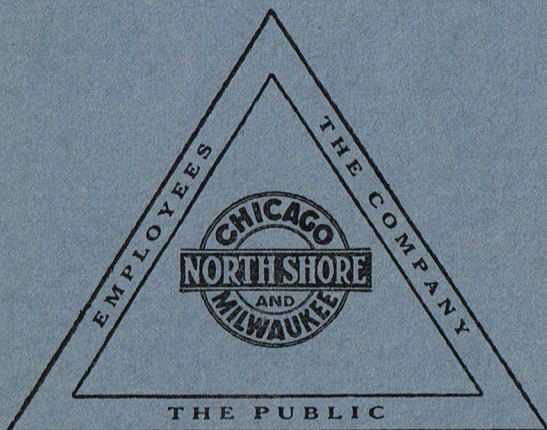


THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

AUGUST, 1921



“The Road of Service”

APPRECIATE GOOD SERVICE

THE North Shore Line really serves the public. What we mean by that is, that it tries to accomodate its patrons and meet their requirements, even if it is necessary to rearrange schedules to do it. Here is a letter from a patron in Kenosha which gives the idea:

"As the services at St. Thomas Church have changed to a summer schedule it is not necessary to hold the car to leave Kenosha at 11:30 any longer. We certainly thank you for the accomodation given us. I do not think there is another railroad in the world that would accomodate so few people as you did. But this service is your reputation from us and we are always boosting the Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad."

"H. M. Thomas,
Kenosha, Wis."

Among the many ways in which the North Shore Line gives service which pleases patrons, is the prompt manner in which claims for refunds on unused tickets, or portions of tickets are met by the auditing department. The following letter from the president of the Citizens National Bank of Merrill, Wis., illustrates that phase of North Shore service. It reads:

"We acknowledge receipt of yours of the 12th inclosing \$2.23, covering refund on ticket No. 2130. I thank you for the prompt attention you have given the matter.

"Just let me add to this that I find your service between Chicago and Milwaukee a very convenient one, especially during the hot months and far preferable to steam railroad service.

Yours truly,

George A. Foster, President,
Citizens National Bank, Merrill,
Wis.

Circumstances occasionally arise where a patron may be un-

able to use a ticket, or where he may be entitled to a refund. In such cases claims are promptly taken up and adjusted. Recently a patron left a Limited at Racine to purchase some oranges in the station. When he came out the train had left. It was his own fault entirely, but nevertheless he had bought a ticket which he did not use. He didn't expect a refund, but he wrote explaining the circumstances and a check was promptly mailed him. He said it was the finest example of square dealing he had ever known on a railroad. Well, they all get a square deal on the North Shore Line, and that is why it makes so many friends and keeps them.

Here is a letter on the same lines from an official of Pickands, Brown and Company of Chicago.

"In connection with our trip to Milwaukee and return on July 3-4 on a chartered car, the writer, on behalf of the organization transported, wishes to express his appreciation of the uniform courtesy and efficient service rendered by the entire personnel connected with this special run, from the superintendents of both terminals down to the train crews.

Yours very truly,

R. K. Krogman.

We have remarked before that the difference between the service on the North Shore Line and that given by other lines, is that patrons on the North Shore Line are given real personal attention. They are made to feel that they are in reality guests of the company and every one tries to please and give courteous and efficient service.

PROBABLY A BOXING MATCH.

She (just back from Paris): "I can't go to this dance tonight, my trunks haven't arrived."

He: "Good Lord, what kind of a dance do you think this is going to be?"

Mr. Geo. Merryweather
10-5-21.

DUPLICATE

5950

The

North Shore Bulletin

Issued Monthly by

Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad

LUKE GRANT, Editor

Room 1105 Edison Building

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Chicago, August, 1921



28 No. 10

Editorial Comment

WITH a Pageant of Progress—the most wonderful exposition that our city has seen since the World's Fair—going on at the Municipal Pier, and “the greatest circus on earth” holding forth in Grant Park, on the lake front, how the dickens can we settle down to write anything?

* * * * *

WELL, we never were accused of playing “hookey” and can't afford to get a reputation of that kind now, although we admit the temptation is strong. Our early training helps some in a situation of that kind, for in our childhood days we recall how our mother always insisted on our doing our work first—whatever the task might be—and playing afterwards. Not a bad rule, as we many times have found out in later life.

* * * * *

DID you notice that the July BULLETIN contained one-third more pages than usual? It contained also some comments on financial and business conditions on the North Shore Line, which necessitated a reduction in wages for everyone on the road, from the president down to the station porter. There was a connection between the size of the BULLETIN and the wage reduction. You see we have always said in this column that increased production is what is most needed. So we increased our production one-third, just to show that sometimes we practice what we preach. That, of course, was rather easy, as it required only a little more individual effort. The North Shore Line can't increase its business as easily as that.

SPEAKING of the wage reduction and business conditions, we believe that an explanatory paragraph or two would be in order, because it happened that the Interstate Commerce Commission authorized an increase in local rates in Illinois and Wisconsin, almost immediately after the wage reduction went into effect. Some patrons, quite naturally, thought the two things did not go well together, and we have had several letters from BULLETIN readers on that subject. There really is no connection between the two things, as a little explanation will show. The reduction in wages was necessary and would have been made had the rate increase come before instead of after. It was merely a coincidence, that the Interstate Commerce Commission decision on the rate application came at the particular time it did, and as we pointed out last month, it is doubtful if the new rates will result in any increase in the gross revenue of the company, because patrons who formerly bought single-ride tickets are now buying commutation tickets, in most instances at rates lower than the old rates.

