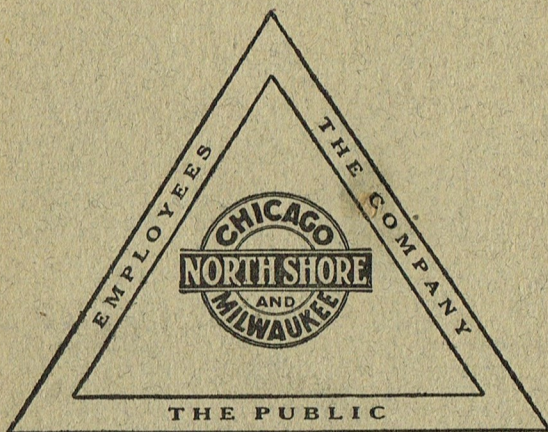


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Ans

THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

MARCH, 1922



“The Road of Service”

THE MASTER KEY

READERS of the BULLETIN may recall having seen in the Contributors' Column one or two letters from the Rev. W. T. Dorward of Milwaukee, author and lecturer. He is a pretty busy man, but finds time occasionally to send a line to the BULLETIN.

Recently Mr. Dorward made a trip to Chicago to deliver his address on "The Master Key" to the supervisory forces of the Chicago Elevated Railroads. Every one who listened to Mr. Dorward agreed that he was the most interesting speaker they had ever heard, and that his message to workmen was something very much worth while.

The editor of the BULLETIN had read The Master Key before he heard the author lecture on it, which added to his enjoyment of the lecture. Mr. Dorward is in great demand among big industrial concerns, but it should not be necessary for him to travel to Pittsburgh and other eastern cities to lecture, when there is so much need of his message in Chicago, Milwaukee and other industrial centers in this vicinity.

In speaking of the Chicago lecture one foreman on the Elevated Roads said: "I never heard anything like it. One minute he had us all crying and the next minute we were convulsed with laughter. It was wonderful."

Mr. Dorward has a fine sense of humor and is a wonderful story-teller. Every point in his lecture he illustrates with a humorous story, so that an audience will never get tired listening to him.

Large industrial concerns who have foremen's clubs and educational clubs among their employes, should have Mr. Dorward address them. His lecture is, of course, educational, but it is so interspersed with humorous anecdotes that it also is highly entertaining. Mr. Dorward is a past

master in the art of putting his point across with a funny story, which, as every one knows, is the way to make it stick.

CARRYING COAL TO NEWCASTLE

DOESN'T it seem like carrying coal to Newcastle to have a man in Homestead, Pa., write for "Baby Lobsters" from Milwaukee?

Well, the North Shore Terminal Restaurant received such a letter, with enclosed check, from Lawrence Oeffner, of Homestead, Pa., requesting that two broiled baby lobsters be sent him by parcel post.

Of course the broiled lobsters served in that Milwaukee Terminal restaurant are exceptionally fine, but they must come from somewhere in the east in the first place. Anyway, the lobsters were sent, as requested.

THE ROAD OF SERVICE

A RECENT sleet storm in upper Michigan and Wisconsin played havoc with telegraph and telephone wires, and the North Shore Line was of material assistance in restoring means of communication.

The Wisconsin Telephone Company needed a lot of new wire. It called the Western Electric Company, which in turn called the North Shore Line to find how long it would take to get a carload of wire from Chicago to Milwaukee. It was nearly noon when the inquiry was made. The Western Electric hurried the wire to the North Shore terminal and the carload was in Milwaukee by 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

That is the way the North Shore Merchandise Despatch functions. Other carloads followed the first one, with similar results. That is the kind of service being given every day. If you have any doubt about it, give it a trial.

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The North Shore Bulletin


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LUKE GRANT, Editor

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Editorial Comment

*"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things;
Of shoes and ships and sealing wax,
And cabbages and kings,
And why the sea is boiling hot,
Or whether pigs have wings."*

WHEN one hasn't anything to say, it is a good rule not to say anything. Strict observance of such a rule, however, would be tough on Chatauqua lecturers, U. S. Senators and editors. If this particular editor observed the rule this morning, this, and the succeeding few pages would appear blank. That, of course, would never do.

* * * * *

WHEN a minister has to preach a sermon and can't think of a live topic, he falls back on some story a few thousand years old and elaborates on that. It's hard on the congregation, but some of them keep awake from a sense of duty. Well, we aren't going back a few thousand years, but we have an idea that a little North Shore history would be interesting. You see the North Shore Line to us, is what the Bible is to the minister—a good subject to talk about in a pinch.

* * * * *

THOUSANDS of patrons of the North Shore Line, who ride in ease and comfort between Chicago and Milwaukee, in easy-riding steel cars, over a stone-ballasted track, on heavy steelrails at a speed of a mile a minute, for a good part of the way, do not know anything about the early history of the road. As this is the month in which the annual report of the North Shore Line makes its public appearance, the idea occurred that in making some comment on that report, a little sketch of "How the Giant Grew" might interest readers. The road isn't old in years, only just entered its 'teens, but it is a lusty youngster and is rapidly overcoming defects which it inherited, or

which developed in childhood as a result of too many, and too careless nurses. It isn't one of those infants born with a silver spoon in its mouth.

* * * * *

THE report for the year 1921 isn't anything to make the owners of the property wildly enthusiastic, so far as profits are concerned, but then it might be worse. During the latter half of the year, an increase in intrastate rates and a reduction in wages and salaries, helped materially, but the relief came too late to overcome losses incurred in the first half of the year. The net result was that the road earned about 4.6 per cent on the value of the property, which isn't a big return on the investment, in view of the fact that the company had to pay between 8 and 9 per cent on capital borrowed for improvements during the year. The return on the investment was less than for the year 1920, but that was not reflected in any way in the character of the service given the public. The high standard of service, which has made the road popular with the public, was maintained throughout the year and a number of important improvements made. More improvements are planned for the coming year, too, as we told you in a previous issue of the BULLETIN, for the North Shore Line is on the jump all the time, even if it isn't making as much money as many suppose.

