptional and rents won't come down until more houses are built. Start to build them now. There has been quite a drop

in material prices, and if wages have not been cut, the labor costs have been reduced through the higher efficiency of the laborer. He is ready today to give an honest day's work for an honest day's pay and that, after all, is the important thing. Start the wheels going again.

* * * * *

IN advising you to buy the other fellow's product, so that he will be able to buy yours, we don't mean that you should be extravagant about it. We have had altogether too much extravagance in the last few years. What we mean is, don't hesitate to buy what you need. If you have to cut out some of the luxuries in order to get the needful things, it won't hurt much. Do you know that the people of the United States spent \$650,000,000 for amusements in the year 1919, and that, while the figures for 1920 are not available at this time, the estimate is \$750,000,000? Quite a lot of money, isn't it? It amounts to about three cents a day for every person of theater-going age in the country. Now, if you were asked to pay that extra three cents a day for street car fare, or gas, or electric light, or some other essential, wouldn't you howl? We are not knocking the theaters. It is quite necessary that the people should be amused. The old Roman emperors knew that when they used to order games in the arena to keep the people from grumbling about their taxes. It was so comforting to see the gladiators kill each other, or the lions eat up a few Christians. We have them killed and eaten up in the movies today, which shows that we have advanced just a little in a coupla thousand years.

* * * * *

AS a concluding paragraph to our little discourse, we would advise you to talk in a reassuring sort of way. Talk of factories opening up instead of closing down. Show you have faith in yourself first of all and it will strengthen your faith in your fellowmen, for they are just the same as you. This is the best country in the world and you should be proud to be a citizen of it. Don't grouch and grumble that it is going to the devil, because it isn't. All's right with the world; see that all's right with yourself. That will be all until next month.

School of Engineering of Milwaukee

THERE are many universities and colleges in the United States. A recent list we looked over gave the names of 522, but we suspect it was not complete. In most of the universities and colleges electrical courses are given along with other studies.

The distinction, however, of having an electrical university—an institution devoted exclusively to teaching electricity—belongs to Milwaukee. The School of Engineering of Milwaukee is in a class by itself. The boy entering it after he has finished eighth grade in the grammar school, may take his high school course, his engineering college work and graduate at the end of six years with the degree of B. S.

Not only does this university give the boy a complete education after he has completed his grammar school work, but it gives him the opportunity to earn while he learns and work his way through.

We have often thought that our educational system was lacking in one important respect; that is, that it does not generally link the class room and the job together as they should be linked. Too often the boy leaves school with a little knowledge of everything, except how to earn a living in the world. We do not mean to belittle the advantages of a cultural education, and would not sacrifice culture for purely technical knowledge of a trade or profession, but sometimes we think that more should be done in the direction of hooking them up with each other. There has been a marked improvement in that direction in recent years, but it might be carried still farther with benefit to the youth of the country.

The School of Engineering of Milwaukee is doing that thing ad-

mirably; better, perhaps, than any other educational institution in the country. That accounts, no doubt, for the remarkable growth of the university in the fifteen years that it has been in existence, and for the name it has acquired, not alone in the



Oscar Werwath, President and Founder, Milwaukee School of Engineering.

United States but in many foreign countries as well.

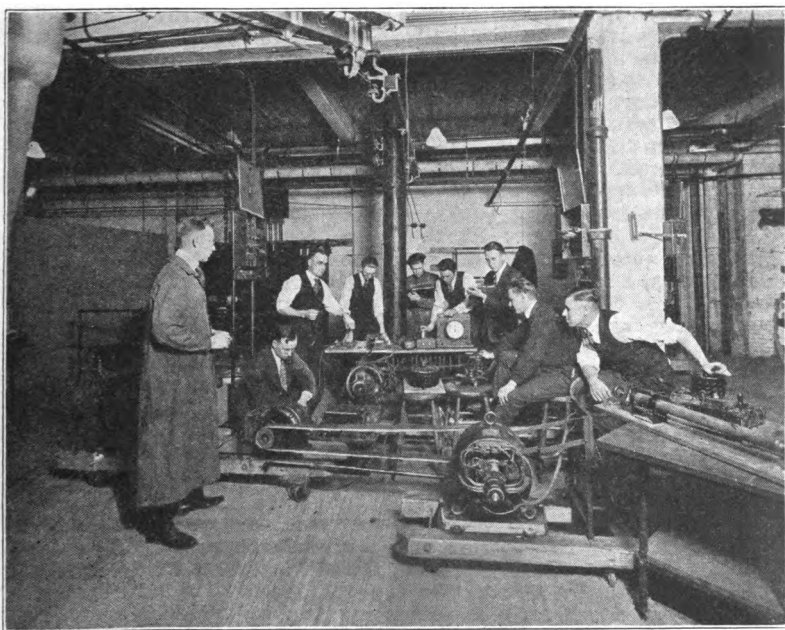
The 1920 roster of the School of Engineering shows an enrollment of 2,308 pupils, representing practically all the states in our country and some twenty-two foreign countries. It has students from far off Australia and the Philippine Islands, from Hawaii and from Yucatan, from Brazil

