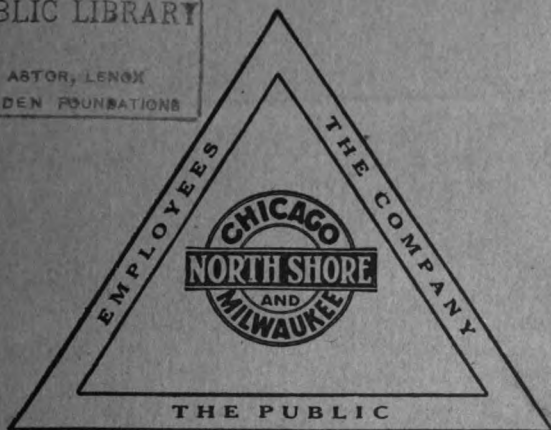


THE
NORTH SHORE
BULLETIN

JANUARY, 1922

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"The Road of Service"

An Appeal for Safety

(By G. T. Hellmuth, Chief Claim Agent)

AS chairman of the committee on arrangements for the annual entertainment held at Highland Park, December 29, and as an employe of the North Shore Line for eleven years, I wish to make an earnest appeal for co-operation in the avoidance of accidents throughout the coming year.

The splendid attendance at the two sessions of the annual meeting was very gratifying and the committee is pleased to think that everyone had an enjoyable time. Personally I wish to thank all the employes who took the time and trouble to make the trip to Highland Park and am glad to think they found the entertainment provided for them worth while. At the same time I wish to remind all my fellow employes that the primary object of the meeting was to promote safety work and urge them to be even more vigilant in the year just beginning.

The number of automobiles in daily use is steadily increasing and that is the most prolific source of accidents. The careless auto driver, standing at the curb on a street on which our cars run, will continue to turn into the tracks without a warning, or without looking to see whether a car is approaching. Motormen must be constantly on guard to protect such drivers from the consequences of their own lack of care. It is well to have trains always under control and to keep a close watch on the parked automobiles under such circumstances.

At highway crossings there is always great danger. Trainmen must assume that automobile drivers will neither stop, look or listen as they should, so the motorman should make good use of his whistle and try to save the other fellow, who will not save himself.

Our record in the matter of accidents in boarding and alighting from trains is a splendid one, due to the vigilance of conductors and the co-operation they are given by motormen. Let us strive to make that record even better in the year 1922.

Employes working on the tracks, in the shops or in the offices should all strive to make this the banner year on the North Shore Line in the way of avoiding accidents. They should never take a chance themselves and if they see an unsafe condition, which might lead to the injury of another, they should bring it at once to the attention of the Safety Committee.

We are proud of the record we have made on the North Shore Line, but we cannot afford to rest on our laurels. We must keep up the good work constantly and it is that thought which prompts me to write this message at this time. It is the season for making good resolutions and I would ask all my fellow employes to make a resolution to strain every nerve to make the splendid record of our road for safety even better in the year 1922.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS SCOT

"An enterprising drummer," says a New York business man, "once attempted to bribe an old Scotch merchant by offering him a box of cigars."

"'Na, na,' said the old chap, shaking his head gravely, 'I canna' tak' 'em.'"

"Nonsense," said the drummer. "If you have any conscientious scruples you may pay me a quarter for the box."

"Weel, weel," said the old Scot, "I'll tak' twa boxes."

The North Shore Bulletin

Issued Monthly by
Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad

LUKE GRANT, Editor

Room 1105 Edison Building

Vol. V

Chicago, January, 1922

 No. 3

Editorial Comment

*"To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."*

HERE we start our 1922 journey full of pep and high purpose. We're off with a whoop. Listen to the jingle of the sleigh-bells. Hold on there, it's only out in the country that merry tinkle can be heard, and we're in a big city. It's the click-clack of the flapper's galoshes we hear, as she trips along the sidewalk. Why do they wear them unbuckled, anyway? Not that it is any of our business, and besides we should be looking higher than galoshes on this first morning of the new year.

* * * * *

SHOULD we look forward or backward? Youth looks forward, age looks backward and a crosseyed man looks to both sides at the same time. Generally speaking, we believe in looking forward with stout heart and firm purpose, but it helps to take an occasional glance backward at the dangerous spots on the road we have traveled and endeavor to avoid them on the journey ahead. To do that doesn't betoken either age or cowardice. In fact, it is the way to progress, for it is only by a little honest self-analysis that we can learn our mistakes and overcome them in the future.

* * * * *

THIS is the season when the business man takes an inventory of his stock. It's a pretty good season for a little mental stock-taking, too. Not that we believe in making the common, or garden variety of New Year resolutions. Most of the time they are just a little bit silly and they are usually made to be broken. They do no harm, though, and so far as they furnish one a little mental exercise they may do some good. It used to be popular at this season to "swear off" drinking, but Mr. Volstead has relieved us of that bother. We're glad of it, too. Same way about smoking. Should the reformers succeed in making indulgence in the fragrant weed unlawful, we would submit

to it as gracefully as possible, although we wouldn't like it. But such things are of minor importance. What we should be thinking about this morning are the more important things in life. We should be thinking about casting out of our hearts all the bitterness and rancor, the racial and religious prejudices which keep mankind divided and substituting charity and good will. If we would all do that, how much pleasanter would be the 1922 journey on which we have set out this morning.

* * * * *

SOME of us in this world look at things in a big way. Others look at them in an extremely narrow way. The man with the narrow view will say: "Here it is three years since the armistice was signed and nothing has been accomplished." The man with the broader vision will reply that in the three years since the armistice was signed, more has been accomplished than in all the centuries that have gone before. Human progress is marked more by tendencies than by actual, definite accomplishments, which are often hard to point out. The pessimist, with the narrow vision, already sees the failure of the Washington conference. The man with the broader outlook, who is concerned more with tendencies than definite accomplishments, sees the success of the conference, whether a definite understanding will be reached or not. It may be that the conference will adjourn without the nations represented agreeing on any well-defined programme. Personally we hope that will not be the case. But the thing that is tremendously significant is that the conference has been held. That shows the tendencies of the nations in the direction of better relationships. That marks real progress and in big affairs actual accomplishments necessarily must come slowly. What we are trying to point out is, that when you start upon a journey, it is very necessary that you are headed in the right direction. The journey may be long and tedious and the destination so far away as to seem obscure, but every step brings you just that much nearer to it. That is what we mean by tendencies.