* * * * *

ANOTHER fact which the traveling public should understand is that the employes of the North Shore Line are now the highest paid employes on any interurban electric railroad in the country. They are a high grade class of employes. The traveling public knows that the men in train service are courteous and obliging, that the North Shore Line has a reputation for safe operation that is not equaled on any high-speed interurban road in the country and that the employes at all times show a hearty desire to give the public the best service possible. Such employes deserve, and they receive, the greatest consideration from the management. Working conditions on the North Shore Line are made as agreeable for the employes as the nature of the work will permit. The employes know that and appreciate it. Relatively they have been, and are now well paid. It is not generally understood, perhaps, that men in train service on the North Shore Line have been receiving from \$200 to \$250 a month. The recent wage reduction was considerably less than the increase voluntarily granted a year ago, and less than has been made by transportation companies generally throughout the country. With that general explanation to those who have written

the BULLETIN on the subject, we will proceed to tell you about the Pageant of Progress and why you should come here and see it.

* * * * *

AS the Pageant of Progress has not got under full swing as this is being written, we can't give you a detailed account of the wonderful things to be seen at this exposition. True, we have given it the "once over" and expect to see it many more times before it closes, but from what we have already seen, we can assure you that it is worth while. It makes one feel proud of being a citizen of Chicago. No other city could have done it in such a comparatively short space of time, or under such adverse business conditions. But Chicago has the "pep" and the real "I Will" spirit. The Pageant of Progress is a fine example of that spirit and somehow one catches the spirit as he wanders around and inspects the wonderful exhibits. It ought to put new heart into the pessimists, who think our country is going to the bow-wows.

* * * * *

THE most effective way to drive home a fact is by contrast. That idea is admirably carried out at the Pageant. Take for instance the paper section, which is one of the first reached as one enters the exposition. When we have a little message to convey to you readers of the BULLETIN, we sit down at a typewriter and pound it out. The printer and the pressman and the others do their share and we get it to you in a short time. Now, as you will see at the Pageant, our antediluvian ancestors had a much more difficult task. We imagine that an editor in those days had quite a job to put his message across. He had to carve what he wished to say on a slab of stone and if he got out an edition as large as our edition of the BULLETIN, the distribution of it must have been a problem. Probably the method had some advantages, though. It must have been comparatively easy for an editor in those days to make his readers "feel the weight of his words." Yes, the editor sent out some weighty messages in those days.

* * * * *

WE don't need to go back to the stone age, however, to get an idea of the wonderful progress that has been made. We can

get it within the last century, yes half-century, for that matter. A short trip around the Municipal Pier will show one that the ordinary laborer, in the most humble circumstances, today enjoys comforts that the multi-millionaire could not have purchased with all his millions fifty years ago. Still we hear the demagogue shouting to the multitude that "the rich are growing richer and the poor growing poorer every day." The rich may be growing richer, because the opportunities for acquiring riches are steadily increasing, but we can't see that the poor are growing poorer. It is just one of these sophisms so frequently heard, which some unthinkingly accept without challenge. An exposition like the Pageant of Progress will remove such fallacious notions, if the visitor goes through it with his eyes open and a desire to learn. He will see the advances made in science and art and literature which have been of benefit to mankind and not to any particular group.

* * * * *

NOWHERE can this advancement be more clearly traced than in the world of transportation. The visitor can see the first steam railroad train run in the United States and he has an opportunity to contrast it with the magnificent passenger trains of today. A modern steam locomotive of the latest type, is longer than the entire train of the early days. As for comfort there is no comparison between them. Strange though it may appear, when that first train made its initial run down in New York state, it was the occasion for a general celebration. The people hailed it as a public benefactor, which it was. Today the people look at such things differently. They hail the railroads as public malefactors, or something akin to that. They demand laws and regulations to cripple the railroads and impair their usefulness and efficiency. And such laws sometimes are enacted. But public sentiment toward railroads and other utilities is gradually undergoing a change. The public is getting to understand that the same economic laws which govern private business, also govern utility companies, and that the demagogue who has made political capital out of attacking utilities is a false prophet. Expositions like the Pageant of Progress help to educate the people in such matters.

THE development in electric railway transportation is graphically shown at the exposition. Forty years ago the electric railway was unknown. Today the electric railways of the United States carry approximately 14 billions of passengers a year, or seven times the population of the world. The number of car miles operated by the street railways in Chicago alone in a year, is greater than the distance from the earth to the sun. Less than sixty years ago the first street car line in Chicago was built. It was operated by "hay-burners"—horses or mules. It made the wonderful speed of four miles an hour, when everything was going well. A single fare allowed the passenger to ride two miles. On the same lines today the passenger can ride 32 miles for a single fare and that fare is only 3 cents more than it was for the two-mile ride in the days of the "hay-burners." Still there are some who think the fare excessive. Think, too, of the comfort of the passenger in the modern car, compared with the passenger in the earlier type. The first street car in Chicago was "heated" with straw spread over the floor. There wasn't a thermometer in every car in those days to permit the passenger to note the temperature and complain to the city authorities if it should be lower than that required by ordinance, as is the case today. Neither could the passenger read his newspaper as he rode, for the only light in the early car came from a smoky kerosene lamp in the ceiling. And occasionally we hear some old-timer speak of the "good old days" before the advent of the large public utility companies.