and from Finland. It is an interesting fact that of the 2,308 students in 1920, 1,407 were from Wisconsin, thus disproving the old adage that a prophet hath no honor in his own country.

Most of the students at this school have earned all, or a large part, of their expenses while getting an education. There are in Milwaukee at this time 133 factories and business institutions co-operating with the School of Engineering, enabling the stu-

it. His practical knowledge in dents to work half-time in the factory this way keeps pace with his theoretical knowledge and at the end of his course he is turned out ready to take his place in the world with a practical working knowledge of his profession.

This plan of co-operation, which goes under the name of the Industrial Service Department, is one of the outstanding features of the university. It is under the direction of C. H. Ferguson, a



Opposition Test on a Transformer.

tries, or on the alternate week plan, according to circumstances.

The advantages of such a plan of co-operation can readily be seen. As the student in the class room learns the theoretical and scientific side of a particular problem, he steps into the factory and gets the practical working end of

man of much experience in vocational guidance work. He is assisted by W. E. Boren, also an expert in vocational training, and by Miss Exilda Gillette, a woman who has shown rare tact and ability in finding the right man for the right job. A student desiring employment for the first time,

with no experience and no definite ideas about his future work, goes to the Industrial Service Department and has a heart-to-heart talk with the staff. His peculiar problems and his qualifications are carefully considered and he is then fitted to a job. It may be that after a trial he will be transferred to another job, but before he is finally settled it is a safe bet that he is in the right place, or as near it as it is humanly possible to place him.

Class schedules are arranged with respect to work schedules. A student working on the half-day plan has a side partner with whom he changes off. One of the team is at work in the plant while the other is in the class room. Some other students work on the alternate week plan and arrange with partners so that one is always on the job.

Earnings of students under the plan vary according to the individual and the nature of the work, so that it is difficult to compute even an average. Few earn less than \$40 a month for half-time and they are young boys. The average for men ranges between \$50 and \$75 a month for half-time, and many cases are on record of students earning more than \$100 a month at the same time they are acquiring an education.

The School of Engineering of Milwaukee was founded and has been developed by Oscar Werwath, its president, an electrical engineer who ranks high in his profession. He has assisted hundreds of ambitious youths to become successful electrical engineers and he never spares his time and energy when the advancement of young men is concerned.

The students issue "Electric Sparks," which helps to keep the various departments in closer touch with each other.

EMPLOYEES' MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION.

EMPLOYEES of the North Shore Line have organized a mutual benefit association, which ought to prove helpful to them and to their families. Every employe who has the physical requirements provided in the by-laws, is eligible to membership, and although such membership is voluntary, the value of having such a protection is so great that it will no doubt be taken advantage of by all.

Briefly summarized, a fund is established and maintained by the employes and by the company from which benefits are paid in the event of sickness, incapacitation, or death. An initial contribution of \$500 was made by the company to establish the fund, which will be maintained by the dues of the members, the company contributing a sum equal to one-half the dues. The dues of members are \$1 a month, while the company will contribute 50 cents a month for each member. Sick benefits at the rate of \$15 a week are paid after the first week of illness, provided that if the employe is sick and incapacitated for longer than twenty-one consecutive days, benefits will be paid from the first day of his illness. The sick benefits are limited to twenty-six weeks in any one twelve-month period. The death benefit is \$300. These sick and death benefits are independent of any amounts which may be paid under state compensation laws.

