

THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

SEPTEMBER, 1921



"The Road of Service"

EVANSTON'S MOUNTAIN

NATURE favored Evanston in a great many ways. Its location on the shore of Lake Michigan is ideal. It is a seat of learning and the home of refinement and culture. It has a daily newspaper—The News-Index—which would be a credit to a much larger city. Among its other advantages is its splendid transportation facilities, supplied by the North Shore Line and the Northwestern Elevated.

But Nature didn't give Evanston a mountain and that is what we meant to speak about. Evanston is planning to supply that little defect and build a mountain of its own. It has the material ready at hand and the best of the idea is that the material is otherwise in the way of Evanston's expansion, and it wishes to expand.

There are mountains of dirt piled along the banks of the drainage canal. Not only are they unsightly, but they prevent the city extending west and that is the only direction in which it can expand. Lake Michigan keeps it from going east, Chicago hems it on the south and Wilmette on the north. If those spoil banks on the drainage canal were removed, Evanston could extend west for miles, through a beautiful country. Therefore, the spoil banks must be removed.

Now the idea which is agitating Evanston and is meeting with public approval is to take that dirt and build a mountain, or rather a mound, and erect on its top a great shaft to the memory of its soldiers and sailors who fell in the line of duty. The proposed mound would have a base area of five acres and tower to a height of 300 feet or more.

The idea seems a good one, for the mound would make one of the most attractive show places on the north shore. It would attract thousands of visitors, for it would be unique. It would perpetuate the memory of Evanston's heroes

and remove the unsightly piles of clay that prevent the expansion of the city.

Go to it, Evanston, and build your own mountain.

PICNIC A HUGE SUCCESS

EMPLOYEES of the Chicago Branch of the Studebaker Corporation of America held a successful picnic and outing at Foss Park in North Chicago and were so pleased with the service given them by the North Shore Line that the following letter was sent to the Traffic Department:

"Our first annual picnic held at Foss Park was a huge success. We wish to take this opportunity to thank you for your suggestion of Foss Park, as one could not wish for a more ideal place to hold a picnic.

"We also wish to compliment your train crews for the efficient and courteous treatment we received.

"Yours very truly,
The Studebaker Corporation of America,

"V. J. Lagergren,
"Chicago Branch."

The North Shore Line is always ready to give outing parties special accommodations on short notice.

SAFETY ATTENDANCE CONTEST

KEEN rivalry exists between the various safety committees on the North Shore Line, as to which can show the best attendance record. The two electrical leagues have long held the honor, or rather they have had the reputation of attending meetings better than any other league.

Now the Waukegan City trainmen intend to show them up and have challenged the electrical leagues for an attendance contest for one year, from July 1. Go to it, you Waukegan boys, and show them up.

The North Shore Bulletin

*Issued Monthly by
Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad*

LUKE GRANT, Editor

Room 1105 Edison Building

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Editorial Comment

HERE we are, close to the "dead line" and not an idea in sight to fill this space which we reserve for alleged "editorial comment."

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YOU see we write this BULLETIN backward, or something like that. Our readers, or most of them, anyway, begin with the editorials. Well, we write all the other stuff first and just leave these comments as a sort of choice morsel for dessert.

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WE get so many flattering letters about these comments that we feel we have a reputation to sustain. There's an old saying that if you get a reputation for early rising, you may stay in bed all day. It isn't so in the writing game, for that kind of a reputation is rather fleeting and evanescent. The editor has got to be on the job all the time and he can't afford to slip.

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SOME time ago we read that our old friend William Jennings Bryan of free silver and grape juice fame, was pinched in a north shore town for exceeding the speed limit. He always was a fast talker. Well, when he announced his full name, which he no doubt thought was one to conjure with, the cop who pinched him said he had never heard the name before. And the cop lives on the north shore. Just proves what we said that reputations are fleeting and evanescent.

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THE other day we read of some tourists who visited the city of Hannibal, Mo., and wished to see the old home of Mark Twain. They asked an old resident to direct them. He said he

never heard of any Twains in that burg. Thinking the famous humorist might be known by his correct, rather than his pen name, the tourists asked where the former home of Samuel Clemens was located. "Never heard the name in these parts," said the resident. "What, did you never hear of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn?" asked the visitor. "Never heard of either of them." "Oh, surely you must have heard of Puddenhead Wilson," said the visitor in desperation. "Yes," said the resident, "I've heard tell of him. Voted for him four years ago."

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SPEAKING of reputations, which we believe we were, doesn't Henry Ford get away with it in great style? We haven't the slightest ill-feeling toward Mr. Ford, as we never operated one of his alleged automobiles and we respect his genius for organization. We suspect, however, that he has been the cause of more profanity than any other man in the country and we have never been able to look upon him as a philanthropist. True, he has sold cheap cars, but he hasn't sold them at a loss, by any means. He has made, and is still making millions and millions off his business every year. We're inclined to think, therefore, that he charges for his products all they are worth. Many think the darned things would be dear at any price. But he's a great advertiser and gets away with it.

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NOW he is in the limelight as a great railroad operator and that intrigues us. To read some of the newspapers about the success Mr. Ford has made of his personally owned railroad, one would suppose that he is a sort of a Moses, sent down from heaven to teach railroad operators how to run their business. Yesterday we think it was that we read of a resolution introduced in the city council of Minneapolis by a Socialist alderman, proposing that Mr. Ford be invited to that city to show them how to run the street railway system. Isn't it perfectly wonderful to have a reputation like that? Even some of the New York newspapers have been saying that what the railroads of the country need is a half dozen men like Henry Ford to run them. We'll bet a red apple that Henry won't tackle the job. He's a lot wiser than newspaper writers and editors in that respect. He'd probably find it a harder

job than fitting out a peace ship and "getting the boys out of the trenches by Christmas" and he made a miserable fizzle of that. Our guess is he'll stick to making tin lizzies. There's more money in it and he hasn't any competition.

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WHAT are the facts about Ford's wonderful success in operating his railroad? He bought it about a year ago at a bargain sale. He paid fifty cents on the dollar for the bonds, five cents on the dollar for the preferred stock and one cent for the common stock. The road was in bad shape, of course. It hadn't any business to speak of, because it was not in physical shape to handle business even if offered it. It had been a source of expense to its owners and they were glad to get rid of it and charge their losses up to experience. What was the miracle that Mr. Ford performed? He had at his command the capital to rehabilitate the road and also the business to give it when it was rehabilitated. From a losing venture he turned it into a paying one, but there was nothing miraculous about it. Any railroad man could have done the same thing under similar circumstances. The road was all run down when Mr. Ford acquired it. It wasn't hard to diagnose its trouble. It needed a tonic. That tonic was new capital and Mr. Ford was in a position to supply it. When the road was restored to normal health, it needed business to keep it in exercise. Again Mr. Ford was in a position to furnish that business from his own factories at one end and his coal mines at the other. The road carried the Ford manufactured products from the Detroit factories and the coal and raw materials back to the factories. Give any railroad a good profitable haul in both directions and it cannot fail to be prosperous.

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THERE are some other advantages enjoyed by Mr. Ford's privately owned and operated railroad—the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton. It connects with most, or all of the trunk lines running between Chicago and New York. The output of the Ford factories constitutes a volume of business that none of the railroads can afford to overlook. Consequently Mr. Ford is in a position to force other railroads to route business over his road, wherever it

is in a position to handle it in return for the business that such railroads get from his factories. Nothing wrong about that, perhaps, but it all brings grist to the Ford mill. It helps to make his railroad prosperous, so that he can petition for a reduction in rates that might be ruinous to a railroad less favorably situated. The point is that Mr. Ford hasn't performed any miracle as a railroad man as far as we can see. The success of his railroad is easily explainable, so that the public should not be fooled by the glowing accounts which appear in the newspapers and which tend to reflect on the ability of other railroad operators, who have forgotten more about the business than Mr. Ford will ever know.

