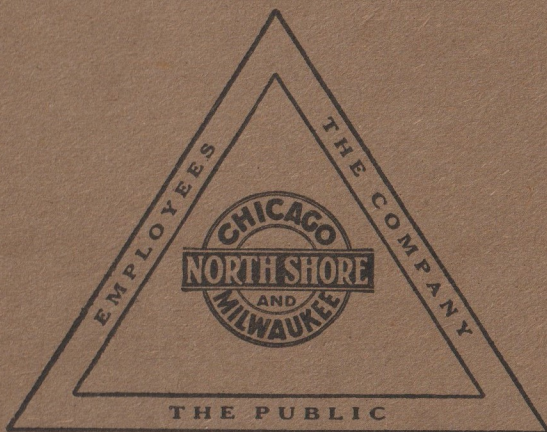


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THE NORTH SHORE BULLETIN

DECEMBER, 1922



"The Road of Service"

Chicago Grand Opera

ONLY a few weeks until the Grand Opera season closes. Take advantage of the opportunity offered you now by the

NORTH SHORE LINE

Which runs a Grand Opera Special from Milwaukee to the doors of the Auditorium Theatre in Chicago every Thursday evening.

An excellent dinner is served in the dining car of the Grand Opera Special on the way to the opera and a light supper on the return trip.

Following is the schedule of the Grand Opera Special:

Lv. Milwaukee.....	5.25 P. M.	Lv. Highland.....	6:43 P. M.
" Racine.....	5:54 " "	" Highland Park.....	6:46 " "
" Kenosha.....	6:06 " "	" Glencoe.....	6:51 " "
" Zion.....	6:16 " "	" Hubbard Woods.....	6:54 " "
" Waukegan.....	6:24 " "	" Winnetka.....	6:56 " "
" No. Chicago.....	6:29 " "	" Kenilworth.....	6:58 " "
" Naval Station.....	6:30 " "	" Wilmette Ave.....	7:00 " "
" Lake Bluff.....	6:34 " "	" Linden Ave.....	7:05 " "
" Lake Forest.....	6:37 " "	Ar. Congress & Wabash.....	7:50 " "
" Ft. Sheridan.....	6:42 " "		

Spend a few evenings during the holiday season at the Grand Opera.


The North Shore Bulletin

*Issued Monthly by
Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee Railroad*

LUKE GRANT, Editor

Room 1105 Edison Building

Vol. VI Chicago, December, 1922

 28 No. 2

Editorial Comment

JUST to show that our heart is in the right place, the BULLETIN wishes all its readers a real Merry Christmas and a New Year filled with happiness.

* * *

WE wish you that in the real Christmas spirit, or as near to that as we can come, if you know what we mean. There is so much difference between "observing" Christmas, which everyone does, and "keeping" it, which only those able to catch something of the spirit of the season can do.

* * *

ALL of us are so apt to magnify the things we do for others and to minimize what others do for us. This is a season to try to get things in their correct proportions; to think less of what the world owes us, and more of what we owe the world. It is a season in which we should concern ourselves less about what we are getting out of life and more about what we are putting into life. After all that is what it amounts to. This old world of ours is just what we make it. If we put a little happiness and sunshine into it, we are pretty sure to get it back in full measure. If we are all the time concerned only in what we can get out of it, it serves us right if we don't get very much.

* * *

IN these modern days it seems harder to catch something of the Christmas spirit, at least from the outside. The setting is so different. Somehow we associate Christmas with crackling logs, blazing in big, open fireplaces in which we see pictures, as the smoke curls upward. The old Christmas is gone. Instead of the crackling logs we have all kinds of modern contraptions, which give us more warmth, are much cleaner and more convenient, but still quite different. Instead of merry sleigh-bells tinkling in the frosty air, we hear the honk of

the automobile, or the gong of the electric car. Instead of the jolly peal of laughter from the young folks in the old sleigh as it passes, we hear remarks from the driver of the automobile, which almost runs us down, and, generally speaking, there isn't much of the Christmas spirit in the said remarks. If there is a moon shining overhead we never see it in the blaze of electric lights which turn night into day. We have gained a lot in comfort and convenience and lost a lot in sentiment. Sometimes we are inclined to wish a wee bit for the old order.

* * *

WE wouldn't wish, of course, to go back to the old order and stay there. We enjoy modern comforts too much for that. We have just been reading some of the arguments used down in New England about a hundred years ago, against the introduction of gas for street lighting. It would appear that the newspapers in those days were much the same as most of them are today. At least they were strongly opposed to having streets lighted at night. They said it was interfering with the divine scheme of things, which ordained that it should be dark at night. They said the lighted streets would keep people out late, and that they would catch colds and injure their health. They insisted that fear of darkness would vanish and that drunkenness and depravity would increase. Oh, they used lots of funny arguments, that horses would be frightened and that thieves would be emboldened. And that was only a hundred years ago. Nowadays we are all pretty much agreed that night illumination doesn't frighten anyone except thieves. And if a city had to depend on gas for street illumination today there would be an awful howl from the citizens.

* * *

MOST of us will agree that the passing of the old order of things has been beneficial in a materialistic way. Sometimes we wonder, though, if that can be said of the passing of the old myths, which helped the old-fashioned Christmas spirit. We are all so enlightened today, so educated you know, that belief in a Santa Claus disappears about the stage where intelligible speech begins. We think it might be a good thing if it lasted a little longer. Other myths, too, as well as Santa Claus. We recall very distinctly how some unfeeling iconoclast upset one of our childish myths and how pained we felt about it. In our early school days we fairly reveled in reading history, or at least such high spots as appeared in our school books. Almost nightly there was a battle to drive us to bed from our corner by the open fireplace, under a kerosene lamp, where we read of the heroic exploits of Wallace and Bruce and thrilled with delight. The myth of which we speak, however, had to do with the relief of Lucknow during the war of the rebellion in India. We must tell you of it, it will only take a minute.

WE haven't any reference book handy and must trust to memory. The garrison at Lucknow was almost famished and about to surrender. Relief was marching toward the beleagured city, but the garrison did not know it. When hope was almost abandoned and the starving garrison was about to surrender, a Scottish girl—we can't recall her name other than Jessie—ran through the garrison, her eyes wild and her hair disheveled—it probably was red hair at that—shouting "The Highlanders are coming. Dinna ye hear their slogan?" The action of the delirious girl put new heart in the garrison, which held on until the Highlanders actually arrived and relieved it. Now it was a pretty story, whether actually true or not. We believed it firmly and thrilled in every fiber as we read it. It was some years later, when we began to look closer for facts, that we read where some iconoclast had demonstrated by cool calculation that it would have been a physical impossibility for that girl to have heard the bagpipes of the Highlanders at the time she was said to have done so. It was true that the Highlanders were marching toward Lucknow, it was true also that it was a forced march and that the pipers were playing to cheer the tired soldiers on, but the iconoclast said they were too far away for our heroine to have heard them. Our favorite myth was dashed to the ground and it hurt. Why mightn't we have been let alone in our belief? What right had that cool, calculating scientist to measure the distance, study the condition of the atmosphere and calculate how far sound would carry, just to upset our favorite myth? Aren't there some things in heaven and earth not dreamed of in our philosophy? Maybe that girl did hear the bagpipes, and, anyway, if she didn't, we like to think that she did.