The plan offers a splendid form of cheap insurance and a protection for employes and their dependents. When the average wage-earner falls sick or meets with an accident, his family usually are the greatest sufferers. When, as frequently happens, contributions are taken up among fellow employes, the recipient cannot escape the feeling that he

is an object of charity. If he is a member of the Mutual Benefit Association, the benefits are his by right. He feels he is independent.

The temporary officers of the Association are:

President—George Bernard.

Vice-President—Theodore Fincutter.

Secretary—O. E. Foldvary.

Treasurer—G. F. Lenfesty.

The temporary trustees, who administer the affairs of the Association and have charge of all funds and property, are: C. Hutton, J. S. Hyatt, J. W. Simons, G. T. Hellmuth, W. R. Helton and J. A. Seymour, representing the company, and O. E. Foldvary, Thomas Deely, George Wheelock, Richard Dreeger, George Bernard, Theo. Fincutter, C. C. Leech, G. F. Lenfesty and John Osborne, representing the employes. As a protection for themselves and their families all employes should join the Mutual Benefit Association.

UNUSUAL COURTESY.

CONDUCTORS on the North Shore Line are noted for their courtesy to passengers. Most of them do everything that the "Book of Rules" specifies, but some of them do more, which shows they have initiative. Conductor W. N. Smith is one of that kind. This is what a patron writes to Mr. Budd about him:

In many trips to and from Milwaukee I have used the North Shore road with entire satisfaction.

Yesterday I had first occasion to become somewhat "peevish" due to the fact that some very thoughtful person had deposited upon the seat which I occupied a fresh wad of well chewed Spearmint, of Mr. Wrigley's plant.

Having just had suit all cleaned and pressed for an extended trip around a few of the states comprising the center of this country, the discovery met with anything but my approval.

After disclosing the cause of my grief to the conductor, I was pleased to note the concern shown by him, viz.:

He took his pocket knife and proceeded to scrape that famous brand from the seat of my trousers and succeeded fairly well until he reached the cloth, where he discovered further attempts were useless.

This train left Milwaukee for Chicago at 2 P. M. yesterday (the 12th) and the car was No. 163. I wish to commend the conductor for his kindness and assistance.

Being a good conductor, you see, Mr. Smith didn't wish to see a passenger carry anything away with him, except, of course, pleasant recollections of his trip. If he hadn't performed that operation the passenger would undoubtedly have carried more of that wad away with him than he did. We are often assured by the esteemed Mr. Wrigley that "the flavor lasts." We positively know that it sticks. Anyway, you don't get the flavor by sitting on it. Why can't they put more mint and less glue in the stuff? The inquiry is respectfully directed to Mr. Wrigley, and we hope he won't attempt to wriggle out of an answer.

DID you ever hear of a railroad delivering a consignment of merchandise in too short a time to suit the consignee? It happened a few days ago on the North Shore Line. We received a copy of a letter sent by an agent in Milwaukee to an agent in Chicago, which, we believe, is unique. For obvious reasons we omit the names, but the letter reads:

"Your W/B 3352 of January 19 covers one churn consigned to _____, by the _____. Consignee has refused this shipment on account of its arriving here one day too soon, and have instructed us to send it back. Kindly advise disposition."

The consignee in question evidently is not well acquainted with the North Shore Merchan-

dise Despatch Service. If slow service is required, we suppose the operating officials could delay a consignment, but that is not the usual practice. A day between Chicago and Milwaukee is the maximum time required, but frequently delivery is made in a few hours. Until we saw the above letter we supposed that sort of service suited everyone. It would appear that there are some exceptions.

SUNDAY BLUE LAWS.

By "Loophound."

Pittsburgh, Pa., Jan. 21.

Count that day lost whose low descending sun

Sees no brand new reform, by the Blue Law League begun.

WONDER if it ever occurred to those killjoys that there was less backsliding in church before they switched from wine to grape-juice at communion?