* * * * *

IN giving the foregoing brief summary of what the annual report shows, don't get the idea that it is given in a complaining spirit, because it isn't. The North Shore Line, like every other business has felt the depression of the last year, but feels that it got its share of the business that there was. It would, of course, like to see a business revival and could very easily take care of a lot more than it has at the present time. It appreciates the hearty co-operation of its patrons and asks for increased patronage on the ground that it has a superior service to sell, rather than it isn't earning a fair return on its investment. In other words it is a reciprocal proposition. The public needs the service and the company needs the business. That's the whole spirit of the North Shore Line. Help ye one another, or something on that order. It's the right spirit, too, and accounts for the steadily increasing popularity of the road with the traveling public and with shippers. It isn't the policy of the North Shore Line to get as much as it can and give as little as it can in return. The policy is to give the public the most that can be given for the money, and the annual report shows it.

* * * * *

WE'RE not sure whether that always was the policy of the road, but we know it has been its policy since it was re-organized in 1916 and came under the present control and management. In that

year—1916—the road had gross earnings of \$1,157,000 and carried between seven and eight million revenue passengers. Last year its gross revenue was \$4,500,000 and it carried about fourteen million revenue passengers. That doesn't necessarily mean that its net income increased in proportion, but it does mean that its usefulness as a public servant has increased tremendously. As we have explained before in the BULLETIN, a public utility company differs in many respects from the ordinary business enterprise, because of the large initial investment of capital. The ordinary public utility has to invest about \$5 of new capital for every \$1 of new business that it gets, so that the ratio of its net income to its gross revenue, must be much greater than is the case with a private concern with a relatively smaller investment and greater "turnover." The average private concern turns its capital over three or four times a year, the utility company once every four or five years. That is one reason why there is so much confusion in the public mind about the earnings of public utility companies. We might repeat here, what we have said many times in the BULLETIN, that under state regulation there can be no such thing as paying dividends on "watered stock," because the companies are allowed to charge only rates sufficient to provide a reasonable return on the actual value of the property devoted to the service of the public. Whether the rate earned by the North Shore Line last year, of less than 5 per cent, is "reasonable" may be left to the reader. Certainly it cannot be said to be "unreasonably" high, and had it not been for the foresight of the Management in trimming the sails last June, the outlook would have been pretty serious.

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WE made a promise—or was it a threat—at the beginning of this discourse on nothing in particular, to give a little history of the North Shore Line. We mean, of course, something of its early history. So far we have discussed only "current events" as you might say. But we have been asked so many times about early events on the road, about things we didn't know, that we decided to dig up a little past history. It's mighty interesting, too, to trace the development of a road like the North Shore, which began in such a humble way in 1895. At that time its equipment consisted of two single-truck cars and a piece of single track, running from the center of the city of Waukegan, south to 10th street. The two cars were second-hand ones, at that. But it had quite a pretentious name. It was known as the Bluff City Electric Street Railway Company. Gradually the line was pushed south, through North Chicago to Bluff City—now Lake Bluff—which was then a Methodist camp meeting ground. It wasn't a continuous line, however, for there was a gap at the crossing of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad. The original idea appears

to have been to build simply a local line connecting Waukegan with Lake Bluff, but it did not take the promoters long to see the possibilities of an interurban road to connect all the municipalities in that section.

* * * * *

IN 1897 a new company was formed known as the North Shore Interurban Railway Company and the line was extended south through Lake Forest, Fort Sheridan, Highwood and Highland Park, where it ended in the woods. The gross earnings of the company were \$20,802 in 1898 and they increased to \$84,365 in 1899. It was in the latter year that the idea of an electric line connecting Chicago and Milwaukee was conceived and a new company was formed with that end in view, known as the Chicago and Milwaukee Electric Railway Company. With the organization of the new company and the larger idea, the construction of a double-track line was pushed south to Evanston, with a gap through the village of Kenilworth owing to a delay in procuring a franchise. This part of the road was built largely on a private right of way and the construction was up to the standard of that time. With the completion of that section, continuous operation began from Evanston to Waukegan, except for a short period when there were no tracks through Kenilworth. In a short time the original line from Waukegan to Lake Forest had to be reconstructed and was built as a double-track railroad on private right of way, the greater part of the original line having been built on public highways.

* * * * *

WITH the completion of the road between Evanston and Waukegan, the next step in development was to extend it north to Zion City, Kenosha and Racine. It was about 1902 that the idea occurred of building a high-speed interurban and an extensive construction programme was laid out. To build the line north meant the use of a great deal of gravel for ballast, and as that could be procured in abundance from the gravel pits near Libertyville, the Libertyville Branch was projected and speedily pushed to completion. In 1904 construction work was started on the present line, from a connection with the Libertyville Branch at North Chicago, through the western part of Waukegan and north to the state line. Another company was formed, with only a slight change in the name, known as the Chicago and Milwaukee Electric Railroad Company, which leased, and later purchased, the lines of the predecessor company and pushed the line north. In the same year the Chicago and Milwaukee Electric Railroad Company of Wisconsin was organized. By 1905 the line was opened for traffic to Kenosha, the Kenosha City Railway having been purchased and operated in connection with the interurban line. One year later the line was opened as far as Racine and construction

pushed on toward Milwaukee. This work, however, was delayed because of financial difficulties which overtook the company during the panic of 1907, so that it went into the hands of receivers in January, 1908.

* * * * *

THE receivers completed the line to Milwaukee, so that through operation began in October 1908, but the service would not compare very favorably with that given today. The road was operated by receivers continuously for the next eight years, or until the present management took charge of it in July 1916. Some of the records examined in looking up this little history of the road are interesting, and a moral might be drawn from them. From 1909 to 1915 the gross earnings of the road remained practically stationary, as did the number of passengers carried. In fact the gross revenue of the company in 1909—the first year under the receivership—was slightly in excess of the year 1915, the last full year in which the affairs of the company were administered by a receiver. What is the inference to be drawn from the records? It is that the public always is the loser when a utility company is forced into a receivership. If the North Shore Line under the receivership had been giving the public good service, it is natural to suppose that its business would have increased. The gross revenue in 1909 was \$919,074 and in 1915 it was \$911,120. The figures tell the story. The road wasn't exactly dead, but it was in a state of coma, just hanging on to life. The public always is the heaviest sufferer in such cases, because it is deprived of the service which it should have, and federal courts are not apt to be moved by petitions for improvements.