* * * * *

TO ILLUSTRATE the thought we have in mind, let us take a look at the Irish situation. As this is being written the Irish parliament has not ratified formally the peace treaty, but all newspaper reports indicate that it will do so before this reaches our readers. If that is so and the Irish Free State becomes an actuality, just think what that accomplishment means. The end of some eight centuries of strife and bitterness, which have kept peoples divided. What a change has come about since Gladstone introduced his first home rule bill in 1886. It was promptly rejected by the house of commons, although compared with the present peace treaty, it was only a semblance of home rule. The second bill introduced by Gladstone in 1893 got through the

house of commons, but was thrown out of the upper house. At that time the Irish people would have accepted it gladly, although it offered them little compared with the present measure. Now we find the British parliament assenting by an overwhelming majority to a real home rule plan. The world is progressing, when viewed in the light of history, which is the only way to view it. Why feel discouraged and say that nothing is being accomplished? That feeling comes from taking a too narrow view and failing to get the right perspective. When the Irish peace treaty is formally ratified, that will then be a definite accomplishment, but the tendency showed itself with marked clearness when the first bill was introduced thirty-six years ago. Gladstone didn't live to see the fruit of his work, nor Parnell, nor Redmond, but they helped because they were headed in the right direction.

* * * * *

SO IT is with the Washington conference. We feel this old world of ours is headed in the right direction, although those who try to throw monkey wrenches into the machinery are not wanting. They are always with us, always stirring up hatred and jealousy, kindling fires of racial and religious prejudice, always taking the narrow, selfish view and measuring events by the extent that their material interests may be affected. Honestly, we believe that there are some newspapers and magazines, supposed molders of public opinion, which advocate things they know are wrong, but which they think will help their circulation. Why do they do it? Simply because they understand human nature and know that most of us are mean and petty and enjoy having our narrow prejudices catered to. They give the people what they like to have, so before condemning them too severely, just indulge a little in that honest self-analysis of which we spoke and see if you can discover where some of the fault lies. That is a pretty good thought to keep in mind as you start out on the 1922 journey and may help you to avoid some of the pitfalls that line the road. As some poet has aptly said:

If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd,
A leader of men, marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud
Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

* * * * *

WHAT of the North Shore Line in 1922? It starts out full of faith and hope in the future and with a firm determination to serve the public even better in the coming year than it did last year. That is rather an ambitious programme, for you know that it gave you good service last year. But the North Shore Line is progressive. It is forward-looking and doesn't believe in simply marking time. That

is bad for corporations as well as for individuals; in fact it cannot be done for any length of time. If there is no forward movement, there is sure to be a backward movement, or else dry rot sets in. Well, there is no danger of any dry rot setting in on the North Shore Line. It has too much work to do in the interest of the public and everyone connected with it is too full of pep and the go-ahead spirit. No corporation, or individual for that matter, can have a higher ambition than of being of service to others, and that is the ambition of the North Shore Line. That is why it is known as the "Road of Service" and why it is determined to clinch its right to that title. Now let us tell you some of the things the road has in mind to give the public even better service.

* * * * *

ONE of the most important things in view is to equip the road with a block signal system. That is, of course, a rather big proposition and one which involves a large expenditure of capital. It may take some years to complete the job, but as we have been telling you about the importance of getting a start in the right direction, it is the intention of the North Shore Line to make a start this year up on the north end of the road. In view of the record which the road now has in the way of safety of passengers, it may seem to some that a block signal system is not needed. It is just another evidence of the progressive spirit of the company. Serious accidents have practically been eliminated on the North Shore Line, due to the persistent work of the management and of the employees, but a block signal system will make travel still safer. That is why the company is willing to appropriate money for that improvement, just as soon as the money can be found, and it is hoped that some of it may be found before the present year closes.

* * * * *

ANOTHER important improvement, which our friends in Kenosha will appreciate, is the building of a new station in that busy town. We know the people of Kenosha are entitled to that station and we know also that they have been promised it for a long time. They have been patient about it, too, because there is a real spirit of co-operation in that city and they understand what financial conditions have been during the last two or three years. The desire to build that station has been strong for two years, but you can't build stations on that. It takes real money to make improvements of that kind, and bids taken on two or three occasions were so high, that work had to be temporarily deferred. There isn't going to be any more delay, though. The excavation work is already done, and as soon as the building season opens, about the month of March, that station will be built. It will be a good station, too, in keeping with the importance of its location.

COMING on down the line, we might call your attention to the importance of the improvement at Lake Forest, where the road has been doubled-tracked for a distance of 2,000 feet. That was the only section of single track between Chicago and Milwaukee, with the exception of a short distance at the extreme north end as the road enters Milwaukee. That Milwaukee section, however, does not seriously interfere with operation, although it, too, will be double-tracked before many years go by. But the section of single-track at Lake Forest was a cause of occasional short delays. If a train happened to be two or three minutes late and entered that block, a train bound in the opposite direction had to wait until the first one cleared. It did not happen very often, because North Shore trains, as a rule, are on time. The work has been under way for quite a while, as it was a big undertaking, but the new track has been laid and trains have been running over it for the last two or three weeks.

* * * * *

STILL moving south we come to Wilmette where a big project is under way. A new right of way is being acquired, which eventually will take the tracks off Greenleaf avenue. About two-thirds of the right of way has been acquired and a petition of public necessity and convenience has been filed with the Illinois Commerce Commission to give the company the right to condemn such property as it may need. It is likely to require several years to carry this project to completion as it involves an expenditure of more than a million dollars, and while the money market is more favorable than it has been for two or three years, that is quite a sum to raise. The new route is south on Railroad avenue from Greenleaf to a point just south of Jenks street in Evanston and then directly east to a junction with the present tracks just north of the bridge across the drainage canal. The route is entirely over a private right of way, except at street crossings.

* * * * *

AT THE Chicago end of the line, a new station will be built at Wilson avenue in conjunction with the Northwestern Elevated. That project is being delayed temporarily through court proceedings, brought by tenants of the building on the northwest corner of Wilson and Broadway, where the new station will be built. It is expected that the matter will soon be adjusted, however, and the plans for the new station have all been prepared. The new station will cost about \$100,000 and will occupy the entire corner with a frontage of 112 feet on Wilson avenue and 273 feet on Broadway. It will be a great convenience for the patrons of the North Shore Line who use Wilson avenue and will be one of the finest stations on the line. It is one of the things which the North Shore Line has in store for its patrons in the coming year.