It's easy to pick out the regular church-goer today. His clothes are all wrinkled. Of course, sleeping in your clothes will muss them up, even on a North Shore coach, but that's no reflection on the North Shore Line. In other respects it is different. Frinstance, the conductor who shakes you by the shoulder to get your fare has two good arms—in church it's getting so they have a one-armed deacon pass the plate.

Then, on your Milwaukee Limited, you can choose your destination when buying a ticket. In church the parson sends you to hell without a return ticket.

I have never met Tom Welsh, but I take it for granted he's human, like the cash passengers, even if he does ride deadhead, and I want to tell him how they are going to run dining cars in the east when the Blue Laws overtake us. Here's hoping my advice need never be used: Serve "holy" food on Sunday—they can't confiscate the silver then.

But imagine the looks of those North Shore epicures when Tom's able carps slips them a menu like this:

Appetizers—Life Savers.

Sandwiches—Swiss Cheese.

Pastry—Doughnuts.

Cigars—Holy Smoke.

(That menu does seem more "holy" than appetizing, but what's the matter with a little Angel Food cake? That might pass the censor.)

Recently I had a harrowing experience with Sunday Blue Laws which I would like to pass along:

I reached . . . late Saturday night, cold and hungry as a flock of Siberian hounds. Had heard of their peculiar laws and how in some localities they tied the cat up Saturday night so it wouldn't catch mice on Sunday, but this night my physical needs were more urgent than my spiritual requirements, so I perched myself on a stool in the Glory B. Cafe and ordered what it said on the menu with coffee, and then to bed.

Ordinarily when away from home I look forward to Sunday with the same pleasant anticipation I do the first of the month—rent day. I can remember years ago when as a kid I visited my Grandfather Campbell on the farm. On Saturday night he would fill the horses' stalls with hay and their stomachs with water to last over Sunday, so the Lord's day would not be desecrated by ministering to their needs. They showed the effects, and when summer tourists asked whose animals they were, the native would smile and say: "Oh, them's Cam(pb)ells." I'll say they were, but I am digressing.

I hit the springs this Saturday night and dozed off to sleep after humming a few bars of "Good Old Saturday Night Back East," having no care of the morrow. But

O boy! About time for industrious folks to hit the floor I reached for the button to switch on the lights, but there were no lights. Blue Sunday laws apply to engineers as well as to newsboys. There was no steam in the pipes and no hot water to shave with. I rang for a bellboy, but none appeared. He probably had gone off to Sunday school with the kid who sets them up in the third alley.

I was getting peevish by this time and my matches (made in Sweden) weren't striking well, so I tried to phone the office. No operator at the board. I decided to dress and see the manager, but here a new situation developed. I couldn't find my clothes and my grip with the extra trousers were gone. While the patrolmen were conforming to the Blue Sunday ordinance, as all good officers should, some low-down sneak thief who couldn't read the law climbed the fire escape and relieved me of my first aid in cold climate.

It seemed incredible. Visions of the house detective chasing me out in my pajamas because I had no baggage arose before my mind. A knock on the door brought me to my feet and when I opened it, in walked a delegate of the Lord's Day Alliance—a living skull and crossbones—and he sure looked like poison. He was wearing men's clothes, though, and clothes were what I craved most at the moment. I didn't ask him which paragraph of the blue law statute I had fractured, but tackled low and made a forward pass with my right. Soon we were on the bed in a whirlwind of clothes. I fought as only a man can who sees his last chance slipping, but he had me by the neck and my breath was coming in gasps. I couldn't hold out much longer and was wondering

how I'd look in the purity squad's court Monday morning in flannels, when miles away it seemed I heard a gong. Police, of course, I thought. It came nearer and louder, and as the pressure on my throat was gradually withdrawn, it dawned on me that my phone was ringing. I picked up the receiver and a clear feminine voice wished me a cheery "Good morning, it's 8:30," while my bewildered brain tried to piece together the events of the last thirty minutes.

There was no Lord's Day Alliance delegate in sight, but on my bed was a clothes tree on which were still hanging my overcoat and suit. It had been toppled over on my Adam's apple by the early morning breeze through the open window. Man, but it was a relief to know that only a prank of the wind had caused those unpleasant moments. My hair came back to the horizontal and contentment was about to envelope me when I thought, oh, what the hell—when these dudes find out that the wind cuts such capers on Sunday they'll solemnly pass a law to stop it blowing.