* * * * *

THAT receiverships bring about stagnation is a fair inference to be drawn from the figures quoted. We wish to emphasize the point, because so many electric railroads throughout the country have been forced into receiverships in the last three or four years. About 17 per cent of the total electric railway mileage in the country is now in that unfortunate predicament, brought about by various causes, the chief and important cause being the lack of a proper understanding on the part of the public, of the needs of such companies. We venture the assertion that in every city in which the electric railways are being operated under the jurisdiction of the courts, the service is inferior to what it was before the receivership. We would like to have you think that over, because it is important, and applies, not to electric railways alone, but to every utility which is providing the public with an essential service. The public utility company is just as much subject to the tyranny of the balance sheet, as is the small grocer or the butcher. It has to meet its bills and it cannot pull money out of the air any more than can an individual. If it is not

allowed to charge rates sufficient to meet its expenses, a receivership is inevitable and the public, as well as the owners of the property lose by it.

* * * * *

ALTHOUGH the truth of what we have said in the foregoing paragraph has been demonstrated time and again, and although it is clearly proved in the history of the North Shore Line, which we have outlined briefly, there are many who refuse to see it. They raise a hue-and-cry against the utility companies, call them public robbers, etc., and do their best to bring about the receiverships we have been speaking of. There hasn't been quite as much of that sort of thing in the last two or three years, it is true, but there still is more of it than there is any need for. You have heard the soapbox fellows. If these orators would use the soap more and the box less, we have an idea that everyone would be happier. What really brings results is a spirit of co-operation, not a spirit of antagonism. That is the spirit that prevails on the North Shore and that is why the business of the road has increased, year by year, since the present Management took charge. That is why the employes show such a hearty willingness to serve the public and to render little acts of courtesy and kindness, as shown by a number of letters printed in another portion of this issue of the BULLETIN. And why shouldn't that spirit prevail? As we have already said the public needs the service and the company is there to supply it and needs the patronage. Both get what they need through working together.

* * * * *

WOULD that spirit of co-operation prevail under so-called public ownership and operation? We doubt it, judging from the few experiments that have been tried along that line. It sounds plausible in theory, but it doesn't work out in practice. That makes us think of a talk we listened to a few nights ago. The speaker was an old acquaintance and reads the BULLETIN. At least he read the last issue, for he took exceptions to what we wrote about Alexander Hamilton. He doesn't agree with the Hamiltonian philosophy, his ideal statesman being Thomas Jefferson. So he gave us a few good-natured digs in his talk, which, of course, was perfectly proper and helped to advertise the BULLETIN. During his remarks on democracy he drew a pretty picture of what would happen on a ship out in the middle of the ocean, if the passengers were divided in opinion as to whether the ship should proceed north or south. The old method, he said, would be for the passengers to fight it out. The new method would be to take a referendum on it and the minority would have to go with the majority, because walking is bad in the middle of the ocean. After the lecture we said to the speaker that it was a pretty picture he drew about the way the passengers on that ship would decide its

course. "The only trouble with it," we said, "is that it isn't so. All the passengers would go the way the captain of the ship determined, and they wouldn't be consulted, either." We added that we thought it a mighty good thing for the safety of the ship, that the authority and responsibility rested with the captain, otherwise the ship would never reach its destination. Well, he laughed and said that we were right about what the practice is, but he wished only to drive home the idea of majority rule. We haven't any quarrel with majority rule, of course, but the majority rules under our present form of government through its chosen representatives.

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WELL, we have almost reached our space limits and we're just as glad over it as you are. Our sermon may be a little dry, but facts usually are. Running through this dissertation on the history, past and present of the North Shore Line, there are one or two thoughts we wish you to get. The road isn't making big profits, as its owners know and as we have shown our readers. But it isn't complaining and it looks forward with confidence. It is giving the public excellent service and means to continue and do better if possible. Its success as a railroad and as a servant of the public, dates from the time it was taken out of the hands of the federal courts and placed under efficient private management. It made no progress during the eight years it was in receivership. The fact that it stood still while the communities it serves kept growing steadily indicates rather clearly that receiverships are to be avoided, if the public is to be given good service. To avoid receiverships there must be a spirit of co-operation between the people being served and the company supplying that service. That spirit exists on the North Shore Line, but it doesn't exist everywhere. A little better business understanding and a whole lot better human understanding is needed, if the best results are to be attained. With that explanation of what we have been grinding out for the last few hours, we'll bid you goodbye until next month.

HE WAS THE WINNER

An American sojourning in Scotland was approached by a neighbor Scot with a request for a subscription for a golf cup to be offered as a prize in a local tournament. The American contributed \$10 and, turning to the Scot,

asked when the match was to be played.

"It was played last Tuesday," said the Scot.

"Indeed," said the American, "and might I ask who won the cup?"

"Masel," said the Scot.

Among Milwaukee's Famous Industries

EVERYONE is familiar with the old saying of "making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before." That is supposed to be the height of efficiency, and it isn't such an easy job, either, as anyone knows who has tried to make a lawn out of his back yard.

The saying may be applied to undertakings other than raising grass. Modern industry, fighting for existence under a heavier tax burden than it has ever been required to carry in the past, is striving these days to produce maximum results at minimum cost. New machines and improved methods are daily being devised—using the same metaphor,—to make two blades grow where one grew before.

Recently we ran across a pamphlet issued by the Pawling & Harnischfeger Co. of Milwaukee, which on the last page contained an invitation, "When in Milwaukee, pay us a call." There seemed something friendly about that invitation and as the P. & H. machines for reducing costs are known all over the world, we thought we would accept the invitation and pay the big plant a visit.