* * * * *

IT is not so long ago that the "prairie schooner" was the medium of transportation in rural communities. Some relics of the earlier days may still be seen out on the western plains. It is quite a step from the "prairie schooner" to the all-steel cars on a North Shore Limited, yet that step has been made within the memory of many who will visit the Pageant of Progress. It also is quite a step from the ox-cart to the modern automobile. Both the ox-cart and the automobile can be seen at the exposition. The visitor stops and looks from one to the other and wonders if the swain of the ox-cart period took his best girl out for a spin in the evening. We suppose they didn't need speed limit laws in those days. The ox-

cart served its purpose and was useful to the farmer. A glance at the exhibit of the International Harvester Company will tell the visitor why the ox-cart isn't necessary today. So many improvements have been made in the way of tractors and farm machinery of all kinds, that one wonders how the early farmer fed the world without their aid. He must have done it, however, for the world was fed. But we can't believe it was fed as well as it is today, no matter what we hear about the "good old days."

* * * * *

THE North Shore Line, of course, has an exhibit at the Pageant. It is quite instructive, too, in the way of showing interurban electric railway development. It consists mainly of a motion picture film, showing transportation methods used by the Indians in traveling between Chicago and Milwaukee and contrasting them with travel on the North Shore Line. Green Bay trail was a long weary journey for the red man, hunting his food and cooking it over his camp fire on the shore of Lake Michigan. It took several days to make the trip from Chicago to Milwaukee. Today the white man makes the trip on the Badger Limited from the heart of Chicago to the heart of Milwaukee in two hours and ten minutes. He doesn't have to hunt his food on the way, either. Tom Welsh, superintendent of the dining car service attends to that little service and the food is a whole lot better and the menu more varied than the red man could boast of, although he had the whole north shore for a hunting ground. With all his comforts, is the white man any happier than was his red brother? Sometimes we doubt it. At least we have noticed that most white men like to revert to primitive ways when on an outing trip. Have you ever noticed how good a piece of bacon, or "weenie" sausages taste when stuck on the end of a stick and cooked over a camp fire? Guess it's a state of mind.

* * * * *

THERE are many other things of great interest to be seen at the Pageant of Progress in addition to the development of transportation methods. In fact there are twenty-five expositions in one and three and one-half miles of exhibits. To even mention

all of them would be impossible. One that will strike the visitor is the wonderful illumination. That immediately makes one think of the progress made in a generation in the development of electric energy. Chicago is the most wonderful city in the world in that respect, for the Commonwealth Edison Company has the largest individual electrical plant in the world. In 1920 the station output of this company was 1,883,570,000 kilowatt hours. That is about one kilowatt hour for every person in the world, and as one kilowatt hour will keep twenty ordinary incandescent lamps burning for one hour, it will be seen that the Commonwealth Edison Company throws some light on the world. Of course, that tremendous output didn't all go for lighting purposes. The company furnishes the power for all the surface and elevated lines in the city and for thousands of industrial plants. Its power washes and irons the clothes and sweeps the rugs in the household. It heats the house in the winter and keeps it cool by electric fans in the summer. Its power manufacturers most of the ice used in Chicago and in many other ways this great white servant is at the command of the user at the press of a button. And it has all come about in less than fifty years.

* * * * *

AS one looks around the exposition and sees the various machines electrically operated, one wonders how the world got along before the discovery and development of this energy. What would happen were the world suddenly deprived of this servant of mankind? Pueblo, Col., recently had such an experience, following the disastrous flood, which put all the public utilities temporarily out of business. The people of that city realize, as never before, how dependent they were on the utility companies for their daily comforts and necessities. Without gas or electric light, without street cars, with no telephone service or railroad connections, the city for a time had to go back to primitive days. It was an experience that the citizens of Pueblo do not wish to see repeated. Commenting on the situation the newspapers of that city say that instead of putting obstacles in the way of the development of public utilities, every city should encourage them. The tallow dip of our forefathers would prove a rather unsatisfactory substitute for the

incandescent light of today, as the Pueblo citizen can testify from experience. The telephone may at times be a little exasperating, but it would be difficult to transact the ordinary business of today without it.

* * * * *

WE have touched only a few of the high spots of the Pageant and those are among the exhibits inside the building. There is plenty to attract the attention of the visitor on the outside. The Municipal Pier itself is a wonderful attraction. Conventions and gatherings of all kinds have been attracted to Atlantic City because of its wide advertising of its "Million Dollar Pier." Why the "Million Dollar" pier of Atlantic City is a mere toy compared with Chicago's Municipal Pier. Chicago has never before sought to advertise its "Five Million Dollar Pier", although the pier cost that much, and is the greatest recreation center of its kind to be found in the country. Outside the exposition proper, daily and nightly water events will be held during the two weeks of the Pageant. Hydroplane and motor boat races, high diving contests and other events are on the programme daily. Many lake cities have entered motor boats in the speed contests.

* * * * *

WISCONSIN Day at the Pageant will be August 8. Of course every loyal son and daughter of Wisconsin will wish to be there on that date. We need hardly tell them that the most convenient way to get there, is over the North Shore Line. All North Shore trains are stopping at the new Grand avenue station in Chicago during the Pageant, which makes it quite convenient. The Municipal Pier is at the foot of Grand avenue, and the surface cars run out to the end of the pier. The exposition is decidedly well worth seeing. It ought to prove a great stimulus to business, something that is greatly needed at this time. Do not fail to pay it a visit. Such a visit will increase your pride in your country and strengthen your faith in its future.