WE HAVE mentioned only the larger improvements contemplated this year to show that the North Shore Line is very much alive to the needs of its patrons. Not only does it keep abreast of the times, but it takes the lead in many respects, as is shown in the recent equipping of one of the dining cars with a radio phone system. Passengers may sit in that car and listen to the market reports, or grand opera or big news events which may be broadcasted. They may send messages from the car, too, for it has complete sending as well as receiving apparatus. That the apparatus works perfectly we personally can vouch, for we went out on the first experimental trip and while the train was running at a good speed over the elevated tracks, we heard conversations very distinctly sent out from a station on the top of the city hall building. We heard music also from a phonograph in the same sending station. Isn't that wonderful? And the North Shore Line is the first in the country, at least in this part of it, to equip a train with wireless telephones. Doesn't that show it is very much alive?

* * * * *

SPEAKING of contemplated improvements, we cannot close without telling you about an important piece of new equipment just acquired by the North Shore Line. You may recall the big snowstorm four years ago when the North Shore Line was the only road operating between Chicago and Milwaukee. We crowed a little over that achievement. The road wasn't quite as fortunate when that blizzard struck the north end of the line last April. No one expected such a storm late in the spring, with the result that the North Shore Line was caught a little unprepared and was tied up for a night. No wonder when one considers that the snowdrifts were as high as fourteen feet in some cuts. But that was a lesson and the president said "Never again." So a week or two ago there appeared on the road a new snowplow that is the latest thing in snow-fighting implements. In fact it is the only snowplow in the country that has all the latest features combined. The Transportation Department isn't exactly praying for a big snowstorm to put the new plow to a test, but if it comes—well, the tracks will be kept clear, and there will be no delay or inconvenience to patrons. That snowplow cost \$10,000, but it's a humdinger. It is fourteen feet in height and weighs 76,000 pounds and is warranted to go through a snowdrift fourteen feet deep. Just one more thing to insure still greater reliability in service. So with all these things, either accomplished or on the way, is there any reason why the North Shore Line should not feel cheerful this first day of a new year? As for the BULLETIN, it's always cheerful. We wish to thank our big family of "helpers," and hope they will continue to keep us in good humor. We have made only one resolution today and that is to keep on smiling. We never did like a grouch. That's all for this month.

Making Macaroni on the North Shore

YOU all eat it, of course—Foulds' Macaroni—but did you know that it was manufactured right on our North Shore Line at Libertyville? Well, it is; in fact it is the principal industry in that town. The cheese which goes so well with macaroni to make a perfect combination, is made along the North Shore Line, too, but everyone knows that, because Wisconsin invented cheese.

Among the letters printed in last month's BULLETIN was one from Mr. Foulds, in which he commended the service given on a special train which carried a group of Milwaukee merchants to Libertyville to visit the plant of the Foulds Milling Company. That letter gave us an idea for a story, for although we have eaten macaroni, spaghetti, noodles and such products many times, we had never thought anything of its manufacture. We might as well admit our ignorance at the start and say we didn't know such a plant was located on the North Shore Line.

With us to get an idea is to act. As ideas come so rarely it doesn't keep us particularly busy in following them up, but here we thought is a chance for an interesting story. We wished particularly to know how they put the hole in the center of the macaroni and why they didn't make spaghetti so that one might eat it without having to wind it around a fork for half an hour or so. Our curiosity in both respects was gratified, so we are going to tell you about it.

Getting in touch with Mr. Foulds at his Chicago office, we got an invitation to visit the plant, and as a lot of the company's salesmen were in the city and had planned an inspection trip for December 28, we decided to ac-

company them to Libertyville. The party, being made up of good business men, as a matter of course, traveled over the North Shore Line and enjoyed one of Tom Welsh's special North Shore steaks on the way.

After looking around the big plant a bit, we could have guessed at least one of the reasons for locating it in Libertyville. It was spotlessly neat and clean and anyone who has lived in a large city like Chicago, which burns soft coal, could readily see that it would be well-nigh impossible to maintain such cleanliness in the midst of all the soot and grime. The plant is all electrically operated, with power furnished by the Public Service Company of Northern Illinois, which is another argument in favor of cleanliness.

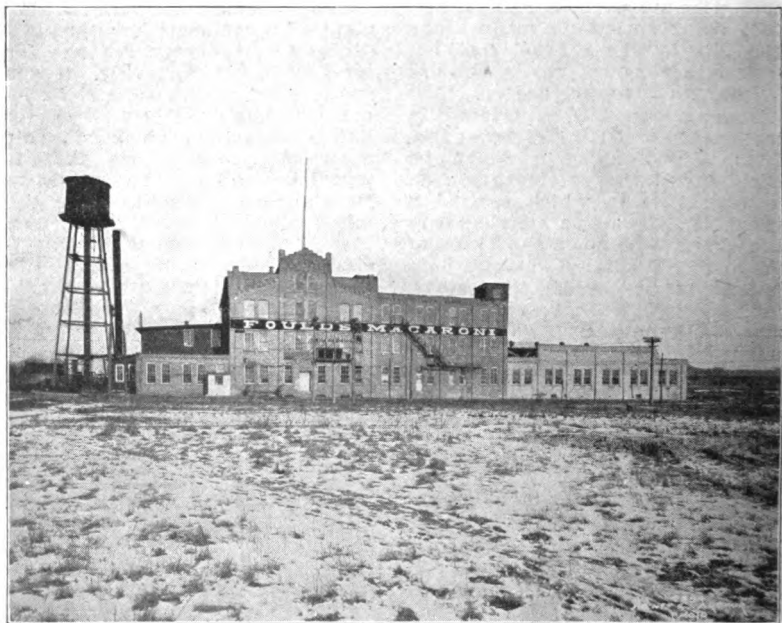
There are other advantages of being located in a small city which a visitor like ourself, who didn't know a thing about the business and had never been in a plant of the kind before, could see after talking with some of the girls employed in the plant. There is no labor problem to worry about. The employees all live in the town, most of them so close to the plant that they go home for lunch. That means that they are steady workers, so that there is not the constant labor "turn-over" which is common in industrial plants in a large city, and which, incidentally, is so expensive to large employers of labor.