We found the officials of the company, whom we met, quite as friendly as the invitation on the back page of the pamphlet. They were quite ready to show us through the plant, which is one of the largest, if not the largest of its kind in the world. The company manufactures all kinds of excavating machinery as well as electric traveling cranes, overhead hoists and monorail systems. It makes machines which dig trenches, fills them up again and tamps them. All parts of the machines are made within the plant,

which covers an area of 28 acres, so that it is the most complete in that respect that can be found. Most firms specialize on one or two types of machines, but the P. & H. Co. specializes in a great many.

In going through the plant we visited the pattern shop, where the patterns for the various types of machines are made. Then to the foundry where the castings are molded, to the machine and blacksmith shops, to the electrical shops where we saw men and women winding armatures, for the company makes the motors used in electric and gasoline operated machines, as well as the engines used on steam shovels.

One machine in particular attracted our attention and made us think of the saying quoted about the two blades of grass being made to grow in place of one. Although we don't profess to know much about machinery the advantages of this particular machine were so striking that they could not escape the notice of even a layman. It takes the place of eight different machines by means of various attachments, which can be adjusted in a few minutes. That spells economy for the contractor by greatly reducing the investment in machinery.

The machine, a picture of which is here re-produced, is known as a super-tractor crane, driven by a powerful gasoline motor. While it is a standard crane and is being used by the American Steel and Wire Co. to handle wire coils and other products, it is being used in Hartford, Conn., with a magnet attached to handle pig iron and scrap, and in Honolulu it is used to handle sugar cane. The machine is mounted on corduroy traction, similar to that used on

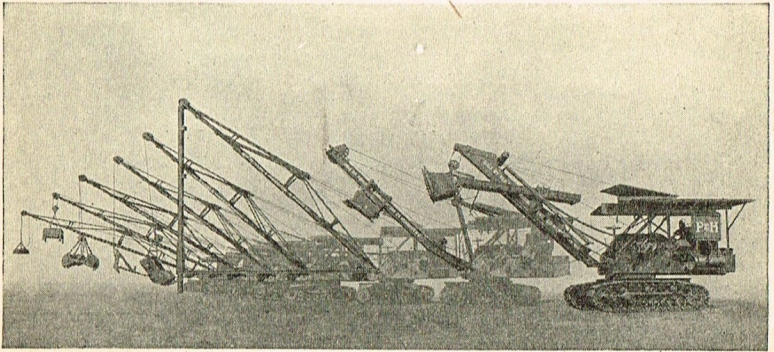
the famous army tanks, so that it can climb hills or hurdle ditches if necessary.

As a shovel it recently proved its efficiency in digging for the foundations of the new government tuberculosis sanitarium at Milwaukee. Several steam shovels were on the job, but the gasoline shovel was used to dig the frozen surface of the ground because of its greater power.

The reason for the greater

for tearing up roads, doing shallow grading and leveling off.

Ordinarily the connection between a steam shovel and a pile driver is rather remote. They are separate and distinct machines. But the "8 in 1" combines the two. The shovel attachment is removed and a pile-driving rig substituted. What was an efficient gas shovel is now a gas pile-driver and it has some advantages over the steam pile-driver, too.



P. & H. "8 IN 1" MACHINE

power of the gas shovel is easily explained. It has only one power unit so that the full power of the engine can be put behind any single movement when necessary. The steam shovel has three smaller engines, one for hoist and travel, another for swinging and a third for the thrust, or "bite" into the earth. Its power therefore is divided between the operations, whereas the power of the gas shovel is concentrated where it is needed.

Equipped with a standard boom and a dragline, this "8 in 1" machine is extensively used for sewer excavations. With a regular backfilling scraper it will easily backfill upward of 2,000 cubic yards of dirt in a day. Another attachment is a "skimmer scoop" and the machine is ready

As it stands squarely on its own corduroy traction, it can move rapidly from one pile to another.

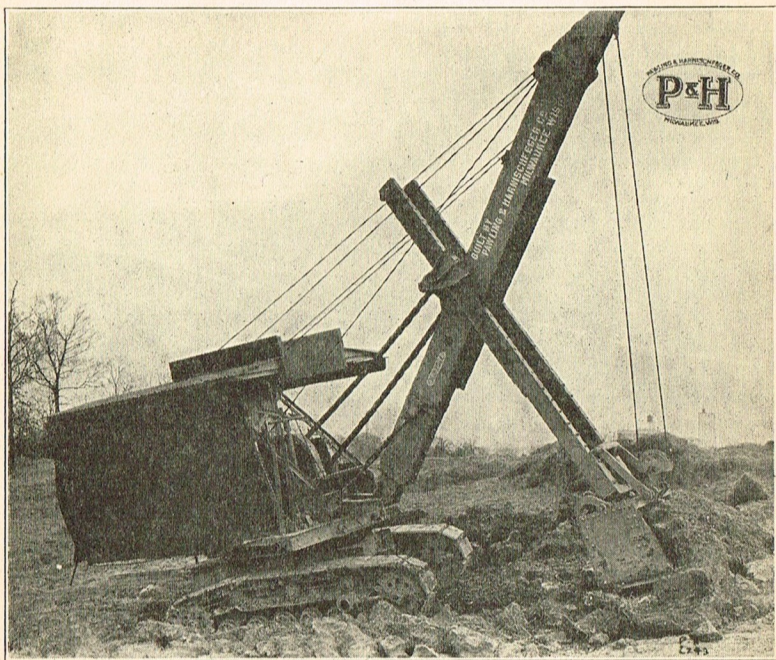
The manufacturers of this machine call it an "8 in 1," but, perhaps, they are too modest in their claims because it handles so many kinds of materials. Some firms use it for handling coal, others for handling scrap iron and steel billets and equipped with a special gooseneck boom it is very efficient in handling lumber, lifting and swinging around a matter of 2,000 feet or more in one movement.

That machine has got a vacuum cleaner beat for the number of uses to which it can be put, and a vacuum cleaner is pretty well equipped with attachments. We recall one occasion when we put a vacuum cleaner to a use that, as

far as we knew, the manufacturers never dreamed of. We had been operating the thing one Sunday when we were gently reminded that the furnace needed cleaning. We just love to clean furnaces, so we figured out an easy method. We had been experimenting with the vacuum cleaner and proved to our satisfaction that it had wonderful suc-

all over the neighborhood, we suppose, but, anyway, it left the furnace in a hurry and we flattered ourself on having made a discovery. We believe the "8 in 1" similarly might be put to even more uses than its manufacturers claim for it.