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AS we have said, it's a funny thing how the public falls for that sort of stuff. There's one thing which puzzles us, as we sit in our swivel chair and run the affairs of the nation on a typewriter. The railroads of the country are not allowed to engage in any other business than transportation. They are not supposed to have any financial interest in any mining or manufacturing concern whose product they are engaged in transporting. The same newspapers that are praising Mr. Ford for running a railroad as a side issue to his factories, are the same ones who print stories about the evils of interlocking directorates and things of that kind. They attempt to show every once in a while that some railroad really controls some coal mine or something of the kind and they demand that an investigation be made. Now there isn't any question about Mr. Ford owning big factories. There isn't any question that he owns a railroad to haul the products of those factories. We believe he owns or is interested in coal and iron mines, which furnish the raw materials for his factories. And he is hailed as a great public benefactor, while others accused of doing similar things are pointed out as public malefactors. And he gets away with it and gets lots of free advertising, just as we are giving it here. The workings of the public mind are truly wonderful.

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WE read columns about the wonderful system of efficiency in the Ford factories. A few days ago we read something to the effect that the output of the Ford factories was as great, now

that some 36,000 men are employed, as it was a year or two ago, when 52,000 men were employed. The casual reader says to himself that Mr. Ford is a wonderful man. Well, so he is, for that matter, but what does a statement like that mean when you stop to analyze it? If 36,000 men are now doing as much as 52,000 formerly did, it indicates that there must have been a screw loose somewhere when the larger force was employed. The truth of the matter simply is that the experience in the Ford factories is the same as the experience everywhere else. When labor is plentiful and jobs are scarce, efficiency increases and when labor is scarce and work plentiful, production decreases and that is all there is to it. Mr. Ford's wonderfully scientific management doesn't upset any economic law, except in the newspapers and in the minds of those who do not stop to think for themselves.

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NOW that we have given Mr. Ford all the advertising which we believe he is entitled to in one issue, let's take up the affairs of the nation and dispose of them. The afternoon is young yet and it doesn't take long to do a job like that when we go about it. Seems as if we hadn't saved the world for several months and for the affairs of this nation, we have been letting them slide to give Congress a chance. We don't like to be hoggish and we are perfectly willing to have Congress help out on the job. Besides that is what Congress is being paid for, while we do it just for the fun of the thing. But our patience is nearly exhausted, for Congress is terribly slow. Did you ever watch a man puttering around in a sort of aimless way and getting nowhere? That always gets on our nerves. We feel like pushing him out of the way and doing the job ourself. That's what we feel like doing with those tariff tinkers and tax revisers at Washington. Maybe they think there isn't any need for them hurrying and really we doubt if it would make much difference, anyway. The deficit of the government for the month of July was only 113 millions of dollars, just a mere trifle. No need to be in a hurry to cut down the waste and extravagance or decrease the burden of taxation.

OF course Congress is doing a little something. It has decided to reduce the supertax on large incomes to 32 per cent. It may not be able to get away with it because there has been an awful howl about letting the rich escape taxes. The loudest howl has come from the fellows who don't pay any direct income tax. Not that we are particularly worried about the poor fellow with a million a year of an income, but let it be said for him that he doesn't dodge taxes. He gets hit pretty hard. The reduction to 32 per cent will help him a good deal. If his income is a million a year, the government will only take \$400,000 of it away from him under the new rate, whereas it took away \$700,000 under the old rate. And still we hear a lot about the "rich tax-dodger." It's largely bunk and is a very popular phrase with those who don't know a darned thing about it. In fact that is the great trouble. A little knowledge is dangerous. With a lot of knowledge one is reasonably safe, but we have noticed that it is the fellow who knows least who usually shouts the loudest.

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WE said we weren't particularly interested in the man who had an income of a million a year or more. That isn't strictly correct, because we ought to be interested in him. We are in favor of reducing the rate of taxation for him, because we believe that will help to reduce our own small quota. We know, of course, that is exactly opposite to what most working men think. But here is the logic of the situation. In 1916 there were 3,833 persons in this country paid income tax on incomes of over \$150,000. In 1919 there were only 2,543 persons paid on that size of an income. In 1916 there were 376 persons paid on incomes in excess of \$500,000 and in 1919 there were only 189. What does that decrease mean? It means simply that persons with very large incomes are investing their capital in tax exempt securities and keeping it out of the industrial field where it is needed. If the supertax is so heavy that it eats up the difference in the return from an industrial bond paying 6 or 7 per cent and a tax exempt security paying 4 or 5 per cent, you can see what will happen. In fact it has happened. Capital is seeking tax exempt investments. We all know that the cost of government

must be met and that it must be met by taxes. If the man with a million invests in tax exempt securities, those of us who may be a few cents short of a million must pay more taxes, for the revenue has to be raised from some source. It's perfectly plain and simple when you think it over. We are inclined to think, personally, that there shouldn't be any tax exempt securities, but there are, and if they are to continue the supertax has got to be reduced as Congress has proposed.

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EVERYONE knows now that the excess profits tax is a failure as a revenue producer. It sounds fine to the unthinking but it is wrong in principle. It is useless in practice at the present time, too, for the tax is there but the excess profits aren't. A great many chambers of commerce and industrial organizations favor a tax on sales, but Congress seems scared of it. It appears to have worked out successfully in Canada and probably would here. But you can understand why Congress shies at it. That excess profits tax sounds so good to the great mass of voters that Congress hasn't the heart to take it away from them. You see there will be another election coming on. And as Dooley once remarked to his friend Hennessey there may be some doubt about trade following the flag, but the divil a doubt but Supreme Court decisions follow the election returns.

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HAVING disposed of the vexatious question of taxes to the extent of our space, and almost to the extent of our knowledge, let's tackle that other plaything of Congress—the tariff. The making of an American tariff is a fearful and wonderful thing. We're watching it with rather keen interest at this time, because we remember some four or five years ago when we were actively working for the creation of a non-partisan tariff commission. We personally handled one angle of the publicity campaign that was carried on for months. Used to trot around the country and have resolutions adopted and make speeches on the iniquities of the log-rolling methods of making tariff schedules. Our chief argument then was that the making of tariff schedules should be placed in the hands of experts and taken out of politics. And we actually

believed in what we wrote and said. Well, the law was passed and the commission was created. Did it take the tariff out of politics? Not so you could notice it. The commission appears to have worked away quietly and effectively during the latter part of the last administration, but the wheel has turned and our old friend the tariff is with us again.

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WE understand, of course, that a tariff is a tax and that Congress is the only power which can impose a national tax. Our argument during the campaign was that Congress would be guided by the advice of the tariff experts, who would sit on the job permanently and revise schedules piecemeal as conditions and careful and scientific investigation seemed to warrant. We don't believe that all the provisions of the Fordney bill were recommended by the experts on the tariff commission. If they were, we're inclined to think we need a change of experts. We have faith in the tariff commission, however, but we think its recommendations are being ignored. We appreciate the size of the job. A tariff bill in Congress is bigger than a Sears Roebuck catalogue and contains a whole lot more items. So it's some job for a body like Congress to handle, where each member thinks the world centers in the district that elected him. When we started on this subject we meant to tell Congress how to settle the tariff question, but on second thoughts we're not going to do it. Let the Congressmen settle it to suit themselves. They'll do that anyway. At least it's quite certain they won't settle it to suit all the rest of us no matter what they do about it.