Probably the fact that the Foulds Milling Company gets all the water required in its business from its own artesian well, is another advantage in being located where it is. That at least might seem an advantage so far as consumers of the product are concerned, for they are sure there can be no impurities in artesian

well water and can feel satisfied that Foulds Macaroni is pure and wholesome.

Somehow one usually associates macaroni with the Italians. The word itself is of Italian origin, and we believe the wheat from which macaroni is made was originally peculiar to Italy and Algeria. That doesn't hold good today, of course, for the wheat from which the American maca-

teresting fact that while most industries suffer in a time of business and financial depression, the reverse is true with the macaroni manufacturer. At least the output of the Foulds plant increased during the present business depression, due no doubt to the fact that macaroni, spaghetti, vermicelli and similar foods are both cheap and nutritious and an excellent substitute for meats



FOULDS MACARONI PLANT, LIBERTYVILLE, ILL.

roni is manufactured is grown in North Dakota and Montana. The Italians call it "grano duro" or "grano da semolino." We call it durum wheat and we call the flour "semolina," the same as the Italians, so they haven't anything on us in that respect. It is a food of national importance in Italy, and it wouldn't hurt Americans if they used it more extensively than they do.

In that connection it is an in-

teresting fact that while most industries suffer in a time of business and financial depression, the reverse is true with the macaroni manufacturer.

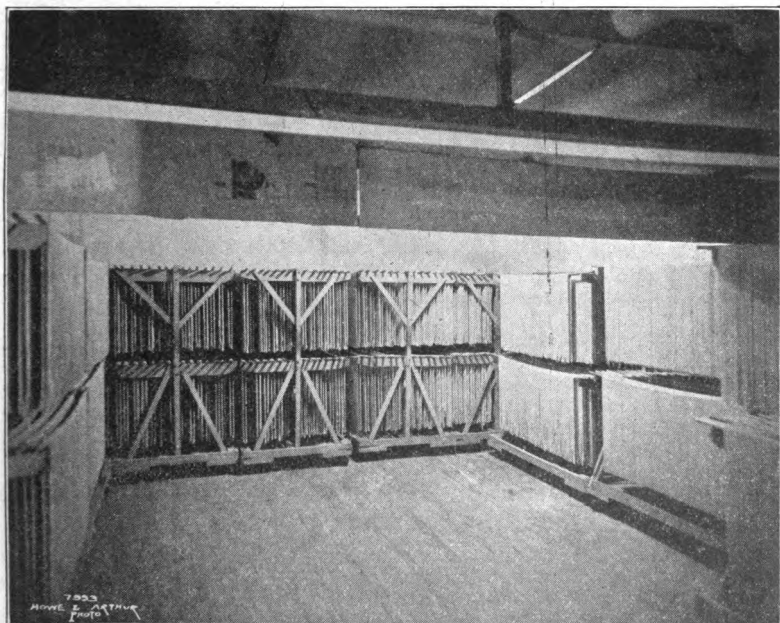
The durum wheat from which macaroni and similar products is manufactured is much richer in gluten and other nitrogenous compounds than is the wheat from which we make white bread, but it is not popular with bread eaters because of its brown color. The American bread eater insists on white bread, although it isn't necessarily the most wholesome

kind. However, this isn't a "how to keep well" story, so we'll tell you briefly how macaroni is made.

As the flour is unloaded from the railroad car, samples from each bag are sent to the laboratory and tested for classification. As chemistry is one of the many subjects we don't know anything about, we'll take the flour out of that laboratory at once and put

edge runners and finally lands in a big steam-jacketed cylinder.

As we said we wanted to know how the hole was put in the center. We supposed it was quite a simple operation and probably we might have figured it out had we been greatly interested in the subject. It is quite simple, too, but rather interesting. We left that batch of dough in the steam-



FOULDS MACARONI IN PROCESS OF DRYING

it in the machine where it is thoroughly mixed with boiling water. That is quite an exact operation, for the superintendent who showed us the various things of interest said that a little too much or too little water would spoil the dough. So the amount of water is carefully measured and after the semolina is thoroughly mixed it is put into a kneading machine and kneaded into a stiff dough. It goes through a lot of rollers and

jacketed cylinder a minute ago. Well, when it comes out the hole is in the center, in fact it comes out macaroni, except that it has to be dried and maybe go through some other operations that we didn't see. Anyway, in the bottom of that cylinder is a die, perforated by a lot of small holes, in the center of each hole being a small pin. Then a plunger or piston is forced down into the cylinder at a pressure of 3,600 pounds to the

square inch. That dough, under such a pressure, just naturally has to go through that die and it comes out perfectly good macaroni. Now do you understand it? If you can't we're sorry, for that is as good an explanation as we can give.

Spaghettl is made exactly the same way and from the same dough, except that it is forced through a different die, with smaller holes. The same applies to vermicelli, only it goes through a die with still smaller holes. We didn't see them making noodles, but they do make oodles of them and we saw them in finished form. They are made from the same ingredients as the others, with the addition of eggs.

As the macaroni comes from the machine we have described, the tubes are hung on wooden rods, like broom handles, to dry and transferred to a drying room. We didn't investigate that drying room very thoroughly, as we didn't care for a Turkish bath in the middle of the afternoon, but we stayed in it long enough to know that it is quite warm. These rooms must be kept at a certain steady temperature, which is regulated by a thermostat. They must also have a certain degree of humidity all the time, and to give them that, the hot air is forced through a spray of water, which serves the double purpose of washing the air and leaving in it the required moisture.

That briefly describes what we saw in going through the Foulds plant at Libertyville which manufactures more than a million pounds a month of macaroni, spaghetti and like products. The company employs about one hundred persons, one-third of whom are women. The women are employed mostly in the packing department.

The Foulds Milling Company was established in 1891 as a milling concern, with its principal mills at that time in Cincinnati.

It began the manufacture of macaroni and similar products at first as a way to use up its surplus flour. It grew to such an extent that instead of a by-product it became the chief business of the company and in 1907 it absorbed the National Macaroni Company and located in Libertyville. The milling business was discontinued. The company is the largest in that line of business in this section of the country and its Libertyville plant is a model for cleanliness and completeness of equipment. F. W. Foulds is General Manager, and C. S. Foulds is Sales Manager. The products of the company are sold in every state east of the Mississippi River and are known in almost every household.