THE ROAD OF SERVICE.

Henry Cordell, master mechanic of the North Shore Line, is a great joker. Recently Henry put new castors on his office chair and they work very smoothly. One day while decorators were working in the office, the chair was pushed out in a hallway. Henry was busy about something when a traveling salesman called to see him.

"Just take a seat," said Henry, pointing to the chair, "and I will be with you in a minute."

The salesman dropped into the chair, which promptly rolled out from under him. He pulled the cushion off the chair and it fell

under him as he sat down on the floor.

"That's a good trick chair you have, Henry," he remarked.

"Yes," said Henry, "but this is the Road of Service. We furnish you a cushion to break the fall."

WITH BULLETIN READERS

THAT little reminder we gave some of our old contribs last month brought results. We knew, of course, that they hadn't forgotten us, but we like to be reminded of it once in a while. Our Glencoe correspondent, to whom we alluded as being among the delinquents, hastened in a long letter to assure us she was still a member of the BULLETIN Family. Maybe that other good contributor — Harold Rasmussen — helped to jog her memory a bit. He paid us a visit at Christmas and we told him that our Glencoe correspondent had evidently forsaken us.

She writes in part:

Harold paid us a visit around Christmas time and he said he had seen you and that you were going to make some sarcastic remarks about me in the BULLETIN. Now, please don't do that. You know my heart is in the right place, even if I'm not built right, like Perce in "Happy Go Lucky."

Besides I need hardly tell you that I have been very busy. I got an ambitious streak and decided to take a course at the Art Institute, three evenings a week. I take your Limited, and let me tell you I appreciate that service. I do wish, however, that you would recommend that no fat conductors be allowed on crowded cars. It's no fair to be pulled all out of shape in order to have the conductor take 34 cents off you, now is it? (It is not, and fat conductors are hereby ordered to reduce forthwith.) I must say, though, that it doesn't happen often, and I am with you, fat conductors and all.

Enclosed with the letter was a clipping with the suggestion that it might interest us. It did, and with the idea that it might interest others, we present it here:

"In the war of 1739, when the Russians and Turks agreed to treat for peace, the commissioners appointed were Marshal Keith on the part of Russia and the Grand Vizier on the part of Turkey. These exalted personages met and conversed by means of interpreters. When the negotiations were concluded the Marshal made his bow, hat in hand, and the Vizier made his salaam, with his turban on his head. But the Vizier suddenly abandoned the solemn farce and cordially shaking Keith by the hand exclaimed that he was 'unco happy to meet a countryman in so exalted a position.' The Vizier continued: 'I mind weel seein' you and your brither passin' by to the school in Kirkcaldy. My fither was bellman o' Kirkcaldy.'"

Now that it's all over, we'll tell you a secret. The December issue of the BULLETIN caused us a good deal of worry. We seemed more than usually dull that month and couldn't think of a good topic for our editorial comments, so we wrote that Christmas stuff in a spirit of desperation. We hesitated about sending it to the printer, but we had nothing else. When the proofs came back, we felt then like throwing them in the waste basket. We showed them to a man in the adjoining office and told him about our inclination to destroy them. "I wouldn't put that in the waste basket," he said. It was just that little encouragement that saved the stuff. We were more dissatisfied with it than any number we ever wrote, but it seems to have pleased a lot of readers. Here is a letter from one who seems to have been pleased with it:

The NORTH SHORE BULLETIN for December arrived today. I have read your editorial comment and stopped right there. I would not profane that editorial by reading another line to-

night from the best book in the world. It is not an editorial; it is a classic. It is a picture as true to life and memory as ever appeared on canvas. I thank you and congratulate you on your genius. May you long continue to elevate your readers and inspire them to aim at higher ideals. With best wishes for yourself and the service you represent, I am

Sincerely and gratefully,
Robert Falconer.