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WILL the class all rise and tell us what's the matter with business. Are we all turning our eyes toward Washington when we might better have them centered nearer home? Sometimes we think that has a whole lot to do with the situation. Waiting for George to do it instead of doing it ourselves. It rather amuses us when we hear some one wailing over lack of business and saying "Why don't Congress do something? Why doesn't President Harding do something?" You've heard them. Why don't they do something themselves? Everyone waiting for some one else to start the ball rolling. Of course it is going to

start soon, but we might all help it just a little instead of standing by with our hands in our pockets. Buy something that you need and encourage the other fellow to buy something you may have to sell. Show a little confidence in yourself and in your fellowman. Spend a little money and keep it in circulation. That reminds us that we are thirsty and are going out right now to spend 15 or 20 cents, according to where we go, for a Horlick's Malted Milk. We deserve one after settling everything of consequence in the matter of two or three hours. That will be all for today children and the class is dismissed.

COMMENDS THOUGHTFUL CONDUCTOR

IN the attitude of employes toward the traveling public, we have often remarked in the Bulletin that it is the little things which attract attention and which please patrons. The following letter from a pleased patron proves the truth of what we have said and it also shows originality and initiative on the part of the conductor who is commended:

This note just means to give a word of commendation for the conductor on the 7:11 train from Wilson avenue to Ravinia Park last Friday night, Aug. 19. You may remember an awful thunderstorm came up while we were en route and when we reached Ravinia Park the downpour was terrific.

As each person was leaving the car in the rain, the conductor handed him or her a few sheets of newspaper in a quiet, thoughtful way. Everybody was pleased, took the paper and ran for shelter, using it as an umbrella. I happened not to need the paper since we were provided with umbrellas, but I do think such thoughtful courtesy should be brought to your notice.

Though we did not see the motorman, we really wished to thank him, too, for piloting us safely through such a dark and terrible storm.

Theda Doniat.

The conductor referred to in the foregoing letter is Lewis A. Klepfer and his thoughtfulness is appreciated by the management,

as well as by the patrons whom he tried to accommodate under unusual circumstances.

PRAISES CONDUCTOR

THE following letter from a Milwaukee patron of the North Shore Line explains itself:

Devoting most of my business time to travel, I had the pleasure of riding on the North Shore Line last week. It behooves me to say that the trip was most enjoyable. I left here on the 4 p. m. Limited for Chicago and it was a pleasure, while at the same time I received the courteous treatment extended to me by Conductor Kinzie, who was in charge of the train. I have traveled a great deal in the past years and it always has been a pleasure to see the different types of railroad men that one meets, but the courteous manner in which this young man handled his passengers sure made a hit with me.

You are to be commended for having such a clean, courteous bunch of men on your road.

Respectfully yours,

James Brasier.

It is always a pleasure to print letters like the foregoing and they help to encourage the boys who are striving so earnestly to please the public. There are so many people in this world who would rather give censure than praise. When you meet a trainman who merits commendation, give him a word of encouragement. It doesn't cost you anything and it means a lot to him.

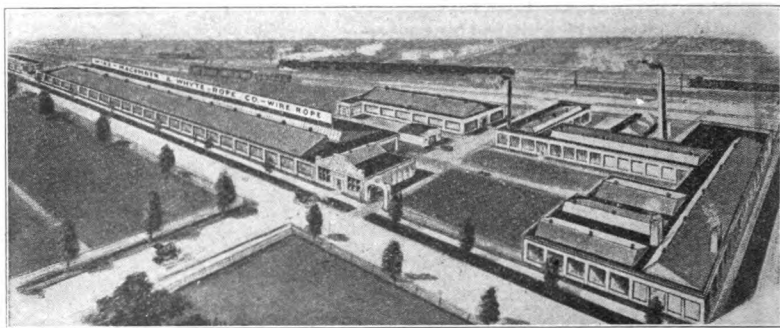
One of Kenosha's Famous Industries

KENOSHA is the home of a great many industrial plants. Its products are known all over the world. The particular plant of which we are going to tell you a little, is the only one of its kind on the North Shore Line, or indeed in this section of the country, for there is not another one nearer than St. Louis.

You may have heard of the **MACWHYTE COMPANY** of Kenosha. The wire rope it manufactures is pretty generally known all over the world, for modern industry couldn't be carried on successfully without wire rope. Its

Hun submarine in check, for it supplied about 10,000,000 feet of galvanized wire rope to be placed in the North Sea to hem in the submarines. It also made a great many streamline wires for airplanes, for this particular kind of wire gives an airplane about 10 per cent greater speed than if it was equipped with solid wires or with wire strand.

Believing that a little story about the manufacture of wire rope might be of interest to readers of the **BULLETIN**, we hied up to Kenosha the other day to pay a visit to the **MACWHYTE**



Macwhyte Wire Rope Plant, Kenosha, Wis.

products are known in China and in South America, in Cuba and in Mexico, in fact everywhere where mining or oil-production is carried on, as well as in the logging camps in the northwest. To bring it a little nearer home, we might say that without wire rope the beautiful Wrigley Building in Chicago wouldn't be possible and incidentally we might say that it is **MACWHYTE** wire rope that pulls the elevators to the top of the Wrigley Building tower.

During the World War, the **MACWHYTE COMPANY** played no small part in helping keep the

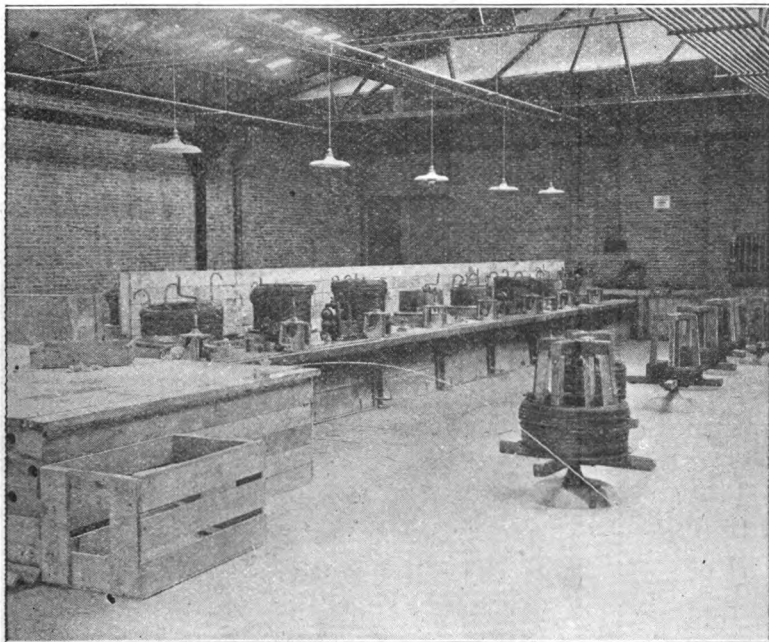
plant. On a previous visit to Kenosha, of which we told you something some months ago, we had met George S. Whyte, president of the **MACWHYTE COMPANY**. He's the sort of man that having met once, you wish to meet again, because he is a real fellow. He's quite a golfer, too, we understand, but we are going to put that to the test in the near future, for we have an invitation to go up and play a game with him and we mean to do it.

After luncheon with Mr. Whyte at the Elks' Club, we drove out to the **MACWHYTE** plant, north

of the city. It is quite a large plant, located on a 15-acre tract and having about 205,000 square feet of floor space. Mr. Whyte piloted us around the plant, among the whirling machines and explained some of the processes necessary in the manufacture of wire rope. The last place we visited was the extensive laboratory in the basement of the large office

strength of that rope, so that only the best materials can be used. It can readily be understood why the laboratory is an important part of the plant.