BAGGAGEMEN THANKED

BAGGAGE is handled with great care and with a desire to accommodate passengers on the North Shore Line. Sometimes a passenger with baggage arrives at a station with very little time to catch his train, but the baggagemen are always on the job to help out under such circumstances. The following letter comes from a passenger who received such accommodation:

Permit me this word of appreciation for the courtesy which I received from F. W. Gieselman and Bernard Devenny. These two gentlemen very kindly assisted me and made it possible for me to have my trunk with me en route to Milwaukee last week. If it had not been for the thoughtfulness and willingness and the co-operation of these men I would have been put to a great loss and inconvenience, and I feel that the least I can do in their behalf is acknowledging to you their faithful service.

Very truly yours,

HARRY ANDERSON.

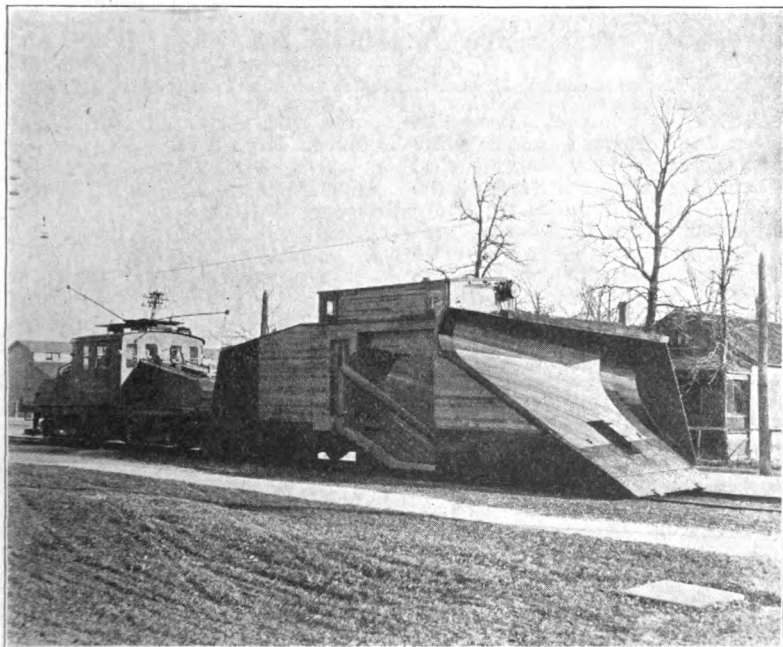
All the employes of the North Shore Line are just like that. The comfort and convenience of passengers always come first with them.

OUR NEW SNOWPLOW

HAVE you noticed a new snowplow on a side-track as you whizzed by in a North Shore train? If you are interested in mechanical appliances it would be worth your while to look it over, because there isn't another one just exactly like it anywhere in the country. There are snow-

which can be raised in crossing bridges or roads at the will of the operator.

The plow is equipped with side elevation wings, which may be folded up or dropped as circumstances require. When the side wings are dropped they scoop up the snow and throw it as high as the car and out on the side, so



NEW SNOWPLOW ON NORTH SHORE LINE

plows of the same type, of course, but this particular one combines all the latest improvements.

It is what is known as a double-end plow, that is, it works from either end. It is designed for a double-track railroad, throwing the snow to one side only and cutting a path two feet wider than the width of the car. It has a drop nose which runs close to the rails in ordinary service, but

that it will keep the tracks clear in a cut. The flanger, with which it is equipped, cuts the ice and snow between the rails.

The new plow is not self-propelling, but can be pushed by any locomotive, steam or electric, or by a motor car. The fact that it is not self-propelling is an advantage on the side of reliability, as when such implements are equipped with motors and put to

a hard test, it invariably is the motor which gets out of order.

All features of this plow, the drop nose, the side elevation wings and the flanger are operated by air at the will of the operator without his having to change his position in the cab. The plow was manufactured at a cost of

\$10,000 by the Russell Car & Snow Plow Company of Bridgway, Pa. It weighs 76,000 pounds and the height of the shear is ten feet. The total height of the plow is fourteen feet. They're not wishing for snow on the North Shore Line, but they're ready for it when it comes.

With the Bulletin Family

IT'S really wonderful, as well as quite flattering to get so many letters and cards conveying all kinds of good wishes for both the BULLETIN and the North Shore Line for the coming year.

That is the kind of spirit we like to see and which we strive to develop and cultivate. Really, you know, that is the kind of spirit that gets results. The men who run the North Shore Line do the best they can to please the public. That is good business. Being human these men, of course, are pleased to know that their work is appreciated. It's the same way about the BULLETIN. We try to please our readers and being human, oh yes, very human—it pleases us immensely to hear from our readers.

We have on one or two occasions been twitted about giving the male members of the big BULLETIN Family preference in this column. It isn't true, of course, because we are decidedly partial toward the women folks. But they do not seem to be quite as numerous as the men, at least, they do not write as frequently. When one of the women members of the Family does write, however, we have noticed that usually she says something worth while. This morning's mail brings us such a letter, so it goes to the top of the column. When you read it we feel sure you will

agree with us that it is not misplaced. Here it is:

I wish to thank you for your kindness in keeping my name on the mailing list of the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN. No current literature gives me greater pleasure than your BULLETIN.

I am sure you are voicing the true spirit of American Big Business, when, as a representative of one big business you hold up to the view of the public, ideals that are morally and economically sound and perfectly possible of attainment. I like the fact that you recognize "service" and "compensation" as terms that make a "team"; capital deserving fair (fare) returns on its investment and "the laborer worthy of his hire." With such ideals the Road of Service is not only "on its way" but seems to "know where it is going."

Wishing you, the NORTH SHORE BULLETIN and the Road of Service a happy and successful new year, I am

Yours very sincerely
ANNIE C. FRASER.

Miss Fraser, we understand, is engaged in that very honorable profession of "teaching the young idea how to shoot" and from the tone of her letter we would say that she is capable of aiming it in the right direction.

Having read the foregoing letter from a lady who ministers to the mind, we might now give you one from a lady who ministers to the body, or to make it plain, nurses the sick. She is a nurse in a Chicago hospital we gather

from her letters, although we have never met her. Anyway she writes:

Had to write to show you how much I have appreciated the BULLETIN you sent me last year. Please oblige by sending it each month in the coming year, as I still want to remain a member of your BULLETIN Family. Nothing has been more pleasant for my nurse friends and I than to receive the BULLETIN each month. We certainly enjoy reading it and with an editor like Luke Grant, what could be more interesting? He as well as the conductors and motor-men strive very hard to please and with a disposition like they have I don't think they find it very difficult. (My dear, you just ought to see us).