Among Milwaukee's Manufacturing Plants

D ID you know that Milwaukee is the home of the largest plant in the country devoted to the manufacture of concrete mixing and paving machinery? We said the largest in the country, but that really means the largest in the world. Well, we went through the plant of the Koehring Machine Company a few days ago, and while it was the first one of the kind we had ever visited, we are willing to take the word of the officials that it is the largest of its kind to be found.

Some months ago W. C. Sauer, traffic director of the Koehring Machine Company, wrote the BULLETIN a letter describing a fast trip he had made from Milwaukee to Hammond, Ind. and return by electric lines. In that letter he invited us to call on him some time when in Milwaukee and look over a real concrete mixing machinery plant. When we called Mr. Sauer received us very cordially and accompanied by K. H. Talbot, manager of field service, showed us around the big plant, where we saw various types of concrete mixers and graders in different stages of construction.

To the average person there isn't anything particularly interesting in a machine for mixing concrete. The human machines who used to mix concrete, were more interesting in a way. At least we have often noticed a crowd of onlookers watch two husky laborers with shovels mixing a batch of concrete on the street. You have noticed how they do it. The cement, sand, and crushed stone are all spread out in a long narrow pile. One laborer stands on one side and his partner on the other, each armed with a shovel and they

turn it over a shovelful at a time. When they get to the end of the pile they spit on their hands and start back again, turning it over again in the other direction. How many times they repeat their performance we do not know, as the watching crowd invariably moves away when the end of the pile is reached. Funny how fascinating it is to some to stand around and watch others working. We have seen a man in such a hurry that he would dash across the street in front of a street car or automobile imperiling life and limb, and then stand on the curb for an hour watching some structural ironworkers hoist up a steel girder.

There are fewer of these human cement mixing machines nowadays and the reason can easily be found, even in a hurried walk, such as we took around the plant of the Koehring Company. Machines not only do the work so much faster, but they do it much better.

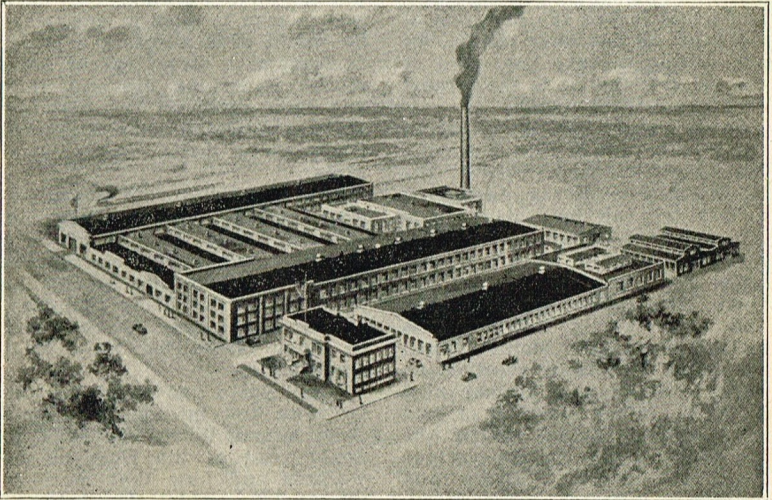
Many years ago when machinery was first introduced to supplant human labor, you have no doubt read of the riots of the workers and how they wrecked the machines which they believed were to take the bread and butter out of their mouths. Even today, when the fallacy of the early ideas have been amply demonstrated, we hear of isolated cases where workmen object to a machine. We wonder if anyone who had to mix cement by the old back-breaking and muscle-racking methods, really could object to the machine. Having seen something of both the old and new methods, our opinion is, that firms like the Koehring Company, which are developing new machines and new ideas, are in reality public benefactors.

Were we to attempt to describe

our trip around the Koehring plant, the description would no doubt prove tiresome. We followed the course of the machines from the foundry where the castings are made to the shipping room, where they are shipped all complete and ready for use, and although there is a sameness to all shops of that kind, we found the trip quite interesting.

One machine in particular interested us and set us to think-

always when he rested leaning on the handle of his shovel. And Pat always looked up from the ditch they were digging and made a funny reply. Without the pick and shovel we can't have any funny Irish jokes and that will be a distinct literary loss. Well, we could see the passing of the pick and shovel in that machine, for we expect it is here to stay and we shall be obliged to find another setting for the Irish joke.



Plant of Koehring Machine Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

ing. It is known as a Rotary Grader, for it should be understood that the Koehring Company manufactures three types of concrete mixers, a locomotive crane and an excavating grader. As we studied that excavating machine we thought that in time it will revolutionize our literature, as well as our methods of digging with pick and shovel.

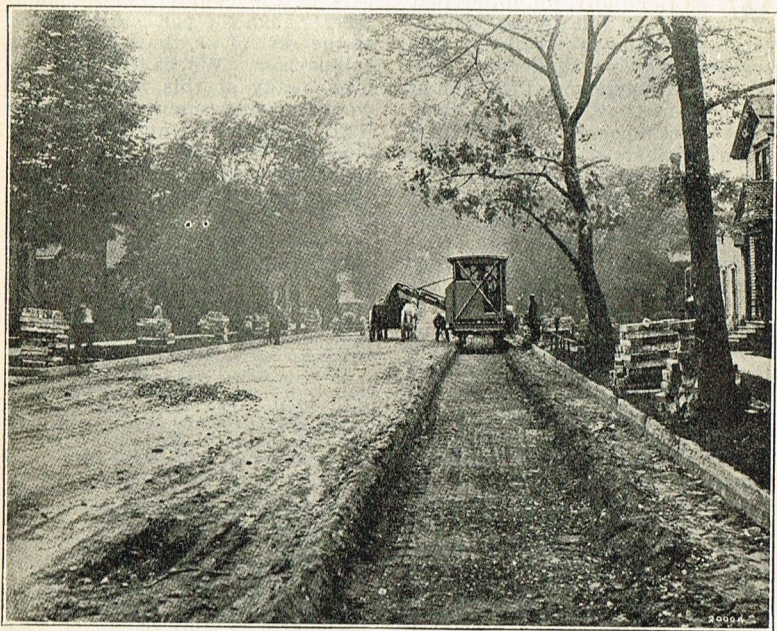
From time immemorial you know the Irish joke has always had to do with a pick and shovel. Mike said to Pat something, but