If the particular machine we have been describing is the last word in utility and efficiency, the



P. & H. GASOLINE SHOVEL

tion powers. We thought if it can suck, why can't it be made to blow by reversing the thing? Did it work? Well, we put a hose attachment on the reverse and inserted it in the furnace, then went out to watch the chimney. The dust going out of that chimney-top resembled the crater of a volcano getting ready for action. The dust and soot settled

process of its manufacture is equally efficient. Everything is standardized with the idea of quantity production. The machines go through the shops in lots of ten at a time, which reduces the cost of manufacture to a minimum. In fact, the thorough organization in every department, is one of the noticeable features in the P. & H. plant. There seems

to be a place for everything and everything in its place, which is not always the case in large plants of the kind, which handle so many different kinds of materials and tools.

Another machine which attracted our attention was a power tamping machine. As we studied that machine, we thought how ineffective by comparison, is the hand tamping which one sees done by laborers on a street under repairs. Between puffs of his pipe the laborer pounds away with a 10-pound tamper, usually at a pretty low pressure if the boss doesn't happen to be nearby. This tamping machine hits a blow with a 150-pound weight and hits it 42 times a minute. One superintendent who had used the machine said it kept eight laborers busy shoveling dirt and it hammered it down faster than eighteen men could have done with tamping bars. It packs it harder, too, which reminds us of an old story about an Englishman who dug a hole for a gatepost on a gentleman's estate. When the job was completed, the gentleman who watched the operation marveled at the fact that all the dirt was put back in the hole. "How do you account for it?" he asked the laborer. "You have put in the post, yet you have put back all the dirt you dug out."

"Well," answered the disciple of Huxley, "you see, sir, the Creator made this earth in six days and 'E couldn't possibly 'ave 'ad time to pack it as 'ard as I 'ave." We don't know whether a P. & H. tamping machine packs the earth harder than it is in its original condition, but it hammers it in to stay.

There is another thought that occurs as a visitor goes through this great plant that has helped, and is helping, to "make Milwaukee famous," and that is the genius of the men who have built it up. The history of the firm

illustrates the wonderful opportunities which this country of ours offers to the industrious workman. The men who founded the business thirty-six years ago in a small way as a modest machine shop, and who have guided its development into one of the greatest manufacturing plants of its kind in the world, are both mechanics who began their careers at the workbench.

Alonzo Pawling was born in Chicago and learned the trade of a patternmaker. He worked as a journeyman for several years with a number of large concerns. Henry Harnischfeger was born in Germany, coming to this country as a young man and working for a number of years as a machinist and toolmaker. Chance brought the two men together, while both were employed as mechanics in the shops of the Whitehill Sewing Machine Company in Milwaukee. The partnership was formed and for a time the firm did a general jobbing business in the machine and pattern line. The principal capital of the partners was a thorough knowledge of their respective trades and plenty of grit and push. Small additions and extensions were built to their shop as their capital increased, then the opportunity came in 1887 when they were given the work of building the first electric traveling crane to be installed in what is now the Allis-Chalmers plant. The operation of the electric crane was a great success and revolutionized traveling crane design. A company was organized to manufacture electric cranes, with A. J. Shaw, the designer of the first crane as one of the partners and Mr. Harnischfeger as president of the company. The concern operated under the name of the Shaw Electric Crane Company.

Mr. Shaw later withdrew from the firm and Pawling and Harnischfeger extended their business

and developed special machinery for brewing, as well as horizontal drilling and boring machines. The present modern plant of the concern was built in 1904 and its products are known all over the world.

Mr. Harnischfeger, the president of the company, is also president of the Associated Machinery Cor-

poration, with offices in New York, India, Burma and Ceylon. At the present time Mr. Harnischfeger is on a business trip around the world, with the expectation of greatly extending his business in Japan, China and India. P. & H. excavating machinery is now being used extensively and successfully both in Japan and India in competition with coolie labor.

North Shore Courtesy Column

SO many letters come from passengers commending the courtesy of North Shore employees, that they deserve a page by themselves in the BULLETIN. The management of the North Shore Line insists that all employees shall be courteous and obliging to passengers, as that is a part of the service which the Company sells the public. The letters of appreciation are gratifying to the Management, as well as to the employees commended. Several letters this month have real human interest value and serve to show how a little kindly act is like a ray of sunshine, dispelling clouds and bringing joy and gladness into the hearts of all who have eyes to see it.

Here is one from a writer in Zion:

Last Thursday evening I took the Milwaukee Limited at Edison Court, train No. 425, due at Zion at 6:38 P. M. I dropped into the first vacant seat, which happened to be the smoker. Across the aisle in the two seats facing each other, were a man and a small boy of perhaps four years of age.

As I sat down I heard the man say—"It's all dirty now." I looked up and saw that the small boy had an "all-day sucker," and had dropped it on the floor. Just then the conductor came in from closing the vestibule door. He took in the situation and said to the boy: "Why, you don't have to lose that. I'll take it and wash it for you."

The conductor picked it up, took it to the water cooler and washed it thoroughly without touching it with his fingers. As he returned it to the small boy he said: "Now

don't drop it again. It is too good to lose, isn't it?" He then went on collecting his tickets.

Service? Courtesy? He might have merely kicked it under a seat where nobody would have stepped on it. He did more for a child than his father would do.

It was a happy, smiling "Thank you" from the child, and it seemed to me a very shame-faced one from the man, that the conductor received. I do not know any of the parties.

Yours truly,
Henry R. Seys,
Zion, Ill.

That was just a little thing, but it meant a great deal and appealed to the man who saw it, although he did not know any of the actors in the little drama. Such incidents always do appeal to those who have eyes to see and hearts to feel. The conductor who performed this kindly act to a little child is Erwin Anderson.