* * *

SO it is with other myths. We recall as a youngster how we almost, maybe actually, shed tears, in spirit at least, at the monument of Beth Gelert, Llewellyn's famous dog. You, of course, know the story. Gelert was the favorite hound in the kennels. He didn't join the hunt that day and was missed by his master. When the latter returned he found his favorite dog all smeared with blood and could not find his child. He thought the dog had killed his boy and plunged his sword into the dog's side. The child awoke and Llewellyn discovered the mangled remains of a wolf. The dog had killed the wolf to save the child. Llewellyn then very foolishly cried over his rash deed and later erected a monument in memory of Gelert. Maybe it was the same iconoclast, but anyway, we recall reading that there was no monument, that no Beth Gelert ever lived and that it was just a figment of the poet's brain. That hurt, too, although not nearly as much as the other myth we have spoken of. But Gelert was a very real dog to us in those days. And we got some good from reading it, too. It showed how we should control our temper and not jump too hastily

at conclusions. So we sometimes feel that in this age of materialism our harmless myths are destroyed all too soon. We would like even today to believe in a Santa Claus. We love his whiskers, even if they are wool, and the cause of frequent fires. Let him stay with us as long as he will.

* * *

IT wasn't the mythical saint with his long gray whiskers and his numerous family, scattered all over the civilized world, that we meant to write about when we sat down. What we really had in mind to tell you about was the North Shore Line Santa Claus. He hasn't any whiskers and he doesn't confine his giving to the Christmas season. He thinks about the North Shore Family 365 days in the year and is all the time doing something to add to their comforts and their enjoyment of life. He is going to keep it up, too, and has a whole lot of things up his sleeve to be given the Family in the coming year. In fact his pack is fairly bulging with presents, which he will begin delivering next month. He has them hidden away in a closet now, and we haven't even had a peep at them. But we know what they are and later on we'll tip it off to you. Before doing that, however, we'll tell you some of the things he has given the Family during the year. It has cost our Santa Claus quite a lot of money, were we going to measure it in dollars and cents, but haven't we just been complaining that this world is growing too materialistic?

* * *

NOW let us see what the North Shore Santa Claus has given the Family in the last year. One of the most attractive and noticeable presents, although by no means the most costly, is the new station at Kenosha. It is a thing of beauty, and if not a joy forever, it will continue to be a joy for a good while. The people of Kenosha are greatly pleased with it, and, after all, that is the important thing. They appreciate it and feel very friendly toward our particular Santa Claus for the gift. He had to dig up about \$75,000 for that present, but he doesn't complain of costs in selecting useful gifts for the Family. Then he dropped a neat little station out of his pack at Indian Hill, Winnetka, not as large nor as expensive as the Kenosha one, but still a thing of beauty and large enough to meet all the requirements of the Family in that neighborhood. That little station cost him about \$3,000 and is worth it. He did more than that in the station line, which may not be so noticeable to the Family. He built extensions to the Merchandise Despatch stations at Kenosha and Racine, doubling their capacity and built new ones at the stockyards and at Woodlawn in Chicago. He built also a new one for downtown Chicago at Austin and Wells, and he acquired land in the block at Sixth and Sycamore streets in Milwaukee for another Merchandise Despatch station, which he intends to drop there in a short time.

OUR Santa Claus, while concerned chiefly in doing things to improve service for his Family, has an artistic sense, and while not delivering presents, he spent his time last summer in beautifying the old stations. You may have noticed that every station from Evanston to Waukegan took on a new appearance, after being treated to a few coats of paint. And for the same distance, new crossings of plank and asphalt were put in, although they don't improve the railroad roadbed. You see our Santa isn't selfish, so he makes it easier for those who run around in automobiles to get across his tracks. It makes it safer, too, and that is one thing in which our Santa Claus is very much interested. He has done lots of safety work during the year, putting in derails at all sidings to make still safer the safest high-speed electric railroad in the country. We might tell you a lot more about this safety work, and the interest which the employes, the immediate members of the Family, take in it, but we must hurry along to keep pace with Santa Claus, as our particular one is a fast traveler.

* * *

WHAT has our Santa Claus done in the last year in the way of improving the roadbed? From his big pack he dropped 7 miles of new rails, 100 pounds to the yard, and so much stone ballast that if we gave it to you in cubic yards the figures would make you dizzy. Anyway, about 20 miles of track were ballasted with stone during the year and more will be done in the coming year. The North Shore Line is now stone-ballasted all the way to Milwaukee, except for about 25 miles of single track and that will be done inside of two years. Of course, it takes time, also money, to do those things, which, though they may not strike the eye of the traveler, are felt by him in the ease in which he rides. It might interest you to know that our Santa Claus spent almost \$1,000,000 in rehabilitating the roadbed in the last year. The Family gets the benefit in increased comfort. There is nothing more important than a roadbed, and our Santa knows that and gives it a lot of attention. Of course, it is necessary to have power to send the cars over the smooth roadbed, so for good measure our Santa dropped from his pack a new automatic substation at College avenue, making the seventh one of this type on the line.

* * *

SPEAKING about roadbed, it might be said that our Santa has relocated a highway in Highland Park to give him more room for his railroad tracks, built retaining walls and fills and made other big improvements. The Family thus far has not benefited by this particular work, but it will later on and our Santa Claus is always looking ahead. Although he has been in the business of dealing out useful gifts for some years, he never looks backward. Always forward, which is a good thing for the Family, as they can always look forward, too, and feel that they will not be disappointed. Our Santa

doesn't overlook his immediate Family, either, and gives them some things that the members of the larger Family are not particularly interested in, as, for instance, a new room for trainmen at Highwood, a trained nurse to visit sick employes and their families and an educational director to help those who need instruction in our language and customs. Our Santa Claus wants all his family to be an American Family, and he helps them in that direction. He has done a lot of work in Americanization during the year and means to keep on doing it.

* * *

NOW let us look at some of the equipment which our North Shore Santa Claus has left with the Family during the year. To begin with, there is the bus line between Kenosha and Lake Geneva. It was a little late in the season before Santa made that gift, but that wasn't altogether his own fault. He really intended to have the bus line begin at Waukegan, go north through Zion and Winthrop Harbor to Kenosha, thence west to Lake Geneva. But sometimes even a Santa Claus can't hand out gifts in the way he wishes to do, so, while he is waiting for permission to give that bus line to the people, he did the best he could and started one end of it from Kenosha to Lake Geneva. The people appreciated the gift, too, and made good use of it from the start. It hasn't paid expenses, of course, but it has given the Family a service they needed, and that is something. And while we are on the subject of busses—we don't know why that extra "s" should be in there, but Webster says it is right—we might tell you that next summer our Santa Claus intends to run a line from Waukegan to Woodstock, McHenry, Gray's Lake and that territory. All the towns are for it and have passed ordinances welcoming the service, so it is possible that the authority will be granted and the line started in spring. That is anticipating what Santa Claus has up his sleeve for the Family in the coming year, but that seems the logical place to tell about it.

* * *

STILL sticking to the subject of equipment, we might say for the benefit of members of the Family who are shippers, that our Santa Claus dropped 15 new Merchandise Despatch cars from his pack during the year, and that they are all in service, helping shippers with their transportation problems. By the end of the present month, he will drop 12 new Safety Cars in the city of Milwaukee, for use of the city lines, 2 light interurban cars for the Libertyville Branch and one Line Car to keep the road in ship-shape. But the big surprise is what he expects to do next month, when the holiday rush is over. It is one of the surprises that we said was hidden away in the closet. He is going to give the Family 10 new steel passenger cars, two of which will be "Observation Cars," the first of that kind to appear on the North Shore Line. One will be a dining car and all are to be deliv-

ered in January, unless something unforeseen happens. The Observation Cars will be dandies; well, all we need say about them in advance is that they will be fully up to North Shore standards. The Family knows that nothing more than that need be said. The new lot of cars is going to set our Santa Claus back about \$700,000, but, as we have said, it is the comfort and convenience of the Family which concerns him most. He worries less about the cost, although he hasn't so very much money, at that, and sees to it that what he has is economically spent.