As pick and shovel experts, Pat and Mike have been quite efficient, but they are not in it with this machine. We have it on good authority that the utmost capacity of hand shovel labor is loading five two-yard wagons a day. Well, this machine will load more than six hundred such wagons in a day, so that it didn't require much of an imagination to see in it the passing of the pick and shovel.

This Rotary Grader is a more expert digger than either Mike or

Pat. It will dig a trench any depth from one inch to two feet, and five feet seven inches wide. All that it asks of the operator is to adjust it to the desired depth and give it a start. It moves forward on its own power with caterpillar traction, digging the trench and scooping up the dirt at the same time and loading it into the wagons which move alongside.

saying in a slightly derisive tone, "Stand back, you poor, puny little mortals, and I will show you how to do it." Then the rotary cylinder will start to revolve, the rooting teeth on the buckets will bite into the clay, a steady stream of dirt will flow along the conveyor belt and be dumped into the waiting truck or car at a rate of from 60 to 100 cubic yards an hour.



"The Passing of the Pick and Shovel." Koehring Rotary Grader at Work

We have many times seen a crowd of laborers loading dirt wagons on some grading work. Usually there is such a crowd around a wagon that the most any one can do is load about six shovelfuls, when the wagon moves away filled up. To the onlooker it appears like fast work, due to the great number of laborers. But we can imagine the machine we have been describing

Yes, it means the passing of the pick and shovel and the emancipation of Pat and Mike.

The Koehring Company has branch offices in all the principal cities of the country and ships its machines all over the world. Its big Milwaukee plant is a model in the way of convenience. Among the recent additions to the plant is a large, well-equipped cafeteria, which was to be opened

for the convenience of the employees the day following our visit to the plant. The company ordinarily employs about 500 men, a great majority of whom

are highly skilled mechanics, for the company is proud of the name it has established and is careful to see that only perfect machines leave its plant.

With the Bulletin Family

WELL, Family, we notice that some of you are having vacations, which are in order at this season. As our chances of taking a vacation seem rather slim at the present time, it helps a whole lot to get cheerful letters from some members of the family who are more favorably situated.

That boy Loophound, Jr. seems to be having a great time away up in northern Wisconsin, near Hayward. He has found a new cause to espouse, too. We like an enthusiastic youngster of that kind. A month or two ago, you recall, he took up the cudgels for the poor thirsty mortals who have been deprived of their "beer and light wines" by an unfeeling and unsympathetic government. We couldn't feel very sorry for them, somehow, and intimidated as much in replying to our correspondent.

We are inclined to sympathize a little more with the new cause he has espoused, that of poor Lo, although we confess we do not know a great deal about the subject. What he says sounds all right, but not long ago we read an interesting story of the wealth of the Indians, which rather surprised us. You know when your Uncle Samuel chased the Indians on to a reservation down in Oklahoma, he probably thought he had disposed of them. But along came the oil prospector and the Indian lands became the most valuable in the whole country. A pretty good joke on the government and the rest of us, but the result is that the per capita wealth of the Indian down in that

part of the country, is so much greater than the per capita wealth of the rest of us, that there is no comparison. We haven't the figures handy at this moment, but would suggest to our young friend that he look them up, as they are very illuminating.

Anyway, Loophound, Jr., writes a very interesting letter as follows:

Away up in the north woods! But still we have to come out of our reverie on sight of the BULLETIN. Yes, you made some pretty good points in your rebuttal—still I think we'll have to talk this over later. Prohibition is too big a thing to write letters about.

Had a great trip up here. We motored from Chicago, stopping at the Milwaukee restaurant for breakfast the other day. It is very fine, of course. We made the six hundred and some odd miles in three days—took things very easily, and thoroughly enjoyed the trip. On the way through the woods near Ironwood, Michigan, we saw countless wild animals, including many deer, porcupines, weasels, and wolves. Strictly back to nature!

The other day we went down to the Indian reservation to see their big fourth of July dance. I wish that you could meet some of these Chippewa Indians. It would give you material for a year's batch of editorials. The members of four tribes gathered for a six day festival. On the advice of our Chippewa guide, we went down to see the last day. As we joited over the rough road, we heard the tom-toms, at a distance of some miles. As we reached the dance place, the noise was awful. They had built a roofed over pavilion affair. In the center sat ten braves, (according to the old story books), beating in perfect rhythm on a huge drum. All about them danced the Indians, in beaded and fringed costumes, kiying in the best Indian fashion. On the outskirts stood the squaws,

marking time to the music. It was very interesting—the dance was the old plea for victory in battle, which had been used in the tribe for hundreds of years.