That is, perhaps, the most flattering letter we ever received. We can understand how our comments might appeal to Mr. Falconer, as we suspect his boyhood days were not unlike our own and he readily recognized the picture. It appealed also to our esteemed correspondent, Mr. Peebles. He writes asking that we dream a little more and tell our dreams to readers. "I don't know what the January issue will contain," said Mr. Peebles, "but I can tell you right now I won't like it as much as I did your Christmas Carol. Keep on dreaming and writing." A lady in Milwaukee wrote Friend Wife and said her whole family greatly enjoyed the Christmas story. So it would appear that a little sentiment goes all right, even in a publication of this time. We won't feel so apprehensive next time we indulge in a day dream.

Here is one from an old correspondent but from a new location:

Will you please change my address on your mailing list to Freeport, as I have recently transferred here and miss the BULLETIN. Sorry that having moved from the North Shore I will not be able to see you personally as often, or enjoy the service of the North Shore Line as frequently, but you may be sure that I shall always count both you and the road personal friends of mine and consider the BULLETIN a personal friendship letter from both. Count me always a booster and as often as possible a patron.

I did not write all this purely for advertising bunk with a possibility of seeing my name in print again, but assure you they are my sincere sentiments. Accept my best wishes for a

prosperous New Year for both yourself and your road.

Sincerely,

C. L. Alling.

We wish Mr. Alling success in his new undertaking. As BULLETIN readers may recall, Mr. Alling formerly was Scout Executive of the Waukegan Boy Scouts and is now engaged in a similar capacity with the Boy Scouts in Freeport, Ill.

From Maxwell, Iowa, comes the following:

I have moved here from Redfield, Ia., and would very much like to read the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN. I always feel after reading it as if I had taken a breezy spring ride on the North Shore Line and in these days of blue laws when someone is always taking the joy out of life such sensations are all too rare. I asked the Redfield postmaster to forward the December number, but it never showed up.

Wishing you the best-ever New Year.

Cordially,

Richard L. Mitchell.

We're glad to keep you in the BULLETIN Family, Mr. Mitchell, and will see that it follows you to Maxwell. Drop us a line occasionally.

Our recently found friend, William G. Miller of Canton, Ohio, is not only a devoted reader but a good booster, as we have had several requests from that city to be put on our mailing list. Well, we are working for a railroad which ought to be known everywhere and you can't make us mad by helping us advertise it. Mr. Miller wrote us on January 22, and as his favorite poet's birthday is January 25, we expect he is preparing to celebrate the event, judging from the number of quotations from Burns in his letter. We don't know more profitable reading at that. Mr. Miller writes:

A few days ago the January BULLETIN reached me and, like all previous copies, was read with interest. I note you had a visitor who is very much disturbed over the blue laws,

but did not have the courage to write out his complaint and put it up to you to do so. He certainly put his case in able hands, prompted, probably, by the fact that tobacco comes under them, and you admit refilling your pipe before commencing your editorials for the December BULLETIN. He wants you protected, so you will continue writing these "Gems" for your readers.

His visit brought forth a sermon, not one that would pass without comment in a strictly orthodox church, but there are many Christian churches where the views held by you are being preached, believed in, and practiced. They are the best filled churches, too, which is proof of advance in enlightenment.

Your definition of the difference between the Pilgrims and the Puritans is correct and according to history. It has been the rule in all ages for a portion of the human race to go to extremes, some upward, while others would pull down the whole fabric of human progress. Happily the great majority move slowly and in due time adopt the best the extremists have to offer, if worth while.

The Puritans wanted all the actions of all the people governed by law and precept, especially relating to religion, their weak point being that their example did not always coincide with their precepts. There were too many "Holy Willies" who thought "sullen gloom was sterling true devotion." They did not realize that the things of this earth are put here for the people, and not the people for the things. They did not hear music in stones and streams purling down beautiful valleys as you and many others do. Their ideas were "I am holier than thou and so I must be your guardian and protector." They carried their beliefs to extremes and that is what we are passing through now—extremes in everything. When the world gets back to normal, and I think that won't be long, for America, at least, we will hear less of extremes from many quarters. When times are normal and people busy working, they act saner. Observing this, I have long since had a doubt about people getting inside the pearly gates, walking the golden streets and spreading their wings when they move around in their new quarters. I rather think we will have to do some work there to keep us out of mischief and going to extremes.