* * *

WE were going to tell you that in the last year our Santa Claus had extended his route at the south end to Woodlawn and given the people of that section of Chicago a practical and useful present, in the way of a splendid and convenient through service. In fact, he was more liberal in that respect than circumstances warrant. He gave the people more service than they needed, but, as we have said, our Santa always looks ahead, and the territory is growing. We cannot at the moment think of any other big thing that has been done in the last year for the convenience of the Family, but it was our intention to touch only a few of the high spots anyway. To tell you all the things that our North Shore Santa Claus does for the Family in a year would fill a volume and would be too much for one month. But we'll tell you more from time to time, when we haven't any pressing world problems on our hands to settle. There is, of course, one important thing that we haven't mentioned, largely on account of our well-known modesty about such matters. That is the BULLETIN. You have had that thrown in with all the other good things during the year. It's going to continue, too, as far as we can see and we hope its readers will continue to show the same interest in it that they have in the past. On second thought it isn't necessary to express any such hope. We know perfectly well that they will continue to show interest, because we get fresh proofs of it every month.

* * *

WE can't wind up this rather lengthy discourse without putting on a sort of finishing touch and telling you of one of the very biggest things that our Santa Claus has in store for the Family in the coming year. We can't say that this particular present is hidden away in a closet, because any member of the Family may peep through the fence at the corner of Wilson and Broadway in Chicago and see it. At least he can see the preparations being made for it, although the present itself exists only in the mind of Mr. Gerber, the architect. But the picture now in the architect's mind will, within the next three months, grow into the finest station on the North Shore Line. Just watch it grow and see how Mr. Gerber's dream takes definite form. We might tell you about its size and about the great convenience it

will be to members of the North Shore Family, who use the Wilson Station, and their number is large and growing, but you will soon see it. As you know, Wilson and Broadway is really the heart of the great North Side of Chicago. It is the heart of some of the finest stores and best hotels in the city. It is a place that you should know, if you don't know it now, and the new North Shore Station will be in keeping with the importance of the location. So, after all, the prosaic facts we have been relating, we'll wind up with the same sentiment we began, and, in the words of "Tiny Tim," we'll say, "God bless us, every one."

FIRST AID DRILL TEAM

A First Aid team has been organized on the North Shore Line by Dr. Hart E. Fisher, chief surgeon, which promises soon to give the famous Chicago Elevated First Aid Drill Team a run for its money in competitive drills.

The team is composed of 20 men, who are now being given a thorough course in first aid work and who are expected to graduate soon. The men are trained in the Schaefer prone method of resuscitation in case of electrical shock, how to dress a wound, bind a fracture and other emergency measures, so as to render prompt aid to a fellow workman.

Dr. Fisher organized a similar team on the Chicago Elevated Railroads and in two or three instances a member of the team has by his training been instrumental in saving life.

HAS NOW TWO DIVISIONS

The North Shore Line has been divided into two divisions, known as the Milwaukee and Chicago divisions. The Milwaukee Division begins at North Chicago and is under the general supervision of William H. Burke. George Merri-man, who was superintendent of the Milwaukee city lines, is transferred to Racine, where he will have charge of merchandise dispatch business.

"Why does Jim always drink before going to bed?"

"So he can sleep tight."

VISIT THE TRIANON

The most beautiful ballroom in America, many say in the world, recently was opened at Cottage Grove avenue and Sixty-second street, Chicago. It is known as the Trianon, and in beauty of design, color and furnishings it equals the famous Trianon, built many years ago in France for Louis XIV, who is known in history as the past master in elegance.

The dancing floor in this palace of beauty will easily accommodate 1,500 couples, giving them plenty of room to dance without crowding. It is open every evening in the week except Monday, and also on Sunday afternoons.

The Trianon is close to the Cottage Grove station of the North Shore Line, and residents of suburban cities along the North Shore who enjoy an evening's dancing amidst refined surroundings will find it everything to their heart's desire.

We need not tell them, of course, that the North Shore Line is the way to get there. No change of cars is necessary, as trains will land you within a short block of this wonderful palace of delights.

First Professor (in high-powered motor car)—We've got it at last.

Second Professor—G-got w-what?

First Professor—Perpetual motion—I can't stop.

Among Chicago's Famous Uptown Hotels

THE SHERIDAN PLAZA

TOWERING over its neighbors Sheridan Plaza Hotel strikes in majestic grandeur, the the visitor entering Chicago over



Sheridan Plaza Hotel, Wilson and Sheridan Road, Chicago

the North Shore Line, as one of the city's most imposing and inviting hostelryes.

Situated on the corner of Sheridan Road and Wilson Avenue, in the heart of what is now known as Uptown Chicago, the Sheridan Plaza offers the traveler from the north all the comforts and conveniences he can find in any down-

such guests, while a luncheon served from 12 to 2 o'clock, with music, for 75 cents, is an added attraction.

The exterior of the Sheridan Plaza is strikingly picturesque, the color scheme and ornamental roof lines making it a conspicuous landmark in a section which in recent years has seen the most remark-



Grand Lobby, Sheridan Plaza Hotel

town hotel, free from the noise and traffic congestion characteristic of the "Loop."

The Sheridan Plaza is one of Chicago's newest and most up-to-date hotels, and while 75 per cent of its guests are permanent, it has ample accommodations for transients who may have occasion to spend only a day or two in the city. In fact a good share of its present business comes from those who spend only a day in the city, shopping in some of the big fashionable stores in that locality. Special low rates are made for

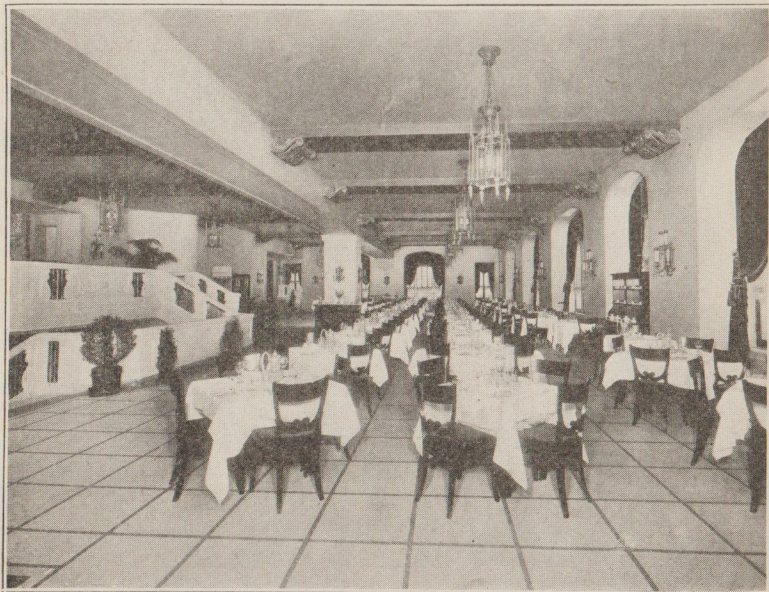
able development of any part of Chicago. The hotel contains 500 rooms, every room with bath, all outside and only two blocks from Lake Michigan.

The grand lobby of the hotel, which is entered through a wide foyer from Sheridan Road, is a beautiful room with vaulted ceiling thirty-three feet high and imposing architectural lines. It is richly furnished, the furniture, supplied by Marshall Field and Company, being in the renaissance and early English seventeenth century style.

A popular feature of the Sheridan Plaza, which is in the nature of an innovation in hotels of that character, is the Narcissus Self Service Grill on the main floor with entrance from Wilson Avenue. It is known as a cafeteria de luxe, and its popularity is attested in the fact that more than 60,000 meals are served in it every

charge being \$1. One of the best dance orchestras in the city has been procured and a special appeal is being made to young people along the north shore suburbs to dance amidst the most pleasant surroundings on the North Side.