But there was a sort of irony in the thing. Above the pavilion floated the American Flag. All around the roof hung red, white and blue bunting. Off to one side sat a number of young Indians, dressed in the uniform of United States infantrymen. Each had been wounded and decorated. Several wore medals for bravery in action. Some had crutches. Yet it seemed almost unbelievable that this nation of ours, built on a foundation of liberty, and standing for the liberty of oppressed peoples, could take these folk, put them on a small reservation, on land which no white man could be induced to attempt to eke out a living—land which has not been cleared in any way; to put them on such land without money or tools, without giving them seeds of any kind, to destroy the forests upon which they formerly lived, and to prohibit their hunting except at certain seasons of the year, and expect them to exist. It is, to me, the greatest crime of the years. And though their sons have fought for the United States—and they were REAL fighters, they are not even granted citizenship. One of them bitterly compared their status with that of the negro. The negro was brought over from Africa in slavery, ignorant, unclean, and uncivilized. He was given his freedom, and with it full citizenship. He can come and go as he pleases. The Indians, of far greater mentality, are reduced to a serfdom worse than that of the negro—he was at least granted the means of making a living. This the Indian has not.

I met a state official from Illinois who was camping on the reservation. He said that, given half a chance, the Indian would make the finest kind of citizen. They have a jail on the reservation, which has stood there for fifteen years without a man in it. They have no magistrates nor courts of any kind. They have no need of them, except to protect themselves from designing white men—but they have so little worth stealing that even unscrupulous white men can't find it worth their while to bother them any more.

I see that President Harding is going to take a hand and see to it that conditions are bettered among them, and I surely hope that he succeeds. Because if there were ever a blotch on our history, it is

our treatment of the Indians. You really should get up here some time, and look things over. It would give you lots to think about. If some of our loud-mouthed friends who spend their lives depriving other people of their rights and privileges would spend half the energy in trying to help these needy folk, they would stand a much better chance of getting to Heaven, or wherever it is they hope to get to.

The drums have stopped at last—the tribes have gathered on the steep river bank, to watch a log rolling contest between the champions of the various tribes. Did you ever see an Indian mount a log, and stick on it in deep water, while it spins at a high rate of speed. Of course they wear spikes, but it is some job. In the contest, they mount two men on a log some twelve feet long and two in diameter, and then one spins the log while the other tries to stay on. It is quite a lively pastime. Finally comes the big bout. The champion and the challenger mount the log, and pole out to deep water. It is the privilege of the champion to roll the log first. He starts running on it, much like a horse in a treadmill. The log revolves faster and faster, sending out little ripples in widening circles. The feet of the contestants are moving so fast that they seem almost a blur. Suddenly the champion "spikes" the log, causing it to stop almost instantly. The challenger, his eyes on the feet of the other, has been expecting such a move, and is ready for it—so he sets his spikes in the log also—but a moment too soon, and topples backward into the water. But his frantic efforts have also upset the champion, and both have to swim ashore and start over again, while the crowds on the bank shout their approval.

Will send you in some pictures of the festival, if they come out well. All in all, it was a great day—and one which gave us quite a bit to think about. Well, if I don't stop and get this letter into the mail, it won't leave for three days, so will have to call a halt.

As ever,
Loophound, Jr.

Isn't that boy some correspondent? An old friend of ours, a former Chicago newspaper man, is secretary of the Indian bureau at Washington. Guess we'll send him a copy of that letter and ask him to get busy.

As Loophound, Jr. has given a fairly good account of himself, we suppose our readers would like to hear of Loophound the original. You know he moved to Pittsburgh, but we hear from him occasionally. He writes that he will kick in with a letter for the August issue, but we expect it will have to go over until September. He says he probably will be on a vacation in August and will write something about that. His latest letter wasn't intended for this column, but we are going to print some of it, just to let readers know that he is all right. He writes:

We expect to go to New Brunswick, Canada, for a month to give the natives of my old home town a treat. The kids are the only grandchildren on our side of the family and they want to see them particularly, though they probably will tolerate the missus and myself.

It has been ungodly hot here for three weeks and Friend Wife says there ain't no hell if it isn't Pittsburgh.

I wish some of those Chicago knockers could compare the street car service here with what they are getting for 8¼ cents on the "L". We live in Beechview, a 15-minute ride from downtown. When we want to go to Forbes Field to a ball game we change cars downtown, walk three and a half blocks and pay another fare for another 15-minute ride, or a total of 16 2-3 cents for a 30-minute ride. The same thing happens if we want to go to East Liberty, a section similar to Englewood. And I wouldn't want to compare the cars here with anything that runs on wheels in Cook County. The artist who draws the "Toonerville Trolley" must have got his idea in Pittsburgh.

Send the BULLETIN along as soon as it comes out and address it to the office, as Friend Wife holds it out on me when it comes to the house.

Yours,
Loophound.

We'll be glad to hear about that visit to the old home and whether they killed the fatted calf or otherwise.

Another correspondent is doing a little vacationing. He writes:

I am doing some more traveling and in doing so I am using all sorts of transportation. So far, however, the jerkwater road which runs from Glasgow Junction to Mammoth Cave, Ky., sure takes the prize. It needs it. I have interurbaned some and what a pleasure it was to be clean and cool after the other sort of travel on the steam lines. I have wished for a pocket edition of the North Shore Line to use in these travels, but no such luck.

H. E. Rasmussen.

We've found a new correspondent in Highland Park and he's original, too. He is Bob Robinson, the clerk at the soda water fountain in the new North Shore station and believes in sticking close to his job. At least we suppose he does, for he writes a poem about his job on a paper napkin. Here it is:

I know you love a good surprise,
A bit of something new,
So let this napkin advertise
The job I have to do.

But first of all, just let me tell
Whereof I work and how,
Or let me name the stuff I sell
And tempt your stomach now.