I have already written the BULLETIN about the courtesy of trainmen and here is another evidence of it: Monday, Dec. 26, I took the 10:26 express from Highwood to Chicago and after being seated I asked the conductor if there was any fresh H₂O on the train. He replied there was and immediately brought me a drink. (That is the only kind they serve on the North Shore Line). That is what I call service. The employees certainly live up to their slogan "Road of Service."

Compliments from a faithful booster of the North Shore Line,
BETTY THE NURSE.

Glad to hear from you Betty and will see that your name remains on the mailing list.

Speaking of nurses and hospitals we mentioned last month of receiving a note from "Dad" Kade of Sheboygan from the Sacred Heart Sanitarium in Milwaukee. We hear that he has fully recovered, for which we are glad, but he was still in the institution when he wrote the following:

Have your letter of the 29th, in which you ask why I am here. Well, I will try to answer your question frankly and honestly. I am here because I am one of those blamed foolish mortals who did not know enough to take proper care of his nerve energy in the past. Tried to make myself believe I was one of those machines that could not wear out. Worked about 27 years without a real vacation—work never hurt me any, however—sometimes 16 hours a day or

more. Never learned to play and like a chump worried too blamed much, trying to carry the troubles of others as well as my own; never had any hobbies except my family, my friends and by business and finally I had what they call a nervous breakdown. I know now I made a mistake. If I had learned how to play as well as I learned how to work perhaps it would have been better, but to worry was foolishness and I am now trying to live without worrying unnecessarily.

I hope, however, to be all repaired and good as new by Christmas. Have been here about three months and am feeling better every day. The doctor said he thought the only reason why I didn't have heart, liver and kidney trouble as well as a nervous breakdown was that the good Lord must still have something for me to do on this earth. Well, Friend Grant, I am anxious to get back into the harness again and do whatever that may be. In other words I want to do my part to make this world better, though I think it is a mighty good old world at that.

I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Hicks of the North Shore Line here, his wife being a patient, and like the rest of the people I have had the pleasure of meeting from your road, I found him a real gentleman.

This is a wonderful institution, people here from all parts of the United States. It is more like a fine hotel than a hospital and the doctors, the sisters, the service and the treatments are just wonderful. You ought to come up and visit it and write it up in the BULLETIN, for they surely do find out what is the matter with your machinery and get at the cause of the trouble. They have specialists here who are wonderful in their lines and have facilities from baths to X-rays, electrical treatments, physical treatments and games in the open air and it is not a place merely for the rich, for the poor are taken care of just the same as the rich.

I hope I have not made this too long, but I am not a four-minute man when it comes to making a speech.

Sincerely,
DAD KADE.

Well, Dad, we believe your philosophy about learning to play is sound. The machine will get out of order, hot bearings or something, unless it gets a little tuning up once in a while. Our own system is to get a little fun out

of our work day by day and it seems to do all right.

You saw the little Christmas cards handed out by conductors to passengers and enclosed with last month's BULLETIN to members of this Family? Pretty neat, weren't they? One appreciative passenger writes:

Well, I say it did cheer a fellow up when this card was handed me early this morning. It is these little things that make it a pleasure to use your line. May I reciprocate with a "Happy New Year," and may it be a prosperous one.

L. S. TOENNESSEN.

Our popular correspondent "Loophound" fell down on the job, or off the wagon, or something, as his regular contribution failed to materialize. We did get a note from him marked "Personal" so we know he is all right and will be heard from in due course. His side-kick, Mr. Peebles, is very much on the job, however, as the following will show:

I received the December BULLETIN a few days ago, with the pretty little Christmas card inside with the wishes of the North Shore Line for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Very fine idea. Another boost for the Road of Service. All together with one big whoop. Let everyone travel the North Shore way, it is the straight and narrow way that leads to a safe and tireless landing.

Your editorial comment this month is fine. I don't mean by that that other months have been

poor, not by any means. When you have an off month I will remind you, but I haven't seen any yet. That one paragraph about taking the bull by the horns is worth a 500-mile ride at double fare.

Well, I must hurry along, I have to write a letter to Loophound, for I feel sorry to think he tried to quit smoking and failed. I have been very busy the last two weeks or so. I had letters from Loophound, Jr., Rasmussen, Michigander, Kentuckian, Sol N. Lasky and some others asking me about Loophound's condition. They all seem to fear we may lose Loophound through a nervous breakdown on account of his being such an inveterate smoker. With one accord they asked me to try to do something for him and restore him to his original self. From the way they write it seems that all of them heard a faint echo from the housetop of Loophound's dwelling, of the groans and moans of those agonizing days when he was engaged in that terrible fight with Lady Nicotine, the villain queen.

I asked the BULLETIN readers what they wished me to do and they suggested that I compose some poetry. I told them that was out of my line, as Jim Ham was the poet laureate of the BULLETIN. Well, Michigander said to patch up something, as he had a score to settle with that fellow Loophound anyway, so on the following page you will find the aftermath of what took place in the Pennsylvania home.

Yours in love and truth,
JAMES D. PEEBLES.

Here is the aftermath referred to in the foregoing letter and as everyone is probably feeling pretty strong after double holidays at Christmas and New Year's, we'll just let it go:

A GOOD CIGAROE IS SOME SMOKE

(With Salaams to Loophound)

Open the old cigar box, give me a Cuban stout,
For things are running crosswise and the wife has bawled me out.
We squabbled over cigaroes, fought over a cigaroot,
I'll say I pulled a boner and the wife gave me the boot.

Open the old cigar box, let me consider a space,
In the thin blue veil of the vapor, how to put you, wife in your place.
I know I am pretty to look at, but you make me out an ass,
You have paired me off with Villa, put me in the bandit class.
There's peace in a good cigaro of burro hair and hay,
But they're not made in a minute and you've thrown two away.
Thrown them away to pickers, old pals who done me brown,
I got a bum decision; made the laughing stock of the town.
I could smoke in the days that have been, but not in the days that are,
I ha'nt got the price of a twofer, let alone a good cigar.
Who'd dream that my pals would soak me? and wife my pockets clean,

Strip me down to a frazzle, pinch me for every bean?
 Now on a freezing, cheerless morn, when mercury is low,
 I haven't even a wrapper to light and keep aglow.
 When I think how wife got the decision, we fought so hard to get,
 But again I'm roosting high and dry and am in out of the wet.