The raw material comes from the steel mills in the shape of heavy wire one-quarter inch in diameter. It first gets a thorough cleansing in a solution of muriatic acid and is then washed under a



Wire Drawing Benches, Macwhyte Plant

building. In giving a brief description of wire rope making the laboratory really should be the first place visited instead of the last. The laboratory is now an important department in most manufacturing plants, although it was unknown a few years ago.

All the raw material used in the manufacture of wire rope is first subjected to a laboratory test. Human life depends on the

stream of water at a pressure of eighty pounds. The next step is a bath in lime to neutralize the effects of the acid and in that condition it is put into an oven and baked for from ten to twelve hours. It is then ready to be drawn.

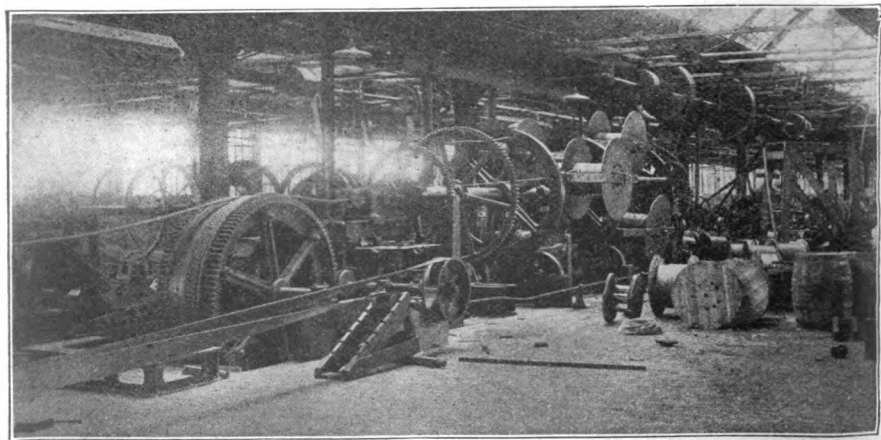
The drawing process is quite interesting. The wire is all drawn cold, going through dies of different sizes until it is of the re-

quired thickness. Nothing is scraped off, so that the wire weighs just the same at the end of the drawing process as it did at the beginning, but instead of being one-quarter inch, it is drawn out to as fine a wire as $\frac{8}{1000}$ of an inch, or such intermediate size as is required for the particular kind of rope desired. Galvanized ropes are made in all sizes from 2 inches diameter, for use as ship's hawsers, to $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch, used in raising and lowering arc lamps in our public streets.

The finely drawn wires are first twisted into strands, then the strands are twisted into the finished rope. It is interesting to watch the machines doing their work with such unerring precision. We stood and watched one heavy rope—it must have been $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter—being twisted into shape. The core was a heavy hemp rope, which was first run through a vat of lubricant that looked like tar. Until we saw that we did not know that



George S. Whyte
President Macwhyte Company



Rope Machine in Operation Macwhyte Plant

the large wire rope had a hemp core, but here Mr. Whyte explained that the hemp core served a

double purpose. It serves as a cushion to keep the wire strands from rubbing together and it acts

as a constant lubricant to preserve the rope on the inside.

As we walked around the plant and saw thousands of coils of wire, we could not help wondering how it ever could be used up. Then we thought of the many uses to which wire rope is put and how dependent we are on it in our everyday affairs. For instance, the BULLETIN wouldn't be written if it weren't for wire rope. At least it wouldn't be written on the eleventh floor by the present editor if he had to walk up that number of flights of stairs. The modern skyscraper wouldn't be popular if there were no elevators and elevators couldn't be operated without wire rope. The North Shore Line couldn't run without wire ropes, for it runs on steel rails and the ore from which the rails are made is taken out of the mines by means of wire rope. So is the coal which generates the "juice" used to run North Shore trains. Neither could the ties on which the rails are laid, nor the stone ballast in which the ties are imbedded be procured without the aid of wire rope. Oh, there are thousands of uses for it when you sit down and think it over.

We couldn't have had a better guide to show us around than Mr. Whyte, for we imagine he understands every detail of the great business he has built up. As we sat in his office and chatted with him a little, he told us he had worked in the coal mines in Scotland as a boy and as he was only seventeen years of age when the family came to this country, it was evident he learned how to work at an early age. He spoke a little of the big family of brothers and sisters—eleven in the family—and all of them sat at the same table a few years ago, when his parents celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in Waukegan.

"When I hear these Socialists rant against this country, it

makes me mad," said Mr. Whyte.

"I should say it is the Land of Opportunity. I sometimes think of that in the case of my own brothers and sisters. All have done pretty well. I have worked hard all my life myself, but I have at least something to show for my work."

As we thought of the big plant we had just walked through, we agreed with Mr. Whyte that he had something to show for his work and that for the immigrant boy America is really the "Land of Opportunity."

RECOVERED HIS HAT

OUR esteemed contemporary, the Waukegan Sun, recently printed a story illustrative of the efficiency and courtesy of employees of the North Shore Line. The editor of the Libertyville Independent, Charles D. Nally, was riding on a North Shore train, when his new lid blew out of a window opposite Crabtree Farm. It appears that Mr. Nally has lost several hats in that way on Chicago street cars and on steam roads, but this was his first experience on the North Shore Line.

After losing his hat, the editor as was natural, lost his head and shouted to the conductor to stop the train. It had gone too far past the point where the hat was lost, however, so the conductor told his passenger he would have the boys look out for it and get it on the following trip.

He did, too. It had been picked up by a motorman and carried to Evanston. The editor recovered it the next day and the conductor even refused a good cigar.

NO PRESENT EXPECTED.

The Judge (to prisoner):—"When were you born? (No reply.) Did you hear what I asked? When is your birthday?"

Prisoner (sullenly):—"Wot do you care? You ain't goin' to give me nothin'."

OUTING SPOTS ON NORTH SHORE

THERE are some beautiful spots for outings along the North Shore Line and every lover of the great outdoors knows that the fall of the year is the best time to visit woods. When the trees begin to show different colors and there is just a little crisp tang in the air, it is then that one can feel the real joy of a ramble through the woods.

There are two spots we recently visited that are delightful. One is just north and east of Ravinia, extending from the North Shore Line to the shore of Lake Michigan. Wonderful trees and wild flowers.

The other is about a mile and a half west of the North Shore station at Highland Park. It is one of the finest forests that can be found in this section of the country. Both are privately owned, but they should be taken over under the Forest Preserve Act and kept for the benefit of the people. It is true the woods at Ravinia are open to the public on the payment of a nominal admission charge, but such spots should be made public property.

The Ravinia woods are so magnificent that they have inspired one of our North Shore poetesses to write the following about them:

CAMP

O come with me to the forest green
And pitch your tent in its cool
shade,
Where the wild-rose often blooms
unseen,
And the wild-bird's home is
made.

Or stroll with me through the dim
ravine,
Where the baby sunbeams filter
through
And touch the leaves with a golden
sheen,
As I walk by the side of you.

Then sit with me on the great high
bluff
And watch the ripples softly
play

On the sandy shore 'til the waves
grow rough
At the end of a joyful day.

And at night when the moonbeams
come and go,
Through the clouds that tell us
a storm is near,
The whispering trees bend to and
fro,
But the distant thunder brings
no fear.

The sudden rush of a summer
storm
Drives us to shelter in quick
alarm,
Where the rain's pitter-patter, soft
and warm,
Lulls us to sleep, safe from
harm.

O the rosy glow of the coming
dawn,
The crisp brown perch in the
frying pan,
As we plunge from the water cold,
new born,
With sparkling eye and cheek
of tan.