Here is another one, written from a hotel in St. Louis by a resident of Tulsa, Okla., who was impressed with the courtesy shown passengers by a conductor. He writes:

I wish to take this means of saying to you that although I have travelled considerably, and had occasion to ride on many different lines throughout the country, I have never before had the pleasure of receiving more courteous treatment than I received on the two trips recently made over your line, from Chicago to Milwaukee and return. Without any exceptions, I wish to say, that the Conductor on the limited that left Milwaukee at 11:30 A. M., Saturday, the 18th, is

the most courteous man I ever saw, to all the passengers. I noticed him especially for there was an old man on the car that asked him (as we often say) a hundred and one foolish questions and every one of them was answered in the same courteous manner. To the old saying that it is not Civil Engineers that we need but Civil Conductors, I can say that the North Shore has them and the one referred to above especially.

Assuring you that it is indeed a pleasure to find men of the type that I found on your line (and am sorry to say one seldom does) and trusting that you will find out the name of the conductor referred to and let him know that his passengers appreciate the courteous treatment received on his car.

Yours very truly,
T. M. Leslie,
Tulsa, Okla.

The Conductor referred to is Thomas Recktenwald.

Here is one received by Britton I. Budd, President of the North Shore Line, from a representative of the Curtis Publishing Company of Philadelphia. He writes: Dear Mr. Budd:

It is not easy in these days of lowering wages for the employees of the Public Utilities Company to be extremely courteous, but I certainly wish to commend you and your company for having a conductor of the type of Mr. Hergstine. He was conductor on the train that left Racine at 5:34 P. M. and his courtesy was so unusual in transferring me from car to car in order that I might be comfortable, that I wanted you to know of it personally.

After having ridden the suburban lines of Ohio, Michigan and Illinois one can easily state that the North Shore lives up to and beyond its reputation for accommodating service.

Hoping this will meet with your favor, I remain

Yours very truly,
F. A. Healy.

Employees of the North Shore Line have a reputation to sustain and the letters of commendation indicate they are doing their best to keep up the good name of the "Road of Service."

Many artists in the theatrical profession use the North Shore Line in traveling between Chicago and Milwaukee. That the

character of the service given them, and the courtesy of employees is appreciated is shown by two letters received from theatrical managers.

One of the letters was sent by the manager of a company to Edward F. Albee of New York, President of the B. F. Keith circuit of theaters. Mr. Albee replied in a letter to Britton I. Budd, President of the North Shore Line, thanking him for the splendid service the road was giving the theatrical profession.

The letter to Mr. Albee is as follows:

Knowing you enjoy hearing of the co-operation the different railroads are giving the performers on the road today, I cannot help but write you about the Chicago North Shore and Milwaukee Railroad—the North Shore Line—running between Milwaukee, Racine, Kenosha and Chicago.

In all my years of travel, I don't believe I have ever had more courtesy and co-operation shown me—that goes from the highest official down to the humblest employe of the road. Courtesy and service must be their watchwords.

Mr. William Peterson, General Passenger Agent Department, personally takes care of all details of your trips, all departments are notified of the fact that theatrical baggage must be taken care of above everything else, they put on special baggage cars whenever necessary and no excess is charged, no matter how much baggage is carried.

This road is deserving of all theatrical trade going to and from these points and I assure you traveling would be one round of pleasure if such treatment were given on all railroads.

Hoping you will find space in our wonderful paper for this letter and hoping you will be able to write Mr. Peterson acknowledging his wonderful co-operation with theatrical travel.

Very truly yours,
Doc Baker,
Manager Flashes.

In his letter to Mr. Budd, Mr. Albee says in part:

"I not only wish to congratulate you upon the efficiency of the employees of your road, but on the splendid discipline which em-

anates from the President's office down to the humblest position on the road.

"Please accept my sincere thanks for your interest.

"Cordially yours,

"E. F. Albee."

Such testimonials show that North Shore service is appreciated.

Here is another letter of appreciation from a Chicago business man for a service given him by Conductor Edward Stancoe:

Yesterday morning I found myself aboard the Milwaukee Limited out of Hubbard Woods at 7:57 without any money in my pockets.

The conductor, Edward Stancoe, very courteously gave me the attached receipt for fare, with a memorandum of his residence address, so that I could reimburse him personally for his advance to the Company.

Had never met Stancoe before. He handled this embarrassing situa-

tion in such a prompt and gentlemanly way that I feel it is only fair to him that you, and the Officers of the Road should know about it.

In later conversation with him, discovered that he has a family; is saving a little money; is very sincere and loyal in his praise of the Company. He is the type of employe that any corporation should be proud of.

Yours very truly,

George B. Ogan,

L. C. Chase & Company.

Every passenger similarly accommodated does not take the trouble that Mr. Ogan did to acknowledge it, but conductors on the North Shore Line, as a rule, are ready to accept the word of a passenger and extend him credit. We have heard of some instances, incredible as it may appear, when the passenger forgot all about the favor and also about the fare, but that doesn't happen often.

With the Bulletin Family

FOR a long time, in fact ever since we started this column, we have tried unsuccessfully to get a "rise" out of some members of the Family. The hundreds of letters we have received from readers have all been complimentary when commenting on editorials appearing in the BULLETIN.

It could hardly be expected that all our readers agreed with all the views expressed from time to time, which as we have often explained, are the views of one man, worth just that much and no more, but if any readers disagreed they did not let us know about it. Well, last month we drew two letters of the other kind, and welcome them as a change. We are glad to have the writers

enter the Family Circle, although they do not agree with us.

Perhaps we ought not to print the letters, as one of the writers says it is personal and just intended as a friendly comment. That is exactly the spirit in which we take it and if we felt guilty of the charge he makes, we would readily concede that he was right and profit by his advice. We will profit by it, anyway, but do not feel guilty of the charge he makes. The sum and substance of his charge is that we have been guilty on several occasions of making Henry Ford "the butt of many ironical thrusts, alluding to how little he knows," etc.