Open the old cigar box, let me consider a while,
 You say, wife, I'm a whiner and it makes the gang all smile.
 Which is the better portion, to puff and blow smoke rings
 Or hike off to Chicago, where you can pull no strings?
 And sit in Luke Grant's sanctum and smoke his stubs at will,
 And should he have chair rungs around, I'll surely smoke my fill.
 But Friend Wife made a bad decision, made me the goat between
 Half a dozen Christmas boxes and the great god Nicotine.

Open the old cigar box, let me consider anew,
 Dear Wife, who is this guy Peebles, who was lately in a stew?
 Anyway a million of his kind can't fuss us, that's the joke—
 And though a cigaret is not a cigar, it makes a damned good smoke.
 I have been stung and roasted, old pals give me no cheer,
 But I've got a full head start again and the going looks quite clear,
 And the gloom of my hard fought week is flecked with cheery light,
 Some day I'll see these birds down low and will do them brown and right.

Just see, Loophound, what your swearing off for a week brought down on our innocent head. Rather than have a thing like this happen again, we'll provide you with smokes. It appears to be a choice between your health smoking, or our going bughouse reading poetry. We're pretty far gone now.

Two interesting letters have come recently from our Canton, Ohio, correspondent, William G. Miller. Mr. Miller finds in Burns a theme for the whole year, but when January and the poet's birthday comes around he grows unusually eloquent. His last letter was almost entirely about his favorite poet, but as he is scheduled for a Burns address he probably was rehearsing it and we forgive him. Not that we don't enjoy reading anything about the poet, for we confess to being something of a bug on the subject too, and we wish there were more who could see the real Burns as Mr. Miller does. If they could they would find him one of the greatest moral teachers and reformers who ever lived.

Mr. Miller writes:

This is the season for compliments and I certainly must compliment you on those editorials in the October NORTH SHORE BULLETIN. Facts were presented so truthfully they set my hair on end. It is beginning to lie down again.

As it would appear at this writing some good may come out of the Washington conference, also between Britain and Ireland. Those boys of the "green" are getting about all they asked for. . . .

I spent last week in New York on private business and while there I met a fine Scotsman and a student of Burns. He gave me a grace attributed to the poet which only lately was found and which never has appeared in print. The story is that one day Burns' father was away from home and the mother said that Robert, being the eldest of the family, must say grace. Robert responded with the following:

Oh Thou wha blessed the loaves
 and fishes,
 Look doon upon thae twa wee
 dishes,
 And though the 'taties be but sma',
 Mak' them sufficient for us a',
 And if they should oor bellies fill
 'Twill be another miracle.

Those lines have the real Burns ring and how applicable and truthfully they might be repeated in many homes this coming winter, more so in other countries than in the United States, but much of it here.

With the compliments of the season, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
 WM. G. MILLER.

That is a very good grace Mr. Miller and if it has never appeared in print before, this is a good place for it. We confess we never heard it before and as you say it has a real Burns' ring to it. It was just such delightful touches of humor that made the preachers of his day say that

Burns was a scoffer and sacriligious when he had more true religion in his heart than their narrow minds could grasp.

Our worthy Milwaukee correspondent Jumbo writes:

As long as there is life there is hope. My conscience tells me that I have been tardy in behalf of the BULLETIN, which I regret, but as you know we all make mistakes. It is because of that the pencil manufacturing companies put erasers on pencils. However, there are some—mostly hypocrites—who claim they make no mistakes and who use a pencil without an eraser. It is for their benefit erasers are made, which they can slip into the vest pocket.

I am at present with the Wobst Shoe Company of Milwaukee and I am glad to say that shipments to Chicago, which have been made heretofore by express, are turning to the North Shore Line—the Road of Service. There's a reason.

When you take an inventory at your desk, be careful not to throw away my address, but keep right on sending the BULLETIN, or you'll hear a war whoop.

Wishing you and the North Shore Line a very happy and prosperous New Year and may all your undertakings prove successful, thereby achieving the ideal for which you are striving.

With a rah, rah for the North Shore, I am,

Yours very truly,
JUMBO.

As you are one of the "active" members of the family, there is no danger of your name being dropped, Mr. Jumbo.

Here comes one from Blairsburg, Iowa. Ever hear of the place? Well, neither did we, until we got the following letter:

According to your very reasonable requirement of "one letter a year at least" I am no longer entitled to the BULLETIN, which has come to me regularly, and been read through and usually passed on to others. However, I have again changed my address and want to be kept on the mailing list. If you haven't heard of this town before, it's nothing against you, 'cause it was a new one on me until three months ago. It's quite a bit smaller than old Chi., but it isn't half bad when one gets acquainted. Everybody around here seems to get plenty to

eat, which is more than can be said for some other places.

Mighty glad to read such good things about the North Shore Line. We all need the spirit of your road and your BULLETIN. Not having the loquacity of Loophound and some others of your interesting correspondents, I'll wind up with a Christmas greeting that caught my eye a few days ago:

If I sent you cigars you would smoke 'em

And I don't know the kind you prefer,

If I sent you rare gems you might soak 'em.

Or maybe you'd give them to her.

If I sent you a book you would read it

And carelessly toss it away,

If I sent you a Ford you might speed it

And eat turkey in jail Christmas Day.

But a good wish needs no rhyme or reason

And I'm sending a million to you, That this be the best Christmas season,

Old Man, that you just ever knew.

Cordially yours,

RICHARD L. MITCHELL

Our regular correspondent, Jim Ham, writes:

In addition to extending my heartiest wish for a most prosperous New Year to you and the flock, I want to say you spilled some great logic in pages one to seven of the December BULLETIN.

Hope you affixed a white or pink bow to the wreath of myrtle, or laurel, page 11 of the BULLETIN. But say, it would have been a great idea if Old St. Nick had left a Christmas tree in your sanctuary, with us glistening contribs dangling more or less—mostly less—gracefully by the neck from its virgin branches. 'Twould be hard to duplicate such a novelty. (Too severe punishment, Jim, in spite of the enormity of the crimes. As to that laurel wreath, you notice, we said you should be "crowned," but we didn't say how. Maybe we should have said "beaned.")