I do not care for pomp and show,
Nor do I care to wine and dine,
Just give to me the camp-fire's
glow,
And a warm heart beating next
to mine.

We don't need an automobile, my
dear,
The transportation's fine,
There is joy for you and service,
too,
On the North Shore Electric
Line.

Margaret Van Higgins.

That invitation sounds tempt-
ing, doesn't it? What was it that
old Persian philosopher said a
thousand years ago, more or less:
Here with a loaf of bread beneath
the bough,
A flask of wine, a book of verse
and thou
Beside me singing in the wilder-
ness
And wilderness is paradise enow.

We don't know whether Omar
Khayyam's philosophy of life was
correct or not, but we are in-
clined to think he wouldn't get
far with it today. What would the
League for Making Virtue Odious
say about that wine, women and
song stuff? We're afraid Omar
wouldn't be popular enough to
have a cigarette named after him.
Anyway, we certainly could en

joy a ramble in the woods at this very minute, for as Loophound remarks, it is almost as hot as the place where business is supposed to have gone.

THE JEWEL OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO is the original home of the modern skyscraper and is noted for its tall buildings. But

it needed one distinctive jewel in its diadem and that is supplied by the new Wrigley Building, at the end of the famous boulevard link bridge.

Being a loyal Chicagoan, we used to feel a little disappointed that it had nothing to compare with the Woolworth Building in New York. We feel that it is not



Wrigley Building, Chicago

necessary to apologize any more, for the Wrigley Building supplies the want. The main part of the building is 210 feet above the street level and on top of it is the magnificent tower reaching 188 feet into the sky, making the total height 398 feet above the street level and 466 feet above the level of the river on whose bank it stands.

The clock in the tower is two and one-half stories high, being 20 feet in diameter. Above the clock

is an observation platform, where the visitor may look all over the city and across Lake Michigan to Michigan City, if he can see that far. The tower is brilliantly illuminated at night, which is one of the distinctive features of this beautiful structure.

The Wrigley Building cost approximately \$3,000,000 and covers an area of 11,496 feet. No visitor to Chicago should leave the city without seeing its tallest and most conspicuous building.

With the Bulletin Family

WE believe we have remarked before that no more ideal place in which to raise a big family could be found, than along the North Shore Line. Every month we get added proof of it, for the BULLETIN Family keeps growing right along.

What we particularly enjoy, too, is that many of them stay in the family circle after circumstances call them away from the north shore. This month we have had letters from a lot of the "regulars" as well as a few new ones. Indeed, we have received so many that we may have to abbreviate some and perhaps leave some for a future issue.

The poets, especially, seem unusually industrious in spite of the hot weather and occasional hints we give that we prefer good prose contributions. Of course, we can stand for a little rhyme once in a while and so far we have had no complaints from the other members of the family, who send plain prose. If objections are made to the rhymsters we may have to consider choking them off. The sin of rhyming is one common in youth. So strong is it in a few that they are never able to quite overcome

it, but most of us get it under control as we grow to manhood and womanhood. We can speak feelingly on the subject, because we used to commit the sin of rhyming when a very small boy. Later in life when we took to writing for a living we learned that prose pays better. However, that's neither here nor there, so let's get down to business.

Our best known correspondent, Loophound, has, we expect, gone on a vacation to Canada by this time and as the League for Making Virtue Odious hasn't as yet killed all the inspiration in that country, we expect to get an inspired contribution from him soon. Last we heard from him was just a line requesting that the BULLETIN be mailed to him in Philadelphia, but we have a letter here that we didn't use last month so here goes:

The Bulletin came in an hour ago, so you know what I've been doing for the last sixty minutes. It was worth the first-class postage; the editorials were a treat, as smooth as the other popular Scotch product or, if we must stick to realities—the North Shore Line.

Hope you reconsidered jumping in the lake. It would take a lot of Scotch to make Lake Michigan

palatable, and you flavor the Bulletin just about right for most of us. I wish there was a lake near Pittsburgh, so I could jump in occasionally. It's as hot here as the place where business went.

Pittsburgh, as you know, has been pre-eminent in the steel business for years, but Illinois seems to have qualified as runner-up. That Illinois "Steel" was soft stuff, eh, what? And wasn't it perpetrated by the same hombres who have been squawking for a nickel fare, even if we had to pay two or three of them? They better go back to their nickel-plated platform. It has a prettier ring than "steel" even if it is phoney.

The local morning educator gives our old friend Bryan more than passing notice. It seems the Great Commoner was trying to make better than sixty miles an hour in his auto through those north shore towns and a cop pinched him for endangering the lives of pedestrians. Now there's a cop with brains. Any one with good sense knows the only way to travel sixty an hour with safety through that country is on the North Shore Line.

I sure miss Chicago. As friend wife said this morning, "That town's on the level" You could appreciate that if you climbed these hills for a week. There is one golf course out in the east end here that, like Rome, was built on seven hills. A fellow who has lived for years on the Illinois prairie is out of luck here, like a bumblebee in the stockyards.

Yours,

Loophound.

Our old friend Conrad Shearer, secretary of the Manufacturers' Association of Kenosha, hasn't been heard from in some time. He is a good correspondent, however, and a loyal member of the North Shore Family. He writes:

The August issue of the Bulletin at my desk reminds me of a promise I made myself to write a few lines of appreciation of the dining car service and the restaurant of the North Shore Line.

One day in June, Thomas Williamson, commandant of the local corps of the Salvation Army, and myself, made a business trip to Milwaukee on the North Shore. Arriving about noon we decided to replenish the inner man and tried the restaurant in the terminal station. We were highly

pleased with the prompt service, courtesy of the waitress, the excellent meal and last, but not least, the reasonable prices. Everything proved so satisfactory that we resolved to make the restaurant a return visit the next time we were in the Cream City. Since then we have had the pleasure of eating on the diner and found it on a par with the restaurant. Our only kick was that the train traveled so fast it spilled our coffee. It really ought to have stopped while we were dining.

My brother, Herbert, who lives in New Haven, Conn., and receives the Bulletin regularly, writes as follows:

"Business continues pretty slow. As one of our fellows says, 'It is looking up.' Being flat on its back it can't look any other way. When do you look for a real pick-up? My guess would be about the first of next year, maybe. You remember my friend Forbes, don't you? I hand him the North Shore Bulletin whenever there is anything especially good in it, which, as a rule, is every issue, and he expresses the opinion that it is one of the greatest magazines printed. Says he drops everything when he gets it and doesn't miss a word in it. So you see there is at least one New Havener who fully appreciates your friend Grant."

Having fulfilled my promise I can now look ye editor in the eye the next time he comes to Kenosha.

Sincerely yours,

Conrad Shearer.

Well, Mr. Shearer, that acquaintance of yours, Forbes in New Haven, must be a man of remarkable intelligence. Only in that way can we account for his appreciation of the BULLETIN. Too bad about your spilling your coffee. Had you told the crew who you were they would have stopped the train long enough for you to drink it. There is a knack in drinking it which requires a little practice, so you must ride more on the diner and get used to it. We admit that we used to kiss our coffee two or three times before swallowing it, but have become used to it and never miss a drop nowadays. And then, think of the fast time you're making.

A new contributor, whose letter appears to have been overlooked for a time, as he comments on the June BULLETIN, must be introduced to the family. He writes:

I was highly gratified on reading your June number of the North Shore Bulletin, more especially for its pure ring of loyalty as a genuine American. As I am a B. Franklin, an A. Jackson and a T. Roosevelt American, it hit the mark. Kindly add my name to your mailing list for your Bulletin and if I can be of any help in the future let me know.