Now we did give Mr. Ford an "ironical thrust" last month in commenting on his suggestion that the government print paper

money for financing all our internal business and we still think such a suggestion is ridiculous, but we have always spoken of Mr. Ford as a genius for organization and one of the most successful manufacturers in the country. We haven't, as the writer of the letter seems to think, the slightest grudge against Mr. Ford, nor anyone else and we are willing to concede that he possesses many of the admirable characteristics which the writer of the letter takes four pages to describe in detail. Mr. Ford is, perhaps, the most talked of man in the country and when he flies off at a tangent as in his "peace ship" project during the war, and his financing public improvements with paper money with no gold behind such an issue, we fail to see why his views should not be commented upon. We do not believe there is any conspiracy to belittle Mr. Ford, and if there is, we certainly are not one of the conspirators.

What do you suppose the other writer called us on the carpet for? Because he thought we were making fun of the Eighteenth Amendment by quoting the Constitution of the United States in the last issue about the right of the people to be secure in their persons and houses against unreasonable searches and seizures. He says in part: "It seems to be part of our American nature to indulge vigorously in whatever fad occupies our attention. Just now the public press leads one to think our fad is illicit drinking, evasion of the more recent part of our national constitution. Probably most of the jests are cheap playing to the galleries, but even that is hardly compatible with the deep thought and Constitutional appeal you emphasize. Why join the crowd that jeeringly hampers the policeman in the discharge of his duties and why lend your pages to wink at and en-

courage the making of Constitutional enforcement more difficult?"

Our answer to that is that we don't and that our correspondent misunderstood our reference to the Fourth Amendment. What we had in mind in the paragraph to which reference has been made, was that federal agents in raiding private homes and clubs, not only violate the particular provision of the Constitution we quoted, but they make the law a farce. As we understand the prohibition amendment it prohibits the traffic in liquor, which is an entirely different thing from invading a man's home to search for home brew, or any other kind of drink for that matter, which he might keep for his own private use. However, we might say to this correspondent that we are in favor of the enforcement of the law and have said so repeatedly in this BULLETIN.

By way of showing differences in opinion, here is one from a Waukegan correspondent in which he says:

I received the BULLETIN a few days ago and wish to thank you. In reading over your generous array of editorials, I note with special interest the one in reference to baseball on page 4. It sure is a dandy. You could not have chosen a better example if you had tried in all parts of the world. Your other editorials are most educational and interesting and I am looking forward to your next issue with anticipation.

Most sincerely yours,
K. W. Moody.

Our "Special Eastern Correspondent" appreciates his recent promotion. He writes as follows from Pittsburgh:

Please double my allotment of BULLETINS. I need another one if efficiency is required of your Special Eastern Correspondent. One copy goes to a thirsty soul in the building, who hails from Milwaukee, and if I must rely on an unretentive memory in replying,

matters which merit attention may be utterly overlooked.

Thanks for the promotion. Edison says that everything comes to one who waits, and I've been patient. Also pleased be assured of my appreciation of the threat to raise my wages. Hope it's effective May 1, as my rent goes up fifteen points.

Reminds me of the old days when I gambled in mining stocks and the broker kept calling for more margins. One spring,—I think it was '08—I won enough to buy a lot in a swell residential section. It's different now. In the last few months I have been separated from enough change, via the landlord route, to buy a lot with some rooms upstairs, but the landlord retains the deed to the place. I'm in luck if I get the cancelled checks back.

There are times Luke, when I doubt your claim of being 100 proof Scotch. Don't know where the Spanish Main was, but could believe, with a minimum of persuasion, that one of those old-time, rum-guzzling pirates, if sufficiently mellowed with that famed West Indies product, answered to the name of Grant. Otherwise, how come that you are so proficient in Spanish athletics? For a native-born Scot in prohibition territory, you are mighty prodigal with your encomiums in suggesting that as a contributor of merit, I am there. I really don't deserve all the kind words you said of me in last month's issue. I'm not altogether to blame for it—it's a gift, just like freckles or big ears, or whatever is wrong with you.

That Spanish Main idea reminds me of Brother Peebles. After mailing my last letter I received my own copy of the BULLETIN, reading his Christmas stuff again. I wondered if some other good Scot had gone wrong away back in history and called himself Captain Kidd for short. Or maybe Mr. Peebles merely developed his kidding ways, instead of inheriting them.

Admiral Kato is an entirely different kind of sea-dog from those I mention. Differs from the ancient type in that he isn't at sea ashore. When interviewed recently on his return home from the Washington conference, he was shocked at the brevity of women's skirts in America. He seems to have forgotten already that it was an "arms" conference. Never did think those Japs took the thing seriously. I'd give a dime to hear what the European delegates thought of "Dry

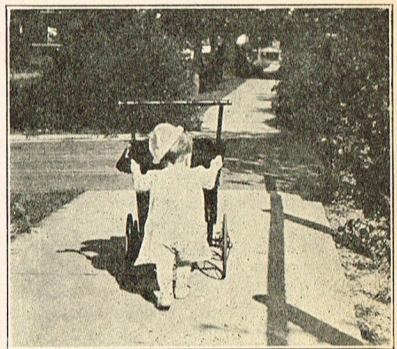
America." At that, we are as well off as Europe, we don't drink and they don't eat.

Now that the conference is over, wonder what Harding will think of next to keep his mind off the fall elections? It's tough to be President. I'd rather pay rent and be a free American. This selling game is the life,—we don't take orders from any one. Harding has to hunt up another postmaster soon. Hays has gone to other fields. Some one else is taking a Fall out of the cabinet and the soldiers insist on slicing A. Mellon. So it's little wonder if his thoughts are of somber Hughes for the next few Weeks. Yes, being President is as tough as a night in jail.

I stayed at the office tonight to work and this is the result. How can I look my wife in the eye and tell her I stayed down for business reasons, with Washington's birthday just rounding the corner? I did try to dope out how much Uncle Sam owed me for all the time I was figuring the income tax blank. It isn't much, either way. Guess I'll call it a draw and go home.

Yours,
Loophound.