Just let me say the North Shore
Line
Was looking for a guy,
And 'cause the job looked kind of
fine,
I grabbed it with a sigh.

I jerk the stuff and hand it out,
Ice cream and strong jim-fiz,
I try to please the folks about
For they give me the "biz."

It ain't so worse as it may seem,
To tell the truth 'tis fun;
Of course, it isn't just a dream,
But it brings me in the "Mon."

And then you know once in a while,
I give myself a treat,
And just one such will bring a smile,
For it surely can't be beat.

Oh, by the way if at some time
You land in Highland Park,
Just kid me once with but a dime,
I'll prove that we're a shark.

And if you come, like other men
You'll want to come just fine,
So take the Road of Service then,
The speedy North Shore Line.

I've shot a line, but 'tis all true,
We sure are on the job,
But till the time I hear from you
I'm yours forever Bob.

We might say the foregoing wasn't originally intended for the BULLETIN, but was written to apprise a friend of the new job and the friend relayed it to the BULLETIN. Since receiving it we have made the acquaintance of this promising youngster and have had one or two more "pieces" which will have to wait for another month.

We haven't heard for several months from our genial friend Harry Lyons, branch manager of McGuire & Orr at Kenilworth, until the other day, although he drops in to call once in a while. He is always in such a hurry that we expect he doesn't find time to write very often, but he is some artist at slinging ink when he gets going. After reading the last BULLETIN, in which we made a side remark that business wasn't very good, or something like that, he came right back to say we were a liar. Of course, he didn't say it that way. He said it this way:

Business is really good. I am selling more vacant lots in Kenilworth than I did a year ago and at a higher price, too. Like you I hear that business is rotten, but the man who was most emphatic in telling me so bought a lot from me and refused to let me sell another one I sold him a year ago, although I could have made him a neat profit on it. I went to his office to see if I couldn't list the lot I had sold him a year ago. He said he had never seen business in his line so bad.

"Then" I said "let me make you a nice profit on that lot." When he found out what I could sell it for he decided to hold on to it and bought another at \$10 a front foot more than it would have cost him a year ago. Desirable building sites in Kenilworth are already becoming scarce and what will it be when Chicago has four million of population? It won't be how much a desirable site will cost, but where is the site.

The firm of McGuire & Orr has

been doing business on the north shore for thirty years and its reputation is such that it makes sales easy for me.

Can't he hand it out, though?

We have omitted a few paragraphs of very glowing descriptive writing about the particular advantages of living on the north shore. Of course, we quite agree with it all and we like to boost his business, as he is a good booster for the North Shore Line. Besides he thinks we may be related in some way. It seems his grandmother's name was Janet McKay. Our maternal grandmother was named Jane McKay, so that is the connecting link. Well, anyway, Mr. Lyons, we can both hand out the bunk rather fluently, so it may be there is some relationship there after all. He called at our office the other day when we happened to be out and left this note on our desk:

When you raised your fare to Kenilworth, you lowered it for me. I had been paying for one ride at a time or 34 cents. I bought a 10-ride ticket for \$3.11 for 31 and a fraction cents. I have never paid the new rate of 55 cents. You are FOILED.

Harry Lyons.

Well, Mr. Lyons, that is just what we predicted last month that most of our patrons would do and that the increase in rates would probably not result in any increase in revenue. Some patrons do not take the matter in the same spirit you do and we have had a few verbal bricks thrown at our devoted head. But a transportation company has to live, just as has a private concern and unless it is reasonably prosperous it cannot give the best service of which it is capable. That is the whole thing in a nutshell.

Another cheerful patron, who takes the slight increase in rates in the right spirit, is our genial correspondent "Jumbo," who, as our readers know, lives in Milwaukee and travels around the

country a great deal. A month or two ago we said we were a little alarmed about "Jumbo" as he burst into verse or something of the kind, but we are glad to announce that he has recovered from the spasm and is writing plain prose again. He writes:

Every dog has his day. Now that the spring fever days are over, I believe the dreams are over. At any rate this hot weather takes the dreams out of everybody.

I will have to admit that I became a little delinquent, but now that I have come to myself I will have to snap into it. The June BULLETIN was so late that I became worried, thinking that perhaps it had been discontinued, and I was about to start a popular petition to have it restored and vote it back to life.

A few Saturdays ago I tried a little experiment which worked out fine and I want to tell you about it. It was very hot and we were not in a hurry to get anywhere, so I proposed to the other seven friends that we take the 8 p. m. boat to Racine, just to keep cool. So we did. We arrived at Racine at 10:15 p. m. and stayed a little while. As it was getting rather late we wished to get home in a hurry, so we boarded a Washington street car which took us to the North Shore station and, you tell 'em, we got home in a hurry, all right.

I enjoyed it more than a two-way boat trip and it was far better than an excursion. It is indeed a pleasant way to spend a hot evening and makes you forget all about Einstein or even swei stein. (Draw Loophound's attention to the fact.) You can bum around all evening and when it's time to go home the Road of Service is right there to bring you to your destination, and bring you there in a hurry. Without apology to Briggs or anyone else, "Ain't it a grand and glorious feelin'?" If you doubt my word, try it yourself. But Chicago people are out of luck in this case. Get me?

With best wishes to the service—Naw, we don't mind the 3-cent fare; the service is worth it.

Yours truly,

Jumbo.

We don't doubt your word Mr. Jumbo. Didn't we even swallow, or pretend to, that story you told us last month about the man who hung his feet over the edge of the bathtub.