Yours truly,

F. M. Cook, Chicago.

We must apologize, Mr. Cook, for having overlooked that letter. It was slipped into the wrong file. We're glad to have you in the family and will place your name on the mailing list forthwith. Genuine Americans are always accorded reserved seats in this Family Circle.

Was it last month that we introduced Bob Robinson, the soda fountain clerk in the new North Shore station at Highland Park? He's with us again enclosing a "poem." Even the letter he writes with the poem has a jingle to it, so we'll give it to you a la Walt Mason:

I'm bothering you again with just a little rhyme. I know I should be shot for taking up your time, but when I get a spell of inspiration stuff I'll sure have to admit I do get kind of rough. But then it pays to brag where business is concerned and when you're out for work you can't say "jobs be durned!" But coming back to biz and bothering you again, I send this rhyme on trial. Oh, darn this doggone pen, to see if it would please the public and the road, for reading such as this is sure an awful load. I guess I've said enough, the rhyme I here enclose; there's folk whom it will please; 'tis written just for those. I guess I've told you all, your time I will not rob and till the time I hear from you I'm soda-jerker Bob.

We're going to take your advice, Bob, and try that poem out on a defenseless public. But where do you get the "inspiration

stuff" of which you speak? Does it come out of the soda fountain? Soda fountain stuff never affected us that way. Anyway here's the poem. It is entitled:

PASSING IN THE NIGHT

The air was cool and breezy

And the star-specks in the sky
Were twinkling, like new diamonds,

At the nightly passer-by.

I walked in dewy meadows,

While I whistled a soft tune,

I marveled at the beauty

Of that starry night in June.

From somewhere in the distance .

I could hear a long, weird cry,
Like the howling of a monster,
It reechoed in the sky.

I stopped and listened, listened
To that louder growing sound,

Which kept drawing nearer t'ward me

From behind a distant mound.

I stood and waited, waited,

Until from yonder hill

There shone a stream of daylight
Which pierced darkness like a drill.

A monster bore down t'ward me ,

Which, to me, seemed all afire;

It glided swiftly past me

Like a supernat'ral flyer.

I watched its disappearance

And its red lights, which did shine,

Seemed to tell me, "It's a Lim'ted"
Of that speedy North Shore Line.

I saw it in the distance,

As it swiftly onward ran

And I marveled at the greatness
Of inventions made by man.

—Bob Robinson.

Thanks, Bob, for that tip about the headlight on a North Shore Limited. We have noticed that it throws out a pretty strong light, but until we read your poem we never dreamed it was "day-light." However, our advice to you is that when you are "seein' things" like that o' nights, keep a safe distance away from the tracks.

Our new contrib Jim Ham is a hard-working cuss. He wished to meet us face to face and was scared to come into our sanctum

alone, so he got a friend in the building to bring him in and introduce him. For the benefit of other timid poets we might say that we aren't dangerous. We have no fewer than three of Jim Ham's offerings, but with so many poets, we don't see how we can give space to more than one in a single issue. However, we are not going to put the others in "File 23" just yet and may use them in a future issue.

Here is his latest:

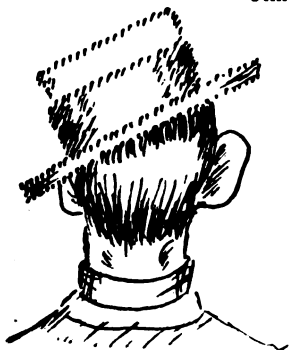
Gosh, I'm all perked up 'bout "attracting attention," per August Bulletin. Now, I just can't keep still. Thinking things over in general, the following imposition suggests itself:

"HANG ON TO YOUR GOAT"

Let 'em talk and deride you;
 Let 'em pan you far and wide;
 Let 'em balk and chide you;
 Let 'em accord an awful ride;
 Let 'em coax and caress you;
 Let 'em pat you on the back;
 Let 'em hoax and impress you;
 Let 'em take in all your slack;
 Let 'em tease and persuade you;
 Let 'em take your hat and coat;
 Let 'em ease and dissuade you; but
 Hang on to your goat.
 In order that you may know me
 I enclose a pen picture taken by
 myself through a mirror.

Cordially,

Jim Ham.



Jim Ham.

Here is one from a new contributor in Ohio. You see the North Shore Line is known all over the country. He writes:

Although I am not on your mailing list, yet I have been reading your Bulletin for some time and enjoy it very much. I read your Bulletin with intense interest because I myself have been engaged in the railroad business for the past twelve years and at present hold the position of Instructor and Safety Inspector for the Northern Ohio Traction & Light Company. In conversation with a friend of mine, Mr. W. G. Miller of Canton, Ohio, he asked me if I had traveled over the Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Line. I was pleased to tell him I had. He then presented me with a number of copies of your Bulletin.

Last September Mr. E. C. Carpenter, Chief Claim Agent of our company, and myself boarded one of your Limited trains at Chicago and went to Milwaukee to attend the National Safety Council Convention, at which place I read a paper on "The Necessity for and Importance of Observing Operating Rules." At the convention, through Mr. Carpenter, I became acquainted with your Mr. Thompson, and the thought impressed me then and since that if all the officials of the North Shore Line were men like him (so easy to approach, so easy to get acquainted with) your company should have a bunch of loyal-hearted employees. You have a wonderful road.

I was very much impressed with the efficiency of the men who operated the car on which I traveled. The motorman never failed to blow his whistle or slow up when approaching a dangerous place. And in starting his train, how smoothly he fed the controller, a notch at a time, thus avoiding jerking.

Conductors were kind and courteous and very considerate of their passengers. What a big asset it is to a public utility company to have the good will of the people whom they serve and also good, loyal employees. May the name and fame which the employees have built for your company endure.

Now, in conclusion, kindly put me on your mailing list.

Hugh Wilson.

We're glad to put your name on the mailing list, Mr. Wilson, and will be pleased to hear from you again.

Our Detroit correspondent, or rather one of them, "Michigander," does not propose to rest under the imputation put upon him by Loophound, when the latter called him an "annual event." He is trying to make up for past delinquencies and although on a vacation he finds time to write as follows:

Quite a while since I have written, and as I am bound to no longer be an "annual event" I decided it was time to write, even though I am at present some two hundred odd miles from Detroit.

Am spending my vacation in the Detroit Y. M. C. A.'s camp on Lake Huron, 200 miles north of Detroit. The camp has accommodations for one hundred men, housed in huts of two, three or four occupants. The camp itself is located on Lake Van Etten, about three miles from Huron as the crow flies. All modern conveniences, including electric lights, running water, tennis courts, good boats and good fishing. Quite a few pike, ranging from 16 inches to 38 inches, have been brought in by the experts of the camp. The food is excellent and there is plenty of it. It is undoubtedly the only camp of its kind in the world and is due to the generosity of Mr. Phillip Gray, president of the Detroit Association. Mr. Gray's own summer camp and club house are only a short distance away and is a thing of beauty.

I think I had better "pipe down" on this record and "turn it over."

Apparently my remarks regarding Cleveland and her pennant chances have rankled Mr. L. J. Rosol and Loophound, Jr., seems to take exception to my remarks regarding the "crooked White Sox."

Now, Mr. Rosol, without detracting any from the credit due Cleveland for winning the 1920 pennant, as they certainly had a fighting team, you will have to admit that had Chas. Comiskey not disrupted his entire team last year, due to the confessions of the crooked players, the outcome of the American League race would certainly have been different. I maintain that the White Sox would have "copped" the bunting had the team finished the season intact.