The Sheridan Plaza is popular with residents in the vicinity because of the table de hote din-



Main Dining Room, Sheridan Plaza Hotel

month. It seats 200 persons and is the most popular room in this popular hotel.

The mezzanine floor is especially popular with women's clubs, sororities, and meetings of that nature. Three-fourths of the floor space is devoted to public rooms, including the main dining room, the banquet room, the ballroom, which is 40 by 80 feet and the orangerie, or palm room, 35 by 100 feet, adjoining the ballroom.

Arrangements recently were made by the management for special Saturday evening dances from 10 o'clock until 2 o'clock, the cover

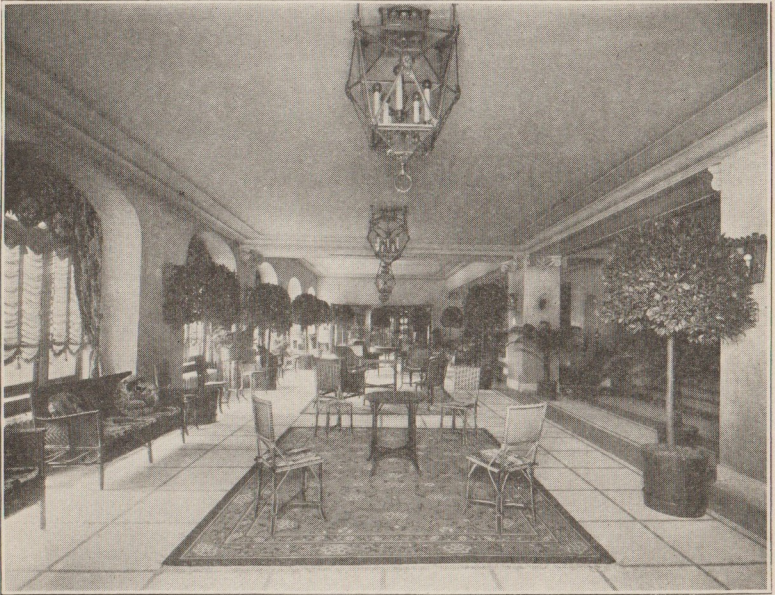
ners served from 5:30 to 8:30 every evening for \$1.25, no cover charge being made.

Although this hotel has been in operation about eighteen months, there are many travelers on the North Shore Line who are yet unacquainted with the advantages it has to offer. It is for their special benefit that this is being written, to call their attention to a hotel whose prices are very reasonable and whose facilities are not excelled by any hotel in Chicago.

The North Shore Line is now building a fine new station at Wil-

son Avenue, in conjunction with the Northwestern Elevated Railroad Company. It is hoped that the new station will be opened to the public early in the spring. It will provide travelers with comforts and conveniences which the present inadequate station does not afford. The Sheridan Plaza Hotel is only two blocks from the

a realtor in that section nearly all his life. He has seen the district grow from a few straggling houses only twenty years ago, to the greatest residential section of the city. Twenty years ago Mr. Trankle offered for sale the northwest corner of Wilson and Broadway for \$20,000. The same corner today is worth \$800,000 and is



Orangerie, or Palm Room, Sheridan Plaza Hotel

new station and it will have "red caps" on hand with the arrival of every train to assist passengers with baggage, or render them any service which they may require.

Wilson Avenue and Broadway is becoming to Chicago what Forty-second and Broadway is to New York. No other section of the city has seen such a wonderful development and such an increase in real estate values in a few years.

W. C. D. Trankle, president of the Sheridan Plaza Hotel Company, who also built the North Shore Hotel in Evanston, has been

not for sale even at that price. Stores in that neighborhood which twenty years ago could be rented with difficulty for \$25 a month, are now eagerly sought at \$500 a month. Land values have advanced from \$55 a front foot twenty years ago, to \$4,000 a front foot today. Only twenty years ago Mr. Trankle offered the southwest corner of Wilson and Sheridan Road for \$11,000 and recently it is reported that the owners refused \$750,000 for the same property.

The figures quoted give some idea of the development of this

district, the crowning point of which is the Sheridan Plaza Hotel, representing an investment of about \$4,000,000.

The new North Shore station will be in keeping with the surroundings. It will have all the conveniences of a modern railroad station, with restrooms for women, smoking rooms for men and everything calculated to make it a popular meeting place for travelers and their friends.



W. C. D. TRANKLE
President of The Sheridan Plaza
Hotel Company

The remarkable development of this district, which we have briefly outlined, is directly traceable to the building of the Northwestern Elevated, for it was with the opening of that line in 1900 that the real development began. The Elevated brought the district within 18 minutes ride of the Loop.

The North Shore Line now brings all the cities along the north shore, even up to Milwaukee, within easy reach of this

district. The stores in the neighborhood are equal to any in the city, and as we have pointed out the accommodations offered by the Sheridan Plaza Hotel cannot be excelled.

Why not get better acquainted with this district? Next time you have occasion to visit Chicago for a day or two, get off the North Shore train at Wilson and step over to the Sheridan Plaza Hotel. You will find its service equal to that given in any hotel in the country. Its luncheons and table d'hôte dinners cannot be beaten anywhere at the price. Its Saturday evening dances are especially attractive. It is within easy reach of some of the best motion picture theaters in the city. The Riviera is only two blocks north of Wilson on Broadway. The Pantheon is only a half block from the Sheridan Plaza. Both have orchestras which it is worth the price of admission to hear, even if no other entertainment was offered.

There are other reasons which we might give why you should stop and shop and visit in this section, but the best way to be convinced that it really is worth while is to give it a trial.

BEDS NOT NECESSARY

"Losh, me Laird, ye'll nae hae asket a' thae folks to stop the nicht," said the anxious housekeeper. "There isna beds for the half o' them."

"Hoots, woman," said the Laird, "dinna fash yersel'. Gie them plenty whuskey an' they'll find beds for themselves."

HAD HIS DOUBTS

"You're terribly severe in your religion, Donald. I suppose you think we're all going to perdition and that nobody will be saved except yourself and the minister."

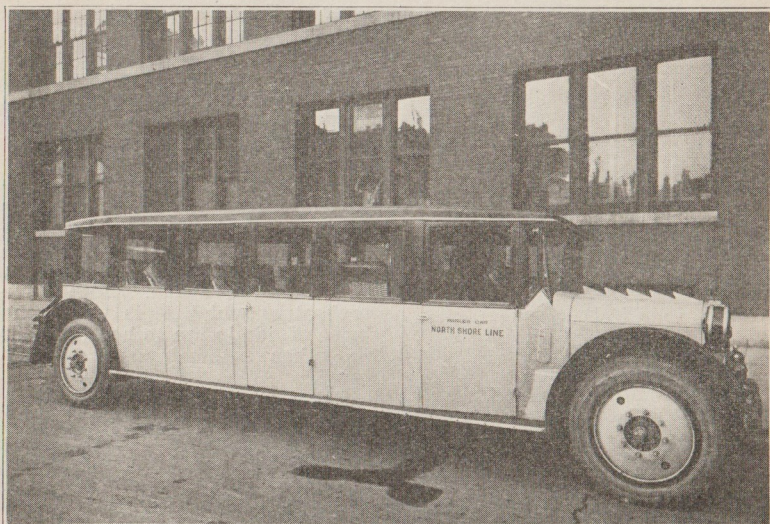
"I'm nae sae sure o' that," said Donald, thoughtfully. "Ye ken I whiles hae my doots aboot the minister."

NORTH SHORE LINE ACQUIRES PARLOR BUS

HAVE you seen the new style of parlor bus recently acquired by the North Shore Line? Well, it's a humdinger, if you know what we mean. You know the North Shore line never does things by halves. Whether it's a new station, a new car or

ter, but it suggests "luxury," and so does the parlor bus.