Am prone to comment on paragraph in December BULLETIN in re "dehorned" cattle. Seems to me that there are many of the "dehorned" variety among us humans, and when a long-horned bull comes bustin' round, we get all gummy and start milling things up among ourselves. There's some excuse for the cattle, because man hath deprived him of his horn and the l. h. bull has the advantage, but

what excuse can we offer for us humans who throw away their horns so readily?

Wonder if you've had any appreciative comment on that gratis nip of coffee, so gracefully served on your morning diners? You know it's sort of comfy to inhale a sip of Java while waiting one's grapefruit and digesting The Line in the W. G. N.

Well, Chief, am sure we all feel that 1922 will be a great year for the BULLETIN. If you can keep some of us from "poeting" am satisfied space will be available for additions to the family. Am not making any resolutions, because few of them live their natural lives, but will promise to be as lenient as possible in abusing your consideration.

Devotedly yours,

JIM HAM.

You probably are right, Jim, in suggesting that the family would increase if we killed a few poets, but we're just naturally too soft-hearted to do it. While we repeat for the seventy-ninth time that we prefer prose, still poetry is better than nothing at all and it seems to amuse the poets. So we're going to let them ride Pegasus until he drops dead. A good many of them have ridden him lame now.

Where we haven't made personal acknowledgment we wish to thank everyone who so kindly remembered us with Christmas and New Year cards, among them, Conrad Shearer, Tom Lockhart, John Boswell, "Jumbo," Mrs. Clark, Harold Rasmussen, Norman Forsman, F. W. Cushing, Miss Lyall Smith, Stanley R. Osborn, J. F. Robertson, Walter Reed, Jim Ham, John F. Weedon, Bill Strandborg, Dwight Burroughs, etc. They came from all parts of the country between Baltimore, Md., and Seattle, Wash. You see, we have a rather widespread family.

We'll close this column right here, wishing you all happiness and prosperity in the year which hasn't arrived as this is written, but will be well on its way by the time you read this.

THE EDITOR'S PRAYER

THE esteemed (more or less) editor of this BULLETIN has been grossly slandered. He has been charged with imploring Divine assistance to improve his golf game when, as a matter of fact, he believes that lack of practice is the chief trouble.

Anyway, here is the story, relayed to this desk by John J. Moran, although we have a suspicion that one J. D. Peebles is mainly responsible. The story goes that the editor was seen on a North Shore train one day recently, engaged in an animated conversation with B. J. Fallon, the chief engineer and one of the chief golfers. Presumably the conversation had to do with golf, for when Mr. Fallon left the train at Kenosha, the editor is said to have closed his eyes and assumed an attitude of prayer and this is what was heard:

Oh God of Golf, now hear my plea:
Make a fair putter out of me!
I do not ask of you too much,
The champion's sure and certain touch,
The master stroke—just teach me now
To get a four-foot putt somehow.

Upon the practice green I can
Get down my ball with any man;
But when the game grows close
and tense
Somehow I lose all putting sense.
Teach me, I pray thee, then, to stand
As one whose brain controls the hand.

Teach me to know that "never up
Is never to get in the cup!"
Grant me a little sense in this.
To give the ball a chance to miss,
And when the line describes a curve
Defend me from a faltering nerve.

Let me be bold, as bold as they
Who win my golf balls when I play;
Teach me in every circumstance
At least to give the ball a chance.
And let me hope, as other men,
To hole a long one, now and then.

Well, whether the editor prayed in that fashion or not, it is a perfectly good prayer and voices our sentiments.

ANNUAL SAFETY MEETING AND ENTERTAINMENT

THE third annual safety meeting and entertainment of the North Shore Line was held in the Deerfield-Shields High School in Highland Park on the afternoon and evening of December 29 and was in every way a big success. In point of attendance nothing like it ever took place on the North Shore Line, for more than 1,000 employes and their families enjoyed themselves at the two sessions.

Britton I. Budd, president of the North Shore Line, congratulated the various committees and all the employes for the good work they had done during the year in the direction of accident prevention and urged them to continue. An amusing incident occurred while Mr. Budd was speaking at the evening session, which was significant. A curly-headed youngster, of probably four years of age, broke away from his guardians and walking up to Mr. Budd, took his hand, and throwing up his head, he stood there facing the audience. The significance of the incident was that at the particular moment Mr. Budd was speaking of the suffering which accidents brought upon the women and children. The chubby, curly-headed boy illustrated the point admirably, for who would take a risk, and through carelessness, deprive such a boy of the parental care which is his due?

An interesting part of the program was the exhibition given by Dr. Fisher's First Aid Team of the Chicago Elevated Railroads. The team showed how to act in an emergency, how to resuscitate a victim of electric shock, how to apply splints to broken limbs, bind wounds and perform other first aid services for an injured fellow employe. The general comment was that the team had been splendidly trained and it is probable that in the near future such a team will be organized by Dr. Fisher on the North Shore Line.

While the social side of the occasion seemed to overshadow the serious side, it should not be forgotten that the main purpose of the meeting was to keep alive and increase the interest in accident prevention.

CHRISTMAS PARTY FOR TRACK LABORERS

WE have told you before in the BULLETIN of the good work being carried on by the North Shore Line, under the direction of C. G. Goodsell, to make American citizens out of the section hands and to teach them the English language. Well, the work goes on continuously and with gratifying results. The almost perfect attendance of the men at the meetings, shows their interest in the work.

On the Friday evening before Christmas, Mr. Goodsell arranged a party for the men, which was a great success. Some of them do not understand English, but they all understand Santa Claus. They also understand music, for that is a universal language.

The party was held at Highland, with L. C. Torrey, engineer-auditor acting the role of Santa Claus. Some of the married men brought their wives and children and Santa Claus distributed candy and fruit and cigars freely. Talks on citizenship and the Christmas spirit were given by George Koshchak and John J. Moran, Miss Gertrude McGraw gave some recitations and Louis Ocian supplied the music.

Everyone enjoyed the party immensely. One of those little things that may not seem much in itself, but means a great deal to the alien men and women and their families. It gives them to understand that some one really is interested in their welfare. No matter what country one may come from, or what language he may speak, he knows and understands the language of human kindness and there is a lot of that floating around on the North Shore Line.