It doesn't take much to encourage the poets. Last month we gave a little encouragement to "Jim Ham", who, by the way, is attracting attention, as we have had several inquiries about him. We don't know much about him, as we have never met him, but he has qualified as a regular member of the Bulletin Family, and that goes. Here is his latest contribution:

It has been said that the fellow who named near beer was a damn poor judge of distance. Likewise is a near poet a poor substitute, but then you're to blame for adding a word of encouragement.

As one goes 'round about today,

'Tendin' to his knittin',

Tryin' to keep too busy to

Watch the time a-flittin'

He seems to meet too many folks

All loaded up with woe

Who really might get somewhere

If they knew just how to go.

Last week I said "Good Mawnin'"

To a clerk in a hotel

And whether he understood it

I really cannot tell,

But ne'er-the-less he seemed surprised

To hear a cheery word,

The like of which it seems these days

Is very seldom heard,

To carry 'round great gobs of gloom

On top our normal load,

Transforms a rose-strewn pathway

Into a rocky road.

'Tis hard I grant to find much joy

With business as it is

And pop's a damn poor substitute

For the good old-time gin fiz.

But let us make the best of it

And if we have to weep

Let's choose a proper time and place,

When others are asleep.

Sympathetically yours,

Jim Ham.

It might help matters some if we did our weeping "in silence and alone," for our own philosophy is that spreading gloom doesn't bring satisfactory returns.

We have a new correspondent this month from the "seat of the mighty", or whatever you might call Washington. We think he must have a government job, because he comments on the November 1920 issue of the BULLETIN.

TIN. That is about as near being up to date as one could expect under the circumstances. He writes:

I have before me the very interesting November, 1920, issue of the BULLETIN, which I picked up in the Milwaukee station last fall and like all other things connected with the North Shore, it is right up to the minute.

First I wish to say that I am a former Wisconsin boy and may possibly be just a little prejudiced in favor of anything north of Chicago. But I do say the Creator sure did a good job when he made Wisconsin and filled it with some of the best people in the world.

But about the North Shore Line. I have traveled this old U. S. A. from coast to coast and from Canada to Mexico and there is no better service anywhere and it's the cleanest road in existence.

Referring to your article on page three—and begging your pardon—we haven't got the League of Nations yet, but we are going to have it and that very soon I think. Also we have "Hell and Maria" Dawes of Chicago here now and Oscar F. Kellar of St. Paul and with the noise I make and the things they do, I think things will run pretty smoothly from now on, not forgetting our very popular hustler Will Hays, who will give you interest on your savings from date and a few more things to his credit in the U. S. Post Office.

With best wishes and good luck,

Yours truly,

H. E. Pearson.

We don't know Mr. Pearson, but we're glad to think he is helping to run this old country of ours, as we need his help. The BULLETIN has been running it single-handed, you might say, for months, and as it is a big job, we welcome Mr. Pearson's assistance. We haven't said much about the League of Nations for a long time, but our ideas on the subject remain unchanged. You see we never really cared much what they called it and if the end is to be accomplished through a mutual agreement on disarmament, that will suit us admirably. What we advocated was something that would at least tend to end wars and we believed, and still believe, it might have been accomplished through the League of Nations. But as Old Bill Shakespeare used to remark, "a

rose by any other name, etc.," so we are not worrying.

Our old correspondent Julius Peck, department manager of Espenhains in Milwaukee, sends us an interesting page of the Wisconsin News. The employes of the Espenhain Store held a picnic and outing and from the newspaper we gather that the affair was under the management of Mr. Peck and that it was a great success. Among the pictures shown are a number of bathing scenes and it seems that Mr. Peck was the judge and had to award the prizes for the most fetching bathing costumes. And he never said a word about it until it was all over. Now we have plenty of work to keep us out of mischief, but had Mr. Peck called on us for a little assistance in the judging line, we would have made a great effort to be there. We are so anxious to help in some ways.

We haven't quite reached the bottom of the pile of letters, but we are over the usual space and must let a few wait until the next issue. However, it is so unusual for one editor to hand another a bouquet that we cannot refrain from giving ourself this little boost from R. M. Van Sant, editor of the employes' magazine of the B. & O. Railroad. He writes:

I enjoyed reading the leading editorial in your June issue so much and agree so unreservedly with the sentiments expressed, that I just wanted to send you this note to thank you for the privilege of having read it.

Yours truly,

R. M. Van Sant.

When we said it is unusual for one editor to praise another, we didn't mean that editors are necessarily knockers. They aren't. They have so much stuff to read, however, that they seldom think of praising the writer, at least by letter. They also have so much stuff to write that they are seldom "vox poppers." Anyway, we appreciate the compliment, brother editor.

COURAGE

WHAT if the morn no joy to you shall
bring,
No gleam of sunbeam shine across your
way;
What if no bird one joyous note shall sing
Into your listening ear through all the
day!

WHAT if no word of comfort you shall
hear
As through the hours long you toil and
strive;
What if to you no vision bright appear
To keep your hungry heart and soul alive!

WHAT if the blest companionship men
crave
Come not to you through all the day's
long length,
But, bound and fettered even as a slave,
Within yourself you have to find your
strength!

AND if, when you have toiled and wrought
alone,
The sweet reward you sought you do
not gain,
And find the hoped-for bread is but a stone,
In that sad hour for grief, should you
complain?

AH NO! It matters not if shade or sun,
Or good or ill, your efforts shall attend;
In doing you have but your duty done
As best you knew—and should do to the
end.

THOMAS F. PORTER.