The picture we are printing of it gives only a faint idea of it. It doesn't show much of the inside, and, of course, it is inside the passengers ride. But the inside is simply wonderful. Large wicker armchairs, upholstered in leather, which can be adjusted to



New Type of Parlor Bus, North Shore Line

a new bus, it has to be the best that can be had.

This particular Fageol bus is the only one of its kind in this part of the country. It was developed and built in California. In fact, when it was brought east it was christened "Miss California." That name doesn't mean anything on the North Shore Line, so it may have to be rechristened. In that event we'd like to suggest that it be named "Miss Milwaukee," but the name isn't important, anyway.

The important thing is that it is the last word in "de luxe" bus construction. Maybe you don't understand that phrase, "deluxe." Well, neither do we, for that mat-

any angle should the passenger wish to recline, foot rests and everything. And comfortable! Well, you never rode in anything to beat it. The finest limousine has nothing on this bus in the way of ease. In fact, we don't think a limousine is half as comfortable.

Of course, we may not be entirely impartial in the matter. Anything connected with the North Shore Line looks mighty good to us, but in this case we speak with some degree of authority. We took a weekend trip on the new bus recently, and we're not so easily pleased in matters of that kind either. But the parlor bus did more than

come up to expectations. It created something of a sensation everywhere we went. In Watseka, where we stopped for lunch, it seemed that everyone in the town left their work to look us over. In Danville the crowds followed the bus through the streets and asked questions about it. Being in the publicity business, of course we felt very much embarrassed over their curiosity. It was the same thing in Champaign and in Decatur. There were ten persons in the party, not including the driver, and just to give an idea of how fast the parlor bus travels, we might say that we did not leave Chicago until after 10 o'clock. We had lunch in Watseka, made extended stops in Danville, Champaign and Urbana and had dinner in Decatur. The bus will travel at 45 miles an hour without the slightest vibration to the passengers.

You remember when you read pirate stories about a "long, low, rakish craft"? Well, that describes the parlor bus. It is 26 feet 2 inches in length and has a wheel base of 218 inches. From the ground to the top of the roof it is only 6 feet 3 inches. The floor is only 20 inches from the ground. The weight of the car is 7,300 pounds and it will carry a full load of passengers on a gasoline consumption of 13 miles to a gallon, at a speed of 45 miles an hour.

It hasn't been definitely decided whether the parlor bus will be put into the Kenosha-Lake Geneva service, or kept for the use of private outing parties who might wish to charter it for a day or two. Anyway, there can be no question about its being the real article.

Cop: "Hey! Where are you going? Don't you know this is a one-way street?"

Driver: "Well, I'm only goin' one way, ain't I?"

UNIVERSITY LECTURE COURSE FOR NORTH SHORE EMPLOYEES

BELIEVING that the more employees know about the affairs of the corporation for which they work, the better service they will give the public, the North Shore Line has procured the services of Dean Ralph E. Heilman of the School of Commerce of the Northwestern University to give employees a course of ten lectures on the economics and business affairs of the company.

Dean Heilman is nationally known as an authority on public utilities, and being an educator, he knows how to impart his knowledge to others in a way that it will be understood. At the time this is being written he has given two of his lectures, the first one dealing with franchises and the second on the organization and financing of public utilities. He will give eight more during the winter months, the course covering every phase of public utility operation.

That the employees appreciate the opportunity to obtain a liberal education in economics, without any cost to them, was indicated by the large attendance at both lectures and the numerous questions asked of the speaker.

It is something in the way of a departure from the popular notion of corporations to have one anxious to have its employees know everything about its finances and operations. But that is the policy of the North Shore Line. It has nothing to conceal, either from its employees or its customers, as has frequently been said in the BULLETIN. That, as a matter of fact, applies to all public utility companies, because they are under public control and regulation. There is no secret about their methods of financing or about their earnings, but there is a great deal of misunderstanding on these points. The best

way to remove such misunderstanding is by giving all the facts, and that is the purpose of Dean Heilman in his lectures.

Dean Heilman's first lecture was on "Franchises," and he explained in detail the different kinds of franchises granted to railroads and other utilities, the conditions under which private property may be condemned for public use, the duration of franchises, some being for a limited number of years, some perpetual and some what are known as indeterminate. He said that from a public point of view he considered the indeterminate form of franchise the most satisfactory, as it really is a license for a company to operate as long as it renders satisfactory service, the municipality granting it reserving the right to cancel it at any time and acquire the property itself, upon paying the private company fair and just compensation.

The second lecture on the organization and financing of public utilities was even more interesting than the first. The lectures are so arranged that they follow in logical sequence. In building a railroad the first thing necessary is to acquire a right-of-way. The next step is to raise the necessary capital to build and equip the line. Dean Heilman explained that is done by forming a corporation, no individual or partnership being able to finance such a large undertaking. The corporation issues stocks of various kinds, preferred, common, and in recent years what is known as no par value stock. Stock is an evidence of part ownership. In addition to stock a corporation may issue bonds, notes, debentures and other evidences of indebtedness. Holders of bonds, notes, etc., are not part owners, merely occupying the position of persons who have loaned money to the corporation. Each kind of obligation was described in minute detail, Dean Heilman pointing out that

a corporation, instead of being the wicked thing which it sometimes is painted, is in reality the greatest of modern financial inventions, for without corporations modern business could not be carried on and the people could not enjoy the comforts they have today.

One point which Dean Heilman emphasized has frequently been pointed out in the BULLETIN; that is, that under the present system of government and state regulation it is impossible for a public utility corporation to pay dividends on excess capitalization, or what is popularly spoken of as "watered stock." All regulatory commissions base rates on the actual value of the property and the cost of the service, without regard to the outstanding capitalization of the operating company. That is a point which it is well to keep constantly in mind. So far as the public is concerned, it makes no difference whether a company is capitalized at a million or at a billion dollars, because under regulation it is allowed to charge rates sufficient to earn a fair return only on the actual, appraised value of the property being devoted to public use. Many electric railroads in recent years have not been permitted to earn any return on capital stock, which is the reason that more than 6,000 miles of electric lines throughout the country are now in the hands of receivers.

By the time that Dean Heilman finishes his course there will be no excuse for any employee of the North Shore Line not knowing all about the company's operations.

A tourist reports seeing the following police regulations posted up in Ireland:

"Until further notice every vehicle must carry a light when darkness begins. Darkness begins when the lights are lit."

NORTH SHORE EMPLOYEES DISPLAY MUSIC TALENT

"THE North Shore Follies," given by employees of the North Shore Line at the Majestic Theater in Waukegan, November 16-17, was a great success. The musical and dramatic abilities shown surprised the audiences which filled the theater both evenings.

As the dramatic critics of the two Waukegan newspapers wrote long reviews of the entertainment

of excellent violin solos, one of the best of which was his own composition. That boy certainly knows how to play a violin.

Another feature which made an exceptional hit was the comedy furnished by Conductor Al. Hoffman. Old readers of the BULLETIN will remember that Mr. Hoffman used to favor us with an occasional poem, but he hasn't been heard from in a long time. Well, he showed in the entertainment that he is quite a comedian,



Some Stars in North Shore Follies

at the time the performances were given, it is not necessary for the BULLETIN at this late date to make extended comment. The BULLETIN, however, wishes to congratulate all the men and women who were responsible for furnishing what was really an enjoyable entertainment.

"The North Shore Follies" was written and directed by E. T. Gurney of the Accounting Department, who played the leading part in a very creditable manner.

One of the pleasing surprises was the talent displayed by O. E. Foldvary, also of the Accounting Department, who gave a number

as well as a poet. We understand that he was drafted at the last moment for one of his stunts and had no time to rehearse. No one would have guessed that, however, from his acting. Of course, he used to be on the stage in a vaudeville circuit, so it was easy for him to create a part without much previous preparation.