Now don't get me wrong. I am from Chicago and have always been a loyal White Sox fan until the scandal and today am sincerely sorry for the "Old Roman," who spent so many years in doing

everything possible to give Chicago a team to be proud of in the American League. However, that is all over and today my wish is that some day the White Sox may again have to be reckoned with when figuring who is who in the American League race.

As for the "Junior," I hope the foregoing will answer the question you hold against me. This is in no way a "back-down." I am always for all that is fair and square and do not tolerate crookedness in anything. It is a grand old game and it shall ever hold a warm spot in my heart, but the game must be played "on the level." Am I not right?

I have rambled on without realizing how far I have gone, so will close for this month, hoping that you are managing to keep cool these hot days.

Before closing, however, let me say that you are absolutely right and that Loophound Junior's essay on prohibition in the June issue of the Bulletin can be shot full of as many holes as there are in a sieve.

Michigander.

Aren't those baseball fans terrible? Well, we must be lenient with them for it wouldn't do if everyone took as little interest in the game as we do. We confess to a rather keen interest in the game of golf and lots of people do not think that game interesting at all. They are the ones who never played it, though, for we never knew anyone take it up who didn't get enthusiastic about it.

We have a number of correspondents in Milwaukee and every one of them we believe is a booster, but we are inclined to award the palm to our well known contributor "Jumbo." That boy is a real live wire. He writes:

We prevaricators make good salesmen when it comes to selling the North Shore Service. Directly speaking, when it comes to convincing some ivory-head about it. During this Pageant of Progress at Chicago I was boosting the Road of Service right along and urging some Milwaukee folks who have never tried it to be sure to travel the North Shore way. They did. The rest is equal to what all boosters say.

Some time ago I read a little article somewhere, but I cannot remember just exactly where. However, it may find a good corner in OUR Bulletin. It read something like this:

"After the Creator had made all the good things, there still was some dirty work to do, so He made the reptiles and poisonous insects, and when He had finished He had some scraps that were too bad to put into the rattlesnake, the hyena, the scorpion and the skunk, so He put these all together, covered them with suspicion, wrapped it with jealousy, marked it with a yellow stripe, and called it a **KNOCKER**.

"This product was so fearful to contemplate that He had to make something to counteract it, so He took a sunbeam, put it into the heart of a child and the brain of a man, wrapped this in civic pride, covered it with brotherly love, gave it a mask of velvet and a grasp of steel, and called it a **BOOSTER**, made him a lover of fields and flowers, and manly sports, a believer in equality and justice.

"And ever since, mortal man has had the privilege of choosing his **ASSOCIATES**."

Let's call the meeting to order and ask all the Knockers to rise. But I'm quite sure OUR associates are all Boosters.

Last week I came across a bird and was trying to tell him about real transportation service, but I was too late. He is a student at Techny, Illinois, and although the steam road is only a mile from the St. Mary's Mission House, he has always gone three miles farther (to Glencoe) to travel via The Road of Service, because he gets real service on that route. He was home on vacation, but before he left he asked me to send him a copy of the Bulletin whenever I can get one. He found one at Glencoe which was very interesting to him. As I have no storehouse of Bulletins and don't care to distribute my own, I ask you kindly to mail him a copy.

Wishing the Road of Service and "The Booster Committee" the best of luck, I am,

Jumbo.

Did we call you a prevaricator, Jumbo? If we did it couldn't have been due to anything you said about North Shore service, for on that subject you are the most truthful contributor we have. You know about a certain Baron Munchausen who contributed

quite a bit to the enlightenment and edification of the so-called human race and still he wasn't what you might call strictly truthful. So keep it up old scout, we like your style.

We have found a new correspondent in Marion, Ind. That's the state you know where all the good writers come from, or, let us say nearly all of them, for we don't come from that state. However, we're always tickled pink when we get a letter from a lady, especially from ladies with pretty names. This one fills the bill admirably. She writes:

Very recently I ventured out of the beaten path and made the trip between Milwaukee and Chicago on the North Shore Line. It was a most enjoyable ride and I want to be considered a member of your "Booster Club."

Your July Bulletin was so entertaining that I shall enjoy seeing other copies. Yours truly,

Nelva DeNoyer.

Always room for more in our Family Circle and your name goes on the mailing list right away. We'll see to it that you don't have to hang on to a strap, either, but that you get a seat, well up in front. Write again.

Another correspondent from Plymouth, Wis. The BULLETIN appears to have lots of friends in that city, due to the persistent boosting of our faithful follower Mr. Peebles. The newest member of the family writes:

I am writing this so you will not think that the BULLETIN is not appreciated by me, for it certainly is a little gem and I have shown gross neglect in not writing before, but letter-writing is not in my line. Were I as good at writing as my good friend, Mr. Peebles, I would write every month.

I have not had the pleasure of riding on your excellent electric line but my wife has, and she is loud in praise of it and constantly recommends it to her friends. I did intend using it this summer

but got fooled, but mean to do so the first chance I get.

Wishing you and the North Shore Line the best of success, I am,

Sincerely,
Allen W. Wiggin.

It's about time for "Sardonyx" of Plymouth to send another contribution. We noticed recently that Hiram Maxim propounded a few questions a la Edison and that one of them was the puzzle in punctuation, which "Sardonyx" solved some months before Mr. Maxim propounded it. Merely another evidence that our clever correspondents keep abreast of the times.

Speaking of Plymouth and its correspondents we got a scare a short time ago when we read in our morning newspaper that a tornado had blown across central Wisconsin and had done terrible damage to the county fair, then in progress in Plymouth. As we had a pressing invitation from Mr. Peebles to attend that fair, which we regret was impossible to accept, we naturally felt interested in reading the news of the storm. A letter from Mr. Peebles relieved our anxiety and explained the probable cause of the tornado.

Our meteorological experts can no doubt give a scientific reason for the storm, but Mr. Peebles informs us that among the attractions at the fair in Plymouth was Andrew Blair and his company of Scottish pipers and dancers and drummers and everythin'. A couple of Scotch pipers and drummers can start a tornado at any time and while that may not explain the storm in a scientific way, still, there are more things in heaven and on earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy. Anyway, it seems that Mr. Peebles told Andrew Blair about us and that he is going to look us up when his company comes to our village early in October. It appears that Andy and his sister, Jessie, are expert golfers as well as pipers and dancers, so there

can be no doubt that we need to make their acquaintance.

It is a long time since we heard from "Babe" of Waukegan, but he evidently is still on deck. He writes:

You haven't heard from me for such a long time I'll bet you thought I was dead. Well, I ain't, but the weather makes me feel like it. I got on a street car the other day and picked up a July BULLETIN and read it. In it you say that lack of brains is no handicap, so I've still a chance of making a success in the world.

Say, that poem Jim Ham sent you is clever, eh? C. J. Tracy has the right stuff about your line, I'll say. I know you're getting tired of listening to this junk so I guess I ought to quit. The old family sure is growing. Here's hoping we accumulate more members every month.

Yours,
Babe.

All right, Babe, we won't object to a few more additions to the Family. Always room for one more, you know.

PRESENT CONDITIONS.

Here is a letter from a small cotton planter of North Carolina to a fertilizer shipper, which succinctly expresses the spirit of the times:

"I received your letter about what I owes you. Now be pachtent. I ain't forgot you. As soon as the folks pay me, I'll pay you. If this was Judgment Day and you no more prepared to meet your God than I am to meet your account, you sho' going to hell."

—Wall Street Journal.

A REMINDER.

"The storm burst upon us so suddenly that we had no warning of its approach," related the tornado victim. "In an instant the house was demolished and scattered to the four winds. How I escaped being corn to pieces I do not know."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated absent-minded little Mr. Meek. "That reminds me. I almost forgot to do an errand for my wife."