I imagine you asking will all the Scots be there? No. Mr. Peebles expects to be there, as I note he is going to learn golf so he can be among the elect or "trusties" when he gets there. If he is looking for pleasure and Scots' company when he throws off this mortal coil, he need "tak' no fear," he

will find them wherever he goes. Climate is no barrier.

We know there are Scots in the nether regions, and on no less an authority than "Honest Tam o' Shanter." He does not mention seeing other peoples there, but if there were, the Scots were the only ones enjoying themselves. That's encouraging, to the Scots at least, and maybe to others. When Tam took a peep and heard the music, did he get scared and run, leaving a doubt as to what he saw? He did not run until he had to, after breaking up the dance, and only saved himself by a horse-hair. (Didn't the witch take the whole tail, Mr. Miller?) And the dances were truly Scotch—hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys and reels. The music furnished by the De'il himself came from the bagpipes.

To all who wish to better this world, with a good chance in the next, read and carry out the advice the Muse gave to Robert Burns when she crowned him poet laureate of Colla:

"Preserve the dignity of man with
soul erect
And trust the Universal Plan will
all protect."

If we would all do that the churches would be filled at services and the people properly occupied at other times.

It has been raining all day, and I thought this was a good way to while away the time.

Sincerely yours,

Wm. G. Miller.

Not wishing the people of Canton any hard luck, or anything of that sort, but we're glad it rains there once in a while.

We expect Mr. Miller also is responsible for this one:

If not too great a strain on your liberality, generosity, sociability or impecuniosity, kindly put our club on the mailing list for your NORTH SHORE BULLETIN, and I will cheerfully reciprocate by putting you on the list for the Adcrafter.

James L. Orr, Secretary,
Adcrafter Club, Canton, O.

A Highland Park correspondent, from whom we heard on a former occasion, writes:

I am sure obliged for the bawling out received in December's issue of the BULLETIN. I need something like that now and then to wake me up. I know I should have written to you in the first place, but the ticket agent promised to fix it all up pretty when

I asked her if she couldn't take my subscription. She deserves honorable mention anyhow for being so polite. But when all's said and done it's pretty hard to find one who isn't the same.

I was reading about the Tribune's politeness reporter going to Joliet and finding a 100 per cent town. I wish he had consulted me, or some other user of the North Shore Line before he went. He would have got some good information as to where he could spend a whole day, see a lot of scenery and be all bollaed up at the end of the day as to who should get the \$50.

Goah! I nearly forgot to wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, same as you did me in the last issue, so I'm taking this opportunity of doing so. Thanks awfully for adding me to the family.

Raymond Bopp.

We haven't had a letter from John F. Weedon of Wilmette in the BULLETIN for a long time, but he is still reading it and sends the following as his annual contribution:

Rather late to wish you a Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year, but my memorandum to do so has just worked up to the surface of my desk impedita, which should be sufficient to establish the fact that I thought of you at the right time and precipitated the spirit of the message in your direction.

I liked your telephone directory card very much. It was useful, neat, and not gaudy, as Mephistopheles remarked when he painted his tail a modest pea-green. Your Christmas card, too, was a happy thought, and had its place on my mantelpiece with those from other kind people who wish me well and take pleasure in putting the fact on record. One of them sent me a reprint of the first edition of "Christmas Carols," which complemented your editorial in the BULLETIN very nicely, each adding value to the other. Of course, I have a weakness for old books. For the most part I had rather find a work I wanted in a second-hand book store than procure it new, and a "reprint" always interests me. We print better today, perhaps, than they did a hundred years ago, but I think we have advanced little in the way of illustration. I could show you some of John Leech's and Cruickshank illustrations that for conveying the real human interest to the reader are superior to most of the stuff that passes as illustrations today.

Good luck to you and may you find much happiness in your work. After hunting that object myself in various

and sundry places I have come to the conclusion that is the best place to look for it.

Yours truly,
John F. Weedon.

We agree with you, Mr. Weedon, that one's work can be made a source of pleasure, and as we always find plenty of it, we ought to be the happiest mortal on earth.

Our old friend, Sol N. Lasky, of "Ever-Ready" razor fame, sends a post card from New York, on which he says: "Regards to the best electric line on earth. Will be using it again in a few days."