The girls all did remarkably well, their singing being exceptionally good. The entertainment was given under the auspices of the recently organized North Shore Line Club and fully justified the existence of that organization.

COMMENDATIONS

THE popularity of the North Shore Line with traveling men is generally known. Probably half the letters we receive come from traveling salesmen, Loophound, Jim Ham, Sol Lasky, Jumbo and other well-known members of the BULLETIN Family, all being in that class.

We mention that merely to show that when traveling salesmen praise the North Shore Line "There's a Reason." They know what real service is much better than the person who takes an occasional trip, because they are in a position to make comparisons:

Here is one from Milwaukee which speaks for itself:

I have been consistently using the North Shore Line between Milwaukee and points south for the last two and a half years, so frequently that I guess I'm fully acquainted with every curve and grade. I have never made much comment about the service of your men and system, other than telling my own friends of its superiority. For the first time, I believe, I come to tell you that it is appreciated beyond the point where words can tell.

In using your fast trains I have been afforded extraordinary service by one waiter, who stands out as one of few in his craft. I asked your dining car conductor on my last trip who he was. The name—and I depend on memory—is Charles White. I have used many lines, including the Twentieth Century, where service stands as a standard, but I have never had the courteous attention from any waiter to match that of the Charles White of whom I speak.

Mrs. Klein had occasion to accompany me on two or three trips in the last two weeks. We used the diner three or four times. She has asked me to write you in reference to the splendid service your line gives to its patrons, and to make special mention of this waiter's wonderful work.

I say these things in the utmost sincerity.

Yours truly,
A. C. KLEIN.

We, too, have noticed that particular waiter. We know him only as "Charlie," but he's there

with the service, all right, and we're glad to know that his good work is appreciated by such an experienced traveler as Mr. Klein.

LIKES DINING CAR SERVICE

ANOTHER man who knows what dining car service means writes as follows:

Used your 12:21 train from Wilson avenue to Milwaukee and return Sunday and enjoyed one of the usual good meals on that train. I would like to know where to buy such a steak, I think I could make money selling them. As I told you before the linen and service was A-1, and I think a Santa Fe man knows something about dining car service.

The trip was delightful, some of the fall colors were still left. If your road continues on the courteous plan which was everywhere in evidence on the part of your employees, it cannot help but remain very popular.

There was a lady seated by my wife in the dining car, who said that she would not travel any other way and that she makes the trip every two weeks back and forth and prefers it on account of the cleanliness. I stood in the rear vestibule on the return trip and was tickled pink at the condition of the roadbed. Anything I can do to boost your line will surely be done.

WM. E. KOPPLIN.

PRAISES MERCHANDISE DESPATCH SERVICE

HERE is a letter from the division freight agent of the Jones & Laughlin Steel Company, commenting on the Merchandise Despatch service of the North Shore Line:

We have been using this service now for a considerable length of time and find that it is more dependable than express. Our shipments always arrive in Milwaukee ready for delivery the first thing the following morning. Yours very truly,

JONES & LAUGHLIN STEEL
COMPANY,

C. A. Bovee,
Division Freight Agent.

There are a great many manufacturers and shippers who are learning to appreciate the advantage of shipping goods over the North Shore Line. They get a reliable overnight service which

they cannot get from any other transportation agency.

AN OBLIGING TICKET AGENT

Miss M. Sartor, one of the North Shore ticket agents at Wilson avenue, is thanked and commended by a gentleman from Racine for the kindly assistance she rendered two young girls who had run away from their home in that

city and were without money to pay their fares home. On hearing their story, Miss Sartor paid their fares to Racine, and her kindness was greatly appreciated.

WORTH BELIEVING IN

"Do you really believe in heredity?"

"Most certainly I do. That is how I came into all my money!"

With the Bulletin Family

HAVING proved to our satisfaction that readers of the BULLETIN really miss it, we apologize for being a little late last month and promise to do better hereafter.

Were we looking for an alibi, we might find one, but what's the use? It came out within the month, at least it went in the mails before Thanksgiving. What happened after that we cannot say, but early in December the letters began coming in, asking what was the trouble. They came from Canton, Ohio, from Pittsburgh, Pa., from Plymouth, Wis., and other places, which shows we have a widespread circulation.

As we have told you before, we can be abused and laugh at it, but if we thought we were being ignored, it would pain us. There is no longer any doubt in our mind that the BULLETIN is being read and that the Family look forward to its arrival.

Our eastern correspondent Loophound seems to have got mad when he got home for Thanksgiving and did not find the BULLETIN awaiting him. It really should have been there by that date, but it seems it wasn't. He doesn't say much about it in his regular letter, which is intended for publication, but you should see the language he uses in a private postscript. It's sim-

ply shocking. The printable part of his letter is as follows:

Have just reached Pittsburgh in time for Thanksgiving and considering where I have been, I have much to be thankful for. I was away from these United States for a while—down in New York.

I suppose it is in order to chronicle reasons why this date should be continued in red figures on the calendar. Reason number one is that I'm not one of the 168,002 who are spending the day in jail—the last two are bootleggers who have been rounded up by prohibition officers to date. Incidentally I'm still peeved at that tribe. About all prohibition has done in this state is immeasurably to depreciate the quality of mince pie.

Another reason why Thanksgiving means something to me is that I don't have to cough up fifty bones for a new benny. The old one will stand the racket for another winter. Do you know there's something about an old overcoat that satisfies? You don't have to watch it every minute when you hang it up in Child's.

Since the November BULLETIN hasn't reached me and it's already the last of the month, I suppose the holiday season will be on us when the December issue arrives. Just so I'll be first here's wishing you and yours a Merry Christmas. Ours seems assured with what the missus has stored in a coca-cola barrel in the basement. She had the boy downtown to Toyland yesterday and he tells me he saw sixty Santa Clauses. The old saint must be as numerous as Thompson restaurants.

Coming home on the Cincinnati Limited a number of middle westerners were discussing the results of the recent election. One fellow, a Detroitier, asked a Chicago man

the meaning of the cluster of initials seen in the Chicago Trib.—W. G. N. Promptly the latter replied "We Got Newberry" and that started a guessing contest that lasted till we passed Altoona. When the Detrofter was finally told the real meaning—"World's Greatest Newspaper"—he snorted louder than the engine which had just hit the horseshoe curve. Of course he has never been in Chicago and doesn't appreciate Cook County humor.

Are you figuring on a Christmas tree this year, Luke? If you do hang an Eversharp on it for Kentuckian. It might be we could get him started again with those interesting letters. I met a mining man from his country recently and that reminded me of the BULLETIN Family's prodigal.

Please renew my subscription for 1923.

Yours,
LOOPHOUND.

If we thought an Eversharp would get Kentuckian started writing again, we would gladly hang one up, but we fear he is a hopeless case. Still, as far as we have noticed, the BULLETINS addressed to him have not been returned, so he probably is still alive and while there is life there is hope—and dope.

We have had two letters from Brother Miller of Canton, Ohio, one of which he says isn't intended for the BULLETIN. In fact, Brother Miller doesn't write any of his letters with the idea of their being printed, but as he invariably says some things that are worth while, we just naturally pass them on to the Family. There isn't a selfish bone in our head when it comes to handing out something that doesn't cost us anything.

The second letter from Mr. Miller came in just as we began writing this column, so we'll shoot it first. He says:

November is gone, taking Thanksgiving with it. We had no turkey on Thanksgiving but had lots of other stuff that served the purpose and was all right in that respect. But we received no BULLETIN for November. How was that? We could fill in without turkey, but could not find a substitute for the

BULLETIN. It was like losing a dear friend. All the readers who miss a copy will understand this.