Steady Improvements Made on North Shore Line

A STEADY PATRON of the North Shore Line, who lives in Kenosha, writes the BULLETIN suggesting an article which would be of interest to him and he believes to other patrons. He says his letter is not intended for publication, but merely to suggest an idea. Many times he says he has checked the speed of trains on the North Shore Line and has noted the various improvements that have been made. He thinks an article explaining why a single car will roll more than a two, three, or four-car train, and of what is being done to make travel safe and comfortable would be of general interest.

Agreeing with the suggestion of our Kenosha correspondent, we sent a copy of his letter to Henry Cordell, master mechanic of the North Shore Line, and one to J. S. Hyatt, engineer maintenance of way, with a request that they write something of a more or less technical nature giving the desired information.

Mr. Cordell sent us an article which seems to fill the bill and as Henry never appeared as a contributor in the BULLETIN, except when we tell a joke on him, we believe we will print his letter just as it came to our desk. So here it is:

By Henry Cordell
(Master Mechanic)

A steady patron of our road in Kenosha writes us a complimentary letter on our service and particularly dwells on the speed of our trains. He is of the type of men who notices things as he travels along the line, but would like further information regarding tracks and cars.

No doubt all patrons of the

road are aware of the enormous improvements which have taken place during the past five years. New rails of heavier section, new ties, new bridges, grading and stone ballasting, double tracking, new stations, new cars, etc., have brought about an entirely different opinion of the traveling public. It is safe to travel on the North Shore.

The strictest inspection of roadbed is carried on. Regularly appointed track walkers make daily inspection of the condition of the rails, switches, etc. Large gangs of track workers replace ties and rails, and level up the roadbed.

During the early spring, it is the experience of all railroads when the frost goes out of the ground, that tracks become slightly uneven. The Mechanical Department must so design the cars that even with imperfections, brought about by weather conditions, the cars ride smoothly. This has been accomplished on our road by designing trucks with great spring action. You notice the easy roll of the Limited cars, free from the shaky, vibrating motion, so commonly noticed on high-speed interurban railroads.

Further, the writer wishes to know what speed is possible to obtain. Under favorable conditions, that is, with no head wind, and good voltage, a speed of seventy-five miles per hour is obtainable.

The writer also wishes to know why a single car seems to oscillate more than where cars are in two or more car trains. This is explained by the steadying effect obtained through the friction of the draft gear.

The cars receive a very close inspection every 1,000 miles. At this time, all parts of the car are carefully examined, and parts worn are renewed or repaired. Meanwhile a terminal inspection is made at each end of the run, and if defects exist, the car is repaired before further service.

When the car has run 100,000 miles it receives a general overhauling. At this time all wheels are turned, axles tested, and motors taken apart and inspected and necessary repairs made, after which the motors are tested before replacing in trucks.

The control and air brake equipment is taken apart, cleaned, repaired, and all parts which will not give reliable service until the next overhauling, are removed and new parts put in.

The trucks are dismantled and all parts carefully inspected for defects, and worn parts replaced.

The car body is inspected and doors, locks, hinges, trap doors, ventilators, in fact, everything and every part is inspected and the necessary repairs are made.

After completing the overhauling, a special run is made and the new parts are given a chance to adjust themselves, to insure uninterrupted performance of equipment when the car goes in regular service.

Every department has a safety organization among its men, meetings being held semi-monthly. At these meetings the department heads address the men. Instructions and criticism are given and encouragement to individuals, who through their observation and interest in safe operation, bring suggestions intended to improve the service, increase the comfort of our patrons and eliminate hazards to employes in the performance of their work.

PRAISES NORTH SHORE SERVICE

IN recommending travel on the North Shore Line to our readers, we really feel that we are doing them a good turn. You know our heart is filled with love for our fellowman, or something like that, so when we can do a fellow mortal an act of kindness, we enjoy doing it. Yes, it is true we get paid for doing our fellowman this particular kind of service, but, of course, that really has nothing to do with it. Far be it from us to put praise of the North Shore Line on such a sordid basis. No brethren, we praise it because we know that when we induce a reader to try the service, we are putting him wise to something that it will benefit him to know. We are doing him a great kindness and the thought of it gives us pleasure.

Having developed a slight cramp in our arm patting ourself on the back, we will now proceed to tell you that there are some patrons of the North Shore Line who really consider that they have received a special favor when induced to give North Shore service a trial. If you don't think so, read the following letter, which was not written to the BULLETIN, but to J. J. Calvey, manager of the Auditorium Hotel, by one of his guests. It reads:

My dear Mr. Calvey:

I want to thank you for your kindness in recommending to me the Chicago and North Shore Road as being the *only way* to go to Milwaukee. On your assurance that I would enjoy the trip I left here at 8 o'clock in the evening, arriving in Milwaukee at 10:35 and had a very enjoyable ride up there. Returning I left Milwaukee on the 4:45 Badger Limited, had dinner on the train and was back in my room at your hotel at 7 o'clock, which is making better time than by steam railroad, and *very much more comfortable.*

The cars are very comfortable, the attendants very courteous, the service in the dining car perfect, and as good food as I have ever partaken of in any first-class cafe.

Personally, I feel under obligations to you for so strongly recommending to me the North Shore Road and I want to thank you again for your kindness.

Yours with best regards,

W. J. Lockwood.

Mr. Lockwood is the representative of John H. Graham & Co., hardware manufacturers of New York and San Francisco.

Now you will understand after reading the foregoing letter, why we feel that we are aiding suffering humanity when we recommend travel on the North Shore Line. That letter wasn't intended for publication, but had we written it ourself for publicity purposes, we couldn't have done a better job.

They all speak of the North Shore Line that way after giving it a trial because it really does give service. It's a pleasure to work for a road like that.

COMFORT

Say! You've struck a heap of trouble—

Bust in business, lost your wife;

No one cares a cent about you,

You don't care a cent for life;

Hard luck has of hope bereft you,

Health is failing, wish you'd die—

Why, you've still the sunshine left you

And the big blue sky.

Sky so blue it makes you wonder

If it's heaven shining through;

Each so smiling 'way out yonder

Sun so bright it dazzles you;

Birds a-singing, flowers a-flinging

All their fragrance on the

breeze;

Dancing shadows, green, still

meadows—

Don't you mope, you've still got

these.

These, and none can take them from you;

These, and none can weigh their worth.

What! You're tired and broke and beaten?

Why, you're rich—you've got the earth!

Yes, if you're a tramp in tatters,

While the blue sky bends above,

You've got nearly all that matters.

You've got God, and God is love.

—Robert W. Service.

TELL HIM NOW!

If with pleasure you are viewing any work a man is doing,

If you like him or you love him, tell him now;

Don't withhold your approbation till the parson makes oration,

And he lies with snowy lilies o'er his brow;

For no matter how you shout it, he won't really care about it;

He won't know how many tear-drops you have shed;

If you think some praise is due him, now's the time to slip it to him,

For he cannot read his tomb-stone when he's dead.

More than fame and more than money is the comment kind and sunny,

And the hearty, warm approval of a friend,

For it gives to life a savor, and it makes you stronger, braver,

And it gives you heart and spirit to the end;

If he earns your praise—bestow it; if you like him, let him know it;

Let the words of true encouragement be said;

Do not wait till life is over and he's underneath the clover,

For he cannot read his tomb-stone when he's dead.

—Selected.

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the peace of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart
In a fellowless firmament.
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where the highways never ran—
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I,
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who faint with strife;
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears—
Both parts of an infinite plan—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead,
And mountains of wearisome height;
And the road passes on through the long afternoon,
And stretches away to the night.
But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road,
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are
strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

—Sam Walter Foss.