We are pleased to welcome a new contributor in the person of J. G. Eager, proprietor of the Elite Laundry of Racine, and, incidentally president of the Racine Kiwanis Club. He writes:

I am just in receipt of your December issue of the BULLETIN and, while I believe I have been a reader of it from its first appearance by picking it up on the trains, I think this is the first time I have received it by mail, for which I thank you.

I notice that the Kenosha Kiwanis Club had you on the program, and as I happen to be president of the Racine Kiwanis Club I want to at this time extend an invitation to you to have luncheon with me and at the same time give us a 15-minute talk on the North Shore Line. We meet every Thursday and would be glad to have you any Thursday in February. If you will kindly let me know if and when you can come I will be at the station to meet you.

While I cannot say that we can give you the wonderful time that you write about in Kenosha, yet I feel sure that you will get a chance to brush elbows with Racine's leading business men and that it will be well worth your while as well as ours.

Yours very truly,
J. G. Eager.

We thank you for the invitation, Mr. Eager, and will surely avail ourself of the opportunity to get better acquainted in Racine. We have been at meetings of the Commercial Club and the Twelfth Ward Boosters' Club on several occasions and will be glad to meet the Kiwanians, as we know they are a good bunch.

Another Racine correspondent this month is Commissioner Joseph Blessinger, who writes:

Will you please consider the placing of the six fire companies of this city on your mailing list? The BULLETIN mailed to me usually reached the No. 4 company, and now that they have grown accustomed to reading your paper they have asked me to have them placed on your mailing list.

At some future time I will write you and quote my experience with your railroad.

Sincerely yours,

Joseph Blessinger.

We hope your experience with the railroad has been pleasant, Mr. Blessinger, and if it hasn't just let us know what the grievance is, as the North Shore Line is in business to give service that will please its patrons. We are glad to have the Racine fire laddies readers of the BULLETIN and will see that it goes to each of the six companies.

Our correspondent at Plymouth—Mr. Peebles—wrote suggesting that we put the name of the Rev. W. T. Dorward of Milwaukee on the mailing list and send him a copy of the October issue, which contained a little story about the Scottish Old People's Home. We, of course, complied with the request, and Mr. Dorward wrote as follows:

I thank you for your kind letter and copies of your BULLETIN. I have just read the article *in re* the Home for Scotland's needy and aged. If I were one of the trustees interested in securing funds, I would look no farther for campaign literature. Your fine article should reach the hearts and pocketbooks of many who are blessed, or otherwise, with this world's goods. I have no hesitation in saying your article ought to be reduced to booklet or letter form and sent broadcast. What more can I say?

I do not remember Mr. Peebles of Plymouth, Wis. But, you see, I meet many men in the course of the busy years and cannot remember them all. It was a real pleasure to meet the Illinois Scots and address them at the annual banquet.

May I take the liberty of sending you a copy of my Master Key with the

wishes of the season. It is now in tenth thousand.

Very sincerely yours,

W. T. Dorward.

We are glad to know Mr. Dorward. We had heard of him as a public speaker and good storyteller and also as the author of the "Master-Key", a series of interesting essays on character building.

(Continued from Page 2)

we saw a fast basketball match between Mr. Wilson's team and one from Pewaukee. They're fast boys, Mr. Peebles, and your Plymouth team will have to get some to beat them.

If this match is arranged we'll be there to see it if we break a leg in getting there. Besides, Mr. Peebles is going in for golf, we don't know anyone who can give him better instructions than Mr. Wilson on the fine points of the game. Mr. Wilson knows them all and what we envy is, he can put them into execution. We know how it should be done, but can't do it.

GOLF VS. THE GIRL

"It's graund weather that we're hae'ing the noo," remarked Sandy to Jock. "I'll go ye a round on the links t'morrow mornn, just to celebrate it."

"T'morrow mornn?" repeated Jock, slowly.

"Aye, lad, the mornn," replied Sandy.

"Ah, weel," said Jock, "I'll go ye." Then, after a long pause, he added: "But I had intended t'git married t'morrow mornn."

A BOY'S IDEA OF IT

Tommy—"But, mother I don't see any reason for washing my neck and ears."

Mother—"You can't go to Jones' for supper unless you do."

Tommy—"But they said it was to be more informal!"