We had another short note from Loophound, with a snapshot of Loophound, Jr., enclosed. He says if it is a pet subject with the BULLETIN to print pictures of contributors' babies, we might label his "The Bulletin's Last Baby" as a hint to discourage



LOOPHOUND III

other fond parents. We labeled Mrs. Clark's baby the "First Bul-

letin Baby" or something like that. Well, this one appears to be older than Mrs. Clark's baby and probably should have had the honor. From the way he wears that hat of his, we should say that he probably will be as good a correspondent as his father, if given a little time. Guess we must name him Loophound III, seeing that we have a Philadelphia Junior, although the latter has remained silent so long that we are considering demoting him.

Another correspondent who seems to enjoy the BULLETIN writes from Canton, Ohio, as follows:

Our mutual friend, William G. Miller, is sitting here in the office with me and we were just talking about you and your wonderful BULLETIN. Last Saturday night January 28, we had a Scottish banquet and we wished that you could have been with us. Mr. Miller gave one of the greatest addresses I have ever heard and prominent judges of the country who were there, said his address was inspired by a higher power. His talk was on the life of Burns.

Now I wrote a little poem for the occasion, which I am not asking you to use in the BULLETIN, but which I thought you might like to read. I never knew a great deal about Robert Burns until about a year ago, when Mr. Miller began to call my attention to his great character. I had read of Burns somewhat in my school work, but never studied this great man. During the past year I have read his poems a great deal and what I have learned is quoted in my little poem.

With kind regards and hoping this year may be a great one for you, I am

Your friend,
Joseph M. Markley.

Readers of the BULLETIN have read one or two of Mr. Markley's letters in previous issues and know that he is the Canton manager of the R. G. Dun Mercantile Agency, but they may not know that he is a poet. Although it is some six weeks since Burns' anniversary, we are going to give space to Mr. Markley's tribute to the poet, which is all

the stronger from the fact that Mr. Markley is not a Scot as far as we know.

Here is his poem:

TRIBUTE TO ROBERT BURNS

I'm glad to be a Scot tonight,
And be with friends like you;
Who ever strive to do the right,
And help their brothers too.

And for the land across the sea,
That land from which we came;
We hope that we may ever be,
Full worthy of its name.

Or people anywhere;
For not a people o'er the sea,
Have more just reason proud to be,
Than those of Scotland fair.

It was the home of Robert Burns,
An honest man and brave;
Who in his poems ever spurns,
The hypocrite and knave.

Poor Robert Burns of humble birth,
Whose name will never die;
Brought poems down from God to earth,
That we are guided by.

A friend was he to all the poor,
Of man or beast or flower;
He wrote to smooth life's pathway o'er,
Feared not, nor cared for power.

He scorned the proud aristocrat,
Preached brotherhood of man;
Said "Man's a Man for A' That"
Regardless of his clan.

He never wrought for wealth or fame,
But friendship, love and truth;
He left an everlasting name,
Like Jesus died in youth.

Though poor he was, and poor he left,
The world far richer be;
Now in the Rock of Ages cleft,
His soul with God is free.

Joseph M. Markley.

After reading that third verse, we are inclined to think that Mr. Markley must be a Scot, or have some of the blood in him. Dr. Watson, better known as Ian MacLaren, author of "The Bonnie Brier Bush," once said that the principal prayer of the Scots was "Lord, aye gie us a guid conceit o' oorsels," and he added, naively, that the prayer seems to have been answered.

Sometime in the dim and distant past we have a faint recollection of receiving a letter from a Glencoe traveling man, but we are not sure about it. Well, if this is his first, we hasten to extend him a welcome into the Family and hope he will take off his coat and stay a while. He writes:

Just finished your "F. R. C. lend me your ears" editorial. More power to ye. Attached clipping from a Newark, Ohio, paper is in the nature of a suggestion which I think would appeal to all your patrons. (The clipping referred to tells of an interurban railroad company which has placed a card bearing the name of the conductor and motorman in a conspicuous place at each end of the car.) The class of men operating North Shore trains deserve some such public recognition and although they probably are all so modest as to object to anything of this kind, the once-in-a-while regulars would appreciate it, I am sure. "Gadders" especially are prone to get acquainted wherever possible, at least my wife says so every time she threatens me with divorce and custody of the ten.

I wonder if you ever thought of the heaps of praise cast upon the operating end of your line and how little upon the maintenance end. How about the fellow walking the track, rain, snow, fair or cloudy? How about the section gang with the pick and shovel and tamp, taking each little bump out of our ride, so that we can knock along at 70 per in fine comfort?

That reminds me—how come that extra fine stretch of two or three miles on the southbound between Racine and Milwaukee? Left Milwaukee at 9:00 P. M. a few days ago and noticed the new steel as soon as we hit it.

Glencoe Gadder.

Well, Mr. Gadder, the North Shore Line does consider the welfare of the section gangs. If you don't think so, ask any of the section men. The BULLETIN also has paid its tribute of respect to these men who keep the tracks in such good condition.

As to that new rail up at the Milwaukee end, that is just one

of the things that the road is doing to make travel more comfortable. The old light rail was replaced by a heavy steel rail and more of it will be replaced as fast as conditions permit.

We have had several letters from our Plymouth correspondent, Mr. Peebles, who is always "on the job," rain or shine. He seems to keep busy in other fields, too, for we received a copy of the Plymouth Reporter, containing a fish story of Mr. Peebles' that would be a credit to Loop-hound himself in his most imaginative moments. It seems that a friends of Mr. Peebles—or was it himself—went fishing in one of the lakes for which that part of Wisconsin is noted. The fisherman hooked a large pickerel and had quite a tussle with him, in which the pickerel had the better of it, as he got away. During the tussle the fisherman dropped a \$10 gold piece through a hole in his pocket, and it fell over the edge of the boat into the clear water. The pickerel grabbed it and escaped. About a year later the same fisherman hooked a pickerel near the same spot and recognized him as his former antagonist. In spite of the jeers of his companions he rowed to the edge of the lake and, with the aid of a pocket knife, performed a surgical operation on the pickerel. He recovered his \$10 gold piece and in addition silver and copper coins to the value of 67 cents, the legal rate of interest in Wisconsin for the time the \$10 had been on deposit.

It sounds truthful, and if there is anything in the Darwinian theory, that pickerel probably was preparing to qualify for a Scotch banker in a few million years.