Of course, on receipt of that letter we promptly mailed Mr. Miller a copy by first-class mail, as we couldn't resist such a touching appeal. His other letter came along in the middle of November and we meant to write him a note of condolence. He hasn't lost any member of his family, or anything like that, but he was induced to attend a lecture on his favorite poet, Burns, and we can just imagine how he felt. In fact, he rounded up a few other Burns admirers, or "Jolly Beggars," as he calls his club, and had them all attend, expecting to get a treat. He concedes that the speaker is a great orator, but the trouble seems to have been that he didn't know anything about his subject. Incidentally, we have noticed that is the way with lots of orators. But we must give you a few of Mr. Miller's comments on the speaker:

He described the cottage very nicely and said it was similar to many others he saw in the same country, being, not exactly a cottage but a row of houses, thatched, etc. The horses, cattle and other animals being kept in one end, the family living in the other end and it was there the poet was born. Then he explained that no doubt living so close to the animals would explain the great love and kindness and sympathy with animals that the poet showed in his writings. He said much along that line and it occurred to me that must be the reason why the Irish are so fond of the pig, being raised in the same house with it, and not as we have been led to believe to "pay the rint."

He said no woman with a good figure and pretty face was safe in Burns' company and the only girl he ever truly loved was Highland Mary. Had she lived and married him, she might have controlled him. He wound up by admitting that the poet was a great genius, but his life had been a failure.

How pleased I was when he got through. On leaving the church Mrs. Miller who accompanied me, asked me what I thought of the lecture. I told her that to ask me such a question showed she was more "hielan" than Highland and

that I wished I was on the North Shore Line traveling a mile a minute to Chicago to vent my feelings to Luke Grant, one who would understand.

I feel easier now after writing this, although there will be nothing in it for that wonderful BULLETIN, which on receiving I cannot lay down until I read it from cover to cover and note especially how that analytical mind of yours can handle the problems of the day.

Yours truly,

WM. G. MILLER.

Well, Mr. Miller, we just couldn't help printing the gist of that letter of yours. We can appreciate how you felt on hearing your favorite poet slandered by one who evidently never read his works. For a speaker, even if he was a minister, to say that a woman with a pretty face was not safe in the company of the man who wrote "The Cotter's Saturday Night" is nothing short of blasphemous. We're glad we weren't there, because we would have been too angry to go to sleep and would no doubt have walked out. We suppose from your letter that the theory of this wonderful lecturer is that the reason Burns wrote his poem to the daisy was because he was born on a farm. Millions have been born on farms, but only one wrote, or could have written, "Wee Modest Crimson Tipped Flower."

Well, never mind, Mr. Miller. There are some of us who know the real Burns, and our tribe is increasing as the years roll on.

Our Plymouth correspondent, Mr. Peebles, writes:

I thought this month's BULLETIN would come along today, but as it hasn't I'll take my pen in hand and send something along for the December issue. It was Shakespeare who asked "What's in a Name" and as far as I can see there really is nothing in it. We have names like Gold, and Money, and Welloff, and Amrich, and still the owners of such cognomens may be as poor as a church mouse. There is a Mrs. Bonnett in Columbus, Wis., who is a milliner, but I don't know that her name helps her business, while Hole & Mende repair leaky roofs in Mancelona, Mich.

Then there is Strong & Manly who run a hardware store in Eagle River, Wis., while Green & White sell paint in Cincinnati.

I am a great fellow to remember funny names and might tell you some of the queer matches that I have known personally and attended some of the weddings. You have no doubt heard of William Good of Wilmette, who married Miss Evil of the same village and when asking the question used the words, "Evil be thou my Good." Then there is a fellow in Chicago named Bridge, who married a fair girl named Buttress, and a Robert Wanting who married Mary Ribb. There is A. Pound whose mate was Nellie Shilling and Mr. Penny who married Alice Gold. It is rather amusing to find George Herring swim away with Maggie Spratt, and Henry Seal with Mary Salmon. That Archibald Hawke should carry off Elsie Sparrow is natural, as also that L. Dogg should secure Annie Sheepshank, but a union that puzzles one is John Farewell with Edith Hope.

We sometimes come across articles of dress in combinations that are amusing, such as Hood and Hatt, and Hatter and Glover and Coats and Kerchief. The most harmonious blend we have come across is that of James Fox and Lizzie Sly. I thought it rather comical when I was invited to the marriage of Charles Catt with Mary Mew and to that of Alfred Mouse with Lucy Trapp. . . . I will end the long list by asking you to observe the last two and tell me if you don't think they are the most unequally yoked bunch of the lot. They are Hans Sourkraut, who took unto himself a soul mate by the name of Mary Sweetpickle. I raised them both and now they have gone housekeeping by themselves.

Now I think you must be about primed and ready to throw this into the waste basket, so will say goodbye for this time.

Sincerely,

J. D. PEEBLES.

Well, Mr. Peebles, your long and faithful service in this column entitles you to unusual consideration, which explains why we are printing about half the list of queer names you send. Don't do it again.

One of our valued Detroit correspondents, whose name was inadvertently left off the mailing list for two months when a change

in address was made, is restored to good standing. She writes:

Well, that's more like it. The BULLETIN is coming again and please see that it continues to do so. I can't conceive of a world without the BULLETIN.

It is just O. K., but could you use less bright colors on the cover? Now this may seem a strange question, but my young daughter, nine months old, just leaps with delight when the Bulletin is drawn from its envelope and I must either read it in the dark or wait until the young lady is in bed. Once she gets her hands on it, it looks more like shredded wheat than perfectly good literature.

Charles is fast becoming a reader of your valued publication. Last month he named over all the capital letters at the beginning of the editorial paragraphs.

Of course I had to tell you all about the children before I mention how I enjoyed the BULLETIN'S usually good editorials. The one about the coal situation is unusually good and wouldn't it be fine if the public could find out just what the truth of the matter is, from, say for the sake of argument, the daily press? Is it possible?

The address you gave "Michigander" is out of date. I shall try to look him up next time I am in town. I'm a bit hazy on just where to find the bird, though.

No, no, Mrs. Loophound is all wrong. I'm very much for Loophound's line of chatter and find myself very much interested and entertained by it. It can't stop, or change, or I shall stop my subscription, the way they do in the home town weeklies. Seems logical for me to stop here.

Sincerely,

MRS. ESTHER B. CLARK.

That's fine, Mrs. Clark, about the way your babies enjoy the BULLETIN. Your nine-month's-old daughter is the first contributor we've heard about who literally eats it up. It's natural for the boy to be reading the capitals. They're the most striking thing about our editorials, and besides, you recall, he is the first BULLETIN baby. Although our valued and more or less punctual contributor, "Michigander," keeps his name and address a profound secret from the Family, we might give you a hint on where to find him. If you happen to be near the offices of the "Square D" Com-

pany, you might inquire about him. We can't describe him, as we haven't had the pleasure of seeing him, but from his letters we think you would like him. We believe his nom de plume must be known around his office, because there are others there, we understand, who read the BULLETIN when it is passed around.

Our irrepressible Jim Ham discourses thusly:

Dear Skipper:

An inquisitive inebriate met me the other A. M., enroute to Racine—I was in quest of our beloved Badger and one of its celebrated breakfasts—and inquired if I still rode the North Shore. Now can you imagine such a question even though "moon" asked it? Replied "Yes, I rode but not still." Can you picture my being still? No!

Well the season of joy is 'bout upon us—that gladsome period when we all in spirit and in vain reckon back to our kid days and the wonderful kick we and Dad's pocketbook accumulated from St. Nick's visit.

'Tis good to see our BULLETIN round out the year with its family of contribs as faithful as ever—but then maybe some of us bore with our devotion. Anyhow, Chief, we do our darndest e'en thought it seems our worst.

Seems also fitting that we say a word 'bout marked improved facilities the public enjoy on the North Shore Line. I wonder how many have made note of our new depots, track and traffic improvements during the year, realize the evidence at hand of further progress and think it over on a comparative basis. Gosh Chief this talk sounds like I'm looking for a job or am already in the North Shore's happy family of employees, but you know 'tis hard to quit once we've really started to say "something." That's where you have the edge on us children of the fold but then you don't shoot blanks.

Many grown-ups of today when children of yesterday cried for the moon and now that it's theirs ponder what a mess they're making. They even condemn Mr. Volstead for rendering a childish wish or whim possible. We may think we want what we want when we want it but after we've gotten what we thought we wanted I wonder if we really want it.

Sufficient chaff for the present, or maybe moren enough, hence—

Permit me to cherish the hope that—

When St. Nicholas comes 'long with the kiddies' toys

May he also fetch a generous bundle of joys

To hand on the North Shore Christmas Tree

For you, dear Chief, and the family.

Faithfully yours,
JIM HAM.

Jim, do you know that letter of yours is a happy inspiration? We had been cudgeling what we like to think of as brains for some world problem to settle for the edification of our readers and hadn't hit on a thing when your letter arrived. That paragraph about the improvements made on the North Shore Line in the last year gave us an idea. Why not let the old world look out for itself for a month, and tell our readers some of the things that have been done on the North Shore Line during the last year? There's so many of them, too, that it will be much easier to write than settling world problems. Besides, when we come to think of it, we really owe the road something for making it possible for us to pay Uncle Sam an income tax, and we feel we ought to tell the public something about what it is doing for them. Jim, you're a life saver. We haven't started to write any editorials yet, but our guess is that we shall follow up that bright suggestion of yours just for a change. Thanks also for your good wishes—we were going to say "poetically expressed"—but that might be going too far.

Our old friend Jumbo has been somewhat derelict in his duty to the Family, but we accept his apology and assure him that it is the postoffice department that is to blame for his not receiving the November BULLETIN. He writes:

The gallop of time, and my being not able to keep up with it, has been the cause of my tardiness and not

the hook-worm. Having just a few moments to spare, I thought it well to jump on Ye Editor's neck for not sending me the November BULLETIN. It's almost as important as bread and butter.

I believe it is the only possible vengeance Ye Editor can swear, to make the Sub's come to time. Especially for "Roll Call." The old saying is: "Every trade has its tricks." (Am I correct?)

What is your opinion of "Lakes to the Sea" and "Lakes to the River" arguments? It seems as tho' there is a little WORD WAR brewing about it.

Now that the Eskimo Season is at hand and our coal bins empty, I reckon the vast majority of idle will be spending their leisure time either in the Court House or in Jail, trying to warm up. The press occasionally shows a picture of another coal-freighter pulling into the harbor; you call up the coal dealer, and he'll tell you he hasn't any. Now isn't that h—l. I suppose I'll be heating my camp with my breath. What a little coal strike won't do. Here's wishing you better luck!

Hoping this will see you and THE ROAD OF SERVICE through a very MERRY CHRISTMAS as well as through a very happy and PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR, and also extend my wishes to the BULLETIN and its FAMILY. I am,

Yours very truly,

JUMBO.

We thank you, Mr. Jumbo, for your good wishes and sympathize with you on the coal situation. That situation doesn't bother us any more. We let the landlord worry about it. We pay him to keep us warm and if he doesn't do it, we are likely to keep him warm. So far it hasn't been necessary.

You want our opinion on that "Lakes to the Sea" controversy? We're inclined to think the "ayes" have it, but we don't care much one way or the other. Our only fixed opinion about the matter is that they may build a half dozen canals, but that never will give the public the service given by the good old North Shore Line. And if the same amount of money was spent in building up the railroads that they propose to spend in building canals, the railroads would beat the canals forty ways.

After doing their best to put the railroads on the bum, the dear peepul want ship canals. A little less hositivity toward existing transportation agencies would do a whole lot more to improve the situation than raising a clamor for new facilities. But the dear peepul never know just what they want, and they won't be happy till they get it.

Just as we dash this stuff to the printer, our other Detroit correspondent comes to bat with the following:

For fear that I may fall into the old habits, I thought it best to write you before the close of the present year.

Another year almost over and none the wiser for it. Speaking of wisdom, I am spending six evenings of the week in search of more, and needless to say, I am sadly in need of it.

Have become a "Rah-Rah" boy by enrolling at the University of Detroit, and take it from me it is no cinch, for it is quite some time since I studied last.

And talk about football teams. Did you notice what we did to the highly touted W. & J. team? Licked them 20 to 9, thereby evening things up for the beating suffered last year. This old burg has gone sports crazy. Thousands attend the Michigan games at Ann Arbor, the new U. of D. stadium completed just this fall will hold over 20,000, and our esteemed friend, Frank J. Navin is building a second tier of stands to take care of the thousands who were turned away last season. And if Detroit should win the pennant next year, if the present fever exists, no one will hesitate to mortgage his car or home for a ticket to one of the games.

I suppose you already know that our Hon. James Couzens, author of our local M. O. street car system has been appointed U. S. Senator to fill the vacancy caused by Newberry's resignation.

Newberry's resignation, I believe, is a certain indication of his guilt of spending too large an amount of money at the primary election, even though the Senate voted him innocent, and I am glad to see him out.

Our old friend, Sol N. Lasky, called me up several weeks ago, but unfortunately I was unable to meet him due to a previous engagement.

I have noticed you write up quite a few industries on the North Shore that are located in Wisconsin. How about giving a little publicity to some of the plants in and around Waukegan? Surely there must be some that are interesting. You know I am an ex-Waukeganite and some of the old-time loyalty for the home town, especially where I went to school, not so many years ago, still exists. And then, too, in those days Waukegan took great delight in beating Kenosha, Racine and Milwaukee consistently in football and basket-ball. What do you say?

I will close this, wishing you the best of everything for the coming year.

Sincerely,
MICHIGANDER.

We admire your sticking up for the old home town and consider Waukegan well worth sticking up for. As to writing up some of its great industries, we'll get around to that in time. You see there are so many industries along the North Shore that it takes a long time to get around to them at the rate of one a month. Occasionally something interrupts the programme and we cut in with a Chicago proposition, as we are doing this month. But we'll get to Waukegan, Kenosha and Racine by and by, as we like them all.

ADVANTAGES OF THE TELEPHONE

"Hello, hello! Is this you, Mac?"

"Aye."

"Is this Mac—Macpherson I'm talking to?"

"Aye; spe'kin'."

"Well, Mac, it's like this. I want to borrow fifty dollars—"

"All right. Ah'll tell him as soon as he comes in."

Heath—"What did you do in the army?"

McIntyre—"I done picket duty."

Heath—"What is picket duty?"

McIntyre—"De soldiers caught de chicken and they got me to picket, dat's what I calls picket duty."

GOD BLESS US EVERY ONE

"GOD bless us every one!" prayed Tiny Tim,
Crippled and dwarfed of body, yet so tall
Of soul, we tiptoe earth to look on him,
High towering over all.

HE loved the loveless world, nor dreamed indeed
That it at best could give to him, the while,
But pitying glances, when his only need.
Was but a cheery smile.

AND thus he prayed, "God bless us every one"—
Enfolding all the creeds within the span
Of his child-heart; and so, despising none,
Was nearer saint than man.

I like to fancy God, in Paradise,
Lifting a finger o'er the rhythmic swing
Of chiming harp and song, with eager eyes
Turned earthward, listening—

THE anthem stilled—the Angels leaning there
Above the golden walls—the morning sun
Of Christmas bursting flower-like with the prayer,
"God bless us every one."

—James Whitcomb Riley.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night—
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new—
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land—
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—Tennyson.